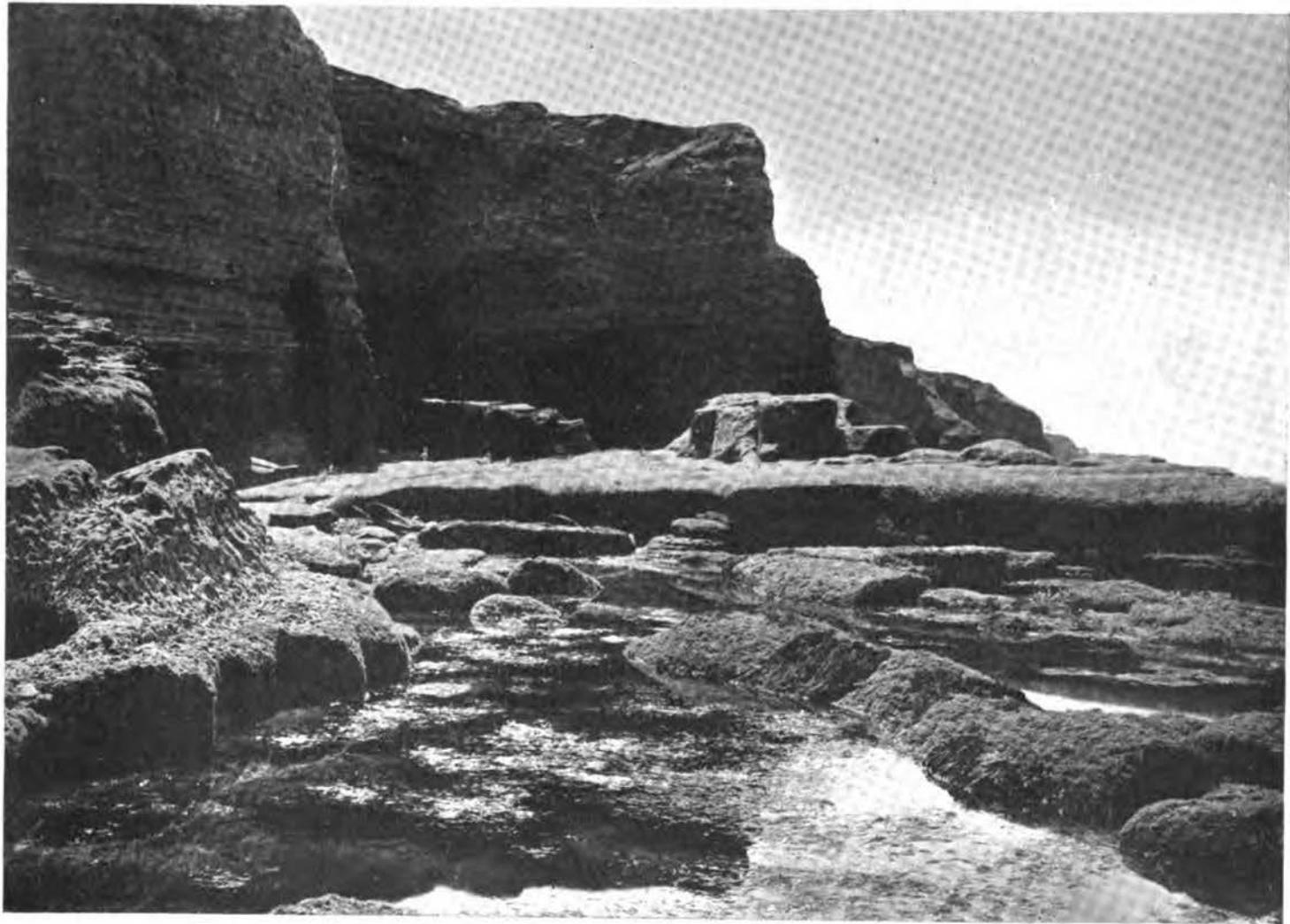




New Century PATH



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New Century Path

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Come Wars and Rumors of Wars

RUMORS of war come from all points of the compass and they increase in persistence and in gravity day by day. We are assured by those who think they know more than other people that a conflict must ensue sooner or later, to which we are tempted to reply in the words of a famous statesman: "Then let it be later." It is, of course, lamentably true that the machinery of bloodshed is now so vast, so elaborate and so perfect that it requires strong hands and steady nerves to prevent it from starting into hideous activity almost on its own account. That is sufficiently undeniable, and it is not therefore surprising that those who aspire to the benediction which is the promised reward of all peace-makers should now be asking themselves what is to be done, what can be done, to save the world from the calamity of war.

Every effort in this direction naturally commands our respectful and sincere sympathy. None the less we believe that the peace agitations, of which the last few years have seen so great an activity, would be still more fruitful of results if they faced the problem from a point of view

which has been too much neglected. They have supposed that wars are mainly manufactured by governments and by rulers, and that the people, the actual fighting and paying material, have been psychologized into consent, or have been deceived into approval by the false glamor of an equally false self-interest. They have assumed that the national masses have entered into war as the supposed lesser of two evils, and that the

Because the Lower Nature Rules

supreme requisite was to show the possibility of other alternatives, such as arbitration and the like, by which the final judgment of the battle-field might be avoided. They have assumed that humanity needs only to be assured of the efficacy of this better way to adopt it. Now, here we believe that they are in error. Warfare continues upon the earth for the very simple reason that man, as at present constituted, is a fighting animal and as such he likes to fight. As with individuals, so is it with nations. So long as the lower, the passional, and the violent nature is allowed to guide and to control, so long will violence and passion be the dominant notes of human intercourse. The persistence of warfare is not so much an error of judgment on the part of the nations as it is a triumph of brute force. It may after all be considered as an open question whether the horror which is inspired by war is actually due to sympathy and pity, or whether it is caused by the comparatively universal and the phenomenal. The same minds which

Greater Horrors are Condoned

recoil from the vision of the battle-field can view with the utmost tranquility the far vaster horrors which are furnished by all the great cities of civilization, can, indeed, not only view them with tranquility, but can even defend their existence as a necessary grade in evolution. Can there be any doubt that the thinking mind, introduced for the first time to the slum life of today, and the murderous competition of our great centers, would consider the occasional open conflict of war as the lesser abomination? The truth is that selfishness, with its attendant brood of force and fraud and hate, dresses itself in the garb provided by environment. The destitution of the slums and the holocaust of war are not two evils, but one evil; they have not two causes, but one cause. That one cause is the worship of self, and so long as that cause remains it will show itself in one place as fraud and oppression and persecution, and in another place

Selfishness and War Inseparable

as armed conflict between the nations. When we see that arbitration has taken an actual hold, and not merely a theoretical and political hold upon the imagination of men, we shall know then that there is a force abroad in the world which will also mean the disappearance of child-labor and of slum life, and that the weak will no longer be oppressed simply because they are weak. Upon the other side, when we see that the hand of the reformer at home is made strong by public aid and approval, when we see that the nations are willing to listen to the voice of domestic conscience and to clean away the vilenesses which are in their midst, then, too, we shall know that the days of warfare at last are numbered and that the wings of the spirit of peace are upon the wind.

STUDENT

More Good News from Santiago

CABLEGRAPHIC reports have just been received from Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, who is now in Santiago de Cuba, to the effect that another enormous success has been won, and that yielding to public demand and the educational necessities of the Island she has opened a third Raja Yoga School in Santiago, and that an additional four hundred children have already been enrolled.

Some of the Rocks at Point Loma

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows a bit of the Point Loma sea line that is highly interesting and picturesque. The photograph was taken at low tide when the rocks are bare for quite a distance and one may wander over them at will, albeit with some exertion, for the miniature valleys and mountains and chasms offer more inducement to the adventurous than to those who dislike physical exercise.

"Sermons in Stones"

A GOOD deal of archeological study can be done with an old knife, a tin can, a piece of paper and about twelve months' time. The study is effected by leaving the things in the open air for that period, and examining them at the end of it.

The knife will be far past the possibility of restoration of its functions. The tin can will be eaten in large rust-holes. The paper may have survived better than any, but it may be brown, rotten and almost indistinguishable from the soil.

Westminster Abbey, in London, betrays evidence of the action of damp acid-laden air upon its stone walls, and Cleopatra's "needle," on the Embankment, had to be varnished in a few years to save it from the same rapid corrosion. And we all know what happens to a piece of wood buried in the soil, in ten years.

Paper, machinery, buildings; these make up most of the outer evidences of our civilization. What then would be left of them if, untouched by man, they were rolled under the slow, sure wheels of a thousand years? *Nothing* of the paper, nothing of our literature; almost nothing, perhaps nothing, of our machinery; traces only of ninety-nine hundredths of our buildings. Multiply the thousand by five and by ten.

Here in America, in Mexico, India, Crete, Greece and elsewhere our archeologists are discovering ancient buildings, too ancient for a history. In the Islands of the Pacific ocean are also the remains of vast lava and stone dwelling-houses. What can we say of the civilizations they represent? Almost nothing; this only, that it was no savagery, that it had nothing in common with the works of any savages we now know. There would be nothing to be said if any one chooses to endow those civilizations with all the bloom of art and science that we commonly think the special marks of our own. How much evidence would remain in ten thousand years that we knew anything of chemistry or electricity, of astronomy or biology? Nothing at all. How much of our art, in color or stone? Surely nothing after ten thousand seasons of rain and sun and snow.

There are several causes capable of destroying civilizations. Decay, as with Rome; the immergence of barbarian hordes, like the Huns and Goths; slow changes of climate, causing extensive migration; destruction by water, volcanic or seismic violence. All of these have operated, at various periods of recorded and unrecorded time. Is our own civilization so absolutely secure against them all—say the first and second for example? Let us not be too hasty in our answer, rather looking back upon what *has* happened than jumping in our ignorance at a hasty forecast. Are we necessarily secure against the causes that totally extinguished the great civilizations of, for example, ancient Egypt and Babylon?

Let us be modest about ourselves. Let us suppose it at any rate *possible* that we are not the crown of the past, but that our present civilization *may* represent an attempt of the spirit of man to come up again to the height of some greater glory of the past, a glory long extinguished, because, notwithstanding its beauty, it held the seeds of decay, human sin and selfishness, which only ages of suffering and conflict could kill forever. How near are we to the rebirth of the past into the future? K.

A Useful Dream

HERE is a story of a curious dream which played a big part in the invention of the sewing-machine.

Elias Howe, to whom the world is mainly indebted for this useful device, had nearly completed his invention when he was brought to a standstill by an inability to determine where the eye of the needle should be placed. So serious a difficulty did this prove that he was reduced nearly to beggary by the delay thus caused.

One night he dreamed that he was commissioned to make a sewing-machine for a savage king and was, as usual, confronted with the difficulty as to the needle's eye. The king, in accordance with savage custom, ordered him to solve that difficulty or die within twenty-four hours. The day of grace soon expired, but without bringing the needed idea and the inventor was led to execution. On the way, however, he noticed that the spears which were carried by the attendant warriors were pierced close to the head. This was enough, and the inventor awoke from sleep just as he was begging for the necessary extension of time. That was four o'clock in the morning. By nine o'clock the needle had been made, and the invention of the sewing-machine was an established fact.

In Prison and Ye Visited Me

THE devoted work of Mr. Holmes, the London police court missionary, is well-known wherever there is an interest in the fate of prisoners. His hand is ever outstretched to help those against whom all other hands are turned, and to these duties he brings not only a routine formality, but a genuine heartfelt compassion which doubly enforces all he does.

Mr. Harold Begbie has been writing upon Mr. Holmes and his work, in the April number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Among very much which is pathetically interesting Mr. Begbie quotes the opinions of Mr. Holmes upon the prison system in general. He says:

Prison is the most senseless, brutal and wicked of all human schemes for checking crime. When I think of men I know sitting in their dark cells at night—they put them to bed at eight o'clock—I can almost cry with the pain of it. If the idea is simply to punish, the present system is admirable; it is so supremely devilish. But, I take it, the State, when it gets hold of a man who has broken one of its laws, desires to send him back to the world as speedily as possible, to work honestly and truly for the good of the nation. But what does the prison do? It crucifies a man, and hardens him past redemption. It intensifies his bitterness against society, and adds a horrible darkness to the chaos of his moral nature. And there are thousands of men penned in—whose minds are a mill that grinds nothing—every day in our Christian year. It is not sentimental rubbish; it isn't hysterical. Because, don't you see, a criminal is a human being, and in many instances of a most amazingly complex and bewildering fashion.

Mr. Holmes' judgment of the intentions of "the State" is charitable, but what is the State except an aggregation of individuals? As individuals our desire to reform the criminal is well-nigh submerged under a sense of the injury which the criminal has inflicted upon ourselves. It is our own selfish interests which don the ermine and sit in the judgment-seat, and the sentences which we pass upon those who break our laws—for we care little about God's laws—are sentences of a blind and cruel self-protection.

Mr. Holmes says, "don't you see, a criminal is a human being, and in many instances of a most amazingly complex and bewildering fashion." No, we do not see this. We see nothing except that he constitutes a threat to our possessions, and so we add torture upon torture and defend those tortures, hugging ourselves in our self-righteousness, and answering every appeal with the formula of "serves him right." If we were once to see that individually and collectively, bond and free, we shall all get our deserts, and just what those deserts are, we might perhaps face the retributive future with considerably less equanimity than many of our prison inmates.

STUDENT

"The Church Outside the Churches"

A BRITISH non-conformist church paper prints an address by a Presbyterian pastor on "The Church Outside the Churches," and speaks of all the heroism and nobility of character found *outside* the churches. It asks:

Why should the church be below the world in heroism? Surely, the church was forewarned from the beginning? In the first words of Christ he told his followers that their path was to be none other than that of the prophets before them. They were to be reviled and persecuted, and have all manner of evil said against them falsely for his name's sake. The reason, perhaps, is that the church attracts to itself unreasoning and unreasonable loyalty. It is well to love one's church, but not to love it overmuch.

In asking why so many who are with churchmen in spirit are without the pale of the church, the speaker says:

I believe that one main reason of the coldness and estrangement with which many Christians view the church is to be found in the ethical defects of the Christian society. In important respects the ethical standard of the church is lower than the standard which prevails outside. There is a higher estimate of courage and honor and chivalry outside the church than there is within it.

He gives instances of the time-serving policy of churches when great moral questions arise, and says:

I knew men in journalism who gave up coveted positions which had been reached through long toil for the sake of their cause, knowing perfectly well that their worldly prospects were spoiled, and it would never be with them again as it had been. Are Christians to be less brave? "A soldier called to active service does not enumerate the casualties that have happened, or anticipate curiously the chances of war. He simply rises and does his duty."

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Problems That Must Be Solved

THE unemployed problem continues to press for solution. It is naturally more severe in the older world of Europe, but here also it threatens to take up a permanent position, and to lose even that element of energy and courage which stands between it and despair. When our statesmen awake to that true knowledge of human nature, without which all governments must remain largely a failure, they will recognize that the presence of despair at home is a greater menace than all possible combinations of enemies abroad, and that all other questions can with advantage be made subservient to that of the dangers with which it is fraught.

Some statistics of the unemployed in London lie before us as we write, and although they are of a very peculiar gravity, they differ only in degree from some of the figures furnished from some of the great cities of America. They mark the drift of the civilized world; they predict the inevitable and cruel shipwreck in which that drift must end unless the remedy be effective and speedy.

It seems that the London unemployed can be divided into three classes. We have first, those who are without work because, to a certain extent, they prefer to be idle, and to work only when they feel so inclined. This class numbers about 316,000. There is a temptation at first glance, to put these people outside of sympathetic recognition, but we cannot afford to do so too speedily or without inquiry as to the extent of our responsibility. The second class numbers about 20,000, and makes its appearance during the stress of the winter months. The third class, comprising about 120,000, is produced during seasons of bad trade and general depression. In addition to these three classes there are 1,000,000 people who, through no particular fault of their own, are employed so irregularly and are paid so badly that they never know what it is not to be hungry. We repeat that these figures apply to one city only and not to the whole country.

What is to be done? *Laissez faire* is not a remedy, although for these many years we have so regarded it. We must either stop the drift or go upon the rocks. There is absolutely no middle course.

It is no part of our mission to suggest political remedies about which there is necessarily much well-founded difference of opinion. Political remedies would almost suggest themselves in the presence of a universal sentiment of fraternity, and a determination to do justice even against our own apparent self-interest. We are, however, certain that the problem is soluble and that it must be solved, and we are equally certain that its solution would not be long deferred if we were to give to it one-half the anxious consideration which we willingly bestow upon a foreign treaty or upon a trade report.

But first must come the desire to settle it, and that desire ought to be based upon human compassion, and not only because we dread the sound of the surf in our ears.

STUDENT

How to Make War Impossible

IT is not difficult to roughly forecast the more obvious results of a war between any two countries, quite apart from the ultimate issue. The history of the last few years has made theoretical strategists of all of us, and it is not difficult to judge the probable points of attack, the devastation that must inevitably ensue, the frightful loss of life and the inconceivable destruction of treasure. Every nation concentrates its educational and mechanical activities to ensure its triumph in such a contest, and the money which is thus expended in preparation is second in quantity only to what would be necessary to spend in achievement.

For instance, the cost to Great Britain of the war against the Boers has added at least two hundred and ninety million dollars to the national debt, and this of course is in addition to the normal yearly expenditure on war preparations, which goes on during the years of peace. It is indeed surpassingly strange that while all nations profess to deplore the supposed necessity for war not one single dollar is expended for the purpose of training our children in the wisdom which would make war impossible.

STUDENT

Why Do We Have Prisons?

WE have already regretfully chronicled the fact that the strait-jacket is to continue in use in the prisons of California. It is not perhaps too late to comment upon the report of the prison investigation committee which was appointed to examine into the facts of convict discipline and the way in which that discipline is enforced.

The most notable and the most painful feature of the report is the difference which it seems to display to the established and undisputed fact that convicts have been crippled for life by the prison "discipline," and that in one case at any rate a prisoner was killed. That such atrocious cruelty should ever have been possible, that to any extent whatever it should remain possible, is discreditable to California and inconsistent with the avowed ideals of the United States. A country may for a time be judged by its pretensions, but deeds have a persistent eloquence which does not for long remain unheard.

It is also regrettable that a report of this nature should assume that the primary object of a prison is punishment instead of reform. We do not believe that this attitude is representative of California, and we know that it does not represent the United States nor the world at large. If we were to recognize that punishment divorced from reformation is but another name for revenge, we should be a little more chary in avowing a vicarious which of all others is the most impolitic and the most unchristian.

STUDENT

Against the Labor of Children

THE country seems to be actually waking up to the evils of child labor. A bill for the abatement of that evil is now before the California Legislature, while the council of the Chicago Packing Trades which are mainly concerned with the stock-yards, has passed the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, The State Factory Inspector's report for 1901 shows that in place inspected there were 19,839 children employed, as against 14,256 for the previous year; and

WHEREAS, It is estimated that there are 19,000 children at work in this State one-third of whom are under fourteen years of age, as required by law; and

WHEREAS, Illinois has no law the same as New York, Massachusetts, Ohio and New Jersey, preventing night work for children, and makes no educational test as demanded in twenty other States; and

WHEREAS, There is now pending before the Legislature a bill known as House Bill No. 174, which will make it necessary for children to make an educational test; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Packing Trades' Council and thirty-seven local unions affiliated therewith, representing 21,957 members, do hereby sincerely request you to use all the influence at your command to assist us to secure the passage of said bill

We believe that the tide of protest has at last begun to flow. If public sentiment can be kept unstained by party politics, it must certainly result in reform and this will be immeasurably hastened by the united action of the churches which can not, of course, be delayed after they are made aware of the situation.

STUDENT

Feeding Children on Horror

NOT a week passes without bringing to our notice many occasions for reflecting on the urgent need for a greater sense of responsibility in parents. The subject is often discussed in the *NEW CENTURY PATH* but it can never grow stale so long as the evil remains ever fresh. The *Pathfinder* comments on the "Newspaper Horror Evil," by which our press is filled with accounts of crimes and accidents in excess of everything else. These demoralize the public mind but the worst injury is done to the children, who receive indelible impressions from reading the stories and seeing the pictures that are positively forced on their attention.

It is a question that can only be solved when the sense of personal responsibility for one's offspring grows general and strong enough to compel reform. And, as child study and the yellow press evil are both rapidly growing forces, it cannot be doubted that a crisis will before long concentrate general attention on this question.

H. T. E.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Aging Violins by the X-Ray

THE San Francisco *Examiner* draws attention to a remarkable discovery which seems to have been made by Mr. L. B. Harvey of Stockton. This discovery is no less than an application of the X-ray to violins for the purpose of giving to them the tone which we have hitherto associated only with a seasoned old age. Mr. Harvey has given a demonstration of his process in the presence of Professor A. Clark Blossom and Mr. George Rushforth, two well-known violin experts of Stockton. An ordinary cheap violin was procured for the purpose, such an one as retails for about \$10, and the only operation consisted in the application of the X-ray for about five minutes to each side of the instrument. Of the immediate result Professor Blossom says:

Before the violin was subjected to the X-ray I examined it and found it to be an ordinary factory-made fiddle about three to five years old, and one which had never been played. It was a copy of Stradivari and one that retails for the sum of \$10. The model was good and the violin contained plenty of wood. The tone was harsh and of ordinary quality.

After the instrument had been treated under the direction of Mr. Harvey I again tested it and found that it had improved greatly, both in volume and quality, the harshness, which had been very marked on the string before the experiment, having been entirely eradicated. Again the violin was placed under the X-ray bulb and tested. This time the volume was practically the same, but the quality was greatly improved. A thin coating of sap or resinous substance was to be plainly seen on the surface of the instrument, thus leading one to believe that the X-ray can take the place of nature in seasoning the wood in violins, accomplishing in a few minutes by artificial means results that would take nature many years to bring about. As for the violin used in the experiment, I would say that it had been aged fully twenty years by the brief treatment.

Mr. Rushford testified to the same effect, saying:

It was a very novel experiment to me. At the beginning I had some doubt if a difference in the tone of the violin could be recognized after a test of this kind. The violin was undoubtedly a new one; it had the hard, "raw" tone of a shop instrument. It was placed on its back under the X-ray, and about six inches from the bulb, and then subjected to the power of the light for five minutes. After this it was turned over with its back to the light for another five minutes. The experiment completed, I observed that the tone of the violin had lost much of its harshness and was greatly improved.

Mr. Harvey's own theory is interesting and plausible. He says:

The violin when it leaves the manufactory or the maker's hand may be likened to a new-born child — its life has just begun, and its usefulness or quality among its kind will depend upon its daily treatment or development. Time will do the rest — that is, give age.

Age in a violin does not necessarily mean a great number of years. Wood that is exposed to the action of the elements ages more rapidly than if protected. The exterior of the building grows "old" more rapidly than the interior. In each specific element composing wood of which the violin is composed, and of which there are several denominations, there is an affinity for all elements of its kind.

A violin may be made as perfect as human skill is capable of doing. The wood may be the best possible, yet after the instrument is completed its actual value is



A SCULPTURE OF THE GREAT PERGAMON ALTAR
VEILED GODDESS HURLING SNAKE-BOUND VASE AT ENEMY

Shortly after the great period of Greek sculpture, an allied and remarkable school was developed in Pergamon, in Asia Minor, under the fostering care of Attalus and Eumenes II (B. C. 197-159). The latter built one of the greatest marvels of antiquity, the enormous altar of Zeus Soter, of which the British Museum contains the finest portions. Our cut shows a piece of the celebrated frieze. There is a largeness of feeling and splendor of design combined with perfection of detail in this work that makes it rank very high. The subject of the frieze is the defeat of the barbarian giants by the gods. Pergamon was a health resort, and ranked with Ephesus and Smyrna for wealth and importance. It is one of the seven churches of *Revelation*.

small. The elements of the wood are yet unchanged. The molecules are yet distributed through the fiber, and the resin or sap is still in every cell of the wood. The electric current, properly applied, supplies both the mechanical and elementary effects upon the wood. The action of the bow upon the strings produces vibration, which vibration in turn causes the molecules to separate from their original position and seek coalition, when finally a stratum (molecular stratum) has been formed.

This vibration we produce by electrical current to the extent that one day's treatment is equal to fifty years of hard playing. This is done in all the "positions." The action of the X-ray produces the same effect as time. In other words, it ages the wood. Now, in aging the wood we bring about another condition in its composition, that is, to stratify the resin or sap in the wood. This may be carried too far, in which case the instrument will become metallic in tone. The amount of aging a violin is capable of attaining depends upon the class of material it is made of and the thickness of the wood. A thin top or back is short-lived, while a close grain is slow to develop, but more permanent when perfected.

We shall certainly look forward with much interest to the development of this discovery, which ought to have an important influence upon the violin industry and therefore upon the musical world. X.

Mechanical Details in Drawing

IN England there is a vogue for teaching children by means of "snap-shot" drawing, which consists of allowing them to have a short view of a subject and then letting them draw it from memory. Comparisons are made between this and the usual method followed in drawing lessons of beginning by copying linear diagrams; and it is maintained that the latter system is more artificial and further removed from nature, and insists on unessential details such as the production of lines of exactly uniform thickness and blackness.

It seems, however, wrong to compare the spirit and the technique of an art with each other as if they were alternatives or rivals. Surely it is necessary to be trained in both. The real question seems to be one of precedence; and the fault in current methods of teaching drawing may be that the technique is too often made prior and superior to the spirit.

This point has been discussed in this journal with reference to music teaching, where it was maintained that pupils should learn to appreciate tone and harmony and melody before beginning the mechanical part of piano playing, instead of beginning by learning to pound the keyboard before they have any conception of the spirit of music.

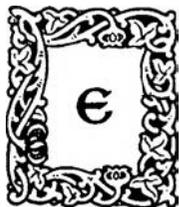
And in drawing it is probably true that too much importance is given in schools to the mechanical details of the process.

No artist, whether in music or painting or in writing, would disparage labor and patience in acquiring technique; for without this his ideas, however sublime, would remain simply ideas. But would not the skill and perseverance of the pupil be called forth and increased if he should first have acquired a clear intuition and inspiration for his art? Would he not take more interest and care in his drawing lessons if he should first have acquired a conception of nature and an enthusiasm for it, instead of beginning right away to servilely copy diagrams of which he has not seen the originals?

H. T. E.

WOMAN'S WORLD

Domestic Science



MERSON, when asked "What is civilization?" replied, "The power of good women." So, say

I, in these domestic economies that hedge our lives about; these ceremonials of our common every-day existence, which cannot be dispensed with, and which no woman can despise with impunity. These form the solid basis of the comfort, health, development and happiness of family, state, nation and race.

Woman has awakened. Her genius spreads its wings, and soars to Olympic heights, of art, of poetry, of song. In the drama, she is leaving her impress on our age. There are great women among us, and the average woman of today, is becoming more and more refined and cultivated. This refinement and culture shows itself relatively in all that she touches. It lends itself to her life; the home. It embellishes the drawing-room, and her wardrobe, and it does not stop there. Woman's awakened genius of today will not limit itself to that which may be conventional, to that which may please the outside world, and her vanity withal; it aims to create a better life. And in the recognition of a deeper meaning in circumstance and environment, she applies her spiritual force to conquer her particular difficulties and limitations. It is refreshing to come into the atmosphere of the woman who dares to be herself; who is queen of herself and commands her kingdom, whose life, whose home, is individualized, and under spiritual law. To such women there can be no limitations. They ask not to possess the power and glory of some other person, their privileges, their possessions; but with determined zeal, they study the conditions about themselves; and with love in the heart and a reliance upon spiritual law, their genius unites beauty with utility and economy, and finds no task menial in the service of those beloved.

A great change has been wrought in society at large in regard to these vital questions. For surely women are making rapid strides in the art of living, and hold domestic service to be a most important branch of education for our daughters, sisters, mothers. Education is a word of unlimited extension of meaning, even when you apply it to such a theme as domestic economy. It involves the eternal fitness of things. To study any or all branches of this divine science; to become an artist at soup, salad, or dessert; to have at your fingers' ends the skill of the best laundress, means much. Towards the end in view, it helps by its perfection, for the whole growth and purpose of all study and skill, is to redeem our human life. Not ours to increase our desires and wants. Not ours to create new combinations to tempt the appetite and ruin the health and waste the purse.

It is our duty to arrest all this, to restore humanity to its lost Paradise. Let this be the meaning of all education.

To simplify, to make pure and spiritual the home life; to find the lost thread of joy and peace, and sweet content, to restore to the home life the sacred customs, now, alas! almost a memory, buried from our sight behind such masks of discontent, distorted desires, ambition, greed and lust. Domestic events, conditions, disappointments and selfishness, cre-

"She looketh well to the ways of her Household"

ate these. The genius of woman has sought for other spheres, to glorify them and herself.

Yet for long, she has been realizing the meaning of life, and her power, her earnest zeal and genius,

now lend their energies to domestic life. We must correct the system of our present living.

We must not be partial. We must establish the new upon a foundation of plain living and high thinking. This at once elevates domestic service, and all the household life should bear witness that the end and aim of the woman at its center is a better life, a growth in which all must share.

KATHERINE RICHMOND GREEN

Concentration

"HOW to develop the will—a course of lessons for ten dollars;" "How to concentrate—circular on application;" "Concentration—send for instruction blanks," and so on, throughout the weary list.

Even the advertising columns of our newspapers betray the fact that the world is at last aware of the enormous and terrible waste of energy in every line and receipts for conserving the energy, for developing the power to concentrate upon one's work, find ready purchasers.

What is concentration, then? Is it some fearfully mysterious thing, some "occult power," something that only the initiated can ever hope to acquire? One would so conclude after hearing certain lectures on the subject or after perusing certain columns of the daily paper.

What is concentration? Is it a power utterly beyond the reach of the little woman whose whole life is bounded by the same old cycle of "three meals a day?" Ah, no! This very little woman has the inside track on the time-old pathway to this "mysterious" ability to

concentrate. For concentration is simply the ability to *pay attention to what one is doing*, the ability to do the duty of the hour with all one's might. Nothing could be simpler. And the housewife has opportunities to acquire this ability not merely presented to her, but thrust upon her.

Think of the concentration needed to prepare even the simplest meal! Think of the dire results that follow even the slightest inattention! The meal is to be ready at a certain hour. From the first moment until the last this must be borne in mind. Every article of food must be prepared and placed over the fire at a certain time, which refers itself to this central fact. Time itself must be divided and "planned out" as skilfully as the courses of the dinner. There must be no breaks, no lapses, no jars. Continuity must be preserved. And the conscientious housewife—she who pays attention to what she is doing, not necessarily because she likes it better than anything else in the world, but simply because it is the duty of the hour—gains a power of concentration that will mean much for the future. The future may bring other duties, perhaps a broader work. If she has been conscientious in the smaller sphere she will be equal to the demands of the greater.

Joan of Arc was once asked, "What was your education? How did you learn to lead armies?" and she replied, "I tended sheep and helped my mother with the housework!" "And this was your education?" was again asked of her. "It was my duty," was her immortal reply.



A LESSON IN COOKING
Domestic Science Department of the Raja Yoga School

Then shall we all begin to do housework? By no means. The duty at hand is the only thing in the world that will develop the ability the world needs, the ability to concentrate. That duty may be for one, the entertainment of callers; for another, the organizing of a new society; for another, the founding of an institution of learning; for another, the soothing of a sobbing three-year-old; for another, the preparation of a meal for unexpected company and "nothing in the house for salad." Duties differ, but deep within each is the light of the real opportunity. The wise woman spends no energy worrying over *what* she shall do, but seizes the duty of the moment and then does it with all her might and all her heart. And the woman in the kitchen finds her life one long daily opportunity to develop concentration, which is power. PALMA



A CORNER IN MY KITCHEN

A Loma-land Kitchen

AS at least a fourth part of the housewife's time is spent in the kitchen, is it not worth while to beautify it? One wonders, at sight of some of the gloomy, stuffy places called kitchens, that the food cooked in them is not even more indigestible than is often the case.

Let us peep into one of our Loma-land kitchens, small, bright, well lighted, perfectly ventilated, severely plain and simple in its furnishings. The walls of plain, polished redwood may be easily and quickly cleaned. The simple (and not too numerous) cooking utensils of blue and white enamel form a pretty contrast to the glistening redwood. The "supplies" are hidden from view by a pair of Chinese crepe curtains of blue and white, pretty and inexpensive. Two large windows give air and light. Westward lies the Pacific, and what could be more refreshing than to pause a moment during the preparation of a meal and look out upon the wonderful blue of the ocean—a "pacific" influence truly, and which may have its own share in the perfect preparation of even a plain bit of toast or cup of coffee. Those in Loma-land who are trying to bring back into their home life the simplicity and sweetness that should be its foundation—but alas, too often, are not—are endeavoring to find the "happy medium."

The world affords a daily object-lesson in the folly of the two extremes. On one hand we see the woman whose whole life is a sacrifice—a "living sacrifice," so to speak—to the appetites of her family, appetites which, coarsened by indulgence, are never refined or even satisfied. On

the other hand we see the enthusiast who serves to her family the latest in "malted" or "vitalized" or "peptonized" or "dextrinized" or "pre-digested" foods. With all their limitations the great army of women who cook and keep house "as mother did," do a great deal to keep the wheel steady. And now that they are asking, "But *why* did mother do it so and so?" now that they are awakening to the fact that the world moves, and they themselves are not only guardians of the bodies of the little ones at their knee, but guardians of their souls; now that they are beginning to realize that there is a bread of the soul as there is a bread that feedeth the body, they will inevitably gravitate toward a solution of this "home-keeping problem." M. D. R.

HERBS, and other country messes,

Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses.—MILTON

A Bit of the Practical

"EGG HILLS"

HARD boil five eggs, peel, cut in half crosswise and arrange in a circle on a platter. Make a white sauce by rubbing together one teaspoonful each of butter and flour; then slowly add two cups of boiling milk and stir well. Let this boil till the edges separate from the saucepan, then season with salt and paprika, or curry powder, and pour over the eggs. Cover the latter with finely-chopped parsley and fill circle with mashed potatoes passed through the ricer. M. D. R.

NONDESCRIPTS

Three eggs, flour and a pinch of salt. Upon a large pastry board sift two cups of flour. Then add the eggs (not beaten) and mix, adding as much flour as the eggs will moisten. Knead thoroughly until you have a smooth paste. Take pieces about the size of a marble and roll out as thin as possible. Make a fluted edge with a tracing-wheel or pastry cut-



IN A SIMPLE LOMA-LAND KITCHEN

ter. Then slash these circles, as the spokes of a wheel, using five or six slashes, but not cutting too near the center. Fold these divisions over one another as a fan is folded. After all the paste has been prepared in this way, with a pair of tongs take each by the center, hold each separately into deep boiling lard, for about two seconds, when they will be crisp and done. Use great care in laying them gently on the dish in which they are to be served, and at once sift powdered sugar lightly over them. Serve cold. This paste may be colored any delicate shade by using fruit coloring—preferably cochineal or pistache.

CREAMED NUT CANDY

Three cups of granulated sugar, one cup of thin sweet cream, one small piece of butter, about the size of a walnut, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one and a half cups chopped English walnuts. Boil the cream, sugar and butter together until a little dropped into cold water will form a hard ball. Remove from the stove and add chopped nuts and vanilla. Beat well until it begins to harden, then pour into shallow buttered pans and cut into squares. This candy may be varied by adding one-third of a cake of Baker's unsweetened chocolate. A. H.

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Easter Island and Its Wonderful Records

ON Easter Day, 1722, a Dutch admiral, Rogggreen by name, sailing about the eastern part of the southern Pacific, discovered a little island, thence called Easter Island. But its Polynesian name is Rapa-Nui. He found some strange stone inhabitants, vast relics of the work of a race of which there are no traces of historic record—save those of which H. P. Blavatsky has given us glimpses. On this island

are found immense platforms built of large cut stones fitted together without cement. . . . The walls on the sea side are, in some of the platforms, nearly 30 feet high, and from 200 to 300 feet long by about 30 feet wide. Some of the squared stones are as much as 6 feet long. On the land side of the platforms there is a broad terrace with large stone pedestals, upon which once stood colossal stone images.

These images or statues are from four to thirty-seven feet in height, and are obviously, from their differences, meant for portraits. The one we have reproduced in the cut is now in the British Museum, and is eight feet high, weighing four tons. The material is lava. "The top of the heads of the images is cut flat to receive round crowns," made of a reddish stone found at a quarry about eight miles away on the island.

A number of these crowns still lie at the quarry, apparently ready for removal, some of the largest being over ten feet in diameter. . . . In one part of the island are the remains of stone houses nearly 100 feet long by about 20 wide. . . . They are lined on the inside with upright slabs, on which are painted geometrical figures and representations of animals. . . .

The lava rocks near the houses are carved into the resemblance of various animals and human faces, forming, probably, a kind of picture-writing.

This is from Whitmee's article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and he goes on:

The only ancient implement discovered on the island is a kind of stone chisel, but it seems impossible that such large and numerous works could have been executed with such a tool. The present inhabitants of Easter Island know nothing of the construction of these remarkable works, and the entire subject of their existence in this small and remote island is a mystery. [On an island in another group is a remarkable monument] Two large rectangular blocks of stone, about forty feet in height, stand perpendicularly, with a large slab lying across from one to the other. On the center of this large horizontal stone is a large stone bowl. This is a coral island. These immense stones must therefore have been brought thither by sea. [On another island—in the Carolina group] There are extensive ruins, the principal being a court about three hundred feet in length . . . and thirty in height. . . . The walls above the terrace are eight feet thick and some stones are twenty-five feet long by eight feet in circumference.

In other islands are other ruins and remains. Some are columns four-teen feet high, with a rounded stone nearly six feet in diameter on the top.

Thus, says Whitmee, in four different and widely-separated parts of Polynesia there are relics of prehistoric people. These together form one of the greatest puzzles the ethnologist has to deal with.

The puzzle will remain till the solution offered by H. P. Blavatsky is accepted or taken as a working hypothesis. She claimed that there once occupied the Pacific ocean—and much more, an immense continent, Lemuria—that it was inhabited by a great race which gradually attained a high level of civilization, but of a nature not now readily comprehensible to us; that this whole continent (with most of the people) was destroyed by volcanic action and sank, this taking place more than *four millions* of years ago; and that Easter Island, and others in the Pacific, as well as a fringe of California, are parts of it standing yet out of the water. The statues, houses, and other relics are the work of that race, a race whose intellect was of another order than our own, and the statues correspond in size with the race that built them.

Between that race and our own another intervened, occupying another

lost continent—"Atlantis"—now beneath the Atlantic Ocean. This also brought its own peculiar civilization, answering to the conscious intelligence of the people. Of this race there are some remains in Central China, and in a few other places. But of the Lemurian race the surviving remnants, moving rapidly to extinction, are fewer yet. Australia was part of Lemuria, and the Australian aborigines and flat-heads are nearly all there is now to show of that long buried epoch.

We give this teaching of H. P. Blavatsky's, not expecting much present acceptance of it. But, believing as we do that science will ultimately reach conclusions long ago announced by that Teacher of Theosophy—as has already been the case in many matters—we propose to keep her teachings in evidence that in due time they may be justified and be found to point the way to the wholly new (or long lost) fields of knowledge. She asserted that there was a small body of men, recruited from every civilization, age after age, which had preserved the records, through millions of years, of man's sojourn on this planet till this hour, and that in due course this record, little by little, would be made a part of our general inheritance. But at present too many preconceptions and prejudices hinder the giving of more than a few glimpses.

Of the Easter Island statues, the British Museum has two. On the back of each is the cross which we reproduce. Students of Egyptian and other symbolologies, will of course recognize its form at once. They may find it curious that statues of lost people in the mid-Pacific should contain a symbol identical with one on tombs and buildings in Peru, Mexico, Egypt, Europe.

Looking at the faces of some of the statues, one would describe them as of a low, criminal and sensual type, not rare today—say the prize-fighter type. But if the account given by H. P. Blavatsky holds good, these were themselves degenerate from a higher type. K.



Evidences of Ancient Peruvian Civilization

THE researches of Dr. Max Uhle into the antiquities of Peru are already pushing the line of prehistoric American civilization

further backward into the past. Peruvian civilization is generally regarded as dating back, at most, a few centuries before the Spanish arrival there. Dr. Uhle now regards it as established by archeological research that there was a high level of Peruvian culture not less than 2000 years previous to that date. He also thinks that a race of higher culture than that under the Incas flourished before the Trojan war.

The date of that war is a very loose and movable point, but if we say 1200 B. C. that puts this wave of civilization back 3000 years.

It remains now to discover that this was one epoch of Peruvian civilization, and that behind this were many others. It seems possible that ruins of cities and temples might be found in layers, as in the case of Troy, so to speak, *deposits* of civilization one on another in space as in time. The tendency in orthodox archeology has been to foreshorten the past, and to depict a line connecting the crests of successive waves of civilization as ascending. It is the teaching of Theosophy, as given us by H. P. Blavatsky and Katherine Tingley, that when a sufficient length of this line is seen and allowed for, it will be seen as having, on the whole, *descended* through countless ages; that the historic periods are but a few inches of its immense length, and at its lowest; that mankind has begun to go up again, and that at parallel points on the upward arc we shall recapitulate the essential key-notes of those points plus something learned since; and that savage races represent either very retrograde branch streams from the main current, or the lowest point between two waves. Finally, that the crest of the next wave will show itself in America, where are being unearthed so many misinterpreted remains of former crest epochs. ARCHEOLOGIST

Nature

Studies

The Ways & Haunts of the Feathered Tribe at Loma-land

AT this time of year the birds are so *very* busy housekeeping that the days are scarcely long enough for them. Everywhere about the Homestead grounds and buildings are birds' nests. They are tucked away in trees; one yucca has four; perched on rafters, hidden in lumber piles and swung in the wild bushes. Even the shy quails have overcome their fear and may be often seen scurrying around within stone's throw, even in the middle of the day. At almost any time they can be heard whistling and calling to one another just over the edge of the hill. But to appreciate to the full the wild life of Loma-land, one should be out late in the evening when all the fields are alive with the fuzzy little rabbits and queer darting kangaroo rats. When a rabbit runs, the quick patter on dry ground suggests a tiny muffled drum. The kangaroo rats dart lightning-like across an open space, and rustle through the dry leaves, or come stealing very quietly, but fearlessly around one's feet in search of stray crumbs. These little rats have voices so keenly shrill that the human ear can barely hear them; their tiny cries pierce the silence like needles, seeming to come from everywhere at once and nowhere in particular. Off over the edge of the cliff an owl is calling his drawling note, and there is an answering call from the lower field.

Strolling along by the hedges one can hear the sleepy mutterings of the larks and finches that lodge there, and an occasional bat, or a great five or six-inch Atlas moth will flutter past.

But to get the true beauty of the wild life one must be up and out an hour before sunrise. Then the owls are still, the rabbits are on the way to bed, never a rat is to be seen or heard. The dawn is breaking pearly gray; everything is gleaming with dew and the air fairly intoxicates one with its inspiring freshness. Now it is the bird's turn, and from every hedge, from every tree, pours forth the merry chatter. The babies, who want to get up too early, are being crooned back to sleep by mother while father goes after their breakfast. Young birds are out practising their songs or learning their scales. Every one seems to have something to say, and all together they fairly flood the hillsides with warbling, trilling sweetness of sound. A little later they will be busy getting breakfast from the seed heads of daisies and sea dahlias, or seeking worms and insects in the grass or among the tall oats. At one time their chief trouble was the lack of water, but now basins have been fixed under many hydrants all over the grounds, a free lunch-counter has been started for them where they come in crowds to partake of our hospitality.

Birds are all sun lovers; even the great pelicans, the solemn albatross and fidgety, restless gulls are very careful to be up early enough to have their toilets made and appetites well sharpened before the first gleam of the sun shows over the mountains.

The birds are everywhere; they scatter in little flocks that forage all day on the hillsides, while the buzzards soar in searching circles hoping to find something to suit their taste. From the Homestead hill we can always see the ocean birds skimming the water in search of fish. N. L.

A Study in Gluttony, as Shown in the Yerba Santa

PROBABLY all flower-lovers have noticed the very different behavior of plants under unusual conditions and the strange developments which sometimes occur. The two specimens of *Yerba Santa* in the cut show that plants can succumb to good fortune like men. The one with the very large leaves grew in a pile of fertilizer, and its constitution is wrecked. The leaves are very large but thin as paper; there are the usual number of indentations on the edge, but they are blunted and rounded, and though it has as many hairs as its normal companion, they are so scattered over the excessive surface as to be quite unnoticeable. Even its perfume is faint and thin. The whole plant has spread

itself in a luxurious lassitude of gluttony. Such behavior is characteristic of many plants, such as the potato and tomato, while others, as for example, the fuchsia and a sort of pink geranium, retain their perfection of normal growth and add new and valuable features when well fed. There seems to be a definite type of perfection for plants as for men, and if pushed beyond it some will develop a higher type, while others simply go to gluttonous ruin.

By depriving plants of their full supply a reverse process may be observed; some will entirely drop an important factor or function, while others will produce their entire nature in miniature perfection. STUDENT



A STUDY IN GLUTTONY—TWO SPECIMENS OF YERBA SANTA

The Varying Forms of Leaves

IT is generally known that the leaves of young plants of some species differ very much in type from the leaves of the same plant when more mature, but there are two plants, whereof we have considerable numbers at Point Loma, which have very different

types of leaves on the same mature specimen. One of these plants is the well-known Eucalyptus-tree, which has, besides its regular sickle-shaped long-stemmed leaf, another type which is shorter, wider, not curved sideways, and has no stem—indeed it embraces the twig so closely as to appear as though perforated by it. This second type is the special youthful leaf of this tree, but it also occurs on water-sprouts and sometimes on high branches. Only one type of leaf is borne by a branch, and it is a curious fact that the branches bearing the ordinary sickle-shaped leaves are of the usual round, smooth form, and very slender, while the branches producing the second type of leaves are *square*, with deeply concave sides, the flanges of the corners being visible after a diameter of an inch has been reached, though the round shape is definitely assumed at half an inch. Both leaves and twigs are covered with white dust. Now the question is, What different purposes are served by these wide variations in structure? Perhaps we may get a hint from the other species of plant which has differing leaves, the familiar honeysuckle. It produces on the same plant two styles of branches, one long and slender with leaves of a smooth-edged oval shape, the other shorter and stiffer, bearing leaves which are deeply cut into five or seven lobes. Can some plant-lover tell us the real reason for these variations of form, and whether their barrenness of flowers is an incidental or an essential factor of their form? NATURE-LOVER

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society was first brought prominently to the atten-

tion of the San Diego public by the occasion of a Congress of its membership, held at Point Loma on April 13th, 1899. At that time the corner-stone of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity was rededicated and the ashes of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge were brought to Point Loma. A few days later Katherine Tingley established the International Brotherhood League Colony, also on Point Loma.

These events marked the choice of the noble promontory across the bay as the future World's Center of one of the most interesting educational and philosophical movements of our times. On February 13th, 1900, Katherine Tingley arrived at Point Loma for permanent residence. The local public is familiar with the remarkable transformation which has occurred there in three short years. One improvement after another has been made, and always without preliminary announcement. The energetic Leader of The Universal Brotherhood has said little about what she intended to do next. But she has proceeded to do it and let the thing speak for itself.

The progress of the Theosophical settlement across the bay aroused a good deal of curiosity and speculation among the people of San Diego and the thousands of tourists who spend a portion of the year in and around San Diego. This was not strange, for it has been the experience of every peculiar people or sect or social organization. Moreover, it is perfectly true, as Mr. Charles F. Lummis remarked in *Out West* at the time of the notably outrageous raid on the Cuban children last fall:

"We are not so far as we think from the amiable days when any old woman who sat up late at night, or otherhow committed the crime of being unusual, was in a fair way to be hanged by our godly great-great-grandfathers. The main difference is not that our great-great-grandfathers had harder hearts, but that they had better stomachs. We would hang our witches, also, if such rude acts did not spoil our appetite. So we hound them to death—which is safer as well as more polite. But we believe in witches just as hard as Salem ever did, and are as merciless toward them. The Inquisition is in the popular heart yet. Many of us have watched 'church trials,' so venomous that Torquemada would feel abashed at his lesser ingenuity of torture and his smaller vindictiveness."

The people on Point Loma have had some trying experiences, but they have not been burned at the stake, or hounded to death, or even driven away. On the contrary, they have been vindicated when their cases have come into the courts, and vindicated when their cases have come before the Immigration Bureau and the Treasury Department. And, what is always of more significance, they have been vindicated by the public opinion of the community where they have gone in and out for the past three years.

The tales of cruelty and immorality which formerly passed from mouth to mouth are no longer told—at least, not in San Diego, where the people concerned are known. On the other hand, it is recognized and frankly admitted that the members of The Universal Brotherhood are as cultivated and high-minded a set of men and women as any equal number ever gathered together in California or elsewhere. Public opinion goes further than this. It acknowledges that The Universal Brotherhood is doing great work for humanity, especially among the children of all nations. It is also doing a splendid work for San Diego and contributing at least as much as any other single factor to the enhancement of its prosperity. By means of its periodicals, it is carrying the name of San Diego and the story of its unrivaled charms to the uttermost parts of the earth every week and every month. It is probably bringing more people here than any other agency, and, with the exception of the government, spending more money in making improvements.

Under these circumstances, has the time come when the local public is ready to know something of what the hundreds of busy students of Point Loma are thinking and writing? If so, the way to do so is opened by the publication of a beautiful book which, like everything else done across the bay, has fallen silently from the workshop and been left to speak for itself.

"The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine"

From the *San Diego Sun*, Tuesday, May 5th, 1903

Like the majority of people in San Diego, I am not a Theosophist, nor have I any interest in Point Loma and its insti-

tutions which is not shared by others who follow important developments in our city and county and who try to keep some sort of track of what is transpiring in the intellectual world. The fact is, if we crossed the Atlantic ocean and the continent of Europe to discover a place and a people exactly like Point Loma on some beautiful promontory of Greece, stretching out into the blue waters of the Mediterranean, we would think it quite wonderful. But on the principle which keeps every Bostonian from climbing Bunker Hill monument, we live in ignorance of what our nearest neighbors are doing. It would seem as if the mere fact that one of the most beautiful books of the year had been written, set in type, printed and manufactured in San Diego, would entitle it to attention in the columns of San Diego newspapers.

The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine is a large book, of irregular size and rare workmanship. It is perfectly safe to say that no printing office or bindery in the United States can turn out anything better within the limitations set by a popular price. The presswork, both in text and illustration, is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" to the lover of good printing. The binding is all hand-work. Very likely it is the only large edition which has been turned out by this method in recent years. (It is gratifying to know that the orders for the book are such as to tax the facilities of the Aryan Theosophical Press to their utmost capacity.) The authorship of the work is ascribed on its title page to "Katherine Tingley and Her Pupils." The illustrations, mostly full page, are of a symbolic sort, characteristic of Point Loma art, with the exception of three portraits—those of Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge and Mrs. Tingley.

The work opens with a very earnest preface by Clark Thurston, one of the remarkable group of successful men of affairs, who are giving so lavishly of their time, energy and means in the upbuilding of Point Loma institutions. The contents of the book cover a wide range of philosophy and history, but deal chiefly with the spiritual teachings of Theosophy. In subsequent papers I purpose to present some of the most interesting and peculiar aspects of this teaching, which is so new and yet so old. In this first article it seems well to reproduce the extraordinary conception which Katherine Tingley and her pupils entertain concerning the significance of their presence at this time and place. After briefly describing the promontory, the bay and the scenic background—"one vast Titanic picture, overwhelming self, while 'Soul' in fitting raiment stands visible, a god"—the book proceeds, as follows:

THE LEGEND OF POINT LOMA

"In retrospective thought, seated on its rock-ribbed, element-defying battlements, I muse upon the legend:

"That here the wise ones of Lemuria—now ocean-covered—reared a stately edifice, a temple dedicated to the Gods of Light, wherein they taught her worthy youth the simple laws of life eternal;

"That here the gods touched hands with men and gave to them rich stores of knowledge and of wisdom in such measure as they could use unselfishly;

"That here men, living for the soul of things, made earth a heaven, themselves gods, conscious of their

oneness with the Father (like their modern prototype, the fearless Nazarene);

"That from the temple dome-crowned point, standing like a mystic virgin, old yet ever young—never yielding to the dark waters' fond embrace when all to westward sank in one vast cataclysm—shone to all the world a quenchless, pure, white flame to light the way for mariners on ocean waters and on the sea of thought, that all might see and live;

"That once, when darkness filled the earth and men went blindly searching for light and found it not, then the great Teacher from the temple—filled with pity and compassion—went forth to save the lost, leaving the temple and its sacred light in care of trusted ones, charged on their lives to keep and hold its precincts inviolate till her return; their inspiration gone—careless and faithless to their sacred trust—the light went out and they in darkness perished; the temple—refuge for the good and wise—was sacked and leveled to the earth from sight of men;

"But caverned underneath (the legend runs) stand guarding genii, giants grim,

PROGRAM—ISIS THEATRE SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 17th at 8 o'clock

- 1 Overture to Rosamunde Schubert
- 2 Adagio from Suite in G Ries
violin solo
- 3 Ballet Music from Rosamunde Schubert
- 4 Siegmund's Liebeslied from the Walkyrie Wagner
- 5 Slavonic Dance No. 7 Dvorak
- 6 Abendlied Schumann
- 7 Rondo Capriccioso Mendelssohn



Group
of Cuban
Raja Yoga School
Children at
Point Loma
California

Gathering Flowers
from the Homestead
Gardens to
Decorate the
Childrens' Group
Homes

fairies, gnomes and sprites to hold the portals closed by pitfalls, ocean tides, dire calamities and death, 'gainst venturous ones and the faithless guardians lingering near the whispering, moaning cavern by the sea — until their queen returns to their release; “ That in some coming age when men, grown weary, heartsick, hopeless, wandering in the trackless waste, shall face again the rising sun in search of ancient wisdom and the truth, then the great Teacher will again appear in human guise among her own — welcomed by the wise-grown, faithful watchers, rejected and reviled by those who faithless in the past have been — to rear upon the ruins of the old a new and grander Temple, dedicated to all that lives; and in its pure white marble dome to fix a light — symbolic of regenerate man — whose penetrating rays shall reach to lowest depths to lead the ceaseless upward march of evolution to the heaven on earth — the universal brotherhood of peace and good-will, made perfect through the travail, agony and blood of man redeemed from Self.”

To put it in a few words, Katherine Tingley and her followers believe that Point Loma was the seat of a very ancient civilization; that thousands of years ago, as now, it was the world-center of an intellectual, economic and spiritual movement; and that at last, in the fullness of time, this movement has returned to rebuild and revivify that which perished in “one vast cataclysm” in the forgotten ages.

WILLIAM E. SMYTHE

Translation from *El Cubano Libre*, April 21st, 1903

A Priestly Criminal

A CONTEMPORARY in Havana publishes the following dispatch from their correspondent in Sagua la Grande, which we reproduce in extension of the notices we have already printed in regard to the horrible crime consummated by the priest of the town of Alvarez (a short distance from Sagua la Grande):

SAGUA LA GRANDE, April 15th, 1903

Yesterday afternoon the judge of instruction returned, and has placed in detention the parochial priest of Alvarez, under the charge brought by the child Mercedes Lopez y Ruiz, whom he violated.

The poor victim is only eleven years old.

The priest has been placed in the jail of this city, and today a writ of proceeding will be executed, bail being refused.

The case will be actively pushed by the court.

Translated from *El Cubano Libre*, October 11th, 1902

THE International Brotherhood League is linked heart to heart with all true Cubans in honoring those who serve and suffer in the cause of freedom. Through its simple offering (a Wreath of Victory) the League expressed its love and sympathy for Cuba and for its noble patriots.

THE frontispiece of last week's issue was erroneously entitled Santiago de Cuba. It should have been Santiago de Chile. Readers will please note.

Translation from *El Cubano Libre*, April 23d, 1903

The Raja Yoga Schools in Santiago

Impressions of a Visiting Reporter

EARLY this morning a reporter of *El Cubano Libre* paid a visit to the two schools that have just been established in this city by the International Brotherhood League, and which follow the methods of the celebrated Raja Yoga School of Point Loma, California. Later on the great school projected by Mrs. Tingley will be established in a beautiful site in the country, near to Santiago, with special buildings and private grounds. The two schools that are already in full operation in this city, are situated, one in upper Santa Tomas street, No. 16, and the other in upper San Felix street, No. 7. In the two schools there are more than 200 pupils of both sexes. The professors are those who came from Point Loma last February, and some of the most advanced pupils of the Raja Yoga School of that place. The teaching material is excellent and equal to that employed in the institutions of California, which is the most advanced State of the American union in the progress of public culture. The conditions of the two houses selected are most suitable for the objects of this educational undertaking. The majority of the children already know how to sing beautiful songs, some dedicated to Cuba, and they are beginning to understand the English language. In both schools classes in English, for young ladies, are held in the evenings. In these establishments, music, the divine art of the harmonies, is applied as a powerful medium of mental education and good taste, in the same manner as the wise men of old understood so well.

The work of the notable thinker and altruist, Mrs. Tingley, inspires sentiments of admiration and gratitude from all good hearts capable of understanding the sublime disinterestedness of this International Brotherhood League, that goes through the world lavishing its abundance of educational and relief work, for the benefit of the human family. We shall certainly follow with interest the progress of these schools, of which we greet the foundation with our best wishes and enthusiastic congratulation.

From the *San Diego News*, May 7th, 1903

A Sage Brush Oracle (!)

THERE is a little paper up at Fallbrook called the *Review*, and carrying at the head of its editorial column the name of G. F. Van Velzer. Modesty doesn't seem to be one of Mr. Van Velzer's drawbacks. From the exalted position of his editorial tripod among the hills of Fallbrook he discovers what is the matter with the city of San Diego. Here it is:

“San Diego may not be aware of the fact, but it is true nevertheless, that the Institution on Point Loma is a serious drawback to the growth of that city.”

It will be noted that Mr. Van Velzer benignantly admits that we “may not be aware of the fact,” but then with the certitude of a Delphic oracle assures us “it is true nevertheless.” Such genius as this should not be hidden from the world in

the abbreviated circulation of the *Fallbrook Review*. We therefore give to the public another extract: "The way the San Diego people upheld the blackmailing scheme against the *Los Angeles Times* did not help to increase the popularity of San Diego."

It does really seem that one idea at least has soaked way down through Mr. Van Velzer's cranial structure, namely, that the San Diego people, almost to a unit, upheld one of their own institutions in a suit against the *Los Angeles Times* for a scurrilous slander.

But there's another idea that didn't penetrate the osseous depths of Mr. Van Velzer's cranium. In fact it never penetrated the ample folds of egotism and self-conceit that so gracefully adorn the personality of this remarkable man. The San Diego Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a commission appointed by the Governor of California, and the United States Commissioner of Immigration, all acting officially, made a most thorough investigation of the Point Loma Institution and gave

it their unqualified indorsement. The people of San Diego have also had the most ample opportunity to become acquainted with the organization and its members during all the years it has been here. The idea might have occurred to a more modest man that under these circumstances the people of San Diego were in a better position to judge of the character of the Point Loma Institution than the editor of a small country paper in a remote part of the county.

Fallbrook is one of the most favored places in all of Southern California. Nature has here been bountiful in her gifts. For all these blessings we congratulate the good people of Fallbrook. But we fear there hangs over them an impending calamity (?) If General Otis of the *Los Angeles Times* should chance to read the article from which the above extracts were taken, the writer would undoubtedly be offered an editorial position on the *Times*. His fitness for the position is apparent to the most casual observer. Fallbrook may lose Van Velzer.

Ancient Manuscripts

WE are glad to see that the Washington authorities are awake to the danger from decay which is threatening old and valuable manuscripts in the custody of State officials. It is said that some most priceless papers, including the Declaration of Independence, are actually fading away and will soon be illegible unless steps are taken for their preservation.

It is not perhaps generally known that the greater part of the literature of today is doomed to a relatively speedy extinction on account of the poor quality of the paper upon which it is printed. This is perhaps a fortunate thing for posterity and a fortunate thing for the literary reputation of the Twentieth century. It would indeed be depressing to imagine the historians of a future age reconstructing the mental world of today by an examination of files of yellow press newspapers and stacks of dime novels. A merciful Nemesis will, however, prevent this by destroying the paper upon which they are printed. The archeologist of the future may indeed find traces of some few of our library buildings, those of them which are not built of stuccoed lath, but most of their present contents will be well represented by dust and decay.

The literatures of ancient Egypt and Babylonia are in our hands today almost as fresh as when they were written, and will still be in existence when the books of the present time have been destroyed, and when most of them have been deservedly forgotten.

STUDENT

Conversation Classes

WE have to record a new movement, which has already gathered some headway in the East. It is known as the "conversation class." It is intended for young people "who really have no particular idea about anything," and its object is to teach them "how to make nothing sound like something, and to give them a tone and expression in their conversation which will make people like to listen to them."

We suggest that the entrance fee be made exclusively high in order to diminish what might otherwise be an overwhelming number of applications from young people "who really have no particular idea about anything." We had not, however, supposed that these young people without ideas were troubled with any conversational diffidence. We were of opinion that they suffered chiefly and peculiarly from loquacity, and that any piece of social mechanism which could impose silence upon them would be in the nature of a public benefaction. May we then suggest the formation of "silence classes" for the young people of the East—and elsewhere—to which no admission restrictions need be set. Who knows? an idea might presently dawn upon the mental darkness. It is improbable, but not impossible.

We have heard of veneer being placed upon inferior substratum, but here we are to have veneer without any substratum whatever, no ideas at all behind the conversation. And all this will "make people like to listen to them"!

STUDENT

Dublin Lotus Buds Entertain Their Elders

The grown-ups of the Dublin (Ireland) Lodge had quite a treat on the 9th of April. Some time previously they all received invitations from the Lotus Group to be present at an entertainment which the Lotus Buds were giving to their superintendent, Mr. Dick, on that evening. They had also heard that the entertainment would be carried out by the Lotus Buds themselves. When inside the rooms one could hardly recognize the place. A small stage had been screened off and in the center of it was a table covered in white, decorated with beautiful green leaves, and in conspicuous places were photographs of the three Leaders. On either side of the stage were pillars on which were resting baskets of flowers. Each person invited found a chair with a bunch of lily of the valley laid on it waiting for them. In the center of the room were two chairs, specially decorated, which were set apart for Mr. and Mrs. Dick. But the beauty of the room was surpassed by the grace and dignity with which the Lotus Buds carried out their program. Every one felt how much the children are doing for us, and each went away better for the lessons taught. Irene made a little speech of welcome and said:

"We are very glad to see you this evening at our entertainment to Mr. Dick. I hope you will enjoy it, as we like to make people happy. You will see we have left a chair for Mrs. Dick, as she was our first superintendent, and we know she would like to be here if she could. But we will have a song, story and quotations by her. In our Lotus Group every Saturday we have silent moments when we send out loving thoughts all round the world, and I am sure you would all like to join us now in sending a special message to the Leader, and to Mrs. Dick and all the Lotus Buds."

When Mr. Dick spoke in reply to the children, he told them how he was delighted with what had been done, and that Mrs. Dick would be when she heard about it. He also told them of some of the things he had seen at Point Loma. All then thought that they had to go away, but a further surprise was in store when fruit and cake appeared from nowhere, seemingly, as there was no sign of it before. Then all joined in some good games, and the hearty, happy laughter of big and little people was good to hear; even our baby Lotus Bud enjoyed herself, although she did not understand what it was all about.

E. D., Secretary

Colonial Tea by the Youngstown Buds

The members of Youngstown Lotus Group No. 1, members of The Universal Brotherhood Lodge, together with a few friends, met recently at the headquarters of the Society and enjoyed a "Colonial Tea." The rooms were very prettily decorated with flags and bunting, red, white, and blue, and drew forth well-deserved praise. The children were all dressed in Colonial costumes and presented a very attractive appearance in a "Flag March," which formed part of an informal entertainment, participated in by the members of the Lotus Group. Other features of the entertainment were recitations, mandolin solo, patriotic songs and essays, the subjects of the latter being, "Washington," "Lafayette," "Nathan Hale." Following this, refreshments were served. One thing attracting special attention of all, was a red, white and blue cake with thirteen flags upon it. As a souvenir of the occasion, each child was presented with a small flag. After partaking of refreshments, the rest of the evening was devoted to games, conundrums, etc. Every one present was in a happy frame of mind and the children specially seemed to enjoy the whole evening better than any gathering we have had for some time past.

FLORENCE C. REED, Secretary

Lotus Work at Vestermalm, Stockholm, Sweden

During the past month we have had four ordinary meetings on Sunday mornings. The attendance of the children has been very good and they have been greatly interested in the work. The work has been carried on as usual, comprising Lotus leaflet 8, series II, tales combined with the Lotus leaflet, songs and calisthenic exercises. The children have learned some new songs. These songs were performed at the children's social, celebrated by all the Lotus children at Stockholm, in unison.

The Lotus Group has grown so large that there has been great difficulty to find room for all the classes into which the Group is divided according to suggestions given. The teachers decided therefore to take some of the classes on Mondays. The children enjoy their Lotus Groups much and attend the classes regularly. The enlarged work has made it necessary that the teachers of the other Lotus Groups in Stockholm sometimes help on Monday, and this has accordingly been arranged.

All the children and the grown-ups send their heartiest greetings to our dear Leader and all the comrades at Point Loma.

ALMA NOURELL, Secretary

The Young People's Lodge of Boston, Massachusetts

Three lines of study have been taken up by the Young People's Universal Brotherhood Lodge, music, geometry and algebra, being presented in turn by the members of the Lodge, each of whom has one subject that he is responsible for. We have taken these studies, not as they do in public schools, but have tried to get at the true meaning of things, and not accept statements without finding a reason for them. The Lodge held an open meeting the first Sunday in January, for members of the Organization only, in order to show them what the young people were doing. The meeting was conducted as our regular meetings are, having instrumental music, singing, reading of minutes, short sayings and, that being the day for geometry to be taken up, an idea was given of how interesting and helpful that subject can be.

I. S., Secretary

The Lodges of Boston and Vicinity

MONDAY evening, April 13th, members of the lodges in and about Boston met at headquarters to observe the anniversary of the birth of our elder brother, William Quan Judge. Near the front of the platform his portrait wreathed in evergreen stood on an easel draped in yellow, and flowers and potted plants were artistically arranged. The speakers were comrades true and tried who had known the Chief, and many and varied were their reminiscences. Music, both vocal and instrumental, added the needed touch, and all felt that the evening was productive of increased unity and of a deeper realization of the significance and importance of the movement.

SECRETARY

The Lotus Group at Sodermalm, Stockholm, Sweden

During this month the work has been carried on with much enthusiasm, and it is evident that the children are interested and find joy in the work. Lotus leaflets 6 and 7, series I, have been gone through, and during the lessons the children have been divided in three classes. Some new children have joined during the month. The children like singing and have good voices. Every fortnight we have had a special singing lesson.

AGNES EKHOLM, Secretary

Here and There Throughout the World

A Good Word for Some Philippine Natives

CAPTAIN PERSHING, U. S. A., has a good word to say for the Moros, about whom many hard words have been said. Captain Pershing has been in command in the Moro country, and speaks therefore as one having authority and not as the scribes. It seems that Captain Pershing was placed in this position because he was able to get along with the natives, and in order that the Government may have a minimum of trouble he recommends that special effort be made to establish mutual confidence.

What a lot of bloodshed and misery would have been saved by such a policy as this. As a means to this desirable end he suggests that we impress upon them first, that we have no desire to make slaves of them; second, that we shall take none of their property without paying for it; and thirdly, that we avoid any appearance of interfering with their religion about which, startling as it may seem to us, they are very sensitive. All these three offenses were committed by their former rulers, and "outrages" were the result. Captain Pershing thinks that the Moros ought to have a government which they can understand. That is rather a large order and we are not sure that we have attained to such a point ourselves. He is of opinion that we ought not to destroy their present government without giving them something better and he adds, "I fear it will be a long time before this can be done." Captain Pershing admires many features of the native character. For instance, "once a friend they will go to the limit for you." This is very high praise indeed. In conclusion, the Captain says that this is the most interesting work he has had during his connection with the army, and he hopes that he will be permitted to finish it.

STUDENT

Wholesale Killing of Birds for Sport & Millinery

WHAT is actually the fascination in shooting helpless birds? Is it merely the gratification of an innate love of cruelty, an innate delight in giving pain? The skill required is so small that even a congenial idiot can acquire a considerable proficiency, and many do. A very small element of personal danger, the necessity for a very limited intelligence, would greatly reduce the number of bird killers. We refer, of course, to those who shoot birds merely for "fun," and not to those who are engaged in the millinery business.

At a recent Kansas City shoot, 18,000 doves which had been previously kept in coops and whose powers of flight were therefore dulled, were thrown from traps and shot at. Is it any use to appeal for a little pity?

From another source we learn that upon the North Carolina Coast, forty thousand birds have recently been killed for the adornment of ladies' hats. For many years, periodic appeals have been made for the cessation of this hideous trade. It may perhaps be diminishing, but from the above figures, it would seem not. Probably, appeals are of no value whatever where fashion is a factor. The only thing that never seems to come into fashion is the practise of humanity, but hats cannot be trimmed with that.

STUDENT

The Tiny Gjoa and Her Voyage to the North

WE have already commented upon the forthcoming voyage of the *Gjoa* in quest of the magnetic pole, and it will be remembered that this tiny ship with her crew of eight men, is about to start on her voyage, which will certainly be long and probably perilous.

We see that Dr. Nansen has contributed to the *Morgenbladet* an article in which he deals with the prospects of the *Gjoa* and of Captain Amundsen. The uninstructed might argue an enhanced danger from the smallness of the ship and the crew. Dr. Nansen, however, takes an opposite view. He points out that eight men are sufficient for the work to be done, and that any over that number must increase the fresh food problem to a dangerous extent. If, moreover, through misfortune the little ship must eventually be abandoned, it will be easier for eight men to reach a place of safety than for a larger number.

We sincerely hope that Dr. Nansen is right, and that the voyage of the adventurous little *Gjoa* and her crew will be rapid and successful. C.

The Doukhobors Crucify Themselves—Not Others

PETER VEREGIN, the leader of the Canadian Doukhobors, reports well of his people. They have overcome many of their prejudices and are now willing to employ animals and machinery. They are also making the necessary legal entries for homesteads, and altogether things look promising for them. It is of course easy to laugh at the fanatical vagaries of these people. At the same time they are willing to suffer, and to suffer severely, in defense of their beliefs. History furnishes us with many examples of fanaticism which, when modified and rationalized, has disclosed an underlying strength of character which has formed a valuable national asset. Let us discriminate between the fanatic who is willing himself to suffer, and that other variety whose zeal shows itself by inflicting pain upon others. We prefer the former.

How General Gomez Was Honored at Santo Domingo

THE forthcoming volume of *Foreign Relations of the United States* contains a memorandum from Mr. Powell, American Minister to the Dominican Republic, describing the visit of General Maximo Gomez to Santo Domingo. In order to show the high honor in which they held this distinguished Cuban soldier, the authorities showed to him

one of their sacred treasures by exposing to him the casket containing the bones of Christopher Columbus and permitting him to handle the same.

The bones lie in a casket measuring eighteen by ten inches and twelve inches deep, and they have only been exposed to view on four previous occasions. In the box is also a bullet which was said to have been fired into the leg of the famous discoverer and not extracted until after death.

"That Was a Mighty Bad Day for the Indians"

SOME people have said that the Red Indian is devoid of a sense of humor. Colonel Cody thinks otherwise, and he ought to know.

He relates that, during his recent visit to Spain, it was desired to photograph some of his braves, who were grouped for the purpose around a statue of Christopher Columbus. Colonel Cody took pains to impress upon the Indians the nature of the occasion and that the statue around which they were posed was that of the man who had discovered America. This fact being at last fully understood by the chief, he turned round to his comrades and remarked, to their evident approval: "That was a mighty bad day for the Indians."

Germany Knows That Poisonous Matches Cause Necrosis

BROTHERHOOD can not allow us to avail ourselves of luxuries whose production entails disease and death to some of our fellows.

The making of phosphorus matches is one of these, and much agitation has been made on the question in England. Now we are glad to see that Germany also is determined to prevent this abuse. There is a bill in the Reichstag against the use of white or yellow phosphorus in match-making. It is claimed that it not only causes necrosis, sometimes three or four years after the workman has left the factory, but that the necrosis is also hereditarily transmitted.

New Islands Discovered Adjacent to the Philippines

APPARENTLY the world is not all discovered yet. It seems that advices from the Philippines have been received by the Navy Department to the effect that there are several valuable islands lying at the south of the archipelago, which are not marked upon any chart. Secretary Moody having ascertained that no claim to these islands exists on the part of any other government, has had them charted as belonging to the United States. A vessel will probably be ordered to the spot to make the necessary examination.

STUDENT

ADMIRAL MARKHAM of the Royal Geographical Society believes that Captain Scott of the *Discovery* has achieved greater results than any other Antarctic expedition. He proved that the larger part of the Antarctic region is a vast mountainous continent, extending to 83° 20' South. The *Discovery* penetrated 400 miles further south than any previous vessel.

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Past and Future in Science—A Conscious Universe

THE following quotation is from a recent popular article on astronomy which appeared in an English journal. We quote it because it is curiously corroborative of a fragment of the teaching of H. P. Blavatsky on the principles of our solar system:

There is, indeed, some doubt whether the sun is not connected with the earth by a band of excessively attenuated matter, like the ribbons of nebulous material which are seen to connect the stars in the Pleiades, linking them like roads from city to city in the heavens, or the chain which connects the beads of a rosary. It would be interesting if it should turn out that filaments stretch through space bearing witness to the long past time when we separated from our parent body, perhaps forming a sort of electrical line of communication and enabling us to draw force from the sun in a special degree, over and above the light and heat which are radiated in all directions into space.

H. P. Blavatsky maintained that there are "life currents in ether, having their origin in the sun," and "canals through which the vital principle of that ether passes to nourish everything on the earth and on the other planets: from the minerals, which are thus made to grow and become specialized; from the plants, which are thus fed—to animal and man, to whom life is thus imparted."

H. P. Blavatsky handed on to us—as she had received it—an ancient system of science and philosophy, Theosophy; and she proved its antiquity. She predicted that the sciences of our time would find their way back to that, little by little.

The sciences were not, it would appear, taught and learned as we teach and learn them. The students had first to understand the elements and workings of their own consciousness, and then to find the roots of these in the *conscious universe*. And not till then came the study of the objective universe, the body of that consciousness.

We proceed in another way, our own way; for the mind of man has changed. It now begins with the objective, disentangling general principles from the multitude of details. And it has hardly begun to suspect that great principle with which the ancients started—that the universe is conscious. We are now perfecting our own mode of mental working; one, it may be, in which the ancients were less evolved than we. When we reach to the place of the past, the whole circle of faculties will have been touched.

STUDENT

Powdered Milk May Save the Lives of Infants

AN invention important as making possible the ready and safe transit of skimmed milk stands to the credit of a Dr. Martin Ekenberg, a Swede. This is an exsiccator, by which means the milk is dried to a powder without injury and with considerable speed, 50 gallons only needing an hour. The powder keeps well and can of course be carried any distance, bringing into trade relationship those districts where milk is scarce with those where it is superabundant and wasted.

Many thousands of infant lives will probably be saved annually. It is very common among the poor (and even the middle classes here and there) to feed infants with *skimmed* milk, tinned and preserved with cane sugar. Of the three affronts—the skimming, tinning and sugaring—the first is the least from the point of view of infantine digestion. (That it has been done at all is often inconspicuously, or not at all, stated on the tin; and when stated, not one mother in ten reads it). Dr. Ekenberg's invention can save the infants from the second and third outrages, and the addition of a little cream will annul the first.

M. D.

Science Brings Up the Rear—Man and the Ape

NOTED German scientist claims to have discovered evidence that monkeys are merely degenerate from the human species, and not our progenitors, as the Darwin theory would have it. Some people will probably contend, along this theory, that they can point to members of the human species who would not have far to descend to reach the level of the monkeys.—*Maxwell's Talisman*

This is roughly the teaching of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, as has repeatedly been shown in the NEW CENTURY PATH notes on anthropology and science.

STUDENT

The Remarkable Properties of the Metal Radium

THE New York *Tribune* gives an account of Professor and Mme. Curie and their discovery of radium, from which we glean the following information: Radium is connected chemically with the elements uranium and thorium, which have its properties in a less degree. As Crookes says, radium possesses the

... extraordinary property of continuously emitting heat without combustion, without chemical change of any kind, and without any change of its molecular structure, which remains spectroscopically identical after many months of continuous emission of heat.

It emits rays of its own which penetrate certain opaque bodies and make impressions on sensitive films in closed wooden boxes. These rays will turn oxygen into ozone and change the colors of glass or porcelain to dark violet or brown.

Radium has startling effects upon the nervous centers of human beings and animals. A glass tube with one or two milligrams of radium carried in waistcoat pocket causes a painful wound that requires six months to heal. Tubes of radium placed in contact with the back of the neck of a guinea-pig kill or paralyze it in a few hours.

This metal was discovered in 1898 by M. and Mme. Curie, who after long research succeeded in extracting from a ton of the pitchblende mineral of Joachimstal in Bohemia two decigrams of radium (the weight of a moderate-sized pin). The operation cost over \$2000. Professor Curie said there were vast beds of mineral deposits in Colorado containing canotite, vanadium and uranium, which would yield two to three centigrams of radium to the ton, and that a German quinin-maker has extracted several grams from minerals near Brunswick.

STUDENT

Aluminum Extracted by Means of the Electric Furnace

THERE are some substances which derive their value, not from the scarcity of the supply, but from the difficulty of extracting them.

Such an one was aluminum until a few years ago. It was known to be present in London clay and in perfectly inexhaustible quantities, but the process of extraction was so tedious as to give it a very high value, higher than that of silver. It was, however, discovered that the only requisite was a sufficiently high temperature, which was made available by the electric furnace, and aluminum is now obtained with the utmost ease. It derives much of its utility from the fact that it does not tarnish. Artificial graphite, the "lead" of the ordinary lead pencil, is another substance placed within our reach by the electric furnace. Graphite was previously obtained in very limited quantities from certain mines, but the artificial substitute is far preferable from the point of view of smoothness and purity. It is obtained by simply heating coke to a sufficient temperature.

STUDENT

Ethnology in California—Navajo Indian Lore

THE University of California bids fair to be the leading ethnological center of the United States, if indeed it does not already occupy that position. It is now about to publish the results of the many years work of Dr. Washington Matthews of Washington, D. C., so far as that work relates to the Navajo Indians. For the next fourteen months Dr. Matthews will devote his whole time to the arrangement of his notes and their preparation for printing, and we are glad to learn that the whole of his manuscripts and material will eventually become the property of the anthropological department of the university.

Dr. Matthews is already well known as an authority on the Navajo and other Indian tribes. Among his published writings are *The Prayer of a Navajo Shaman*, *The Gentile System of the Navajo Indians*, the *Catlin Collection of Indian Paintings*, etc. It is pleasant to look forward to this further product of his industry and knowledge.

X.

Not as adventitious will the wise man regard the truth that is in him. The highest truth he can see, he will fearlessly utter; knowing that by so doing he is best playing his part in the world—that if he can thus accomplish the change he aims at,—well; and if not—well also; but not so well.—HERBERT SPENCER

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Heart Life of Nations

"MURIEL!" said Kathleen, as they sat with the others under the oak tree, "I have been thinking about the wondrous robe—I have been thinking about it all the time—and it makes me feel—feel—as if something wonderful, was just going to happen."

"Something wonderful is going to happen," replied Muriel. "Meg says it is really beginning to happen now—people are beginning to know something that has long, long been forgotten; something that little boys and girls can understand even better than the grown-ups. People are beginning to know again that their country has a HEART LIFE. Every nation had forgotten this in their wanderings through selfishness and strife.

"In every country the Heart Life grows bright. It has been guarded, protected, quite unknown to the people. Every nation has its Great Ones, whose hearts glow bright with the golden flame of truth! In each country they dwell. And through all the ages they have worked and waited—unknown—keeping the Heart-flame pure and bright, till the time when the children of earth should cease their wanderings and return to their country's Heart Life once more. So the Great Ones have waited, Meg says, oh, how patiently! and with such sad, sad compassion, all through the long ages, they have watched the nations rise—and then go down—because they failed to cross from the blackness of strife into the Heart Life of peace. But now, the darkness has been conquered—the nations are rising with the Light! The Light of the New Age! The Light that has awakened the long forgotten memories—and silvery bells are ringing in every land! Meg says when we have beautiful thoughts we will hear their chimes!

"And as people hear them they will know that what they believed to be only fairy stories and legends, are really, really true. They will know that the gods and heroes are real people—the Great Ones—who have guarded and waited for ages. And that is why nation will be linked with nation some day, by the cable-tow of love and peace!

"Then, Meg says, the wondrous robe—the spirit of Unity—will descend. Even now, over some countries, it is shining—shimmering like radiant wings—waiting—waiting—"

A. P. D.

A Curious Fish

WHO ever heard of a fish that could build a nest? Well, I have heard of two, the Stickleback, which lives in English waters, and the Gourami, which is to be found in the fresh-water streams of Sumatra and Java.

The Gourami is a plump little fish, not very pretty, but wonderfully intelligent.

It builds a curious nest and is as domestic as can be, taking good care of its fish babies and even fighting for them, if necessary.



May

by LONGFELLOW

HARK! The scafaring wild-fowl loud proclaim
My coming, and the swarming of the bees.
These are my heralds, and behold! my name
Written in blossoms on the hawthorn-trees.
I tell the mariner when to sail the seas;
I waft o'er all the land from far away
The breath and bloom of the Hesperides.
My birthplace. I am Maia. I am May.



TWO LITTLE MAIDS OF TRINIDAD

A Letter from Trinidad

IN far away Trinidad, on a large sugar estate, is a tortoise-shell cat. Her name is curious—"Kittyboy-oy," and she has a little yellow kitten. But the yellow kitten is often left to itself, and is learning to live without always being taken care of, and the reason of this is that "Kittyboy-oy" has adopted a little girl.

Irene is her name, and she is eleven years old. She loves all the animals about the great sugar estate so much, that I think they all feel that they are truly her comrades. There is the dog Potiphar, the green parrot that flies all about the house, the deer and the little Indian cattle, with their tiny calves, the rabbits and birds. All are her pets, and they are happy because they have some one near who loves them.

Irene and her sister once showed me their little Indian calves—so small that they are only half as tall as Irene—just as you see in the picture. We went to the shed through the long grass, nearly a quarter of a mile from the house, and "Kittyboy-oy" followed us through the field slowly and anxiously. Presently she mewed, and I thought she was hurt. Then she stopped and called to us again. She mewed as if she wanted us to come back, and I thought that perhaps her little yellow kitten was in trouble and she was asking our help. But we did not turn back, because Irene told me she always did that. At last "Kittyboy-oy" sadly turned away and went back to the house, mewing so sorrowfully. When we returned to the house there was "Kittyboy-oy," and she was so happy to see her little adopted girl that she remained by her, watching her, all day long.

Trinidad is a beautiful country, not so far away, for even Cuba seems very near to us now. And Irene and her sister are real Raja Yogas. Don't you think so?

PHILIP BIRCH

Prince Charlie's Rocking Horse

WHEN Charles I of England was just little Prince Charlie and spent most of his days and nights in the big nursery of his father's castle he had, of course, play-things, just like other children. One of these is now preserved in an English museum and is called "Prince Charlie's Rocking Horse."

It is about four feet high and, although made nearly three hundred years ago, looks

very much like the hobby-horses that might be found in the nurseries of modern homes.

ONE thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—LOWELL



Those love truth best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.—Selected

Students'



Path

The Blossom

by DR. HENRY VAN DYKE in *Boston Transcript*

ONLY a little shriveled seed —
It might be flower or grass or weed ;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window ledge ;
Only a few scant summer showers,
Only a few clear, shining hours —
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom wonder as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears of rain ;
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream.
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there ;
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room —
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.

Soul Life and Personal Life

NARROW sectarians may speak of the Soul as something altogether beyond this life, and so-called scientists may deny the existence of the Soul altogether. But the *facts* of life often make fools of these theorists, and a philosophy which is based on genuine facts must admit that the Soul is a reality and that it can manifest its presence and power in this life.

Take, for instance, the case of a patriot dying in youth and using his last breath to inspire his comrades with enthusiasm for the cause of his country, which he is leaving, presumably, "forever." What a puzzle such a case is for the narrow thinker. Such an instance is met with in Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel, *Lady Rose's Daughter*. It is that of a young Italian patriot of 1852, whose last words, just before he was hanged, are given. They are simply exhortations to his friends to work and fight for the country; and one of the characters in the novel comments thus upon them:

Marvelous! A youth of twenty-seven, with the rope around his neck, and he comforts himself with "Italy." What's Italy to him, or he to "Italy?" Not even an immediate paradise. Is there anybody capable of it now?

When the Soul awakes man knows his little personal life to be a delusion, and feels that his existence is, in fact, shared in common with all. The Soul is above death, which is change that affects only the smaller personal life; and the Soul feels it, knows it, and proclaims it. But the doubting, self-deluded mind is bewildered.

Over and over again we find people doing things in flat contradiction to their interests and instincts, as these interests and instincts are theoretically made out to be. People sacrificing their lives for each other, dying for causes, suffering for justice, honor, and truth, and in a thousand ways proving that they accept as realities things which the intellect denies and calls illusions.

The patriot feels that his real life is blended with that of his countrymen and that the death of his body cannot end it. The pity is that such a consciousness of Soul-life should be only occasional and in times of intense excitement. But, as humanity advances, this consciousness will one day become general and continuous. We shall all realize that we have a larger life, more real and glorious than the personal one.

The aim of true culture is so to order our living that the larger life of the Soul may come more into play and the narrow life of the personality be put into the background.

It is this overdeveloped, oversensitive sense of self that creates the anxiety and vanity and other distressful feelings. We are far happier when some social occupation takes us away from ourselves. If the personal life could be made fainter and less prominent and aggressive, and the shared life correspondingly intensified, our comfort would increase in proportion. The Soul life would become a reality.

But the conditions of modern civilization do everything to strengthen individualism. Competition and personal ambition foster individualism in the heart; materialistic teaching fosters it in the brain; and in the body we intensify the animal nature by strong foods and luxurious habits. Even high causes and noble enthusiasms are ruined by personality; and there are many schools of "self-culture" and "self-healing" which intensify self to the last possible degree.

And there is another extreme into which reformers often rush when they aim to cultivate the spirit of unity and suppress individualism—that is the extreme which consists in reducing people all to a single pattern; the communistic and monastic ideas. We do not need to fall into that error. Personalities should be harmonized with each other, not destroyed. We should aim at a social order that would give each personal character its full value, but keep it in harmony with the whole.

People need to be leveled up, not down. Instead of pruning off all individual qualities and producing a uniform low level, let us all aspire to a common higher level. This is the road to true freedom, for repressive laws are not needed for people who are all bound by the laws of justice and brotherhood.

H. T. E.

Ecclesiasticus

WE find it hard to understand why the book of Ecclesiasticus was rejected from the canon of Scripture. There are many other strange and wonderful things in the selection of the canon into which it is, perhaps, well not to inquire too closely. Why, for example, is the "Song of Solomon" retained, and the "Wisdom of Solomon" refused? To us and, we believe, to most other people, the latter writings seem the more magnificent of the two.

Ecclesiasticus was written by Jesus, the son of Sirach. His work was first translated into Greek about one hundred years before Christ, and for a very profound wisdom and beauty will well repay careful study. Look, for instance, at his teaching on the duty of forgiveness:

Forgive thy neighbor the hurt he hath done unto thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven thee when thou prayest. One man beareth hatred against another and does he ask pardon from the Lord?

From the precision and regularity of nature he draws a lesson for human guidance which may have been learned once, but which is certainly forgotten today. Of the stars he says:

They neither labor nor are weary, nor cease from their works. None of them hindreth another, and they shall never disobey his word.

He seems to regard fear as one of the chief besetting enemies of man.

Woe to fearful hearts and faint hands, [and again] Woe unto him that is faint-hearted! for he believeth not; therefore shall he not be defended.

We should know of the source of this wisdom, if but from this last sentence. Hardly less sublime is the author's reference to those whose good works are kept hidden from men, a class which for the salvation of humanity is not yet extinct. He writes:

And some there be which have no memorial; who are perished as though they had never been; and are become as though they had never been born; and their children after them. But there were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

We wish we could give more space to this most fascinating book.

STUDENT

MODERN methods of treating disease seem in many respects to be approximating to those employed by the ancients. The Roman physician Celsus, who lived during the Third century, furnishes us with a course of treatment for consumption which would certainly be as effective as any of the Twentieth century. He says that as soon as the premonitory symptoms are detected, the patient

Should immediately take possession of a cow, and go high up into the mountains and live on the fruit of that cow.

Modern medical science can not go much beyond "the fruit of that cow."

STUDENT

Fragment from "The Two Voices"

by TENNYSON

IT may be that no life is found
Which only to one engine bound
Falls off, but cycles always round.

But, if I lapsed from nobler place—
Some legend of a fallen race
Alone might hint of my disgrace.

Or, if through lower lives I came—
Tho' all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame—

I might forget my weaker lot;
For is not our first year forgot?
The haunts of memory echo not.

Some draughts of Lethe doth await,
As old mythologies relate,
The slipping through from state to state.

Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question To what extent does Karma govern heredity and environment? Are not these of themselves sufficient causes of differences of character, and if so where is the necessity of going back to another life for an explanation?

Answer Karma is the law of cause and effect, of the adjustment of effects to causes, that for every effect there must be a corresponding and adequate cause or chain of causes. Therefore the answer to the first question would be that heredity and environment are governed wholly and entirely by Karma. Either this is so, or the element of chance must be admitted, and if we admit chance in one particular we must admit it in all, which would mean that our lives were ruled by chance and not by law. But by actual experience we know that in certain particulars this is not so, and in some of the events of life we can actually see the working of the law of cause and effect. The actual evidence that we have reveals to us that the universe is law-governed, and this necessitates not only the reign of law in the whole, but in each particular and in each individual life.

Now so far as heredity and environment in themselves are concerned, it will therefore be readily seen that these also are governed by Karma, but the important thing to be considered is the relation of the individual to his heredity and environment. Is this relation also governed by law? Is there an adequate cause for each individual's burden of heredity and environment? In other words, why should any one individual be born into a certain family and not into another?

It is here that the question of the justice of life comes up which can not be answered by heredity and environment, for it involves them as means to its accomplishment. They are only the conditions into which the individual is born, and as such are effects which can more or less clearly be traced back to their causes. But why should it be the lot of any one individual to be born into these conditions? We are thrown back again on our statement that this is a law-governed universe, and that hence there must be justice in this as in any other of the events of life. But without the teaching of Theosophy the understanding and solution of the question is indeed hopeless. It is only in the light of the teaching of Reincarnation, of man as an immortal soul, the essence of whose being is divinity itself, with power to will and to act, setting in motion causes that must work out to their effects—that we can see the justice of life.

In each successive life the soul takes up again the journey of its evolution; it is attracted to and born into those conditions of environment and heredity to which it is entitled and which provide the best means for the experience it needs. There are many traits of character and disposition which heredity does not account for and of which no satisfactory

explanation can be given save by the teaching of Reincarnation. In the light of this teaching life is no longer inexplicable or hopeless, for as our present life is the result of the past which we ourselves have helped to make, and as in it we are reaping the harvest we ourselves have sown, so we may help to make the future, we may sow seeds that shall bring forth a harvest, if we will, of greater opportunity, of greater power to help humanity. We may do this, or if we neglect present opportunities, if we act selfishly, following the impulses of the lower nature, we shall surely reap in future births a harvest of pain. It is ours to choose. J. H. F.

The Guiding Hand of "Destiny"

WE recently published some remarks on the sudden detention of Oliver Cromwell by a Royal order just as the future Protector was on the point of setting sail for America, and the momentous results which followed upon this seemingly trivial incident. The object was, of course, to show the presence of an intelligent and designing law which thus, through the medium of what we may call small events, molds and controls the destiny of nations as well as of individuals. A correspondent now draws our attention to another instance not less noteworthy. During the reign of Henry VIII and upon the fall of Anne Boleyn, the Papal authorities dispatched to the King a messenger with certain pacific offers which Henry certainly would have accepted. When close to Calais the messenger's horse cast a shoe, thus causing a delay of one day in the receipt of the communication from Italy. The loss of that one day caused the execution of Anne Boleyn and the marriage of the King to Jane Seymour.

There are thus certain cases in history where the apparently trivial cause and the enormous result are both equally in view. A moment's consideration will, however, show that all important results, historical or individual, must alike spring from causes equally small. The chain of effect and cause stretches back a little way and then we lose sight of it; the links become so small that they have no record, but they are none the less there.

If our individual memories, or the records of history were more perfect, we should be able easily to trace every momentous event back and back to beginnings so trivial as hardly to arrest the mind at all.

If we will not admit that these trivial beginnings were in some way intended, then neither were the vast results intended, and all human affairs are accidental and chaotic. If, upon the other hand, there is a design in human progress and evolution, it obviously works by and through the smallest details of daily life, thus raising those details of daily act and conduct on to a plane of vital import and far-reaching consequence.

STUDENT

Dr. Abbott and the Bible

THE daily press tells us that the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott has considerably startled a meeting of Methodist ministers by an address which he delivered to them, in which he expressed his well-known views upon the Bible. He said:

The Bible is not a book in which fifty or sixty writers tell what religion is, but it is a record of their religious experiences, a record of their consciousness of God. They were human, they were imperfect men—those who wrote the Bible. They stumbled as we stumble.

Those who have the greatest, the most sincere love for the Bible will heartily endorse Dr. Abbott's opinions. The Bible derives its greatest power for help and comfort from the fact that it was written by human beings, even as we are, many of whom, being human, became divine, even as we can. These writings impress us so profoundly because they are human, and not because they are superhuman. Dr. Abbott has discovered this secret and for that reason the Bible has become a force in his hands which it would not otherwise be.

STUDENT

A NEW variable star has been discovered by a woman, Madam Ceraski, the wife of the Director of the Moscow Observatory. Its period is one day eight hours and thirty-five minutes, the star remaining bright for that time, and then darkening for a similar period. This phenomenon is of course due to the fact of the star being a double one and that with each revolution the light is partially cut off and then restored. Nearly two hundred of these variable stars are already known to exist.

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World's Headquarters **UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD** Organization, POINT LOMA, California
Meteorological Table for the week ending
May the 9th, 1903

MAY	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND DIR		VEL
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL	
3	29.751	63	57	60	60	.00	NW	7	
4	29.750	66	56	58	58	.00	SW	light	
5	29.750	65	57	59	59	.00	NW	10	
6	29.740	64	55	59	58	.00	SW	5	
7	29.700	63	55	58	58	.00	SW	4	
8	29.732	64	56	59	57	.00	NE	2	
9	29.740	65	57	59	58	.00	W	light	

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

A Corrupt Press

When Benjamin Franklin trudged his way round and round his crude hand-made press, screwing the impression down on the first form of type ever set in this country, even his great brain could not penetrate the future to the time when this crude invention would reach the state of perfection to which it has today attained. Had he been able to lift the curtain and view the press as it stands today, we doubt not but that he would have hesitated before giving to posterity a weapon, which if used for good, would have been a boon, but which, on the other hand, if used for evil, would be the means of lowering the standard of man's aims and desires.

Unfortunately the latter channel has been the one chosen, and today we stand in the midst of a labyrinth of publications which cover the intermediate ground between the notorious yellow journal and the famous church heralds. It is the general opinion that the yellow journals are alone responsible for the lowering of the newspaper standard, but the real culprit is the average newspaper run solely (as ninety-nine per cent are) for financial benefits, regardless of the wishes, desires, or morals of the reader. Policy is the hidden shoals, upon which the press of today (almost without exception) is anchored over and — for policy will the average man kill his brother, or sell his soul. Few, indeed, are the publications of today, which are not the mouthpiece of some financial schemer, political party, church faction, or bunco steerers. The free and independent press, the press devoted to the heralding of straightforward legitimate news, and advocating freedom of thought along all lines, is among the relics of the dark ages, when man was presumptuous enough to think that he had a mind of his own and was at liberty to act on his own responsibility. The truthful, reliable newspaper has also been buried with the truthful, reliable past. — *The San Diego News*

His Good Beginning

We took a new reporter on trial yesterday, says a contemporary. He went out to hunt items, and after being away all day returned with the following, which was the best he could do:

Yesterday we saw a sight which froze one's muscles with horror. A cabman, driving down the street at a rapid pace, came very near running over a nurse and two children. There would have been one of the most heartrending catastrophes ever recorded had not the nurse, with wonderful forethought, left the children at home before she went out, and providentially stepped into a chemist's shop just before the cab passed. Then, too, the cabman, just before reaching the crossing, thought of something he had forgotten and, turning about, drove in the opposite direction. Had it not been for this wonderful concurrence of favorable circumstances, a doting father and affectionate mother would have been plunged into the deepest woe and most unutterable funeral expense. The new reporter will be retained. — *Selected*

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It is double the size of the usual issue, containing 32 pages of matter and pictures descriptive of the Raja Yoga School and its pupils. Those who believe in Katherine Tingley's work for the children will want to preserve a copy of this beautiful and unique publication.

Ten thousand extra copies of this edition were printed, and though they are being sold very rapidly, there are still enough left to fill all orders. Some friends have ordered them by the hundred, sending them broadcast. The price is 20 cents a copy. If you send the names and addresses with the cash to THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, Cal., the papers will be mailed for you without extra charge.

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President Roosevelt and the Boys

Roosevelt desires to address the incorrigibles of the Whittier reform school. A few words from him might do more good than all the discipline that the management could enforce in a lifetime.

A great majority of the boys are committed to the Whittier reform school through no fault of their own, but from a lack of home training and proper home influences. Many boys in this city are allowed to prowl around the streets like ghouls, who, if proper influences were thrown around them, would remain indoors and become useful citizens. Instead of filling the jails, almshouses and penitentiaries, to say nothing of affording the hangman an occasional job, they would fill in late life positions of honor and trust.

The proper home training of children necessarily devolves upon the mother, and if she fails to do her duty by her offspring as well as by the community in which she lives, her child will travel the downward path and close a career of crime in prison or on the gallows.

We are glad that the President has given these unfortunates a thought. Possibly a good lecture from him will have a pleasing and lasting effect upon the boys who fill our reform school. The position occupied by Mr. Roosevelt should enable him to exert an influence over these unfortunate boys that may be the means of bringing about a reformation in many of them.

If he would take each one by the hand and give him an encouraging word the effect would be more lasting than a dozen speeches. If you would influence a boy you must make him feel that he is worthy of being noticed. Instil a little self-respect into him and make him understand you do not consider him so bad after all.

In this matter the President is to be commended.—
San Bernardino Free Press

Satisfying Heart Hunger

“The poor have hearts as well as stomachs,” said the proprietor of a flower store the other day. “Most of my patrons, it is true, are of the well-to-do class,” he continued, “but quite often I sell flowers to those whose outward appearances are loud in proclaiming them poverty stricken. One day an old negro, clad in what gave faint evidence of having once been a khaki suit, with shoes down at the heels and hat in which the crown had long outlived the rim, stopped here long enough to buy a twenty-five cent bunch of violets. One of my regular patrons who no doubt never has known want said when he saw this purchase:

“The old fool! He needs bread! What right has he to flowers?”

“Quite likely none of the old darkey's family ever suffered from the gout, yet I contend that those violets did more to banish the feeling of poverty from his fire-side than all the food he could have bought with the quarter. There is a heart hunger that feeds only on sentiment, and its gnawing is not always at the breast of those well provided with this world's goods.”—
New York Times

A Remarkable River

On the African shore, near the gulf of Aden and connecting the lake of Assal with the main ocean, may be found one of the most wonderful rivers in the world. This curiosity does not flow to but from the ocean toward inland. The surface of Lake Assal itself is nearly 700 feet below the mean tide, and it is fed by this paradoxical river, which is about twenty-two miles in length. It is highly probable that the whole basin which the lagoon partly fills was once an arm of the sea which became separated therefrom by the duning of loose sand. The inflowing river has a limited volume, being fullest, of course, at high tide, and has filled the basin to such an extent that evaporation and supply exactly balance each other.

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RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$25,365 76
Overdrafts	884 42
U. S. bonds and premiums	93,125 00
Other stocks and bonds	47,055 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	66,500 00
Other real estate owned	46,583 90
Redemption fund	1,875 00
Cash and exchange	385,167 97
	\$1,166,557 05
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$150,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits	56,927 01
Circulation	37,500 00
Deposits	922,130 04
	\$1,166,557 05
Deposits April 9, 1901	\$592,781 52
Deposits April 9, 1902	\$648,905 98
Deposits April 9, 1903	\$922,130 04
The above statement is correct. G. W. FISHBURN, Cashier	

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From the *San Diego-Sun*, May 9th, 1903

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Good Things Promised San Diegans at Los Angeles Conference

Special Dispatch to the Sun

LOS ANGELES, May 8—This has been a great day for Los Angeles, but in my judgment a greater still for San Diego.

This statement is based on the fact that the Chamber of Commerce committee met and received assurances this evening from President Roosevelt and Secretary Moody, which indicate beyond a shadow of a doubt that, while not abating one particle of their interest in California as a whole, they are both deeply concerned over the immediate future of San Diego harbor, its development and improvement by the United States navy and war departments, to the end that it may become at once the Gibraltar and Portsmouth of the southwest coast of this Republic.

This evening just before 6 o'clock and just after a most delightful interview with the President upstairs, we met in the lobby of the Westminster hotel the following men, who have made and are making the history of this country: Ex-Speaker David B. Henderson, Secretary of the Navy Moody, United States Senators W. A. Clarke, George C. Perkins, Thomas C. Bard, Congressman Daniels, Governor Pardee and others.

Secretary Moody, a magnificent type of American citizenship, said in reply to numerous expressed regrets at his inability to visit San Diego at this time: "You can not be any sorrier than I am, gentlemen; but it seems impossible for me to get away just now. But I am with you in spirit, heart and soul. I know what you want. Senator Withington and Mr. Marston told me at Claremont this morning. I knew it before, however. You want that coaling station at San Diego harbor, and you're going to get it. The appropriation is ready and nothing is now lacking but the consent of General Weyman, head of the quarantine division, to remove the quarantine station from its present location to some point on North Island. We want to commence operations right away. Get your State delegation in line and General Weyman will consent to the removal at once."

Then Dr. Burnham asked Senator Perkins how he stood, and the Senator replied: "Oh, you know I'll do everything in my power to secure that removal."

Senator Bard said: "I believe it is for the interests of the Government to have San Diego harbor fortified, and you can count on me sure, to do everything possible as soon as Congress meets. I think the thing can be accomplished without serious difficulty."

Congressman Daniels said: "Of course you know how I stand. San Diego is the only harbor in my district, and its fortification and improvement must go right along. We'll accomplish the thing this winter, I think, all right."

President Frevert, Secretary Wood and all the others thanked the statesmen for their kind words and wishes.

Mr. Moody added in a subsequent conversation with me: "San Diego is all right. You're going to get the coaling station and a lot of other things. You're situated at the strategic point. I want to visit you in a year or two, but before that time you'll have the coaling station."

Senator Perkins, turning to Senator Clark, said: "Senator, you must extend your Salt Lake road to San Diego."

Mr. Clark replied, laughingly: "I'm not forgetting San Diego, Senator, I'll take that up later."

Everybody was in good humor and President Frevert and Secretary Wood were the recipients of congratulations for their excellent management of the affair. The conference caused a most favorable impression upon all present.

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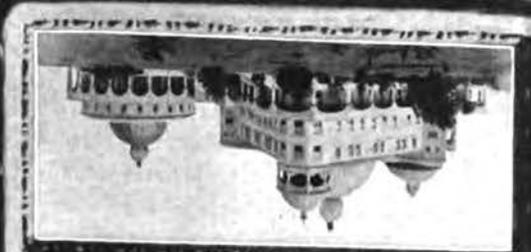
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New Century Path

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Watchman, What of the Night?

SHALL we be encouraged or shall we be dispirited by a tour of the world in search of Brotherhood and of the signs which are the promise of Brotherhood? As with so much else, it depends upon ourselves. Like recognizes its like, and if we have within our hearts the sturdy and stubborn optimism, which forces its own realization, we shall glean many an ear of golden wheat which eyes unlighted by hope would overlook.

"Watchman, what of the night?" Has not the World Soul its watchtower and its forecasts which do not err, the forecasts which speak truly of storm and stress, but still more clearly of the hope which is an eternal pledge? Only by the light of the Soul is the portent transfigured into the promise. It is only the Wisdom of the Soul which translates the wild ringing of the tocsin into the harbor bells by which we steer our ship to safety.

Surely the world moves, and the smaller worlds which are therein, the worlds of religion, of science, of art, of commerce. It moves with many

a strain and jar, but even these speak of the Titan force which somewhere, somehow, unseen, unknown but by the soul, urges it out of the ruts of pain into the road of peace. Every secret wrung from material nature, every word behind which lay a thought, even it may be the wrongs which we deplore, wing their way onward into the future where the Eternal Law shall lay hold upon them and compel them to the true service of men.

The World at the Point of Transition

The world is at a transition point, a point of crumble and of reconstruction. Humanity is bidding farewell to its past, sometimes a reluctant farewell, sometimes reckless, sometimes timid. The future lies before it so big with discovery, so big with achievement and with fate, that we almost shrink from the days which so swiftly march to meet us, hastening to drop into our hands the burdens which they bear. Other days, dead days, have brought their gifts, the unveiled love of nature, the gifts which might have been a benediction, had we not with greedy hands degraded them into a curse. And now, even at the turning of the way, at the parting of the road, we sometimes dread lest the unborn days shall be like unto those which we have defaced and dishonored, and if the spirit of the past have still the power to make of nature an instrument for human bondage.

New Hope Has Come to Mankind

We believe that humanity has done with the spirit of the past, dethroned it, and wrested from it its scepter of pain. We believe that a new hope has arisen within the world, and that even the seeming chaos around us is but the clash between the old and the new, which struggle for an already assured supremacy. A new spirit is showing itself upon every side and the battle shouts of old and bad ideals have already something more than a note of despair, and to hide it they shout the louder. The new spirit of Freedom and Fraternity is laying its hands upon every department of human thought, and the day is not far distant when it will claim in the name of Fraternity everything which the world possesses which can add to the sum of human happiness. And that last change will not be wrought through turmoil but because men will love to have it so. It has taken humanity a long time to shake off its stagnation, and therefore the motion which has supervened may well seem a little bewildering and even chaotic. Old ideals which, for centuries, have floated so peacefully upon the stagnant waters, are liable to be shaken to pieces, and we do not quickly recognize how water-logged and worthless they are. Nothing can be destroyed which is worth the saving; all things pass onward to better, best.

The Day Is Near at Hand

How immeasurably strong would the hands of all men of good will become if they would but put aside unessentials which breed disunion, and come to an agreement to recognize the new hope, to stimulate and enlarge it, and so leave to the Law the shaping of the details of the new age. These are the men we want, men who can sometimes be silent, men who do not want to be figureheads, nor to write parchment constitutions for posterity, men whose hopes are so large and whose hearts are so strong that they carry with them a contagious courage. We want wise and tranquil men, whose confidence is anchored upon the Law which makes for righteousness. Such are the men needed by humanity, and we believe that such men are in our midst waiting in silence to do the appointed work. And so again, "Watchman, what of the night?" And from a thousand guardian flames which burn like fire needles in the darkness, comes the answer that the night is far spent and that the day is at hand.

STUDENT

Killing Birds for Sport

A BILL has been introduced into the Illinois legislature by which it will become an offense to possess a pigeon or any other bird for the purpose of being killed for "sport." It is certainly time for something to be done to prevent the further brutalization of the people by sights of cruelty the parallel to which could probably not be found among any of the so called heathen nations to whom we send the gospel of love.

What wonder is it that violence and cruelty have become a despotism in our midst, and when shall we learn that the spirit of cruelty which is thus fostered upon our shooting grounds translates itself in other hands into the outrages against human life which disfigure our pretended civilization?

STUDENT

Fashionable Dogs

MANY of our philosophers and many of our historians have waxed wise and eloquent in their descriptions of the signs of decay which heralded the fall of the Roman Empire. If they were but to write as wisely and as eloquently about the luxurious follies of to-day they would find better material for their work, and the unpopularity which they would encounter would be great enough to prove the justice of their strictures.

A reporter of the *New York World* has devoted an hour to a study of human nature in some of its lower forms, as illustrated by the fashionable afternoon crowd upon Fifth avenue. Within that hour he counted 1106 carriages, of which nineteen contained children, and of which seventy-one contained dogs.

There were dogs of all sorts and conditions, and with all sorts of costumes. One unlucky animal was dressed in mourning, another was swathed in embroidered blankets, and yet another was tricked out with gold and turquoise jewelry. The reporter in question recorded some scraps of the inane conversation which these vacuous persons bestowed in public upon their pets, and which seems too pitiful to reproduce.

We do not know if this particular brand of folly has yet reached the same development here that it has in Paris, and whether New York can furnish dog-handkerchiefs, dog-dressing-cases, scent-bottles, visiting-cards and the like. If these ultra extravagances have not yet arrived they are probably on the way.

We wonder if the mark which we are making upon the pages of time is sufficiently durable to cause wonder and speculation to a distant posterity. It is to be feared so, and that those who come after us will be able to compare such a picture as this with that other picture, of which the terrible and menacing figures are those of starving and diseased children and ruined motherhood. We are unwilling to believe that it is simply idiocy which causes these people thus publicly to parade their folly. We would rather suppose that it is a kind of perverted parental instinct, but if this be so why not exercise it legitimately and beneficently upon some of the outcast children of New York and so lessen the shame and the reproach which the misery of these children is constituting? Kindness to animals is a beautiful thing and an ornament, but when it becomes publicly maudlin it is a disfigurement and a disgrace, and it is doubly a disgrace when accompanied by a callous indifference to human suffering in its most appalling forms.

STUDENT

Good motives coupled with bad judgment can not produce good results. Good judgment coupled with bad motives can not produce good results. Good judgment is the garment in which good motive should cloak itself.

Santiago de Chile

SANTIAGO DE CHILE, which should have been the description of our frontispieces of May 3d and May 10th, instead of Santiago de Cuba, is the capital of Chile and a city of considerable importance and beauty. It is situated about 1830 feet above the sea-level upon a beautiful plain lying between the chief range of the Andes and the heights of Cuesta del Prado. The city possesses a university of nearly a thousand students, as well as an Institute of Secondary Education and other educational organizations, civil and military. There is also a Musical Conservatory and one of the finest libraries in the world with a perhaps unique collection of books relating to America.

Santiago del Nuevo Estremo was founded in 1541 by Pedro de Valdivia, one of Pizarro's captains. Its population in 1883 was 200,000, and we may say that it possesses an able representation of The Universal Brotherhood Organization.

The world contains no less than four cities bearing the name of Santiago. In addition to those of Cuba and of Chile, there is Santiago del Estro in the Argentine Republic and Santiago de Compostella in the northwest of Spain.

The Laja Falls, Chile

THE illustration on the cover page of the *NEW CENTURY PATH* this week gives a fine view of the famous Chilean waterfalls, the Laja, one of the greatest and most notable cascades on the South American continent. They constitute one of the most beautiful attractions in Chile and are visited by all tourists.

Church Increase

THE Los Angeles *Herald* has recently drawn the attention of its readers to some statistics of church building in the United States. It seems that during 1902 nearly \$40,000,000 were expended in building new churches, and a rough calculation shows that this implies the erection of from twelve to fifteen churches every day.

It is certainly an imposing total. Its contemplation opens up a vista of possible good which is little less than entrancing. Imagine this vast influence, its component parts at last in agreement, directed toward the securing of the Kingdom of Christ upon earth, not only praying "thy kingdom come" with the lips, but supplementing it by the effective prayer of action. Imagine this marvelous array of churches unanimous in their attack upon the evils of the day, the evils which are so powerful because they are unmolested, none daring to make them afraid. Such an organized and unanimous attack would be the Armageddon of the ages, the final fight between good and evil. Before such an assault the horrors of child-labor would melt away in a day, and the causes which breed idiocy, vice and crime would be merely a nightmare from which we were aroused. What wonder that every lover of his race views this tremendous piece of machinery with enthusiasm and looks with longing toward the day when it shall be finally adjusted and actually begin to work.

STUDENT

Gospel of Human Nature

THE clergyman who answers correspondents in a British religious paper has expressed the opinion that a great spiritual awakening is not far off. He does not expect anything from revivalistic methods, and thinks that the beginnings of this awakening may not be with any of our organized religions. In enumerating his reasons for this opinion he says:

For the first time in the history of thought, religion, philosophy and science have a common view-point. Materialism is the mental dialect of yesterday, and Haeckel is leading the old guard to its Waterloo. The problem of the moment is personality, which simply means the soul. Human nature will demand its gospel and its God.

The fact that all the branches of speculation are united in a common view-point indicates how pressing have become the great essential questions of What is man? whence, and whither? Man can not be put off any longer with theories and formulas. He must search out his own soul and hear its voice.

STUDENT

American Absinthe

WE have already commented upon the stealthy advance of absinthe drinking in America. The *Washington Evening Star* has ascertained the opinion of a botanist connected with the Agricultural Department, who says that,

Absinthe, the green terror of France, is now being produced in considerable quantities in this country, and is being used to an alarming extent. In some sections of Wisconsin wormwood is being cultivated, and it is from this plant that the oil is distilled for making absinthe. There are several wormwood farms in that State.

The Wisconsin growers of wormwood and distillers of the oil at first shipped nearly all their output to Europe, but now they find a good market for it in this country, and at almost fabulous prices.

That absinthe drinking should become common in America is nothing short of a national calamity. It is a mistake to regard this as merely another variety of alcoholic beverage. Physically and mentally it is probably more ruinous than any other known liquor, and this ought to be specifically pointed out by those who are scientifically qualified to do so.

STUDENT

Poet and Prophet

IN the year 1827 the poet Goethe, in conversation with Erckmann, prophesied that the United States would eventually cut a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, urged to this undertaking by the necessity for better communication between her widely severed sea-front. If we remember the low estimation in which America's Pacific possessions were held at a very much later date than this, we shall better appreciate the foresight of the German poet. In the same conversation he also remarked that he hoped to live long enough to see the Danube and the Rhine connected and the Isthmus of Suez owned by England. C.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The True Mission of Religion

A PROMINENT clergyman has appealed to his co-religionists to remember that there are wrongs in the world that must be righted and injustices that must be remedied, and that the true mission of the churches is to minister to the body as well as to the soul.

This is very satisfactory. It is not so satisfactory that it should be necessary to remind the churches that religion ought to be the actual and not merely the theoretical foe of injustice wherever it is found, nor that any such impetus should be needed to enlist its practical aid on behalf of the oppressed. We have, however, no desire to be captious, as we are well assured that there is in every church a growing power which will overflow the narrow reservoirs of creed and so hasten to join the flood of general endeavor which is making for the redemption of men.

The clergyman in question whose wise and wholesome advice we have quoted, is not, however, satisfied with basing his appeal upon the broad and obvious teaching of Christ. There he would stand upon firm ground and unassailably. Unfortunately, he hastens into the quicksands by appealing to his auditors not to leave to the *irreligious*, the labor of doing justice and remedying wrongs. This causes us some little perplexity, as we had supposed religion pure and undefiled, not only to include, but actually to consist of these very things. That we are entirely right in our supposition, can hardly be seriously questioned by any one possessing even an elementary knowledge of the teaching of Christ whose words on these points are too numerous and too clear to be misunderstood. It would seem then that religion is being at present maintained only by the *irreligious* and neglected by the religious.

What a pity that this and other like-minded clergymen whose tendencies are towards breadth and liberality, do not make the final effort which would bring them face to face with truth and the realities of progress.

We do but ask the churches, and we ask with a growing confidence, to look straight at the facts of the tragedy around us. If they will do this, and they surely will, we shall see a rally which will be something more than a revival. We shall see the forces of good, multiplied tenfold by a new-born fraternity, sweep onward to victory which shall never be undone. We shall see the Will of God being done upon earth, because it has also become the will of men.

STUDENT

A Step Toward a Better Press

THE following is in substance the bill which at this writing awaits only the signature of Pennsylvania's governor to become a law; and one which will do more towards the purification of public and private morals in that great and progressive state than many which have been enacted with that direct purpose. The newspaper enters every home in the land to be read at the fireside by men, women and children. If it carries falsehood, calumny, slander and filth into the house, then these are the abominations with which the young receptive mind is familiarized, infected and learns to feed upon.

These facts are so patent to every one that their statement is unnecessary except in emphasis. Is there a father or mother in the land so careless and brutalized to the welfare of their children as to permit entrance to the home, to novels or book publications of a character such as constitute the leading features in a large percentage of our newspapers today? Yet they do encourage and themselves persist in bringing in far worse, because it is a constant, daily fresh supply which whets the appetite of sensation and subtly perverts the mind.

The bill provides that civil action may be brought against the proprietor, owner, publisher or managing editor of any newspaper published in this commonwealth to recover damages resulting from negligence on the part of such owner, proprietor or managing editor in the ascertainment of facts and in making publications affecting the character, reputation or business of citizens. If it shall be shown that the publication complained of resulted from negligence in the ascertainment of facts or in the publication thereof, compensatory damages may be recovered for injuries to business and reputation resulting from such publication, as well as damages for the physical and mental suffering endured by the injured party or parties.

Whenever in any such action it shall be shown that the matter complained of is libelous and has been given special prominence by the use of pictures, cartoons,

To Make the Owners Responsible

headlines, displayed type or any other means calculated to specially attract attention, the jury shall have the right to award punitive damages against the defendant or defendants. The bill requires every newspaper published in Pennsylvania, monthly, bi-weekly, semi-weekly or daily, to print on its editorial page in each issue the names of the owner or owners, proprietor or proprietors, and managing editor, or, if published by a corporation, to give its name, together with the names of the president, secretary, treasurer and managing editor. Failure to comply with this provision of the bill is made a misdemeanor punishable with a fine of not less than \$500 or more than \$1,000.

I have no doubt the Governor will sign the bill, said Senator Penrose. The claim that it is unconstitutional will not, in my opinion, be sustained by the Supreme Court. The Libel bill is backed by all the leaders in Pennsylvania, by our most prominent business men, those in public and private life, and the public generally. Attacks on the credit of our financial institutions, on men in public life and character assassination must cease. This bill will not injure any reputable newspaper. Of course, the newspapers are against the bill, said Senator Penrose; but if they all had their way there would be no libel laws on our statute books.

The reputable press, if really in earnest to purify journalism, will not only not object, but will hasten to use its *sufficient* influence to force against its disreputable element, the enactment of such a law in every state! For why should not an individual be compelled to publish the truth wholesale, the same as his personal reputation would compel him to speak it from his lips?

Then "yellow journalism" would by force become respectable—or go out of business, leaving a clear field to clean journalistic effort, that journalism may fill its proper function, to "bless while it informs."

STUDENT

Dreyfus Still Desires Justice

THERE seems to be a probability that the Dreyfus case will be reopened. Very many newspapers, not in France only, but also in America and elsewhere, are deprecating this new activity which is being shown. They remind us that we are very tired of the whole story and they assure Dreyfus that it would be better to let the matter drop and refrain from causing us still further uneasiness. These journalists seem to suppose that this whole drama of wickedness has been devised for public amusement, and that having now overstayed its welcome it had better be withdrawn from the program.

It is true that we are very tired of this, and of many other examples of iniquity, but we are not at all tired of helping the wheels of justice to revolve. Those wheels will revolve whether we help or hinder, and so great is their momentum that they are liable to crush those who stand in their way. We have no doubt that Captain Dreyfus is himself very weary of the whole case, very weary of bearing the weight of an unjust verdict which has not been reversed, and very weary of seeing his little children grow up under that same shadow. It is in the nature of injustice to produce pain; first in those upon whom the injustice is inflicted, and then in an accumulated and intensified volume upon the criminals who have inflicted it, upon those who do evil, and that continually. Captain Dreyfus has therefore all our good wishes and the expression of our conviction that he will not in vain appeal to the honor, the justice, and the magnanimity of the French nation.

STUDENT

Some Prison Conditions

THE Los Angeles *Herald* tells us that a startling statement emanates from one of the New York State prisons, to the effect that one-fourth of the inmates are suffering from tuberculosis. Our contemporary very properly points out that it can hardly be assumed that so large a number of criminals were consumptives when they entered the prison, and comes to the conclusion either that the prison conditions induce tuberculosis, or else that the disease is spreading by infection. This cannot, of course, be a new form of scientific punishment, a rival to the strait-jacket of our California prisons, with the nameless and disgusting horrors which are said to attend it? There are today so many amateur penologists with their playful suggestions, such as branding, etc., that it behooves us to be watchful.

STUDENT

✻ Art Music Literature and the Drama ✻

Sermons in Plays and Books

IF you want to make a child understand really and truly that "God punishes sin," you must let him see God doing it: that, in effect, is the contention of Mr. H. G. Wells (in the *Fortnightly Review*, "Mankind in the Making") in talking of the ethical training of children. He says:

Now one nobly conceived and nobly rendered play will give a stronger moral impression than the best school-master conceivable, talking ethics for a year on end.

Shakespeare did that. He *showed* you what happened and *must* happen to Macbeth and Richard the Third. Novels, urges Mr. Wells, may also do so.

Ethical teachings are abstract propositions, and you can not begin with them in a child. You must show him the concrete.

And such stories would not be what are called "stories with a moral," in which the moral sticks out all over and ruins the story.

Unfortunately there are hardly any of such plays suited to children, and no theatre to play them in. But there is scope in that field for the highest genius of our play-writers, and a child's theatre for really good plays would probably be one of the successes of the age. The only difficulty would be to keep out grown-ups sufficiently to allow of *any* seating room for the young ones. And how the great lessons of life would burn themselves into the young imaginations! There *are* people who could write such plays, but they are doing something else; writing fairy stories and nonsense books, and some of them doing far worse things.

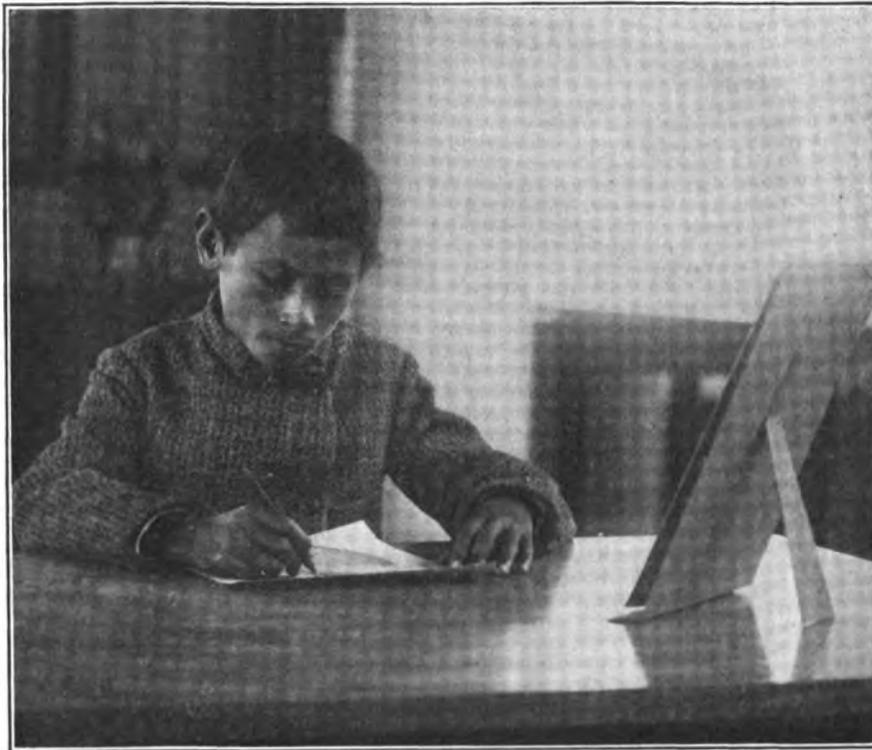
Then there are the stories. Who does not remember the vivid impression made upon him by the stories he read in childhood? The effect is never forgotten. Very well; you have years to work in; years during which by merely leaving stories in the child's way you can well-nigh mold his character for life and give him any sort of teaching you want, waken any sort of tastes and instincts you want. Says Mr. Wells:

Surround your growing boy or girl with a generous supply of good books, and leave writer and growing soul to do their business together without any scholastic control of their intercourse.

But we do the opposite thing. We act, in teaching ethics, as we should in botany if we first dilated to the child for months on corollas and whorls and cotyledons and did not let him examine a flower till he was nauseated for life with the whole subject.

Let us turn about, and as we believe that as our own ethical instincts and sense of justice are in us because they are in nature, running through the phenomena of the world like a hidden golden thread linking and sustaining all things and drawing all things upward by slow degrees—so let us *show* this working before dilating upon it, show it in life as it apportions happiness and pain and fortune and disgrace to all men. K.

A SCHEME has been set on foot in Paris to present a bust of Washington to the United States. A committee has been appointed consisting of the Marquis de Lafayette, the Count de Rochambeau and the Marquis de Grasse, and it has been decided to prepare a duplicate of the bust by D'Angers, which was unfortunately destroyed by fire. The original plaster cast from which this was prepared has been placed at the service of the committee, of which the Count de Rochambeau is acting as chairman.



A CUBAN RAJA YOGA BOY OF LOMA-LAND AT HIS DRAWING LESSON

The Exercise of the Imagination

WHY have we not the courage to exercise our imagination more frequently? Is it not because we cannot break away from material fetters and the distortions of convention and habit? These are disastrous to art, of which the study can not be beneficial until we part with such meanness, and with our deeper natures see the grand designs of nature. Then imagination would interpret still further, and our lives would be strengthened by its purifying touch.

Art is truth, and he who would seek truth must study art in some form or other; the study of art necessitates the arriving into a deeper region, the breaking away from all laws but the truth, the acceptance of no master but it and nature. And what joy there is in the pursuit of art, for after

making a friend of nature, life can never again be dull or barren, and it becomes yet fuller as we get the opportunity of making others see the pure delight of breaking away from material thoughts.

Imagination is shown by the teachers of Theosophy to be a powerful means of advancement and, realizing that it is so, it is astonishing how few people practise it. Fewer still are they who recognize its existence as a common good, and as a means to uplift humanity.

We think we have no imagination because we have treated it badly; because we have allowed our lower natures to use it instead of our higher. And when we seek to turn the tide it is difficult; but only difficult, not impossible, for we all know of moments of illumination, when we turn from the false side of life and aspire with nature to the Light. A. S.

JOHN MILTON, in one of his flights of fancy, wrote:

I was all ear, and took in strains that might
Create a soul under the ribs of death.

Said to Be an Authentic Likeness of Jesus Christ

IN a recent book—*Rex Regum*—the English artist, Sir Wyke Bayliss, examines with much care the authenticity of the current portrait of Jesus Christ. He comes to the conclusion that it is correct. And his grounds are that all the early pictures, Asian as well as Roman, are alike. He says:

The question whether we possess any authentic record of the likeness of the Master is one of profound and universal interest. It is not too much to say that every Christian who cares for art, as surely as every artist who cares for Christ, must desire to know whether the face we generally recognize as the face of our Savior is a historical verity, or is only a creation of the imagination. My purpose in *Rex Regum* is to give to this question a definite answer, by gathering together the scattered evidences—historical, archeological and artistic—which bear upon the subject, and examining them in the light of the most searching modern criticism.

His argument is that Luke or some other or others in contact with Christ drew the face, and that the sketch thus resulting was recognized as correct by others who also knew Christ, and who copied and handed on the portrait. His view may be right, but to us it would appear that the purporting picture must lack both the dignity and power of the original. It does not convey anything like the potent personality which Jesus Christ must have possessed. It is touched with a sentimentality which doubtless was the artist's, a touch which *weakens* the compassion and wisdom which are also undoubtedly present. H. C.



WOMANLY NOBLESSE

by CHAUCER

The Woman and the Crisis

WITHIN a week four somewhat unusual occurrences have been reported in our daily papers. In themselves they may be of but local interest, but, looked at in their relation to the whole vast

tide of human life, they are of greater importance than we dream. They are as straws showing which way turneth this tide.

In one case a young girl surprised a burglar in an upper room of her home. She was alone in the house and, knowing this, the burglar, with the native chivalry of his species, attempted to strike her. She was of course unarmed, while he was not, and physically no more of a match for him than a flower would have been. But she had her wits about her. In an instant she picked up a small dagger which her sister had once used at an amateur theatrical performance and she met the burglar's blow, wounding him. Even then he struck her and when he fled she lay insensible. But it is safe to say that the burglar learned a lesson of which the next woman he meets will receive the benefit.

Another case was that of a lady who was attacked in her own home by a burglar. She, too, was alone. Instead of calling for help she picked up a revolver and—the burglar dropped the stolen money and departed. The most tragic was that of a young girl who rushed in front of her father in an effort to protect him from an assailant and received in her own breast the bullet which was intended for him.

It is the crises, the emergencies, of life that reveal to us the difference between woman and woman. At these times the soul of one is stamped with the heroine mark, and of another with the sign of cowardice and failure. And then we wonder why it is that we never noticed this difference before!

It is very easy to remain in the ranks while there are no battles on. It is very easy to remain in this or that class in school—until "examinations." But let the battle come, or let an "examination," a test, be required, and the sifting process begins at once. Some take a step higher along the Path that is lined with opportunities. Others fail and, even though against their will, are forced to retrace their steps that they may gather up the opportunities they passed by before.

This is life's daily story. That women do not realize it, merely signifies that they are not in the habit of taking life seriously, or of looking upon themselves as souls. "Facts are pitchforks," H. P. Blavatsky used

AUCTOUR of norture, ladye of plefaunce,
Soveraine of beaute, flour of wommanhede,
Take ye mon hede unto myn ignoraunce,
But thif receyveth of your goodlihede,
Thinking that I have caught in remembraunce,
Your beaute hool, your stedfast governaunce.

to say; and though women may close their eyes to them, they nevertheless exist, and exist most uncomfortably to those who, blinded by their vanity or their obstinacy, run against them.

The significant fact in the instances quoted above is that these heroines were just "ordinary women;" probably never before distinguishable from any one of a dozen other women who, at just such crises, would have become easy victims. Their life was the home life, their duties the home—ly duties, (a beautiful word, is it not?)

Something does not come out of nothing and never did. Presence of mind, heroism, if you please, is not a magic blossom which springs into sudden existence without branch, root or even soil; not at all. It is a thing of solid and healthy growth; it springs from a capacity for receiving discipline. And one does not absolutely need to go to the ends of the earth, nor even to a University, to become disciplined. The simple, patient, *honest* doing of the daily duty is the best discipline in the world and the only kind that is guaranteed to develop every faithful candidate into a true Warrior. Nothing could be simpler. Often, very often, nothing in the world is harder. We who dwell in homes, we who are wives and mothers, how well do we realize this truth!

It is the woman who conquers in the "little things" who, when the emergency presents itself, stands the test. And her position is a glorious one, *not because of what she gains or saves for herself*. If that were all, nine out of ten of life's battles would not be worth what they cost to the women who win them. If that were all, life, truly, would not be worth living. The true woman's position is a glorious one *because of what she saves or gains for those who are to follow*, the many who would, perhaps, not be strong enough to follow the heroine path if she did not go ahead to open the way.

These women were not merely protecting their diamonds, this girl was not merely defending her father. They were protecting and defending *the women who are to come*. By just so much have they weakened the power of these evil doers over all who will later cross their path.

They did not realize this mentally at the time of the crisis itself, nor do they yet, perchance. That, however, does not make this fact something else. The heart knew and it was by the heart-light that these women stepped into their true places as guardians, preservers, protectors.

PALMA

FIT the same intellect to a man and it is a bow-string, to a woman and it is a harp-string. She is vibratile and resonant all over, so she stirs with slighter musical tremblings of the air about her.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE SCHOOL AT POINT LOMA

A Well-Known Woman's Views of the Educational Institution Founded and Conducted by Katherine Tingley at Point Loma.

by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

O much has been heard of the Theosophical school at Point Loma, California, the last year that I found especial interest in visiting that place recently, and forming an opinion for myself. It will be remembered that Mrs. Tingley was appointed by the late Mr. Judge, of the Theosophical society, to take charge of matters connected with that organization, and that she established a school at Point Loma, where children of all classes are taught all branches of art and industry. The teachers belong to the Brotherhood and the entire organization is conducted on the basis of cooperative brotherhood and unselfishness.

Charges were brought against Mrs. Tingley some time since, accusing her of misusing the children in her charge and of bringing them up to follow heathenish rites, etc., etc. In the courts Mrs. Tingley gained a complete vindication, and heavy damages were imposed upon her traducers.

I visited the school unannounced and there was no time for preparation among those in attendance. It was past school hours, but I was admitted to several of the various cottages where the children live and to the temple where most of their teaching is given.

I found Point Loma, first of all, a paradise of beauty. It would be difficult to imagine a more exquisite corner of God's earth. The Point has the Pacific ocean on one side and San Diego bay on the other, and the climate remains the entire year very much like a New England June. Flowers are always in bloom and the verdure of the semitropics keeps the spot always green. On a clear day the eye can see 100 miles in all directions, with mountains and hills beyond the bay to lend majesty to the scene of exquisite coloring. The Brotherhood have called in art to aid nature, and the buildings on Point Loma, all conceived in the brain of Mrs. Tingley and carried out under her direction, are dreams of simple architectural beauty and artistic coloring. I visited many buildings and rooms, and saw not one ugly or commonplace spot or corner. Everywhere is beauty, simplicity; yet elegance and comfort, too, are combined in this remarkable resort.

At present there are 115 children being taught, first of all, character building, afterward all the arts, trades and sciences. I found a bevy of children, little girls of nine and ten, busy with needlework of all kinds. One Cuban girl, with beautiful eyes, was teaching American companions the mysteries of Mexican "drawn-work." Happier faces I never saw. In another cottage six tots two years old were singing their evening hymn while waiting for their supper.

Several of these children were waifs who have been adopted by the Brotherhood. Among older children was one of these adopted waifs and a child of a well-known millionaire who prefers this education for his offspring to any other. Both children were clothed alike and received exactly the same food and care and treatment.

As soon as a child is old enough to do anything it is taught self-dependence and trained to take care of and beautify its own room and aid in the general duties of the home. Scrim and burlap decorations, shell and bead and needlework fancies, all done by the children, made the cottages charming and unusual at small expense.

The teachers and workers in all departments are members of the brotherhood, who contribute their labors. No salaries are paid—it is all a work of love. One of the most skilled and famous dentists in California lives at San Diego, and finds it impossible to accept all the patrons who seek his services. But he has become so enthusiastic a believer in the good work being done at Point Loma that he gives one week of each month to teaching the pupils, who desire it, his special skilled methods.

A branch school has been established in Cuba with some 400 members.

The entire work of the whole organization at Point Loma is performed by members and pupils, with the exception of the laundry, which is sent to San Diego. The cooperative and united spirit which prevails systematizes the labor in such a way that no one seems to be working—it seems one happy holiday for all who dwell in that enchanting spot. The faces I saw there were illuminated and serene.

Just how and why so beautiful a work should have been so grossly misrepresented to the world might well be asked. The answer is simple—the jealousy and tyranny of creeds. An orthodox clergyman residing at San Diego became incensed at the prosperity and progress of a school which was not "Christian," and therefore he felt it must be "heathen." He began his persecutions and found ready liars to assist him, until a mighty flame of scandal burst forth which darted its fiery tongue all over the world. A judge and jury exonerated Mrs. Tingley from all charges, however, and her traducers must pay the cost. Meanwhile the school thrives, as so noble and beautiful an idea should.

I am not a Theosophist. I belong to no church, creed, nor organization; but I believe in and applaud a high principle wherever it is found. Especially do I applaud it wherever it is illustrated practically. In the Point Loma school the Godlike, Christianlike principle of unity, brotherhood, spiritual equality, unselfishness and usefulness is taught and lived. That is what the world needs, and no matter how "unorthodox" the school which teaches it, I bid it Godspeed, and urge the churches to emulate it.—*Milwaukee Free Press*

A Woman's Work

"I WILL undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds."

The drama of Spain shows its most brilliant scene in the act of Isabella opening the door for Columbus to enter the New World.

The Queen, one of the purest and most beautiful women of history, typified the higher nature of her country. An independent monarch by virtue of her possessions, she shared equally with her husband the toils of



war and the cares of government, but was always the leader when a question of justice was at issue, even protesting against acts of inhumanity, a mirror of all that was best in the hearts of the people of Spain. Yet in person she was simple, unassuming, filled with a great love for her people, even to the common interests of their every-day home life.

Ferdinand was an epitome of the ambition of his age. To conquer the Moors, to banish the Jews and to establish the Inquisition, were the objects for which he worked with a driving force which pushed to successful accomplishment everything he undertook. Guided by the zeal and bigotry which ruled public opinion, the King treated the New World project coldly.

The daring and courage of the Queen in stepping out boldly against such powerful prejudice, was worthy so divine a cause.

It was, in reality, the idea of Brotherhood that led Columbus to the West, to open up a new world of commercial relations through which the gold of the Indies might flow, and the splendor of learning be set free; to bring together the peoples of the earth and unite them in one common purpose. In one sense it was a great crusade.

The death of the Queen left Columbus with no friends at court, and Cuba, whose people were most hospitable to Columbus, was enslaved by the greed, avarice and bigotry of the age, which had turned the discovery of the New World into a means of personal aggrandizement.

But the patriot sons of the noble Cuban natives have proved their kinship with the warrior spirit which acted through Isabella, as bearers of a new light, for today, after five hundred years, they are holding aloft the torch of Brotherhood.

The protests of the Queen which kept slavery from being established during her life, and her constant effort to educate these people and bring out their higher possibilities, find their greater parallel in the world-drama of today, in the work of Katherine Tingley in Cuba.

The dream of Columbus for an open commerce and free learning, which should unite the nations, shows promise of fulfilment today under the auspices of the International Brotherhood League established in Cuba.

Well may the women of all nations find inspiration in these noble examples—the patriot woman of the Fifteenth century and the patriot woman of the Twentieth century.

ELIZABETH WHITNEY

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Babylonian Discoveries

THE pride of modern progress has received so many falls of late, that we are awaiting its explanations with some curiosity. The science of today has not apparently yet realized that many of its most boasted discoveries were the very alphabet of knowledge ages ago. Take, for instance, the discovery of the true shape and motion of the earth. How innumerable are the amused references to the ignorant opinions of the ancients, finally and forever dispelled by the dawn of modern science.

And yet here is Professor Hilprecht, upon whose magnificent work at Nippur we have so often commented, assuring us that the contents of the tablets which he has discovered,

will altogether change the ideas of the world as to the state of civilization and knowledge of that early people. It will be seen that they knew 2300 B. C. that the earth was a globe and that their astronomers took the same view of celestial phenomena as we now take.

So that it is actually a case of modern ignorance superimposed upon, and concealing, ancient wisdom which is now beginning to percolate up into our modern life. If, as Professor Hilprecht seems to suppose, these ancient scholars knew as much as we do in many respects, *perhaps they knew more*. The learned doctor says:

Within the last four months our most important discoveries were made. The day before I embarked on my homeward voyage I had in my hand a tablet upon which were the minutest astronomical calculations as to the constellation Scorpio.

We should like to know what are those calculations and to what conclusions they led. It seems that we are no longer dealing with the "infant lisping of humanity," and that it is we ourselves who may be the infant class in a school of knowledge and wisdom as old as mankind itself.

Where now is the educationist who will have the courage to introduce into our modern schools a just estimate of the knowledge of the ancients, and to teach the children of today that modern science is not the flower and the culmination of the ages; that Galileo, great as he was, did not discover the true motions of the planets, but that this was well-known to young children in Babylon thousands of years before Galileo was born; that the children in the Babylonian schools did not stop their multiplication table at 12 times 12, but learned it by heart up to 60 times 60!

Nations have their weaknesses as well as individuals, and self-approbation is a sturdy weed and dies hard.

STUDENT

The Archeological Treasures of Ireland

IRELAND is, perhaps, of all other countries, the richest in archeological remains, a very large number of which are still a perplexity to the scientist and the antiquary. Especially baffling is the mystery of the Round Towers, which are found in such good preservation in various parts of the island. In spite of all that may be said by those whose archeological activity is animated entirely by a desire to minimize the achievements and the intelligence of an ancient people, absolutely nothing is known of the origin of these towers, and all speculations resolve themselves into conjecture.

STUDENT



RUINS OF GREEK THEATRE AT TAORMINA, ON THE EAST COAST OF SICILY

Vandalism in Ohio

THE following extraordinary piece of vandalism is detailed by Dr. Maclean in the *Ohio Archeological and Historical Quarterly*, January. The article relates to the great prehistoric remains at Marietta, Ohio. In 1788 a company bought the lands on which these remains stand. Dr. Maclean writes:

The directors of the company, appreciating the importance of the ancient remains, took immediate measures for their preservation. One of their earliest official acts was the passage of a resolution, which they caused to be entered upon the journal of their proceedings, reserving the two truncated pyramids and the great conical mound, with a few acres attached to each, as public squares.

The great avenue, named *Sacra Via*, by special resolution was *never to be disturbed or defaced, as common ground, not to be enclosed*. These works were placed under the care of the corporation of Marietta, with the direction that they should be embellished with shade trees of native growth, the varieties of which being specified.

This was in 1788, remember. We have outgrown that sort of foolishness. Sentiment is not hard cash. Dr. Maclean goes on:

It is of no credit to the people of Marietta to examine into the cause of their falseness to their trust. When I visited these works in 1882, I found the truncated pyramids denuded and the walls of the *Sacra Via* gone. On inquiring what had become of these walls I was informed that the material had been molded into brick; that a brickmaker had been elected a member of the town council, and he had persuaded the other members to vote to sell him the walls.

Comment is difficult. Let the case stand unadorned in all its exquisite outline. . . . The article is of considerable length and interest. Dr. Maclean sums up in a few clear sentences at the end. He says that the extent of territory covered by this absolutely prehistoric race of builders shows them to have been very numerous; that they were very civilized and had made great progress in the arts, in the construction of regular geometrical works, and in fortification; and that they had no relationship whatever with the wild tribes found in the Ohio valley at the time of their discovery.

K.

Further Discoveries Being Made in Underground Rome

BURIED Rome is giving up her secrets one by one, and those which are discovered by accident seem to be as numerous and important as those which come to light by search. We now learn that a very important find has just been made in the catacombs of St. Cecilia at Rome. Some laborers working in the fields belonging to the Trappist monks came upon the stone roof of a subterranean building. Expert aid being quickly summoned, a number of ancient paintings, including a picture of Christ, were unearthed, all of them being in an admirable state of preservation. The next discovery was that of the tombs of St. Mark and St. Marcellinus, who are said to have been martyred by the Emperor Diocletian early in the Fourth century. Early records assert that they were buried in the sand-pits on the Appian way, but the precise location has never until now been known. Excavations are being carried on actively and the authorities upon the spot believe that the area of research contains a large underground basilica used by the early Christians, as traces of an altar and an episcopal chair have been found.

STUDENT

WHAT is described as the oldest existing Greek manuscript has lately been discovered at Abusir in Egypt. It dates back to the Fourth century before Christ.

Nature

Studies

Each Kingdom Has Its Own Degree of Consciousness

IT is now bird's-nest time at Loma-land. Some trees carry four or five nests, while the darting swallows have built freely along the ledges and around the pillars of the Aryan Temple and the Home-stead. Birds are nearly all of talkative dispositions and like to sing, so that there is a constant buzz of chatter wherever they are gathered, discussing household affairs and the flavor of the insects this year.

Of course, all this is entirely meaningless to the great majority of people, indeed it seems to be still generally believed that animals are "dumb," having no speech with one another. Thanks to the efforts of Professor



SPECIMENS OF OREGON BELGIAN HARES

Garner and many others, it is now more generally understood that every form of animal life has some means of intercommunication. Of course, it is hardly to be supposed that they discuss the nebular hypothesis or the atomic theory, but such matters as fall within their scale of life they certainly can and do communicate to one another. Every farmer's boy knows from his own observation that something of this sort goes on, or if he has had the opportunity of observing wild things at their homes when they were not frightened, he knows that animals not only have their own forms of speech but also regular laws, habits and customs, to which all the individuals of that species conform. They have civil and military organizations, sentry systems and regular commanders.

All this may seem like a fairy story to the city dweller, whose whole acquaintance with animals is a canary in a cage, or a sleepy tabby. Even if a person lives in a small village and has a number of domestic animals, the case is not much better because these animals are confined and cared for; they have small opportunity to exercise their own faculties in efforts to support themselves. They are often single, having no others of their own species with which to consort, and no chance whatever to organize in their natural way for self-protection, for obtaining food, or for social intercourse. The canary, or pair of them, in a city flat shows little indication of the carnival of song and the systematic courtship of a "pairing-meet," where several hundreds are gathered in some leafy grove. The tamely submissive herd of cows or horses, shorn of their strength, do not act at all like the tribe on the range, where the grim and battle-scarred old bull or stallion rules and protects his family by the supreme right of strength. Moreover the individual animals will show most surprising adaptability when seen in their natural habitat, revealing faculties of mind and powers of body wholly latent in captivity. This is equally true of birds, reptiles and insects; indeed, it is now known that ants and bees have social systems as exact, complex and effective as the Government of the Grand Monarque.

These things have always been known to those fortunate sons of Nature, who have had the opportunity and the will to leave their weapons at home when they went hunting. Seton-Thompson has made no new discoveries, nor told aught that other frontiersmen have not known.

Scientists have begun to study these things now and have heralded with flourish of trumpets the old familiar facts that animals possess these powers. Some of them are even venturing to suspect that some living things can communicate by faculties which make use of vibratory scales entirely imperceptible by any of our senses; that in fact they live in another world. Ants perceive ultraviolet, and the electric fishes have wireless telegraphy; the glow worms have the secret of cold light, etc., etc.

Possibly the time is at hand when man will step from his self-exaltation as an unapproachable "Lord of Creation," and cease to consider the whole world as his private property. Possibly he may even acknowledge his Brotherhood with these younger brothers whom he has so long persecuted and exploited. Perhaps he may even learn that Nature has secrets and benefits which can be won in no other way than by a loving, intelligent and energetic Universal Brotherhood. Y.

LOOK to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo, Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow. At once the silken tassel of my Purse Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

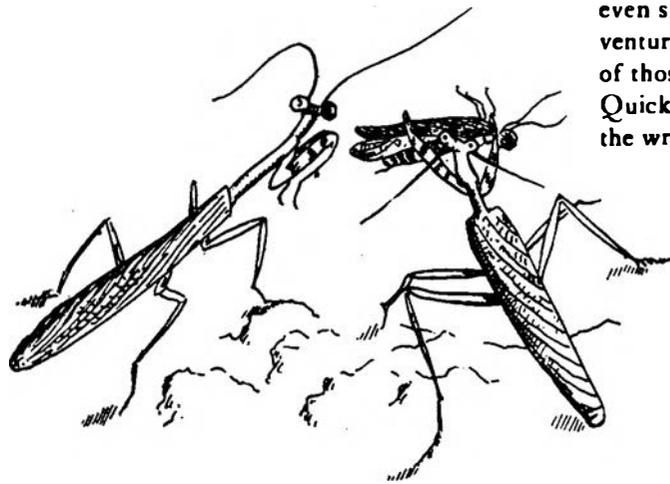
The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon, Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face, Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

—FITZGERALD'S *Rubaiyat*

An Arch Hypocrite Among Insects

NATURE seems oftentimes to take a sly pleasure in mocking the habits of man. The ways of the insect world frequently astonish us by their almost human intelligence. The bees, for example, set us consistent examples of practical Brotherhood, as they tirelessly work in union for the common good. They are excelled by no human community in courage, self-sacrifice, industry, harmony and devotion to their trusted leader. The ants also have many admirable qualities and are startlingly human in their ways. But Nature is not always on the higher plane: infected by the vices of man she reproduces their aspects in other kingdoms. The habits of the insect shown in the cut are irresistibly suggestive of a certain class of men. It is the *Mantis religiosa*, the Praying Mantis, and is an occasional visitor to Point Loma. Its favorite attitude in repose is one of prayer, and from its devotional aspect it has earned an undeserved reputation for great sanctity. It has received many names, such as preacher, soothsayer, nun, and is even credited with the chanting of hymns of praise! The word *Mantis* is Greek for "diviner."

But appearances are deceitful. The prayerful pose and humble "do-not-mind-me" look are blinds. Woe to the unwary fly, grasshopper, or



even small lizard that ventures within sight of those baleful eyes. Quick as lightning the wretched creature

is caught in an embrace that ends its existence, for the Mantis is not the saint but verily the tiger of the insect world, and is always prepared to satisfy

a large and healthy appetite. Wallace mentions a Javanese species which imitates a pink orchid flower and is said "to feed largely on butterflies—so that it is really a living trap and forms its own bait." J.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

ISIS THEATRE SUNDAY EVENING MAY 24th 1903

PROGRAM

Commencing at 8 o'clock

- 1 Overture Semiramide (Rossini)
- 2 Fantasiestueck (Fuchs) Turkish March (Beethoven)
violin, viola and piano
- 3 Grand Polonaise Op. 56 (Beethoven)---by request
- 4 Prize Song from Die Meistersinger (Wagner) piano and organ
- 5 Playera (Sarasate) Shepherd's Dance (German) violin soli
- 6 Wedding March (Mendelssohn)

The Raja Yoga Work in Cuba

SAN FELIX ALTA 7, SANTIAGO DE CUBA, April 25th, 1903

DEAR COMRADES: Undoubtedly you have imagined many reasons for the delayed news from the Crusaders, but the fact is this: so much work has to be accomplished in a very limited time that the days are too short, and the hours too few to allow of all that is necessary to put in them.

For the past two weeks we have been particularly busy enlarging the Raja Yoga School.

Intense interest and enthusiasm crowns each and every effort of Katherine Tingley's work here, especially in that with the children.

A preparatory class of her great system was started many months ago when Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, Miss Herbert and Mr. Turner arrived in Cuba and opened the Cuban Headquarters of the International Brotherhood League. Miss Herbert, who is devoting her life to this work, has accomplished highly satisfactory results with this class, which shows marked advancement in English and many other studies.

Although many hundred applications have been received accommodations were sufficient only for two hundred children, and they are already registered and classified. Although the school was formally opened by Katherine Tingley but two weeks ago, the children are singing four songs in English and advancing generally in many studies.

The songs are surely doomed to popularity, for we hear "Happy Little Sunbeams" (the first song we taught them), and "Life is Joy," whistled on the street at all hours of the day and night.

The vocal music is conducted by Mr. Neresheimer, and in the same manner as at Point Loma.

We have here the one school divided into two departments occupying two buildings, as one building is not adequate for all the children. They are actually famishing for education, and although the children of an oppressed race, freed from the fetters of tyranny, yet they evince an innate appreciation for discipline, music and general education that would hardly be appreciable were it not for the association we are now making with them.

One finds a great satisfaction in working with most of the Cuban people, because they themselves make an effort. Of course there are some who do not, and they would be a blot on any country. We are forced to realize that humanity is the same, to a certain degree, in every land.

Many of the children are from families who became destitute during the war, and in many cases are fatherless. Yet, with all the deprivation they suffer, one finds, much to their occasional surprise, a thriftiness which is, to say the least, commendable. It is not unusual to find a child appearing in the morning with a freshly laundered suit or frock, which only the day before was badly soiled, thus showing that a thrifty and loving pair of hands of perhaps a tired mother, had worked while the child slept, in order that its only presentable outfit might be in readiness in the morning and so prevent a forced absence from school.

Many people come to the office to express their wonderment over the Raja Yoga School's influence upon their children, whom they say, impatiently await the hours for school. It seemed at one time that much of the work would necessarily be suspended until Katherine Tingley's return to Cuba; but suddenly the avenues of work were flooded, and the activities are now steadily increasing.

Among the latest at Headquarters in San Felix Calle, are the Sunday services for children and adults. Regular Lotus Group classes are formed and this Sunday will see them all in complete organization.

What a pleasant thing it is for Katherine Tingley and the General Superintendent of the Lotus Groups to know that all over the world this work is going on, and thus the little children are rendering noble service to humanity.

It is an interesting coincidence that the former resident of the house now occupied by the International Brotherhood League, was a man of broad and liberal thought—a physician, who gave assistance to the poor without recompense. The house is one of the best built and most sanitary in Cuba, and is located in the best part of the city. Attached to it is the office where Mr. Turner answers the numerous inquiries concerning the work. Great propaganda work is being done, and Mr. Turner has sufficiently mastered the Spanish language to talk with the people interestingly about it.

The Industrial Department is not yet in full operation. Señorita Fabra, who after the war went with Mrs. Tingley to America, and has been with her ever since, making great progress with her work and studies, is in charge of the department, which is to be considerably enlarged next year.

Besides the school work and the music classes there are held, two evenings a week, classes for young ladies in Dramatic Art. They are attended by many of the fairest daughters of Cuba, who are delightfully enthusiastic over the work which includes, besides declamation, English and the study of classical literature.

Every one at Headquarters is very well and all join in love and best wishes.
Fraternally yours,
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF CRUSADE

Translated from *El Cubano Libre*, April 24th, 1903

Sunday Services in the Raja Yoga School

YESTERDAY morning the first of the recently inaugurated weekly Sunday services for the Santiago Raja Yoga School children were held at the two departments, in San Felix and Santo Tomas streets, nearly all the children of the school being present.

One was struck by their orderly appearance as they came marching in, and by their good behavior during the services, showing already the influence of the training they are receiving at the hands of the International Brotherhood League.

The services opened with music, followed by a short talk to the children by Katherine Tingley, dwelling on the fact that little children could do so much to make the world better and bring happiness to themselves and their families.

She, being a great lover of children, understands how to lead their minds along the path of right action.

To see these little children listening quietly to good advice being given, would lead one to believe that love of truth and right action is inborn and needs only to be cultivated to make it a great factor for good.

A beautiful banner presented by the Raja Yoga children of Point Loma was given to the children.

The services closed with appropriate music.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Good Work at Helsingborg, Sweden

SUNDAY, March 15th, we had a very good entertainment of music and readings, which all enjoyed very much. On March 29th we held our monthly public meeting, at which there was a very good attendance. The meeting opened with music, Beethoven, Sonata No. 17. This was followed by reading of extracts from The Universal Brotherhood Constitution and the objects of the International Brotherhood League, and Katherine Tingley's address on "Death," from *The New Century*. The question, "Where is the Kingdom of Truth?" was answered, and after more music the meeting closed. The members' meetings have been going on as usual, with readings and working for the Bazaar. The Boys' Club meetings continue with their usual program, and I remind the boys that they belong to the International Brotherhood League, which is a part of the great Movement started by H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and continued by Katherine Tingley. The Lotus Group meetings are kept along the usual lines and the children helped in celebrating the anniversary of the birth of William Q. Judge on April 18th. On that day we also held our Bazaar and Entertainment, both of which were very successful.
E. BOGREN

Boys' Club Work at Groningen, Holland

OPPORTUNITIES for greater work have been given to our Boys' Club since the Lodge was enabled to hire a new house. Before now the meetings were held always in public halls. This was often the cause of much hindrance. We now hope to make them feel that the house of the Lodge is also their house, so that they may regard it as their second home.

The club has since a long time been in want of more active work, and we have begun to establish a section for decorative work, which has been taken up already in a right spirit. We shall try also to introduce plays or dialogues in the club. There is now a good nucleus of boys who remain loyal in all circumstances. They are always ready to help where help is needed, and the club contains many elements that give great hope for the future.
J. C. ONNEN, Superintendent

The Warriors for Truth at Leyden, Holland

THE Lotus work is going on very well here and the children enjoy coming very much. Stories are told them to teach them helpful lessons, and we try to put brotherhood into practise and show that "Life is Joy." We teach them that they must banish fear out of their hearts, and become brave warriors for Truth. We always have much singing, accompanied by organ and violin, and it is with great joy the children express their heart feelings in that way.
J. P. H., Superintendent



LOOKING FROM THE PORCH OF STUDENTS' GROUP HOUSE NO. 1 TOWARD THE HOMESTEAD, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Universal Brotherhood Lodge, Louisville, Kentucky

LOUISVILLE Lodge Universal Brotherhood No. 119 held its regular monthly meeting, with a good attendance. These meetings are always well attended. The President, George H. Wilson, opened the meeting by reading the objects of the organization, followed by an instrumental duet, "Overture to Preciosa," by Weber, after which was read the third chapter of the *Gita*, followed by a well prepared address by Brother Wilbur F. Gearhart on the subject of "Health and Theosophy." This was listened to attentively and seemed to be enjoyed by the cultured attendance that characterizes the usual attendance of Louisville Lodge. At the close of Mr. Gearhart's address further musical selections were rendered. Questions and answers followed, conducted by the speaker. FRED E. STEVENS, Secretary

The Lotus Group at Ostermalm, Stockholm, Sweden

THE work has been carried on as usual, comprising Lotus leaflets, songs, fairy-tales, chemical experiments, exercises, etc. As something new we have introduced an exercise with flags, (conducted by Lieutenant von Greyerz) which seems both to amuse and to help the children to control their bodies.

As we have noticed the Leader's hints about Sweden and her remarks about higher patriotism, we have tried to help the children to understand their own country and learn to love it by beautiful national songs and important events of the historical past, in which they show a great interest. We have commenced and ended our meetings by a short flag ceremony. GERDA NYSTROM, Secretary

The Boys' Club of Rotterdam, Holland

THE Boys' Club goes very well and there is always a real spirit of true comradeship. Three future public school teachers are among its number, and the members of the Club regulate all the meetings themselves, while at every meeting one of the members of The Universal Brotherhood takes a subject to deal with. Once we went for a great walk with the boys through the most beautiful part of Holland; a walk which as concerns duration and distance, caused surprise to any one who heard of it. It was much enjoyed by all. F. P. C. DE HEN

Boys' Brotherhood Club, Leyden, Holland

THE members meet once a week at 6 P. M. The time is spent in speaking and reading, and sometimes the last half hour is spent in playing. Most of the boys are earnest workers for the sake of bringing brotherhood in practise in daily life. Y. P. HEMERICK

The World's Hope

THE early Christians, as have many since to this day, looked confidently to the early second coming of Christ. They went about nourishing and enheartening each other with the joy of that expectation. But for the Christian world as a whole, the hope has long since died, has been transferred to the other side of the grave. The hope is not that Christ shall come to the living world, but that we, dying, shall find ourselves in that presence.

We have not gained by the change of venue! Let the darkness bear witness. In losing the hope we have lost the completest, the most radiant, the most penetrating stimulant to right life. We have lost light. Suppose it had been otherwise. Suppose that from the time of the death of Christ, the hope had been kept alive that in any year that Teacher might come again, that out of the midst of any crowd of men his voice might be heard, great multitudes once more "hearing him gladly."

Nations would have lived in harmony. Men would have nipped their quarrels in the bud, fearful lest the presence of the Teacher should come upon them warring. The expectation would have been a steady joy and inspiration, eating away from men's natures all the baser elements. Life would have been longer, richer, fuller of joy. The thought and hope of the multiplying millions, fixed upon Christ, would have established a relation. The sunlight of his consciousness would have been continuously drawn upon earth, into the receiving consciousness of men and women and children. All minds would have been growing nearer and nearer to the mind of Christ.

How long would it have needed for all that to amount to—and to be practically—a second and permanent coming of Christ? The barriers would have been broken down; the world and its Teacher would have been in the constant presence of each other. By nineteen hundred years—by now—the world would have become heaven. Death would have been altogether changed in the steady light of consciousness. For it was as *light* that the early Christians conceived of God and of Christ. John (of the Epistles) says that he declares a message "that your joy may be full;" and the message is "that God is Light." And the other John calls Christ "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The world failed; it lost touch of the Light; has not its dark heart in touch with the pulsing light from the consciousness of Christ.

It remains for some one now to do what the world could not, and bring about that second coming. They must learn to rejoice no more in their own welfaring, grieve no more in their own pains and losses; but transfer wholly their joy and grief to the good and ill of mankind. And whilst doing this, try daily and hourly to feel the Light from the presence and mind and consciousness of Christ coming to them and then through them to the growing world of men with whom they have begun to blend their feeling, whose pains and darkness they have begun to accept in order to lift, to whom they have resolved to bring joy.

Then, as more and more, one here and there, take up this task, the world's darkness will pass in light, even as the darkness of a great hall passes away as one after another lights his taper. Though lights are many, light is one. And darkness is but its absence. CHRISTIAN

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

ON April 3rd and 4th, Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 1, Sydney, Australia, held an Easter Sale and Entertainment. (Program of this has been received and a full report will follow later.) The entertainment on April 3rd consisted of the presentation of *The Wisdom of Hypatia*, by the members of the Lodge, together with vocal and instrumental music. On the 4th was a children's night, and the Lotus Group children gave a Lotus play, *God's Warriors*, and also songs and recitations.

Children's Festival at Groningen, Holland

ON April 13th we had a little festival for the children in our own rooms, about seventy children and sixty parents being present. All went very well and harmoniously. All the children were in Lotus costumes and wore the Lotus collars, and marched and sang and made their little speeches with much pleasure, giving great delight to all present. A. GOUD

Why not subscribe for the NEW CENTURY PATH for a friend—or an enemy?

✿ The Views of an Enlightened Clergyman ✿



HERE is growing need that the churches should definitely declare their position in regard to doctrine and belief, and the churches themselves feel that they are losing large numbers of intelligent adherents in not doing so. Enlightened ministers declare that they no longer accept the narrower and older dogmas of theology; but, so long as these dogmas are not formally abandoned, people naturally assume that they are still retained as necessary articles of faith, and are thus prevented from identifying themselves with the churches that retain them.

In Bradford, England, a lively discussion has arisen between Robert Blatchford, a noted Secularist, and some ministers, on "Religion and Science." Mr. Blatchford appears to have tried to pin the ministers down to some definite statements as to their belief, and to compel them to either affirm or deny their faith in certain doctrines. A Congregational minister, Rev. T. Rhondda Williams, has been answering the Secularist in some lectures given at Bradford, and we understand that he has been highly praised by the Congregational Conference. The *Yorkshire Daily Observer* reports the second lecture, from which we quote with comments. It is to be noted that Mr. Williams definitely accepts many views expressed by Mme. Blavatsky in the *Key to Theosophy*, where she confutes the received theological position of the day in which she wrote. And it is therefore much to be desired that his church should either turn him out or else definitely adopt his views, so that there may be no false pretenses and double-dealing:

Mr. Williams said that when Mr. Blatchford asked whether it was not right and wise for educated and up-to-date Christians to make clear and plain to all men just what they continued to accept, and just what they had ceased to accept, as true in the Christian religion, and he answered most decidedly, "Yes."

The doctrines which Mr. Blatchford mainly attacked were discarded by a very influential part of the Christian world. At the same time, he quite agreed with Mr. Blatchford that there was need for much more progress and much more candor, and if Mr. Blatchford could help to compel all ministers to look squarely and fairly at the facts of science, and to learn what sort of theology was in harmony with them; to go without fear to the facts, to construct their philosophy and their theology from the facts; and then, having got their convictions honestly to stand for them boldly, he for one would thank him heartily. Mr. Blatchford's charge was, in the main, true that official religion had not definitely faced the issue, nor attempted a new theological construction in harmony with modern knowledge.

The lecturer went on to say that the cultured laity and the great bulk of the democracy were outside the churches because of this tacit adherence to the old dogmas. The churches were never more active than they are today in work and philanthropic undertakings.

But a background of sure belief was necessary, and the old theology should be remodeled so that these devoted workers could have a rock of faith on which to anchor.

It was sufficient merely to abandon theological preaching, for that amounted to a tacit approval of the old theology:

Man had an intellectual nature, and if he was to be religious at all, he must have some sort of theology, that is some constructive thought about God and the world.

Theological thinking had lost its nerve and its strenuousness, and religious people were adopting the shallow cry that theology did not matter. Meanwhile they left the whole apparatus of the old theology untouched and, in a languid sort of way, thought they believed it, whereas the fact was that they lacked the intellectual seriousness to take it down and reconstruct. And so long as it remained, so long as its formulas were repeated, thousands of intelligent men outside the church would understand that the church insisted upon it, and they would not come in. The reconstruction of theology must be done, if men were to be thoughtful in their religious life, as well as active and useful. To run religion on the line of emotion and good deeds alone would not do. The demands of the candid intellect must also be met, and any attempt either to deny or ignore them must in the end bring disaster. He hoped the official element in the churches, in this hey-day of many activities, would not forget that theological issues had to be faced, and that it was their bounden duty to show what sort of theology was in harmony with the established results of scientific research. That this was not yet done was one reason why so many people were out of touch with the churches.

In answer to queries put by his opponent the lecturer said:

In every good man the Spirit of God was incarnate. The incarnation was not an isolated case but a vast process. So far as we were good we were incarnations of the Good Spirit of God and sons of God. Jesus was preeminently the Son of God because he was preeminently good. Goodness was the only divinity he cared to worship.

His chief conception of prayer was spiritual communion and aspiration, not just begging for things. He should say that prayer itself was the intense realization of our union with God, and he could set no limit to its efficacy in spiritual matters. . . . He did not believe in hell as a world, or place of punishment; but only as a state of mind.

The doctrine of the Trinity arose through the interaction of Christianity and Neo-Platonism.

As regards the question, "Do you believe that man has been slowly evolved from lower forms of life, or that he was created by God in the likeness of His own image?" he believed that man had been slowly evolved and so created by God, bearing His image in having a nature capable of communing with Him. Creation was not necessarily the act of a moment or making out of nothing. It was by evolution, he believed, God created man.

The lecturer said that, while the doctrine of Atonement was still a part of Christianity to many people, it was not the essence of Christianity.

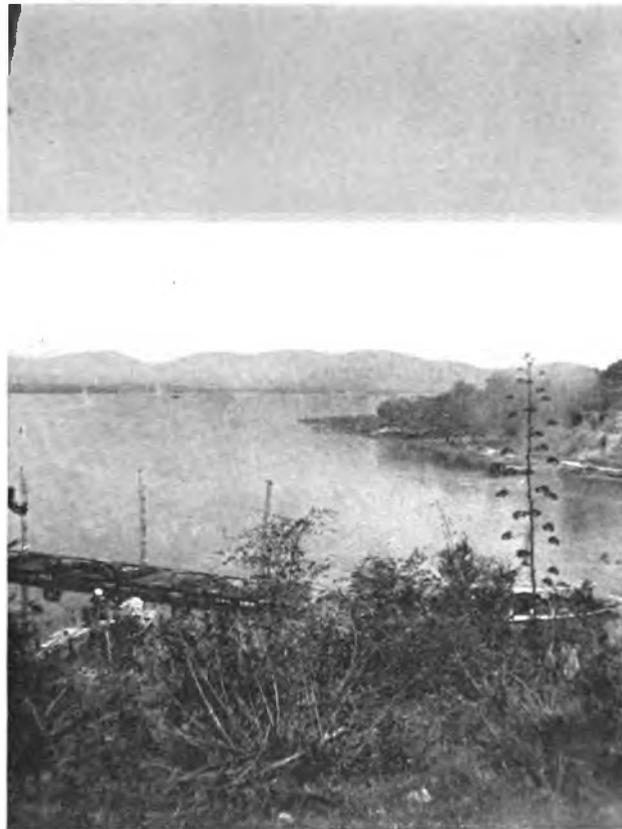
He concluded by declaring that science could only help true religion and harmonize with it, and that theologies decayed while religion remained.

This concluding remark inevitably leads to the questions as to why Christianity should prevail rather than any other religion, and as to what remains distinctive of Christianity after so much has been pruned and remodeled—questions which perhaps await a future lecture. E.

☞ Egotism and vanity are tireless horses with which one can plow the field of folly.

☞ Try to enact your highest aspirations in the environment in which you are. Thus you will lift everything about you.

☞ Though your life be a tangled skein, patience hath an eye which can find the end of the thread, which will enable you to unravel the snarl.



BAY OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA
CAPE SMITH TO THE RIGHT

A Picture of Cuba in 1492

As he approached this noble island Columbus was struck with its magnitude and the grandeur of its features, its high and airy mountains, which reminded him of those of Sicily; its fertile valleys, and long sweeping plains watered by noble rivers; its stately forests, its bold promontories and stretching headlands, which melted away into the remotest distance. He anchored in a beautiful river of transparent clearness, free from rocks and shoals, its banks overhung with trees, some bearing fruits, others flowers, while in some both fruit and flower were mingled, bespeaking a perpetual round of fertility. The nights were neither hot nor cold, while the birds and crickets sang all night long. The hurricanes that annually devastated its vicinity were seldom known to extend their influence to this favored land. It would seem as if the very elements were charmed into gentleness as they approached it.

In a letter to his sovereigns, Columbus writes: "It is the most beautiful island that eyes ever beheld, full of excellent ports and profound rivers." And with characteristic enthusiasm he exclaims, "One could live here forever."—*History of Columbus*

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The Effort to Explain Nature by Mechanical Processes

DR. LOEB, the now well-known physiological investigator, some of whose admirers think to be well on the way to solve the secret of life, last month addressed a certain graduate club. He was considering the subject of instincts, and he used a very remarkable analogy. By "instinct" a plant moves its leaves toward the light; by "instinct" a caterpillar travels toward the tender, growing end of the shoot. Then the speaker tried to carry the idea of instinct on to the plane of human action. He said:

How is it possible for a human being to sacrifice himself for an idea, or even go to the length of risking self-destruction for one idea? If that is done by an ignorant fanatic—for instance, the Turkish soldier, to gain paradise—we can understand it. But a scientist who is not influenced by such motives is willing to sacrifice himself for an idea. Certain ideas, if they exist, demand on the part of the individual an attitude to move forward in a certain direction, just as well as a similar thing in a lower form.

Very good: the attempt is, of course, obvious—to reduce even the noblest human actions to a mechanical explanation, to make them merely specially complex phases of animal instinct.

But it really works out the other way. An idea is a spiritual subjective something, existing in and of consciousness. Once conceived, it forthwith dominates and guides the life and activities of its owner. It even molds his facial expression in the end. We have, in short, a case of the subjective entirely lording it over the objective. And we all know this to be so by the certain knowledge of our self-experience, knowing further that we can create such a guiding idea at any time we choose and endow it with all necessary power. So from this, which we know, let us proceed to something that we do not know. We see that a caterpillar crawls along to the tender shoots. Why not say here also that his action is guided by an idea? Not necessarily an idea of the kind and degree that we have, but yet an idea. Why not, in fact, explain the unknown by the known? Why assume a break in the scale of evolution, a sudden and inexplicable intrusion of consciousness? Why not rather assume that the consciousness we have continues all the way down to the lowest, merely becoming simpler? Surely any other hypothesis is inconsistent with what we know of nature's gradual way of moving. The ordinary biological hypothesis—that of the sudden appearance of consciousness—is no saner than would be that of a visitor to a public school who should assume that only the sixth form boys were conscious! Or that if the lower forms had consciousness, it was a mere accidental appendage with no determining relation to their acts.

Why will biologists and physiologists take so much trouble to offer themselves inconceivable explanations of the already obvious? K.

Wonderful Products of the Electric Furnace

THE electric furnace yields a temperature estimated at 18,000 degrees, or twice that attributed to the sun. In this glowing heat dissociatives can be effected easily which were difficult or impossible before, and allotropic forms of substance produced resembling those found in the crust of the earth. And, where the power for the electricity can be obtained from great waterfalls like those of Niagara and in Egypt, the process is cheap as well as simple.

Aluminum can be directly dissociated from its ore in the electric furnace, and the costly process with sodium thus avoided. Artificial graphite, even better because less gritty than the natural, is produced from coke. Carbide of silicon can be made from sand, sawdust and salt melted together; it is a very hard mineral, most useful to gem-cutters.

H. T. E.

It has sometimes been objected to cremation that it would give immunity to poisoners by preventing exhumation and analysis of the body. But this objection is fully obviated, as appears in the following press dispatch:

Sir Henry Thompson, the surgeon, says that both in London and in France in "every case where a body is offered for cremation the keenest inquiry is made with reference to the possibility of death being caused by poison," as was fully admitted in the parliamentary inquiry into the subject in 1893.

Thought as the Droppings of Phosphorized Fat

A GERMAN physiologist once dragged a net through his consciousness and caught a fish. In other words, he summed up the result of his profound philosophical survey of life in the aphorism, *The brain secretes thought as the liver bile*. For him thought was some kind of fluid, perhaps thick and sticky.

One hoped that that was the swan song—or would you say goose cluck?—of materialism. But it was not. There are other emulous geniuses in the field. Here is a sentence from an article in the current number of *Harper's Monthly*, which illuminates for us the subject of *The Mechanism of the Brain*:

And the vital part of the brain and the nerves seems to be a highly phosphorized fat, and without the phosphorus this fat does not seem to think.

The "thinking" of materialism does indeed seem to be but the droppings from "phosphorized fat!" What else is that thinking which conceives that the leap of a nerve current from one to another of two adjacent fibers or cells is consciousness? Of course the remark is entirely devoid of meaning, as much so as if a man said that hunger was a yellow color or a precipitate of oxide of iron.

There is a book just out—*The Human Machine*, by J. F. Nisbet—in which this sort of nonsense is fully elaborated. Will, and emotion, and thought, are nothing but the quavers of phosphorized fat in nerves. Dr. Maudsley's *Life in Mind and Consciousness* talked the same stuff, but of course talked it better than Mr. Nisbet or the *Harper* writer.

Now, all this is the inconceivable and therefore unbelievable. How, then, comes it to be written; how comes it that respectable magazines and reputable publishers will issue it?

The answer is that selfishness annualism require a philosophized code. The living and divine world-spirit protests against both, and they evidence that spirit by the necessity they feel for some sort of pseudo-philosophic self-defense—a defense which is contrary to all the data of consciousness. Such writers give voice to what is in the air; they answer to a demand. They write honestly in many cases, and their mental condition can only be described as hypnotized. A perfectly healthy consciousness can not thoughtfully enunciate the materialistic creed. Argument with them can not get in, and one can only point out the pathological condition in the interests of the unwary.

H. C.

Mutual Aid as a Factor in Human Evolution

THE publication of an American edition of Prince Krapotkin's *Mutual Aid as a Factor in Evolution*, gives us the occasion for reminding readers of the NEW CENTURY PATH of this important contribution to the literature of brotherhood.

If it be asked why this particular man of science should have discerned in nature the principle of self-sacrifice and mutual aid, where other scientists have been blind, the answer is easily supplied.

Krapotkin is a true man of science. His studies have not been confined to one particular aspect of nature to the disregard of others. Science cannot so isolate itself from the more vital questions of life without plunging into errors and delusions; but Prince Krapotkin is a student of history and sociology as well. Hence he has been enabled to appreciate the existence and supremacy of the community-sense in all nature, which the materialistic followers of Darwin have too often ignored.

E.

Thinks a New Ice Age Is Dawning in Siberia

THE *Novoe Vremya* of St. Petersburg believes that a new ice age is beginning in northern Siberia. It bases this belief not only upon observed phenomena but also upon the fact that the universal belief of the natives points to this conclusion. It reminds its readers that in 1902 the winter set in at harvest time, and that at the hay-making season the rivers were already full of ice. In November and December the thermometer registered 50 degrees below zero, and enormous quantities of game were frozen to death. The natives and their animals were confined to their huts for weeks, while unprecedented numbers of wild beasts made their appearance, devastating the herds of reindeer.

Here and There Throughout the World

Thinks Christians Not Up to Sample IT is gratifying to find that the religious world shows a tendency and a willingness to courageously face such failures as the judgment of Time has recorded against it. *Errare humanum est*, but the only hopeless failure is the failure which is not admitted. All others may become rungs in the ladder of ascent.

The Rev. D. J. Hiley of Bristol has been preaching on the causes which have emptied the churches. He did not tell his audience that the cause was the decay of religion, nor a national forgetfulness of God, but rather that

Christians are not up to sample—the sample of Jesus Christ. The very essence of the word of our Lord was first of all self-sacrifice, and I am prepared to say that there is not much of that in the churches.

We think that Mr. Hiley is a little severe. There is a great deal of self-sacrifice in the churches, but it is ill-directed and has been allowed to sink into a position of secondary importance. When the churches recognize that there is no practical religion except self-sacrifice they will find that so far from their buildings being empty, they will not be able to contain those who will seek to make of them true temples of worship and of service to the God in man. This is the gospel which the people wish to hear. They absent themselves now as an evidence that it is the *only* gospel they wish to hear.

Believes the Slums Can Be Cured "THE poor have ye ever with you." Time was, and not long ago, when by the tortured meaning of these words our slums were raised almost into the rank of a religious institution, of divine intent and purpose. We are ashamed of our slums today, and here surely is growth. Perhaps we are not so much ourselves ashamed as persuaded that our neighbors ought to be ashamed, but let that pass. From London come appreciative reviews of Jacob Riis' book on *The Battle With the Slums*. Mr. Riis says that this evil can be cured, and we agree with him. All evils can be cured when we have men and women who are themselves cured. Mr. Riis demands "the Law and the Gospel," the law of sympathy and self-sacrifice, and the gospel of sanitation, common sense, education. "Every park, every playground, every bath-house is a nail in the coffin of the slums." Every boy "goes at full steam," and unless he have something good to go at, he will for himself find something evil to go at. Even boys who do not live in slums, may have this applied to them with profit. Fifty per cent of our violent criminals might have had their violence directed into that other variety which "takes the Kingdom of Heaven," for may not this also be done "by violence?"

Ledauby Brothers' Air-Ship Manoeuvres INACCESSIBILITY has a strange charm for the adventurous, and this to a great extent must account not only for polar exploration, but also for the efforts to solve the problem of aerial transit. Hardly a month passes without the record of some new invention, of some new effort, most of which are, of course, foredoomed to failure, although each one may mark some step of progress. The latest aspirants to air-ship fame are the Ledauby brothers, who have constructed a vessel somewhat on the model of the Santos Dumont ship, but with an element of added speed. The new invention is said to have traveled at a speed of 37 kilometers in one hour and thirty-six minutes. The report of her trial trip states that the ship

was put through a series of evolutions and answered her helm and maneuvered to the perfect satisfaction of all interested in her.

This, after all, is the chief consideration. Speed we can wait for, but reasonable safety is essential. We doubt, however, if the true secret of aerial navigation is yet within our hands, and perhaps the world is not ready for it. Nature's gifts have been so misused in the past that she is now a little chary of her bounty, especially where that bounty can be readily used for purposes which do not add to, but rather detract from, the general happiness of her human family. The injunction "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven" has a varied adaptability, and without any undue strain upon its actual meaning.

Fewer Theological Students, Germany IN Germany there are signs of a searching of theologic hearts, and in the ocean of the human heart lie rich and wondrous pearls which wait only for honest courage. Year by year, session by session, the number of theologic students falls and falls. In 1830 the number of students was over 4000, and last year it was but 2000, and Germany has more than doubled its population since 1830. The weak of heart cry out, alarmed, that Christianity is waning, and that into the harvest-fields come ever fewer laborers. Christianity is not waning, nor will it ever wane until from our very records as well as from our hearts are wiped away the promise that "the pure in heart shall see God," and the command, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." There is a house not made with hands, and a temple from which the money-changers have been driven forth, and there are those therein who, in ever increasing numbers, worship the God who is crucified in humanity.

A Note Struck for International Amity FROM St. Louis sounds a note of international amity. D. R. Francis, the President of the Exposition, spoke weighty words of counsel to the nations assembled. Hear him—

The relation of man to nature and her physical forces commands the highest mental functions, but man's relation to his fellows not only enlists the highest intellectual effort, but requires that it be tempered by impulses of human kindness. Those who have, as the mainspring of their actions, the elevation of their fellows, live and move upon a higher plane and are better members of society than those who subordinate sentiment and sympathy to gain and power.

Much more of a like exalted nature might we quote, upon which only the cynic will comment that they are but sounding words and that the wheels of self will go round as before. Truly they will go round, but *not as before*. Upon some, at any rate, of the world's best minds there congregated, some answering spark flew forth to make yet brighter the fraternal fire which saves the world. Some life, it may be some one life only, was changed thereby, and who can say how that cause shall broaden as it passes on.

Make a Forced March to the Pole THE Zeigler Arctic expedition is attracting marked attention throughout the world. Mr. Fiala, the leader of the party, is already well-known for intrepid courage and determination. He is now in Norway with his crew of thirty-five men, all of them Americans, and many of them having had the rough training of the whaling ships. Provisions and stores for two years will be taken and while Mr. Fiala is somewhat reticent as to his precise plan of campaign, it is understood that he intends to make a forced march to the Pole from a well furnished base of supplies. A novel feature of the expedition is the canoes which have been carefully constructed for the occasion. They are of Maine cedar, covered with white duck, the pores of the latter being covered with white lead and that in turn being overlaid with heavy coats of paint. In crossing considerable bodies of water these canoes will be lashed together in the fashion of the catamaran, and decked over with the sledges. They will thus have unusual stability and will moreover be available for transporting the ponies and dogs.

Germany to Study American Farm Life NOT without significance is the visit which is about to be paid to the United States by members of the German Agricultural Deputation. There are no less than fifty-six members of the party and they come from widely separated parts of Austria and Germany. Their object is to study American agriculture, American methods and the whole machinery of American farm life, and in this pursuit they will remain here for at least three months, extending their investigations into every available part of the country, and utilizing to the utmost the time at their disposal. Short-sighted, indeed, must he be who sees in a visit so amicable a benefit to agriculture only. These German farmers may rest assured of a hospitality which will leave a warm recollection upon both sides. STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

THINK me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Take not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

The Apology

by EMERSON

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thine acres yield
Which I gather in a song.

Two Boys of Today

THEY were walking along the country road.

"I would like to be a great man when I grow up," remarked Tommy, as he sharpened the stick he was carrying with a huge and ferocious-looking pocket-knife, "wouldn't you, Ralph?"

"I don't know," said Ralph, slowly. "I want to do a whole lot of things. I don't know that I have ever thought of wanting to be great. Why should you?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Why should you?" repeated Tommy, opening his eyes and fixing them on Ralph with an expression of mingled wonder and scorn. "Everybody does," he added abruptly.

"O, pshaw!" said Ralph, "I don't believe great men bother about wanting to be great. Why should they? They are growing great all the time because they are doing things instead of only thinking about doing them, or telling other people to do them. That is the difference between great people and people who ain't great."

"But they ought to have wanted to, sometimes, when they thought about it," persisted Tommy.

"I don't believe they did," replied Ralph. "I think they just thought about what they were doing and did it well. Don't you see," he went on, with slow emphasis, "if people go on thinking of wanting to be great it keeps them from sticking right at the work they ought to do; and it is only going ahead and doing what they should do, that will ever make them worth anything. I don't believe great men ever cared a straw about being great. They wanted to do something and *did* it, and first thing they knew they *were* great."

TWO LITTLE MAIDS OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL



The Birds of Egypt

EGYPT is far, far away, but cruel men are everywhere. There is a beautiful stately bird, the "cattle-egret" that, until recently, was always to be seen upon the wet, plowed lands near the Nile, and which was of the greatest help to the peasant farmer. But sportsmen have hunted it down until now it is rarely found.

The farmers so need the aid of this bird, and the crops suffer so much because of its extermination, that now a few wise men are putting a stop to this cruelty. But even if this bird *didn't* help, why shouldn't it be permitted to live out its pure, free, beautiful life?

Birds have many ways of helping their human comrades—a little bird told me so—besides with the crops and making money. Do you remember the beautiful legend of Siegfried, and how the wood-bird guided him through the forest?—of Hiawatha and his little friend and helper, the red-headed woodpecker?—and of many other Heroes and Warriors whose comrade-helpers were birds?

These legends come to us as beautiful pictures of a time when men really lived the brotherhood life, when they didn't hunt and kill little birds and when they didn't deceive and kill each other.

Some people say that these legends are not true. They are mistaken. They might just as well say a portrait of some great and wise man is not true. It isn't the man himself, of course. But if it is a good portrait, it is certainly true in the deeper sense, *for it tells us the truth about him.*

AUNT ESTHER

It is our privilege to help lift the thought of the world and to aid humanity by discouraging every barbarism, every inhuman act.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

A Letter from Cuba

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, March 9th, 1903

DEAR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS: I am one of the twenty-five children that have come to Cuba to help to educate all the little children who are trying to do right. We came here to establish a great Raja Yoga School, and it has been open now for a long time. It stands on a high hill, like Point Loma, and we can look down on Santiago Bay.

The breeze is so fine. The mountains are green and everything is beautiful. Our School is beautiful. A Cuban gentleman who came to

THE under side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
And so I turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To see the lining."

A. P. D.

see it said it was like a light in Cuba. I think that all the Cuban children who come here will get pure hearts and a love for doing right. I think they will want to go out and help other children, as the Warriors of the Raja Yoga School who have come from Point Loma are doing. It is grand to be Warriors

of the Golden Cord to help humanity.

My home is in San Diego and I go to the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. But Cuba seems like home, too. We are learning to speak Spanish and we are teaching a great many Cuban children how to speak English.

HELEN

Students'



Path

Life and Song

by SIDNEY LANIER

IF life were caught by a clarionet,
And a wild heart, throbbing in the reed,
Should thrill its joy and trill its fret,
And utter its heart in every deed,

Then would this breathing clarionet
Type what the poet fain would be;
For none o' the singers ever yet
Has wholly lived his minstrelsy.

Or clearly sang his true, true thought,
Or utterly bodied forth his life,
Or out of life and song has wrought
The perfect one of man and wife;

Or lived and sung, that Life and Song
Might each express the other's all,
Careless if life or art were long
Since both were one, to stand or fall:

So that the wonder struck the crowd,
Who shouted it about the land:
His song was only living cloud,
His work, a singing with his hand!—*Selected*

Gymnastics and Health

WE have more than once called attention to the mistake—a very common one—made by those who think they can gain health by developing large muscles. Athletics and gymnastics are one thing; health-gaining through exercise is another.

And it is certain that to push athletic development to a far point and then suddenly take up an ordinary life is dangerous. For the great muscles thus enlarged have to come back to a normal size. Any organ suddenly disused—and a large proportion of an athlete's muscles become disused organs when he goes back to ordinary life—wastes quickly, and discharges its poisonous waste products into the blood. The blood therefore acquires a marked febrile tendency for a considerable time. The athlete needs a lung development much beyond the requirement of ordinary life; and if, having got this, he suddenly quits athletic life, the lungs are in very real danger of consumptive disease.

This is one of the reasons for the damaged health of retired athletes, prize-fighters and professional strong men. Though there are of course other reasons, especially the drinking habit, which they acquire or fall back upon at once that the strain of training is removed. And the blood is in an especially inflammatory state because of the fact that the amount of food thought necessary during the athletic period is not reduced when the mode of life is changed.

If a man in athletic training desires to resume ordinary life, he should reduce his exercises by degrees. And especially should he quickly reduce his food and lighten its quality.

What do moderate gymnastic exercises effect in the ordinary man, and what relation have they to health?

A few brief exercises, done daily in open air, or at a window, involving every muscle, are excellent. Lingering waste products are unloaded from the muscular fibers into the blood, and the fibers gradually acquire such an elasticity of tone that the lingering does not occur any more. Similar products are squeezed from the nerve-strands, and the blood-flow quickened. Therefore the mind and feelings have a healthier and clearer physical basis, and are therefore themselves healthier.

The perfect life includes, of course, physical exercise, as one of the three bases of health. And if the exercise be on the earth and under the sky, if it be with and in the earth among the trees and flowers, a

thousand times the better. Whatever is done, stop short of any strain on lungs and heart.

But if health, even *physical* health, is to approach nearer and nearer to the perfect type, mind and soul need *their* exercise—strong thinking and high feeling.

With physical health and mental health, both developed under the light of the soul, consciousness will grow clearer and clearer right on through the years of old age. Death will have no terror, for we shall have learned to hold our light steady as we pass the gateway. PHYSICIAN

The Critical Moment

IT is a common experience with those who are struggling toward the light of a higher life that the contemplation of tomorrow, or the future in general, brings a feeling of dread.

This may follow a time of unusual exaltation, or it may come about by the thought of tomorrow as devoid of some indulgence which we have decided to give up. The hours of the day to come look gray and sterile, and the anticipation of them may even bring a sort of terror.

It is just there that the aspirant fails, and just there that a victory might be gained, a leap upon a new level.

The failure consists in the search for some new or old way of filling those gray, blank hours with sensations, transient pleasures. The success consists in going courageously forward into the coming hours and illuminating them with the light of duty.

Which of the two or three "persons" in each man and woman is it that feels the depression and emptiness? The lower, of course, the pleasure-seeker. It feels that *your* life, attention and interest are about to be withdrawn from it and poured elsewhere. So it shrinks appalled, and then makes frantic efforts to make such pictures of possible pleasures as shall once more draw you back into its service. It wins if it succeeds in making you share its dread.

At that very same time, in another part of the nature, is a profounder peace and joy than ever before. Profounder and richer because some of the force that was in the outer has now gone into this inner. To find the inner and live in it is the victory, one of that increasingly beautiful series that ends in final illumination, final gainment of the perfect life.

So the steps of the finding are to admit the existence of that inner place, to seek in the heart for it, to try and live in it, and then to face the next immediate duty, square, confident, determined. The victory is generally won then and there. And one full day of such work, with meditation through it all along, completes the case. The enemy admits that he is beaten, and admits also that he is glad of it. Duty done from the standpoint of meditation, in the full radiations of the place of peace, constitutes the path. Duty is not properly done if it is done savagely and without the pulse of the light in the acts.

Of course the lower personality is not now redeemed forever by one such victory, nor its tastes silent. It is already beginning to weave a new set of schemes and entanglements for you. In due time you will see through these and proceed to throw them off. And then there is the original difficulty. But with the wisdom acquired in the last affair, there will be little trouble. We have only to remember that the moment the future looks gray is the moment for scoring an important victory. ZELATOR

TIME rolls on, leaving with every day the ages of ignorance and superstition further behind, but bringing us in their stead only centuries of ever-increasing selfishness and pride. Mankind grows and multiplies, waxes in strength and (book-)wisdom; it claims to have penetrated into the mysteries of physical nature; it builds railroads and honeycombs the globe with tunnels; it erects gigantic towers and bridges, minimizes distances, unites the oceans and divides continents. Cables and telephones, canals and railways, more and more with every hour unite mankind into one "happy" family; but only to furnish the selfish and wily with every means of stealing a better march on the less selfish and improvident. Truly, the "upper ten" of science and wealth have subjected to their sweet will and pleasure, the Air and the Earth, the Ocean and the Fire. This, our age, is one of progress, indeed an era of the most triumphant display of human genius. But what good has all this great civilization and progress done to the millions in the European slums, to the armies of the "great unwashed"? Have any of these displays of genius added one comfort more to the lives of the poor and needy? Is it not true to say that distress and starvation are a hundred times greater now than they were in the times of the Druids or of Zoroaster?—H. P. BLAVATSKY

Dogmas and Deeds

by WILLIAM BRUNTON

LIKE faded leaves upon the trees,
Are dogmas born of long ago,
The winds of heaven these tremblers seize,
And cover them in graves of snow!

Like flowers growing from the sod,
When spring is here as laughing May,
Brave deeds connect the soul with God,
And Paradise is seen today!

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question *Extract from a letter:* I don't see how any one who studies the conditions of today—I don't mean theoretically, but going right among the people, trying to understand them and their struggles—can escape from the feeling of utter hopelessness that pervades them. How are we going to help them? What do you Theosophists propose to do? I have read some of your books, but I want to get right down to bed-rock. Is Theosophy going to help the world? I don't mean, will it bring about the millennium, but will it lighten the clouds a little and bring hope in place of despair? Answer me this, my good friend!

T. C.

Answer The key-note of Theosophy is brotherly love, and no one who, as you say, goes right in among the people, can fail to notice that the sad condition comes from lack of just this love. This absence is found equally among the rich and among the poor, the cultured or the uncultured, all strive to obtain things for themselves alone, regardless of others. Exceptions there are, fortunately, and it is just these exceptions which will form the fertile soil into which Theosophy will sow the seeds of Brotherhood.

"Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," and this is perhaps the shortest and most concise definition of Brotherhood. Let that spirit take root and grow abroad in the land, and who can doubt but that the clouds will lift? Now one grows fat on the spoils of another, or desires to do so. But let men see that the Golden Rule is the true guide, and the feeling of despair will give way to hope. The clouds may look threatening for the present, but beyond you see the shining sun, and humanity is traveling toward its light faster than it would appear on the surface.

E. T. S.

And the answer to the question is: Yes! Theosophy will help the world, it is already helping it, and this is because it does not deal merely with surface conditions or offer palliatives, but goes to the root of the evil and the sorrow and suffering that are in the world. But while we can help those who are grown, whose characters are more or less set, and can stir them to a degree to make a new effort, yet if we are to change the world we must work with the children. This is what The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is doing, under the inspiration and guidance of our Teacher, Katherine Tingley. But even to those who are grown Theosophy comes with a message of hope. It does not say to the people, "miserable sinners," but tells even the lowest that there is something noble, something divine, hidden away in his nature. It does not point to a far-away heaven, or threaten with any horrors of hell, but it shows how a kind thought or a little deed done for another is a gateway to heaven, so that every one may find for himself how near heaven is in very truth, and how near hope is.

Who has not heard, or perhaps said himself: "Oh, if only I could live my life over again, oh, if only I could have another chance!" And what answer can give hope in such a case except that given by Theosophy in its teaching of Reincarnation? Oh yes, my friend, we do now, and shall have a chance to atone for the errors of the past. But Theosophy says:

Live in the present, live now, it is true you are reaping the harvest of seed sown in the past; but if that is true, it is equally true that seed sown now will bear harvest in the future, and so that future will be what you choose to make it.

You ask, "What do you Theosophists propose to do?" Why not

change the question to "What are you doing?" for the test of a proposal is in present action. And I would answer: Look at Katherine Tingley's work at Point Loma and in Cuba among the children. Is not this a getting down to bed-rock, which you so desire? And what are we doing? We are trying to make Theosophy a living power in our own lives and in the life of Humanity, and Theosophy is, first of all, Brotherhood, Universal Brotherhood. Theosophy is not a *theory*, it is a *practise*; and the practise of it *will* lighten the clouds, *will* bring hope in place of despair.

V.

The Seer

by ARTHUR STRINGER in February Century

ALONE on his dim heights of song and dream
He saw the dawn, and of its solace told.
We on his brow beheld the luminous gleam
And listened idly, for the night was cold.

Then clouds shut out the view, and he was gone,
And though the way is dubious, dark the night,
And though our dim eyes still await the Dawn,
We saw a face that once beheld the light!

Battles

IT is not difficult to fight a battle against outward foes and act quite bravely. The real battle-ground is deeply hidden in man's heart, where meet the ever-warring natures in himself, the personal and self impersonal, the earth-born and the warrior. The one is centering in self, it looks around to gather what it can for itself. The other is self-centered, too, but like the star which radiates its light. The first is like a vampire, takes from all the world and robs both friend and foe; the other gives to all, wherever there is a chance to give, wherever there is need for help, for sympathy, for love. This love-star is as clear as day, and sends its rays both far and wide, with never lessening splendor. For love will never disappear through loving, is not exhausted, but grows ever richer as it spends its treasures. By its mild light the hard and cruel faces soften, and many an evil deed is left undone, already half begun.

Each one who tries has such a star of love within, but heart-stars may be lost, so he must take good care to keep his treasure. And it can not be held by force, nor if he tries to wall it in. The only way to hold it is to freely share it. The door he must keep well ajar so the clear light may shine, yet he who holds it must stay in the shade in order not to hinder others. Aside he stands and waits, all filled with joy when others see the light which he has seen. But if they do not, if they fail and make him suffer, then he still must wait with patience, and open wider yet the door of his own heart. That heart may then become a target for abuse most cruel, and then the time comes that will try the one who wars within him. For well he knows that he could leave all this behind and would be free to work less barren soil. But then would incomplete remain his task, and thicker still would grow the thistles and the weeds. He knows where he could find sweet sympathy to warm his freezing heart, which has grown chilled from the cold and rain. Then comes the time when self, with subtlest voice, will whisper low to self to cease to strive; then brighter still will seem the distant light of comrades gone before. The shadow can be braved, the cold endured, but when the rain comes and the blinding snow-storm, when thirst and hunger for a little kindness add their pain, when cruel, living death stares in the face, then self again is waiting.

But self impersonal then calls from far within, the star deep in the heart finds voice and speaks to self and warns and bids. Then hearken to that call and steadfastly remain true to the real self and true to that great law of laws, true compassion. The end seems far away, but near or far, the warrior has chosen and vows true to remain, yea, to the very end!

STUDENT

OSTRICA are pieces of broken pottery which were used for memoranda purposes in ancient Egypt. Enormous numbers of them have been found while excavating, and they throw the most practical light upon the daily life of the country thousands of years ago. The inscriptions comprise private letters, legal agreements, receipts, and memoranda of all kinds, and we are mainly indebted to them for our constantly increasing knowledge of the land of Khem.

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World's Headquarters UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, POINT LOMA, California
Meteorological Table for the week ending
May the 16th, 1903

MAY	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
10	29.768	66	75	61	60	.00	W	5
11	29.762	67	58	60	60	.00	NW	8
12	29.744	64	57	59	59	.00	NW	8
13	29.628	64	56	59	58	.00	SW	4
14	29.612	66	57	65	64	.00	SW	5
15	29.650	65	56	60	59	.00	SE	12
16	29.768	63	55	59	58	.00	W	18

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

CRIME & COMMON SENSE

Prisons Should Reform Instead of Degrading Their Inmates

First—transform your prisons into educational establishments—large tracts of land, perhaps, industrial settlements occupied by the most humane, industrious and intelligent individuals.

Then do away with definite periods of confinement. Let any one considered undesirable or unfit to be at large be handed over to the care of one of these settlements. And do away with all punishment, as punishment.

Then remodel your system of police and law courts to suit. Let the people of each locality, as convenient, organize tribunals or appoint persons who know everyone in each locality or district, to judge as to people who should be handed over to these educative settlements, or do it themselves in general local assembly. But, to carry this out effectively, we want to have our public, local and home-life better organized, so that people should know one another as I suppose they did in the old days.

And, moreover, we want to gradually change our ideas about crime itself. Today crimes that are mostly dealt with in our law courts are hardly the worst offenses against social life. Some of the worst offenses are sheltered by law. The habit of seeking advantage at one another's expense is so nearly universal that it is the basis of our economics and our politics. And so the great depredators of society, those who levy vast tribute from their fellows, are those who rule, or who stand behind and support the rulers, and employ men to sit in judgment on the so-called criminals; which latter are those who have less respectable, less recognized, and less successful ways of doing what others do legally—getting a "living" at other people's expense.—*Midland Herald.*

The Three Ages of Man

For a boyish impertinence to his father—the Archbishop of Meath—the late Sheridan Le Fance when eight years of age was condemned to write an essay on "The Three Ages of Man." Here is the result:

There are three ages of man—

1. When he is engaged in planning every conceivable mode of wickedness. This is known as the age of innocence.
2. When he is putting his nefarious plans into operation. This is called the prime of manhood.
3. When he becomes anxious about his soul and turns to religion. This is dotage.

And this from a child of eight!

Discouraging

"My dear sir," wrote the editor to the persistent young author, "in order to simplify matters somewhat we are inclosing a bunch of our 'declined with thanks' notices. If you will put one of these in an envelope with your manuscript and mail it to yourself, it will make it easier for all of us, and you will be saving something in postage as well."—*Chicago Post*

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It is double the size of the usual issue, containing 32 pages of matter and pictures descriptive of the Raja Yoga School and its pupils. Those who believe in Katherine Tingley's work for the children will want to preserve a copy of this beautiful and unique publication.

Ten thousand extra copies of this edition were printed, and though they are being sold very rapidly, there are still enough left to fill all orders. Some friends have ordered them by the hundred, sending them broadcast. The price is 20 cents a copy. If you send the names and addresses with the cash to THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, Cal., the papers will be mailed for you without extra charge.

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KEEP THE SHADES UP

A Famous Doctor's Views of the Importance of Sunlight

The habit of keeping the window shades down, which is so common a practise, even when there is no direct sun glare on the window, is a direct setting at naught of physiological principles which teach us the importance to health, of both body and mind, of an abundance of light. Sir James Crichton-Browne, in an address on light and sanitation, delivered at the Jubilee Conference of the Manchester and Salford Sanitary Association, says:

"I have spoken of light as purifying our atmospheric environment and as freeing us from certain superficial parasitic distempers, and I wish now to remind you that it has still more deep and intimate human relations of a sanitary nature; for light is a necessary condition of mental and bodily well-being. Its tonic physical effects are everywhere recognized. All properly organized men and women love the light, and it is not merely to children that darkness brings with it a sense of powerlessness, danger and alarm.

"Essential for all the purposes of life, for the supply of oxygen on which existence depends, light is a universal stimulus. Falling on the eye, it sets up in the brain functional activities associated with intellectual and emotional states, and attempts have been made to discriminate the physical effects of its different elements, and to employ colored light in the treatment of mental disorders. These attempts cannot be said to have been hitherto very successful, but still it is curious to note that many independent observers—indeed, I believe, all observers who have written on the subject—have arrived at the same conclusion, that the blue rays have a depressing and the red rays an exciting effect on the brain.

"But whatever the therapeutic values of the different rays of light may be, white light, Heaven's own mixture, is the normal physical atmosphere, and variations in its intensity have probably widely diffused constitutional effects."—New York Medical Journal

Giant Cactus

The Giant Cereus of Arizona and Northern Mexico is the largest growing member of the cactus family, attaining a height of sixty feet and a diameter of two feet or more. In the United States it is usually known simply as the "Giant Cactus." In Mexico they call it the *Saguaro* (the "g" has the sound of "w"). In proportion to their size, the Giant Cacti are among the heaviest plants known, the body being composed largely of water. So full are they that travelers nearly perishing of thirst have saved themselves by cutting out a large piece and shaping the bottom of the wound to catch the water or sap, which collects in considerable quantity in an incredibly short time. One would scarcely seek to quench his thirst in this manner except in a case of dire necessity, for the sap is not of a pleasant taste.

The flowers, usually white, though sometimes tinged with smoky blue, are borne in a circle of clusters near the top of the plant, giving the effect of it being crowned with a wreath of white blossoms. The blossoms are followed by dull red, edible fruit, quite like a fig or pear in shape. The native Indians make it a point to gather all these fruits for food, and in addition manufacture from them an intoxicating beverage. To obtain these fruits the Indians push them off, one at a time, using a long pole, which is sometimes obtained from a dead trunk of one of these giants, for when dry the body splits up into thin strips the extreme length of the plant. The flower of the giant cactus has been adopted by Arizona as the Territorial flower, but the sensational newspaper articles about the danger of its extinction are greatly overdrawn.—*Talisman*

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Overdrafts	884 42
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Other real estate owned	46,583 90
Redemption fund	1,875 00
Cash and exchange	385,167 97
	\$1,166,557 05

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$150,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits	56,927 01
Circulation	37,500 00
Deposits	922,130 04
	\$1,166,557 05

Deposits April 9, 1901 \$592,781 52
Deposits April 9, 1902 \$648,905 98
Deposits April 9, 1903 \$922,130 04

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The Heart Doctrine in Hinduism

In the greatest of the Hindu poems—the sacred book of the Mahabharata—there is a passage of exceptional beauty and tenderness, which records the reception of King Yudishthira at the gate of Paradise. A pilgrim to the heavenly city, the king had traveled over vast spaces, and, one by one, the loved ones, the companions of his journey, had all fallen and left him alone, save his faithful dog, which still followed. He was met by Indra and invited to enter the holy city. But the king thinks of his friends who have fallen on the way, and declines to go in without them. The god tells him they are all within waiting for him. Joyful, he is about to seek them, when he looks upon the poor dog, who, weary and wasted, crouches at his feet, and asks that he, too, may enter the gate. Indra refuses, and thereupon the king declares that to abandon his faithful dumb friend would be as great a sin as to kill a Brahmin.

Away with that felicity whose price is to abandon the faithful!
Never, come weal or woe, will I leave my faithful dog.
The poor creature, in fear and distress, has trusted in my power to save him;
Not, therefore, for life itself, will I break my plighted word.

In full sight of heaven, he chooses to go to hell with his dog, and straightway descends, as he supposes, thither. But his virtue and faithfulness change his destination to heaven, and he finds himself surrounded by his old friends, and in the presence of the gods who thus honor and reward his humanity and unselfish love.
—JOHN G. WHITTIER

The World's Greatest Waterfall

During the coming summer the "Cape to Cairo" Railway, which already extends a hundred miles north of Buluwayo, will reach the great Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, in the centre of Rhodesia. The falls are about a mile in width, the water drops 400 feet, and when the river is full the force which runs to waste is estimated at 35,000,000 of horse-power, or five times that of Niagara. Five great columns of smoke rise from the chasm into which the water drops, so high that they can be seen ten miles away, and the roar of the falls can be heard at that distance. In the shadow of these watery clouds there is a never-ending rain, and great evergreens cluster on the rugged basaltic rocks, their leaves being always wet. The falls have been visited by Sir Charles Metcalfe, one of the consulting engineers of the Chartered Company, and *Cassier's Magazine* for April contains an illustrated article on the uses to which this enormous store of energy will be put. A bridge 500 feet long will be thrown across the river below the falls, and it will be 400 feet above the water. A considerable town will certainly spring up on the spot.—London *Daily News*

A Bacteria Lamp

Professor Hans Molisch, of Prague, has reported to the Vienna Academy of Sciences the discovery of a lamp lighted by means of bacteria, which he claims will give a powerful light, and be free from danger, thus being valuable for work in mines and powder magazines.

The lamp consists of a glass jar, in which a lining of saltpeter and gelatine, inoculated with bacteria, is placed. Two days after inoculation the jar becomes illuminated with a wonderful bluish-green light, caused by the innumerable bacteria which have developed in the time. The light will burn brilliantly for from two to three weeks afterwards, diminishing in brightness. It renders faces recognizable at a distance of two yards and large type is easily legible by it. Professor Molisch asserts that the lamp yields a cold light, which is entirely safe.—REUTER

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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In Prison and Ye Visited Me

WE print elsewhere the telegraphic announcement that Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, has provided a dinner for two hundred and fifty inmates of the State prison in Santiago de Cuba. The information is what we had confidently expected. For very many years her path through the world has been illuminated, and permanently illuminated, by the help which she has given to the unfortunate and to the needy. That help has ever been rendered tenfold more effective by the wisdom which has controlled it, a wisdom which is ever the servant of compassion.

The new religion of humanitarianism is sweeping away many an old mental landmark of cruel prejudice and custom, and is demanding credentials from systems which have never before been challenged. It is compelling us to confess that we are indeed our brothers' keepers and that there are other and better ways of performing that duty than to turn the prison key upon them. Had that duty been better understood in the past there would be fewer prisons today and fewer aching hearts both within and

without the prison gates. One of the signs of the old order, which is surely, though unwillingly, passing away, is our readiness to look upon compassion as something which dilutes justice, which detracts from the righteous force of justice, as a sentiment which imparts weakness where strength alone is needed. We can only learn the nature of a

Compassion the Voice of Justice

wise compassion from those who have it, and by developing it ourselves, but it would seem that compassion is the voice of the Soul by which we are enabled to pass true and just judgment upon the condition of another. It is a voice which prompts us, not to weakness, but to divine equity. We cannot do justice at all unless compassion sits as the supreme arbiter. How many of those who placidly acquiesce in our prison systems have ever asked of themselves the object and the meaning of punishment? There are certainly many in whose minds there is no dividing line between punishment and revenge. There are also many who know that revenge is equally base whether it be wreaked by the assassin's knife or by a judge who is the executive of a social system. Argument is probably wasted upon the former class, but the latter is already sufficiently influential to do what they will to do. To such we would put the problem of our prisons, and we would ask them to weigh the relative responsibility of the prisoner

If Man but Knew Himself

and of the community of which that prisoner is, and must necessarily remain, a part. And we would ask them also whether our prisons incite to virtue, or whether they confirm in crime, and having asked and answered these questions, to act accordingly. The truth is that punishment is likely to become an integral part of justice only when it is inflicted by those who themselves have a knowledge of their own natures. It is a knowledge that very few among us have the courage to acquire. Very few among us are brave enough to step, in imagination, beyond the restraining hand of custom and of convention and of fear and to look straight into the face of the deeds of which we should then be capable. How often do we ascribe to virtue what is after all nothing but convention and cowardice? But for the protection of cowardice our prisons would be fuller than our churches. If we thus free ourselves in imagination from the routine of action, which

The Fruit of Pain and Shame

so many of us mistake for virtue, we shall see something within our own natures which it will not be a joy to look upon. We shall see the forces from below, which are ever ready and eager to take the field, insurgent against all law, human and divine. Then we shall know something of the sorrowful state of those unhappy ones whose childhood has been a vagabondage, upon whom the rightful heritage of every child, the light from above, was never allowed to shine. We shall then know something of those whom we call criminals, those who have never stood within the restraint of virtue, who have never felt even the compelling hand of convention, or the routine habits of a law-abiding life, and who have moreover the animal courage to take what they desire and to set at defiance a whole social system and the pains which it can inflict. With that understanding will come compassion. Without compassion there can be no understanding, there can be only ignorance and the revengeful fruits of ignorance. And with that understanding must come a perception of the divinity which crime can never entirely extinguish, the divinity which, it may be, awaits but to be called forth. And when it is called forth it may perhaps shine the more triumphantly because of the clouds which have never before been broken; it may be all the more radiant because it is reflected from years of pain and of shame.

STUDENT

Friar's Crag, Derwentwater, England

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows a characteristic bit of English scenery, known as the Friar's Crag, at Derwentwater. The location is in Derbyshire, which is perhaps the most fascinating piece of scenery to be found in England. The River Derwent takes its rise in the lofty ridges of High Peak, and passes southward through a succession of striking and beautiful scenes, being joined as it flows by a number of smaller streams. The whole of Derbyshire may well be described as the Garden of England, and its various points of beauty are favorite resorts of nature-lovers. It is well wooded and watered throughout.

Human Mind and Animal Mind

MUCH is written nowadays about the similarity between the animal mind and the human mind; and, in so far as this teaches us to respect the animals and to appreciate their intelligence, it is good. But, if it tends on the contrary to depreciate the human mind, the effect is bad.

For, while it is perfectly true that there is in man a mind that is like that of the animals, from which it differs rather in degree than in kind, still that is not all. There is also in man another mind which the animals do not and can not have. This is the higher or divine man.

It is of the greatest importance to bear in mind this radical difference between Theosophical views and the views of the materialistic biological school. Man is something more than a perfected animal. In fact, his lower mind could never have reached the pitch of refinement and elaboration which it has, were it not for the presence of the higher mind in which resides free-will and initiative power.

H. P. Blavatsky insisted very strongly on this distinction, and elaborated it carefully, even entering into the physiological aspect of the question in her confutation of the materialists.

Though our lower mind may reach a high degree of perfection, it is still under the dominion of the senses and is governed by stimuli arising from the bodily organs. So that a man in whom only this lower mind was developed would be but a perfected animal and a slave of the forces of nature. The higher mind is independent of the body, and can control it, through the lower mind which forms the connecting link. It is this higher mind that makes man what he is—a potentially divine being.

Madame Blavatsky compares the human body to

An Æolian harp, chorded with two sets of strings, one made of pure silver, the other of catgut. When the breath from the divine fiat brushes softly over the former, man becomes like unto *his* God—but the other set feels it not. It needs the breeze of a strong terrestrial wind, impregnated with animal effluvia, to set its animal chords vibrating.

It is the recognition of this duality of the mind which lifts us at once out of bondage to such evidence as is offered by biologists. Such evidence tends merely to prove what we admit—that the lower mind of man resembles that of the animals. But it does not touch the question of the higher mind.

To early awaken the consciousness of that higher mind, and give it the opportunity to act—this is the aim of true education. By such education the animal emotional and passionate mind will be made subject to the intelligent will, and through that lower mind the body will in its turn become obedient.

Thus The Universal Brotherhood system of education is not founded on vague theories or sentiments, but has a sound basis in true science on which to rest.

H. T. E.

Revision of Presbyterian Creed

ACCORDING to report a two-thirds majority of the Presbyterian assemblies have voted for a revision of the creed, and final action in the matter will be taken by the General Assembly at Los Angeles in June.

The clause on infant damnation which runs: "Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ," is changed to: "We believe that all dying in infancy are included in the election of grace."

The clause on election and predestination which reads: "Neither are any other redeemed by Christ, effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified, and saved, but the elect only," is altered to: "No man is condemned except on the ground of his sin."

American and English Warships

By order of the King of England, the flagship of the North Pacific squadron proceeded to San Francisco, there to take part with the American warships in the reception to President Roosevelt. British marines were landed for the occasion, and these marched side by side with the American marines. May this be an augury of a common determination on the part of the two nations, the whole English speaking world, to uphold in unison the best interests of the world and to merge self-seeking in the good of all. Warships and marines have never yet been used for a better purpose than they were at San Francisco. STUDENT

A New Religion

A WRITER in *The Spectator* asks: "Will this generation rest?" After a general survey of the situation, he seems to be of the opinion that this generation will not rest, in spite of its yearnings in that direction; that there is indeed a kind of cyclone abroad in the world, giving a giddy motion to everything which it touches. He says that inasmuch as there are weather cycles, cycles of storm and cycles of peace, so too there are cycles in history "*when things happen*, and we are in the vortex of one of them now."

The writer in question makes no attempt to explain the existence of cycles and his self-restraint is perhaps wise. He is content to know that they do exist, and that this particular one is fraught with events of the cessation of which there is at present no sign whatever. He gives what is perhaps the chief place in the category of happenings to what he calls the birth of a new religion and it is a little surprising to find in a journal so staid, a frank admission that a new religion is possible and that it has actually been born. He says:

A new religion cannot be born, and assert its right to universal dominion, without events happening, and humanitarianism is nothing less in myriads of minds than that new religion.

But surely this is not so much a new religion as a very old religion, restored to something of its original purity. The foundation teachings of all the great world faiths concern themselves far less with existence after death than they do with man's duty to man here and now. The fault of perverted religion is that it has virtually taught only of the hereafter, of which it knows nothing, to the exclusion of the present about which it cares nothing. Countless thousands of men have lived and died under the inference that the hereafter is mainly unaffected by their mutual relations, and that in some final judgment nothing will have any weight except the possession of a creed. This is the irresistible deduction to be drawn from what we have called perverted religion, which has now given place to humanitarianism. This, however, is not a new faith but a reversion to ancient wisdom and to religion undefiled. STUDENT

A Lost Landscape

THAT people and things get lost we know well enough, but that a landscape should be lost will strike most people as a new idea.

Near Leicester, in England, a large Welsh landscape was carelessly laid aside by some one or other, and then got covered up and lost. It is covered by red marl, the dominant rock of the English Midlands. This marl fills in and obliterates a whole mountain system, leveling up the valleys and leaving only the mountain peaks exposed. It is now being slowly uncovered, and some good finds may be hoped for.

The period of the lost landscape is Triassic—which for most readers needs a word of explanation. Geologists divide into five great periods of uncertain duration the time during which life of any kind has existed on earth. The Triassic belongs to the early part of the third of these, and is the age of the gigantic reptiles of the *megalosauri*, *plesiosauri*, etc. Science does not consider that man existed at this time. She places his origin somewhere in the fourth period (called "Tertiary"), or even later.

It was, however, the teaching of H. P. Blavatsky, speaking as a Teacher of Theosophy, that man *did* exist during this third (yet called *secondary*, for the first is called *primordial*), of the five periods. She asks how, if man did not exist then, comes it that the old annals and traditions of China, India, Egypt, and even Judea, are full of accounts and descriptions of the monsters of the third period?

The uncovering of this lost Welsh Triassic landscape may help to clear the point and show, by traces of pre-pre-historic man that he is far older than the most liberal guess of science. K.

THE tone of today with regard to the knowledge of antiquity is steadily changing and becoming more respectful. Even in such matters as the culture of bees we are discovering that we have not yet reacquired the skill of the old Egyptians, and still less have we advanced beyond that skill. At a meeting of the London Society of Arts, Mr. Walter F. Reid of the British Beekeepers' Association read a paper on "Modern Beekeeping." He assured his auditors that there are today thousands of beekeepers who use methods and appliances which would have been considered obsolete in Egypt 5000 years ago. N.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Cry for a Personal Salvation

THE last few years have seen a great change in the nature of human speculation about life and death. This is the explanation of much of the apathy with which some of the churches are today regarded. They do not realize that the ordinary man is no longer troubling himself about the fate of his soul, but that he is troubling himself a great deal about the social condition of the world. He is not attracted by theologic panaceas for a danger in which he in no way believes, while no panacea whatever is offered to him for perils which manifestly besiege his very doorway. Ian Maclaren, whose broad and liberal mind and heartfelt sympathy especially qualify him to speak of the average man and of his hopes and fears, says:

The dying man is much less concerned than his father would have been about his soul, and what is going to happen to him after death. He is more anxious about what is going to happen to his wife and children. Men are less concerned with theological questions, but eagerly interested in what Christ said in the Sermon on the Mount.

What does this mean, except that we have learned not to be afraid of the justice of God, but to be very much afraid of the injustice of men? The dying man has no dread of death, but he does dread what the world may mete out to his wife and children. The center of gravity has shifted in human consciousness. The "man in the street" has no very concrete ideas about a Kingdom of Heaven hereafter, and he is willing to leave that problem unsolved. He is, however, quite certain that the Kingdom of Heaven is not yet upon earth, and he has an ever clearer perception that it ought to be.

STUDENT

Cancer Is Everywhere Increasing

CANCER statistics unhappily show that it is everywhere on the increase: The Registrar-General of Ireland has supplemented his annual report for 1901 with a special report on cancer. This report shows that while in 1864 only 2.7 per 10,000 of the population died from cancer, in 1901 the mortality from this disease was 6.5 per 10,000. In England and Wales during the same period the death-rate from cancer has increased with almost the same rapidity, from 3.9 to 8.3, and in Scotland from 4.3 to 8. In the United States there has been a similar increase, and in Norway, Prussia, Holland and Austria the increase has been even more rapid. The deaths from cancer in Ireland in 1901 were 2893.

Pathologists are on the search for the usual germ, and from time to time one hears that they have caught him. Anyhow they will; and then will come a serum or an antitoxin, and perhaps that germ may be induced to suspend his activities.

Where does it all lead to, these serums and antitoxins? Many of them are not failures; some are marked successes. But what of it? The successes do not affect the general death-rate, or only in the slightest degree.

And if we consider the causes of disease, it is obvious that this must be so. There is no mystery about these causes, at bottom. They consist of infractions of natural law. Our modest little problem of modern life is to continue to break the laws and then to escape the penalty! Hence the acclamations with which we hail the discovery of a new germ and its appropriate toxin.

And all the time the adult death-rate rises. It is always "in a few years now" that we shall see it fall. In reality it is rising in a hidden way much more quickly than appears from the figures.

We now know something about the need of fresh air, sunlight, drainage, exercise and cleanliness. The sick, in particular, get all these things in increasing perfection. Surgery and preventive medicine have made immense progress, and we know how to check the spread of epidemics and to destroy endemics. We know a good deal about feeding and digestion, and our infants do not therefore die like flies in summer. A thousand agencies are at work on similar lines.

Now the significant point is, that *with all these reforms in full operation*, the number of years in front of the man of 21 are fewer than they were twenty years ago. The adult death-rate is rising. And since so many

Man's Life Is Growing Shorter?

causes of death have been done away with, it follows that there are causes operating with much increasing scope year by year. It is infractions of *moral* law that most potently work for, and at last achieve, the death of the body. What is disease but the inability of the living man to hold his own in his body? He can not keep order within, or resist invasion from without. He can not make the word of his life heard in the remote places. In one of those places may be accordingly a chronic riot, named cancer. He or his foregoers spent the thrilling life in passion, lust, the burning of ambition or what-not. And so there is none left to pulse at his will (none the less will, because continuous and subconscious), to the ends and corners of his domain.

The ethical precepts of the moral Teachers of all ages have a sound *hygienic* basis; and the race and civilization that neglects them becomes—little by little—*extinct*. That is the lesson we have to learn. But instead we hopefully appoint men to skirmish with germs! And we wear "magnetic belts," and swallow "vitalizers," and "wheat phosphates," whilst the battle slowly goes against us.

K.

Brutal and Degrading Exhibitions

HAS bull-baiting become a national institution? It would seem so from a vivacious account from Texas, which appears in the *San Francisco Examiner*. It would even appear that Texas has improved upon old fashioned methods, inasmuch as the matadors who delighted a gentle public at El Paso, by stabbing bulls, are women. The *Examiner* refers to them as

Beautiful, brutal maidens from Madrid, who coolly stab to kill, while the women of our land applaud them.

May we assume that this form of amusement is too nauseating for Spanish arenas, and that these female performers are therefore compelled to seek in Texas an audience of sufficient ferocity to tolerate them? The sex of the performers is not, however, the main point, which is that a shameful and cowardly sport should find a congenial home upon American soil. Has courage become only a tradition with us, and have we really reached a point where American audiences are willing to sit in safety while human beings are paid to amuse them by exhibitions of dangerous cruelty? Of all the actors in this abominable business, the bulls themselves are of course the most respectable and by far the most Christian. After them, a long way after them, come the matadors, who have at any rate a kind of degraded courage. Last of all come the spectators.

With one or two exceptions bull-baiting is unknown in all the countries of Europe, and if the principles of humanity continue to make the progress which they have recently, America will soon be the only country of the civilized world which tolerates this barbarity.

STUDENT

Religious Freedom in Education

RESISTANCE to the new English Education Act seems to be growing in volume day by day as parents are recognizing more and more clearly that their children are to be taught creeds with which they have no sympathy whatever, and that this objectionable process is to be carried out at their expense. The popular mode of resistance seems likely to take the form of a refusal to pay the education rate, and as this will probably be done upon a very large scale the outlook is certainly stormy. The whole controversy is a proof of the narrowness of the ledge upon which religious freedom actually stands and the ease with which it can be pushed over into the abyss. Nor is this peculiar to England. As soon as we write a victory upon the page of history as an accomplished and unreversible fact, at that moment the victory begins to melt away into defeat. If those who fought for religious freedom in England a hundred years ago were to return today, they would ask in vain for the best fruits for which they suffered and struggled.

W.

It is possible to make some calculation as to the line of action of a knave, if he be intelligent; but it is impossible to guess what a fool may do.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Deeper Planes of Music

WHO knows what sound is, or where it ends? An air I heard last night still "sounds in my ear." How comes that? Is it sound? It is certainly not aerial vibration, but it is not nothing, and it is the melody which last night came to me as aerial vibration. Those vibrations *then*, as I heard them, assumed the mental shape which they have today. But today, because the aerial sound was 24 hours ago instead of a fraction of a second, I call the same mental reproduction—a little weaker than yesterday—a *memory*. But that is only a word. Why should we not say that there is sound mental as well as sound physical?

Further: Both last night and today the sound provokes a state of *feeling*—something spiritual. Can we call that a third state of the same thing, still music?

Is there anything deeper? It would seem not, for beyond all states of feeling is *He*, the Self, the soul, experimenter of them, victim of them till he gains his strength and becomes selector among them of those which he wills to permit, to work in and with.

Work *with*? How is that?

We have been carrying the line inward; let us try it outward. It is so done by the geniuses, the Beethovens. The soul wills, and throws out a radiation of feeling. The personal man rejoices in the hour of his inspiration, and in a moment or after a while his mind begins to hear and to shape the harmonies to express the feeling. Then he renders them on an instrument, and aerial vibration is set up. It reaches a hearer, and that current which took steps outward in the composer, now in the hearer takes them inward.

But we know from the famous sand experiments that sound can produce all the forms we see in nature. And there would seem good reason to suspect that a whole stream of inaudible harmonies is evolving in the germinating seed, and that so arises the form of the tree. For if sound makes loose dust on a drum head take in *two* dimensions all the curves, circles, parabolas, leaf shapes and tree shapes that we see, why not suppose that the same force working unheard (by us now) in the seed gathers the molecules in earth and air to make the actual solid form of *three* dimensions that we call a tree or flower? So if man is a copy of the universe, how if there is a great artist whose feeling, made sound, underlies the world?

Here is a suggested experiment for some one: Photograph the whole succession of forms presented by dust on the stretched parchment while a complete air is played, and study them closely. We do not know if the apparatus has been so arranged yet as to be attachable to an instrument yielding chords, a piano or violin. If so, much better results would be reached. But our special point is that sound is a spiritual force, the ideal vehicle of creative will, coming down the stairway of substance and emerging as visible form.

ARPA

THE mission of music is to create, not to imitate. . . . The object of the musician is to create *frames of mind* from which sentiments and thoughts are to spring.—RICE

"Music was taught to Achilles in order to moderate his passions."



THE HERMES BACCHOPHORE OF PRAXITELE

The Personal in Literary Criticism

MR. W. L. COURTNEY, the able editor of the *Fortnightly Review* has been interviewed by *Great Thoughts* on the subject of Literary Criticism. The following extract shows the position which Mr. Courtney holds on this subject, a position in which there is ample room for imitators:

A well-known London critic said to Mr. W. L. Courtney the other day: "My dear fellow, why on earth do you let your people down so easily in your critiques of their writings?" To which Mr. Courtney replied: "Well, partly, I suppose, because of natural temperament, and partly because I hold it is not the sole duty of a critic to sit in judgment on his author. A man spends half a life-time, it may be, in producing a certain work; how can I possibly be justified in condemning that work after having glanced over it in a few hours?"

Great, however, as are the delinquencies of the critic, and entirely as he is unaware of them, Mr. Courtney holds that the newspaper reader is himself largely responsible. So long as he is willing to accept a cut and dried judgment of a book from a "critic" who has done little more than cut its pages and smell the paper knife, so long will these so-called critical reviews be forthcoming.

What, after all, does the average literary criticism amount to? Even where it is given after an honest perusal it means little more than a statement as to whether or not the views expressed in the book agree with the opinions held by the critic, and as the critic is almost always anonymous his views ought not to be of interest to any one except himself. The power which the literary critic now holds is, in many cases, an almost irresistible invitation to the exercise of spite, and of worse than spite. This power ought to be curtailed, but there is no other way to do this than by the public cultivation of independent judgment. It is the importation of the critic's personality to which Mr. Courtney specially objects. He says:

There is too much of that kind of thing nowadays. "I don't like this style," says a critic. But who cares whether he does or not? As a critic, he ought to like all styles. Why should I intrude my personal point of view on you? That is not interpreting the author, and this personal note in criticism is nowadays almost universal.

In these days of public libraries, when a small subscription, or no subscription at all, places within our immediate reach well nigh every book that is published, it ought to be impossible for some unknown critic to make or mar the success of a literary work by the publication of what he is pleased to call his opinion.

STUDENT

The Musical Library of Buckingham Palace

ALTHOUGH the musical library of Buckingham Palace, London, was not started until the time of George III, it contains some great treasures. It is especially rich in Handel autographs, not less than eighty-seven large volumes, beginning with 1702 and ending with 1751. In this period Handel's writing altered but little. Mozart is represented with two volumes dedicated in 1765 to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III. Purcell and Mendelssohn are also represented, and in addition to works by the older masters are 3000 volumes of modern music. One interesting relic is Handel's clavichord, made by Ruckers in 1612.



THE mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage
But for her gentle cares, a christian man:
Then crown her queen of the world.— *Old Play*



IF women only knew their power what mighty things they might fashion in this land of freedom, for they are the mothers of men.

Let them study, read, think, as they rock the cradle. Let them spend less time over their own fears and troubles and more time on the great problems of life, which their little ones must some day face. Let them live as if life were divine and eternal, not merely a short recess between the future and the past. All women may use their power to help humanity, all women may live the larger life right in the home and with their little ones at the knee. In fact, if the world is ever to become a better place, women must begin to live and think and act as if they were divine souls. For the homes of a nation are its foundation-stones, and not until they are made truer and better is it possible to have a better civic or national life.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

Mother and Child

ANOTHER book on child study has been, not written, but discovered. One Bartholomew Anglicus is the author, and those who have unearthed it tell us that it was written about 1260 A. D. Of children he assures us:

They dread no perils more than beating with a rod, and they love an apple more than gold, and make more sorrow and woe for the loss of an apple than for the loss of a heritage. They desire all that they see, and pray and ask with voice and with hand. They keep no counsel, but tell all that they hear and see. Suddenly they laugh and suddenly they weep. Always they cry and jangle and jape; that uneth they be still while they sleep. When they be washed of filth, anon they defile themselves again. When their mother washeth and combeth them, they kick and sprawl and put with feet and with hands and withstand with all their might.

The most pathetic picture in the world is the picture of neglected childhood. The most pathetic in all the world's history is that of the childhood of the Middle Ages. Misunderstood, neglected in a very real sense, untrained or wrongly trained, were the children of those days, with comparatively few exceptions. How logical that a tide of tyranny, cruelty and sensuality should have swept over Europe, nearly overwhelming it. And the curious little description quoted gives us the principal reason why children were not understood. For it is not to be supposed that fathers and mothers and teachers failed their children, intentionally, century after century. They probably did the best they could.

Yet there were not wanting those who desired to better understand children, as this book witnesses. But how did they study them? Very much, it appears, as one would study a new species of ape or fresh-water fish—that is, carefully at arm's length. There is no hint that this au-

thor, at any rate, had any idea other than that children were something quite separate from himself. And this notion has clung to some "students" of childhood, it must be confessed, to the present day.

Within the last year I asked a certain Child Study expert of international reputation: "But are not children

souls? Do you not consider the soul as a factor in your investigations?" and he replied:

"Well, as to whether children have souls or not we do not know. That is a mere matter of opinion. For myself, I prefer to carry on my studies with something real for a basis, and so I confine myself to the physical body." And he pushed aside the skull at his elbow to give a child, who was being "tested" by his ergograph, a little more room. This is a startling picture; it is nevertheless a true one. To such an investigator children are objects to be handled in such and such a way—they are to be treated so and so—or something will happen! Just as dynamite must not be struck with a hammer or—something will go wrong!

That children are not things but souls, divine souls, eternal and infinite and *living*; that they are not mere objects to be tolerated until they "grow up," but centers of force, living lights, voices from the past seeking expression—how often has this occurred to those who call themselves students of children, in this age or in any other? Katherine Tingley has often said:

The secret of the real knowledge of humanity's needs is sympathy with the souls of men.

One may easily paraphrase, "The secret of child study is sympathy with the souls of little children." Has no one had this sympathy? Yes, even in the Middle Ages. The mothers had it. They didn't "study" their children—but they loved them. They read their children's hearts by the light of their own. That they did not always read them aright does not argue that their method was the wrong one, merely that their own heart light was shut in and obscured. By what? Well, that is another story.

We need no proofs of this beyond those afforded by a bare school book, to one who can read between the lines. It has been the mothers who, by the nursery tales told to the little ones at the knee, kept unbroken the chain of heart knowledge that has extended from the Golden Time even to our own, the chain which the "scientific spirit" has in all ages been determined to snap.

They bore these little ones, they cared for them during those early years when children are so plastic, so fresh from the molding hand of the great past.

It is absurd to think that the motherhood of the world has learned nothing about child nature through all these ages of loving and living with their children. Mothers have learned much, far more than they realized. They could not tell it to the world in the days when Mr. Anglicus was writing his book, for they were shut in, hemmed in, absolutely intimidated by their environment. Besides, *no one cared to listen.*

Things have changed since then. Ergographs and dynamometers and statistics and things have frankly failed to meet the world's need. What will satisfy it, what but the treasured wisdom that has been for ages accumulating in the mother-hearts of the world, wisdom which has been scoffed at and denied expression by those who feared it might be true, and were jealous of it? It is this heart knowledge which is today finding voice and seeking expression through the women of the Twentieth century. Unless all signs fail, the real light upon the problems of child nature is yet to dawn. We know it, in the fulness, but as a promise, yet a promise which a higher womanhood and an awakened motherhood are destined to fulfil.

MATERNA

The Kingdom of Heaven

THE great psychological forces of the world have, as we know, been typified in all ages in many ways, such as Light and Darkness, Angel and Demon, Heaven and Hell.

Jesus taught that in order to enter into the true heaven, it is necessary to become like a child; words which, though plain and simple, fell on dull hearts, incapable of understanding them. Had men and women understood they might have followed the path shown them throughout the centuries, to the world's eternal benefit. But do we understand these words any better now? What, after all, do we really mean by the genius of childhood? Surely we mean that state wherein the soul is still united with the source of its divine life, open to and vivified by the influences of that higher psychology from whence streams knowledge of all things.

Jesus, looking upon the child, sees the divine trustfulness, love and simplicity of his nature through which all high influences can reach him. How then is this child state with its soulful life to be regained? As sound, we may say by simile, exists but for the expression of music, so the aim of our existence should be the expression of soul life. And as an isolated note is but a breath, a nothing, so is it with the woman who lives but for herself.

Only when woman, recognizing the eternal, unalterable law of her being, sees her life to be in fundamental union with that of her loved ones and comrades, and thus with the source of all life, only then (like the note in the symphony) will she attain to the perfect expression of soul life. Then will she unite the wisdom of the sage with the simplicity of the child.

Then will the child no longer find himself, as now, in an inhospitable and alien world, where in order to exist he must needs, by degrees, forget the child heart (that heart beloved of Jesus), but in a *home*, where his elders have learned through the recognition of the law of brotherhood to find their true natures.



A LOMA-LAND MOTHER AND CHILD

TO A CHILD

by LONGFELLOW

LIKE the new moon thy life appears:
 A little strip of silver light,
 And widening outward into night
 The shadowy disk of future years:
 And yet upon its outer rim,
 A luminous circle, faint and dim,
 And scarcely visible to us here,
 Rounds and completes the perfect sphere:
 A prophecy and intimation,
 A pale and feeble adumbration,
 Of the great world of light, that lies
 Behind all human destinies.

M. V. H.

Juliet---III

OF the pine tree, Emerson sings, "I that today am a pine was yesterday a bundle of grass." The fine wine of the universe becomes man's potency, and his place in the evolutionary scheme is just what he has constructed and just where his desires have placed him. "In his hands are all the corners of the earth," co-creator with and image of God.

Many incarnations of action, and of experience, are told in the character of the symbolic Juliet. A queen of herself, she sheds a radiant light upon earthly-human passion and through her, Eros is transmuted into Venus Aphrodite. She lives typical of the inherent power of woman, to free herself and the race from sensuality and grossness, preserving the temple and rendering it a fit dwelling for the Holy Ghost. So and so only is the human raised to the divine. Crystal pure and clear is her nature. Far, far advanced in evolution was she who incarnated with the Capulets, deeper than plummet can sound or earthly measurements attempt to span, lies the warp and woof of human and spiritual interweaving, that made up the sum of that life, a life of less than fifteen earthly years. We can study the design on the trestle-board; we may realize the discord arising from an ancient feud between two rival families; we may reflect upon results upspringing from these seeds of evil so plenteously scattered, and yielding so vast a harvest, and the soul of a great one was stirred; and compassion for the children of men, led a spirit once more to

drink the waters of Lethe and foregoing the bliss of attainment and heaven, descend once more with heart aflame to resolve the long discord of hate to harmony and love. To those who read a tragedy as if it were one more complication of the threads of destiny that follow fortuitously the earthly fate of earthly lovers, Romeo and Juliet offers enchantment. But for deeper students of Nature's secret love, who are no longer satisfied with half-truths, who are not content until, searching, they find the eternal, supreme principles, the manifestation of the unalterable and changeless, I briefly touch here the key-note of this vast tragedy. Trumpet toned it sounds from heaven to deepest hell; and by its magic is destructive to the army of evil forces that have fattened and multiplied upon the feud in old Verona, until the wretchedness and misery shrieked so long and loud that divinest pity clothed itself in flesh and Juliet became.

A concentrate was she — a far result,
 A girl in ordinary of fourteen summers?
 Hearken! put your ear close to her heart,
 Romeo banished; Tybalt slain; colossal, she rises to meet destiny.

The pressing of the suit of the County Paris.
 She is separated from all filial ties by hideous selfishness and ignorance, hearken to her heart-cry!

Oh God! oh nurse! How shall this be prevented?

Only a woman who had attained through many births could maintain such self-control as was Juliet's through the inner struggles. Only a goddess, so controlled, could utter these words, "Ancient damnation", as the door closed upon the nurse, her last hope of earthly consolation. As deposits tell the order and periods of earth formations so the human heart bears testimony and witness of the divine. Let us reflect.

KATHERINE RICHMOND GREEN

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Prehistoric Architecture in Mexico

PROFESSOR WILLIAM H. HOLMES is evidently determined that the American people shall no longer remain in ignorance of the vast archeological treasures which fate has placed within their custody.

To this end he is preparing models of ten of the most remarkable ruins to be found within the district from the Rio Grande to Conception, Chile. These models will be sufficiently large to show every detail of the originals, and at the same time sufficiently small to be conveniently examined under the glass cases in which they will be exposed at the St. Louis Exposition.

After that they will be on permanent view in the museum in Washington.

This work has already been begun by a number of competent men attached to the Bureau of Ethnology. Professor Holmes is one of the very few living savants who have personally visited these relics of vanished civilizations, and the work of the modelers is facilitated, and indeed, made possible, by the large numbers of drawings, photographs, and measurements which were made by him personally. The first model to be undertaken was that of the Temple of Xochicalcos in Mexico, which is supposed to be the finest combination in existence of Aztec art, engineering and architecture. This temple stands upon a broad pyramid and its chief feature is, perhaps, its magnificent stone stairway, which reaches from floor to roof, and is carved into the semblance of a serpent. The serpent was the symbol of Quetzalcoatl, the genius of the Aztec people, for whose reappearance among them they confidently waited. The walls, and indeed all available space, are covered with symbolic writings, in many respects almost identical with those employed in China and Egypt. Mr. Stevens visited these ruins in 1837, writing four large volumes descriptive of what he found. From that day until the time of Professor Holmes' enterprise, the ruins have been left practically unvisited and certainly undescribed. Of the Casa del Gobernador, Mr. Stevens wrote:

The facade measures 320 feet. Away from the regions of dreadful rains and the rank growth of forest which smothers the ruins at Palenque, it stands with all its walls erect, and almost as perfect as when deserted by its inhabitants. The whole building is of stone, plain up to the molding that runs along the tops of the doorways, and above filled with the same rich, strange, and elaborate sculpture, among which is particularly conspicuous the ornament known as the Greek fret. There is no rudeness or barbarity in the design or proportions; on the contrary, the whole wears an air of architectural symmetry and grandeur; and as the stranger ascends the steps and casts a bewildered eye along its open and desolate doors, it is hard to believe that he sees before him the work of a race in whose epitaph, as written by historians, they are called ignorant of art, and said to have perished in the rudeness of savage life. If it stood at this day on its grand artificial terrace in Hyde Park or the Garden of the Tuileries, it would form a new order, I do not say equaling, but not unworthy to stand side by side with the remains of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman art.

The modeling is being done in plaster of Paris, which will be subsequently painted in exact resemblance of the stone employed. The most difficult part of the work is, of course, the reproductions of the finer carvings and symbolic designs, but so great is the care which is being used that the ultimate result will be in every way worthy. STUDENT



THE CLIFF DWELLINGS OF WALNUT CANYON, ARIZONA

Relics in Arizona and New Mexico

THE Denver *Post* quotes from an account given by Dr. Henry Mason Baum of his recent extended archeological journeys through the southwest. He says:

I left Mancos during the latter part of July, having examined the cliff ruins thereof, the Pueblo ruins and the ruins of Mesa Verde. I went then into New Mexico, visiting Aztec and passing through Chaco Cañon to the south. The next move was into Arizona, where we turned north to the Cañon de Chelly, and from these to the modern and ancient Pueblo ruins on the Moqui reservation. After journeying west and up the western part of Arizona, I made a detour back to the Mancos, from which point I entered Southern Utah, examining the ruins and geological formations as far as Salt Lake City. Then I turned back to Taos, in New Mexico, and later visited the Cavate ruins near Espanola.

Dr. Baum believes that his expedition covered more ground than has ever been traversed before by any single party of its kind.

He wanted to get a comprehensive survey and thus to draw comprehensive conclusions as to the prehistoric population of America before America was "discovered." He believes now that the southwest must have had a population of several millions,

as he himself visited *prehistoric buildings sufficiently ample to accommodate two million persons*. Dr. Baum believes that this civilization was destroyed by seismic convulsions similar to that which has so recently blotted out Martinique. Throughout New Mexico he found traces of lava covering the old irrigation ditches and among the ruins of the buildings. He points out that the cliff dwellings could never have been intended for refuge or defense, as they could easily have been destroyed by rolling stones from above, and they were moreover dependent for their water upon external sources.

The opinions of such a man as Dr. Baum are, of course, of the highest value and his energy has added materially to our knowledge. How long, however, must we wait before the Government itself undertakes a work of this kind, which is so peculiarly its duty and function? If a few such men as Dr. Baum were liberally furnished by the Government with everything which they need and thus placed as far as possible out of the reach of restrictive cares and anxieties, we should be in a fair way to settle much speculation, and to add something to the archives of the country which might prove fit subject for emulation. STUDENT

THE Sacramento *Record-Union* makes us acquainted with a strange story which has been brought to Redding by a miner named Edgar Cox. It seems that a party of surveyors who were traversing the country south of Noodles found quantities of half petrified human bones close to the lava surface of the ground. They must originally have lain at a much greater depth, before the layers of earth above them had become thinned. They were in various positions as though suddenly overwhelmed by the red lava flood vomited from the adjacent crater. With very little search the party discovered further evidences of a lost people in the shape of numerous spoons and utensils of different kinds. These were of stone, but quite unlike the ordinary Indian relics so numerous in that country, and equally dissimilar to the implements now in use among the Indian tribes of the neighborhood. STUDENT

Night on the Desert

by EDITH C. BANFIELD in *Century*

SILENCE hath sound, and darkness hath a tongue,
In all God's lands but this, where no sounds be.
There is a whisper in each slumberous tree
When every little bird his song hath sung;
A myriad murmurs, when the stars are hung.
Uprise from wood and riverside and lea,
And all the dwellers by the ancient sea
Hear through the dark the eternal breakers sung.
But here upon the desert is no voice,
No speech, no language, but the emptiness
Of the primeval void. No hills rejoice,
No quenchless streams and rivers leap to bless
On these still sands; alone with outer space,
The starlit night is awful as God's face.

The Wonderful Intelligence of "Chemical Affinity"

JUST in front of our window are growing two plants, a honeysuckle and a geranium. The soil is the same for both; the sun and wind are alike for both; the rain falls as damply on one as the other; but one is a geranium and the other is a honeysuckle.

One has flat opening flowers veined with pink and delicately sweet-scented; the other has deep-throated white flowers, fading to yellow, which are heavily and richly perfumed. They are plants of different species.

One has smooth, waxy, oval leaves almost scentless; the other has hairy, rough deeply indented leaves, which are strongly perfumed. Yet they are growing side by side in identical soil, in the same wind and sunshine.

One of them stands up erect; the other has to lie prone, unless it is supported. This is a curious result of capillary action. The one that stands up has a soft pithy trunk, while the other has a hard woody stem. All the other geraniums have a structure similar to this one, and all the honeysuckles

have a structure similar to this one. If a seed of either is put in the ground it will yield a plant like its parent. Why?

Science tells us that plants grow by the evaporation from the leaves of the sap absorbed by the rootlets, the material being replaced by chemical selection. Wonderful, isn't it, that the rootlets always happen to absorb the right material from the soil? And why does the wood material not get into the flowers, nor the perfume get mislaid in the bark? How does the tiny seed develop into a plant like the one from which it came, and not like some other sort of plant? Possibly the child was correct who said that "the seed must be a sort of pattern to show the fairies how to build the plant," only science says there are no fairies, so it can't be they.

But isn't it wonderful how "chemical affinity" can construct two such very different plants; and thousands of other still more different plants, all from the same soil, and rain and sunshine, if there are no patterns and no builders?

THE subject of the illustration on this page is one of the typical farms in the central part of the State of Oregon, in the rich Willamette valley. Climatic conditions there—rain in abundance, with snow and frost in the winter months—are such as to make necessary the construction of barns and outhouses of quite a different character from those prevalent under the milder skies of California, with the effect of adding to the landscape a strong suggestion of the farming country "Way back east."

Strategic Skill and Judgment Shown by Animals

THE other morning while one of the cats was sitting on a veranda railing, a red-breast linnnet alighted on the same railing, only eight or ten feet in front of the cat and, with the utmost unconcern, began to sing and talk to his mate who was on the roof. He knew perfectly well that the cat could not reach him in time to catch him; the power of those tiny folded wings was as sure a safeguard as half a mile of space. The cat understood the situation quite as well as the bird and tried to be indifferent, but his desire was too strong. His neck and tail stiffened, and little by little his body began to melt by almost imperceptible motions, into the crouch for a spring. After he was in position he saw that the effort would be useless, so he merely waved his tail and kept a rocking motion as though gathering momentum. At last the bird turned his head and the cat, unable longer to resist the impulse, started eagerly forward, but had only taken three quick steps when the bird flitted lightly across to another railing and continued his happy song. The cat stopped instantly and his drooping head and tail spoke as plainly as words of his angry disappointment. One could almost see him say, "That's just like my luck," but yet there was no luck about it; he merely allowed his desire to master his judgment in a very human way.

Whoever has had the care of free animals must have noticed how accurately they can estimate the strategic value of a position, and how



A CHARACTERISTIC FARM SCENE IN THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY, OREGON

quickly they can recognize the fact that they are out-manuevered. They have learned to estimate the powers of the enemy with surprising exactness, even when those powers consist of such artificial contrivances as bows and arrows or guns. This is why concealment is so necessary to beasts of prey, except a few rare exceptions. It is, for obvious reasons among the hunted, rather than the hunting races, that the greatest skill in defensive tactics is to be found, though the fox is said to be a marked exception, and some wonderful stories of sagacity are told of wolves.

NATURE-LOVER

THERE are abundant opportunities from the cliffs at Point Loma of studying the subject of aerial navigation from those past masters of the art, the sea-gulls. From the time when the problem of the air-ship first began to engage the attention of modern nations there has been constant speculation as to the machinery of a bird's flight, but in the main it has been unfruitful. We can observe but we cannot imitate. There can be hardly any pastime more fascinating than to watch these exquisite gulls as they float to and fro overhead, now motionless on expanse of wing; now sweeping in majestic circles, and now dropping like a plummet on to the water below. And all these motions seem to have no adequately corresponding wing motion. There are many other large birds which well merit study and attention, but the gull has, undoubtedly, the most gentle and the most serene beauty.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

In Prison and Ye Visited Me

THE following cable message has been received from Santiago de Cuba:

"Katherine Tingley furnished, this Liberty Day, dinners for 250 inmates of provincial prison."

The Raja Yoga School at Santiago de Cuba

LAS GUABAS, SANTIAGO DE CUBA, May 10th, 1903

DEAR COMRADES: It is eventide, and the hills and mountains are covered in a grey mist. A few sprinkles of rain are falling now and then, changing the stillness of the atmosphere to a restlessness, which is marked by the echoes of the cow-bells and occasional plaintive calls, heard in the distance, of the mountain boys gathering their flocks together.

We are at Las Guabas for the night, having left behind us a busy day in town, teaching at the Raja Yoga School. In fact all the days are busy ones. The school is already well established, and the work in the two large departments, consisting of over two hundred children, is finely organized, and everything is running as smoothly as a perfectly regulated machine, the Leader, as usual, giving personal supervision to every detail. Not only are these two departments filled to overflowing, but applications are at hand sufficient to fill a third school building, which has just been secured, with accommodations for over four hundred children. Any word description of the work would be ill-fitting in its meagerness, for there is no end to the activities and the plans already in a state of prosecution; and to the marvelous possibilities which are the result of them. And were it not for Katherine Tingley's able and most remarkable management this stupendous work would not be accomplished in many years' time.

Today, besides the regular school, classes are held in vocal and instrumental music, English, and dramatic art. There is also a night school. The work extends broadcast and reaches all classes of people. The interest and enthusiasm manifested by the Cuban students and their families in the work is very gratifying, while their interest is mingled with not a little concern lest the regular vacation months—June, July and August—should bring their classes to a close. Every student seems inspired with an ambition to attain some Raja Yoga training, and their regularity and promptness shows a marked appreciation for their school and class work.

You would all enjoy a glimpse into the various classrooms where the Point Loma Raja Yoga children are assisting, and demonstrating the careful and efficient training they have themselves received in teaching while visiting here. Little Cora Lee Hanson, nine years of age, holds a group of little tots in rapt attention; and it is a pretty picture, indeed, to see them all seated in class (ranging in age from two to five years), always under the supervision of a teacher. Hubert, Castillo, Lillian and Isabel also assist in other groups, to the delight of the children. By the way, Cora Lee Hanson has surprised us all by her command of the Spanish language, and in several instances has played the part of interpreter with perfect ease and success, much to our astonishment. I should like to reiterate the old suggestion so oft repeated—study Spanish. A person is almost helpless without a general knowledge of the language. And while circumstances force one to practise whatever he may have acquired, the demands are great at all times for a thorough comprehension of the language.

Many incidents sweep past, day by day showing, as does the straw in the stream, which way the tide is running. We were shopping recently, and as the clerk was exhibiting his goods he took from the shelf a box labeled "Raja Yoga Fans," and showed us some exquisite and artistic novelties. The school children are wearing on their hats Raja Yoga bands, which they improvised themselves.

This morning a little scene occurred under our front windows, which was suggestive of the conditions about us. The enemies to progress are ever at work, and they unhappily realize that the Cuban people are to have the opportunities of a free liberal education, and they are doing everything in their power to prevent it. Hence the following: Two little girls were passing the house. One was very well dressed, the other scantily clad. The latter was singing "Happy Little Sunbeams," when the former, a would-be adversary, made attempts to stop her by calling names and making grimaces at her and the Raja Yoga School.

But the little girl, with her tatters and tears, was undisturbed and immovable; and holding lightly to the railing of the piazza, swung her little body backwards and forwards to the rhythm of the Raja Yoga song, which we hear on the lips of every child that we meet about town. It happened that this little scene was witnessed by the Leader from her window, and calling "Espera! Espera!" she beckoned the little one, who was taken into the Headquarters and made the recipient of a pretty dress.

"*Muchas gracias, muchas gracias!*" she lisped in bewilderment, hardly knowing just what had happened. What a lesson! In standing in the right and not being intimidated, this child met with her opportunity for the future. She has since joined the Raja Yoga School. The school is a tremendous success in all its departments, and it has the heartiest cooperation of the parents of the children. The heat is almost insufferable during the middle of the day, but the evenings are still delightfully cool, always affording a comfortable night's rest. As a whole the climate of Cuba is very delightful, especially in the mountains, and it seems to agree very well with all the Crusaders. *Adios. Yours fraternally,*

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF CRUSADE

On the Present Outlook of America

Rdea at a public meeting of The Universal Brotherhood Lodge, Macon, Georgia

WHEN we look upon America at the present state of development, we can hardly make a just and proper diagnosis, unless we consider the present state of the world. The human mind works through the channel of comparison. To compare the New with the Old World, to compare this civilization with others is proper and will lead us to facts of good or evil, of gain or loss, of progress or decline. Without laudation of our own country, which is biased and leads to self-delusion, we must endeavor to be just as to our own affairs and those of the rest of the world. There is in our nation a desire to push forward, to progress and to lead the world in all departments of human life. The desire is praiseworthy when proper guidance is applied to the theme of our national progress. But let the personal, the partisan spirit tinge and pollute our actions, which should be national and world uplifting, then our advance becomes one-sided. We encounter in our national progress an irregular, feverish and nervous activity, which throws our life as a nation into the extremes of heat and cold, prosperity or panic, intensity of interest or dead-like indifference.

Modern America is a country of extremes, and this characteristic is not so much the lack of inherent national knowledge, but is owing to the extreme youthfulness of American civilization. We speak of modern America, which originated since the time our forefathers started for this Western Continent, to establish a fresh liberal government in counterbalance to existing rules in the Old World. A world, a nation, and a man are alike in their general development. Each is governed by laws equally applicable to each system or organism.

Infancy, youth, maturity and old age is the scheme of natural sequence through which a world, a nation, or a man is equally subjected. The final liberation and pinnacle of perfection and knowledge comes from a natural development throughout the above stages. The basis of our nation is founded upon the Constitution of the United States. The very life of our nation depends on executing the principles enshrined in the declaration of a free and liberal government.

But to execute any principle and demonstrate it to the world, man must become *infactu* that which he is to represent. To bring conviction is to be that embodiment of true patriotism for which the fathers of this Republic made a sacrifice, which sacrifice necessitated a new beginning in a strange wilderness, under which the hoary past of a great civilization slept.

Have we kept to our traditions, or has this achievement of material wealth—the gorgeous luxury—or the ease and comfort, based upon monetary foundation, produced a narcotic sleep which is the preamble of national decay? Even in the days of the childlike purity of our young Republic, the spectre of the Inquisition—religious intolerance—the burning of witches, ran in opposition to man's freedom of thought and action.

We know that in the beginning of a new life, in man or in nation, the powers of good or of evil seek to place their foundation for future control. In the begin-

PROGRAM---ISIS THEATRE SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 31st at 8 o'clock

- 1 Overture--- William Tell . . . Rossini
- 2 Largo (from Concert in Daria) } Bach
Loure }
Two violins and piano
- 3 Introduction to 3d Act of Lohengrin Wagner
- 4 Faust Fantasic Alard
violin solo
- 5 Andante Religioso Fuchs
- 6 Rondo Capriccioso Mendelssohn



A BOUQUET OF RAJA YOGA BABIES AT POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

At the top is the portrait of one of the Raja Yoga babies who are fed every half-hour until three months old, instead of every two-and-a-half hours as babies usually are

ning of each event, ignorance and knowledge, civilization and barbarism stand at the cradle of a new birth.

But it is written in the destiny of our country to combat the arch enemy of the world, to give battle and to win victory from the black-frosted, many-headed hydra which caused the Dark Ages, the terrible miseries of religious wars, and finally the crushing of man's thoughts into inertia and crystalized dogmas, rule and ruin of the rights of common humanity.

Well and good: if we have become great, there is no need of apology nor of self-praise; but in looking down on our mother country, we have committed an error. Would we tolerate a man in our midst who speaks disrespectfully of his mother?

It is Europe which is looking for this Republic to become its liberator and the liberator of all other countries which are suffering. It is this old world or motherland which is longing for the Brotherhood of man, whose message and fulfilment shall come from America.

Let us not forget her who, in the days of our childhood gave us those grand and aspiring thoughts of liberty and brotherhood which she could not express in her own life.

In these days, when our national and material prosperity has almost reached the zenith, we are apt to forget the trust which our forefathers bequeathed to us, nay, even the whole world gave into our hands as a priceless legacy, not only to keep, but to maintain and preserve for the future race. It is deplorable that indications denote a forgetfulness of the high trust and principle for which this nation stands. Our greatest enemy today is liberty; not liberty in its application of the true principle, but that kind which man has polluted and degraded into license. The increasing lawlessness which the people take to be their personal freedom tends to produce the basest selfishness and irresponsibility. The adulteration of food stuffs, the corner-

ing of the necessities of life, strikes, lynchings, the tendency to cheapen the necessities of our physical and moral stability in order to earn more money; all these signs tend to depreciate our national integrity and make us sink to the level of an average nation.

We have already had cases when the perverted view of liberty aimed at the head of our government.

Yellow journalism, in the garb of "freedom of the press," slanders and abuses the characters of noble men and women, and even strikes at an organization whose aim is to establish a universal brotherhood for the benefit of mankind. Our life of extremes brought about the love for sensation and gossip, and this is fed by the misrepresentations and lies of our daily press.

These are grave matters, and it is only through the awakening of our nation to the golden rule of discipline, independence and love of truth to rectify the festering conditions of the present day, that we may emerge again truly free and independent by upholding our constitution, and therefore the brotherhood of man.

To pursue the path of the Old World would mean the decay and death of our national life. Shall we continue abusing our privileges, persecute truth, and only engage in material progress—making so many millions of dollars to the square inch of human life?

Our material prosperity can only be sustained by spiritual progress. Matter is subservient to spirit.

The Constitution of the United States is based on the brotherhood of man. Through this mighty lever, we can lift America to that destiny to which it rightly belongs.

America's mission is to liberate humanity from the bondage of selfishness, and to lift the human race to the brotherhood of man, ordained and established for all that lives.

E. T. B.

We Need First Some Higher Motive Than Self-Interest



HERE is perhaps no better way of estimating the progress of the world than to remind ourselves of ideas which were once not only current, but almost undisputed. Thus, for instance, while much of the political philosophy of John Stuart Mill maintains a not undeserved hold upon the public mind, we should now have to look far for those rash enough to uphold some of his fundamental views upon the functions of government. Those views may still be held by some; indeed, we believe that they are, but public opinion, which freely tolerated them a few years ago, would certainly impose a sufficient check upon their utterance today. Thus we find Mr. Mill expressing the view, almost in axiomatic form, that

The desire to possess unlimited power of inflicting pain upon others is an inseparable part of human nature.

There may today be some few who would avow the same belief, but they are only to be found among those who confuse cynicism with intelligence and who, by expressing sentiments the most revolting, seek for themselves a narrow notoriety which their mental debility would otherwise render impossible. We have notably advanced since Mr. Mill wrote these words. It is true that we ought to have moved more rapidly than we have, and that we are still far too much inclined to look upon civil and criminal law as the only existing, and indeed the only possible, safeguard against the rapacity of our neighbors. But mental habits die slowly, and it is not theology alone which has imposed creeds and dogmas.

A spokesman of the new and unofficial statecraft is to be found in President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale University, who has been lecturing upon the "Responsibility of Citizenship." His audience, and indeed the whole nation, is to be congratulated and it is a pleasure to give to some of his views all the publicity at our command. He spoke of the various popular methods to secure justice and freedom, all of which are based upon appeals to existing laws, and demands for yet further legislation, and

he predicted the continual failure of such expedients as these. In order really to meet the evils of which we complain we must, he says,

Get back to the conception of some higher motive than self-interest, and some better measure of value than self-aggrandizement.

It appears to us that he strikes here at the root of the whole question. So long as greed and cruelty are forces in human nature they are certain to manifest themselves, and human laws can do no more than make it difficult for them to manifest in certain specified ways. But there are countless other ways in which they can be exercised and these other ways are usually of such a nature as to absolutely evade the meshes of any law which the wit of man can devise. It is, indeed, possible that a very large proportion of our laws have done no more than suppress certain symptoms of a moral disease which has forthwith broken out into symptoms still more dangerous, and symptoms which the law is powerless to suppress. Modern government has pinned its faith to the policeman.

The fact that such a lecture should be delivered by such a man as the President of Yale University is striking evidence that our best minds are no longer demanding of the law what the law cannot possibly give. Nor is President Hadley's attitude one of pessimism. He points out the failures of centuries only to show us the cause of our failures, and to indicate how they can be remedied. We must supplement human law by divine law, at any rate until we have learned to give the supreme position to divine law and to make of human systems its mere corollary. We must recognize that divine law is not merely a sentiment, but a fact in nature; that to obey it is to advance in happiness, and that to destroy it is to invite misery. We must admit that brotherhood is the epitome of divine law, and that unless the brotherhood of men be practised, the divine law has been broken and the reign of universal sorrow must continue. We can obey this supreme law now and enter into peace, or we can obey it after many more years of pain. Happily, the evidences are not wanting that humanity is awakening to its true interests. S.

The Flesh and Blood of Children Coined into Dollars



FROM the current number of the *Outlook* we get much valuable information on the subject of child labor in Pennsylvania. The handling of such a subject is like some surgical operations—horrible, but necessary. It is a descent into the drains and cesspools of human nature and a challenge to our national belief in God. The child labor bill which was before the Pennsylvania legislature remains unpassed, and nothing can now be done for two years. This, however, is not such a calamity as it might seem, for what guarantee have we that this bill will not be used as a mere sop to public sentiment, in view of Judge Gray's recent remark that

Some of the laws in the anthracite region are little better than dead letters.

Who is responsible for a law becoming a dead letter? Whose legal duty is it to see that laws remain alive, or have our laws and the duties of their administration gone into one common grave with Christian pity and Christian justice? Judge Gray was the chairman of the anthracite commission, and to him "a wan mite of a girl" told the story of how she earned three cents an hour, going to work at *half-past six at night* and remaining at work until *half-past six in the morning*. This baby works the whole of every night and she earns two dollars and sixteen cents per week. Think of it! Well may Judge Gray have exclaimed:

Here we actually find the flesh and blood of little children coined into money.

When Christ said "Suffer little children to come unto me," did he mean that they were to come in this way? The *Outlook* tells us, upon the authority of the State Factory Inspector, that there are over seventeen thousand girls between the ages of thirteen and sixteen working in the factories, and that of this number four thousand work all night and that probably one-half of these are under the legal age, and that seventy-five per cent of those who work at night are under fifteen. The smallest children are reserved for the night work!

Let us insert a touch of local color. It has been said that these children, girls, work without intermission through the night. That is not

entirely correct. They have half an hour's liberty at midnight, and they are then encouraged to run into the open air. The mills usually stand in secluded places, and are often surrounded by woods. The wolves in these woods are human wolves who wait there for their stupefied prey. We need not be more explicit.

And there are those who are willing to defend these things. Is there any abomination which lacks its advocate? If so, we have yet to hear of it. A prominent mill manager said recently:

Much of the prosperity of the State of Pennsylvania is owing to the fact that she has a lower age limit than any of her neighbors. Tinkering with existing conditions will drive the mills to other States.

The *Outlook* tells us that against these outrages there has never been a strong hand raised in protest. Much of this work can be done by machinery, but machinery costs money, dollars, and little children cost nothing. They are chattels of which the supply is practically unlimited. Here is a story told by one of these children, a little girl:

When I first went to work at night, the long standing hurt me very much. My feet burned so that I cried. My knees hurt me worse than my feet, and my back pained all the time. Mother cried when I told her how I suffered, and that made me feel so badly that I did not tell her any more. It does not hurt so much now, but I feel tired all the time. I do not feel near as tired, though, as I did when I worked all night. My eyes hurt me, too, from watching the threads at night. The doctor said they would be ruined if I did not stop the night work. After watching the threads for a long time, I could see threads everywhere. When I looked at other things, there were threads running across them. Sometimes I felt as though the threads were cutting my eyes.

"Mother cried when I told her how I suffered." Would that every mother throughout America were also crying for the bitter shame of this thing. Would that the whole nation could see the "threads running everywhere," the threads of children's anguish in the night-time. Would that those threads could reach the nerve centers of the nation and set them throbbing with the divine pity which seems the only thing upon earth to which these little ones can appeal.

STUDENT

✧ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✧

The Sun, the Heart of the Solar System

AMONG the signs of the times it is cheering to see how rapidly the speculations of scientific men are nearing the lucid expositions of natural law given by H. P. Blavatsky. Her teachings were so logical and illuminating as to carry conviction to unprejudiced minds who studied them, but to materialists and narrow thinkers they opened too wide a vista for their comprehension at the time they were first brought out. She said, though, that in a few years great rents would be made in the wall which men have built to hide the truth. We are seeing this verified daily. The gloomy reign of materialism is approaching its close, and scientific men are quickly realizing that the apparently simplest natural phenomena mask an abyss of mystery, and that the physical universe rests upon an unknown substratum. The "Atom" of Dalton is being found inadequate and its place is now being taken by "vortices," "electrons," and other modes of motion or life, *lives* shall we say?

The great sun-spots recently visible have attracted much attention, reminding us of how little positive knowledge we have of the conditions prevailing at the surface of the sun. Whether the spots are elevations or depressions of the photosphere is still an unanswered problem; though their regular recurrence in 10-11 year periods is ascertained.

In the latter connection Mr. J. Halm of the Edinburgh University, Scotland, has made the bold suggestion that it may be owing to a possible alternate superheating and cooling of the sun's atmosphere that the rhythmic throb or pulsation of the solar forces happens. A calculation based upon this theory gives a "curve of sun-spot frequency," agreeing very closely with the results of observation. Another noteworthy conclusion arrived at is that times of maximum spottedness correspond to periods of minimum radiation, and it is said that recent researches confirm this. Nearly twenty years ago H. P. Blavatsky wrote:

There is a regular circulation of the vital fluid throughout our system, of which the sun is the heart—like the circulation of the blood in the human body; the sun contracting as rhythmically as the human heart does at every return to it. Only, instead of performing the round in a second or so, it takes the solar blood ten of its years to circulate, and a whole year to pass through its auricle and ventricle before it washes the lungs, and passes thence back to the great arteries and veins of the system.

This, science will not deny, since astronomy knows of the fixed cycle of eleven years when the number of solar spots increases, the increase being due to the contraction of the Solar Heart.

In connection with that profound mystery, the maintenance of the sun's light and heat, new and significant light is thrown by the recent epoch-making discoveries of the properties of Uranium and Radium by M. and Madame Curie. In a valuable article on Astronomy published by H. P. Blavatsky in the early days of the Theosophical Society we find the following:

The sun needs no important accession of heat from without. He is quite as self-dependent as he is self-luminous, and for the maintenance of his heat requires no help, no foreign accession of vital energy; for he is the heart of his system, a heart that will not cease its throbbing until its hour of rest shall come.

And furthermore she made bold to deny most emphatically, that the sun is in combustion in any ordinary sense of the word.

In Radium, then, we have a tangible substance possessing the anomalous and astounding property of radiating both light and heat for an indefinite time without losing weight, *without combustion in any form*, and without any chemical change! Outside the Radium group we know of no other substance with this unique quality, though the nature of the glowworm's light is still unexplained. Sir Robert Ball, the well-known Irish astronomer, in his recent lectures at the Royal Institution, London, severely criticized the generally accepted theory of Helmholtz that the sun's loss of heat from cooling is compensated by heat derived from the contraction of its bulk. He considers it mathematically demonstrated that if so the sun would be far denser and cooler than it is. So again a new hypothesis will have to be found. But surely the time is at hand when the presence of Divine Intelligence will be seen behind the outward mask.

IDRONE

Heredity and Disease—A Common Sense View

A SCIENTIFIC writer in the *Daily News* points out that the tendency of modern knowledge is to minimize the extent to which disease can be transmitted by heredity. Where consumption appears in children, for example, it is not because the parents are consumptive, but because the houses in which they live are laden with disease germs.

Dr. Tonkin, of the Central Soudan Expedition, has been studying the causes of leprosy, and he comes to the conclusion that this scourge is not hereditary, but is communicated entirely in other ways. He points out that unless the Soudanese happens to live near a pool, "the surface of his body goes undisturbed from one year's end to another save by scratching." Garments are never washed, as native cloth will no more stand the strain than native bodies, and the result is that clothing which from accumulated filth has almost acquired the power of independent motion is handed on from person to person until it falls to pieces. . . .

The writer points out that if zymotic diseases be not hereditary,

We are brought face to face with one of the most wonderful secrets of Nature in regard to the protection and preservation of the race. For it must be remembered that in the most exact and literal sense the Apostle spoke truly when he said, "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth." Bones, hair, skin, muscles perish with each generation, but the blood is everlasting. It flows on in one continuous stream from mother to child. The blood which ran in the veins of Mother Eve thousands of years ago runs in the veins of each one of us today; there has been absolute continuity of life. If, therefore, the blood of a diseased mother, full of malignant germs and of the taint of disease, is found in her offspring pure and uncontaminated, there must be some marvelous process of filtering by which it is cleansed for each new generation. The fact is a startling one. It shows the immense secret forces which day by day are working in the conservation of life. It suggests that poor, blind humanity is hedged about by invisible hosts of guardians. And yet how many of our so-called scientists, instead of trusting to the great healing and restoring forces of Nature, go dabbling about with laboratory experiments in disease, mixing the blood and the plague-spots of poor, tortured serpents and guinea-pigs, and apes and dogs, and horses and calves, in the hope of finding some horrible compound which will render man "immune" from the penalties of his own violations of Nature's laws. The cruel and fantastic mimicry of the practices of ancient witchcraft which goes on today in the name of "preventive medicine," licensed and often subsidized by the State, is only allowed because the people know and hear so little about it.

We know nothing of the identity of the writer of this paragraph, but it is certainly refreshing to find that a popular presentation of science does not necessarily mean the placid endorsement of every abomination which may bear the hall mark of the laboratory, with an added journalistic seasoning of sensationalism and silliness. STUDENT

The Keener Sight and Hearing of Animals

IT has been scientifically proved that some animals can hear sounds of a pitch too high to be audible to the human ear. Whistles can be made to give shriller and shriller notes, until at last the limit of human hearing is passed and no note at all is heard; yet animals will start when such an inaudible note is produced. Their ear-drums respond to shriller notes than do ours. It is the same with rays of light, certain animals having been found to be sensitive to rays beyond the violet end of the spectrum, which to man are invisible. Thus to animals the world may be full of music which we can not hear, of color which we can not see and of sounds which we can not conceive. H. T. E.

The Growth of Crystals—Life in Minerals

THEOSOPHIC science receives its confirmation day by day. There will soon be little of it left without its champion among modern thinkers. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* M. Dastre writes upon the growth of crystals. He attributes to them a starting point from which they advance, as a plant grows from a seed. Some instances which he gives are certainly noteworthy. He quotes the case of the discovery of crystals of glycerine in a consignment of glycerine sent from Vienna to London, which were exhibited by Professor Crookes to the London Chemical Society. These crystals were sown, so to speak, upon ordinary liquid glycerine, and they reproduced themselves. STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World

Children and Landlords in Cincinnati THERE is a proposition upon foot in Cleveland, Ohio, by which it will become a punishable offence to refuse to rent rooms to a family on the ground that they have children. The question is certainly becoming a serious one in some quarters, and among families who find it almost impossible to secure accommodation because of this objection to the presence of children.

There is, as usual, a great deal to be said upon both sides. Other tenants naturally object to noisy, or ill-behaved children, and in many cases would vacate their rooms rather than tolerate the infliction. Presumably the average landlord finds it more profitable to consider those who have no children than those who have children. The remedy, of course, lies in so training children that they will not be nuisances to every one within reach, but this is an expedient which to many parents has never yet suggested itself. The natural result is that those who have the power to protect themselves and their customers against distracting ill behavior, exercise that power—*hinc illæ lacrimæ*. None the less, a compromise must, of course, be found. STUDENT

Victoria Land and Antarctic Conditions THE scientific world is slowly digesting the results achieved by the Antarctic expedition under Captain Scott. These results are certainly remarkable, and we may be sure that the interest which has been aroused will give a great impetus to Antarctic explorations.

Victoria Land was first discovered by Captain James Ross over sixty years ago. Not until 1900 were his investigations supplemented by Borchgrevink, and now Captain Scott brings us the news that Victoria Land is an island and also a continent. He went nearly three hundred miles further south than did Ross, and an uninterrupted coast line of seventy-five miles in extent was then visible to him. We may well believe that Victoria Land stretches right away to the Pole, and our ideas of Antarctic geography are greatly clarified and extended. When Captain Scott was finally compelled to turn back, he was still 532 miles from the South Pole. Nansen's record was 261 miles from the North Pole, and this was surpassed by the Duke of Abruzzi, who was separated from the Pole by 239 miles only. The Antarctic record is not, however, likely to remain for long unattacked.

New Zealand Clergyman's Admonition THE Rev. W. Wools Rutledge, the retiring Principal of the New Zealand Methodist Conference, has bestowed his parting benediction upon his associates, coupled with much sage advice. He says:

We must never forget that Christ redeemed body as well as soul; therefore the Church omits part of its duty if it occupies itself with looking after the welfare of the spiritual to the entire neglect of the physical and social in man.

He very truly says that the churches must not close their eyes, sing hymns and say prayers, while the condition of society is such that in one city there can be found sixteen thousand pauper lunatics begotten of preventable poverty and culpable insanitation.

This is very good and a mark of progress, but Mr. Rutledge would have done still better had he grappled more closely with his questions.

He should have told his audience that they cannot cure these evils by soup kitchens or blanket tickets and that their duty is to go out into the world and root up the causes of these abominations. He might also have reminded them that they cannot serve God and Mammon, and that many of those who are responsible for the present condition of things are very often to be found in the best seats of the Churches. The injunction to "Choose this day whom ye will serve" was not addressed only to laymen. The Churches also must take sides for humanity or against it and in doing this they must shut their eyes to the subscription list. We know that there are now very many, both in the pulpit and in the pew who are yearning to fight a good fight and who are only dissuaded by fear and convention. We would remind them that there is no other safety than in the performance of duty and no other deliverance from their troubles.

Hudson Bay Region as a Diamond Belt THAT the richest mineral treasures of the world are practically untapped has long been a truism among those who are interested in their discovery. Nature has so far merely given us samples, as it were, from her wonderful storehouses, which she is perhaps reserving for those who will make a better use of them than we should probably do.

Professor W. H. Hobbs has written an article for the *Popular Science Monthly* in which he deals with the existence of a great diamond belt which he believes might be found far away in northern Canada.

Professor Hobbs' attention was first drawn to this curious speculation by an examination of the localities in which seven famous diamonds have been found in Wisconsin and adjoining States. These seven diamonds have an aggregate weight of sixty-six carats. They were all of them discovered casually, but in no case was the soil in which they were imbedded that which is usually associated with diamonds. The professor, however, soon observed the fact that all these stones, together with some smaller ones, had been deposited along the ridges of glaciers which had originally come down from the north. Tracing the lines of these glaciers he finds that they converge at a point south of Hudson bay, and he argues that these diamonds were picked up by the glaciers somewhere in this locality and dropped with the melting of the glaciers at the spot where they have since been found. He therefore thinks it is by no means improbable that the inhospitable Canadian lands in the vicinity of Hudson bay may one day be the scene of profitable diamond mining.

Increase of Higher Education in U. S. THE United States Commissioner of Education has issued a valuable report. It shows at a glance not

only the general progress of education, but it also indicates the channels through which the aspirations of young America are coming to the front. There are two features which are especially noteworthy. One is the enormous increase in those who are seeking a higher education, and the other is the decrease in the number of theological students. This decrease has continued steadily for many years and is thus in marked contrast to the growth of all other branches of learning. This phenomenon might be viewed with more equanimity if there were any substantial reason to believe that the theological seminaries had learned the lessons which are thus presented to them. There is, however, no reason to believe it. True it is that the number of enlightened and progressive preachers increases day by day, but who can possibly contend that this is due to the education which they have received at the schools? Is it not notorious that it is in spite of that education, and that nowhere is advanced thought regarded with a greater regret or more energetically combated than at these very seminaries? The result is that the young men, the flower of the nation, are passing them by and are choosing other vocations in which they will be allowed to do their own thinking.

Consternation in the Louvre Museum THERE is consternation in the Museum of the Louvre as it becomes more and more evident that the

tiara of Saitapharnes, for which the French authorities recently paid \$15,000, is a forgery of recent date. In the first place, the custodians of the Louvre have received a warning to this effect from Mr. Wesselowsky, the assistant keeper of the St. Petersburg Museum, and now the artist who actually made the tiara, has arrived in Paris from Odessa and is only awaiting the receipt of his papers and tools to prove that he made it and, if necessary, to make another one. It is stated, moreover, that this same "antiquity" was originally offered to the British Museum and was there rejected because its authenticity was suspected.

In a commercial age the supply will hasten to keep pace with the demand. If there is a demand for antiquities, they will certainly be forthcoming, at however a severe strain upon workshop and factory. The western civilizations which export idols to India, and scarabs and papyri to Egypt will be fully equal to the demands of home collectors, and archeologists and collectors must be on their guard. STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

OUT on the mountain over the town,
All night long, all night long,
The trolls go up and the trolls go down,
Bearing their packs and crooning a song;
And this is the song the hill-folk croon,
As they trudge in the light of the misty moon—
This is ever their dolorous tune:
"Gold, gold! ever more gold—
Bright red gold for dearie!"

In a Swiss Valley

DEAR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS: Last summer I spent several weeks in a Swiss valley, and I found myself often thinking of ten little Lotus Buds I left behind me in America and of the Buds and Blossoms all over the world. I wonder what you would do, and how you would spend the days, if you were little Swiss children!

More than likely your home would be a little unpainted *chalet*, of which the timber is black with age, and which nestles so close to the sides of the great snow-covered mountains that the sunbeams do not play "hide and seek" on its roof until after nine o'clock every morning. And what fun it would be to look up to the great peaks and see the sunlight still shining on the snow long after your own little home was in twilight. During the summer you would no doubt have to take care of a small herd of goats, driving them every day away off to one of the little green patches on the mountainside, so far that from your doorway it looks like a pocket handkerchief. And the day would pass pleasantly, for there is always the music of a waterfall and there are many beautiful wild flowers, and then, too, the gentle animals that belong to the Swiss peasantry are splendid little comrades. And at night you would drive them home again, the bells upon their necks ringing a salute to the bells of the other herds here and there in the distance. What would you do in the winter? Perhaps you would busy yourself with a bit of wood-carving. And so your simple happy life would pass, year after year. Affectionately,

AUNT EDYTHE

TRAVELERS say that the little children of Old Mexico are almost always lovable and sweet. They seldom quarrel, are never discontented, and treat their parents and elders with a deference that is knightly. And this even in the poor little sod-roofed homes of the common laborers!

THE child who has been taught the divinity of its own soul will become so imbued with the strength of its higher nature that it cannot be moved by all the temptation in the world.—KATHERINE TINGLEY

Cornish Lullaby

by EUGENE FIELD

Deep in the hill the yeoman delves
All night long, all night long;
None but the peering, furtive elves
See his toil and hear his song;
Merrily ever the cavern rings
As merrily ever his pick he swings,
And merrily ever this song he sings:
"Gold, gold! ever more gold—
Bright red gold for dearie!"

Mother is rocking thy lowly bed
All night long, all night long,
Happy to smooth thy curly head
And to hold thy hand and to sing her song;
'Tis not of the hill-folk, dwarfed and old,
Nor the song of the yeoman, staunch and bold,
And the burden it beareth is not of gold;
But it's "Love, love!—nothing but love—
Mother's love for dearie!"

A Real Hero

DEAR CHILDREN: Not far from my home, which is on the banks of the Charles river, near Cambridge, lives a real hero. He is a policeman. One day last winter, while in the park, he heard cries of distress coming from the opposite bank of the river. They came from a big Newfoundland dog which had broken through the ice and could not climb out of the water, as he could get no foothold.

Mr. Chamberlain—for that is his name—did not say, "Oh, it's only a dog," and then forget about it. No. He at once procured a rope and a long ladder and took them in a wagon, just as hastily as he could, over

the marshes where the poor dog was struggling in the broken ice.

He could not walk out and rescue the poor creature at once, as the ice was not thick enough.

So he placed the ladder flat upon it and then, after tying the rope about his body, crawled out upon the ladder and in a few moments had lifted the dog from the water.

It was a difficult piece of work, and dangerous as well. Then he carefully placed the poor dog in his wagon—for it was too cold and exhausted to walk—and drove to one of the stations.

Here he warmed it and took such good care of it that the next day it was able to lick his hand and say, as

plainly as dogs do, "Thank you, my good comrade, thank you." E.M.

Two Swallows

IN Paris, not long ago, two little swallows flew into the hallway of an old house near which they lived and decided to build their nest inside. Through a broken pane they flew in and out unhindered, and began to build their little home. As it chanced, their chosen corner was crossed by a bell wire, and each time the bell rang the half built nest was torn down. But these persistent little swallows were not to be easily discouraged, and they did not propose to find any other place, either. So they overcame the difficulty by building a simple tunnel quite around the wire, which gave it free play and yet prevented it from disturbing the walls of their nest.



AT HOME IN LOMA-LAND—FIVE OF THE ELEVEN CUBAN CHILDREN WHO BECAME FAMOUS THROUGH THE PERSECUTION OF KATHERINE TINGLEY BY THE GREY SOCIETY

Students'



Path

At Sunset

A Marsh Song by SIDNEY LANIER

OVER the monstrous shambling sea,
Over the Caliban sea,
Bright ariel-cloud, thou lingerest:
Oh wait, oh wait, in the warm, red West—
Thy Prospero I'll be.

Over the humped and fishy sea,
Over the Caliban sea,
O cloud in the West, like a thought in the heart
Of pardon, loose thy wing, and start,
And do a grace for me.

Over the huge and huddling sea,
Over the Caliban sea,
Bring hither my brother Antonio—Man—
My injurer: night breaks the ban;
Brother, I pardon thee.

Dr. Minot Savage on Christian Unity

DR. MINOT S. SAVAGE has certainly the courage of his convictions, and he expresses them with an energy which must surely excite the envy of many who have the same convictions, but who have by no means the same courage. He has recently preached a sermon upon church union, of which he does not appear to have very high hopes. The invitations to union come in his opinion mainly from those who see no other way to its attainment than the adoption by others of their own particular creeds; those, in other words, with whom orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is your doxy. Dr. Savage says:

Jesus never wrote any creed and he never directed anybody else to write any. He said nothing about any creed being binding on men. He never made an intellectual belief the condition of entrance into the kingdom of heaven.

This is one of those convictions which is now largely held but seldom expressed. It belongs to the library theology as against the pulpit theology. There may perhaps be a contagion about Dr. Savage's courage by which many other ministers will get strength to express library thoughts in pulpit language, and thus to teach their congregations that thought is free and that God has not laid down steel rails for human belief and progress. Dr. Savage is lavish in the cold water which he throws upon our theologic fervors and fevers. He tells us that in the coming years the world will refuse to get excited over the rescue of the soul from the wrath of God. We believe that the world already faces this peril with some show of calmness, preferring to think that God is Love, and not that God is Wrath, and also that the only dangers from which the soul needs salvation are those which are created by the passions, the greeds and the cruelties of the lower nature.

Nor, says Dr. Savage, shall we eventually believe that children are saved from the wrath of God by having a little water sprinkled upon their foreheads. Surely that belief is already dead and Dr. Savage does but slay the slain. We have by this time realized that Jesus made no such stipulation when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Children, even naughty children, are in no danger from the wrath of God, but they are in very great danger from the greed of men. Even the lurid flames of hell which were painted for our youthful imaginations by some of the old time theologians would pale away before the long-drawn agony which is inflicted upon little children by some of our industrial establishments. There seems, unfortunately, to be no such simple ceremony by which the little ones can be saved from the material perdition of Christian civilization. They need have no fear of falling into the hands of God, sprinkled or unsprinkled, but let us pray that they fall not into the hands of men.

Christian union is truly a long way off if it lie in the direction indicated by Dr. Savage. We are not, however, without hope that the churches, led by a few such men as Dr. Savage, will approach an ideal of unity along the lines of work instead of creed. Upon creeds they will never agree, but when the creeds are dead of their own silliness (and they are in a dying condition now) something real may take their place, and the churches may yet rejoice in a new-found power of unity which will make them strong to save the oppressed and sustain the weak.

STUDENT

The Ministry as a Profession

THE theological students of Union Seminary, New York, believe that there is a diminution of public interest in the ministry as a profession. They are right, perfectly right; and the same thing has been observed all over the world. The Union Seminary students have suggested a conference in order to remedy the matter, inasmuch as there seems to be a steady process of reduction going on from year to year, and who can say what the end of it will be?

We should like to help, even at this distance. We suggest that the trouble carries its own explanation with it. The diminution of interest in the ministry as a profession is due to the fact of its being a profession, and in so many instances only a profession. If the theological students of Union Seminary, and elsewhere, wish to arouse public enthusiasm in the ministry they can best do this by seeing to it that the ministry is something more than a profession; in fact, by infusing into it a little more practise. The world is somewhat weary of professions and is beginning to ask for action and to disbelieve in anything which is unaccompanied by action. For many centuries the ministry has been praying "Thy kingdom come," but there are still comparatively few among them who realize that Christ's kingdom will never come until we have first cleared the ground for it.

The students of Union Seminary have it largely in their power to accomplish their aim. Let them resolve to forthwith attack the evils which make the kingdom of Christ an impossibility and their prayer for it a mockery. Let them begin with child labor and so make it known to the world that henceforth the ministry is the unswerving foe of greed and cruelty even though greed and cruelty crowd the front pews and fill the collection boxes with gold. Then we shall see a renewal of public interest in the ministry, not as a profession, but as a throbbing center of heart vitality. It cannot be done in any other way, and it will soon be too late.

STUDENT

How Straw Was Used In Brick

IT is said that a Mr. E. G. Acheson of Niagara Falls has rediscovered the process by which the ancient Egyptians made their brick-clay stiffer than ours. He bethought him of the Bible story of the Israelites being forced to make bricks without straw. Hitherto it has been supposed that the straw was chopped and used as a binding material in the clay, as hair is sometimes used in mortar. But Mr. Acheson conjectured another explanation. He steeped some straw in water and added this to the clay. He found that the water contained tannin which made the clay much stickier. He calls the new material "Egyptianized clay." It is made by soaking clay for ten days in tannin-water, and the result is to stiffen the burnt clay 50 per cent and the unburnt 350 per cent.

This discovery will enable many clays, hitherto too weak, to be used for fine porcelain.

Sir Walter Raleigh

SOME discussion has been carried on in England as to the place of Sir Walter Raleigh's burial—that "universal genius" whose trust in princes was his undoing. Three separate churches claim to be in possession of both head and body, although immediately after his execution his wife secured the head and drove away with it in a mourning coach. She is known to have kept the head for twenty-five years, and it is also known that she wrote to her brother, Sir Nicholas Carew, for permission to bury the body in the church at Beddington, where she also wished to be buried. There the story ends and we do not know if the petition was granted or refused, nor what ultimately became of the head.

STUDENT

It is unphilosophical to make a topic of the faults and foibles of others, and then feel hurt at finding our own have been under discussion—though it is very natural.

A Prayer

by ROBERT WHITAKER in San Francisco Star

GIVE me a faith that makes men crave,
More than the boon of endless bliss,
The willingness to serve and save
Their fellows in a world like this.

A faith that does not cry, and cry,
"O God, be merciful to me!"
But rather yearns to do and die
That others may be strong and free.

A faith that can not all be crammed
And shaped to fit dogmatic mold,
That knows no fear of being damned,
But shrinks from being hard and cold.

That dreads far more than wrath to come
The sense of failure to do well,
The cowardice that makes one dumb
In presence of a present hell.

That dreams far less of pearly gates
And golden streets beyond the skies,
Than of the death of human hates,
The downfall of all earthly lies.

Lo, I am in my Father's hand!
Let Him deal with me as He may,
So that He give me grace to stand
And battle for the right today.

I want no upper seat above,
Nor shining crowns with stars imperaled,
But just to know my life and love
Made this a little better world.

And just to go, and just to do
As love leads on to service still,
My only hell to be untrue,
My heaven to simply do God's will.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question To what extent has any one the right to follow his own inclinations and pleasure? If he is willing to pay the price for it and does not run counter to the usages of society or the laws of the land, has he not a perfect right to do as he likes and enjoy himself?

Answer For the first part of the question it might be said that it entirely depends on the source of a man's inclinations and in what his pleasure consists. For the *good* man's inclination is to do good, the *unselfish* man's to act unselfishly, the *noble* man's to live nobly and virtuously; and it is in just these things—in following the dictates of the higher nature—that these men find pleasure. But is it a question of right? Is it not a duty and a privilege so to act? And while it is also their inclination, we know they do not make this their motive, which would be selfish, but act from the higher motives of duty and love of others.

But it is evident from the second part of the question that such inclinations towards what is virtuous, noble and good, are not referred to. No excuse or argument is needed for following these. And as for any inclinations to follow what is contrary to these, can any argument or excuse be brought forward to show the right to follow them? Is it not clear that the latter arise only from the lower nature? We can answer the second question then by a simple negative. And the matter might be left there, but as there are so many who, without perhaps formulating the question, do nevertheless take the attitude implied in it, it may be well to go a little deeper.

First, let us ask, what are the standards of right conduct to which our inclinations and pleasures should conform? We well know there are many who consider the "usages of society" and the "laws of the land" as sufficient. But what standard of society shall we adopt? Were those who conformed to the usages of society during the decadence of Rome justified in their licentiousness, and how much vice and folly is winked at by certain sections of "society" today? We well know that the laws of the land are very limited in their application and that outward conformance to them implies neither virtue, honor, nor even decency. Is

the standard of right conduct a mere outward one, a matter of appearance only, or does it not depend on something within? Is there not an inherent fitness of things and does not right conduct consist in living and acting in conformity to the higher nature of man?

But the main point of the question is that of inclination and pleasure, and the subtle voice of the lower nature ever tries to make it appear that the path of the higher nature is one of sacrifice and pain, and that pleasure and enjoyment are to be found only in self-gratification. How often must we have the bitter experience, how often shall we permit ourselves to be beguiled into eating the Dead Sea fruit, which looks so fair and tempting, but turns to ashes in the mouth? And have we not also experienced that true, lasting joy comes in proportion as we restrain the lower nature and live for others?

The question reduces itself down to the simple one of selfishness and ultimately the position taken is that of materialism, of the denial of the spiritual life and the *facts* of existence. It could only arise from ignorance of man's dual nature and of the Brotherhood of man. Every act involves not only the direct actor, but all others with whom he comes in contact, and while we do in one sense fully pay the price of all our deeds, can we wipe out the effect of our acts on other lives, can we pay that price? To express willingness to pay the price is a mere subterfuge to shirk the question of right and wrong. But this question will come up again and again until we finally decide whether we will stand as free men or as slaves, whether we will dominate and rule our lower natures, or become the slave of our passions and appetites. However enticing the allurements of the lower nature, we know, in our best moments, that the path of happiness does not lie there, but in the performance of duty, and in the consideration of and love for others.

ORION

Hell and Reincarnation

BISHOP HUNTINGTON of New York in a recent sermon said that hell had been unduly neglected by the clergy. In his conviction self-indulgent persons, whose habits and conduct were not good, would some day have a painful personal experience of hell. The doctrine had been much overdone in the past and it was impossible to believe in a hell containing unbaptized infants and persons who had died casually or unintentionally unrepentant, or in an eternity of punishment for misconduct of limited continuance.

But the idea that all evil-doers, who managed to evade punishment in this life, would escape altogether was inconsistent with one's notions of divine justice.

Without hell or its equivalent we average observers cannot see how final justice is going to be done.

Transgressors suffered a good deal in this life, but not always in proportion to their deserts, and the religious mind felt certain that provision for their due recompense must exist somewhere.

Exactly; and life will always seem a puzzle so long as we measure the existence of the soul by that of the frail bodily tenement. The duration of a single bodily life is a trifle in comparison with the vastness in time and space of the universe and its laws. When we are discussing the concerns of the soul we must allow it a duration of vast extent, for how can its countless experiences be compressed into a few years?

The forgotten truth of Reincarnation is the only one which fits the facts and explains such problems as this. An incorporeal hell will not suffice, for the mistakes made on earth must be repaired on earth, and it is to this same world of men that man must return if he is to retrieve his failures and accomplish the ideals he has not succeeded in realizing so far. And the hell is the hell of a man's own life, made bitter by the consequences of abuse of his own faculties. The selfish man will be born with a temperament that shuts him out from sympathy and causes people to shun him, and the self-indulgent man will inherit a body that is weak and distempered. Thus will be learned the laws of life, and the penalty will be educative rather than retributive.

STUDENT

Our earth is one of the small satellites of the sun, which, itself, is a small star among countless billions. Do not think that your little brain can comprehend the sum total, nor that by the most critical analysis of our planet or its constituent elements you can discover the deep secrets. Nevertheless, do not imagine that there are not ways by which those deep secrets can be penetrated. Though we are denizens of earth, we can study the stars.

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World's Headquarters UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, POINT LOMA, California
Meteorological Table for the week ending
May the 23d, 1903

MAY	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
17	29.860	68	50	62	59	.00	E	4
18	29.708	67	52	60	58	.00	S	9
19	29.678	64	53	55	54	.00	S	13
20	29.816	61	53	56	55	trace	W	16
21	29.846	62	50	58	56	.00	SE	6
22	29.768	65	52	57	56	.00	SW	11
23	29.742	65	52	58	57	trace	E	5

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

AS SEEN BY A FRENCHMAN

Some Criticisms of America That Will at Least Bear Thoughtful Reading by Americans

Monsieur Urbain Gohier, the eminent French author, has written a book about the United States which is exceedingly entertaining, says the *Examiner*. It is called *The People of the Twentieth Century*. It is hard at this late day for a European to write anything novel about the United States, but M. Gohier has succeeded. He was famous as a champion of Dreyfus in France, and is the best known literary opponent of militarism in that country. He professes to admire the United States greatly, as the title of his book indicates, and his criticisms occupy about three-quarters of his book. Here are a few of them:

Energy is the great American word. All the politicians and writers boast of American energy; educators preach energy; young men make themselves brutes in sporting exercises, and old men poison themselves with drugs to acquire energy. In reality this American energy is a legend—a myth.

I found that American people are the laziest people in the world.

The Americans cannot know whether they have energy or not, because they have never been put to the test since their Civil War. In Europe we know the difficulties of life; we are steeped in combat, because we struggle continually against accumulated obstacles, against enemies without number. The genius of the American people consists precisely in avoiding all expenditure of energy. Nothing so marvelous as the ability with which they render all effort needless in this country. Everything there is done by machinery, as in a fairy palace.

How many times before those elevators which make you lose the use of your legs, before those telephones, those typewriting machines, those telegraphs, those innumerable machines which tame nature, before these piazzas where all America balances itself in rocking chairs—how many times have I thought of the effort which is expended needlessly in our cities, our farms, our factories in Europe.

In America they work five days a week, and the length of the working day is being shortened continually. Smoking his cigar, his feet on the table, reading a newspaper with a nonchalant air, the American says to you: "I am very busy," or he answers, "I am engaged in a most important affair."

Even the famous cowboys on their armchair saddles have not the energy to endure the violence of the trot; their horses are taught to amble. I still hear the guide of the Grand Canyon announce pathetically, "We are going to make a terribly rough trip," such as we make every time we take a holiday in Switzerland.

When I arrived in New York I had never been out of Europe and never spoken a word of English. At the end of a few weeks I began to think in English; the American expression came to me quicker than the French; I was no longer astonished to lunch in ten minutes, perched on a high stool before a counter, and

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Ten thousand extra copies of this edition were printed, and though they are being sold very rapidly, there are still enough left to fill all orders. Some friends have ordered them by the hundred, sending them broadcast. The price is 20 cents a copy. If you send the names and addresses with the cash to THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, Cal., the papers will be mailed for you without extra charge.

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to eat oats and corn like the horses of Paris, to improve my mind by reading on the walls of the restaurant:

"Many pickpockets?"
"Look after your hats and coats."
"Put your trust in the Lord, and He will not forsake you."

In this country of 3,700,000 square miles and 77,000,000 inhabitants, national unity has for its principal bonds chewing gum and ice cream soda.

The sameness of America is appalling — everywhere the same hotels, the same stations, the same sky-scrapers, the same right-angled streets, the same athletic games, the same boys and the same girls chewing the same gum and drinking the same ice cream sodas.

The abuse of athletic sports propagates disease in the United States. In no other country in the world do doctors and druggists swarm as here. There are buildings of fifteen stories, and filled from the cellar to the roof with doctors and druggists. Sometimes the ground floor is very appropriately rented to undertakers, who expose their very seductive wares in the windows.

The Americans are very anxious to give a high idea of their country. "Have you anything like it in your country?" is their favorite question. They have asked me if we are familiar in Europe with seltzer water and snow and sunsets.

The words business and dollar are the most used in the language. They occur incessantly in conversation, in the newspapers, in sermons, at the theatre. Everything is valued in figures. A fine landscape is so many feet long by so many broad. An affair of the heart — so many million dollars. A law court, a picture — so many thousand dollars. A man "is worth" so much money. The eyes of the boys light up when their parents speak to them of the time when they will be able to sign checks. After all, that is perhaps better than exciting them with the thought that they will grow big enough to "kill Prussians or English."

American patriotism shows itself by means of bombs, fireworks and revolver shots. On 4th of July, which corresponds to our 14th of July, prudent persons shut themselves in their houses. The casualty list of the last anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was thirty-one killed and 2772 wounded besides a great number of fires.

When I was about to make a lecture in a great university of the West, I was presented to the audience with these words by one of the professors: "Ladies and gentlemen, I do not know what M. Gohier is going to say, but I am sure in advance that he will express his admiration of this great country. My only fear is that he will not find terms strong enough to express how much he admires the men and the things in this country where everything is admirable."

When a public becomes accustomed to such gross flattery sincerity becomes unsupportable.

The American woman is lively, daring and an immoderate coquette. She refuses herself nothing, not a ribbon nor a bonbon, not a jewel nor a book. The American tradesmen know it well. Parisiennes who have difficulties with their husbands about dressmakers' bills, should send those gentlemen to make a tour of the stores of New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

The American woman is enticing; she is always on the alert; she has a chic which one hardly expects to find outside of Paris. The American woman is the greatest marvel in America — and she knows it well.

Religion is everywhere in the American republic. In railroads, electric trains, on boats, in shops, in restaurants, the eye is caught by texts from the Bible. Missions of the people are held in all the populous quarters. In the most disreputable regions of the large cities, there are always establishments adorned with religious devices, where one can hear sermons all the evening.

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RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$525,365 76
Overdrafts	884 42
U. S. bonds and premiums	93,125 00
Other stocks and bonds	47,055 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	66,500 00
Other real estate owned	46,583 90
Redemption fund	1,875 00
Cash and exchange	385,167 97
	\$1,166,557 05
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$150,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits	56,927 01
Circulation	37,500 00
Deposits	922,130 04
	\$1,166,557 05
Deposits April 9, 1901	\$592,781 52
Deposits April 9, 1902	\$648,905 98
Deposits April 9, 1903	\$922,130 04
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How Will the Last Man Die?

The St. Louis *Republic's* scrap-book man gives the following opinions of the leading scientists of the world concerning the fate of the last man:

1. The surface of the earth is slowly but surely diminishing; all the landed portion will at last be submerged and the last man will be drowned.

2. The ice is gradually accumulating at the north pole and slowly melting away at the south; eventually the earth's center of gravity will suddenly change and the last man will be crushed by the rush of movables that will quickly glide over its surface.

3. There is a retarding medium in space, causing a gradual loss of velocity in all the planets. The earth, when her revolutions finally cease, will be drawn nearer and nearer to the sun, until the last man will be literally roasted off the face of the earth.

4. The amount of water on the earth's surface is slowly drying up; the last man will die begging for a drop of moisture with which to wet his parched tongue.

5. A gigantic planet or comet is likely to tumble into the great sea of gas which surrounds the sun. In that event our great luminary would blaze up and burn the earth and all other planets to cinders.

6. Beginning with the year 3000 A. D. humanity will commence to retrograde, and by the end of the year 1,000,000 man will be no larger and have no more intelligence than a plant louse. In that event there will be no "last man."

7. The sun's fires will gradually burn out and the temperature cool in consequence; the earth's glacial zones will enlarge, driving shivering humanity towards the equator. At last the habitable space will lessen to nothing and overcrowded humanity will be frozen.

Only the Headlines Missing

THE editor of the *Treasury* has been satirizing newspaper accounts of the habits of celebrities. He thus sketches the new Archbishop of Canterbury:

The Archbishop of Canterbury rises daily before 10 A. M. He finds that a razor is of great utility in shaving, and indeed, rarely uses any other implement for this purpose. Not infrequently breakfast is his first meal, and he is accustomed to drink tea, coffee, or cocoa with it. There is no truth in the assertion that he prefers curried humming-bird to any other dish. In wet weather his Grace frequently carries an umbrella, and oddly enough, his successor at Winchester is said to follow the same plan. His correspondence is, of course, immense, and his usual practise is to stamp his envelopes in the right-hand top corner. Startling as this assertion may seem, it is made upon the very best authority.

A Very Common Disease

The following epitaph is to be found in the Chigwell church-yard:

This disease you ne'er heard tell on,
I died of eating too much mellon.
All ye that read this, please take heed, I
Died because I was too greedy.

This disease is not so uncommon as the departed one seems to suppose. We have often "heard tell on" it. It seldom appears on the medical certificates, but it is none the less very common and usually fatal. C.

A CASUIST CONFUSED—Bishop Taylor, of the Methodist Church, and a staunch believer in hell-fire-and-brimstone, was once asked if he thought Emerson would go to heaven. The good old man was puzzled, and thought for a long time. "He doesn't seem to have the saving faith," he said at length. "But I can't imagine what the devil would do with Emerson."

EDITORIAL notice (in magazine of the near future): Owing to the press of advertising matter, the literary features have been omitted for this month.—*Selected*

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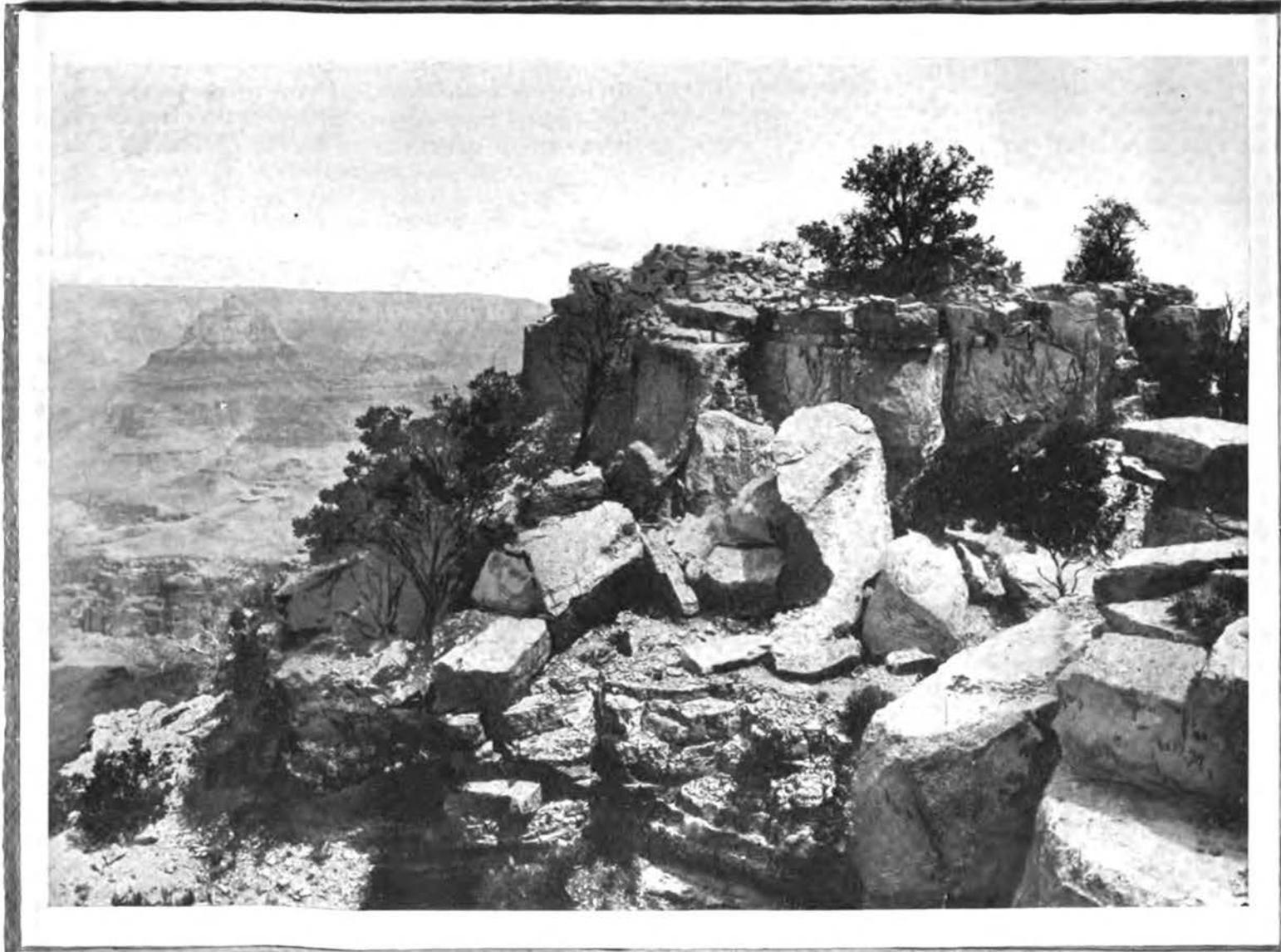
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WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Religious Intolerance Still Alive

EVERY now and then the world receives a painful reminder that its progress is not so rapid as it has supposed, and that it has given an undue importance to an external polish which after all is only a veneer and a very thin veneer. We do not at all doubt that civilization will eventually adorn itself by the establishment of religious liberty. It has not done so yet, and we are not without solid reasons for a belief that in this respect we are indeed upon a short downward cycle, and passing through a retrogression which is none the less distressing because it will be brief.

We have no intention of taking a survey of the world in search of religious freedom or of its enemies. The latter are indeed so visible that no search is necessary. We may, however, take two events, both of which are in their way symptomatic of the downward cycle to which we refer. In England the new education measure has become law. The system of popular education which has hitherto been in force, while far from perfect, was at least tolerable. It has now been swept away to

make room for a new system by which the schools will be placed under the domination of the Episcopal and established church. The operation of this iniquity will, of course, be so sternly and resolutely opposed that it will fall to the ground. None the less, it is an accomplished fact and furnishes abundant proof that the spirit of religious intolerance is alive and active and as fully prepared to wound as ever it was. From Russia

Examples in Russia & England

comes the other illustration to which we have referred. A mob of frenzied and ignorant ruffians at Kishinev has attacked the Jews of that place, murdering nearly fifty, and rendering many hundreds of poor families homeless and helpless. Fiendish barbarities appear to have been committed and the Jews all over Russia are in a state of not unnatural apprehension. Regarded merely as an evidence of widespread religious intolerance the news from Russia seems to be less serious than that from England. The former is a spasmodic outburst of demonic fury on the part of a small number of brutalized men. The latter is the deliberate act of a governing body composed of men of education who have sought with deliberate purpose to undo the work of centuries and to restore to ecclesiastical authorities an educational power which they have never done anything but misuse. As a sign of the times it would be hard to overestimate its gravity. There is today no nation in the world

Widespread Public Indifference

which can justifiably lay claim to the possession of true religious liberty, and it is from those nations which most loudly vaunt their supposed progress in this respect that even the semblance of freedom is the most rapidly passing away. It is true that in America there are no massacres of those who hold unpopular religious opinions, nor is it possible under the American constitution to directly penalize by process of law those who have the audacity to think for themselves. Persecution can, however, be quite as effective without these methods of expression. Wherever there is the will to persecute, there also is the way, and who can question that there is both the will and the way in many American circles. What is perhaps of the greatest significance is the widespread indifference, and even widespread applause, with which direct acts of persecution are received by the community in general. A mental attitude of intolerance is becoming normal, and from that it is but

Forces of Liberty Will Arouse

one step to the acts of intolerance which constitute positive persecution. The fact is that the champions of religious freedom have been asleep, and its enemies have been awake. The latter have acted in every instance according to the character of their tools and the nature of their material. In France a few years ago, in France now, it was and is the Dreyfus case, which was but the center of a whirlpool intended to engulf the world. In Russia the same spirit acting upon ignorant and debased natures produces outrage and massacre. It is again the same spirit in England which has permitted the church to grasp the scepter of educational power and to use it as a scourge, and we in America may not have to wait long for a manifestation of the same spirit, even more startling than those which have been already recorded in the history of The Universal Brotherhood Organization.

This retrogressive cycle will be a short one, because it will arouse the slumbering forces of liberty. In England the stern note of resistance has been sounded. France has taken a magnificent lead in undoing the evils of which she was intended to be the world-wide instrument. The Russian government is showing that its arm is long enough to protect its citizens from outrage. Nor shall we have to wait long for the American people to realize that inasmuch as her written constitution was indeed a light in a dark place, she must see to it that the spirit of that constitution is kept alive in the hearts of her people, and that freedom of conscience is a fact and a reality within her borders.

STUDENT

On the Rim of the Grand Canyon

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows some of the countless ruins of prehistoric cliff-dwellings that abound on the rim of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in Arizona and Southern Utah. On page 12 of this issue there is a very interesting article on the Grand Cañon itself. As to the ruins in the foreground of the frontispiece, they belong to a period entirely prehistoric, far antedating the very earliest known history of this epoch.

The Fetish of False Liberty

THIS excellent phrase is from a paper on "Hooliganism: Its Causes and Its Remedies," by Sir Robert Anderson before a London clergy conference. It denotes what is in his opinion one of the chief causes of hooliganism:

Why should a boy be allowed to live in idleness in the streets, and why should boys be allowed to roam about until midnight and past? In his opinion, any youth who was habitually in the streets without visible means of subsistence, ought to be taken before a magistrate and dealt with, not as a criminal, but as a waif.

This is common sense. But any just-minded person who sets himself to consider such a system of care and discipline will realize that he must be prepared to check his own false liberties as well.

In large cities, where hooliganism prevails, there also prevails license of an equally vicious though quieter sort among the well-dressed. Hence it might be inconsistent to turn up the lights. Those who would prevent hooliganism may themselves be interested in the keeping up of that condition of society which fosters hooliganism. If respectable people are to be free to worship the fetish of false liberty in their way, how are the hooligans to be curbed? For the same laxity of surveillance and public indifference which permits cultured vice will also permit the rougher sort.

This is doubtless why hooliganism is not put down in the firm way suggested by the speaker—because so many of the community are more or less indirectly involved in the conditions that engender it.

The fetish of false liberty is a god whose worship concerns us all; we cannot escape our mutual dependence and our mutual responsibility. How often in daily life does one find himself checked from rebuking the fault of his friend by the reflection that he needs toleration for his own fault.

There are two alternatives by which human society can be well regulated. One is a strong despotism, and the other is a personal interest taken by each man in the affairs of the community. If we want a city in which we can come and go as we like, unchallenged; in which we can live all unwatched as we please; and in which we can ignore everybody else; then the modern city, of which hooligans are an inevitable concomitant, will suit us.

But if we are to have a city without hooligans, we shall have to impose restrictions that will exact a good deal of forbearance and self-denial from ourselves as well.

To illustrate: Take the case of liquor laws and gambling laws. How can we close saloons and gambling hells, and yet keep open select clubs with their bars and tables? And, if we are to have a curfew for the poorer classes, we must have a curfew for the wealthier.

The fetish of false liberty must be exorcised by the palladium of personal responsibility. Every hooligan I meet is the incarnated emblem of my own lazy and selfish neglect of public interest. S.

To COMPLAIN of destiny is only to expose our own feebleness of Soul.
— MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Society and Planchette

THE revelations which have recently been made of the doings of a certain section of London society seem almost like a bad dream of the Middle Ages, when superstition and fraud walked openly hand in hand. It appears that a certain young man of wealth and position has been induced to part with the whole of his fortune on the strength of what purported to be communications from his dead mother, received through the intermediary of a cunning little instrument called planchette. Such, at least, is the story, and as the machinery of the law has been invoked to obtain restitution, we shall probably soon be in possession of the exact facts. Now if the victim in this case were the ordinary weak-minded young man of fashion, we might regard this story as a further illustration of the speedy separation which awaits a fool and his money. In this case, however, the reputed dupe is a well-known African explorer and the leader of many expeditions. That such a man should fall a victim to jugglery of this kind is disheartening, especially when we remember that he is without question a type of many. One immediate result of the scandal is that society—whatever that may mean—has developed a planchette craze and the toy factories are taxed to supply it. No wonder insanity is on the increase. STUDENT

Vulgarizing Effect of Money-Making

A TOO close attention to the economic evils produced by universal devotion to money-making may cause us to overlook what is a greater evil, namely the warping of character that it produces. The habit of viewing all questions from the view-point of profit and loss infects the whole nature and poisons broad and generous motives. Even the cultivation of faculties and character is considered from the point of view of what it will bring, and the arts and crafts are cultivated for purposes of gain.

But the money consideration ruins all art, including the art of living. As the arts of delineation and the handicrafts have been vulgarized by the lack of an independent and disinterested spirit, so is our life itself vulgarized by the habit of making the question of profit or loss paramount.

It was prophesied by great men in the past, and the prophecy is often recalled in public print, that commercialism would ruin the Anglo-Saxon character if persisted in without check; and every day we find plenty of evidence that the prophecy threatens to be fulfilled. A benefactor proposes to demolish Shakespearian relics at Stratford-on-Avon in order to build a free library, his ideas of value being evidently measured by dollars'-worth alone. And all the great public offices, to fill which was once an honor and a sacred privilege, are regarded as opportunities and commodities for successful dealing.

Fortunately, signs show how tired the public is becoming of this incessant dinning of the question of pecuniary advantage in its ears.

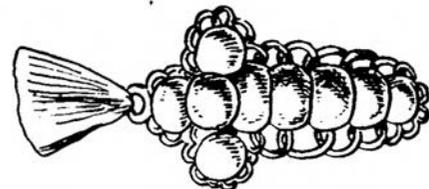
Our life is so conceived that the possession of money seems the one key to all that is desirable; and though money cannot bring health and peace of mind, neither can the mere lack of it bring them.

When a man has acquired a competency, there presents itself no taste or ambition, or enthusiasm to engage his energies; and, as accumulation has now become second nature, he continues to indulge this, the strongest force in his nature. Otherwise what can he do with himself?

Human life must be shown to be something more than the buying of comforts and luxuries and amusements, and to consist mainly in things which cannot be purchased. STUDENT

A Cross of Pearls

THE Great Southern Cross is certainly the most remarkable natural combination of pearls ever discovered. Its finder, indeed, regarded it with so much awe that he buried it in the ground. It is a product of West Australia, and consists of nine very perfect pearls, joined, when found, in the form of a cross, as shown in the illustration. The pearls have been appropriately mounted and form a very beautiful piece of jewelry. STUDENT



Cruelty in Asylums

WE have already commented upon the ill treatment of patients in insane asylums, and now other reports reach us from other parts of the country. The ill usage of criminals is sufficiently distressing, but cruelty to the insane is ten times worse. The inmates of asylums are in a peculiarly defenseless position if they are deprived of proper protection, inasmuch as their complaints are all too liable to be attributed to the very mental disease for which they are confined. It is unfortunately still true that those who can be trusted not to be cruel are very few and far between, and it is therefore all the more necessary that they should be searched for and put in authority where their restraining influence is most needed. STUDENT

To Think by Machinery

LIFE, it seems, is really worth living, or at any rate is likely to become so. We learn from New York that an apparatus has been perfected at the laboratory of Thomas A. Edison, Jr., which, when applied to the head, will increase the power of thought. There is certainly room for an invention of this nature. The need of it is widespread and urgent. The progress of invention is now so rapid that it is but another step to the discovery of an apparatus that will not only increase the power of thought but which will actually think for us. S.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Features of Physical Decadence

PERHAPS the most disquieting symptom of our times is the physical degeneration which is proceeding so rapidly, and with accelerated velocity, in civilized countries. An unwise optimism will sometimes point to the broad shoulders and healthy complexions of young city clerks, but we should not forget that cities are constantly recruited from the country. But the supply of country-bred people is not inexhaustible, and figures show how, in England for instance, the country is being drained by the cities.

Again, in these days electricity and steam can march instantly into any newly occupied tract of nature, bringing a load of alcohol and drugs and other of the deadly machinery of civilization; so that the country and nature tend ever more and more to disappear altogether.

An article on national decay, in the *London Daily News*, says:

In almost every city in England it is a fact noted by all careful folk that the rising generation of English men and women badly needs assistance in the matter of physical culture. Wherever men and women congregate one cannot fail to notice the enormous number of weedy, flat-chested young people to be met with. Weak limbs, dull eyes, flabby cheeks, and non-elastic steps are terribly common; the boys do not look half so sound as their fathers, nor the girls so robust as their mothers. I have no data at my disposal which will account for this state of affairs, but that it is true few who have eyes to see will for a moment deny. Perhaps it is the fruit of generations of lives passed in the vitiated atmosphere of wretched dwellings. The unhealthy homes of the very poor must be answerable for a tremendous amount of physical deterioration. Possibly the limited space allowed to the offspring of the working masses in which to romp and play in infancy, or to indulge in manly and womanly exercises in ripe years may now be bringing forth fruit in the persons of the lesser English who are growing up around us. Whatever the cause, the fact remains; the old breed is not now quite what it once was.

The worst element in this question of physical degeneration is that so much of its worst features are such as cannot be discussed. There are various forms of continuous and insidious consumption and waste of life going on all the while, and ignoring these, people prate of fresh air and special foods.

Such questions force continually on the mind the urgent necessity for schools where education and rearing shall be based on the wise endeavor to secure a harmony of that human trinity—body, mind, and soul. It is only by caring for these three together that man can be cured. If only one be cultivated the others will pull it back. In the Raja Yoga schools this method is adopted, and nothing is neglected which a profound knowledge of human nature and untiring energy and devotion can devise and carry out.

STUDENT

Insanity Among Teachers

THERE must surely be something seriously wrong with the system of training women school-teachers in many European countries. Professor Zimmer, the eminent brain specialist, states that in the lunatic asylums of Germany, Russia, Austria and Switzerland, there is one school-teacher to every eighty-five patients, which is a proportion four times larger than it should be. Among those who have not yet become teachers, but who are preparing to do so, the proportion is ten times larger than it ought to be. The professor remarks:

If telephone girls or sales girls show signs of mental disturbance, it is not to be wondered at, for their occupations are hardly those a woman can call suitable to her sex, but in teaching, which is usually considered a suitable employment for women, when the results are so disastrous there is every reason for serious consideration.

We should say so. It would be interesting to get the statistics for America for purposes of comparison. It can hardly be questioned that the method of selecting school-teachers is radically wrong throughout the world, and the results must be just as bad for the children as for those who teach them. The mental possession of a large number of facts ought not to be considered as the sole requisite, or even the chief requisite, in a teacher and when we recognize that there are other, and far more important qualifications, we shall remove a great and an increasing strain from the teachers and give an added value to the teaching. X.

To know that everything we need is within, here and now, this is poise.—DRESSER

Law and the Labor of Children

THE whole American nation is indebted to Mr. Flower, the editor of the *Arena*, for the stand which he has taken in reference to child labor. Those who know anything of the forces which can today be brought to bear in support of profitable iniquity will be well aware that his position is not a comfortable one. Here are illustrations which owe their publicity to his courageous efforts:

The Italian Consul at Philadelphia, Count Brandolini, aroused by the exposures of the *New York Journal*, recently made a thorough investigation of the labor conditions in New Jersey, especially as they related to the children of Italians. The count said: "I found men, women, children living in absolute slavery. In the glass-works of the George Jones Company I found thirty or forty children not more than eight or ten years old working under the most shocking conditions. When I sought out their parents, I was met with the argument that unless the children worked as soon as they could earn anything they could not make a living. They said they must all work or else starve. The owners of the glass-works contended that the children they employed were all above the legal age, but I know better. Some of them looked to be little more than mere babies."

Jane Weich, of the *New York Journal*, made an investigation into the conditions of the great glass-works at Minotola, in New Jersey. She writes:

"I have seen otherwise pretty, bright, precocious youngsters of eight and ten years taken from school that they might serve the god of greed; that they might earn 55 or 40 cents a day for parents or guardians."

Their clothing is rags; their food crusts; their sleep short.

The reader may ask if there are no laws in New Jersey to prevent these atrocities. Of course there are laws, but they are not enforced. In many parts of the country there appears to be a kind of hideous compromise between sentiment and greed. Sentiment demands legislation for the protection of children, to which greed assents on the understanding that the laws, when passed, shall not be enforced. In this way both parties are satisfied. Sentiment can point to the statute book in demonstration of its efficacy, while greed—well, greed can point to the graveyard, the prison, and the lunatic asylum in demonstration of its efficacy. Mr. Flower says the New Jersey laws for the protection of children are dead letters, and that in Massachusetts, the "laws permitting child work in factories are a disgrace to civilization."

STUDENT

Modern School of Crime

SEVERAL newspapers are drawing attention to what seems very much like an epidemic of crime throughout the whole country. An incident which has just occurred in Indiana, is typical of a good many similar cases which are reported from various points. It seems that a gang of ruffians

Took possession of the town, looting the hardware store and closing up every business house in the town, and compelling the citizens to flee to the woods for safety.

The criminals were finally captured by the expedient of burning the cabin in which they had taken refuge.

There is, of course, no lack of explanations of this widespread outbreak of violence. These explanations range from the revision of the Presbyterian creed down to, or up to, sun spots. Now both these factors, and all others that lie between them, may have something to do with it, but it is a good rule to exhaust the obvious before going further afield. In this instance the obvious is the admiring and enthusiastic publicity which was given to the outrages of some few criminals, such as Tracy, by a section of the sensation-mongering press. A patriot warrior striking a last desperate blow for outraged liberty, would hardly have received more respectful attention. In very many of the accounts which appeared from day to day it was perfectly easy to catch the note of animal admiration, which underlay them. What wonder that a certain number of men, already near the brink of desperate crime, are thereby pushed over that brink, and that there are others in whom the love of notoriety is so overmastering a passion, that they hasten to claim it when it is offered so abundantly. Imitative crime is no new theory but a perfectly well established fact. So long as crime is thus manufactured under our complacent gaze, we need not impute to sun spots and the like a guilt which belongs to ourselves.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Music Understood by Other Faculties Than the Brain

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER has been relieving his mind on the subject of music, urged thereto by a paragraph in Mr. H. G. Wells' article in the *Fortnightly Review*. We quote:

To learn to play the piano properly demands such an amount of time and toil that I do not see how we can possibly include it in the educational scheme of the honorable citizens of the coming world state. To half learn it, to half learn anything is a training in failure. But it is probable that a different sort of music teaching altogether—a teaching that would aim, not at instrumentalization, but at intelligent appreciation—might find a place in a complete educational scheme.

This moderate and unassuming paragraph is made the text upon which Mr. Archer preaches a sermon a column long in *Reynolds*. In this case, however, the text is given to us at the end of the sermon, instead of at the beginning, and it is followed only by a statement of Mr. Archer's adhesion thereto. Mr. Archer might just as well have given us both text and adhesion at first, and so have spared himself and his readers much labor.

He seems to suppose that music is so far above the bulk of humanity that for the ordinary person to dabble with it at all is something of an impertinence. He quotes with apparent approbation Dr. Johnson's somewhat foolish dictum that music "is the most expensive form of noise," and he gives his assent to the idea that music is the language of the gods only upon the understanding that the gods are "rather brainless and helpless gods." All music, he tells us, except dance music and the like, is metaphysical, and therefore only metaphysicians ought to indulge in it.

Instead, however, of hedging it around with this protective exclusiveness we allow this "speech of the gods, this reverberation from the infinite," to be the plaything of every schoolgirl, to be the supreme test of culture among those who use it as "a mere gaudy wrapper huddled round the rags of the most abject intellectual and emotional poverty." Therefore let us open the doors of the music room only to those who have passed a preliminary examination in metaphysics, and let us protest against the use, anywhere, by any one, of this wonderful language of music until we have first satisfied ourselves that the language is understood. If we do other than this we shall, it seems, be like Hottentots who are taught by Basutos to recite passages from the English classics, both being alike ignorant of the English tongue. The comparison is Mr. Archer's and not ours, and we thank him for it. Perhaps some meaning of what he declaimed would eventually dawn upon the Hottentot, and perhaps some meaning of the music she is playing will eventually dawn upon the schoolgirl who receives so large a share of Mr. Archer's musical wrath. He is especially severe upon the people who

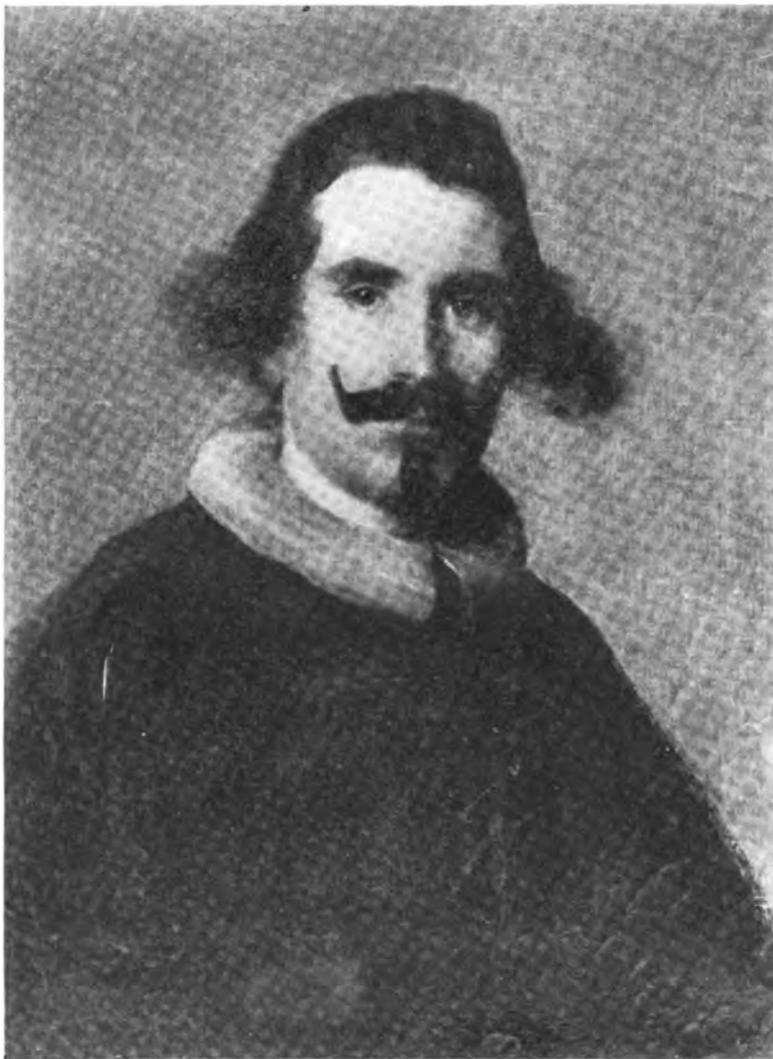
Will sit out with an air of critical complacency a concert program which, if it meant anything to them, would intolerably overfatigue their intellect and tear their emotions to tatters. Expressed in terms of literature, the bill of fare at almost any orchestral concert would be about equivalent to "King Lear," "The Tempest," "Comus," Shelley's "Adonais," Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," and Browning's "Love Among the Ruins," with probably a lyric or

two by Mr. Swinburne thrown in. To any intellect which was capable of really undergoing the strain and stress of such a performance, it would mean exhaustion, exasperation, madness. But the "musical public" sits it through without turning a hair! Why? Because those members of the audience who are not mere slaves of fashion deceive themselves in thinking they get any effect out of the music.

Now if it be admitted—and we certainly do not dissent—that the ordinary musical program has the intellectual fullness with which Mr. Archer credits it, why should we assume that the audience which naturally does not understand the whole of it, therefore understands none of it? Moreover, in what way is music "understood" at all? Mr. Archer admits that music is metaphysical. It therefore appeals to the metaphysical parts of the mind which do not ordinarily function in the brain, but which sometimes touch and irradiate the brain mind under a stimulus long ago received. That many of us are unable to translate music into ordinary speech is no evidence that the music does not influence us, nor that we do not, to some extent, understand it. We may be quite unable

to express a Wagner drama in words, may not even know that it is partly expressible in words. None the less, it has implanted something within us all, including even the musical critic, and somewhere, sometime, even he will know a little more of aspiration than before, a little more of the beauty of the soul which stoops to meet those aspirations. Let us by all means regard the comprehension of music as a necessary part of education as Mr. Archer and Mr. Wells would have us.

Let us also believe that even the schoolgirl, even the social butterfly, feels something of the mystery of music, sees something beyond a mere pattern of sound, something beyond a manual dexterity. STUDENT



A PORTRAIT OF VELASQUEZ, PAINTED BY HIMSELF

A Harp Attributed to Brian Boru

IN Trinity College, Dublin, there is a harp said to have belonged to Brian Boru. It is a beautifully made instrument, and a splendid example of the skill with which the ancient Irish craftsmen were accustomed to work in wood and metal.

This harp originally had thirty strings. The upright pillar is of oak and the forearm is capped with silver, beautifully wrought.

Tradition has it that this harp was played at the Court of King Brian Boru, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf in the year 1014. It became then the property of his son Donough, who murdered Teague and who, to escape the consequences, fled to Rome. The harp of Brian Boru seems to have followed him there, where it lay for three hundred years in the Vatican, until presented by the Pope to Henry VIII.

Such is the story which Mr. George Petrie denies in toto. He says that the harp is far too small for the purpose ascribed to it, being but thirty-two inches in height. He believes that it was made for one of the two O'Neill's, who lived in the Fourteenth century, the first being Bishop of Clogher and the second the Bishop of Derry.

However that may be, the instrument is known as the Harp of Brian Boru, and will probably continue to be so known while it remains in existence. STUDENT

WOMAN'S WORK

The Illuminating of Manuscripts



AMONG the ancient arts and crafts, the revival of which the world is witnessing in Loma-land, are the illuminating of manuscripts and the binding of books by hand. Though not lost, these have been all but forgotten. The ravages of invasion and revolution have swept Europe well-nigh clean of her rare old manuscripts, and today but comparatively few examples can be found. The invention of printing lifted the work of the old illuminators out of the realm of needful things into that of luxuries. The invention of machinery persuaded a hurrying people that the ancient and loving craft of binding books by hand was something hopelessly old-fashioned. The result is that today only the book-lover and the artist know what we miss from having forgotten and "lost" these crafts.

And, here and there, attempts are being made to bring them back, as factors once more, in this problem of life's beauty.

One who stands before some rare manuscript, such for example, as the *Book of Kells* in Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, is aware that it contains something more than just pigment and vellum and gold. It is absurd to think that an illuminator could work ten or twenty or thirty years, patiently and lovingly, upon a single missal and not leave it fairly ensouled by all that was best in his own life. And many a great artist in the old days did not consider the illuminating of manuscripts beneath his dignity. There was Franco of Bologna, Fra Angelico, Giotto, Giulio Romano, the pupil of Raphael, and even Raphael himself.

Centuries prior to the work of these artists the illuminating of manuscripts was one phase of the art-life of the Egyptians, although beyond the *Book of the Dead* but few examples now exist. China and Japan contain many ancient and beautiful manuscripts.

In Greece and Byzantium illuminating was an important and honorable craft, becoming in medieval Europe, one of the "free crafts." And the Arabic and Persian illuminations that still exist, give one who can look just a bit beneath the surface, rare insight into the heart-life of those who produced them.

Charlemagne encouraged this art in every possible way, and to the impulse given by him we owe more than we realize in the rare illuminations of France, Italy and even Germany.

From those days until the present a chasm yawns. Many have tried to bridge it. A beginning has been made, here and there, in the hand-binding of books, that promises to bring the spirit of true art, once again, into the book-lover's realm. But in the illuminating of manuscripts practically nothing has so far been accomplished, saving some exquisite examples by Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, better known by her pen name of Carmen Sylva. A lost art, truly, it still awaits its revival on thoroughly artistic lines.

Yet the object of those who today are working on these lines is not merely to bring back the ancient art. That would be futile, for the best of ancient examples reflect the separateness of the age which produced them. One is conscious, even in the traceries upon the early Irish manu-

**"We live not to ourselves,
Our work is life."**

scripts, than which nothing could be more exquisite, of a certain lack of unity. The practise of dividing the labor of a single book among various Scribes, several of whom might be wholly lacking in artistic feeling, also accounts for this. Today the aim is to bring back all that was best in that ancient art, forgetting the deficiencies and absurdities, and adding to that best all that is highest in the life and ideals of today—all, at least, which will lend itself to interpretation by the artist hand.

That women will see in this line of work rare possibilities is to be expected. That they will develop these possibilities when once their interest has been aroused, one feels assured. Dext and clever fingers are not wasted upon a work which requires the greatest deftness and most delicate manual skill, nor are artistic gifts, even those of genius. A beginning has already been made by a few women, here and there, and just in the proportion that their motives are untainted by the commercialism of the age, just in the proportion that they enlist the service of the heart as well as of hand and head, will their work bring back the loving spirit of the old days. STUDENT



A FEW MANUSCRIPTS, ILLUMINATED AND BOUND BY HAND, THE WORK OF STUDENTS OF KATHERINE TINGLEY IN THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE AND MART, AT POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Lucy Larrigo

THE *Sydney Evening News* reports the death of Lucy Larrigo, an aborigine, whose life was so remarkable that some record of it ought to be preserved as an incentive to whites as much as to people of her own color. Throughout her long career we are told that the one mission of Lucy Larrigo seemed to be to help her people, and by her people she meant all of her color, irrespective of tribe. Her very special care was given to the helpless and homeless aboriginal children, and in their aid no labor was too great and no sacrifice too severe. Lucy spoke two native languages in addition to English, and her influence

over her people was so great that on many occasions she was enabled to prevent tribal fights and to adjust the most serious quarrels.

We should like to know more of this remarkable woman, who will certainly be missed by her people, to whom she had devoted so unselfish a life. STUDENT

French Women as Art Jurors

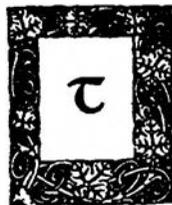
FOR the first time women have been elected members of the Salon jury, in Paris. The office is a dignified and important one, for the Salon standard is the accepted standard among artists the world over. The two women chosen are Mme. Marie Cazin and Mme. Madeleine Lemaire.

Mme. Cazin is a recognized painter of landscapes, although her fame in this line has been obscured by the fact that her husband, now deceased, was an eminent landscapist. Mme. Cazin's best work has been done in sculpture, and it is as a judge of sculpture that she is to serve upon the jury.

Madeleine Lemaire has held an enviable place in the art world for many years. As a child she showed remarkable talent, and when only fourteen was requested by her teacher, Chaplin, to assist him in the decoration of certain apartments of the palace of the Elysees. At eighteen she became an exhibitor in the Salon, upon whose jury as judge of painting she is this year to serve.

Music and the Heart Life

I OPENED the doors of my heart. And behold,
 There was music within and a song,
 And echoes did feed on the sweetness, repeating it long.
 I opened the doors of my heart. And behold,
 There was music that played itself out in Aeolian notes:
 Then was heard, as a far-away bell at long intervals tolled.
 —JEAN INGELOW "Contrasted Songs."



THAT the ennobling mission of music is today not more generally recognized argues a certain sordidness in the common motive. For music is not a mere accomplishment, not a mere ornament that humanity might, if need be, easily dispense with. It is the soul's dramatic interpreter. It is a part of life itself. That home is but a semblance of the real thing, which is barren of music.

The woman who fails to do all that lies within her power to add to her home life that one element, misses a great opportunity. The mother who knows not how—or cares not—to teach simple heart songs to the little ones at her knee, is closing the door upon her supreme chance to serve the race.

It has been said, "Let me sing a nation's cradle-songs, and I care not who makes its laws." The words touch upon a great truth. By music—the right kind of music—the soul is awakened, the heart is set alight. The child who hears in the cradle simple songs and who often, even in babyhood, hears the music of some instrument is given an impulse towards the higher life, and, even though unconsciously to the mother, takes a step outward and upward.

This, mothers and those who have the care and training of little children, often do not understand. The result is that the average child during the period of babyhood misses the soul touch of music. Later, if he shows no special talent, more than likely he is deprived of musical training altogether. If he appears to be gifted musically, this gift is developed, often to his disadvantage and at the expense of his other faculties; sometimes to his ruin. If this is not the case, then how do you account for the number of musicians who are jealous, who are sordid, who are conceited, who are selfish, who lead even dissipated lives? And why does society, why do we, tolerate conceit and jealousy, and selfishness, and even immorality, in a musician which we would not tolerate in our minister, our family physician, or our nearest friend? It argues either one of two things—perhaps both—that we cannot as yet distinguish between real music and the semblance of it, or that our present-day life is so barren of all that music brings into it that we forget the musician's motive and character in gratitude for his service. Yet it is absurd to think that music can ever give us its real message until the bearers of that message are worthy. The soul is never sordid. Is it the soul that speaks to us, then, in the music of one who plays or teaches just for money? The soul is never jealous. Is it possible for the jealous musician, who looks upon his brother musicians not as comrades, but as rivals, to give us pure music? It is impossible; as impossible as that pure water should flow in a stream which is poisoned at its source.

This is not the case with all musicians, perhaps with but a minority. But these conditions exist and play a terrible part in keeping closed the door which stands between humanity and its higher possibilities. Who shall transform and remedy them? Those who live the heart life, the true life, the unselfish life.

I opened the doors of my heart. And behold,
 There was music within and a song.

JULIA HECHT

O what are heroes, prophets, men,
 But pipes through which the breath of Pan doth blow
 A momentary Music.—EMERSON

A DAUGHTER of the celebrated Indian chief American Horse has successfully passed an examination for teacher of one of the Indian schools. She is a graduate of the Indian school at Carlisle, where she made one of the best of records in every department which she entered. Since then she has been living with a Quaker family in Pennsylvania. Her father was an hereditary chief of the Sioux nation, a great warrior and orator, and a magnificent type of his race.

Written at Killarney

by MRS. TIGHE, July 1800

HOW soft the pause! the notes melodious cease,
 Which from each feeling could an echo call;
 Rest on your oars; that not a sound may fall
 To interrupt the stillness of our peace;
 The fanning west-wind breathes upon our cheeks
 Yet glowing with the sun's departed beams.
 Through the blue heavens the cloudless moon pours streams
 Of pure resplendent light, in silver streaks
 Reflected on the still unruffled lake.
 The Alpine hills in solemn silence frown,
 While the dark woods night's deepest shades embrown.
 And now once more that soothing strain awake!
 Oh, ever to my heart, with magic power,
 Shall those sweet sounds recall this rapturous hour!

A Word about Erin

IN these days of hurry and haste, it is strange to think there still exists a land behind the times in the scramble for gain and gold—but such is Erin, the "Sacred Island," the "Isle of Destiny."

Erin has something lasting and worthy to preserve and offer. From times remote her gift to other nations has been from her storehouse of wisdom. Hoary with age we find the recorder of her history—a mysterious being of one of the cardinal points, the West—"whose duty it was to preserve the histories of Spain and Ireland."

Their histories are linked together. Ages ago, from Spain's sunny clime came the sons of Mile, to find on Erin's soil the land they had



IRISH SAMAR IN THE RIVER ERNE

wandered far in quest of—"Imofail, the 'Isle of Destiny'—their final home."

The ruins of her temples and schools of learning have long ago crumbled away; but from the purple-veiled mountains, the singing brooks and whispering leafy dells, her bright soul still breathes forth the starry message as of old, in the long forgotten language of the heart.

With the patience of a loving mother she waits—touching now and again hidden founts of beauty in that silence which the true love of nature unfolds; there too, she welcomes the soul-sick children of other lands, and soothes their loneliness in the feeling of home.

Dauntless in courage, great in honor, gentleness and wisdom have been her heroes; loving and true her brave warrior-queens; and in the majestic



THE MOUND CALLED THE FORRA, AT TARA

Emer we know one of her noble and queenly women—Emer, who was willing to sacrifice all, that her hero, her beloved, might choose the true.

The beauties of soul-life have ever been Erin's song, and clear notes are telling of a coming dawn more splendid than the glories that rose on the grandeur of her ancient past.

Again, far and wide, will shine the light of her sacred fires, the fires lighted ages since, upon the altars of the hearts of her warrior women.

Once more the chimes of universal welcome will ring on Erin's shores, and the nations will pause and say, wondering, "Has a new light dawned, or have we just awakened from a sleep?" A. P. D.

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Prehistoric Burial Ground Near Redondo, California

THE Los Angeles *Herald* gives us an interesting account of prehistoric relics which have just been discovered at Redondo. These relics consist mainly of graves and their contents, and the scene of the find was on Catalina street and close to the Redondo hotel.

Had it not been for the decision of the city council to grade the street, these important remains might never have been found. We may well remark in passing, that these "chance" discoveries are now sufficiently numerous to furnish some estimate of the enormous quantities of archeologic treasures which underlie the soil of California as well as that of other parts of the United States.

The graves which have thus been found are about three and a half feet deep. They must therefore have originally been very much deeper. The skeletons were found in various positions, some sitting while others were stretched at full length. Various implements of stone were arranged around the heads and shoulders, and abalone shells had been placed at the feet. The implements were fashioned and carved with a very considerable amount of skill. The skulls are very thick, with eyes low set in the face, while the condition of the teeth show that these ancient people must have lived largely upon soft food. A curious point is that in some of the graves every stone implement was found to be broken, which is supposed to imply that the occupant had been a criminal. The implements which were found, include clubs, pipes and various carvings of animals, together with spoons and arrow-heads. Some of the stone implements have been mended with asphaltum, and this substance has also been used for inlaying pieces of abalone shells into knife-handles. The skull of one of the bodies was crushed, and near at hand lay the probable instrument with which this was done, in the shape of a large boulder with a hole bored through it. Cooking and eating utensils were found in considerable numbers, some of them still bearing marks of the fire.

The spot where these remains were found immediately adjoins some enclosed private property, and there can be little doubt that it is only the fringe of an extensive burial ground, which would probably yield a rich and instructive harvest of archeologic treasures. The University of California has already shown such commendable activity in research of this kind, that we have every hope of seeing a proper investigation set on foot in order that we may know something more definite of these early Californian settlers, who went down at low tide to search for abalones.

STUDENT

Prehistoric Washington -- Indications of Lost Races

PERHAPS in the general excavation of old records some one will find time to investigate the quarry of enormous bones on the bank of the Columbia river, a few miles above its junction with the Snake. This deposit has, we believe, never been properly examined, though random travelers have brought in a few specimens of detached bones. One humerus had a ball as large as a man's head, and the bones of some animal having claws indicated something much larger than the largest grizzly bear.

All the immense region comprised in the Rocky Mountain system is covered with a vast sheet of lava and glacial gravel, beneath which must be the remains of an unthinkable ancient existence, probably a continua-

tion of that of which the remains are found in Texas, Kansas, Wyoming and the other prairie States. In the mountain region this outcropping is less frequent, but all the more valuable for that reason. The discovery in Alaska that a second "bed-rock" underlies the upper and has all its characteristics, has awakened those interested in such matters to the fact that the whole region is a stratification of geological epochs of which a record is scarcely hinted by a million years.

There is no atom of this solid globe
Which hath not formed a part of human frame,
Nor any spot whereon some city
Hath not stood. — SHELLEY

STUDENT

Prehistoric Mine Found Near Leslie, Missouri

THE New York *World* announces a very remarkable discovery which has been made in the iron mines near Leslie. The ore in these mines is black hematite, nearly as hard as iron itself, but nevertheless an extraordinary number of ancient workings were discovered, showing that the prehistoric miners had been in no way deterred by the difficulties in their way. Professor Holmes, Chief of the Bureau of Ethnology, to whom we are indebted for a scientific report, says:



PART OF THE OLD AQUEDUCT NEAR CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO

The stratum of ore lay beneath the surface of a broad valley, and in one place an area of 2000 by 2000 feet. The stratum was literally honeycombed with these ancient galleries. They were driven through the hardest part of the ore, and in places were seven or eight feet high, by five in width. The stone sledge hammers which Mr. Cox's miners found in these tunnels were numerous, and I saw one pile of 1300, which the miners in passing to and from their work had picked up in the ancient workings.

Professor Holmes was at first completely puzzled to account for these strange workings. The iron ore could certainly not have been the object of search, as the use of iron was at that period quite unknown. The mystery was, however, solved by the discovery in the mine of numerous pockets of red and yellow oxide of iron which was universally used as paint by the aboriginal races. There can be little doubt that this paint was the inducement for a labor which must have been very severe with the primitive stone axes. Professor Holmes says:

I have examined twelve aboriginal mines in various sections of the United States in my time, but this is by far the most extensive and wonderful that I ever encountered. The aborigines must have gathered there by thousands at times, and there is no telling how many centuries it took them to peck their way through this hematite, almost as hard as the iron itself, in searching for the pockets of red oxide.

Nature

Studies

How Plants Obtain Sustenance from the Soil

UNTIL very recently it was thought that plants took from the air and the soil direct the chemical substances they need for their growth; that they took some of them—*e. g.* nitrogen—as it were, raw, or ammonia and nitrates. It is now known, with respect to many plants, and suspected of all of them, that they keep servants who act as cooks.

In the case of clover, for example, the phenomenon has been carefully studied. On the clover roots are little excrescences, pea-like, full of microbes. It is these which take nitrogen from the soil, cook it, and purvey it to the clover root. The cooking consists in assimilating it, using it for their own life, and then excreting it in a form suitable for the assimilation of the plant. Does the plant give anything in return? Assuredly. Its roots, in absorbing the excretion of the germs, absorbs that which would otherwise kill them.

That is the simple outline of what is known. It is, however, quite possible that the known microbes have still simpler and humbler “cooks” for them; and there may be another layer between them and the plant, for there are three kinds of nitrogen in the soil. First, pure, as a gas. Second, worked up into a chemical compound (a nitrate or ammonia) which working up is probably done by some very elementary and as yet unknown and invisible microbe.

Third, still further worked-up, organic, the remains of dead plant stuff. From these sources the microbes take it, raise it yet higher, make it part of the living tissues of their bodies. Then it slips down hill a little again, becoming an excretion. And in that form the plant can take it. We may be pretty certain that somewhere in the leaves of plants also reside organisms that purvey to the plant cooked nitrogen from the air.

So the plant is what our vegetarian friends would call a “pure” feeder—it does not steal the life of anything. On the contrary, it helps and encourages the lives of those who feed it. It takes milk, so to speak; not killing, and then eating, flesh.

A vegetarian, taking an analogy from the above facts, might argue that man, as an animal—the highest—should take for his diet the product of plants, their fruit, and not the root or plant itself. And that if he eats from the animal kingdom it should still be fruit—eggs, or the highest excretion, milk.

The plant-microbe combination is not without its moral lesson, perhaps—*life in mutual service*. And any imaginative person might further say that as a dog has his evolution immensely quickened by association with a man, so the microbes may have their evolution hastened by association with a thoughtful and courteous plant. But this, of course, is not “scientific”—at present, and we only pause to remark, what history shows, that imagination, rightly directed, is but science ahead of time. K.

A Poppy That Went Visiting and Returned

THE poppy plant (it's only one) shown in this illustration, has a somewhat curious history. Two or three years ago seeds were sent from Point Loma to friends in Illinois, who planted them with successful results, and some of the seeds were sent back here, from one of which this plant was grown. It may be, therefore, called a returned traveler, who has tried the soil of foreign lands.

Just a year ago this returned seed was planted and grew to beautiful bloom. The plant was not allowed to produce any seeds, so kept blossoming until last December. Then it was given a few weeks needed rest and transplanted to a sunnier spot near the Refectory, and is now a mass of thirty beautiful, satiny orange colored blossoms. At noon-time when they are all wide open, it is very interesting to watch the buds push off their steeple caps and gently unfold their splendid color to the sun. NATURE



Strange Inmates of Snail Shells

IN less favored localities a snail is considered a rather slow traveler, and some times slighting remarks

are made about him on that account. But here at Loma-land one may go along the beach and see snail shells darting about so swiftly that it is hard to keep watch of them. The sides of a pool may be thickly dotted with them, of all sizes from that of a small pea to that of a large cherry, but just touch the water and in five seconds there will be none in sight. Pick one up and it is apparently empty, but if it is held in the hand a moment two tiny red claws will appear, followed by some very thin legs and a soft, white body. A curious-looking object to be in a snail shell, from which it has probably eaten the rightful owner. In fact it is a crab; “hermit crab” it is called, which has adopted the plan of stealing in this way a coat of armor to save himself the trouble of self-defense.

As he grows larger and finds the shell cramping him he looks up a larger one and moves in, first devouring the owner if he is at home. Get quietly up to a pool and one of these little crabs may be seen on a bit of rock with his eight legs braced in all directions to support the shell upright, while he eats with his claws, which move to his mouth by turns as regularly as clockwork, with bits of the weed and sea-moss which he eats.

Sometimes a group of them will be found taking dinner together from a common dish. They are fond of meat and are always on the lookout for it, so if they happen to find a slug they have a royal feast. The slug's shell is shaped like a platter, and when the animal dies it turns on its back, so that the meal is already served. Then these little hermit crabs gather for dinner; they will stand in a row about the platter, extending far out of their shells so as to be able to reach over the edge, like little dogs at a high pail, and eat as fast as possible with both claws in so human a way that one can almost fancy them trying to talk with their mouths full. B. R.

The California Poppy

by JOAQUIN MILLER in *Out West*

THE golden poppy is God's gold,
The gold that lifts, nor weighs us down,
The gold that knows no miser's hold,
The gold that banks not in the town.
But singing, laughing, freely spills
Its hoard far up the happy hills;
Far up, far down, on every turn,
What beggar has not gold to burn!



A COTTAGE AT VALLOMBROSA, SAN DIEGO CO.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

ONE of the principal teachings of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, California, is that life is a song of joy. The little ones accept it, they feel it and they live it. Why is it that grown up people fail to recognize the joy of living? It is because our plane of existence, our code of morals, fall far below the pure simplicity of childhood. The cares of today and tomorrow occupy our attention to such an extent that we have no time to appreciate the blessings of the present moment; it is not enjoyed, and virtues, like gratitude and love for others, are left undeveloped. And for a heart without love there can be no gladness, for the workman who aims below the mark of perfection, no joy. The joy of living has nothing whatever to do with ease or wealth, it naturally springs from the source of life, from the inner hidden divinity. It is often found amongst the contented of that class which the world calls poor, that class of people who live simple lives, unfamiliar with the causes of modern ailments. Take a child, lavish upon it all the toys and playthings of which you are able to conceive, you will soon observe that the stability of man-made happiness is of a very fleeting nature. Or, lead a child on a spring day out into nature's temple, and you will witness an unfoldment of true joy and harmony, the heart of the child responding to nature's joyous call.

This is a plain and undeniable fact; but we grown people ignore it and are constantly seeking for happiness outside of ourselves, expecting some good fortune, whether merited or not, to descend upon us. It will never come before it is deserved. We will not become cheerful before we can grasp the present moment, and living in it, enjoy it. But this "living in it" is the difficult yet so essential part. It means that the human soul must be allowed to receive impressions and to act upon them unhampered by the lower cravings of the body, and unaffected by conventional policy; daring and doing without concerning itself about the results. This is the true living.

Shakespeare said: Life is a play, the world a stage, the soul an actor. But life is by no means a game as most of us have made it. Nevertheless, we gamble, we speculate wildly in the future, and often fail to apply our energy and qualifications rationally when the opportunity demands. This misuse of energy, or absence of the same, is the principal cause of human suffering. The remedy is, Energy correctly applied; or, as it is called in the East, "Raja Yoga," the science of right action.

The basis of this science is spiritual, moral and mental health, such as we find it

The Science of Right Action

Read at a public meeting of U. B. Lodge, Macon, Ga.

in the simple and innocent little children, and this the Master pointed out to the Jewish ruler, when he said: "Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Where is the kingdom of God? Where is the glory of life? And where is the crown everlasting? Is it to be found and worn in a state of lazy inactivity after the dissolution of our bodily form?

Do we dare to suppose that the creators of the universes and all that they contain, sat down the sixth day for an eternal rest? We do not, and when we expect to go through our lives in a superficial way, trusting to good luck and vicarious atonement, we simply deceive ourselves, and reap the wages of sin and ignorance.

The sway of a materialistic age has inoculated a poisonous germ into our lives: to hurry up and get through. Painstaking and attention to details have become of secondary importance, the energy liberated is insufficient to reach the mark, the result is disappointing, and the hope of getting something for little or nothing is woefully blasted.

Is life worth living? is the question with which the human mind has been busily engaged. The answer may be Yes! or No! It depends entirely upon our view of life. If we deal with such imaginary factors as luck or fortune, we will sooner or later find the game unworthy of the candle. If we conceive of it as a real soul exercise, in which no moment should be allowed to pass unused, we must deem it one glorious opportunity, to be used and infused with firm and conscientious efforts, backed by the undivided vigor of the human will.

Then we will find that life is joy, and with this realization will follow love and sympathy for fellow beings, for joy is a universal power, it cannot be monopolized, its nature is of unlimited extension.

And there is more joy around us than what we take notice of. Listen to the mirth of little children at their play, to the song of the blacksmith while he swings

his hammer, to the plowman singing in the field; observe the radiant expression on the face of the artist, when he steps back from his easel to view the effects of the last strokes of his brush.

There is joy everywhere. Joy for the lowly toiler, who elevates his simple work into a craftsmanship. Joy for the master of sound, color and form. Joy for every being who is able to grasp the moment at hand and imbue it with the nobility of pure thought and correct positive action.

A. J.

PROGRAM -- ISIS THEATRE SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 7th

at 8 o'clock

- 1 Overture---Leonore Beethoven
- 2 Melody in F Rubinstein
Allegro (from Trio in E flat) Lachner
violin, viola and piano
- 3 Abendlied Schumann
- 4 Slavonic Dances Nos. 1 and 3 Dvorak
- 5 Melodie H. W. Nicholl
organ and piano
- 6 Overture---Fingal's Cave Mendelssohn

Louisville, Kentucky, U. B. Lodge

THE LODGE held its regular monthly meeting on Sunday, May 3d, with a good attendance. The meeting was opened by the President, G. H. Wilson, who stated the objects of The Universal Brotherhood Organization and read extracts from *The Voice of the Silence*. This was followed by selections of music by one of our recent members, who has given the Lodge much help along these lines. The subject of Brother Gearhart's address was "The Constitution of Man," which was ably given and kept the attention of all who heard it. At the close of the address more music was given, and then followed questions and answers. This feature of the work always proves of great interest and the people seem glad of the opportunity of asking questions thus afforded them.

On April 25th, Louisville Lodge celebrated the completion of the first seven years of its establishment as a local Lodge of The Universal Brotherhood. The meeting, which was a public one, was a complete success, a large audience being present. The program consisted of music, a reading, and an address by the President. The program was fully carried out and well rendered, the music being a conspicuous feature of the occasion. After the completion of the program the meeting resolved itself into a social gathering, and the felicitations of the members and friends were mutually exchanged. At the close the beautiful flowers were distributed among all present as tokens of friendship and as marking one of the most successful events in the history of Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 119.

FRED E. STEVENS, Secretary

San Francisco Lotus Group

A VERY successful entertainment was given by the children of San Francisco Lotus Group, on May 8th, at the Lodge Headquarters. The date set being a memorable date in Theosophic history, the children entered with full spirit into the celebration of the memory of H. P. Blavatsky. The stage was beautifully decorated with green and flowers, the committee on decorations having given an artistic touch and a touch of something that goes deeper and makes one feel good. The entertainment consisted of songs, recitations, and a May-pole dance by twelve of the Lotus Buds, also three short papers were read by three of the older children, who had written them for the occasion. Not a mistake was made in carrying out the program, and it gave great delight to every one.

HARRIET H. SOMERS, Superintendent

Lotus Group at Ostermalm, Stockholm, Sweden

THE MONTH of April has been rich in "great events" in our Group. Besides the four ordinary meetings, we have had a Swedish Historical Festival on April 13th, for parents and Lodge members, and on April 14th the same was repeated for our Lotus comrades in the other Groups here in Stockholm; and then on April 19th we had the great pleasure to welcome Miss Bergman home again.

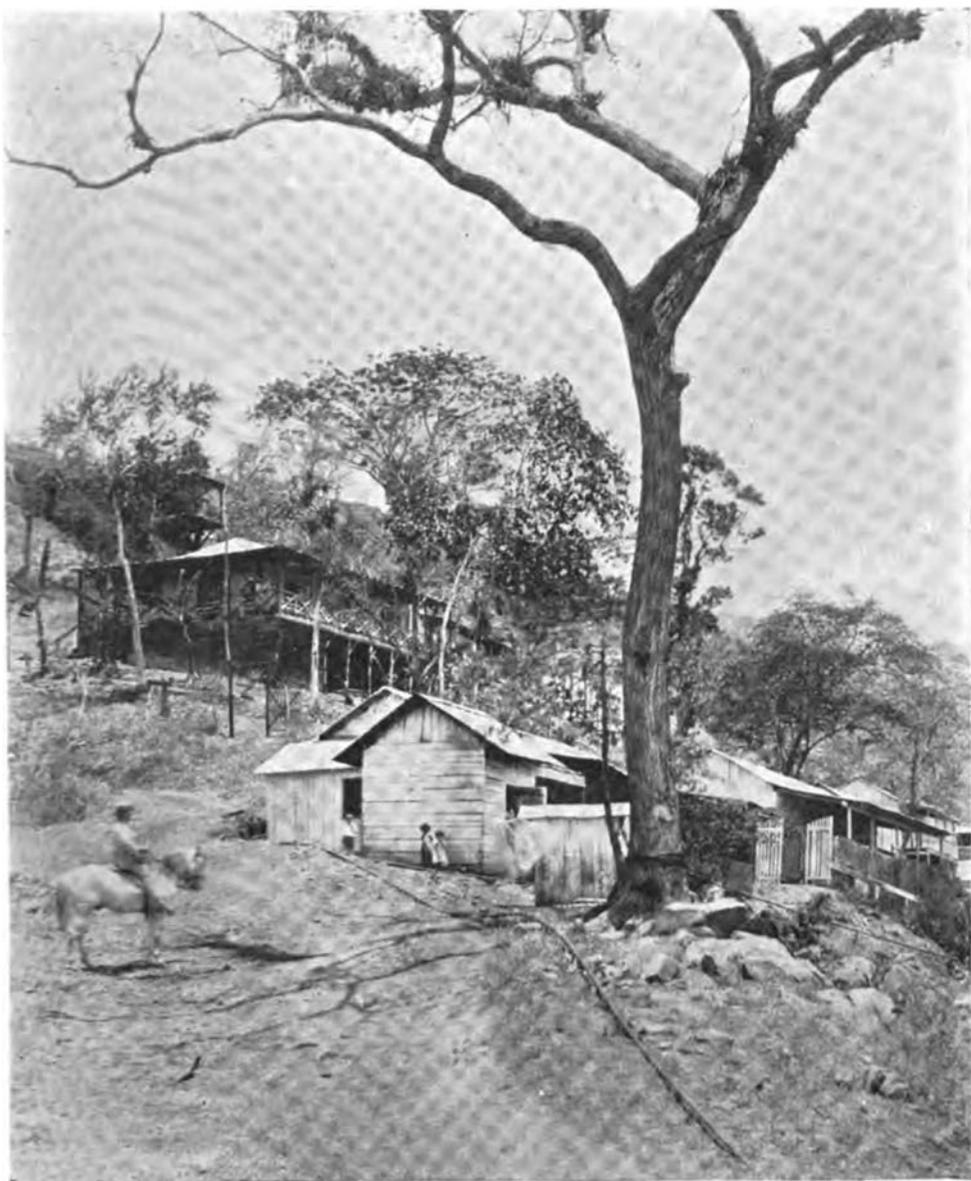
From our earlier reports you know that the last months we have been preparing our historical festival, in which thirty children took part, and it is a pleasure for us to now state that the whole festival exceeded our highest expectations.

All the children took part in the proceedings with joy and happiness, and we felt that the children answered to their responsibility to show their parents what the Lotus work will help them to be and to do. In fact it was to the children themselves we owed the success. After some fanfares on piano, Lieutenant W. v. Greyerz welcomed the audience, saying that we were happy to show them our work with their children. He said the Lotus work tries to awake a higher patriotism within the children, and that we do this in some degree by making the children represent the heroes of our country. If we now try to do our best to help the children, the future will become happier and more easy to live.

The program was filled out by beautiful national airs, tableaux and a historical play representing five events in King Gustaf Vasa's life. The first tableau represented Birger Jael, a great Swedish administrator, who governed our country—1250-1266—and who gave Sweden many good laws, and lifted it from a state of darkness and brutality to a state of higher knowledge and civilization. When he was introduced on the stage, a nine-year-old boy, told the public what Birger Jael had done for our country, and a little girl added that he never would be forgotten by "Swedish women."

The next tableau represented Engelbrekt Engelbrektsson, a Swedish champion of liberty. He assembled and raised the people against foreign oppressors, who had been sent by the Danish King to govern the Swedish provinces during the time named "Kalmar Union," when the three Scandinavian countries were united under one king, and which union ended by the accession of Gustaf Vasa in 1521. Accompanying the tableau a boy spoke some explanatory words.

The third tableau represented a Swedish woman, Kristina Gyllenstierna, an historical heroine. She took an effective part in the liberty war Engelbrekt had commenced, and which finally led to Gustaf Vasa's becoming King of Sweden. A young girl explained this tableau. Between the different tab-



HOSPITAL DE JURAGUA, SANTIAGO DE CUBA

leaux the children rendered appropriate songs. Then followed five scenes from the life of Gustaf Vasa. The costumes were historically true and the children acted their parts in a very enthusiastic manner, showing that they understood the characters in the play.

Then followed a song, during which all the children marched around the assembled public with Swedish flags in their hands, and returned to the platform where King Oscar's portrait now was placed, surrounded by fir trees and flags. The children saluted him with their flags and sang the Swedish national hymn, the public standing.

Having thus ended the historical representations, Mrs. Helena von Greyerz spoke to the audience. She said that it was to our Leader, Katherine Tingley, we had to be grateful that we could assemble the children to such a beautiful festival as this. It was she who taught us how to come near the hearts of the children and to help them to let their "Heart Light" shine out. She taught us how to teach the children to become helpers for humanity. She said they could show their gratitude to Katherine Tingley in the way she best liked, by sending out loving thoughts to mankind. All then sang "The Sun Temple," and when the song was done the children shouted to the audience, "Thank you, comrades," which was accepted with enthusiasm.

Sunday, April 19th, we had, as above mentioned, the great pleasure to welcome Miss Bergman. The children saluted her with some Swedish songs, marching around the Hall with Swedish flags in their hands, and the American and Swedish flags at the head. One of the girls greeted her welcome with some few words and a little basket with spring flowers. Miss Bergman spoke heartily to the children, greeting them from their comrades at Point Loma, and brought to them a beautiful gift from the Raja Yoga children in Loma-land.

GERDA NYSTROM, Secretary

Lotus Group at Vestermalm, Stockholm, Sweden

DURING the month of April, we have had Sunday-morning meetings and Monday-evening classes as usual, with good attendance. We have gone through Lotus leaflet 11, series II, and have had songs and tales in harmony therewith.

Easter Sunday was dedicated to the thought of its signification and to the coming spring. Sunday, 26th, we had the pleasure of having Miss Ellen Bergman present at the meeting, who greeted the children heartily from the Leader and their comrades, and she told about Point Loma and the children's work there, presenting the meeting with the gift that she had brought with her from the children at Point Loma. All the children were very glad to hear about the work over there and all those connected with it.

The meeting was devoted to talks about Loma-land and Sweden, and a talk was given about our great Swedish woman St. Birgitta. During our silent moments we sent our heart-light to Point Loma, every child having a little flower, which we then asked Miss Bergman to send to Point Loma. We also made a little trip to Point Loma in our golden boat, and then cheered for Point Loma and Sweden. With love and greetings.

ALMA NORRSSELL, Secretary

¶ An indiscreet or careless speech may cause harm that can never be remedied, and unhappiness for which there can be no amends.

A Religion of Selfishness

IN "A Religion for the Selfish," a review in the *Literary Digest* of an article in the French *Revue*, we notice an advocacy of selfishness as a virtue and as a duty. Needless to say it is a marvel of confusion of words and confusion of thought. Unselfishness is confused with weakness and submissiveness, and selfishness is confused with self-respect. With such variable and interchangeable factors the logic can, of course, be made to lead to any desired conclusion.

The man of power and ability can surely guard his talents from misappropriation by thieves without practising selfishness. Our notion of unselfishness is not that of shirking and yielding up all one's personal influence on the world; to act so would mean injuring other people by pandering to their vices. Unselfishness means the desire to act in the real interests of humanity and the aspiration after a larger life than the life of self-culture and self-enjoyment.

To the writer in the *Revue*, a M. Emile Faguet, the world of men appears simply as a crowd of separate personalities, and unselfishness means the submission of a weak personality to a strong one. The conception of a blending of separate units into one does not occur to him. His "unselfishness" is as personal as his "selfishness."

Our idea of the duty of unselfishness is founded on a firm conviction that men are really one in heart, and that there is possible for every man a larger and happier life whenever he succeeds in making this conviction a realized experience. We do not believe that a man's best interests can be served by devoting himself to his personal wishes, and maintaining a distant attitude towards other people. He who grasps the shadow will lose the substance. He who gives, lends to the Lord.

STUDENT

The Synthesis of Ideals

SPEAKING recently of the social phenomena of today, Bishop Spalding of Peoria, Ill., recently said:

Where is the reason for all this? It springs from our American hurry to get rich, which is a disease of a people who lack ideals; who measure the value of religion, culture, and art by the influence of these things on thrift and material prosperity. In the midst of all this rush and noise of business, of expansion and success, we are rapidly growing incapable of taking or loving the deeper views of life. Our faith in education is, at bottom, the faith in its powers to enable us to get more money.

Our preaching, leaving aside the things that are eternally right and true and indispensable, concerns itself with that which is frivolous, startling and vulgar. There is, I think, somewhere in the Bible a text which says that God is angry with the nations that are rich. If we look profoundly, there is a great deal in our social and political life which should make our persistent optimism seem little else than an unwillingness or an inability to see the truth.

May the intensity and pain of modern life be revealed as but the birth-throes of the New Order! May more and more learn to think and desire in terms of the vast struggling life of humanity! S.



RAJA YOGA BOYS IN CUBA
Cuban, American, and English Boys who took part in the recent Cuban Crusade under the Leadership of Katherine Tingley
From a photograph taken at Las Cuabas, near Santiago de Cuba

On the Bright Angel Trail in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado

ONE may have missed seeing the pyramids of Egypt, the ruins at Rome and in Greece, or almost any of the "wonders of the world;" but if one has viewed the Grand Canyon of the Colorado one can well forego these lesser things. At the Grand Canyon, which is correctly though simply named, one sees so majestically exemplified the processes of Nature in her infinite variety of moods that the best efforts of human skill and ingenuity pale into insignificance by comparison. The harmony of color, the spectacular arrangement of enormous masses of water-eroded rock, so overpower one that words and even photographs fail dismally in adequately describing this magnificent "wonder of the wonders." Adjectives are not made potent enough to carry the desired meaning to the mind.

Here in America, the home of the marvelous, we have a "curiosity" that outshines, as far as known, anything that can be seen elsewhere. It must be remembered that here we are looking solely on the handiwork of Nature, who painstakingly began the creation of this magnificent spectacle long before the huge stone blocks composing the Pyramids of Egypt had been quarried, thousands and thousands of years before the growing artistic nature of the ancient Greeks and Romans immortalized itself in the beautiful temples and statuary that we still hold as our criterion of excellence. The Canyon is the cause of the distraction and despair of him who would photograph its weird beauties, as it is of him who would narrate them. It is an impossibility to obtain a photograph that will reproduce in anything approaching completeness the many beauties of the panoramic view. The photos (reproductions of which accompany this article) were obtained only after failure upon failure by the most expert photographers of this and other countries. It will be admitted by all who have been fortunate enough to gaze upon the beauties of the Canyon that they do but scant justice to the scene. The marvels of color-photography even fail to reproduce the delicate tints involved.

The far-distant walls and jutting rocks and pyramids are continually covered with a wonderfully delicate veil of haze, varying from almost imperceptible mauve in the high lights to the deepest and most brilliant royal purple in the shadows. This ever-present veil is its most beautiful feature, toning down and blending the colors of the rocks. The photographers are not alone in their despair of ever reproducing a creditable view; artists, some of the best the world has ever seen, have given up discouraged after exhausting their skill in the mixing of colors and handling the brush and palette. One's opinion of human ability and greatness sinks like

a barometer before a storm as the first view of nature's masterpiece bursts before one's gaze. You are almost at the brink before a



ON BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL

tance from the earth to the sun and hazard an estimate—yes, that is easy—but to state how long it took to wear away four hundred feet off the top of a plateau of the extent of one hundred square miles, leaving it practically level, then chiseling through the rock that was left, exposing a chasm over twelve miles wide, two hundred and twenty miles long and forty-five hundred feet deep, makes even the brain of the most scientific statistician reel, and forces us in awe and humbleness to bow before that power which by such simple means has yet accomplished such great results. The various rock strata are sharply and clearly defined, the colors varying from gray, yellow, green, red and brown to other tints, too delicate and diffused to classify.

Individuals come here egotistically buoyed up in their confidence of the supremacy of human power. "We will bridge your canyon and dam one end for irrigation purposes," they flamboyantly exclaim. The civilized world behind them, with its ancient and modern man-made wonders, they tolerantly condescend to take a brief respite from their labors and material pursuits, to see what nature has to offer for their approval. Thinking it will probably not be nearly as wonderful as their modern mechanical ap-

pliances or their ancient relics, expecting to see nothing but an exaggerated, overgrown railroad cut, when they leave their voices have a different, a softer sound, their bombastic ideas are shattered, their egotism somewhat subdued. With a broader respect, a more sublime feeling for nature's works, they return to their little world, determined to strike a different tone in life's harmony, a chord, with a little, be it ever so little of the unnatural in harmony eradicated.

Unfortunately there are some who look upon the spot as a mere out-of-the-way "Coney Island." To them the sublimity is non-existent, the beauties merely vagaries of one's fancy, the immense distances too great a tax on their feeble brains to bother with. They come simply to rush down the trails to the Colorado river at the bottom as quickly as possible, rush to the top again in time enough to eat a "thundering good meal," a revel and a dance, and a rush for the first train away. Their only purpose in coming was to be able to boast of their feat and say, "I have seen the Grand Canyon and climbed down to the river." Truly they have done so with their body, but it might just as well have been carried down and up again in a box, for all the good it has done them.

This spot, formerly one of the secluded, sacred places of the Indians, is now readily accessible to all. The sonorous whistle of the locomotive goes echoing through the stillness of the pine forests, reechoing from wall to wall of the abyss of the great canyon. The sacred pictographs



VIEW FROM O'NEILL'S POINT
At this point it is 12 miles across to the opposite rim



IN A LIMESTONE CAVERN ON GRAND VIEW TRAIL



FROM BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL
The Colorado River running through Granite Gorge

sign of the Canyon can be seen, then it bursts upon you in all its colossal splendor, causing an involuntary short quick gasp for breath, and a half-ejaculated, long-drawn-out Oh! Now if you will only rise to the occasion and get *en rapport* with nature, you will learn a lesson that can never be learned from any book or from any teacher except the great teacher of all, that divinity which dwelleth everywhere, an aspect of which we sometimes conceal under the name of "nature." Remember, we are now looking down on the result of thousands of years of the most patient work, no other tools being used but the eroding action of large volumes of water. No scientist has yet been rash enough to hazard a guess at how long this action has been going on. The fissure is cut through almost solid rock. To compute the dis-

of the Indians can still be traced on the rain-worn walls of the canyon. How old they are even the Indians of today know not. Like the ruins of ancient stone houses found in and around the canyon, they antedate their earliest history and legends.

A picture of some of these ruins is shown, illustration on the cover page, ruins of a mighty and forgotten past. The Indians have had a quasi-civilization forced on them.

Degraded from their former life of sublimity and simple grandeur, they no longer have their open camps along the brinks of the canyon, they no longer "make medicine" to the "great spirit," or live and enjoy nature at her grandest. The masterpiece will probably remain untouched and unchanged for the eternal ages. Her favored children, more's the shame and pity, have already vanished. H. S. T.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The Unrest of the Floor of the Pacific Ocean

IN a recent issue we gave a sketch of one of the Easter Island statues, with some account of the stone remains of cities and dwellings yet to be seen on some other of the mid-Pacific islands. It might be noted by those who are interested, that both statues and buildings correspond to the description of that old Lemurian civilization given in the ancient *Book of Dzyan*. Speaking of the later Lemurians this archaic Tibetan record says:

They built huge cities. . . . Out of the fires vomited, out of the white stone of the mountains and of the black stone, they cut their own images, in their size and likeness. They built great images nine yatis (27 feet) high, the size of their bodies.

And it speaks of the "inner (volcanic) fires" which had destroyed so much of their vast Pacific continent. (Quoted in H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, vol. 2.)

The continent thus sunk so many ages ago, with all the life that it contained, does not seem to rest very quietly in its water tomb. There is more or less constant unrest all across the Pacific and at both ends of that mighty Lemurian belt—Mexico and Japan—unrest of seismic and volcanic character, with resulting great waves and storms. Here is an extract from Professor Angelo Heilprin's recent remarkable book on *Mount Pelee and the Tragedy of Martinique*:

In various papers discussing the relative merits of the two interoceanic canal routes, Nicaragua and Panama, I have sought to point out the fallacy of the notion that a half century or more in the history of an active or semiactive volcano serves as a guide to the elucidation of the possibilities of such volcano or that it is necessarily in any way a measure of the volcano's potential energy. It seemed to me far more probable, seeing that we had in the 1835 eruption of Coseguina one of the greatest paroxysms of the earth's history, that the volcanic and seismic phenomena of at least a part of the Carribean region gave indications of an increase rather than a decrease of power, and I pointed out the bearing of this condition on the problem of canal construction. Since the appearance of these papers the world has been startled by the destruction of Chilpancingo on January 16th, the destruction of Quetzaltenango on April 18th, the eruption of the Soufriere on May 7th, and the death-dealing eruptions (besides other eruptions of almost equal intensity May 20th, June 6th, and July 9th) of Pelee on May 8th and August 30th. These, together with the long-continued eruption of Colima, in Mexico, now extending through a period of ten years, appear to me to be part of one and the same general disturbance in a localized, even though vast, area of the earth's crust. As to the future and what particularly concerns the forces of the Lesser Antilles, it is difficult to postulate, but there does not appear to me any good reason for assuming that we are about to enter upon a condition of peace. Rather should I believe that we may be facing a period of long-continued, even if interrupted, activity, and that we may even be nearing a period whose distinguishing characteristics may be cataclysmic.

St. Pierre, says the professor, was destroyed by a blast of superheated steam, traveling at about three to five miles a minute. The volcano was also discharging forty million cubic feet of solid sediment every five minutes, or eleven and one-half thousand million per day. He naturally comments:

One is almost appalled by the magnitude of this work, and yet the work may even be very much greater than is here stated. We ask ourselves the questions, What becomes of the void that is being formed in the interior? What form of new catastrophe does it invite? There can be no answer to a question of this kind except in the future happening that may be associated with this special condition. But geologists must take count of the force as being one of greatest potential energy, whose relation to the modeling and the shaping of the destinies of the globe is of far greater significance than has generally been conceived.

The other great sunken continent, Atlantis, of the north Atlantic ocean, the continent of which Plato's Atlantis was a fragment, had something to say for itself the other day at a meeting of the English Folk-lore society. The Atlantis of Plato was about where the Azores Islands are now; indeed the Azores are probably its peaks. Mr. Longworth Dames related several of the folk-lore traditions of the Azores, one showing that a great land in mid-ocean was swallowed up "because of the pride of the king," leaving only the speck of the existing island. In the stanzas of *Dzyan* given by H. P. Blavatsky, this continent was destroyed by submergence.

STUDENT

Man's Growing Knowledge of the Senses of Plants

OUR knowledge of the senses of plants is steadily growing. We know that they have a rudimentary sense of sight, for they know where the light is. Some of them have a very acute sense of touch, possibly all in some degree. Some give evidence of a sense of taste. It now appears that they have that unnamed sense which in us tells whether we are upright.

There are three canals—each a half circle in shape—in the human ear, at right angles to each other like the floor and two touching sides of a square box. Physiologists teach that by the varying delicate pressure of the fluid contained in these upon the nerve ends in the lining membrane we obtain our sense of position and preserve our balance. It now seems that plants have a similar sense.

This fact came out in some investigations by Mr. Francis Darwin as to why plants and trees grow upward. It is not merely to follow the light, for in that case in certain latitudes, following the sun they would all bow southward. Here is an abstract of Mr. Darwin's conclusions:

In the tips of the roots of certain seedlings it was found there were special cells, each containing a free starch grain, which naturally sank to the bottom, and changed its position if the plant were laid on its side. The starch grain, always responding to the earth's downward attraction, keeps the plant informed of which direction is up and which down, and so supplies a stimulus determining growth in a vertical direction. Mr. Darwin tried plants laid on their sides, and stimulated by a side-light, but still they grew upward. When the plants were placed on a vibrating surface, so that the starch grains tapped on the bottoms of their cells, the upward curvature of the growth was increased, the gravitational stimulus being made more active. The fact that the gravitational apparatus is situated in certain definite regions, such as the root-tip, where it is required to determine the direction of growth, suggests that it belongs, Mr. Darwin says, to "that type of physiological machine which we call a sense-organ."

If any one were to take the objection that the earth is not a vibrating surface he would have to be referred to continuous seismic records, which show that it *is*. The "solid ground" is really subject to an almost constant thrill, and the earthquake is but a tremendous accentuation of this.

Mr. Darwin does not give the *rate* of vibrations which he imparted to his vibrating surfaces. Interesting results of other kinds might result from research into the effects of different rates.

K.

Beginning to Learn Some of the Laws of Heredity

OF all the sciences of today, there are none whose landmarks are shifting faster than Biology. Looking back, it seems hardly credible that the celebrated *Origin of Species* appeared only forty-four years ago. And as it overthrew many things that fought a losing battle very hard, so, many of the dogmas that rapidly sprang from it in the scientific world are losing their place. The doctrine of Natural Selection, Survival of the Fittest, and Heredity—a three-fold unity—is in no wise the binding and blinding credo that it was. Heredity and environment were the all in all of the factors of biology.

As to environment, we have learned of late that among the seeds of one individual plant, in the same circumstances and environment, a wholly new species may from some of those seeds spontaneously make its appearance. Weismann has shown the non-heredity of acquired characteristics and the slow and trifling effect of environment on the germ plasm.

Heredity has been shown not to obtain with respect to diseases formerly reckoned hereditary. And the male factor in the embryonic cell has been shown to play so subordinate a part that it can be replaced by various other stimuli. Loeb has just shown that the line around species and even genera can be leaped, hybridizing the starfish and the sea-urchin.

The whole theory of variations is being recast, and its "final" form no one can predict. A formative Mind in Nature, fashioning variations in set directions, may yet be mooted as a possibility.

In man, the mind of the mother is beginning to be recognized as a—*or the?*—factor among those that determine the make-up of the future child. It is not too much to say that when we do really know something about heredity, the limits and extent of its rule, a new humanity and a new heaven will become possible.

K.

Here and There Throughout the World

Mastodon Skeletons Found in New York SIXTY mastodon skeletons have been unearthed in New York State, including thirty-four in Eastern New York, from Albany south through Newburgh; thirteen from Rochester south through Livingston county; two near Chautauqua Lake, and two near Ithaca. This is taken to indicate that the beast had distinct feeding grounds. The remains indicate that they were living quite recently, and are found resting on boulders of old streams in a comparatively thin layer of peat.

Suicide Increasing All Over Europe CONSIDERABLE attention has been drawn to the numerous suicides in England recently, says the *New York Sun*, and statistics show that in the last twenty or thirty years there has been an increase in most countries. In France the proportion has risen in 25 years from 157 to 224 per million. In Germany it was about the same, and in Belgium somewhat less. In Russia there was no increase. Austria increased by 39 per million, Hungary by 27, Australia by 24, Ireland by 8, Scotland by 18, and England by 15.

Important Find of Bavarian Workman If the following account is authentic, we may have rediscovered another of the lost arts of antiquity:

Louis Kauffeld, a Bavarian glassworker, makes extraordinary claims for a new kind of glass he has just discovered. It is a glass of such nature that it will not break, that can be molded into any desired form, that can be hammered without catastrophe—in short, a glass that will be as malleable as lead or any other metal. With an ordinary goblet made of this new material you can hammer a nail into a tough board. You can bore a hole in a glass pane and then patch it with another piece of the same kind of glass. Coffee-pots and teakettles, it is claimed, can be made of the new substance, and will no more crack, even under the most intense heat, than would steel.

Good Condition of Cuban Finances CUBAN finances seem to be in a satisfactory condition. \$540,000 was left in the treasury by General Wood, and to this is now added a surplus of \$2,000,000. Moreover, diplomatic and consular services have been maintained, which did not exist under the intervention government.

Imports remain the same for the last four years, that is, about \$66,000,000 annually. But exports have increased 50 per cent. This is rather curious, and one wonders what balances this increasing export.

The Brussels Conference has provided for the abolition of European bounties on the Continental beet sugar. This does not become operative till September of this year; but to the great benefit of the Cuban sugar producer, sugar prices have already advanced in anticipation.

Nevertheless, the Cuban financial situation will need great care for some years.

European Emigration to America THE tide of European immigrants to this country continues to increase, as the latest returns show.

Since July 1st of last year, 500,000 have entered, and on April 10th, 10,300 arrived. The increase has been 100 per cent in four years, the figures for the year ending June 30, 1899, being 311,000; 1900, 448,000; 1901, 487,000; 1902, 648,000. Within a single generation this country has absorbed a population more than equal to that of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Servia combined.

Of the number which arrived during the first quarter of this year, one-third are Italians, and Poles come next. Commissioner Williams thinks restrictive measures should be taken to sift these contingents and reject the undesirable ones. The *Journal of Commerce*, however, advocates instead a defense of our citizenship by making the naturalization laws stricter. In Europe the complementary process of emigration is also exercising the minds of governments. Norway contemplates measures to check emigration to the States, for it is losing the best class of its working population.

A Migrating Lake in Central Asia WE have mentioned before in the *NEW CENTURY PATH* the discoveries of Sven Hedin as to Lake Lob-Nor, and have also alluded to Huc's account of a migrating lake in his *Travels*. The following clipping gives the matter in a concise form:

Among the many interesting discoveries of Dr. Sven Hedin in Central Asia is a singular oscillation in the position of the lake of Kara-koshum, or Lob-Nor. This lake seems as restless as some rivers that change their beds, but the cause of its movements is a secular change in the level of the desert, in the midst of which it lies, bordered by vegetation. At present this lake is retreating northward from the place where Prjevalsky found it, and creeping toward its ancient bed, where it is known to have lain in the Third century of the Christian era; and as it slowly moves, the vegetation, the animals and the fishermen with their reed huts follow it. Dr. Hedin believes that after reaching the northern part of the desert the lake returns southward, the period of oscillation being 1,000 years.

Preserved for 8,000 Years in Siberia WE have already mentioned the discovery of an almost intact mammoth in Siberia. The *London Field*

now gives us some interesting details of this remarkable find, from which it seems that a Cossack was informed by a native that a gigantic animal with enormous tusks, and flesh in a good state of preservation, was embedded in the ice on the Beresovska River. An expedition was immediately fitted out and as a result of its efforts the mammoth, which had probably been lying where it was found for eight thousand years, is now on view in the St. Petersburg museum.

It was late in the autumn when the search party reached their Siberian destination, and found to their intense satisfaction that the vast body was still uninjured. It seemed to have fallen into a crevasse and, being unable to extricate itself, to have died there and become frozen. It was still so firmly fixed that it was impossible to remove it entire, and it was therefore decided to divide it into four parts which could be subsequently reunited. For this purpose a hut, containing a stove, was erected over the remains and each portion, as it thawed, was removed, re-frozen and carefully packed. The whole process occupied two months. The body is entirely covered with brownish yellow hair of very great thickness, the skin being from twenty to twenty-three millimeters thick. The mouth still contained the remains of food upon which the teeth marks were impressed, and a very large quantity of food was found in the stomach.

Roman Works Unearthed in Africa IN the beginning of the Second century, A. D., the Romans had an important military and administrative post in Northern Africa, from which the African dominions could be controlled. This was the city of Thamugadi, now represented by the village of Timgad in Northern Algeria.

The archeologists of the French Government have been unearthing the ancient city for some twenty-two years, and are now just completing the restoration of a magnificent arch built by the Emperor Trajan, one of the most prolific architects of the Roman Imperial throne.

The ruins of Thamugadi, which constitute an African Pompeii, show an imposing paved street that ran through the center of the city, and whose flagstones still bear the grooves of the chariot wheels. It went through the forum by the theatre, and under the towering arch of Trajan; all of which structures, together with the ruins of many houses and shops, have been unburied. The arch is of a familiar and much-copied pattern, being square in outline, with one large central gateway and two smaller ones, one on each side, having semi-circular Roman arches. It had four large Corinthian columns and two pairs of smaller statues. Several different kinds of stone were used, including blue limestone and white limestone, but the prevailing tint is reddish.

The city was mutilated in the religious wars of the Fourth century, and later by the Berbers, who finally destroyed it after the protection of the Roman empire had been removed. Subsequently earthquakes and drifting sand buried most of the ruins.

STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Edith's Wildcat

DEAR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS: One of my friends is a frail little fair-haired girl named Edith. She is only five years old, as happy as can be all day long, although she is far more delicate than the other children of the neighborhood. Perhaps that is one reason why she plays with them so little.

She is never so happy as when surrounded by her pets. The sauciest and smartest is a tame raccoon. Then there is the big gray squirrel who often leaves his tree home to come and sit on Edith's shoulder.

He and the white pigeon are great friends. I often see them sitting in the same tree, watching Edith's little lame chicken scratching away below for dear life.

And the old dog watches over the whole family. He never barks at the cat, he never loses his temper when the raccoon wakens him from a nap, he never troubles the chicken and he takes care of Edith all the time. Once he was a great hunter, but now he is old. It is a strange sight, indeed, to see Edith in the midst of her pets, for the largest pet of all I have not yet told you about. It is a wildcat. Edith's father caught him one day in the woods. He has sharp teeth and long, terrible claws. When first they put him into the cage in the yard of Edith's home, the poor thing lost his temper completely. He snarled and whined and became sullen. Edith's father tried to make friends with him and so did I; but it was useless. How he did hate that cage, and how he did hate human beings for putting him into it! Even the man who brought his food was greeted with a snarl and an ugly look.

Edith called him "Kitty" and her mother made every effort to keep her at a safe distance. "Poor kitty," she would say, "Kitty likes Edith," and the wildcat did like her.

The first time he saw her little pink cheeks and big blue eyes he stopped snarling. He arched his neck like an affectionate cat and mewed pitifully. One day Edith's mother came into the garden and saw something which made her heart stand still with fear. There was Edith, standing close to the bars of the cage, stroking the wildcat with both tiny hands. And the wildcat—the very same wildcat that snarled and snapped at us—was lying down quietly, purring like a sleepy kitten. After that, whenever Edith came into the yard, the wildcat would call her and come to the side of the cage so that she could pat him. He played with her, and licked her tiny fingers with his great rough tongue. But to this day he has only savage growls for the rest of us. I would not dare to touch him.

Buds and Blossoms, can you tell me why Edith and this ugly wildcat are such good comrades?

This is a true story. Edith is my little neighbor and some day, perhaps, I may send you her picture.

M. B. K.

The Easy Way

"HERE she comes! I am so glad you got the prize for your essay, Muriel!" exclaimed Susie.

"How ever did you write such a beautiful one on such a prosy subject?" asked Eva.

"A description of a farmhouse?" replied Muriel thoughtfully, "Well I thought it prosy too, at first. You see, for some time we have been reading about country life; and when I started to write, I couldn't think of anything to write about. I tried to remember what I had read,

and my thoughts got all mixed up, and at last I stopped thinking and went out into the garden. The flowers looked so fresh and lovely, and the trees were so big and grand! I felt so near to them. I never loved them so before! Then I began to think of all the flowers and trees I would have in my garden if I had a farmhouse, and how I would build the house, and everything about it, and how beautiful it would be.

And when I had it all arranged it suddenly occurred to me that it would do for my essay, and I went in and wrote it straight down without any trouble. It was the feeling about the flowers and trees that made me do it."

"I think so too," agreed Susie, demurely nodding her little dark head. "That was the easy way to do it," remarked Kathleen. "Yes, replied Muriel slowly, "I think there is an easy way to do everything. I have another essay to write. It's about Queen Guinevere."

"And what is the easy way to do that?" said Kathleen promptly. "Well," replied Muriel, "Tennyson loved flowers, and everything that is beautiful; and—and; people who love the same things as he did will understand what he means. I think all poets love the beautiful more than anything else. And the way to understand them is to love the beautiful, too. People who don't love the beautiful are the ones who have to puzzle over things."

"Yes," remarked Eva, "but Queen Guinevere was a wicked Queen. You can't say anything very beautiful about her." "Oh, yes you can; Tennyson did. He showed us that she was a woman who was beginning to grow wiser. Don't you remember what she said when she at last knew how noble and great King Arthur was?" "No, tell us!" "She said 'We needs must love the highest when we see it.' Of course, she was very wicked, but she was beginning to rise above her wickedness and then she began to be beautiful." "It's thinking about the same things that the poets think about that makes us understand what they mean—that is, about the beautiful. And essays and lots of things are easier then."

A. P. D.

THE SWAN is royal, as we know, always dignified, stately, majestic, and always beautiful. Perhaps that is why poets and painters love it. In England it is taken under royal protection and swans not owned by some person belong to the Crown.



THREE OF THE FAMOUS "ELEVEN CUBAN CHILDREN" IN THEIR LOMA-LAND HOME

Students'



Path

A Fragment

From the *Rubaiyat* of MIRZA MEZM'N

BREAD is not made from wheat that's yet to grow;
Nor from that hid in Pharaoh's tomb below.
The garnered grain alone is food. Then use
The Present, let the Past and Future go.

The grave philosophers, who seek to teach,
And wild enthusiasts, who fain would preach
Of God's mysterious purpose, know it all.
Did not to Heav'n the Tower of Babel reach?

And yet it may be there is still a doubt.
Mayhap the thousand jarring sects which shout
That each one's is the undiluted Truth,
Are fooled in what each seems too sure about.

Word Pictures of Christ

IN his new monograph upon the apocryphal acts and sayings of Jesus, *The Extra Canonical Life of Christ*, Dr. Bernhard Pick records two interesting descriptions of the personal appearance of the Savior; one by a certain Lentulus in a letter to the Roman Senate, and the other a pen portrait by Epiphanius, the Monk:

1. FROM THE LETTER OF LENTULUS

He is a man of noble and well-proportioned stature, with a face full of kindness and yet firmness, so that the beholders both love Him and fear Him. His hair is of the color of wine and golden at the root; straight and without lustre, but from the level of the ears curling and glossy and divided down the center after the fashion of the Nazarenes. His forehead is even and smooth. His face without wrinkle or blemish, and glowing with a delicate bloom. His countenance is frank and kind. Nose and mouth are in no way faulty. His beard is full, of the same hazel color as His hair, not long but forked. His eyes are blue and extremely brilliant. In reproof and rebuke He is formidable; in exhortation and teaching, gentle and amiable. He has never been seen to laugh, but oftentimes to weep. His person is tall and erect; His hands and limbs beautiful and straight. In speaking He is deliberate and grave, and little given to loquacity. In beauty He surpasses the children of men.

There seems, however, small question that the letter of Lentulus is a forgery. Lentulus, as a Senator, was a man of education; and the letter is in very bad Latin.

Nevertheless, there is no reason why the description should not hold good, why it should not have been based on the accounts of those who had seen Jesus. A Gnostic sect of the Second century, the Carpocratians, had portraits and statues which were claimed to be of Jesus. Severus, a Roman emperor of the early Third century, was also said to have an image of Christ among those of other philosophers in his private chapel.

Whence Epiphanius, who was of the Fourth century, got his description we do not know. It was probably handed on to him by tradition.

On the whole, one would be inclined to think the above descriptions correct, and that the current portrait has been greatly weakened—*meekened*—to correspond with a theory. The phrase, *Christ-like*, ordinarily regarded as hardly more than a synonym of *meekeness* should, one would think, carry also the suggestions of dignity, *will*, self-command, moral power, superb and perfect manhood.

Speaking of a picture of Jesus upon an early sarcophagus, H. P. Blavatsky—accused by her slanderers of trying to belittle Christ—says:

Had posterity been enabled to have several such representations executed during the First century when the figure, dress, and every-day habits of the Reformer were

2. DESCRIPTION BY EPIPHANIUS

But my Christ and my God was exceedingly beautiful in countenance. His stature was fully developed, His height being six feet. He had auburn hair, quite abundant, and flowing down mostly over His whole person. His eyebrows were black, and not highly arched; His eyes brown and bright. He had a family likeness in His fine eyes, prominent nose and good color, to His ancestor David, who is said to have had beautiful eyes and ruddy complexion. He wore His hair long, for a razor never touched it; nor was it cut by any person, except by His mother in His childhood. His neck inclined forward a little, so that the posture of His body was not too upright or stiff. His face was full, but not quite so round as His mother's; tinged with sufficient color to make it handsome and natural; mild in expression, like the blandness in the above description of His mother, whose features His own strongly resembled.

still fresh in the memory of his contemporaries, perhaps the Christian world would be more Christ-like . . . and humanity would now have but one religion and one God. . . . Jesus is one of the grandest and most clearly defined figures on the panorama of human history.

A figure which, she adds,

Will become with every century more pronounced and more clearly defined.—*Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II: p. 149

CHRISTIAN

We invite what we expect. We attract what we like. Let one understand this and one need never fear. The law is perfect.—HORATIO W. DRESSER

Eternal Life

FOR Rabbi Hirsch of Chicago we have the profound respect which is always due to those whose broad sympathy for humanity is so constant and so sincere. It is therefore with something of regret that we read a report of a sermon delivered by him in Temple Israel at Easter time. That regret is not altogether based upon the substance of his words as upon the pessimistic tone which pervades them. He said:

At this time of the year nature enacts a sort of drama of resurrection, and all religions have utilized the spring season as corroboration of the longings of the human heart for resurrection from the dead.

There is no doubt the doctrine has been a comfort to many people, but such spiritual influences may fitly be compared to drugs and anesthetics, the dose of which must constantly be increased, until at last there is a collapse.

Do not pin your faith to a vague hope of meeting hereafter, which may disappoint you. When one dear to you is taken out of this life, compensate your own life for the loss you have sustained. You mothers, who have lost your children, give your life to some other child who has never known a mother's love. Through this child you shall find that your own has been resurrected.

Now, there is a great difference between the recognition of a fact in nature and such illegitimate sentiments as may arise from the contemplation of that fact. Immortality is not less a truth because here and there it may be used by some sickly minds as a soporific or an anesthetic. Indeed, we are strongly of opinion that such misuse is due to the fact that it is accepted merely as a dogma and has never become the subject of soul perception at all. Only joy can come from a true knowledge of immortality. The mischievous and often fretful yearning for reunion with those who are dead is not the fruit of either faith or knowledge, but rather of an unbelief which has been twisted and tortured by creeds into the temporary and deceptive semblance of belief.

Let us try to show that immortality is not merely a pious opinion, but is within the rightful realm of knowledge. Then will come tranquility, patience, fortitude, and the gladness which is eternal. Then there will be no pessimism even though there seem to be no pathway across the sea of sorrow.

STUDENT

PHYSICAL suffering apart, not a single sorrow exists that can touch us except through our thoughts.—MAURICE MAETERLINCK

The Origin of Genius

FROM many parts of the world come speculations into the nature of genius. Mankind, like a child, seems to wonder at the meaning of Santa Claus and the Christmas gifts which he will bring. Truly, when Christ shall indeed be born, the "wise men, the Magi," will have their offerings of great price. Poland's poet, Mickiewicz, tells us that he has but to strike his breast "and the God-given inspiration bursts forth." Musset, speaking of his own exquisite creations, says:

One does not work, one only listens and waits;
It is as some stranger whispering at one's ear.

Goethe and Coleridge sometimes saw in dream what came not to the waking mind, and we are reminded that Michelangelo was so possessed with a creative fury that those who saw him at work wondered that the marble was not shattered into fragments beneath the weight of his attack. Among musicians Haydn tells us that he received mysterious flashes of insight, granted to him spiritually, and Mozart and Saens both hint at this process of listening to heavenly music from within. "Mysterious flashes of insight!" The mystery of one age is the science of the next. How long shall it be before this too becomes science, the Science of the Soul? Of all the pursuits which any man can undertake, this surely is the greatest and the wisest and the best.

STUDENT

An Ancient Song of Triumph

THE following ancient song, if divested of all theological and doctrinal associations, and read as a triumphant invocation of the Higher Self—the true God in all men—will find an echo in the hearts of all who have passed through the dark valleys, and seen the sun from the mountain crests:

I LOVE the Lord because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous: yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul: for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

I believed: therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted.

I said in my haste, All men are liars.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Do you as Theosophists believe that Christ died to save sinners, and if not, what have you got to put in place of that doctrine—what hope have you for mankind?

Answer Theosophy has no creed or dogma, nor has The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, unless the assertion contained in its constitution be taken as such, *viz.*, that brotherhood is a fact in nature. So the question cannot be answered whether we, as *Theosophists*, believe this or that. There are many members of this organization, however, who do believe that Christ died to save sinners, and that his whole life as well as his death was to that end. But taking Christ's own words is it not true that every good and unselfish man and woman who spends his or her life, or to the extent in which that life is so spent in trying to help and uplift humanity, also lives and "dies" to save sinners. And in saying this we do not belittle Christ or his work, but rather honor him the more, for he said:

If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Theosophy gives a new and deeper meaning to Christ's teaching and life, taking away the hard coverings of dogma and revealing the simple truths of the "Heart Doctrine" that we can apply in all that we do. It gives the same hope to mankind that He gave, that every unselfish deed, every kind word, every effort after purity and nobility, helps to remove the clouds of darkness and despair from the hearts of men and to uplift the whole human race.

We do not, then, put anything in the place of the statement that Christ lived and died to save sinners, but we say also that every one who follows Christ, not in words only or according to any set formula or dogma, but in heart and life, also lives and "dies" to help mankind; that, as Christ taught, all are sons of God, children of the highest; that all are divine.

STUDENT

Question Is it just that a man expiate in this life the sins of a former incarnation when he does not remember committing those sins?

Answer This question from an inquirer is one that comes up again and again. Let us take as an illustration a very common experience. It frequently happens that from neglect of simple proper precautions or of restraint of appetite people become ill and do not know why. Is it just that they should suffer? And this forgetfulness or ignorance and its results happen in one life, in the space of perhaps only a few days or it may be weeks or even years. Yet we know it is just. So memory is not a *sine qua non* of the justice of reaping that which we have sown, and if this is true of one life, is it not also true of causes which reach over from life to life?

Look at the matter in another way. The facts of our present condition are that suffering and sorrow, pain, hardship, ah! and how much seeming injustice, are to be met with everywhere. For much of this we

can see no causes in the present life: such are the inequalities and seeming injustice of difference of birth and opportunity. We cannot escape them, though we may rise above them—they are facts of existence. Is the world, then, all haphazard, chance? Or is there a law governing life and all its events? And whether we remember or not, is it not just that those deeds for which we do not reap the harvest in this life—and we well know they are many—should still bear fruit for good or ill, and that we who did the deeds should reap the harvest, and in the field where we sowed it, *viz.*, this earth. And perhaps, after all, we do remember in some way—not in our ordinary memory—but in some deeper recesses of our being. But, at any rate, the knowledge of and trust in the justice of life gives hope and courage and the certainty of at last gaining the victory over the evil in our own natures and in the world.

J. H. F.

The Peace of God

"MAY the peace of God, which passeth all understanding"—there was a moment's deep silence through the church, and the congregation rose and went out.

At the door the silence was instantly slain in myriad voiced chatter on all topics under the sun, except those of any weight or importance. The benediction of the silence was shattered for the rest of the week.

There were a thousand people professing, during that last prayer, to be looking to God; and some few of them were. In spite of the *mental* chatter of the others—preceding their *oral* chatter a moment later—that rapt few, because of the silence, were able to get and bring down for the rest, a little of the great *peace of God*. And it began to do its work, to heal minds and bodies, to touch hard hearts, open long closed eyes to a diviner light than that of earth, to clear the mystery of death.

Suppose *all* those people had united in two or three silent minutes' aspiration for that benediction, dropping empty *thoughts* that they might fill full the uplifted cup of *feeling*. And had then gone their several ways silent for a space, while the divine wave—the descending dove, the Holy Grail—did its secret work through all their natures. Suppose it, further, for all the churches of one whole city, diversity of creeds notwithstanding—indeed becoming utterly insignificant. For the peace of God swallows up creeds in knowledge. The peace of God is the presence of God, and our age, which knows not silence, knows little either of the peace or the presence. We might take a lesson from the "pagan" past, occasionally. It is related in the Scandinavian *Asgard and the Gods* how the great heroes met together and held counsel:

Near them, but unseen by them, was the strong, the mighty One, who rules all things, makes peace between those who are angry with each other, and ordains the eternal laws that govern the world. *They all knew He was there; they felt His presence and His power, but were ignorant of His name. At His command the new earth arose out of the waters.*

And a "new earth" would arise now if we would let the "mighty One" do His work, would provide Him with the spaces of feeling and of silence.

There is an active silence as well as a mere negation of oral talk. There is a silence full of human intercommunion, as well as the silence of morose self-seclusion. We are not speaking to those whose intellects are set in materialism, but to those who—witness their presence in a church—do at any rate think they believe, do at any rate not deny.

The peace of God is *life*. It descends upon soul and mind and body. It can penetrate the very physical cells of our structure; can drive from the mind the demons of rancor, hate, lust, ambition and fear. The weekly *practise of its presence* by the churches would redeem cities and nations, would take away the sting of parting, the victory of the grave, and fill that dark valley with light. It is the actual and only elixir of life, distilled in the *silence* from the crucible made by two or three "in my name." And if that "two or three" could but be a thousand, and the silence like that in heaven "for the space of half an hour," where would be the limits to the redeeming and transforming work of this mighty energy?

It presses in urgently everywhere upon human life. It is even to be felt in a drawing-room during the instant's hush after a rendering of some fine music. But that hush is ill-bred; we hasten to dissipate it. Even friendship will hardly bear the strain of silence, and our talk must avoid the bare mention of all the things which are the contents of divine silence.

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Meteorological Table for the week ending
May the 30th, 1903

MAY	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
24	29.764	65	53	55	55	.04	W	2
25	29.906	64	53	60	58	.00	S	2
26	29.788	66	56	61	59	.00	S	2
27	29.746	66	55	61	60	.00	SW	4
28	29.752	67	57	61	61	.00	W	4
29	29.722	65	56	59	59	.00	N	6
30	29.690	64	57	60	59	.00	S	8

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

The End of Stenography

Is the end near for stenography? Is the cunning hand of the stenographer to lose its work of scrawling pothooks and trammels for daily puzzling? asks the *Business World* in its April number. Are we soon to find empty the seat of an erstwhile office youth or maiden who had daily and hourly remained at the commercial elbow, silently translating intelligent English into visible signs, with intent pretense to twist them back into original form—albeit 'twere not always done? The graphophone makes us think so. The growing presence of this marvelous little talking machine, fitted and adapted to commercial uses, prepares some of us to believe that the bright-eyed possessor of the mystic knowledge of shorthand will soon have small need of such knowledge. The business man who can whisper his dictation into the mechanical ear of a graphophone and know that his language will be correctly repeated into the typewritist's ear—seems likely to go about his dictation in just that way, rather than *via* the old-fashioned method which "leaves him in the hands of his stenographer," both as to results and convenience in time. The graphophone stands at his elbow morning, noon and night. If he comes early or comes late it is ever ready to catch his lightest tone. Nobody's time is being wasted to receive dictation, which may be as rapid as he can talk. Only an employe who can hear and who can properly write on the typewriter is required where the graphophone is employed.

Origin of Petroleum

Mr. E. Coste, the president of the Canadian Mining Institute, recently read an interesting paper before that body, setting forth his reasons for believing that the petroleum deposits of the world are of volcanic origin. He points out a number of facts which render the theory at present held by geologists—that it has arisen directly from the decomposition of organic remains, animal and vegetable—untenable. He calls attention to the fact that no such process is at present under way; that all organic decomposition of animal material is so rapid and complete that there is no opportunity for the entombment of anything but bones in sedimentary rocks; that as the oil deposits of the lower Silurian limestone of Ohio and of other fields are below the carboniferous beds, and as it is generally admitted by geologists that previous to the latter age there was very little vegetable matter on earth, these deposits could not have arisen from organic remains, because there were few organisms at that time, and, finally, that if petroleum was due to the destructive distillation of coal there would now be no coal beds, all having long ago been transformed into petroleum and a coke-like residue.—*New York Post*

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THE mind does not create what it perceives any more than the eye creates the rose.—EMERSON

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Be Practical

In the Milwaukee *Free Press* is reported a sermon by a Unitarian minister, Rev. James C. Hodgins, on the need for attending to the actual problems of daily life. In part he said:

"The prevailing sin in the United States is a tendency to generalization. What men of experience and energy chafe under is the constant tendency to enthuse about a distant triumph of humanity when the daily problem calls for arms and brains and hearts. One can grow tired of hearing of the distant kingdom of God and of every form of ultimate triumph. It sounds cheap in some mouths. Ultimate generalizations are easy to be cultivated. It is, for example, easy to say that God is love, but tremendously hard to prove in many instances of life and experience. As a matter of fact, the phrase, when harped upon by sentimental enthusiasts, becomes a lie of the most preposterous character. What do you mean when you say that God is love? Do you mean that by some simple twist of the wrist a benevolent deity will blot out your offenses, heal your hurts and cram you full of ineffable joy?"

"A friend of mine once preached in the penitentiary at Elmira. It is the custom there to allow prisoners to make remarks after the sermon. My friend preached from the text, 'God is love.' He preached what he thought was a pathetic and affecting sermon. When he sat down he was at the point of tears. Presently a rugged fellow stood up and said: 'What we have heard is all very pretty, but what I want to know is, was our friend ever in a hole, and if so how did he get out?' It was sound common sense. The preacher was preached to with a vengeance."

The World's Volcanoes

The number of great habitual volcanic vents upon the globe is estimated at between 300 and 350. The American continent contains more than the countries of the Old World—twenty in North America, twenty-five in Central America and thirty-seven in South America.

There is but one on the whole continent of Europe—Vesuvius—though elsewhere in the Mediterranean there are six—Stromboli and Vulcano, in the Lipari islands; Etna in Sicily; Graham island, a submarine volcano off the Sicilian coast, and Santorin and Nisyros, in the Aegean sea.

The African continent is known to contain ten active volcanoes, four on the west and six on the east coast, and there are about ten others on neighboring islands.

In Asia there are twenty-four active volcanoes, but no less than twelve of these are situated on the peninsula of Kamchatka. There are no volcanoes in Australia.

Thus, taken altogether, there are about 117 volcanoes on the great continents, and nearly twice as many on the islands scattered over the several oceans. These volcanoes usually assume in their distribution a linear arrangement, and nearly all of them have been thrown up along three well marked bands and the branches proceeding from them.—*Detroit News*

THE Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River in Rhodesia, South Africa, are as much ahead of Niagara in size and available energy as the latter is above most other water powers in the world. The Niagara River is half a mile wide at the falls, and these are 158 feet in height. The Zambesi at the Victoria Falls is one and a quarter miles in width, and the water drops 400 feet. On the north of the falls are enormous deposits of rich copper ore, and a few miles south are the Wankie coal fields, which yield the best coal in South Africa.—*Selected*

Teacher—"Now, boys, what animal supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?"

First boy (promptly)—"Father."

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Dogs in the German Army

Now instructions have been issued to the German army regarding the employment of dogs in field service. Every infantry company must have at least two thoroughly trained dogs, but every battalion is not to have more than twelve. They must be thoroughbreds and of the best pedigrees. Hitherto Airedale terriers have been used, but experiments are being continued with German bird-dogs. Provision is made for the training of the dogs, to begin at the earliest age possible indoors and later in the field, where a dog must intelligently understand orders, like going forward to a vidette post or returning to headquarters; must give warning of the approach of strangers and must keep absolutely quiet at a whispered command to do so. The chief service of the dogs is keeping up rapid communication between the vidette posts themselves and also the posts and headquarters.—*Pittsburg Times*

LET us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times and hurl in the face of custom and trade and office the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible thinker and actor moving wherever moves a man; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things. Where he is there is nature. He measures you and all men and all events.

Emerson on Nature

Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort her secret and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains reflected the wisdom of his best hour as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other, who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature a wild delight runs through the man in spite of real sorrows.

In the woods a man casts off his years as the snake its slough, and at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith.

City and Country Bred Men

If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is ruined. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges and is not installed in an office within one year afterward in the cities or suburbs, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont who in turn tries all the professions, who teams it, farms it, peddles, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days and feels no shame in not "studying a profession," for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances.—*Selected*

Ethical Deductions from Emerson

Suppose a man is so unhappy as to be born a saint, with keen perceptions, but with the conscience and love of an angel, and he is to get his living in the world; he finds himself excluded from all lucrative works; he has no farm, and he cannot get one, for to earn money enough to buy one requires a sort of concentration toward money, which is the selling of himself for a number of years, and to him the present hour is as sacred and inviolable as any future hour. Of course, while another man has not land, my title to mine, your title to yours, is at once vitiated. Inextricable seem to be the twinings and tendrils of this evil, and we all involve ourselves in it the deeper by forming connections, by wives and children, by benefits and debts.

TEMPERAMENT puts all divinity to rout. I know the mental proclivity of physicians. I hear the chuckle of the phrenologists. Theoretic kidnapers and slave-drivers, they esteem each man the victim of another, who winds him round his finger by knowing the law of his being, and, by such cheap sign-boards as the color of his beard or the slope of his occiput, reads the inventory of his fortunes and character. The grossest ignorance does not disgust like this impudent knowingness.—*Selected*

ACTION is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth.

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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Religion and the Churches

THERE is a general and not unnatural inquiry as to the causes which are producing the religious changes that are going on within our sight, and which are partly evidenced by a seeming estrangement between some of the churches and large masses of the people. We hear very much about popular apathy and indifference to religion, while here and there we find a welcome recognition that the churches as a whole, no longer meet the needs of the day as once they did and as we hope and believe that they will do again. We do not hesitate to assert that wherever there are churches which have to deplore this popular neglect, of which we hear so much, the fault lies at their own doors. If the church itself has the bread of life it will not lack the support of those who are seeking for it, and their name is legion.

Lombard College, Illinois, has listened to a baccalaureate sermon by President C. E. Nash, who addressed himself to the question of the growing dissatisfaction with dogmas and religious institutions, and the Chicago *Daily Tribune* furnishes us with a condensed report of some of

The Cloth Has Lost Its Authority

Dr. Nash's argument. Let us first state the position in the words of the college president. He says:
The intricacies of social life have created diversions, and the marvels of scientific discoveries have augmented material progress. The utterances of the church and the priestcraft are no longer final. The liberty-loving mind declines longer to take orders and insists on working out his own destiny. The cloth has lost its authority. This attitude searches religion and insists on every man showing his own credentials and being his own priest.

Now, this appears to be not unfairly stated, and if the report stopped here we might suppose that Dr. Nash was trying to enumerate some of the evidences of progress and evolution. We should have thought it a matter for general and intelligent congratulation that the utterances of priestcraft are no longer final, that liberty-loving minds decline to take orders and insist upon working out their own destiny, and that every man should show his own credentials. These things, we repeat, are usually supposed to be signs of progress, of growth, and not of retrogression. But Dr. Nash thinks otherwise. The *Tribune* tells us that this attitude, according to him, is a foolish one, and that he argued that man has done

God and the Church Not One

nothing to warrant the "modern supercilious attitude towards God." At this point in the report we begin to get confused. We readily plead guilty to the charge of no longer accepting the "utterances of the church and priestcraft" as final, and also to the no less serious charge of denying the authority of "the cloth." But are we to understand from Dr. Nash that priestcraft and "the cloth" are identical with God? He would seem to labor under that impression; a comfortable one, no doubt, but one to which the world does not now assent. This placid assumption of identity between one's own interests, which are sometimes material interests, and the interests of the Deity, has lately received more than one illustration. At the recent Presbyterian conference, for example, a clerical orator spoke lengthily, feelingly, eloquently, as to the duty of paying larger salaries to ministers. It was certainly a subject to move a heart of stone, and its fitting climax was a reminder of the obligation

The World Hungry for the Truth

to give a tithe of our substance to the Lord. To revert to Dr. Nash. We deny that there is a generally supercilious attitude to God. We maintain, on the contrary, that the heart-hunger for God has never been more keen than it is now, and to deny this hunger merely because men are reluctant to eat stones, is to trifle and to mock. There are now in every church many brave and true men who have set their spiritual houses in order and who are preaching the truth that maketh free. We hear from them no complaints of popular apathy, nor do they talk about "the cloth" as a divine institution. But there are also some other men in the churches who, themselves unable to move or think, regard as blasphemy any inclination in others to move or think. With every desire to be charitable and to be tolerant we must insist upon regarding their mental inertia as a human weakness and not as a divine attribute.

STUDENT

Wireless Telegraphy

VERY careful experiments have been in progress at Poldhu in Cornwall, in order to definitely ascertain the extent, if any, of the interference of wireless messages which are dispatched simultaneously. Professor Fleming has been in charge of these investigations and he has now announced in a lecture delivered before the Society of Arts that there is no interference whatever. Simultaneous messages can be dispatched and received on separate receivers without any confusion whatever.

Professor Fleming then went on to refer to a subject which is perhaps of still greater importance, from the naval and military point of view—the possibility of messages being intercepted and so reaching those for whom they were not intended. This he seems to think is unavoidable. A receiver can always be adjusted so as to record any message that may be in transit.

C.

General View of Santiago de Cuba

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives a picturesque general view of Santiago de Cuba. The photograph, though showing no details of the famous city, gives a good idea of its location and surroundings and shows admirably the general character of the scenery of the Island.

The Return of Katherine Tingley to Loma-land

Her Greeting by the Students at
Loma Homestead on the
evening of June 9th

THE long awaited and long delayed homecoming of Katherine Tingley, from her stay of many months in Cuba, at last occurred on June 9th. Floods delayed her train at very many points, long circuits had to be made, and the usual difficulties of an irregular journey had to be encountered. The great Cuban Crusade is now an accomplished fact, and Loma-land has once more received the Leader and Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood, and most of those who went forth with her upon an undertaking which has been crowned with the success to which for so many years we have grown accustomed.

Even upon the night of arrival our patience was taxed from hour to hour. Everything was in readiness by half past eight. Then came news of a two-hours delay which expanded into four hours. At half an hour after midnight a sharp whistle from the front gate told us that the carriages were then in sight. Within a few minutes they were drawn up at the front entrance and the Leader was again in our midst.

Our preparations lost none of their effectiveness by their simplicity. The center of the rotunda was decorated with a gigantic pyramid of purple, yellow and white flowers, illuminated by a ray of light from the gallery. Upon one side were the children from the school, who hardly needed much arousing from their beds to do honor to so great an occasion. Upon the other side were the orchestra and the members of the chorus, while all other comrades grouped themselves in a great half circle, or sought coigns of vantage in the gallery.

As the doors opened and the Leader advanced, the orchestra and chorus, including the children, combined in a fine rendering of the "Conquering Hero," which had been specially rehearsed for the occasion. Many of the rehearsals had been admirable, but the actual performance surpassed all expectations for correctness and vigor. The Leader listened with every sign of pleasure upon her face, and we were able to observe that the vicissitudes of climate, of work and of travel had left upon her no other sign of fatigue than a night's rest would banish. We observed, too, better than all else, that there were no crutches, and absolutely no evidence of their need. The music ended, the Leader walked to the stairs and went to her room for a few minutes with the welcome request that we all remain, as she wished to speak to us. Rapidly reappearing she came into our

HOME

WHERE is thy Home, O Soul?
Where your abiding place?

Here thou dost build thee a fortress,
There thou dost plant thee a grove,
And a garden, whose trees and whose flowers,
Are the children of men.

Hast thou no Home in all the lands,
Though cottage and palace receive thee?
Where is thy Home, O Soul?
Is it here in our hearts?

Where the night is darkest,
Where the need is greatest,
Where the hope is brightest,
There thou art.

Where the wrongs are deepest,
Where the hates are fiercest,
Where the hearts are sorest,
We see thee there.

There though the task be heavy,
There though the night be dark,
There though the wrongs be ancient,
There where the need is greatest.

There is thy Home:
And here
In our heart.

Loma-land, 7th June, 1903

midst and greeted each one separately, with a long embrace for the children. And then we had a little speech, some three or four minutes in all. The successes which she had accomplished in Cuba had paved the way for further advances in that and in other directions, while in all the difficulties which she had encountered, and they were necessarily many, she had felt and had been helped, by the force of devotion of those who were keeping the citadel in her absence, and of those no less loyal ones throughout the world, who were watching her progress with hope and affection. And so the evening ended, but not until we had chance for a few words of greeting to Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, Mr. Turner, Señorita Fabra and Hubert Dunn, who made up the rest of the party. They were looking well and seemed to feel that they had come home again and to be glad of it, as without question were we.

OBSERVER

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Motive for Impure Literature

THE Rev. John J. Kennedy has preached a forcible sermon against the impure literature with which the world is flooded. He goes so far as to say that the greater part of the books of today are "the curse of the age and instrumental in the blasting of many lives which would otherwise have been a credit to their country."

Mr. Kennedy is unquestionably right. He might have also included a portion of the newspaper press in his denunciation.

There is very much specious nonsense talked in defense of impure literature. We are reminded, *ad nauseam*, of the liberty of the press, as though the press alone has any lawful claim to freedom. Surely, parents also should have freedom, freedom to protect their children from moral disease. Surely, the community should have freedom to protect itself from the incubus of crime and insanity which grows heavier day by day, as a direct result of impure literature.

Then again, we are told that these filthy books serve a useful purpose. They are supposed to be true to nature, to show us what really exists, etc., etc., etc. Assuming that they are true to nature, what then? We all know well that there are, for example, men and women in the world with all the instincts of a tiger. In what way does it benefit us to have these creatures embalmed in three volume novels? Lucretia Borgias are bad enough in history. Why multiply them in fiction, and, still more, why put halos upon the heads of knaves and satyrs?

The authors of these books protest too much. They speak so loudly of their holy and exalted motives that we are tempted to inquire whether, after all, their motives have even the normal altitude. Once started upon this inquiry, we are forced to recognize that there is no such literary gold-mine as an impure novel. We need go no further. J.

Hunting Still for Heretics

THE heresy hunters are once more upon the warpath. That they should make themselves ridiculous does not matter at all, but the discredit which they bring upon Christianity matters a great deal. There are still many who will believe that these represent, instead of misrepresent, the faith which they so unfortunately profess and who will judge of Christianity by the antics which these people perform. All things, however, work together for good, and the conviction of heretics will have a beneficial result. It will eventually form a kind of theologic Order of Merit, and a certificate of heresy conviction will be demanded by our congregations as a guarantee of the intelligence possessed by the minister. A few weeks ago these heresy honors were conferred upon Dr. Lyman Abbott and then upon Dr. Edward Everett Hale. Now it is Dr. Rainsford of New York who is accused of saying the most dreadful things in a sermon of twenty-minutes duration. We hesitate to reproduce the charge lest we ourselves shall be accused of heresy, but we may say that one of the main accusations is that Dr. Rainsford "belittled the sinfulness of sin," and that not satisfied with this heinous offense, he went on to say that there are errors in the Old Testament.

Now, Dr. Rainsford is a clergyman whose great-hearted humanitarian work has been the wonder and the admiration of New York. The *Sun* hits the nail fairly upon the head when it says:

The accusation lies against the whole distinguished school of theology to which he belongs, a school which now is prominent, if not predominant, in every church in Christendom.

The *Boston Transcript* is no less outspoken. It says:

His passion for reality, his irritation at all that is conventional merely for the sake of conventionality, his boldness in calling an ace an ace and a spade a spade, all make him disliked and distrusted by the traditionalists of his own church.

It seems almost a pity that the secular press should dignify these absurdities by its notice and so perpetuate in the minds of these persecutors the erroneous idea that what they are pleased to call their opinions are of interest to anyone. We hope that it is not in their power to impose any actual pains or penalties upon Dr. Rainsford, but if it is within their power he will have the consolation of knowing that he suffers as a representative of what is best in religious thought. STUDENT

Religious Education in Schools

MR. H. G. WELLS wants to improve the average man and he seems to have some very intelligent ideas of how to do it. He wants to have more public bath-rooms, on the principle that if you can make a man dirty by refusing him water, you can therefore make him clean by allowing him a plentiful supply. He wants to see better houses, and by this he means houses built upon practical common sense lines, with modern conveniences which are not necessarily expensive because they are convenient. He would have the means of education put within the reach, not alone of every child, but of every human being who feels intellectually hungry. These things, Mr. Wells believes, will take a good deal of the discoloration from our minds. He is probably right.

But it is on religious teaching in the school room that Mr. Wells is at his best. Mr. Wells writes from the English point of view, and he doubtless has in mind those largely apocryphal parents, who are supposed to exist in such numbers and who "absolutely demand" that their children shall receive "definite religious teaching" in the day schools. We may say, in parenthesis, that "definite religious teaching" never means anything else than the Episcopal catechism and church control of public money. Now, Mr. Wells contends that the parent who insists upon religious teachings by the ordinary school teachers is presumably an atheist. "Such a man," he says,

Finds it convenient to profess a lax version of the popular religion, and he usually does so, and invariably he wants his children "taught" religion, because he so utterly disbelieves in God, goodness and spirituality, that he cannot imagine young people doing even enough right to keep healthy and prosperous, unless they are humbugged into it.

This is hard hitting, but it is needed and never more so than in England at the present time, where the rising generation is being bound hand and foot and thrown to the Moloch of sectarianism. STUDENT

THE faults of women, of children, of the feeble, the indigent, and the ignorant, are the faults of the husbands, the fathers, the masters, the strong, the rich, the wise.—VICTOR HUGO

Religion versus Creeds

THE Rev. C. J. K. Jones has recently preached an interesting sermon on "The Need of the Times." It is always a hopeful sign when we recognize that we have a need. The only hopeless condition is that of placid self-contentment in which so many churches are still to be found.

Mr. Jones thinks that the need of the times is a hearty recognition of what is essential in religious life as opposed to what is unessential. This, of course, is very true, but it seems in the main to leave the question where it was before. Who shall discriminate for us between the essential and the unessential? There are nearly as many "essentials" as there are churches and they are all different. Who shall arbitrate?

Mr. Jones says that when we consider the losses to humanity which have been occasioned by religious antagonisms, and the losses which are still being caused, the question arises whether religion has not done more harm than good. He points out that at the present time Christianity is divided into a thousand sects, each one striving to maintain its own ideas, which are so petty in comparison with the broad interests of humanity. We see this illustrated in the "sorry meannesses" of the sects throughout the whole country.

We do indeed. But Mr. Jones must be still more practical, if he wishes to reach the real heart of the evil. Courage, he evidently has in abundance. The antagonism between the sects is an antagonism of creed only, and this antagonism will continue so long as creed is allowed to masquerade as religion. It is so easy to be religious by creed, but it is a very different thing to crush out selfishness by practical service to others. Creeds are the shelter houses of petty hostilities, of greeds, spites, enmities, evils of all kinds. Not one of these could continue to exist and to separate church from church, if there were but the first glimmer of recognition of those "broad interests of humanity." STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

True Art Comes Not Alone from Perfect Technique

THE training of an artist as practised in Japan may well be a subject for serious consideration by some of our modern art students who pose as artists after a few years spent in study from the live model in Paris or Munich or Dusseldorf or some other fashionable art center. The following is taken from an interview with a Japanese artist (extracted from the Los Angeles *Herald*):

After telling me that during the twenty years of drudgery in which he had studied to fit himself for the position he now occupies, oftentimes he had passed his few sleeping hours in his chair, with his head leaning upon the table in front of him, and that his preparation had included a thorough course in anatomy, botany and a number of other subjects which many artists fail to classify as belonging to the curriculum of an art student, he said: "And yet so many become 'artists' in a year or two, or even a few months. But what sort of work do they turn out? Copies, perhaps, of things which they set up before them to enable them to transfer an imitation thereof on to paper or canvas.

Now, a Japanese artist never copies.

"That is, he never has a model before him to aid him in his work. He draws on the store-house of his memory for the ideas he needs. If he has not enough material in his mind in reference to the object he wishes to portray he goes and studies it, and then, with no 'copy' to watch, and with his mind full of the subject, he starts on his task. Since he is thoroughly familiar with the make-up of a flower and knows the droop of every leaf, the flare of every petal, he can easily and much better paint a picture of one without a specimen to copy from. If a Japanese artist wishes to paint a tiger, he goes if possible to where he can hear one roar in his cage and see him lash the bars with angry swishes of his tail.

"Then, with his mind full of the animal's ferocity and power, he gives his imagination a free rein and produces a likeness that depicts rage and untamed splendor in every line, and which fairly pounces upon the beholder."

Then, rapidly sketching the form of a grasshopper, which, with every minute part clearly and distinctly shown, evidenced the effect of his years of study, Aoki continued: "Now, that is not art. Any one can copy that. This is art," and, with a dash of the brush, appeared the figure of a lad squatted upon the ground with his head bent toward his feet, the whole having been done in a second and with scarcely a lift of the brush from the card. "That is art," said he with eloquent terseness. "No one can copy that."

It is always interesting to hear any man's explanation of how he became what he is. But it is well to remember that a man of genius is not a product of education as usually understood, that is to say, of the education received in the one life in which his genius displays itself. For it is the reasoning brain-mind that attempts to explain the nature of its master, the soul, and it can not do it. Look at the ponderous mass of verbiage with which Wagner attempted to explain and elucidate the working of his own genius. Who would not willingly throw aside the whole of this weary "prose work" to enjoy for a space the luminous revelation of the soul contained in the music itself.

And in reading the Japanese artist's account of his long and laborious training, do we not feel that, important as this training is, it is but the training of the instrument, and is in no way the explanation of the genius that makes use of the well-trained instrument? May it not even be suggested that the instinct of beauty, the innate sense of the fitness of things,

that makes it almost impossible for a Japanese artist to do an artistic *wrong*, was evolved in that gifted nation by systems of spiritual and moral training years ago? May it not be that this national genius is now being exploited by the descendants of those old lovers of the beautiful?

Is the modern Japanese student the product of his present education, or of another more ancient and more spiritual training, of which the modern artist is an unconscious product?

But there is no question that the modern spirit of commercialism which came in with the Romans has killed the capacity for real study. The desire to get a quick result has destroyed the power to study, the power to hold back and learn and watch nature and *grow*. We are so very anxious to be *doing* that we think nothing about *becoming*; we are so anxious to be producing works of art that we have no time to become artists.

There is no doubt that modern artists are grossly ignorant of many branches of knowledge that should be completely within their grasp, also

it is certain that even in mere technical drawing and painting, the majority are not really trained at all when they first begin to exhibit pictures and paint portraits; and, so far from any reticence or desire to hold back until they are really competent to have an idea and to express it artistically, their one idea is to get before the public and keep there.

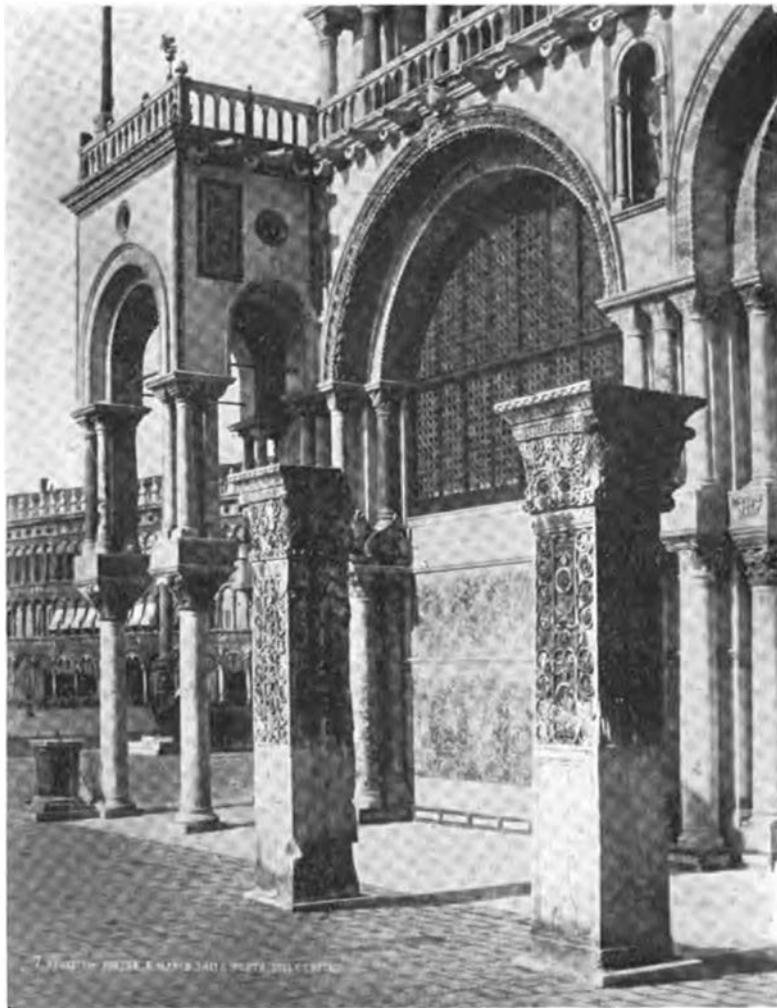
Hence the acres and acres of painted canvas and gilded frames produced every year and offered for sale in the so-called art galleries of great cities.

Therefore I think we might well learn from the older nations like Japan something of what an artist's training should be, without falling down in abject worship of a past method, however excellent it might appear. R. M.

Orchestras of Ancient Greece & Rome

SOME highly interesting articles have recently appeared in *The Dominant* on the history of the orchestra from very early times. The writer holds that from the point of view of instrumental music we are indebted in no way whatever to ancient Greece, and that the Grecians did not even sustain the high level to which this class of music had reached among the Egyptians. He tells us that while they copied some instruments they neither improved upon them nor did

they originate anything of their own. Among the Romans we find many instruments similar to those used in Greece, with the addition of a number of military trumpets. They had the cornu, with its seven feet long tube, the tuba and the lituus. The former was a straight trumpet and the latter, while also straight, was turned up at the bell end. The Romans also played upon the tibia intricularis, ordinarily known now-a-days as the bagpipes. Upon this instrument the Emperor Nero is said to have been skilled as well as upon the flute and organ. Report has it that he was also a vocalist of some merit. The flute was the favorite musical instrument in Rome, both socially and in the religious ceremonies. Large numbers of flute players were employed at funerals, and we find that at one time a law was passed restricting the number to ten. So essential were the flute players to the religious ceremonies that we find them strong enough to resent a supposed affront in a body and betake themselves to Tibur, and were only persuaded to return by the full concession of all disputed points. S.



PIAZZA OF ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, VENICE

WOMAN'S WORK

Mrs. Tighe's "Psyche"



IN making choice of the beautiful allegory of love and the soul, I had some fears lest my subject might be condemned by the frown of severer moralists; however, I hope that if such have the condescension to read through a poem which they may perhaps think too long, they will yet do me the justice to allow that I have only pictured innocent love such as the purest bosom might confess."

These words we read in the preface to "Psyche," a poem written by a woman who understood the nature of love in its true relation to the soul. Born in the latter part of the Eighteenth century, and amid the beauties of County Wicklow's wooded vales, near Ashford Bridge and the Devil's Glen, she lived her short unhappy married life, and there wrote "Psyche." In a series of vivid pictures the reader travels with the soul—enshrined in a lovely maiden form—through its long pilgrimage on earth, to its final triumph.

Wooded and deified—so wonderful is her loveliness—she rouses the envy and jealousy of Venus, the reigning goddess of Love, who calls Cupid, her son, to redress her wrongs. Swiftly he flies to the island of Pleasure where flow two streams, Joy and Sorrow. The god is pictured thus:

His quiver, sparkling bright with gems and gold,
From his fair plumed shoulder graceful hung,
And from its top in brilliant chords enrolled
Each little vase resplendently was slung.
Still as he flew, around him sportive clung
His frolic train of winged zephyrs light,
Wafting the fragrance which his tresses flung;
While odors dropped from every ringlet bright,
And from his blue eyes beamed ineffable delight.

Through the sweet lips of the slumbering Psyche he poured the fatal drops. But suddenly she opened her eyes and the shining dart with which he touched her heart pierced his own. For one brief moment he is unveiled to Psyche's vision—then once more she wanders—lonelier than before, seeking the glorious champion of her dream, a champion whose nature is kin to the divine realms she is leaving behind. But in the dawn of the soul's earthly existence, the divine urges its claim and would hold the fair wanderer by the simple bond of trust, and for a time Psyche is united to her champion—to his unseen presence—and oft he leaves her, that she may form the sacred bond of trust. But Psyche mournful grows, and,

To charm the languid hours of solitude, He oft invites her to the Muse's lore. Silence and solitude the muses love, And whom they charm they can alone suffice;	Nor ever tedious hour their votaries prove: This solace now the lonely Psyche tries. Or, while her hand the curious needle plies, She learns from lips unseen celestial strains.
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But gloomy suspicion and curiosity glide past the warning voice of love, and lead her to use the fatal lamp, which reveals the celestial form of her spouse. Alas! with a crash the lamp falls, and from a swoon Psyche awakes to gaze upon a dark and dreary waste. To Venus she comes as suppliant, and listens fearfully to her fate. Venus says:

"THE OLD THOUGHTS NEVER DIE.
IMMORTAL DREAMS
OUTLIVE THEIR DREAMERS AND
ARE OURS FOR AYE."

No suppliant tears her vengeance shall abate
Till thou hast raised an altar to her power. . . .
And on the altar must thou place an urn
Filled from immortal Beauty's sacred spring. . . .
But never shalt thou taste a pure repose,
Nor ever meet thy lover's circling arms,
Till all subdued that shall thy steps oppose.

Submissive she hastens to her doom, then wanders on, guided by innocence. But aspiration from the trembling soul calls forth its armored knight with Constance, his attendant page. Passion, which leaps to sudden flame, he royally subdues, and if to him true, her guest is sheltered and protected. But with those who trust the warrior within, the powers of evil wage constant fight, and mighty and fierce are the battles for the soul's bright shrine. The knight reveals

How he himself was bound By solemn vow, that neither force nor art	His helmet should unloose, till he had found The bower of happiness. . . .
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Into the land of Loose Delight, Psyche strays, guarded by innocence. Vanity and flattery tempt, and from them she scales ambition's dizzy heights. Slander, which wounds her knight she encounters, suspicion and jealousy blind and torture. Oft she thinks herself forsaken and alone—but pure longing for protection brings ever the watchful warrior to her aid.

United they approach the palace of Chastity, and pathetic are the words of the knight—through dishonored manhood in the world he cannot enter.

A stranger here, full oft I vainly tried
Admittance to obtain and soothe the sovereign's
pride. . . .

Me she hath banished from her fair domain,
For crimes my loyal heart had never known,
While thus excluded vainly I complain,
And feel another's guilt my injured honor stain.

But Constance finds a friend within and together they laughingly unbar the gates. Psyche enchanted and entranced longs to stay in this abode of spotless purity, and forgets her knight. Indignant, he turns to go, but the queenly virgin who rules the realm, bids him stay.

Depart in peace! thou chosen of my heart!
Leave not thy faithful knight's protecting side.
Dear to me both, oh may no treacherous art
Your kindred souls divide, your fair alliance
part.

Onward they travel, in tempests sheltered by patience. Then into indifference Psyche drifts, and meets "Proud Selfishness, her dread ill-fa-

vored lord," and here love also reigns. With appalling truth is he pictured, "An idiot child in golden chains." Shocked and horrified, Psyche turns in disgust, and once more calls upon her knight, who comes—the final and the greatest battle to fight. The magic shield he bore and used "in pity to the human race." And they were free!

Safely they reached the land, where Constance ascends a steep and returns triumphant with the destined urn. Scarce had she placed it on the altar, when from the celestial brow of her faithful knight, the helmet fell! His happiness is at last won, and Psyche beholds the god of love, whom she has so long been seeking. And so we leave the soul once more united to its own nature—the divine.

"Psyche" is more than a beautiful poem, it is an outpouring from a



MRS. TIGHE (MARY BLACKFORD), AUTHOR OF "PSYCHE"

gracious queenly heart, that knew true love and the false, and lingering thoughts dwell on the lovely author—a woman of whom Erin may be justly proud.

In her we see a type of the higher womanhood, motherhood in the highest sense; a woman who recognizes the light of the soul, and is fully awake to the dangers which beset its path through life. Such will be the women of the future, who shall safely guide the child. A. P. D.

The Present---A Word to Women

THE Present is that in which one is at the moment living; the real duty, that lies directly in one's pathway to be done, the thing which one should do, and nine times out of ten would rather not do. It is usually a very little thing that we think will not matter anyway; some other time will do as well, and it seems so much more worth while, besides being pleasanter, to turn our attention to big things.

But in Loma-land there is something in the atmosphere that constantly reminds one of the value of the present moment. One gets to feel that each moment is made of gold, and that one has opened a bank account with Nature. The twenty-four hours of the day are like a great fortune given one to spend. This fortune is in constant danger of being stolen from us, and in self-defense we are obliged to take in hand the sword "I-Will" to help us guard our treasure.

Every time we say "I will—to serve," "I will—be strong," "I will—do this small duty," "I will—get up promptly in the morning," "I will—be on time," "I will—bury my temper," "I will—have no friction," "I will—help make unity," we are dealing with the present, and we are transmuting Time itself into gold. And then we release from bondage the sunlight of life that has been imprisoned. We have released this energy of the universe and make ourselves a part of it. We then are the users of this energy and become unconquerable—true Warriors of Light.

From the stronghold of the Present we can conquer the Past and control the Future, and ourselves be as free as birds. Then we become "birds of passage," able to go from land to land, and across the oceans, to help others to realize that they also possess this great heritage of wealth, the Present, and that they can claim it.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained. Knowest thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'd say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?"

STUDENT

Some Women of India

AS far as the east is from the west" is not entirely a figure of speech. That east and west have been so often in conflict is surely due to a fundamental difficulty in understanding each other, rather than to any more concrete *casus belli*. Look, for instance, at Cornelia Sorabji's estimate of the women of her own country of India:

Some have asked oftentimes of late whether *sadness* is a note of Indian life. 'Tis a hard question to answer; and depends upon what you call sadness. Certainly the mass of people are not joyous. I personally have been much oppressed by the tragedy of life as I wandered up and down the country these last eight years. Sadder things have I known (as Westerners count sadness) than I have yet had the courage to put down on paper. Yet much depends on ideals. In India a woman's ideal is *sainthood*, not personal happiness. To *give* and not count the cost is her greatest pleasure.

Let us remember that Miss Sorabji is speaking not of a few individuals, of a sect, or of a caste, but of the unnumbered millions of India's women, whose ideal, she says, is sainthood, and whose greatest pleasure is to give. Whatever allowance we may make for Miss Sorabji's national predilections, nevertheless the picture which she presents is bewildering; it is one which the average western mind is simply unable to understand. J.

Editor NEW CENTURY PATH—Have just finished a first trial of a recipe in your column, "Nondescripts."

When a platter was piled up with them in a sugar-powdered heap, the Irish cook viewed them with a smile of delight.

"Look at them now," said she. "There is lilies, and daffodum dillies, and lady slippers, and apple blossoms, and roses, and fans, and windmills, and more shapes than you can describe, and they bees very brittle like; you must handle them careful."

"Nondescripts" are certainly very pretty and artistic; with a spoonful of jelly or fruit they are a delicious dessert.

This is just a line of appreciation and assurance that this recipe has been a success here. Sincerely,
Yonkers, N. Y., May 30th, 1903
LOUISE KIRKWOOD

Sappho, the Greek Poetess

SAPPHO, the Greek poetess, considered by many students "the one great woman poet of the world," is said to have been at the zenith of her fame about the year 610 B. C., and was a contemporary of Solon, Daniel and Nebuchadnezzar. As to what the true history of her life was, little is known that can be regarded as authentic. Thus, like many other great souls, she has been misunderstood and misinterpreted. But her transcendent genius, as a poetess, remains unchallenged.



Sapphics

CLOTHED about with flame and with tears, and singing
Songs that move the heart of the shaken heaven,
Songs that break the heart of the earth with pity,
Hearing, to hear them.—SWINBURNE

SAPPHO loves the Rose, and always crowns it with some
praise, likening beautiful maidens to it.—PHILOSTRATUS

Song of the Rose

by Mrs. E. B. BROWNING (Attributed to Sappho)

IF Zeus chose us a king of the flowers in his mirth,
He would call to the Rose and would royally crown it,
For the Rose, ho, the Rose, is the grace of the earth,
Is the light of the plants that are growing upon it.
For the Rose, ho, the Rose, is the eye of the flowers,
Is the blush of the meadows that feel themselves fair—
Is the lightning of beauty that strikes through the bowers
On pale lovers who sit in the glow unaware.

Ho, the Rose breathes of love! Ho, the Rose lifts the cup
To the red lips of Cypris invoked for a guest!
Ho, the Rose, having curled its sweet leaves for the world,
Takes delight in the motion its petals keep up,
As they laugh to the wind as it laughs from the west.

Isabella of Castile

FERDINAND and Isabella lived together, not like man and wife, whose estates are common, under the orders of the husband, but like two monarchs strictly allied. They had separate claims to sovereignty, in virtue of their respective kingdoms. They had separate councils, and were often distant from each other in different parts of their empire, each exercising the royal authority. Yet they were so happily united by common views, common interests, and a great deference for each other, that this double administration never prevented a unity of purpose and of action. All acts of sovereignty were executed in both their names; all public writings were subscribed with both their signatures; their likenesses were stamped together on the public coin, and the royal seal displayed the united arms of Castile and Arragon.

—WASHINGTON IRVING

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Mighty Powers of the Ancients on Sea and Land

A WRITER has recently remarked that there is among us a habit of belittling the ancients, which is itself belittling to us. An instance of this is the lack of consideration given to many of the most remarkable of the writings of the ancients and their precious records of a bygone glory of civilization. Among such writings may be placed Plato's description of the great Atlantis which, whether literally true or a literary "impression," contains some ideas so grand that our architects of achievement may well stop to consider.

To confine ourselves to one item—the glimpse afforded to us of the naval organization of this wonderful humanity. In these strenuous times of great naval increase on all sides, and yet greater dreams of ocean power, this subject is sufficiently appropriate as being intensely practical.

The Greek philosopher had lived long in Egypt, and there acquired much knowledge that was not judicious for him to speak of too plainly in those times, when many branches of learning were the monopoly of the temples. As though at third hand he describes a wonderful account of this ancient land of Atlantis, which Solon is supposed to have received from a priest of Sais. After calling attention to its development and marvelous adaptation to maritime affairs, he describes the organization of one of the nine great kingdoms—the central or royal island. To quote:

As to the population: Each of the lots in the plain had an appointed chief of men who were fit for military service, and the size of the lot was to be a square of ten stadia each way, and the total number of lots was 60,000.

And of the inhabitants of the mountains and of the rest of the country there was also a vast multitude having leaders to whom they were assigned according to their dwellings and villages. The leader was required to furnish for the war the

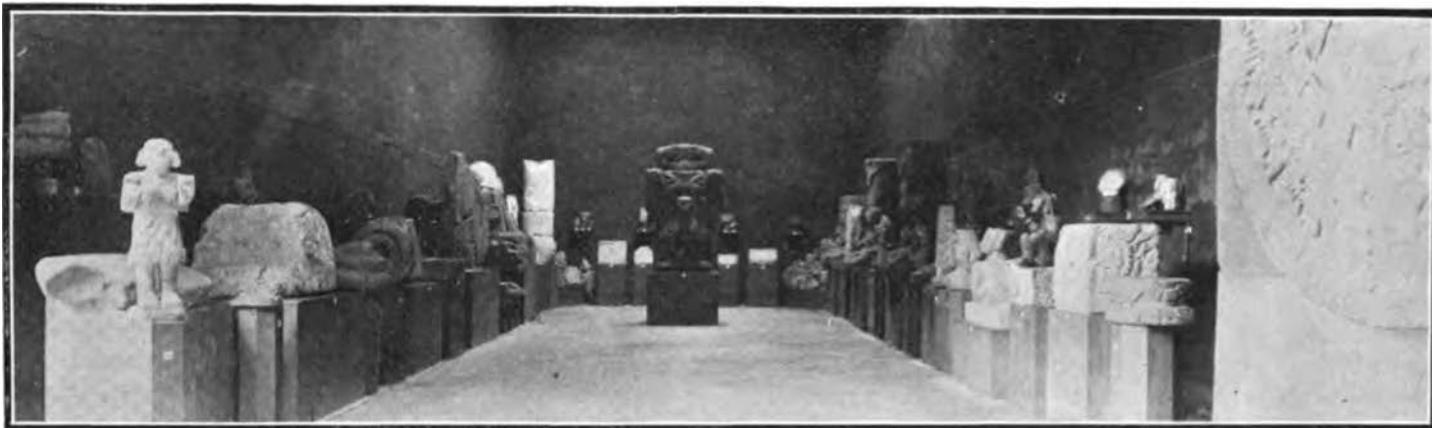
the sea sailing from the mysterious and dreadful West and devastating Italy, Greece and the shores of the Middle Sea to Asia, Libya and Egypt—even the degenerate days of the small island that remained of the once great Atlantis. Need we wonder in entire ignorance at the mighty ruins we encounter sown over Europe, Asia and America? Yet wanton raids on "savage" lands and the lust of conquest were not in the original picture as drawn by the Greek philosopher. For their peaceful arts and commerce were great in proportion.

And this is only a small fragment of their history—a side note, as it were. Possibly our civilization is not so magnificent as we love to think. Perhaps our ideals might be far higher without trespassing on the domain of the visionary. If man has been so great materially and his civilization utterly forgotten, can we not dare to be so spiritually great that our civilization will not be forgotten by those for whom we hold this world in trust for one short day of life? M.

Sacred Games of Ancient Asia and America

THE connection between games and religion has been discussed in the NEW CENTURY PATH in connection with the Olympian games of ancient Greece. The sacred games of the Greeks were celebrated near the oracle or shrine of the celestial power in whose honor they were instituted. No institution exercised greater influence in molding the national character and producing that unique type of physical and intellectual beauty which we see reflected in Greek art and literature. Games have gradually degenerated in significance since the days when they were a sacred ritual, and when ritual meant something more than a mere ceremonial and was a means whereby divine

National Museum in the City of Mexico at Extreme Right is the Famous Calendar Stone



A Few of the Ancient Aztec Relics That Have Been Preserved and Retained in Mexico

sixth portion of a war chariot, so as to make up a total of 10,000 chariots, also two horses and riders upon them, and a light chariot without a seat, accompanied by a fighting man on foot carrying a small shield and having a charioteer mounted to guide the horses. Also he was bound to furnish two heavy armed men, two archers, two slingers, three stone shooters and three javelin men, who were skirmishers, and four sailors to make up a complement of 1200 ships. Such was the order of war in the royal city. That of the other nine governments was different in each of them, and would be wearisome to narrate. . . ."

Follows the description of the organization of these forces, and the code of laws under which the whole was assimilated.

But consider—a portion of this continent, the royal city alone, without any regard to the remainder of the nine great kingdoms, possessed a purely maritime war force of 1200 ships manned by 240,000 men. Imagine a personnel falling short of a quarter of a million men by only a few thousand! In this present year—1903—the vote in the British Parliament for men to be employed in the sea and coast-guard service, was 127,100 men and boys, including 19,808 Royal Marines. This is, one may suppose, the largest number employed in the standing navy of any country in the world, and the framers of the naval estimates deplore the extent of the burden forced upon the country by competition of rival nations.

It is no wonder that centuries later than the time of which Plato writes, perhaps thousands of years later, we hear of mighty vikings of

powers were evoked for the welfare of the community. A systematic examination of the games of the world has been made by Stewart Culin of the University of Pennsylvania, says the *Literary Digest*. These games he believes to be the fragments of ancient ritual observances, and a comparison of those found in America and Asia leads him to believe that the share of this continent in the establishment of civilization is much greater than is usually supposed. Says Mr. Culin:

After a comprehensive examination of all the games of the American tribes, it appears that they may be classified in some four or five interdependent and related groups, in which the implements employed show progressive modification of form, suggesting a common source in specific ceremonies, as well as geographic center in America from which they probably emanated.

The games of the Eastern Continent—and I speak now not so much of the present day as from what we know of the remote past—are not only similar to, but practically identical with, those of America, and are not only alike in externals but in their morphology as well. And, it may be added, they extend over into Asia and America, as expressions of the same underlying culture. . . . Shall we not assent to the claim that ancient America may have contributed, to an extent usually unimagined, her share of what is now the world's civilization?

More testimony in favor of two claims we so often advocate in the NEW CENTURY PATH—that so-called savage tribes are the remnants of great and gifted civilizations, and that America has a past going back beyond that of the Old World. H. T. E.



A Life Picture of a Loma-land Quail's Nest

WE reproduce a photograph of a quail's nest just added to the splendid Loma-land collection of local natural history pictures from life. The California quail, which is different from the Asiatic variety, is fairly common at Point Loma and this spring an unusual number of its nests have been seen. They are found hidden among the roots



of the low shrubs, such as the sage or yerba santa, and contain from nine to fifteen speckled eggs about one inch in length. Our picture is taken from a nest built under the lowest branches of a bush growing within the inclosure of the amphitheater. Like all the birds living around the Homestead, the mother quail was quite fearless and willingly allowed one to approach within a yard of her nest before she would move. The birds have found that they will be protected by the students and the children, and every succeeding year they come in greater numbers and make their pretty homes in the trees and creepers around the Lotus Home to the ceaseless delight of the children, who watch with great interest the fledglings taking their first lessons in flying and other branches of bird education. PAJARO

Comradships and Antagonisms Among Plants

THE Homestead agricultural department is now grappling with a problem which has vexed the rural population ever since the first farmer sowed the first field, an indefinite number of millions of years ago, that is, weeds. And in asking the old, familiar question, what weeds are for, we find opening to us an immense and hitherto but little explored field of research. For we have come to understand that plants have alliances and feuds like people, and that some varieties are friends or enemies and help or retard each other's growth. Every one who knows anything of wild plant life must have noticed that some sorts of plants are frequently associates, having similar habits and growing in the same places, so that the presence of one is an indication that the other may be expected thereabouts, and that the presence of other species is not to be expected. For example, jack-in-the-pulpit is frequently a companion of watercress and cowslips, but no one ever saw wintergreen growing with cowslips, though both may thrive in the same neighborhood. All this is familiar and is explained by the differences in the habits of these plants, their requirements as to water, soil, shade, etc. There is also a

series of relationships which depend upon the shapes of the plants; for example, pig-weed or sunflowers will injure corn more than a grass pest would, because they stand higher and smother it. But there are also other plant relations which depend upon more subtle connections. Here at Loma-land we find that the beautiful "coffee-fern" very much prefers the shelter of a buckthorn or flowering sage to that of any other plant, though the reason for the choice is not so easily found.

It has been learned that good Smyrna figs cannot be grown unless there are wild or Capri fig-trees near by; and the hop-growers of the Puget sound region find it impossible to produce hops if there are any plum-trees in the vicinity of the hop-fields.

Many such examples could be cited, and we know that there are numerous parasitic plants which, like the mistletoe, give especial attention to certain species, to the exclusion of others. We also know that there are many inherent friendships and antagonisms in the chemical world, of which oil and water is, though a rather mechanical, yet a very familiar example of enmity, while carbon and oxygen are close friends. In the animal kingdom the same rule prevails. Every one knows how energetically cats and dogs hate each other; mongooses seem to have no other object in life than to kill snakes, while gophers and rabbits appear to be on friendly terms. The human race itself carries with it certain forms of animal and vegetable life, such as pig-weed, which is never seen except where people have lived.

From these examples and analogies we may reasonably conclude that certain fixed associations, both friendly and otherwise, exist between the different species of plants, even when there is nothing in their habits, shape or requirements to unite them. In short, we are forced to the conclusion that certain definite relations exist by means of insects between plants of totally distinct genera, by reason of intrinsic affinities which botany has not yet discovered. Darwin frequently hints in a vague, general way, at the possibility of such connections, and Herbert Spencer traces, rather whimsically, the possible botanical, industrial and political results which might occur if there were an excessive number of old ladies with tabby-cats; because of the well-known fondness of cats for field-mice and birds, thus causing grave disturbances in the balance of life. But no one has, we believe, ever studied this matter in a practical way for a definite purpose, and we venture the prediction that if so studied by competent and able men an enormous amount of valuable knowledge



A LOMA-LAND DOVE'S NEST

could be obtained. Agriculture is now scarcely more than a collection of fag-ends of several sciences, and botany lacks a foundation-principle, but there seems reason to believe that these researches would reestablish agriculture in its ancient and now long-forgotten rank as itself a fundamental science; not a mere collection of arts, but a basic science the equal of and closely united to music and geometry. Such knowledge, when obtained, may reveal that the wild flora of a region exercises a direct and powerful influence over the cultivated fields, so that the farmer will, for his own selfish interest if nothing more, find it worth his while to apply the strength of his head and hand toward keeping even the most remote nooks and corners free from noxious growths. NATURE-LOVER

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

DINNER TO CUBAN PRISONERS

Katherine Tingley's Good Offices to the Unfortunates of Santiago de Cuba Calls Forth a Graceful Acknowledgment

Translated from *El Cubano Libre*, May 21st, 1903

MRS. KATHERINE TINGLEY'S generous interest in the inmates of the Santiago prison was expressed in the form of an elaborate dinner of which all partook. There were floral decorations and cards bearing ethical sentiments.

Mrs. Tingley and Señorita Fabra acted as hostesses, and certainly merited the thanks of their guests, as well as the most cordial reception which was tendered to them by the Directors.

With this beautiful evidence of its generosity The International Brotherhood League commemorated our national triumph. The prisoners publicly expressed their gratitude in the following lines:

“DIRECTOR OF EL CUBANO LIBRE: City

“Dear Fellow Citizen: We beg that you will insert the following lines, for which favor we thank you in advance:

“THE INMATES OF THE PRISON OF CUBA

“Popular rejoicings, all festivals, in fact, are most delightful to those who actively enjoy them, or to those who enjoy them quietly, surrounded by their loved ones and resting in their homes from weary work.

“But those who are stricken with sorrow, physical or moral, or who are suffering for their misdeeds, find themselves unable to participate in these rejoicings as was formerly the case, whether they came from palace or hovel; unto these, harmonious echoes are but disagreeable voices of sarcasm and mockery, grief-cries, reverberating in their downcast hearts. At these times, whether innocent or guilty, they are prevented from enjoying that inalienable right which nature bestows upon her privileged sons, and despair takes possession of them. They become filled with bitterness and hatred toward those who, in the intoxication of their pleasures, forget that they are members of the same family with the unfortunate.

“Lost in these reflections, the inmates of the Prison of Cuba were yesterday surprised by a visit from Katherine Tingley, representative in this city of the Raja Yoga School.

“Accompanied by some of her students, and also by the sympathetic *cicerone* Señor Faiardo Ortiz, editor of this paper, she came with tender and inspiring words, as well as with an invitation to a bounteous dinner.

“Through this disinterested act and through her uplifting words Mrs. Tingley cleared away the despair which had taken possession of us, she reconciled us with humanity, and while she was with us her tender words made us forget our condition, and even the place in which we were.

“Concerning an act so disinterested, so generous, so noble and so philosophical on the part of those who gave up all the pleasures of yesterday in order to visit us, we must not—we cannot—be silent. And for these reasons we beg you to insert these lines in your courageous Cuban paper as evidence of our sincere gratitude towards those who visited us yesterday, and especially towards the illustrious benefactor, Katherine Tingley, whose memory we shall ever cherish.

“(Signed)

“THE INMATES

“Prison of Cuba, May 21st, 1903”

RAJA YOGA SCHOOL IN CUBA

Humanitarian and Educational Work of Katherine Tingley in Santiago Endorsed by Leading Journal of the Republic

Translated from *El Cubano Libre*, May 25th, 1903

LAST week Katherine Tingley took possession of the house of Sta. Maria Ferrer, situated at Heredia Alta No. 3, and which is the largest and one of the most beautiful houses in Santiago de Cuba.

It is situated on a prominent corner one block from the plaza. In this house many notable people have been entertained at various times, the last being President Palma, who stopped there on his recent visit to Santiago.

Mrs. Tingley's purpose is to establish a Raja Yoga Academy. This effort of hers is the result of many applications which she has received from Santiago and surrounding cities, for admission to a day school for boys and girls, between the ages of three and sixteen years.

Besides a general school course of the highest standard, there will be special departments of instruction to fit the students for all the professions.

This school will be opened in September, and will be well equipped with all necessary facilities to make it such an ideal institution as we have already seen in existence at Point Loma, California.

Mrs. Tingley gives much attention to physical development, for she declares that true education must begin by building up the physical body and the preservation of perfect health.

When this condition exists the mind is much better balanced and more receptive.

On this account a modern, fully-equipped gymnasium will be one of the interesting features of this institution.

Mrs. Tingley intends that the influence of this work shall in time reach the homes of the children, and build up a new life for all connected with it. Mrs. Tingley will return to the United States in a short time, to make arrangements for furthering this plan, and to arrange for such teachers as are needed for this great work.

Among them will be Miss Ethel Wood, the young pioneer Raja Yoga worker who, at present, is the principal of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma.

Miss Wood will remain several months in Cuba, and will establish the Raja Yoga system in this institution and in the free school departments, which at present are situated in San Felix and Santa Tomas Streets.

It is expected that Mr. W. A. Rounds, the noted violinist, and Mr. R. A. Machell, a member of the Royal Academy of Arts, will come to teach. Mr. Machell has an international reputation as an artist and for his exquisite mystical pictures, some of which adorn the art gallery at Point Loma.

The two free departments will continue until the first of June and possibly longer, but in September Mrs. Tingley intends to secure a new building for department No. 2, situated in Santa Tomas Street.

During Mrs. Tingley's absence, work will be commenced at the new Cuabitas property, which Sr. Emilio Bacardi has donated for this purpose. If Mrs. Tingley accomplishes as much in Cuba during the next twelve months as she has in the three months she has been here, we can be assured that every province in the Island will in time have a Raja Yoga School.

And all this has been done in spite of the malicious attempts of a handful of unprincipled people, who have worked strenuously to mislead the public mind, and to obstruct the work of this great philanthropist.

PROGRAM --- ISIS THEATRE SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 14th at 8 o'clock

Entire program repeated from June 7th by request

- 1 Overture---Leonore Beethoven
- 2 Melody in F Rubinstein
Allegro (from Trio in E flat) Lachner
violin, viola and piano
- 3 Abendlied Schumann
- 4 Slavonic Dances Nos. 1 and 3 Dvorak
- 5 Melodie H. W. Nicholl
organ and piano
- 6 Overture---Fingal's Cave Mendelssohn

"We are
Raja Yoga Girls



of Point Loma
California"



U. B. Lodge, Liverpool, England

AT OUR first meeting in the month the circular letter from some of the Cabinet Officers was read. All the members spoke with deep feeling and with gratitude to our three Leaders and Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. On Sunday, April 26th, we celebrated the anniversary of William Q. Judge's great vindication at Boston in 1895, and his election for life to the Presidency of The Theosophical Society. The subject of the addresses was "Sowing and Reaping," and extracts were read on Karma and Rebirth taken from *The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine*. Papers, "The Three Leaders," and "William Quan Judge, a Leader of Men," were read from the *Universal Brotherhood Path*. The International Brotherhood League Representative read a paper on Clause Three of the objects of the League. Instrumental and vocal music filled up the program. Members' meetings have been held as usual.

J. F. CROPPER, Secretary

Lotus Group, Seacombe, Liverpool, England

WE HAVE held our usual meetings during the past month, and on April 12th we also celebrated the anniversary of the birth of William Q. Judge, the Lodge President, Secretary and Librarian being invited to be present. After songs, silent moments, recitations, the Lotus Buds recited some of the sayings of William Q. Judge, standing around his portrait, which was beautifully decorated with flowers. The Lodge President, the Secretary and Superintendent of the Lotus Group then gave short talks to the children, after which we finished by more singing. The attachment of the Lotus Buds to the Group is very touching, and they are always delighted to come.

ALICE SANDHAM, Superintendent

Lotus Group at Sodermalm, Stockholm, Sweden

DURING this month the work has been carried on enthusiastically and with harmony. Lotus leaflet 10, series I, has been gone through and a new song has been taught. Some new children have joined us. At the last meeting, Swedish flags were given to every one of the children.

AGNES WIKHOLM, Secretary

The Brixton Lotus Group, London, England

AT THE Sunday morning Group the little talks on Nature (plants, cell-life, etc.) still continue and the children are encouraged to bring specimens themselves of natural objects. Much interest is shown in the new songs that are learned. Most of these are from the *Lotus Song Book*, and a little talk about them before learning helps the children to feel their meaning. At the Sunday afternoon Group the usual work is kept up and on Saturdays the children have a social hour.

On Thursday, April 16th, the children of the Lotus Group gave an entertainment to which they invited the most regular of the Saturday afternoon attendants. It was a very pleasant evening; both hosts and visitors helped to entertain with songs, recitations, etc. The members of the Girls' Club sang the song of "Snow White," accompanied by a dance, the performers being dressed in appropriate costume. This gave so much pleasure that it had to be repeated. Two of the girls then gave a curious little dialogue of their own selecting. Intervals were filled up with refreshments and games. The grown-up helpers who were present were struck by the kind and helpful behavior of the children to one another.

FRANCES CORYN

TO what extent are the differences which exist between religious denominations the result of sincere conviction, and in what degree are they caused by self-interest and intellectual pride? Intense and conscientious conviction did undoubtedly enter largely into the original separation.

Those separations were often caused by crying evils in the parent organizations and the schism was sometimes the only available protest against evil. But in very many cases we find that the original evil has disappeared, the original cause of separation either no longer exists, or else has been diminished to the vanishing point by a wider intelligence if not a deeper charity. Why, then, are sectarian boundaries allowed to exist if they are no longer builded upon conscience, even a distorted and tortured conscience, and in how many cases would it be still possible to even urge the pretense of conscience as an excuse for a separation which stultifies effort and breeds jealousies where there should be only fraternity?

We have often taken an opportunity to express our admiration for the utterances of Rabbi Hirsch of Chicago. He has never commanded that admiration in fuller measure than by his recent address on the character of Jesus and his place in Jewish estimation. He said:

So far as the modern Jews are concerned they regard Jesus as one of the noblest religious teachers that ever appeared in the world.

The rabbi may perhaps have had in his mind that grim paradox which declared that the Jews are the only Christians left in Europe, for he says:

The Jews have furnished the only shining example of obedience. The so-called disciples of Jesus have persecuted the Jews with savage ferocity for ages, and the Jews have borne these persecutions with lamb-like gentleness and silence. . . . If Jesus Christ should return to the earth tomorrow he would be welcomed in every Jewish synagogue in the land, and every Jew would say with David: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

The Russian Jews

DETAILS of the massacre of the Russian Jews continue to arrive by every mail. The attack seems, to a certain extent, to have been premeditated, and it receives the applause and the encouragement of a certain section of the Russian press. There is not, however, the smallest evidence, up to the present, that these outrages are viewed with approval by the Russian Government, which seems to have suppressed them with determination and energy.

The newspapers to which we have referred, have appealed to the Jews to "become Christians and our brothers and enjoy all the privileges of citizenship."

They are warned that "there must not remain a single Jew in Russia, unless he is willing to be Christianized," and so on. The language of persecution is always the same. Sometimes it has a refined form and sometimes a brutal one, according to the people from whom it emanates and to whom it is addressed. Sometimes, as here, the threat is death, a threat open and unashamed. Elsewhere, the threat is a denial of civil rights, of social recognition, of fellowship, the threat of ostracism. Civilization has its rack, its pillory, and its stake, and the hands of the executioners are not the less cruel because they wear gloves. The hearts of the persecutors do not change at all, and their deeds are regulated, not by their will nor their wish, but only by their power. STUDENT

L'Entente Cordiale

NOT widely enough known is the organization called "L'Entente Cordiale," although it has existed many years. Its object is to foster friendly feeling between England and France, and it has been brought into considerably increased notice by the visit of King Edward to Paris. That visit has been of great value, and the return call of M. Loubet will do yet more. M. Loubet will find the English only too glad to take advantage of his visit to express their friendly feeling to the sister nation.

The time will come when it will be eminently useful to make a public exposure of the motives and connections of a miserable handful of persons who occupy themselves in attempting to stay the increasingly cordial good feeling between the two peoples. Meanwhile let "L'Entente Cordiale" go on with its good work. H.

Sectarianism

Would Jesus be welcomed in every Christian church, and to what denomination would he belong?

What would he have to say to denominationalism and to the wasted energy which ought to be used in doing his work? What would he have to say to the bitter jealousies, the animosities, the hostilities, which we not only tolerate, but which we even cultivate in his name? We love to remind ourselves that Jesus was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Were there any causes for that divine grief existing in the ancient world, which do not exist in a ten-fold accentuation in the modern world? Would that sorrow be lifted from the heart of golden pity if the Lord of Christianity were to pass through our civilizations today, and would not the separation of churches, the ostracism of Judaism, and the cruel brood which springs from these things, or which are vitalized by these things, be his sorrow's crown of success?

We specially mention Judaism because the differences between it and Christianity are supposed to be more fundamental than those which separate the Christian organizations one from another. But what is there in the Judaism of Rabbi Hirsch which would not ennoble and decorate the churches of Christ?

We withstood Christ then? Be mindful how,
At least we withstand Barabbas now.

The ancient world cried out for the release of Barabbas, and surely he has remained at liberty ever since. Will the churches of today reverse that judgment, or will they maintain it by their sectarianism and by their pride of separateness? Until then, Barabbas, the robber, must remain abroad in the world, stealing from us the light of our lives, a blight upon every hope and upon every aspiration. But the time is short. "Behold! I come quickly." STUDENT

New York Schools

IT is now declared that certain officials of the public schools in New York are anxious to reintroduce corporal punishment as an aid to the teachers in maintaining discipline. They claim that unruly children take advantage of the limitations of the teacher. Of course they do, and for that reason we ought to select teachers whose limitations are not so obvious. How comes it that appointments can be secured by teachers who lack the first qualification for their work, the power of maintaining order? The remedy is to appoint competent teachers who have the faculty of government, for under no circumstances can a bad teacher be turned into a good one by merely conferring upon him illegitimate powers.

The example of New York is not at all likely to be followed elsewhere. The teaching profession is discovering that there is something within every child which will always cooperate with proper authority and discipline. If a teacher cannot discover that something in the child-nature, he had better adopt some other walk in life for which he has the necessary intelligence or instinct. STUDENT

Sectarianism

THE Rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham, has much of that broad and tolerant insight which it would be well to see more generally manifest. He recently said:

One reason why Christ had so little influence in the world of Christendom was because men were saying they were Congregationalists or Baptists or Wesleyans or this or that, instead of being simple Christians.

These landmarks and divisions among the churches are an evidence that the ocean of true religion is indeed at ebb tide. One moment of spiritual perception and they would forever be things of the past. The time will probably never come when men will cease to stamp their individualities and their preferences even upon things of religion, but to codify such trivialities and to magnify them will presently be an impossibility. Then the kingdom of heaven will be at hand. STUDENT

☞ Only a strong and broad nature can pass successfully through the ordeal of being considered an authority on a subject. The effort to live up to the reputation militates against a frank confession of ignorance, where it exists, and locks the mental door against the entrance of suggestions.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

When Science Tries to Tell Us All About It

PROFESSOR OLIVER LODGE discusses in *Nature* the influence of life on matter. He asks the two questions: Is there something in man that is outside the scheme of mechanics; and, if so, how does this something act upon the material world without stultifying mechanical law?

Like so many men of science Professor Lodge is weak in his metaphysics. He does not see that what is called "mechanical law" is not an edict or coercive power that controls nature, but is merely a formulation by mathematicians of what they see happening in nature.

Being thus prejudiced by the scientists' artificial view of nature—that of a mechanism limited in its operations by certain rules and conditions both qualitative and quantitative—he finds himself at a loss how to fit man into the scheme. Having first left man out of the scheme, and balanced up accounts so that they will tally without man, then of course man can not be introduced without disarranging the balance again.

It must be borne in mind that the exactness which scientists find in nature is not an actual exactness, discovered by observation alone; it is an artificial and mathematical exactness, made to order. In fact scientists, having first assumed that nature is exact, construct their explanations in such a way as to confirm their assumption. That is, having previously determined to show a correct balance-sheet, they assign values so as to effect that result.

Having, then, a complete system of accounting for every motion in nature, and tracing every manifestation of force back to some other, the question is how to fit in man's free will. At least this is the question as it appears to the confused mind of our scientist. To us the question seems to be really this: not how does man act on nature, but how does mind in general act on nature? For we do not believe in a nature acting without mind.

For Professor Lodge, nature is a mechanism acting without mind, and hence mind appears as an extraneous factor whose introduction will upset the system. And for some inadequate reason he limits his inquiry to the mind of man. What of the mind of animals? Is there also a question of their interference with mechanical law, or are they, perhaps, "automata?"

In fact the theory that nature is a mechanism that can act without mind (or "life"—to use a word which the professor seems to regard as more or less synonymous), is a pure assumption; and we can make that assumption only by blinking our eyes as to the causes and essence of motion in nature, or by inventing meaningless terms as substitutes for life and mind. But Lodge imagines a universe moving and acting of itself, its various forms of energy transforming themselves one into another, but without a mainspring. And then, having thus dispensed with the necessity for mind, he wonders how he is going to stow it anyhow.

So he argues thus: Since nature moves of itself and finds its own energy, it can not be that man adds any energy to it, otherwise he would upset the balance of the machine. Yet man does do something to nature—I can not deny that. What is it, then, that man does to nature? Answer: he does not move it, he merely "directs" it. And in that word "directs" he finds his consolation. I can not throw a stone, it seems, for nature does that—nature as manifested in the nerves and muscles of my body—that is what *throws* the stone. I merely *direct* it. And it is my mind that decides what the stone shall hit.

Hence the whole of Professor Lodge's problem is simply a problem in reasoning, a metaphysical quandary. He has framed an inadequate theory of nature and is at a loss how to square the facts therewith. It is as if we were to explain the motion of a cart by saying that it was due to forces acting under law, and then wonder where the horse came in.

Professor Lodge thinks his inquiry also touches the question as to God's place in the universe. And so indeed it does, for the fallacy is the same in both cases. If we devise an explanation of the universe in terms purposely contrived to dispense with a God, and then discover that there is a God after all, what can we do with him? Happy thought—say He only *directs* the universe, not moves it.

The professor realizes that the mechanical formulation of nature is serviceable as an explanation only within certain limits, and that it can not be rigidly applied. But instead of adopting a more flexible philosophy, he seems desirous of retaining that mechanical formulation in all its rigidity, but limiting its scope, and then having another philosophy for that part of nature which can not be packed into the old system. Thus he speaks of

Another scheme of things, which touches and interacts with this material universe in a certain way, building its particles into notable configurations for a time, . . . and then evaporating whence it came.

And he admits that

We have not yet a theory of life—we have not even a theory of the essential nature of gravitation.

H. T. E.

The Human Body Absorbs and Emits Rays of Light

SLOWLY and laboriously does orthodox science rediscover, with correct professional authorization, the things which it hooted down years ago when they were discussed in an unauthorized manner. We cannot justly mention these discoveries without due recognition of the shade of Reichenbach, now long enough dead to be plagiarized from without inconvenience.

According to newspaper accounts Professor Goodspeed of the University of Pennsylvania has discovered that photographs can be taken with light emanating from the human body. He is said to have proven the existence of a hitherto unknown ray, thrown out by human beings, by means of which pictures can be taken in five minutes. Quoting from a dispatch in the *San Francisco Examiner*:

Professor Goodspeed conducted his experiments with the aid of a Crookes tube, but the X-rays flowing from the tube were not permitted to proceed toward the photographic plates. The object of using the Crookes tube was to have Professor Goodspeed's body absorb the X-rays waves and transform them into a different kind of ray, and from the latter the photographs were made.

Professor Goodspeed says, however, that this process of absorption, transformation and diffusion of rays from the human body goes on without the presence of a Crookes tube.

The radiographs he showed, he says, were made by putting a Crookes tube in operation inside of a light-proof black box. This box was placed so that the platinum plate directed the rays upward and on top of the box he piled up pieces of lead, which is impervious to the X-rays. On top of the box was also placed a cylinder of brass with a small aperture in its side. Within the cylinder and resting on the lid of the box he placed a cent, a gold ring and a piece of aluminum. The top of the cylinder was sealed with two heavy pieces of zinc.

The only way that rays could reach the objects to be photographed was through the opening in the side of the cylinder. All the time the room was in absolute darkness.

Professor Goodspeed held his hand three inches from the opening of the cylinder for three minutes. Then the plate was taken from its place and developed and on it were found the radiographs of the ring, the cent and the piece of aluminum.

This picture Professor Goodspeed declares, was produced by the secondary activity emanating from his hand under the influence of the X-rays.

And the Professor's explanation is an exact repetition of Reichenbach, for he says:

All matter absorbs radio-active energy in waves of varying lengths, and gives off this same energy in waves of a changed and definite length. The energy that has been thus transformed is characteristic of the matter that gives it forth.

The human body gives out the rays of waves of this energy with comparative freedom and force.

It is to be presumed that the character of the human rays varies in an infinitesimal degree with the person and that each man, woman and child gives forth not merely the characteristic human light, but a light that is absolutely unique and identifying.

These rays from the human body are not sufficient to be appreciated by the human eye. It may be that they are seen by the eyes of smaller animals. For instance, a mouse probably sees a man in a dark room by the light of the man himself.

THE same power which once made itself known through suffering, because one opposed it, now causes good health, because one moves with it.—HORATIO DRESSER

Here and There Throughout the World

Paris Produces Another Elixir of Life ANOTHER anti-toxin, another elixir of life! This time the announcement hails from a prominent physician of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, who promises us that we may live for 140 years if we will but take his filthy medicine and supply him with the disgusting ingredients for its manufacture. His plan is to inoculate horses with a composition prepared from a mash of human brains, hearts, livers, etc., and thus obtain a serum which will act upon the corresponding organs of the patient. He admits, however, that the undertaking is difficult. It would no doubt be easy to get the idiots who would allow this loathsome experiment to be tried upon them, but how can the professor get his ingredients? How, indeed? To judge from some of the experiments which have been carried out in French and other hospitals, and shamelessly advertised, we should suppose that nothing was impossible in this direction and that no outrage was too great to commit upon those whose necessities had made them the unwitting prey of "science." In the meantime, and while the savant is waiting for his ingredients, we may study the witch scene in Macbeth and ponder upon the resemblances which will present themselves. The three hags dancing around their cauldron of nameless horrors, must surely have been prophetic of those whom Madame Blavatsky not inaptly dubbed the "monkeys of science."

Russia's Conscience and Finland's Fate AMID events which seem to be of more pressing import, the fate of Finland has passed for the moment out of sight. There is no particular "sphere of commercial activity" in Finland, no international tariff question, and no apparent need for missionaries. Finland appears therefore to be largely without interest for the rest of civilization.

None the less, the situation is not without its pathos. Resistance to Russia is, of course, out of the question, and some of those best qualified to judge of the situation believe that she will listen to the demand of justice and wisdom. There is also an expectation among the Finns that some great peaceful awakening is at hand in Russia, a spiritual awakening which seems to hang over all countries, and not Russia alone, and that when that time comes, many wrongs will be righted and many injustices undone forever. The inaccessibility of Finland causes it to be but little known. None the less, the character of its people must eventually find for them a great work to do. Simple, honorable, and with an extraordinary devotion to education, they will surely leave a mark upon the page of history when the right page has been turned.

New Jersey's Whale Now on Exhibition THE American Museum of Natural History has lately acquired the Finback whale which was thrown upon the New Jersey beach. This monster measures over sixty-eight feet in length, and possesses 375 plates, each two feet long on either side of the upper jaw, which are used as strainers to separate its food from the water. The current scientific view of whales is that they are descended from a gigantic land mammal which, for some unknown cause, possibly self-protection, was forced to adopt a sea home.

There are, of course, many varieties of whales, some of them possessing regular teeth and using them efficaciously upon other sea animals, such as seals.

Child Labor and the Virginia Legislature THE Virginia Legislature, by a very large majority, has passed a bill forbidding the employment of any child under twelve years of age in mills or factories of that State, and imposing certain regulations upon the employment of children between twelve and fourteen years of age.

This is good, and Virginia is to be warmly congratulated. We need, of course, hardly suggest that the *enforcement* of the law is just as important as the *passing* of the law, and that commercial vultures whose natural prey is little children, are not likely to be frightened away merely by words and legal phrases.

Oriental Scourge Carried by the Flea A NEW accusation has been brought against the agile flea, in addition to those with which civilization is already too familiar. The *Lancet* has convicted him of transmitting plague and this serious charge is based upon observations which have been made in the East. It has been for long admitted that the rat is instrumental in spreading this Oriental scourge, and it now seems that this is done through the medium of the flea, who carries the plague from the rat to man.

This is a very notable addition to the discovery of the influence of the mosquito in spreading yellow fever, a discovery which now seems to be amply verified and confirmed.

While it is, of course, important to the student of Oriental maladies to understand the exact method in which these maladies are conveyed, every discovery of this nature is an additional emphasis upon the paramount importance of cleanliness. Without garbage and filth there would be very few rats, and when sanitation is once firmly lodged in the far East there will be no room for the plague.

Scotland Has Her Full Share of Insane THE lunacy statistics for Scotland are just as disquieting as those for other parts of the world. By the latest report of the lunacy commissioners we learn that when they first entered upon their duties in 1858 there were only 5825 cases of insanity known to them. At the beginning of the present year they had to provide for no less than 16,658. During 1902, the total additions amounted to 365, or one for every day of the year. A remarkable feature is the decrease in the inmates of private asylums and the increase in the number of pauper lunatics. For this discrepancy it is not easy to account. As to the general increase, the commissioners have, of course, nothing to say, except to record the figures. The Scotch press in general indulges in a variety of speculations more or less wide of the mark, "the conditions of modern life" being the favorite explanation.

Electric Photos by Marconi at Rome THIS next step was certain, and here it is. Mr. Heaton, member of the English Parliament, returning from Rome, whither he had gone in the company of Marconi, says he saw at an observatory near Rome specimens of a new system of electric photography, by which clear pictures can be obtained of persons and scenes twenty miles distant. He thinks it conceivable that the system can be developed so as to enable the making of photographs of friends in distant lands while conversing with them by wireless telegraphy.

Photography is only one hundred years old, and telegraphy fifty. Those who are fond of speculation and like to accompany Wells and Bellamy, and others in their little journeys into the future, can now throw their minds forward another fifty and one hundred years and see what they find. How about *thought* photography?

Religious Orders & the French Premier FIFTY-FOUR religious orders in France applied to the government for authorization, and of these only four or five have received it. The Carthusians were the last to be disbanded. Their order was the wealthiest in France, and is celebrated as manufacturers of the Chartreuse cordial. The monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, founded in 1024, the present edifice having been begun in 1137, will be closed. The premier maintained that the order had carried on an active propaganda against the Republic.

A Diamond from the Sky in Arizona A REMARKABLY fine diamond has been found in a meteorite which recently fell in Diablo Cañon near Crater Mountain, Arizona. The meteorite itself was much broken by contact with the rocky ground upon which it fell, and the diamond was found firmly embedded in one of the fragments. It is now in the American Museum of Natural History. STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

CAN you hear my playmate singing,
Children dear?
Every breeze its voice is bringing
Sweet and clear!

Dancing gaily down to meet us,
Waving ferns and flowers to greet us,
As the stream, my playmate, dimples,
Running on in merry crimples,
From the forest's shaded alley
To the river in the valley.
Far from here.

The Beautiful

MAGGIE'S bright gray eyes had a wondering look, for at times there was a feeling in her heart that she couldn't

understand. Her parents were very poor, and when she was still quite a little girl she had to begin to work, and today was her first day as apprentice in Miss Lawson's small shop. She was feeling very lonely. She knew Miss Lawson wasn't so unkind as she seemed, but surely she needn't be quite so stern and harsh. Miss Lawson was preparing to arrange the window and Maggie was standing ready to hand her the things, when a customer came in.

"Maggie!" said Miss Lawson, hurriedly, "you put in the things as best you can. You will find some colored wools in that box."

Maggie obediently took out the box and opened it.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, under her breath, and stood gazing spell-bound, they were so beautiful! Such delicately shaded tints!

Suddenly the old feeling she couldn't understand glowed in her heart and it thrilled her. She forgot everything. She knew only a wonderful feeling of joy and beauty. Then she heard Miss Lawson talking to the customer, and she remembered she had to arrange the window. So she took out some of the skeins, touching them so tenderly; they seemed like sacred things, they were so beautiful. A rush of happy thoughts came into her heart. "I will make the window so beautiful that the boys and girls will come and look, and perhaps they, too, will feel—feel just as I do." The last touch was given.

"Come and put these boxes away, Maggie," said Miss Lawson, as the customer left the shop.

"Tommy! Tommy!" cried a clear childish voice outside, "come and look at the beautiful window! Oh, beautiful! beautiful!"

A radiant smile spread over Maggie's face, and she looked quickly up at Miss Lawson, and as their eyes met, a glow of soft, tender feeling rose

My Playmate

by M. B. K.

Such a tiny crystal rover
Through the green!
'Mong the fir trees bending over,
Scarce 'tis seen!
But the robins never lose it,
And the wrens, so saucy, use it;
Mosses green grow on its edges,
Mosses gray droop from the ledges
Where the oaks and firs are bending,
And the sun its gold is sending
Down between.

Can you find a playmate dearer
Than a stream?
Saw you e'er a jewel clearer
Than its gleam?
When you've left the Land of Childhood,
And are far from hill and wildwood,
You will see the lilies bending,
See the shade and sunshine blending,
While your memory is ringing
With the streamlet's gentle singing,
Like a dream.

The Clock Plant

DID you ever hear of a clock plant? Not the wee "Four-o'clocks" that grow on the hillsides of Loma-land, nor the "Four-o'clocks," not so tiny, which grow in grandmother's garden, but one that truly keeps time.

Such a plant lives in far-away Borneo, and even in its native land it is very, very rare. A few specimens were brought at one time to Wash-

ington and planted in the government gardens, but they did not thrive.

This plant has two kinds of leaves, small and large.

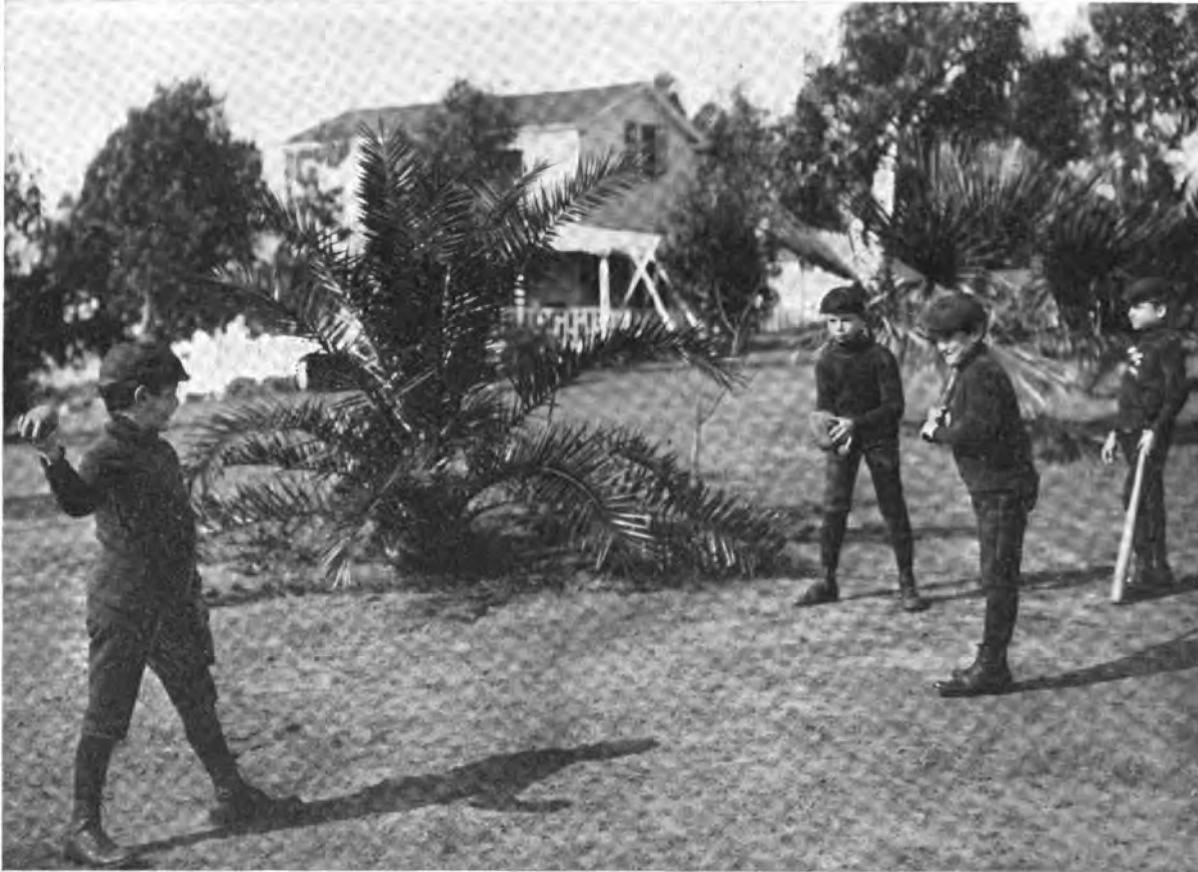
The small ones are the "second hands" of the little nature clock, and the large ones are the "hour hands." The leaves naturally droop and hang close to the stem, but at regular intervals they raise themselves up, for all the world like little arms, until they point upward. Then down they go again. For the "second hands," this takes about a minute, for the "hour hands," about an hour. And travelers who have seen this curious plant tell us that sometimes this little

clock tells the time, in its own queer fashion, nearly all day long.

LOTUS GROUP TEACHER

This is a true story that my grandmother told me about her cat and dog. She used to find the cover off her doughnut jar, and also noticed that her doughnuts disappeared. One day she heard a noise, and found that her cat was on the shelf where the doughnuts were kept. Then it put its paw in the jar and drew out a doughnut and pushed it off the shelf, and the dog, who was looking up at the cat, caught the doughnut in his mouth and ate it. When they found they were caught they acted very guilty. —*Our Four-Footed Friends*

in Miss Lawson's heart and she actually smiled, too. Then Miss Lawson did the strangest thing. She bent down and kissed little lonely Maggie, and said, "Well, dearie, what would I do without you?" A. P. D.



CUBAN BOYS OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA, ENJOYING A GAME OF BALL

Students'



Path

Success

by EDWIN L. SABIN, in *Profitable Advertising*

SUCCESS shall come to him who waits;
But not to him of folded hands---

To him who hopes, but hesitates,
And simply by the roadside stands.
Success is won by effort strong;
By unremitting, earnest stress.

The way it travels seems o'er-long?
To haste its course, go meet Success!

Why waste the time, to drift and swing
And watch the careless billows roll.
Relying that some chance will bring.
You somehow, some day, to your goal?
Far better that, sails spread the while
To catch the faintest favoring breeze,
You man the sweeps, and mile by mile
You still advance across the seas.

Go meet Success! For not enough
That you should patience have, alone.
Up signal! On! Though fields be rough
'Tis those shall reap who first have sown.
Each day some little progress make;
Lean not on trustful idleness.
Lest, ere it reaches you, it take
Another route, to meet Success!

Divine-Human Humanity

THE Rev. Dr. Briggs, D. D., D. L., has written a book on *The Incarnation*, in which the results of modern psychological experiment are curiously used to interpret the consciousness and work of Christ. He uses the modern phrase and idea, *the subliminal consciousness*, to explain the dual divine-human nature of that teacher—at once

Possessed of the fulness of the Godhead, and in all things made like unto his brethren.

In all points tempted like as we are.

Dr. Briggs' solution is:

Man has the power of concentrating the attention of his consciousness upon a definite area of knowledge, and of banishing from consciousness, for a season, that which is beyond that area. It is quite possible to be unable to know and to tell at any particular time what, under other circumstances and at other times, we know thoroughly well. It was therefore psychologically entirely possible for Jesus not to know as a man in his consciousness what he knew as God in his subconsciousness.

On that point we may leave Dr. Briggs with his fellow theologians. But he has opened the whole subject of human evolution. For it is the whole problem of human life to link together the divine and human consciousness, to bring the soul into the mind. The mind is the two-faced Janus, but that face that fronts upon the spiritual world has its eyes closed. Deep in its essence the light of consciousness is divine. But the rays—whilst they make our animal consciousness human—blend too closely with the animal to hold to their divinity. To animal instinct they give the power of reason. To sensation they add the power of thinking about it. And thought is too closely merged with sensation to disentangle itself readily and so reflect the being of the central soul.

Yet it is man's task to learn to hold at once in his consciousness the endlessly changeable, and the changeless; the silence and the symphony of life, with its passing discords and harmonies, that which is beyond time and the kaleidoscope that revolves in time. And if we use the word subconscious for those elements of mere personality that lie a little below the ordinary waking threshold, why should we not say super-conscious for the regions of spiritual life to which we only get access in our rapt moments?

K.

The Harmony of Opposites

A WISE living of life always seems to need the alternate application of opposite and even contradictory principles. Indeed it would appear that truth does not express itself in any one statement, nor midway between that and its contradictory opposite, but in both of them. A few such practical opposites come easily to one's mind. We are sometimes advised to get rid of our failings by cultivating their opposites; to surmount selfishness by attaining unselfishness. That is good advice. But it is also good and true to say that the virtues and strengths will come of themselves if we only eliminate the vices and weaknesses. Both are true; and at one time one is exclusively true, at another time the other.

There is an old controversy between faith and works involving the same truth, the same applicability of opposites. In a modern form it is shall we do or be? Some say that the modern need is for men to arise and *do* greatly and let *to be* take care of itself; that to be always trying *to be* leads to morbid and cloistered introspection; that noble *being* will follow noble *doing*. That is quite true, and at times exclusively true.

But equally true, and at times exclusively true, is the opposite. You cannot do great things till you are great. Therefore *be*; evoke your inner nature; call out the inner light. Then noble deeds will follow of themselves. And in all these instances it is the one-sided man who proclaims one only as the rule of life. He proclaims his favorite, and decries that in which he feels himself weak. Neither is more fitted to our day than the other. He who designs a noble act has placed himself within the being of nobility. He who in meditation raises his being to the mark of nobility has already acted nobly in a thousand unseen fields. The two aphorisms result from different conceptions of the prevailing evils of life. One man looks at the religious recluse; he sees the need of trenchant action. He sees that the pious soul is apt to be a do-nothing, that its virtues are apt to be but the absence of vices, its spirituality often only an elevated sentimentality. So he vigorously proclaims the doctrine of action. Another perceives that men know nothing of their souls, that they are all unconscious of the stream of inner harmony, that they live only in the external, and that their lives are a rushing series of acts in search of pleasure. So he calls to them to stay, to awake themselves by contemplation to the deeper realities of being; to act less, to think and meditate more. He, too, is right. The *Bhagavad Gita* gives both. Arjuna is sometimes enjoined to become a man of action, sometimes a man of meditation. And the two are specifically stated to be one.

All great truths lie at once in both of two opposing statements, and we fall short of our highest life if we do not hold the two together in thought and action. The hen and the egg both come first. You must not enter the water till you can swim, and you will never learn to swim till you have got into the water.

JANUS

Good Manners

THERE is certainly a tendency among those who have thought much of the inner realities, the deeper meanings of life, to underestimate the importance of externals, to undervalue the significance of manner, dress, and of the smaller conventions. Yet do not these things also correspond to the inner life, are they not the visible indication of the invisible? Strange indeed would it be if the straws upon the roadside lay quietly while winds were raging, or if they hurried round and round when no winds stirred. It is from those things which we call personal trivialities that the wise man forms his profounder judgments. Our loftiest claims to spirituality stand denied by our own discourteous speech; the word and the act of an unguarded moment make rents in our pretensions and we are known for what we are. Especially is this true of courtesy; for without courtesy, the habit of courtesy, there is no spirituality, as there can be no spirituality without joy. Dr. Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, never spoke a more profound truth than when he said:

Good manners give the last grace and finish to good conduct. They are, when perfect, the visible flower and bloom of inward excellence; of excellence which has so taken possession of the man as to pervade his being and color the minutest details of his life. They sweeten all social intercourse, and contribute to human happiness beyond all proportion to the effort of self-discipline which they cost. The true man will desire to remember at every moment of his life the Scriptural precept, "Be courteous."

Discourtesy and unselfishness cannot live together, but good manners and a good heart are inseparable.

STUDENT

To Californians

by LORENZO SOSSO in *Out West*

MAKE not Authority your creed,
The scepter does not sway the king;
The growth of one insurgent seed
Means grander faith in everything.

Here, at the outposts of the West,
Your banners jubilant unfold—
That symbolize for men the quest
Of Holy Grail and Fleece of Gold.

Learn to be dominant and free
And multitudinously great,
Like those white surges of the sea
That beat in thunder at our gate.

Here where the sunset clouds are red,
Or in yon valleys of the morn
Is resurrection of the dead;
Haste! Haste! O men to be reborn.

Hew out the pathways of your fate
In deeds and purposes sublime:
The swords are sheathed at Eden-gate,
Enter! God's world is in its prime!

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question What is your authority for right conduct? How can you expect humanity as a whole to progress if each is to follow his own fancy as to right and wrong instead of the positive commands of God? I cannot see how anything but confusion can result.

Answer What authority is there for right conduct? To this I would reply: The approval of the soul. What is right? That which is in harmony with the nature and purposes of the soul and tends towards the uplifting of the whole human race. And before going further we may ask: Does this depend on one's own fancy as inferred from the question, or, on the other hand, how otherwise can we know the "positive commands of God" except through the soul? It may be said we have the revealed word of God. Yet how may we know it to be such, except through the soul? Surely, we have sufficient example of what results from an acceptance merely on authority, without the awakening and the approval of the soul. Take, for instance, the positive command of God, "Thou shalt do no murder," reiterated by Christ as "Thou shalt not kill." Need we call attention to the wars of Christendom and the armed camps now existing throughout Christendom? And then take the positive command, none the less a command, though not so in form, to guard and care for the children:

And whoso shall offend one of these little ones, it were better that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea.

But yet, look at the horrors of child labor and degradation permitted in this most Christian land.

Do we need to ask, are these "positive commands of God" followed? Or, whence arises the confusion that is in the world? Is not this confusion due to the fact that these commands, accepted on authority, are repeated only with the lips, but have as yet no place in the heart? And until they do find a place in the heart, until they are accepted, not on authority, but on the soul's own knowledge of them as part of the eternal harmony and fitness of things, the confusion must continue.

But there is another "authority" for those who ask for authority—the authority of the lives and example of all noble men and women; but here again the recognition of their nobility and purity must come from the soul. And then

Even if the good of mankind only is considered by thee, the performance of thy duty will be plain; for whatever is practised by the most excellent men, that is also practised by others.

The soul knows these things without argument, without authority—the touchstone of truth is its own divinity. It is only the brain mind, the personal man that demands authority, and having received it, is just as likely to reject it after a time. There is one authority, however, that man cannot reject—the authority born of experience. If man will not learn in other ways, he must finally travel the road of bitter experience.

The wages of sin are death. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

These are part of the teaching given by all the teachers and saviors of men. And yet, because men will not follow the promptings of their souls which tell them these things are true, but follow instead their personal desires and the petty self-centered arguments of their brain mind, they still continue their deeds of sin and still sow their fields with tares. The reaping must, then, inevitably be death and tares; and so it must continue until finally men do heed the promptings of their souls and follow nature's own path of brotherhood, which is that of progress. J. H. F.

Question Will the impure thoughts which we try to banish in this life have any effect on what we shall be in our next Reincarnation?

Answer In the *Bhagavad Gita*, one of the most beautiful of the world's scriptures, which at the end of each chapter is described as "the science of the Supreme Spirit, the book of devotion," a similar question is asked of Krishna by Arjuna.

ARJUNA: What end, O Krishna, doth that man attain who, although having faith, hath not attained to perfection in his devotion because his unsubdued mind wandered from the discipline? Doth he, fallen from both, like a broken cloud, without any support, become destroyed, O strong-armed one, being deluded in the path of the Supreme Spirit? Thou, Krishna, shouldst completely dispel this doubt for me, for there is none other to be found able to remove it.

KRISHNA: Such a man, O son of Pritha, doth not perish here or hereafter. For never to an evil place goeth one who doeth good. The man whose devotion has been broken off by death goeth to the regions of the righteous, where he dwells for an immensity of years and is then born again on earth in a pure and fortunate family; or even in a family of such who are spiritually illuminated. But such a rebirth into this life as this last is more difficult to obtain. Being thus born again he comes in contact with the knowledge which belonged to him in his former body, and from that time he struggles more diligently towards perfection, O son of Kuru. For, even unwittingly, by reason of that past practise, he is led and works on.

We feel and know in our hearts that this must be so, that no sincere effort towards self-conquest will fail of its effect. And while, until the victory is completely gained, the struggle must go on and be renewed, we shall renew it with greater strength and greater hope. STUDENT

THE soul of man
Like water seemeth,
From heaven it cometh,
To heaven again it mounteth,
And thence, in very truth
Back to the earth it goeth,
Cyclic its journey ever.

—"Song of the Earth Spirits," GOETHE'S *Faust*

A Chance to Live

IN such an age of doubt and pessimism as this it needs some one to show that there are mines of joy and bounty in human nature that will be all-sufficing, if only they can be opened up. But think how little chance human nature has, under present conditions, of unfolding its latent possibilities and yielding its hidden charms. To begin with, nobody is in perfect health, even the so-called healthy being afflicted with disabilities which shut them out from higher possibilities that are attainable by a really healthy being. But the great majority have not even sufficient health to enable them to fully utilize and enjoy life on the ordinary levels, much less to reach up to higher ones.

Then think of the millions whose daily existence is one continual struggle to obtain the means of livelihood. And if there are a few who have both health and means, think of the doubt and skepticism and lack of ideals that will make for them a great aching void and cause them to try every means to divert their attention by distractions from the horror of coming face to face with their own selves.

It is no wonder, then, that there is doubt and pessimism, and that people have little or no faith in human nature. Human nature is so choked by weeds and sapped by parasites that it is only a stunted and blighted plant that puts forth sickly leaves and never blossoms. The joy of life that we see in animals and young children cannot endure in our civilization. All human nature wants is a chance to grow, free from strangling weeds and parasitic growths. That chance is practically impossible in civilized conditions as they exist. Let us build up a new order of society for an example to the world of what life can be. STUDENT

The Raja Yoga Edition

THE Special Raja Yoga Edition of **THE NEW CENTURY** contains 122 beautiful half-tone illustrations of school-life, home-life, and out-door-life among the pupils of the Raja Yoga School at Loma-land. It is the most richly illustrated edition of a weekly journal ever published. By letterpress as well as by its matchless collection of beautiful pictures it faithfully depicts every phase of life in the Raja Yoga School.

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AN AERIAL AUTOMOBILE

Curious Invention of a Frenchman—Some of Its Leading Features

A curious incursion into the realm of aerial flight is that of a French resident of Brussels. It is called an aerial automobile, but it is not intended for lofty flight. The name of the inventor is Villard, and he intends that his automobile shall remain suspended in the air at the height of two or three meters in such a way as to be able to benefit in speed by the diminution in the resistance to the movement. His reasoning is that resistance is less on a steel surface than on the ground, less on water than on steel and still less in the air than on water. It is said, declares a writer in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, that this automobile can be raised over obstacles, such as hedges, houses or even trees. Rapid forward movement is sought rather than high elevation of the passenger.

Exteriorly the machine presents two large disks, like flattened lamp shades turning on pivots fixed to the extremities of a horizontal bar, which at the middle is attached to the perpendicular bars supporting the propeller and rudder and also the car, with its motor of fourteen horsepower. The motor acts on the propeller, which is in front, and the two disks. The propeller will make from ten to fifteen revolutions a second. The disks are constructed on the principle of an ordinary American windmill, the wings being of cloth and triangular in shape. The aeronaut sits in a chair constructed of steel tubes, attached to the framework of the car. He has in front of him all of the levers and apparatus necessary to control the movements of the propeller and the disks.

The weight of the aerial auto is 740 kilograms, but the initial trials, made with a motor of only two horsepower, showed that the force of the disks produced after fifty revolutions a saving of 140 kilograms. Modestly the inventor claims chiefly that his invention is superior to the type that runs on the ground for the reason that it encounters but few obstacles, dangers of collisions are minimized and public traffic is in no way interrupted.

Old and New Journalism

Time was, when, with men like William Cullen Bryant and Horace Greeley dominant figures in newspaperdom, gray heads were not without honor in Park Row, and editorial writers were a comparatively leisurely class who were allowed ample time for preparation of those careful essays, full of rounded periods and fine, sonorous sentences that were supposed to lend distinction to the editorial page. It was a time, too, when the evening papers did not appear until late in the afternoon, when newspapers could be started and maintained on a modest capital, when the personality of the editor was a potent factor in the success of his journal, and when newspaper reading was confined to the more intelligent classes of society. In those days there was always room for a bit of literature in a daily paper, for there were few magazines in existence, and writers of genuine distinction had not nearly so many outlets for their work as they have now. The young man of thirty years ago who entered the newspaper business, did so because he had a taste or a talent for writing, and it was literary ability more than anything else that pointed the way to success. In the new journalism literature plays such a small part that the mere writer—no matter how great his talents—commands a very small salary in comparison with the skillful managing editor, who understands the art of presenting the news in the most alluring fashion and who, above all, has a keen sense of the relative values of "news stories;" and the managing editor, in his turn, is outranked in importance by that rare journalistic bird for whom every newspaper proprietor is always looking—the one whose brain, not infrequently a slightly disordered one can give birth to schemes for attracting public attention and increasing the sale of the newspaper.—*The Pilgrim*

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Our Mineral Prospects

The day is not far distant when San Diego county will astound the world with her production of metal, minerals, and precious stones. All of the mines in the county today that are being worked show high percentage of gold and silver. In addition to these we have mines that produce the finest tourmalines and beryls known. We also have copper, mica, iron and coal mines, and from the surface indications San Diego county has within its borders one of the largest areas of oil producing land known to the world. With actual development work going on in all these lines and with the discovery of telluride and other high grade ores in several different portions of the county and with the establishment of the smelter here, there is bound to be "something doing."

With the building of the railroads in contemplation it will cause San Diego to become the Mecca of the prospector, and will cause the opening and working of a number of mines already discovered, but which cannot be worked to advantage or a profit under existing conditions. There are a number of mines in this county that are immense ledges that assay from \$6 to \$8 per ton that with a railroad and cheap fuel, in the shape of crude oil, would have an output of thousands of dollars per month and would furnish employment to hundreds of miners at good wages.—*San Diego News*

Violins and Sunshine

The great violin makers all lived within the compass of 150 years. They chose their wood from a few great timbers felled in the south Tyrol and floated down in rafts — pine and maple, sycamore, pear and ash. They examined these to find streaks and veins and freckles, valuable superficially when brought out by varnishing.

They learned to tell the density of the pieces of wood by touching them. They weighed them, they struck them and listened to judge how fast or how slow or how resonantly they would vibrate in answer to strings. Some portions of the wood must be porous and soft, some close of fiber. Just the right beam was hard to find. When found, it can be traced all through the violins of some great master and after his death in some of his pupils.

The piece of wood was taken home and seasoned, dried in the hot Brescia and Cremona sun. The house of Stradivarius, the great master of all, is described as having been as hot as an oven. The wood was there soaked through and through with *sunshine*. In this great heat the oils thinned and simmered slowly and penetrated far into the wood until the varnish became a part of the wood itself.

The old violin makers used to save every bit of the wood, when they found what they liked, to mend and patch and inlay with it. So vibrant and so resonant is the wood of good old violins that they murmur and echo and sing in answer to any sound where a number of them hang together on the wall, as if rehearsing the old music that they once knew.—*Selected*

A Remarkable Tree

Undoubtedly the most marvelous tree in the world grows in Brazil, says the Boston *Transcript*. It is the carnaubá palm, and can be employed for many useful purposes. Its roots produce the same medicinal effects as sarsaparilla. Its stems afford strong, light fibers, which acquire a beautiful luster, and serve also for joists, rafters and other building materials, as well as for stakes for fences.

From parts of the tree wines and vinegar are made. It yields also a saccharine substance, as well as a starch resembling sago. Its fruit is used for feeding cattle. The pulp has an agreeable taste, and the nut, which is oleaginous and emulsive is sometimes used as a substitute for coffee. Of the wood of the stem musical instruments, water tubes and pumps are made. The pith is an excellent substitute for cork. From the stem a white liquid similar to the milk of the cocoanut and a flour resembling maize may be extracted.

Of the straw, hats, baskets, brooms and mats are made. A considerable quantity of this straw is shipped to Europe and a part of it returns to Brazil manufactured into hats. The straw is also used for thatching houses. Moreover, salt is extracted from it, and likewise an alkali used in the manufacture of common soap.

The Most Sunshine

Sunshine statistics for the world show that Southern California has more sunshine than any other part of the earth that is noted for its moderate temperature and climatic potentialities—namely, 3,114 hours annually. Algiers comes next with 3,100 hours yearly, in an average of ten years, and then Tangiers (Morocco), 3,090. The South of Spain follows with an average of 3,000 hours of sunshine per year; the South of France with 2,300 hours and the South of Italy with 2,284. You will observe that there is a great deal less sunshine along the French and Italian Riviera than in Southern California. Florida has only 2,100 hours of sunshine annually, and not much of this is in the winter. The United States, on the whole, has 1,900 hours of sunshine annually; Canada 1,700, Germany 1,700 and England 1,400.—*Selected*

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Hint in Time

I AM tempted to introduce a subject here which can not be local in its application, if one realizes the full power of example, the continuity of purpose, and the glory of unselfish work. Being a cosmopolitan my interest extends to all countries and all people, and it is my firm belief that we can not sow even one unselfish thought that will not take root and in time form a part of the aggregation of good-will, of living power of inspiration and helpfulness to our fellows.

It is true that we cannot regenerate humanity in an hour or a day, but there can be a beginning. Theosophy has pointed the way to the real life, to the hopeful, strenuous and unselfish life, and there are thousands of people, in all parts of the world today, working shoulder to shoulder in this great cause of brotherhood.

At Point Loma, California, the world's great Center of international effort, men and women are earnestly working to make Theosophy a living power in their lives, they are building a great educational center for

the world's advancement. Just across the beautiful Bay of San Diego is the City of San Diego, which has been an American possession since 1849. In location alone it commands the admiration of the world, and possesses one of the finest harbors in America. Nature in all its grandeur has crowned it with a glory unspeakable. In beauty of scenery, and in climate it is unexcelled. It is the chosen spot of the thinker, dreamer, artist and poet, as well as the commanding place for man to live in noble service, in prosperity and happiness, with the added years of ripe age.

There are in this promising city citizens, men and women, with unselfish purposes in life. They are aiming to make the city an ever-widening influence of prosperity and generous life. More unity on this line, and added energy on the part of those who are in the rear and at present indifferent as to the city's welfare, will bring quick and unexpected results. Why not take the hint and join the advance guard?

Here are some suggestions that have forced themselves into my mind whenever I have found myself studying the city's best interests:

Why not change the un-American name San Diego into something impersonal, attractive and inspiring?

Why not have a new charter?

Why not ———?

Why not ———?

Why not rescue the boulevard before it is too late?

Why not ———?

Why not ———?

Please fill the spaces, good citizens, and get to work. Let the force of energetic action be put in motion, push it with might. Let the true citizens stand shoulder to shoulder in unflinching effort for the true welfare, for the freedom of California, and so the impossible will be done, and in the twinkling of an eye a new city shall be born that will stand as a great hope for the waiting multitude.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

Heresy

THE Chicago Tribune of June 1st publishes a kind of anniversary list of notable events. The last item reminds us that "ten years ago today, Prof. Charles A. Briggs was suspended from the Presbyterian ministry for heresy." We do not at the moment remember the form of heresy for which Professor Briggs was thus penalized. Possibly it consisted of a denial of eternal damnation, once so dear to the hearts of the faithful.

Perhaps Dr. Briggs somewhat anticipated the creed revision which has now been accomplished and threw some doubts upon the damnation of infants. These heretics are usually daring folks and this particular one may have been reckless enough to suggest that there are not so many children in hell as his co-religionists would have had us believe. But, as we say, the revision of creed has now been adopted, and the benefit to "unelected" children will be enormous. A very large number of little ones will now be "saved," who would a few weeks ago have met with a very different fate.

Why should we not have an anniversary list of heretics upon a somewhat extended scale? Such a list would have many uses and would serve many purposes. As all things must have a beginning, this particular list might begin with Servetus, who was burned to death at the instigation of Calvin. The name of Roger Williams would appear at about the center of that list at a time when burning at the stake was going somewhat out of fashion, and was giving place to more subtle forms of torment, and at the end of the list would be the names of a few such men as Dr. Rainsford, the impenitent heretic, who minimizes the "sinfulness of sin." It would be a very long and monotonous list. Many of its features would be the same from beginning to end, such as the courage and fortitude of the heretics, and the insolence and the spite of their persecutors.

STUDENT

CUBA, although it has enjoyed its freedom but a year, is entering into the strenuous life of progress. Bull-fights are no longer permitted and the healthful game of baseball is substituted.

One of the Picturesque Irish Lakes

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows a fine view of one of the mirror lakes for which Ireland is famous. The scene is at Hazelwood in County Sligo.

Dr. Oldfield on India.

THE reputation of Dr. Josiah Oldfield is a sufficient guarantee that his comments upon missionary work in India do not proceed from a desire to cavil, but rather from a whole-hearted wish to reform. Christianity has no more devoted advocate within its borders, and his criticisms of certain methods have no other source than a desire to see its principles become world triumphant. In a recent issue of the *Hibbert Journal* Dr. Oldfield writes as follows:

From my own study of the problem on the spot, I am led to agree entirely with those who look upon the work in India as a real failure. But it is the missionary and not the mission who has failed.

I came away from India with the full conviction that the Master, Jesus, would be followed by his millions if he appeared in human form in the great land of Hindustan, and that the missionary Saint of the Gentiles, too, would be as powerful to transform men's minds in the East as he was to sway the thought of the Western world in his day.

Jesus as the Divine teacher, and Paul as the enthusiastic and philosophic exponent of self-sacrifice to win souls, would find in India a waiting world, which to the ordinary Christian missionary, is looked upon as a desert waste of obstinate and benighted heathendom.

As to the cause of the "real failure" which is admitted by all who know, and who are unbiased, Dr. Oldfield quotes the general consensus of opinion which he has gleaned from those whose position and attainments give to their views an indisputable value. He says:

The habits of the Christian missionary are usually lower in some ways than the habits of the people he is supposed to go out and convert. Again and again, a man in the position of a prime minister, or a judge, or a pleader, has said to me, "Would you send an East End coster to address the members of the University of Oxford in order to convert them to Christianity?" "Would you consider that a man who dropped his h's or put them in the wrong place would be a fitting advocate to a county family audience?" These may appear small things, but if you actually carry them into practice at home you will understand what sort of an atmosphere your missionaries create around them here.

We always bathe before we eat; your missionaries do not consider it essential to their ideas of etiquette. We always change our clothes and put on a clean garment to eat in; your missionaries do not mind sitting down to dinner in the clothes in which they have walked the streets.

We allow no dead body to touch our hands; your missionaries do not scruple to put them within their lips; and more, too, your missionaries are corrupting our young men, by trying to teach them that the spirit of humaneness is unimportant, and that the sanctity of life is a chimera, and that animals may be slaughtered and eaten, wholly regardless of their sufferings so long only as the appetite of man is pampered.

Your St. Paul said that he would not eat flesh or drink wine if thereby he made his brother to offend; but your missionaries have set up a lower standard than St. Paul; and although they know that thereby they offend our religious ideas, they go on killing and eating, and drinking things that are revolting to our ideas of right and wrong. They do these things knowingly, and with a fine contempt for what they call our "heathen scruples."

There is nothing new in these comments. They have been made again and again, and will continue to be made with increasing vigor until they are efficacious.

STUDENT

The Lack of Theological Students

THE number of those who are publicly deploring the unwillingness of young men to enter the ministry grows apace. The latest addition is the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis of Plymouth church, who regrets the prevailing tendency to select as a profession either law, medicine or art, instead of the church.

It would be much more efficacious if Dr. Hillis were to publicly deplore the attitude of the theological seminaries, many of which now extend their welcome only to young men who do not think at all, or who are willing to have their thoughts fettered and shackled by the heresy hunters. To attribute the tendency of the day to a lack of faith is unfair, unless we must continue to define faith as "the power to believe what we know is not true." The world is growing tired of that kind of faith, and thoughtful young men of today are beginning to understand that there is something wrong about any religion which mentally enslaves instead of liberates. Self-blame is of course proverbially hard, but Dr. Hillis and the theological seminaries would find it more profitable to put their own houses in order than to blame the seriously minded young men of today for mercenary motives which perhaps do not exist.

STUDENT

Religious Life in America

DR. J. M. WHITON of New York has been writing upon religious life in America. He touches also, somewhat caustically, upon social and political life and upon the evils which are eating out the heart of the nation. He seems to be one of those men whose conception of religion is a clean life, individual and collective, and so he finds it a little difficult to consider the tree apart from its fruit, or rather from its absence of fruit. And so he sketches for us a picture of things as they are and as he sees them, and it is not a pleasant picture.

But Dr. Whiton is writing of "religious life," the religious life which ought to be the avowed enemy of social and all other evils, the religious life which ought to be the pillar of fire by night leading the nation to its promised land. Dr. Whiton neither criticises nor scolds. He merely says "the churches are just now engrossed with other matters." He tells us the nature of those "other matters." The northern Presbyterians are amending their creed. The southern Presbyterians are trying to amalgamate with the Dutch Reformed church. Various other churches are doing various other things which he enumerates, and which he seems to suppose are not worth doing, and in this opinion we heartily agree. Practically none of them show the smallest interest in, for example, child labor or any other of the iniquities which poison the sunlight. All the denominations, however, are intent upon extending their foreign missionary work. On this we will not ourselves comment as we cannot do it so vigorously nor so tersely as Dr. Whiton himself. He says that they are absorbed in the question of salvation abroad and quite indifferent to that of damnation at home.

Yet the total strength of the religious community is 37 per cent of the population, amply enough, if aroused, for the work of moral regeneration. But to arouse it the present need is a new school of prophets, men like Amos and Micah, of the old Hebrew stamp, with hearts of fire and brows of flint, regardless of livings, in zeal for the life of the commonwealth.

Where are such men today, the men who are "regardless of livings"? Our most recent recollection of "collective religion" is an impassioned appeal for higher salaries. If such men were to appear today within the churches the heresy hunters would make short work of them. They would be told, as Dr. Rainsford has been told, that there is no room within the churches for such as they, and in heaviness of heart they would go away to the true church of Christ, which is to be found wherever there are those who love their fellow men.

STUDENT

What We Eat

TO those who recognize the finer forces of nature and who know that food has a moral as well as a physical value, it may be interesting to speculate upon the probable effect of such food as the following, described in the *New York Herald*:

In Watertown, Wisconsin, there is a settlement of Bohemians, where women prepare geese for *pate de foie gras*. The birds are nailed by their web feet to the floor of wooden cages set in dark, warm rooms.

They are then fed with all they can possibly eat, and when appetite fails they are crammed with noodles made of a dough of corn and buckwheat, and forced down their throats with a stick. Every two hours this forced feeding is applied, and in a few weeks the bodies of the tortured fowls are distended like pumpkins, the liver alone frequently weighing from one and a half to two pounds, and the geese from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

They are then killed and plucked, the latter operation being completed before they are really dead, and are shipped to New York.

Snap-Shot Portraits

IS it not time that newspapers imposed upon themselves some kind of self-denying ordinance in respect to their snap-shot photographic illustrations of individuals? We should be sorry to see these vivacious pictures altogether barred, but surely it would be possible to adopt some process of selection by which public men and women would be spared the caricatures of which the hand camera is so often guilty.

A facial expression, a gesture, an attitude may be admirable, even beautiful when in its momentary position among other expressions, gestures and attitudes, but it may have a none the less undignified and farcical effect when suddenly isolated and frozen into immortality by the indiscriminating camera.

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Beauty in Public Schools

IF THERE is any artistic sense and love of the beautiful to spare in this country it surely might with advantage be lavished on the school buildings. For many of these structures are built and environed in a dreary and naked fashion which can only be the truthful expression of the utilitarian spirit in which the education within is conducted. The paper, *Unity*, commenting on a sermon on "The Use of Beauty in Public Schools," says:

In this sermon the pastor pleads eloquently for noble buildings, attractive grounds and artistic and educative wall decorations.

And it goes on to say that it is not only the children of the poor who need such beautiful surroundings, but also those of the rich, whose souls are in reality more starved than the souls of the poorer children. But in fact,

The public schools are not for either poor or rich children, but they are for children, and evermore for children.

Surely, we could do something better than construct a great barrack, reeking of new wood-work and sanitation, all bare and undecorated, and standing up gaunt and ugly on a barren and untidy waste of ground. Might not the children (and the teachers) enter a shaded walk amid foliage and flowers, to discover a beautiful building with creepers, looking like a home, and furnished inside more like a home than a factory. All this has been done to such perfection in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma.

The effect of such impressions in early life is incalculable in its enriching and mellowing of the character for all time. Much could be done by direct effort in this direction, but how much more if the beautiful surroundings without were the natural expression of beautiful ideals cherished within; if we were more anxious to cultivate men and women—souls—instead of to turn out "products" for dollar-making.

In the erection of these schools we have made the same mistake as in so many other things—that is, in pursuing the imaginary useful and practical we have missed the real useful and practical. The characteristic features of modern life are most impractical, for they are shams; and dollar-making and amusement do not give us either health or happiness. A practical education would care first for the soul, the real man, and would foster health, moral and physical, without which life is a failure. We need more education by music and by color and by sweetness, and not so much man making machinery.

STUDENT

To Unite a Million Sectarians

THERE IS a movement on foot for the union of the denominations known as the Congregational, the United Brethren and the Methodist Protestant. A two days' conference has been held at Pittsburg and the results are said to have been such that the Doxology was sung twice over. A committee has been appointed, but the matters to be arranged are so numerous that a period of two years will be needed for their final settlement. There is also a fourth denomination, that of the Christian connection, which may ultimately be admitted. There is, however, a difficulty about this. The Christian connection has no creeds of any kind, and does not want any, and this peculiarity has hitherto been the cause of their exclusion. The others have creeds, quite a number of them. Two years seem a long time to wait. It might be supposed that all essentials could have been settled in ten minutes, and the details arranged subsequently in the light of fraternity. This might be done by putting upon one side all questions of creed and subjects of a like nature, and agreeing to work in unison for some national reform such as the regulation of child labor. This would serve a double purpose. It would hasten the coming of the Kingdom of Christ, and so at last secure an answer to the prayer, "Thy will be done upon earth," and it would also make any disputed points of creed seem so ridiculously small that they would be brushed aside forever, the disputed points, and the creeds with them. When these denominations are finally united—in two years time—they will have considerably over one million members. What marvels could be wrought by one million earnest men and women scattered throughout the country, united with one another for the aid of humanity, and for the relief of those who sit in tears and darkness.

STUDENT

Public Interest in Justice

JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER, writing in the *International Monthly* on the jury system, pleads for the retaining of this ancient and useful institution, subject to certain changes in the rules necessitated by the changes in the times, especially as regards the press publicity given to cases. He concludes his paper with a strong reminder to the general public of its duties and responsibilities in the maintaining of justice. Nobody who is a member of a self-governing community can reasonably grumble at faulty administration so long as he is neglecting his own duty as a citizen, and thereby allowing that duty to be done by some one else. We quote the remarks in question:

And, finally, it is of importance that the people as a whole should realize that the administration of justice is a part of their work. We can not too often repeat the statement that if popular government is to continue, all must take an interest therein and realize that upon each one rests some share of the responsibility; and the administering of justice is one of the peculiar duties of government. So there should be brought home to every individual the thought that he is personally responsible for the way in which justice is administered; and if from time to time he serves as a juror, he can but feel that he is partially, at least, discharging that responsibility, and is helping to secure a more perfect administration of justice in the community.

English Physical Decadence

MR. GEORGE F. SHEE, writing on this subject in the *Nineteenth Century*, says that the great reduction in the death rate during the last generation, due to the advancement in sanitary science and hygiene, so often quoted by superficial observers as a sign of improvement in national health and vigor, has in reality been accompanied by an ominous deterioration in physique.

It has, in fact, made life too soft and easy. The drafty rooms, laborious journeys, and other hardships of our forefathers no longer exist to toughen our fibers and eliminate the weaklings. Hygiene and medicine preserve and foster the invalids. In England, too, statistics show that the percentage of urban dwellers is greater than on the continent; nor is there the same system of enforced military training.

The injurious effect of this urban life on the English people is suggested by the circumstance that in Manchester, in 1899, out of about 11,000 men presenting themselves for military service, 8,000 had to be rejected; and of the accepted, only 1,000 could be put into the regular army, the remainder being placed in the militia. During three years afterward, only 28 per cent of those voluntarily offering themselves for enlistment could be accepted, though they must have regarded themselves as peculiarly fit. During the last five years in Berlin, a crowded city likewise, 38 per cent of recruits were found fit for service; in agricultural East Prussia, as many as 80 per cent, and in Germany, on the average, the percentage was 62.

That the British army falls far behind the German in health and stamina is shown by the circumstance that the constantly non-effective through sickness are 46.08 British to 10.6 German, and the death rate per 100 is 9.05 British to 2.4 German. The percentage of deaths among the British troops in the South African war was nearly double that of the German in the war with France, in spite of the enormous advance in medical treatment in the interval.

Figures like these show that the present order of civilization is ruining even our physical condition and point more than ever to the urgent need of reform all through, if the race is to be saved from disaster and decay.

The True Church of Christ

AN ANGLICAN bishop has given an explanation of the falling off in the number of candidates for ordination. He says: People are beginning to feel that there is such a thing as religion outside the Establishment. They do not regard the church organizations in the way they formerly did—that is, as really necessary to the religious life of the country.

This is certainly candid and covers some of the ground, but not all. It is undoubtedly true that increasingly large masses of people are beginning to understand that the true church of Christ is something not made with hands, something in which confessions of faith, creed, revisions, thirty-nine articles, presbyteries and conferences, have neither part nor lot. It is made up of those who hear the word of the inner Christ, and who do it.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Dante Described the Travail of the Human Soul

WHAT do we know of Dante today? Students of the surface of things—and how many go below the surface—will tell us that we know all about Dante, his fears and his sorrows, and of the exquisite literary casket in which he enshrined them. And yet there are today some few who are beginning to understand that we have looked upon Dante, as for so long we have looked upon the Sphinx, picturing it from every point of view, digging about its foundations and measuring it with a dull and egotistic accuracy. As a literary Sphinx Dante has stood for centuries, while the little people who came after him fussily waved their yardsticks and proved that he was indeed a man like unto themselves, with the instincts of revenge and hate and love and all the other factors which go to make up the modern man, and no more.

Dr. Karl Federn of Vienna has studied Dante, and because he has done so with some little insight, he has grown impatient with his fellow students and their yardsticks. He says that they

Occupy themselves with his opinions instead of inquiring into the state of his soul.

Dante was not one who conjured up figments of the brain and then pictured in words the child of his imagination. He wrote of himself; it is the pilgrimage of his own soul which he has given to us, and this is not egotism, because he knew it also to be the world soul.

Dante is the hero of all his own works, not a creature of the brain which he may have modeled after his own likeness, as so many poets have done, but he himself, Dante Alighieri of St. Peter's Gate, in Florence. . . . He was in hell, in purgatory, and in paradise. He tells us so. We cannot doubt it.

Nevertheless, we do doubt it, and shall continue to doubt it until we have learned for ourselves something of the mystery of the soul and how, within it, deeply hidden, lie the faithful records of many an Inferno, many a Purgatorio, many a Paradiso, and that hope may be ever new-born from memory. Because Dante wrote from the tablets of his soul he has printed a holy mark upon his work and even a world which has learned to criticise and has forgotten to worship, speaks of it not otherwise than as divine.

Worship would surely come back to us once more if we could but raise our eyes high enough to see the stature of such men as Dante. We keep our mental eyes quite level lest our self-conceit should receive a shock, lest we should see an unveiled soul dwelling in a world not like unto that in which we live and hear a voice speaking in a language other than ours.

And so, for a time, we shall go on reading Dante with eyes that see nothing. We shall amuse ourselves with disquisitions as to his meaning and as to the histories of his characters. We shall inquire as to Beatrice where she lived, how and when she died and the passion of a poet. But Beatrice, like Dante himself, will remain for us unknown, until we, too, learn to enter the Holy of Holies.

STUDENT

SOME two years ago divers brought up from the bottom of the Ionian Sea fragments of a bronze statue supposed to be of Hermes, which had lain there for some two thousand years. It is believed to be the work of one of the great masters of the Fourth century B. C.

The Neglected Art of Stained Glass and Its True Province

MR. SILVESTER SPARROW, in a paper before the British Architectural Association, reported in the *British Architect*, makes a strong plea for the cultivation of the little studied art of stained glass, and its emancipation from hampering tradition and prejudice.

He deprecates the criticism that stained glass subjects representing scenes are "pictorial," and says:

A stained glass window becomes pictorial when it does such things, or in such a manner, as can be done as well or better in another medium, *e. g.*, in a picture or wall painting. It follows from this that there is a class of subject which is peculiarly the province of stained glass; that is, the supernatural, in which mystery is the most vital element, and in producing which, effects of light—with which in stained glass we are dealing directly—are the chief factors.

There are some who believe that the subjects of a stained glass window are a matter of perfect indifference; that any trivial thing will do for stained glass; and who are quite content to fill a window with a number of single figures. What a colossal waste is that big twelve-light window I have in view! Four tiers of single figures. *Eheu! Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* What an almost matchless opportunity for a "Last Judgment." But no! That would be too pictorial (and difficult). Let us go on with our kaleidoscopic inanities; let us produce a window that is so dull and uninspiring that one never wants to see it again, even if the material itself were worth looking at. No wonder that stained glass is considered such a supernumerary art, while such things are being done.

Why, he asks, does stained glass stand still when everything else is progressing?

Where would the art of music be today, if it were considered imperative to imitate the attempts at opera, with the undeveloped orchestra of past days? It is absurd for artists in stained glass to confine themselves to imitation as it would have been for Wagner to draw the materials for his "Ring" exclusively from the orchestra of Monteverde. He deplores the delusion, "there is no glass like the old glass, and never will be." And of the ideals to be aimed at, he says: "Another very important development would

be that of regarding a window as a whole, and not a series of figures or small subjects."

STUDENT

A Famous Statue in the City of Boston

THE city of Boston has become the owner of one of the great art treasures of the world, famous not alone for its artistic beauty, but also for its historical associations. We refer to the only existing duplicate of the famous statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, and which commemorates the resistance of Venice to the Turks. The original statue is to be found in the old church of San Giovanni e Paolo at Venice.

Bartolommeo Colleoni was a soldier of fortune who lent his sword to Venice during her struggle for freedom. He was born in the year 1400, and although of low estate he eventually filled the position of Captain-General of the Republic.

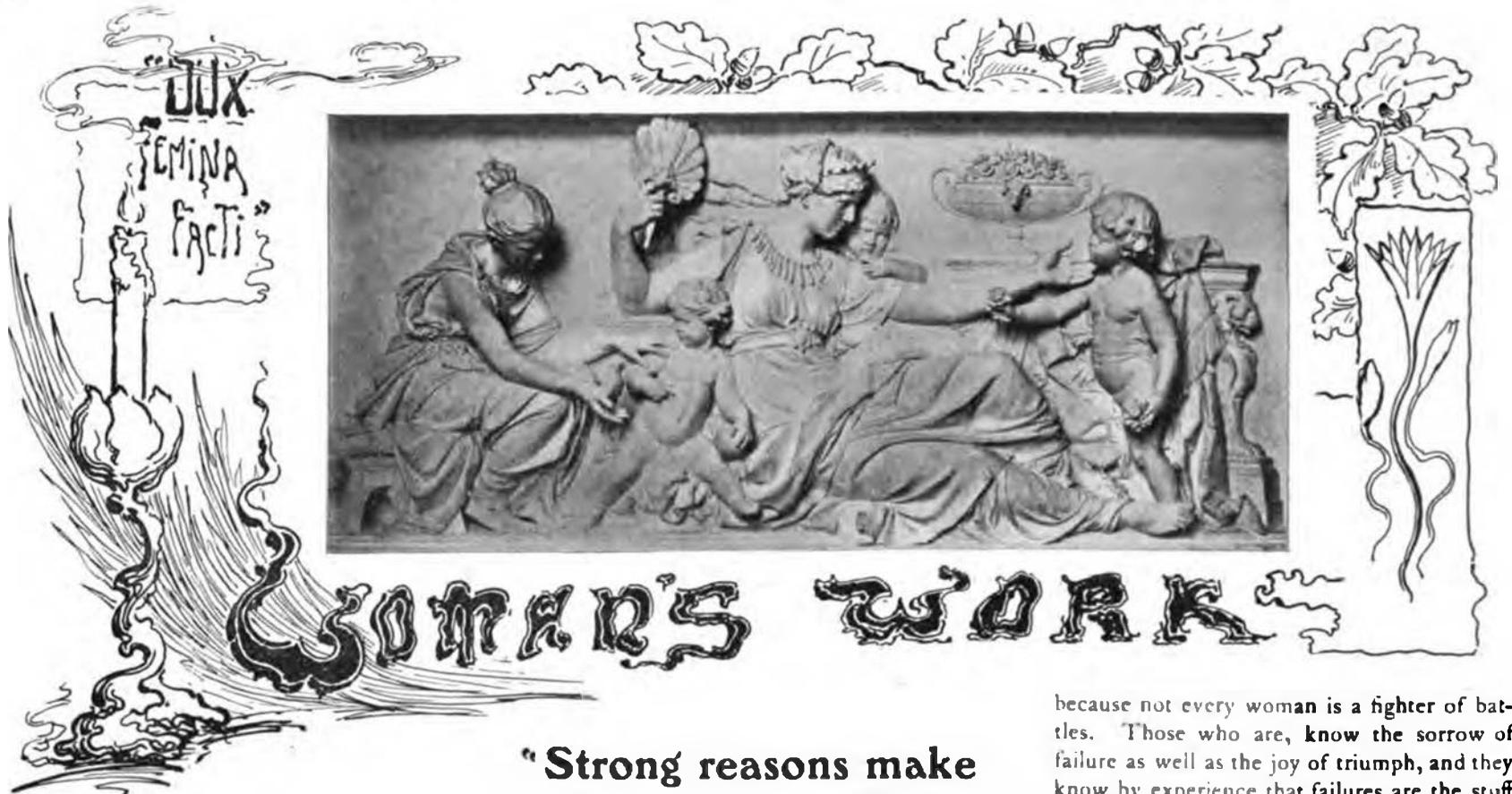
The statue was designed by Andrea Verrochio, the teacher of Leonardo da Vinci. He, however, died before it was completed, and the work was given to Alessandro Leopardi and by him it was finished.

The figure and face of the statue are considered to be the ideal of the Italian soldier of fortune, skilled in war, relentless, haughty and eminently capable of independent judgment and action.

STUDENT



THE VILLA BORGHESE AT ROME, ITALY



The Warrior and the Defeat

"Strong reasons make strong actions"

MY first story was published, but was an utter failure. Then *Donovan* appeared. That was an utter failure, too. The following winter I wrote *We Two*, and after it was refused by a half-dozen publishers, I well remember miserably wondering if, after all, it would not be best to give it all up. But there were still on my list the names of a few publishers whom I had not seen and I determined not to give up, until the list was exhausted. I was sitting, when I made that resolve, in St. Paul's, and as I walked down the aisle I caught sight of the monument of one of my kinsmen who had fallen at Camperdown. 'You died fighting,' I said, and I'll die fighting, too.' That moment was a turning point in my career, for *We Two* was published during the following year and was enormously successful."

This is a little incident which the late "Edna Lyall," once related. Her work may be prolix and old-fashioned and this and that, if one chooses, but there is something magnificent in her courage under disheartening conditions. There was a warrior quality in her character that makes all womanhood her debtor. It is easy to keep one's spirits up when life flows by like a summer stream whose current meanders peacefully in just the right direction. It is impossible not to find life glorious when each day records victories, even though struggles may be the price we pay for them. Even the life that is a constant struggle and a constant warfare is a life of joy to the General who knows his territory, who knows the enemy and who can rely upon his troops. For then every difficulty is a stepping-stone to some victory, and when that is the case half a warrior will find life worth the living.

But when one does not score victories, but only failure after failure—what then? It is not so easy to keep one's courage and to find one's heart. It is very easy to say then, "What is the use? What is the use of trying when all I succeed in doing is—to fail?"

Ah, it is this which is the test of the true warrior! It is this which sifts out the grain from the chaff of life's great harvest. It was the winter at Valley Forge that tested Washington and his men; the dreary waiting, the cold, the realizing sense of having made some wrong moves of which this horrible waiting was the penalty. But out of it sprung the most splendid and romantic victory of the war, the opportunity for which came as if in answer to Washington's cry, "I am almost utterly discouraged. It seems hopeless."

Not every life has its Valley Forge, as had Edna Lyall's. But that is

because not every woman is a fighter of battles. Those who are, know the sorrow of failure as well as the joy of triumph, and they know by experience that failures are the stuff out of which victories are fashioned; and the soul, patient and serene, is the fashioner of them. The struggle with an adverse fate, so to speak, is one that brings out the warrior qualities of every woman who persistently refuses to give up. But this struggle is a simple thing compared with that which ensues when one throws down the gauntlet to the adverse tendencies in one's own nature. It is then that the one who does this enters upon a long apprenticeship in the art of learning to fail with good grace. It is then that many an one sinks into a Valley Forge of weariness and despair; for life turns again and again to ashes, or so it seems. The enemy may be nothing more formidable than some bad habit, perhaps procrastination, perhaps an innate heedlessness, possibly the fatality of yielding to the despairs which beset.

But alas, the least formidable of evil tendencies is such only in appearance. Its conquest plunges one into the thick of a battle in which quarter may neither be asked nor given. And that complete victory comes only after a series of defeats, every woman who has taken the first step toward a larger life is perfectly aware. The warrior woman endures her failures and keeps trying, determined, if die she must, to die fighting. It is the spirit which bridges weariness and which refuses to be downcast by failure that the world needs. It is by the strength born of pain and of what the world calls failure that the final victory is won, whether it be a victory over outer circumstances or that greater conquest over the foes which dwell within the household of each heart. When life is looked at from the standpoint of the eternal, and when the soul is recognized to be the warrior that it really is, we will know that success and failure are but twin arcs of the same circle, opposite poles of the same sphere. Then will we learn the meaning of the ancient saying, that to those who fight for man's liberation, "each failure is success." PALMA

OFTEN, indeed, the greatest battles of the ages are fought out within a single human heart.—KATHERINE TINGLEY

In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame.—LONGFELLOW

ONCE in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant which passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all which this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Public Opinion—Enemy or Friend?

NATURE makes of the night a time of silence. Man's social customs have turned the silence of night into intense activity, as much more intense than the day's pursuits as the feverish heat of disease is more intense than the normal temperature. So, at the rising of the sun, when all nature wakes to joyous life, poor humanity is so worn out with exhaustion that it cannot break the spell of this master of the night whom it serves, and we have a diseased world in which there is a never-ending quest for health and happiness.

Once we recognize that the day and night exist inside of ourselves, as well as in the great nature that we look at outside of ourselves, we begin to study the life of humanity as a picture in sunlight and shade, using nature as a model for our criticisms.

Nature expends her vast energy in the daytime; she wastes no time consulting about her plan of action; she never "talks it over" in detail, but she attends to the minutest item in every undertaking, and all in silence, whether it is a tiny blade of grass or a great ocean that she is building. If she were allowed a free hand in making woman, what a type of silent majesty might not be revealed to the world! But the constant interference of Public Opinion thwarts nature's best efforts in this direction. Now, Public Opinion might just as well be a friend as an enemy to nature; indeed the opportunity of bringing this about lies in the hands of the women of the Twentieth century.

A clever woman makes good choice of her weapons, and as Public Opinion owes its existence to cooperation, women as a body must attain some unity. Then will they arise from the indolence of a negative existence, and take a positive attitude to express the types for which they stand. This grand, collective woman will feel herself a spectator reviewing the human mind as though there were a group of companions or a family of small children, herself the link between these active factors of creation and the ideals on which the results of action are to be founded. Fear, base slave of Public Opinion, in terror of criticism, slander, and of being misunderstood, will be transformed into Courage, the real warrior within the soul of this noble woman. Nature, become a generous friend, will reveal her most hidden secret, and the silent woman will know how to hold all human things and events close to the Divine Will, that the Soul, the Builder, may fashion a new world.

NATURE

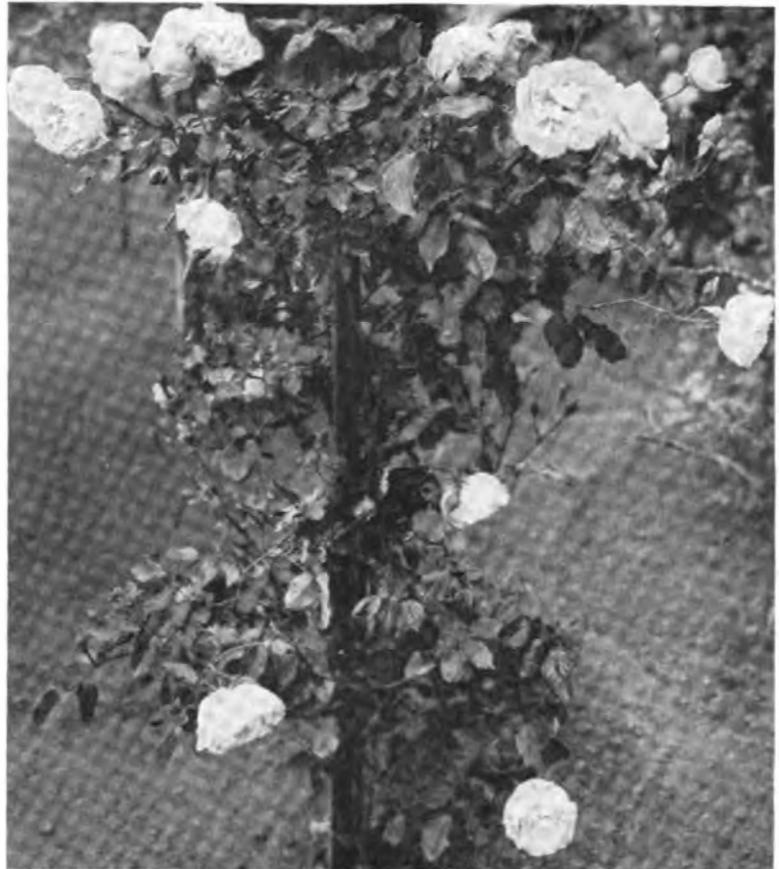
Physical Culture—Muscles

A MUSCLE is composed of a mass of small fibers possessing a power of contraction according to their health and training. Their health and training directly affect the circulation of the blood, which greatly alters the physical health. Only a majority of muscles are generally used. Their proper use during one's daily duties gives ease and grace to the movements of the body. The individual who uses merely the bony frame for carrying the body, walks and moves like a stick. The ideal of power and health in a muscle is not its size nor hardness, but its power of endurance and flexibility. A person trained until his muscles "feel like iron" is really in a dangerous condition, for over-developed muscles feed upon his vitality and one so "muscle bound" is not in possession either of health, in the true sense, nor of power. He is not master of his physical development. It has mastered him. On the other hand, if the muscular system be kept in a state of comparative softness and high flexibility, great strength can not only be summoned, but one's power of endurance is surprisingly increased. The natural use of muscles during the performance of daily duties, also while walking, standing, sitting and breathing, will preserve their healthy condition, and thus, special strain may be borne without shock or inconvenience.

During all muscular exercise there is a constant and equilibrating process of waste and repair going on. During violent exercise destruction of tissue is so great as to be out of all proportion to its upbuilding. Conclusions are obvious. Exercise taken at stated intervals, of course, has its value, giving special attention to muscles and organs not commonly brought into play. But the carriage and management of the body, and above all, the proper use of the lungs, is the very corner-stone of physical health. Exercise taken now and then cannot atone for the sin of indolence and its penalty, collapsed muscles. Muscles will have the greatest health, strength and "staying power" if kept flexible and full of blood by continuous and rational use in everyday life. And the life of

the average home-keeping woman is marvelously adapted to afford just such a rational development of muscular power, providing the sin of "overwork" be as zealously avoided as indolence or sloth. R. W.

Thoughts Beside a Loma-land Rose Tree



IF on creation's morn the king of heaven
 To shrubs and flowers a sovereign lord had given,
 O, beauteous rose, he had anointed thee
 Of shrubs and flowers the sovereign lord to be;
 The spotless emblem of unsullied truth,
 The smile of beauty and the glow of youth,
 The garden's pride, the grace of vernal bowers,
 The blush of meadows, and the eye of flowers.—Selected

WHERE are there such roses and such rose trees as in Loma-land? Abundant of flower, they put forth no more foliage than is needed as a foil to the grace and beauty of the blossom. What is more suggestive of the feminine than the rose, the flower beloved of Sappho and of all poets; what more suggestive of the developing character of a pure, true woman than the delicate, promise-full unfolding of the petals of a Loma-land rose? For the one variety which is peculiar to this section is of an indescribable creamy whiteness, with just a suggestion of pink at each petal's outer rim.

There is magic in the touch which a perfect rose gives to either room or garden, for it makes the entire environment thrill with something of its own beauty. It is as if it were actually creative. In the real sense it is what Ruskin would call "righteously beautiful."

Whether by chance or design I know not, it is yet a fact that the culture of the marvelous rose hedges and rose trees of Loma-land has devolved almost exclusively upon the women students. Daily they may be seen, here one, there another, now in the Homestead gardens, again in the garden of the "Women's Drill," yet again near the ideal Student Homes, caring for their precious roses. Truly they have been factors in making the "desert blossom like a rose," for Loma-land was little more (apparently) than one of the "waste places of the whole earth," until the Leader and the students came.

The pathway trodden by pioneers is not usually lined with roses, but the pioneers in the world-educational and humanitarian movement, of which Katherine Tingley is the Leader, is only one of the many exceptions to the rules of the old world which Loma-land produces. For the roses that grow in the dewy freshness of Loma-land gardens are, after all, only symbolic of the roses of "The Good, the True and the Beautiful," which true and gentle and courageous women, wherever they may be, the world over, are bringing back into human life. S.

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Studies Among the Red Indians and Their Ancestors

SERIOUS attempts are being made to study the languages, myths and traditions of the fast disappearing Indian tribes.

At some indefinite period of the past a number of tribes came southward from Alaska and settled along the west and southwest of what is now the United States. "Centuries ago," says the usual account, as usual enormously fore-shortening the date. These peoples are often called Athapascans, from lake and river Athapasca in Northwest Canada.

Professor Pliny Goddard, of the University of California, is doing a large share of this important work, and with him are a number of other investigators. The origin of the Indians, both of North and South America, is at present utterly obscure. There are relics of civilization in Peru and Mexico and the South generally, which are entirely distinct from those of the North. According to the anthropology taught by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, Retzius was right in seeing a connection between the round-headed Athapascans and the Mongolians of Asia and Middle China. Migration took place through Alaska, then one with Eastern Siberia, Bering Strait not existing. The Indians belong therefore, like the Chinese of Central China, to the "fourth race" of

The Secret Doctrine. Coming down from Alaska, they dispossessed a yet earlier stratum of peoples. There was another link with Asia, far south of the one just spoken of. It was the remains of Lemuria and comprises a whole chain of islands across the Pacific, running from the Malay Peninsula, Anam and Siam, including the Philippines, and ending in a line from California southward. Hence the similarity of structure between the languages of these Red Indians and the Malayan, both parented by an extinct agglutinative type evolved from the monosyllabic Chinese form. The Peruvian and Aztec civilizations came much later, and arose after the "fourth" had passed over into the "fifth"

great human period. It may not yet be too late to get the echoes of dying Indian tradition and myth. Indian ethnology and archeology are only in their beginnings, and one can but hope that the end is not already in sight ere the beginning is well entered. K.

Curious Helmet from a Forgotten Civilization

A VERY curious helmet has been discovered by a traveler in Central Africa, which seems, from its symbolic nature, to be a relic of some forgotten civilization. It is the present property of a village of less than one thousand inhabitants, and is only used on the occasion of a funeral, when it is worn by the leader of the procession. It is made from a single block of wood, and at some time or other has been blackened by fire. In front is a depression containing a rough representation of a man, while on the top appears another figure of a man on horseback. Upon each side are large horns painted in black and white squares.

Our readers will remember the ancient custom of representing death by a figure on horseback, but this seems the first occasion upon which it has been so depicted in Africa. The two figures have also a suggestion of Egyptian influence, and it is unfortunate that there is no way to arrive at the approximate age of this remarkable discovery. STUDENT

The University of California Prominent in Egyptian Research

THE London *Post* contains a very interesting description of the anthropological museum, which is attached to the Government School of Medicine at Cairo. This museum has devoted itself to the preservation of the human remains, often un-mummified, which have been found in Egypt in such enormous quantities, and which have been largely neglected, and even destroyed by archeologists in their search for papyrus, statues and implements. This museum now possesses a very remarkable collection of human remains, and Dr. Elliot Smith, who is in charge of the section, believes that it will become the "Mecca of the anthropological world." The most interesting of its contents are from excavations in Upper Egypt, where Dr. George Reisner has been hard at work in the name of the University of California.

The method of research is of considerable interest. A promising site being selected the tombs, if any, are carefully opened and cleared from sand or other debris. The human remains are left untouched until the whole burial ground has been cleared, and the tombs and their contents are then carefully photographed one by one. In this way an accurate comparison of the various graves can be made and a record preserved.

The graveyards hitherto opened have been mostly predynastic, the earliest interments dating about 500 years before Mena, or 3700 B.C. In addition to human remains, these tombs have furnished a rich harvest of implements. Many different kinds of cloth have been found, querns for grinding corn, knives, arrow-heads and pottery. Many of these articles are of a very high finish, the arrow-heads especially being of a very perfect workmanship. The bodies which were found in predynastic graves, had usually been buried reclining upon one side, with the knees drawn close to the body.

In spite of the great age of these early graveyards, very many of the bodies are astonishingly well preserved, although without the aid of artificial mummification. In many cases the hair and skin remain intact and the features can easily be recognized. Even the brain, eyes, larynx, veins, arteries and nerves have in many cases successfully resisted the destructive forces of nearly six thousand years, and it is even easy to identify the diseases which afflicted these ancient peoples. In one of the tombs, five thousand years old, a pair of bark splints was found and it was easy to see that cataract of the eye was a malady as common then as it is now. From these very numerous data it is easy to establish the physical features of these early Egyptians. The skulls vary very greatly in shape and capacity.

Their stature was about the average while their muscular development must have been very great. On these points, however, we shall soon be speedily informed, as a complete report is about to be published by the University of California. This report will be based upon the scientific examination of a thousand bodies and it should therefore be of unusual interest and importance. We note at the same time that a great number of these human remains are about to be removed to the University of California, where they will be available for examination by those who are interested. It would certainly be hard to overestimate the value and the importance of the researches which have thus been carried on. Z.



A LATTER DAY INDIAN VILLAGE, THE MOQUI PUEBLO OF HUALPI, ARIZONA



The Garden

by EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD in *Out West*

LARKSPUR and cglantine,
 Heartsease and heather,
 Hollyhocks, four-o'clocks,
 Poppies, mignonette and phlox
 Growing wild together.
 What a dear, old-fashioned nook,
 And how few would heed it.
 What a place to take a book—
 And never read it.

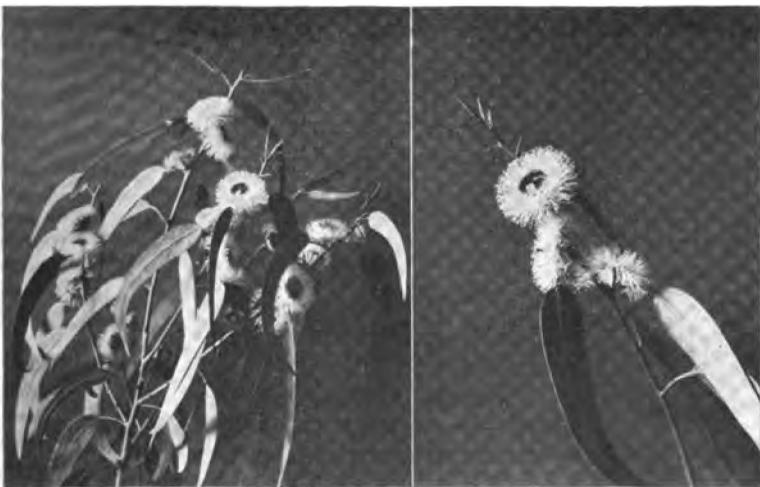
A Vegetable Friend in Loma-land—the Eucalyptus

THE curious blossoms in these pictures are those of the eucalyptus, or gum-tree, of which there are large numbers planted on Point Loma. The sickle-shaped leaves have a yellowish tinge, though on the young trees and root sprouts of the large ones the leaves are not curved, but are shaped like very broad willow leaves without stems, the main stalk apparently passing through them; and they are of a light gray-green color. The buds of these flowers are about the shape and size of an acorn attached by its point to the stem, with the cup at the outer end. When the flower is ready to open this cup falls off and the flower unfolds. When the seeds are ripe they are like thin, red caraway seeds and escape through fine slits arranged like a star on the flat outer surface where the cap had been.

There are many different varieties of these trees which are natives of Australia where they grow to an immense size, an account having been published some years ago of one found prostrate which was 550 feet long. It is a very rapid grower, and yet the wood when dry is as hard as oak and equally valuable as fuel. The whole tree is full of an essential oil which not only preserves the wood from the attacks of many insects, but is also valuable in medicine.

The eucalyptus has the ability to live and grow on a very small water supply, partly because it can do without and partly by the water which it gathers for itself from the air. On a clear night the varnished surface of the leaves will condense dew to such an amount that the ground under the tree will often be wet an inch deep by morning. At the same time it sends its roots far and wide and is a shameless stealer of water from other plants. In many cases its roots find subterranean streams so far below the surface as to be inaccessible to all other neighboring plants.

In the southern part of California and adjacent country, these trees are



much grown for fuel. The trees are cut and the stumps allowed to remain. In a year's time a sapling six or eight feet high will have sprung from it, and by the end of five or six years it will be an eight-inch tree twenty or thirty feet high; and the process may be repeated as many times as desired, as the stump never dies.

G. W.

The Two Kinds of Leaves on the Eucalyptus Tree

IN a recent issue of the NEW CENTURY PATH, a correspondent asks about the differences between the two kinds of leaves growing on the eucalyptus tree. The broad, downy leaves which embrace the stem at their cleft bases are the young ones. As compared with the older and sickle-shaped leaves, each with about an inch of stem, they appear under the microscope as much less fibrous, more vascular, and in the middle of each mesh of the fine veining is a large oil globule. In the older leaves the meshing is not so close, and the oil vesicles are smaller and considerably fewer, whilst the leaf is altogether drier in texture. There is no epithelial down, and the surface looks glossy or waxed. It may be that part of the oil has oxidized into a resin, or volatilized and left a resin behind, exuded over the surface. This probably protects the leaf from much evaporation and thus (as with the palm) enables the plant to do with little water. As the youthful type of leaf begins to be replaced by the older, the stem, which was five sided, becomes, according to my observation, four sided, and then round. And the tree is only an adult, capable of bearing flowers, when all the young leaves and stalks have been replaced by the older type.

One naturally speculates on the uses to the plant of the oil. Besides (possibly) furnishing the protective varnish of the older leaves, may not these shining, highly refractive globules be in some way light-receivers, eyes, like our retina transmuting the light into some other vibratory force for the tree's use? It will be interesting to know whether the observation and views of others accord with the above.

GARDENER



Cave Swallows on Point Loma

ALL along Loma's western shore, in the precipitous face of her element-defying cliffs open occasional portals of sea caves, small and large. Some are unapproachable, even at low water, except by long ladders; others are easily entered when the tide is ebbing. In such an one are domiciled the cave-dwellers of these notes. As we clamber over tangled matted piles of kelp and sea-weed thrown across the entrance to the cave, we are startled by a whizzing past our heads like the scattering of shot. We see nothing recognizable but a flash—then it is passed. So close does it come sometimes, perhaps right across our vision, there is a sensation of having received a blow in the face, and one's arms go up involuntarily. But after several such volleys, they cease, and we seek the cause. Ah, there it is, see those bird nests!

Well do these swallows merit the name, cliff-dwellers; for their nests are plastered to the perpendicular, sloping, or even overhanging walls of the cave, occasionally half resting on a projecting ledge, in one or two instances partly lodged in the crotch of a crevice. The shape of the nest is the quarter section of an oval ball, or an egg, say, and in some cases the half section of a cone, projecting from the wall like a bracket. For structural strength the pellets are bound together with sea-grass, the free ends hanging below the nest for some distance. And with this happy touch of color the wise architects enhance not a little the grace and beauty of their houses—the blue-green grass harmonizing with the grays, yellow ochres, Indian reds and browns of the rocky background; likewise with the plumage of the parents when at home, and with that of the young birds as soon as they can be seen over the edge of the nest, as in the illustration. This particular nest was new last season, but today the grasses are a dusty iron-gray and crinkled like an old man's beard. The nests are lined with white downy feathers.

BIRD-LOVER

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

KATHERINE TINGLEY SPEAKS AT ISIS THEATRE

Greeted by a Crowded Audience Which Applauds Her Suggestions for Helping San Diego Achieve Its High Destiny

From the *San Diego-Sun*, June 15th, 1903

AN audience that filled every seat in Isis Theatre and put standing room at a premium before 8 o'clock greeted Katherine Tingley last evening. It was one of the old-time crowds that used to throng Isis Theatre and applaud the Theosophic Leader before her long journey into Cuba—in numbers, enthusiasm and sympathy. Very simply and unostentatiously, Katherine Tingley came back to San Diego one day last week, just as any other citizen would come. There had been some preparations for a public reception to be tendered upon her arrival, but before these were perfected, the news got abroad that Mrs. Tingley was already at home and had once again taken up her post of duty at Point Loma. That Isis Theatre should be packed again by her sympathizers and friends to greet her after her long absence was only to be expected.

Her discourse throughout was founded on the text, "San Diego's Progress and Welfare," with interesting references to her Cuban experiences woven throughout. Everywhere she had found the keenest interest manifested in San Diego's position and the marvelous possibilities which were unfolding themselves for its future.

With eloquence and force she urged unity of purpose and of action on the part of San Diego's well-wishers. She advocated weekly mass meetings of representative citizens, who should come together regardless of politics and religion and consider how best to help the city attain its great destiny.

No city could grow unless it worked unselfishly for the greatest good of the greatest number. The one thing needed in San Diego, as in every other city, was unity. The great essential to the success of every community was its possession of a number of persons who would become united in pursuit of a true advancement and a high ideal. Personal interests must be forgotten and there must be a determination to take chances on life and a willingness to dare everything to attain the goal in view. There was no obstacle too great to be overcome if it was faced in the light of the higher duty. She had gone to Cuba to carry there some of the unspeakable joy which is possessed by members of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, to carry light and hope in every possible way. She had felt that she was carrying to Cuba all that was best in San Diego.

Mrs. Tingley was preceded by Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt who gave an interesting address entitled, "Ask and Ye Shall Receive." Several musical numbers were rendered by students of Isis Conservatory and following the main address of the evening, Mrs. Southwick, the well-known dramatic reader who is now visiting Point Loma, gave a few brief recitals that were highly enjoyed. When Mrs. Tingley appeared she was greeted with long applause.

Thoughts on the Anniversary of the First Crusade

IT is well for us that at this time, the anniversary of the great crusade around the world, that our minds should revert for a moment to that sublime work in order that by imagination we may keep it yet more fully alive and so strengthen its links of love. All fraternal deeds shall forevermore be easier because of it, and because of its golden message of concord. What did the crusade actually accomplish and what will be the harvest from its seed? To answer that question we must have something more than the conventional comprehension of the world's need. We must understand that however great may seem to be the turmoil, however wild may seem the waves of popular passion, even these things are provided for by the Law which makes for righteousness, and that the divine force, if we be but willing to serve it to the forgetfulness of Self, has its eternal "Peace, be still" awaiting but the appointed time for utterance.

If, then, we were asked for the central cause of the world's unrest, for the human cyclone through the midst of which the crusade passed upon its way, we should reply that humanity is searching for its ideals. Even into the darkest heart has passed a splendor of which our minds have seen some faint, distorted image, and mankind has awakened from its slumber to a disgust of the condition to which it has sunk. Such times have been before, when the glimpse of the ideal has shaken the world

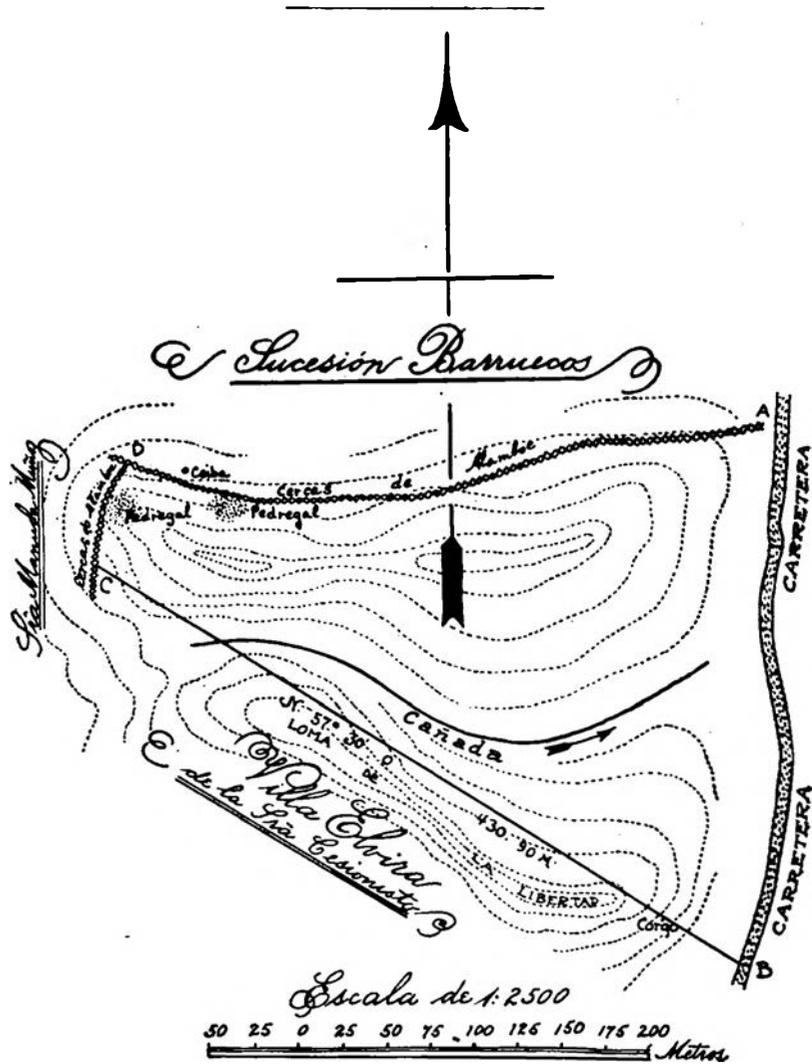
to its foundation, and reason has been well-nigh dethroned by the splendor of the vision. And now once more into every mind that thinks has come some picture of what the world might be, of what it would have the world to be. A great creative force has been born amongst men, and the pendulum of their choice swings fitfully between good and evil. Too often they are careless of what shall happen so it be but a change. Into brutal minds come brutal ideals. Ambition moves stealthily towards its own fulfilment and greed and self-seeking see attainment within their grasp. The moment of ideals is the moment of magnificent opportunity, and it is also the moment when dangers culminate.

And so it was not without plan and method and an observance of law and opportunity that the Crusade and its Leader moved into and around the world. It was a whisper into the ear of humanity, a hint of their possibilities that should make men strong to understand and to purify their ideals. It was a finger laid upon the vibrating strings of human thought, a breath of fraternity that should make music within the world when discords die away, as die away they must because they are discords.

It threw the weight of compassion into the balance of human choice, and we believe that as a result the choice was made aright, even though ancient evils must yet wear themselves out in pain. It was a proof to all who would look, to the poor, to the wretched, and to the suffering that there is still good-will toward men and that the love that saves has not yet become only a tradition.

All this work and much more was accomplished by the crusade, and great already as are the results which we have seen, the unseen consequences are far greater. The full and final measure of their greatness has not yet been written upon the page of finished things, nor will that page be turned so long as we are able to strengthen by our devotion the girdle of good-will with which the crusade encircled the world.

STUDENT



Grounds for Cuban Raja Yoga School

OUR readers will be interested in the accompanying plan of the property which has been so generously given to the International Brotherhood League by the Hon. Emilio Bacardi, the Mayor of Santiago de Cuba, and Mrs. Bacardi. By this gift Señor Bacardi has furnished one more proof of his devoted patriotism and of the steadfast support which he has given to the educational work of Kath-

erine Tingley. It will be remembered that when Katherine Tingley first visited Cuba immediately after the war, her work was declared by Señor Bacardi to be a beneficent factor in the future of the Island, and the aid which he has consistently rendered to her and to her work, an aid in which Señora Bacardi has nobly cooperated, will not be easily forgotten.

The property consists of about twenty acres, and is one of the most beautiful sites near Santiago. It is about half an hour's drive from the city, along the splendid boulevard built by General Wood during the American occupation. The boulevard (*Carretera*, in Spanish) is shown at the right of the plan, the boundary lines of the property being indicated between A, B, C, D and A. The site is well adapted for the Raja Yoga institution, which Katherine Tingley will now soon begin to build. Sr. Bacardi's residence and property, Loma de la Libertad, adjoins the boundary line B C to the south of the land which is now the property of the International Brotherhood League.

STUDENT



THE CIVIL HOSPITAL AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA

THE return of the Leader and of those who accompanied her to Cuba has been too recent to permit of the proper preparation for publication of the very interesting material which they have brought with them. It is, however, in hand and will be presented to our readers in an early issue. OBSERVER



In a Tropical Island Forest

Near the City of Santiago de Cuba

Lotus Work in London, England

News has the Lotus Group been in closer touch with the work at Point Loma than it is now. The heart-throb of our great Organization pulses through all our activities, through our little ones and those who work with them. We have shared with our comrades at Point Loma in the joy for the victories gained for Truth and Purity, and have sent our loving thoughts to help.

Not only at the present time is the number of regular attenders greater, but the heart force among our children is very strong, it is felt by all with whom they come in touch and enters into all they do. The feeling of the Group is always quiet and strong.

On Saturday afternoon the feeling is very fine. Lotus members are then allowed to bring little visitors. We open with singing a song, after which Mr. Dunn takes the children with singing, then follows a little entertainment by seven or eight of the members who, dressed as Lotus Buds or Fairies, give some of their pretty action songs. One of the workers then tells a short story or has a talk with the little ones about Loma-land; two of the Buds distribute flowers; all join in the last song, and the happy afternoon ends.

On Thursday a drill class is held, followed by a dramatic class. The children enjoy their drilling and their work is characterized by a growth of quietness, order and force. In our dramatic class the children are preparing the little play, "The Dawn of a New Day." The children have improved greatly in the way they say their parts, and feel they are working to bring the light to others.

On Friday, Miss R. Watkins holds two painting classes, one for younger and less advanced children, and another for older ones, all of whom love their work. A short time ago the Lotus children were delighted with a visit from Brother Herbert Crooke, who joined in their singing and watched their drill, and above all, won their hearts by his loving words.

On Saturday, March 21, a large party of our Lotus Buds and Blossoms were taken right away by Brother Frank Woodhead and his magic lantern to Loma-land. Oh how they loved being there and how sorry they were to leave.

MABEL SWAN, Superintendent

The Clifton Lodge, Bristol, England

During the last two months Lodge work and meetings have been continued as usual. On April 4th, besides the usual Symposium, the children of the Lotus Group and the members of the Girls' Club acted "The Dawn of a New Day." On April 13th, the Lodge moved into new quarters, and on the same evening we held a special meeting in commemoration of W. Q. Judge and to dedicate our new Headquarters to the work of The Universal Brotherhood Organization. The house is well situated and in every way well suited for the work.

E. C.

Child Slavery

WE should like to reproduce the whole of a letter which has appeared in the *Los Angeles Herald*, over the signature, "W. G. R." Of this, our space will not permit, and we must be satisfied with giving to a portion only the widest circulation at our command. It seems that "W. G. R." was present at a meeting of protest against the barbarities which have been inflicted upon some Jews in Russia, and while he shares with the whole world the horror and indignation which those barbarities have evoked, he sees that a large draft has been drawn upon the available stock of American sympathy and that there are others within our own country who are far more helpless than the persecuted Jews in Russia, and who may now be deprived of the aid which that sympathy might have brought to them. He writes:

But when the human sympathy of that assembly rose to high potential and sped its healing current and substantial help to far Kishineff and its suffering Jews, it was my unhappiness to sit in that company with heart bowed down and sick, to think that, worthy as the deed there done, great as the need they strove to satisfy, the night was passing where the morning would find a still better deed left undone, over a greater need that tomorrow would be one day older and hope not yet hailed.

When I remember a fact that is well known to the American people, that there exists within the bounds of our own nominal republic the New England-owned cotton-mills of the South, with their thousands of innocent and helpless child slaves, I know that the noble audience of Sunday night, in passing by these children to succor the far-away Russian Jews, has given one more example of the failure of good intentions with which hell is paved: for the hell in the Carolinas is now more secure than before, for the reason that the stock of sympathy and wealth that might have helped to dislodge it is depleted in a less worthy cause.

The Russian Jew can resist his oppressors and, at the worst, die fighting for his life, his whole being girt and tense with resisting power and the sense of justice. But the cotton-mill slave is a child, by right and by nature anticipating nurture, protection and the means for self-development and growth, and when he meets, instead, the chilling atmosphere of avarice, and each dark day is roughly wakened to unpaid toil, the fledgling cannot strike down the tyrant nor call for help to a strong and contented world.

The Jew can leave Russia and, turning his face toward America, find relief and comparative freedom. But if the child whose being is labor-dazed in the cotton-mills of Dixie should turn his wondering eyes upon his natural protectors—the parents who gave him life—he would discover those who consented to the knots in his bondage, and who watch them that they loosen not.

Human nature is indeed a strange and a wonderful thing. Fifty Jews are brutally murdered in Russia and the note of stern protest throughout America is unbroken. Thousands of children in Pennsylvania are slowly done to death, outraged, stunted, tortured, and we are told that throughout that state *no influential voice has ever been raised in their defense*. Is it but another illustration of that unfailing tendency to

Compound the sins we are inclined to,
By damning those we have no mind to.

STUDENT

Accuracy and exactness are not easily acquired. If one does not cultivate them in minor affairs they will not be forthcoming when needed on great occasions.

TRUE freedom is an unimaginable state to nearly all men, a happiness beyond dream, the only happiness that knows no cloud.

Freedom—they pass the word from lip to lip, thinking that they understand it, yet have not touched the beginning of its meaning. For men have real freedom only when they have laid aside desire for nearly all they now count most worthy striving for. They desire this and that, and get a joy from attainment that lives but a moment, giving place to a new and keener longing. Their whole creative forces lend the life to these longings; and so man is the powerless creature we see instead of the divinely potent and radiant being he might be.

We realize this of some desires. We see the drunkard paralyzed *as man* by his craving, strong only with that desire and pursuit; and we know that when he is conscious enough to realize himself, he is in agony at his slavery. With what joy of freedom and expansion he would meet his fellows if some day he realized that the craving had died—still more if he himself had met it and triumphed!

But of other desires we do not perceive that the same is true. We are slaves to each of them, and have so poor a conception of freedom that we do not know our slavery. Consciousness is absorbed into the enslaving force. Men think their very lives would be gone if they had not their ambitions. "A poor creature," we say, "with no ambition!" Some of these *are* "poor creatures," living in the midst of a multitude of utterly trifling aims and desires and having nothing deserving the name of ambition; but others have the divine content which liberates the inner wisdom and power that is locked up in all men.

We speak, therefore, of a deeper freedom than that which is hemmed in by external restraint, a freedom which is denied to no man, impossible to no man, if he will.

Theosophy teaches that men were once as gods in their power, agents in the general work of evolution, active aspects of the divine. But they let in desire upon their souls, desire for pleasures utterly beneath their essential nature, pleasures in and of the sentient matter-life with which they were charged to work, and which they had to lead upward to ever higher and higher terms. Thence came ambitions, lusts, hatreds, jeal-

Freedom

ousies, and all that brood by which man's still divine nature is tied in and paralyzed. Ages went by and the darkness thickened till the light of intellect here and there almost went out and only barbarism reigned. But always were some who had not forfeited their birthright; and these appeared again and again on earth, founding new nations and subjugating those in whom the light was going out utterly. *Now* the very idea of freedom is lost, and the memory of the age when it dwelt among men—unless the universal traditions of the "Golden Age" be accounted as a racial memory.

But always Freedom waits, offering again her ancient gifts age after age to those who can hear her voice and appreciate her glorious offer. Let the word sink into the mind, till something of its significance is reached and then try to win it. Throw away desire for the manifestly superfluous, for that which gives pleasure or comfort but for a moment, yet pertinaciously insists and insists on satisfaction. Then we begin to see how subtle and how strong are the bonds. But strength comes with each victory. At first, liberated from the smaller matters, it will take refuge in greater, and pride or ambition, or vanity of achievement will stand out defiantly in full view, threatening to take away the results of our lesser victories in one greater defeat. The price of freedom is vigilance, and the necessity for that grows greater as we go higher, till the last height is taken. And of this we can be assured, that till we have made some way upon this path of freedom, our eyes will not open, our understanding of life will remain clouded and dim. For the faculty of understanding, of direct apprehension of truth, is that which all desires cloud—save those which, being for light on our own darkness and for the welfare of all living creatures, belong to the purpose of evolution. And as they cloud understanding, so they absorb power, that power by which the divine work of compassion can alone be accomplished among men.

Light and Power—these are the gifts in the hands of Freedom. And the last step towards her throne is the casting away of the very root of selfishness, the root of evil, the root of the false and all-grasping personality which man has through ages woven about his own soul. M.

*** All the Babies of the World ***

by ALMA TADEMA

WHEN the sun has left the hilltop,
And the daisy fringe is furled,
When the birds from wood and meadow
In their hidden nests are curled,
Then I think of all the babies
That are sleeping in the world.

There are babies in the highland
And babies in the low,
There are pale ones wrapped in furry skins
On the margin of the snow,
And brown ones naked in the isles
Where all the spices grow.

And some are in the palace
On a white and downy bed,
And some are in the garret
With a clout beneath their head,
And some are on the cold, hard earth,
Whose mothers have no bread.

O, little men and women,
Dear flowers yet unblown!
O, little kings and beggars
Of the pageant yet unknown!
Sleep soft and dream pale dreams now,
Tomorrow is your own;

Though some shall walk in darkness,
And others in the light,
Though some shall smile and others weep
In the silence of the night,
When life has touched with many hues
Your souls now clear and white.

God save you, little children,
And make your eyes to see
His fingers pointing in the dark
Wherever you may be,
Till one and all, through life and death,
Pass to eternity.

From Chiron the Centaur

☞ Entice not thy ox to the plow by the gift of dainty food, lest in the day when thy hands are empty thy field remaineth unplowed; but forget not the provender in the evening, that he may have his strength tomorrow.

☞ If thou wouldst win the favor of the gods in this war remember that thy horse and hound are sent by them to be thy allies, thy squire and page, but not thy slaves. Omit not to teach them in all proper actions of their natures, because from them shall Zeus receive testimony concerning thee.

☞ Thinkest thou that Zeus hears not thy hound when he cries aloud under thy whip? Who has appointed thee to be a minister of vengeance upon him? He hath displeased thee, thou sayest? What then? If thou canst show no patience nor forgiveness to those who serve thee how shalt thou receive the forgiveness of thy Master Zeus?

☞ Thou art proud and maketh boast, "See with how much provender my horse is provided, and he hath a pasture, and is groomed every day." Yes, my friend, though if he were but free he would find his own pasturage without performing any labor for thee, so he is not thy debtor, but thou art his. But when he is old and his strength is gone, dost thou feed him then? and groom him? Indeed it is well said by the hill people, "He who feeds an old steed is a true friend."

Some Wayside Thoughts

☞ He who works on honor needs no overseer.

☞ Rashness is not courage, and timidity is not caution. Be courageous and cautious.

☞ The martyrdom of living for humanity may be greater than the martyrdom of dying for it.

☞ Pigeonholes, mental or material, are baneful when lumbered up with neglected, unclassified matter.

☞ Persistence is a great force—neither good nor bad in itself. Cultivate it, but avoid employing it for other than laudable ends.

☞ Man has a range of abilities far and away exceeding that of any other animal. Even in the way of food he eats some things which few other creatures will touch.

☞ It is a poor bargain to try to pay off grudges. The keeping them in mind, in the effort to do so, causes mental discomfort, if not pain, which is usually many times as great as any harm which you can possibly inflict.

☞ Your environment is a sphere of which you are the center. That with which you have been most *en rapport* has been drawn closest to you; that to which you are most antipathetic has been driven furthest away. Change your nature, and the forces of attraction and repulsion will change your environment.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The Riper Judgment of the Real Scientists of Today

OUR conception of the scientific world needs to be narrowed. It might in any case be difficult to define a term of this nature, but without doubt it will soon be necessary to examine credentials a little more narrowly than has been our wont. The results of intellectual research are today within the reach of all who care to have them, and while there may be a generous disposition to assent to any name by which some of our fellow creatures may wish to call themselves, we must at the same time withhold some of the mental deference which that name may seem to call for. We are today overrun by schools of research which call themselves scientific, and many of them make claims upon our credulity which are becoming unbearable. If they were to mingle a little modesty—to ask for a little awe would perhaps be too much—with the announcement of their achievements, they would receive an abiding credit for what they have actually done. As it is, they are likely soon to lose even that which they have.

The announcement of their achievements is usually a noisy one. Some faithful and well paid news henchman seems to haunt the laboratory in order that the world may know at the earliest possible moment that Professor _____ has produced a manifestation of life in some unexpected way, or under some unusual form. The announcement—which the blushing “scientist” rarely contradicts—is usually to the effect that the central secret of life has at last been dragged from its hiding place, that the innermost mysteries of nature have at last been laid bare, and we may incidentally infer from the letterpress that Professor _____ has finally demonstrated that there is no God and no soul. It is to be suspected that the average reader does no more than read the headlines and gasp out his admiration and his wonder. An examination of the details would usually show that the learned experimenter had merely produced some curious result by the aid of a drop of salt water, or that he had performed some particularly unspeakable atrocity upon a mongrel dog.

To turn from the blatant nonsense which so often calls itself science, to the words of a real scientist, is something of a relief. Lord Kelvin is a man who joins the power of a minute and successful investigator to the still greater power which enables him to admit an intellectual inability. His profound knowledge has but brought him closer to the unknown, and his unequalled successes have deepened his capacity, not for self-advertisement, but for wonder and for awe. He says:

Every action of human free-will is a miracle to physical and chemical and mathematical science.

So the age of miracles is *not* past! We are indeed bathed in an atmosphere of the miraculous, from which only the young men of the laboratory are at all exempt. Were it not for them and their newspaper trumpeting what could save us from the science of Lord Kelvin? He says further:

There is nothing between absolute scientific belief in creative power and the acceptance of the theory of a fortuitous concurrence of atoms.

Lord Kelvin does not hesitate to avow his “absolute scientific belief in creative power,” being presumably unaware that there are scientists, young scientists, very young scientists, who will hear of nothing but the “fortuitous concurrence of atoms,” and who will placidly regard the solar systems, and all that they contain, as thus fortuitously spinning through gaping space. There are indeed those whose incredulity of truth is surpassed only by their credulity of falsehood. They will believe anything—except the truth. And so we shall have to revise our conception of the “scientific world,” before we any more allow ourselves to be intellectually led as we have been. We must examine credentials, we must give only such honor as is due, and we must recognize that even the most painstaking observation of, for example, a sea-anemone, gives no authority whatever for an uninvited denial of God. STUDENT

☞ Say to thyself, “If I ought to be a great potentate, I shall be a great potentate; if I ought to sweep the streets, I shall sweep the streets,” then thou shalt gain serenity; in thy serenity thou canst serve, and in thy service thou shalt find freedom.

The Keener Sensibilities of the Animal Kingdom

THE supposed lack of sensibility in animals is often made the excuse for cruelty. Modern science, however, in spite of much abominable cruelty, of which some of its adherents are guilty, is indirectly doing a humanitarian work in drawing closer the bonds which connect humanity with the kingdom below it. It is showing that there is indeed a kinship of suffering as it will one day show that there is, too, a kinship of progress. F. G. Aflalo, than whom there is perhaps no higher authority on animal life, has contributed an interesting column on “The Higher Sensibility of the Lower Animals,” to the London *Morning Leader*. He contrasts the sensibilities of men with those of dogs and animals in general. He says:

Whenever I see a kestrel hover fifty or a hundred yards over a field mouse, a tiny object almost the color of the ground it moves on, or a gannet pounce unerringly on a single pilchard or mackerel, having not only made out its blue and silver from the blue and silver of the surrounding water, but also approximately judged the depth at which it cleaves the waters, then I am filled with contempt of my own eyesight, good of its kind though it is.

He speaks, too, of bats and their unerring pursuit of the tiniest flies and of the shrill cries which they utter, so highly pitched that most people are unable to hear them, and which are doubtless an understood speech amongst themselves. He asks if there are not also other animal sounds which are entirely hidden from humanity. Here, then, in two of our most important senses we are entirely surpassed even by the bat.

Pseudo-scientists have their own hideous methods of ascertaining an animal's sensibility to pain. Even out of these horrors some unintended good may come, if by them we are aroused to our responsibility for the lower kingdoms, to the unity of the life which pervades the universe, a life of which they are such exquisite manifestations. STUDENT

Science Describes Radium as the “Primal Flame”

The whole phenomenon . . . suggests that the atom is a complex machine, stored with immense energy, built up amid the inconceivable stress of forces of a universe of primal flame.

THAT sentence is from a recent scientific description of radium, and it somehow stimulates the imagination a good deal. Flame—and sound, for that too must have been represented; the roots of color and music. It would seem that that “primal flame” exists yet. Its invisible shining we call the X-rays. It is like the “invisible-visible soul” of matter, leaving and re-entering its body. The metals thorium and barium, which normally emit the X-rays, do not do so after being steeped in water. But now the water does. The metal is dead; yet in a while it regains its life and again shines. It got a new draught of life from the primal flame. Though this is chemistry and not poetry, it may yet be symbolism.

That “primal flame” does certainly take hold of one's imagination. If it be light—beyond visibility—on its objective side, how if it be transcendent *consciousness* on its subjective? How easy here to let go the concrete for a moment and cut the tethers of imagination! To suggest that like the barium, we too can renew our life and radiance from the primal flame when they have been worn away; nay, that we can renew them from moment to moment; even that we could outwit death, drinking in life as we expend it! As we have said, these speculations would be easy, and therefore we do not make them. STUDENT

A GREAT deal of astronomical attention has lately been directed to the moon and we now have an announcement from Professor Pickering of the Harvard observatory that he has discovered lunar phenomena which seem to point clearly to the existence of hoar frost upon our satellite. It seems that during the recent total eclipse the Professor observed that the dark spot around the crater known as Linne had considerably increased in size while away from the heat of the sun, but as the solar light increased, the dark spot decreased. This, he contends, points to the existence of hoar frost.

Professor Pickering is still engaged upon the calculations of the recent eclipse and will very speedily make known the results. STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World

Max O'Rell's Death a Loss to the World THE death of Max O'Rell leaves the world with the sense of a vacant place, and a place which will not be easily filled. The genial Frenchman was not a great or a profound thinker, but none the less he did a work which many thinkers have tried in vain to do. He probably never knew that he was a reformer, never realized the magnitude of the work which he did for fraternity among men. None the less he had the power to make us laugh at our own weaknesses and at our own follies and to recognize the human nature which will remain a bond of union when international frictions and irritations have passed away forever. The world is a little kinder in thought because of Max O'Rell, and that epitaph will endure.

The *Milwaukee Free Press* reproduces what may well be called a message to humanity written by the dying author just two hours before the end. He says:

What a pity that the formula, "Nothing but good should be spoken of the dead," is current. It ought to be, "Nothing but good should be spoken of the living." Hell may exist in the next world; I haven't been there yet, but I'm positive paradise and hell are of this world, and most generally of our own making. None but sweet words should pass our mouths.

Pittsburg's Ancient Relic Is Destroyed THE vandal at Marietta, Ohio, who was permitted by the town council to destroy some prehistoric remains in order to build with them a cow shed or something, need not feel lonely after all. The famous "Indian Rock," near Pittsburg, has been destroyed by a Millsborough farmer to build a barn. This huge stone was of utterly unknown age. It was covered with rude pictures of animals of all kinds, possibly constituting some degenerate language. A portion of them was suggestive of the existence of man at a period when the gigantic flying reptiles and reptile-birds used to adorn the scenery. Science will not have it that there were men then. But how could they draw what they had not seen?

Fortunately a Mr. Sutton Wall, chief clerk of the department of internal affairs, had made an exact reproduction of the face of this rock, about 400 square feet, before the barn man had done his work. Photographs of this reproduction have been taken.

As usual, Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson had recorded their interesting names, with the important dates of their visits, upon the stone amid the pictures of the other animals.

By Rail to Paris via Alaska and Siberia THERE is all the difference between being *sent* to Siberia, and *going* there. The little trip by rail from California to Paris, or Madrid, will soon be possible. The way lies through Canada, Alaska, across Bering Strait (which will be tunneled under), Siberia, Russia and Germany. People generally think of Siberia as a frozen desert, but it is nothing of the kind.

Of course, it is everywhere cold and short-summered; and part of it without a summer at all. Portions of it, however, are of an immense fertility and will accommodate liberally many millions yet to be born.

Probably, in a quarter of a century, it will be quite common to take a spin up to Siberia and back for the benefit of one's nerves. One almost falls into a pity for that land, violated in its vast and silent dream.

A French Naturalist & the Sea-Serpent It is generally agreed that the sea-serpent does not exist, the cause of the agreement being apparently that so many people have seen it. But now arises M. Racovitza, naturalist of the *Belgica* expedition, and member of the Zoological Society of France, asserting his belief in it. Says the *Revue Scientifique*:

The number of animals whose existence has been long unknown which have recently taken legitimate rank in science is now so considerable that the most skeptical naturalists should show great reserve in such matters.

London Milliners & Their Lady Patrons It has been found by a London agent of the Society for the Protection of Birds, that it is the custom in fashionable millinery establishments to deceive as to the real osprey feathers there on sale. The assertion that they are artificial enables tender-conscienced ladies to buy them. And there is a still larger class of purchasers who know this to be untrue, but will not admit to themselves that they know it; who permit the sop to be thrown to what stands for a conscience in them. They belong to the same class as those who, learning that researches of the vivisector may some time benefit their own family, instantly accept the physiologist's emollient assurance that "we always chloroform the animal so that there is no possible suffering." The secretary of the above-named society reports that a round of the big shops has been made, and that the aigrettes in each case bought as artificial have been pronounced by the authorities at the Natural History Museum to be one and all genuine, the nuptial feathers of the white egret.

Temple of Isis Will Soon Be Destroyed IN spite of the assurances of the engineers, the ancient ruins on the Island of Philæ in Egypt, seem doomed to destruction. The waters have now receded after the first high Nile since the completion of the dam, and sufficient damage has been already done to make the total ruin of the ancient buildings merely a matter of time. And this is only with the partial use of the dam. When it is in full operation the injury will be fatal.

The result of the engineering work is to raise the water level to the extent of twenty-four feet. This implies a six feet submersion of the floor of the great Temple of Isis, and the consequent saturation can have only one ending. Already the wonderful coloring of the walls is vanishing, and a few months of modern utilitarianism have destroyed what the lapse of thousands of years has spared. To the ancient Egyptian Philæ was perhaps the most sacred of all spots as the reputed burial place of Osiris.

Best Korean Idols Made in America THE *Buffalo Express* says: The representative of a Korean firm has just arrived in the United States for the purpose of placing an order for a large stock of idols. This undoubtedly means that the Koreans believe American-made idols can do more and better work than those of any other make. This illustrates the lack of unity in a nation which can at the same time send missionaries and idols to a "heathen" country. In the same way Birmingham, the great English hardware city, is celebrated for its manufacture and export of metal idols to the "heathen." Thus individualism and dogma destroy the unity and integrity of a nation, making it impossible for the "heathen" to accept it as a responsible party, competent to make a stable agreement. How can they trust such a double-dealing power, which under the same name and flag, undoes its own work and violates its own pledges?

The Progress of Cremation in Paris FRANCE claims to be the pioneer in the adoption of cremation. In 1902 there were three hundred cremations, and this number will be largely increased on the completion of the new crematorium at Père Lachaise. Prejudice and custom die slowly, but they do die, and progress of this nature is especially gratifying when we remember that there are powerful forces in the world which practically trade upon the fear of death and strenuously resist whatever is likely to minimize or abolish that fear.

Huge Ancient Tortoises of Galapagos THE New York Zoological Society is the possessor of five giant tortoises from the Galapagos Islands. These tortoises are said to be among the very few remains which are left to us of the Pliocene age, and the only survivors of the prehistoric reptiles. The youngest weighs 66 pounds, with an estimated age of 100 years, the largest, 325 pounds and 400 years of age. X.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Cactus of Loma-land

THERE lives a lady in Loma-land who loves little children. One day she came into the big office where somebody was writing a story for THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, and said, "Here is a blossom; I would like to send

one to all the Buds and Blossoms in the world, but as I cannot do that, I have brought it to the one who writes stories for the children." And in the vase she placed an exquisite cactus blossom, so delicate in its creamy beauty that it seemed more like a lovely butterfly than a flower.

Yet it was a flower, and it sprang—think of it—from a thick, coarse, ungainly stem, covered with ugly, sharp thorns!

There are those who believe—and they are very wise people, too—that the cactus was once a water-plant that somehow lost its way. Perhaps it wandered away from the water, and perhaps the water wandered away from it. We do not know, for that was long, long ago. We only know—if this is true—that the cactus knew a great deal about Raja Yoga. It did not say, "Well, there's no use trying, I think I'll go to sleep!" Oh, no; it mustered up all its courage and became more widely awake than ever, as if being deprived of water were the finest thing in the world. Little by little it began to choose the dry sandy places in preference to the cool moist ones. Just why it did this I don't know, but certainly the dry places were very, very lonely, until the cactus came. And think how surprised some old desert must have been when the first cactus put forth its brave and beautiful blossoms!

It could not do without some water, of course, and so, like a wise plant, it just carried a supply inside its great pulpy stems. Travelers know this and are almost as rejoiced to meet a cactus in the midst of a desert as they would be to find a spring of clear cool water.

I shall never forget my first sight of the Giant Cactus which grows in the great Arizona desert. Like sentinels, the great cacti stood, as high as trees and apparently as immovable as columns of granite, keeping their lonely watch over the desert as if they were guarding some huge thing that lay asleep. It is difficult to believe that some of their cousins are no larger than a pea, and that many a child grows these, in miniature, in a flower-pot.

There are many varieties of cacti in Loma-land. Some grow wild upon the hills. Others thrive in the Homestead gardens, and near one of the homes there is a large space devoted to nothing else, from the gray old giants down to their wee and dainty cousins. Scores of them are now in bloom.

There is a tradition that the Wise Men of all ages have loved the cactus. Surely it is one of our warrior plants, fighting its way through

A Song of Seven

by JEAN INGELW

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven,
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing---
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O, velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O, brave marsh-mary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pit, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it:
I will not steal them away:
I am old! you may trust me, linnnet, linnnet---
I am seven times one today.



ALOE IN BLOSSOM
In the Garden of a Raja Yoga Home

The very room seemed to be in that land. Bessie had ceased sobbing and was very quiet. At last she raised her head and looked into the wrinkled face with wondering eyes. "Jean," she murmured.

Jean drew her a little closer and kissed her. "Good night, dear," she said, "it is getting dark. Come again." And Bessie did go again—and again. Years passed, and Jean's face grew sweeter still. Often she smiled to herself, she was so happy.

A. P. D.

difficulties, compelled to take upon itself a bulky and ungainly form in order to live, forced to protect itself with ugly spines, yet putting forth blossoms so delicate and exquisite that it seems as if some nature-fairy must have fashioned them.

AUNT ESTHER

Jean and Bessie

POOR little Bessie felt very lonesome. Her mother had died, and now she was going to live with her aunt and cousins in a village far away.

She liked her new cousins very much, and when she went to school she liked her classmates, but she did wish they wouldn't ask so many questions about her home; it made her heart ache so.

"You are very quiet, Bessie," said Cousin May, as they all walked to school. Bessie flushed.

"Oh, there is old Jean, hoeing her potatoes!" exclaimed Fanny. "She is quiet, too; she scarcely talks to anybody."

"Why?" asked Bessie.

"Don't know. Mother says she has had a great many trials, but then, that needn't make her unsociable."

Bessie looked over at the white-haired figure and kept her thoughts to herself.

All that day she was more than usually sensitive. Everything jarred, and by evening her heart felt so bruised she just couldn't bear any more. "How lonely Jean must be. I wonder if I couldn't help her?" she thought. And soon she was running down the road to Jean's little cottage, which wasn't very far away. It was dusk, and everything was very quiet. With beating heart she opened the wooden gate, and walked tip-toe up the path; but the house was all dark! No, there was a light burning, and there was Jean, sitting alone—and it was so still. Bessie choked down a sob and knocked lightly.

"Come in."

She lifted the latch, and then she scarcely knew what happened. She only remembered holding out her arms to Jean, and then she was on the floor, quivering and sobbing, with her head resting on Jean's knee.

Jean said nothing, only stroked gently the little head, but oh, with such a sweet tender smile on her lips. She was very wise. Many things had been revealed to her, for she had suffered and overcome so much all through her life. As she stroked Bessie's head she said: "Some day things will be different." And she imagined a land where men and women were noble and true, with hearts so filled with wise love that they understood little children. She saw it so plainly.

The very room seemed to be in that land. Bessie had ceased sobbing and was very quiet. At last she raised her head and looked into the wrinkled face with wondering eyes. "Jean," she murmured.

Jean drew her a little closer and kissed her. "Good night, dear," she said, "it is getting dark. Come again." And Bessie did go again—and again. Years passed, and Jean's face grew sweeter still. Often she smiled to herself, she was so happy.

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AUNT ESTHER

Students'



Path

Courage, Strength, and Love

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN in *Wilshire's Magazine*

IT takes great STRENGTH to live where you belong
 When other people think that you are wrong;
 People you love, and who love you, and whose
 Approval is a pleasure you would choose;
 To bear this pressure and succeed at length
 In living your belief—well, it takes strength!

And COURAGE, too. But what does courage mean,
 Save strength to help you face a pain foreseen?
 Courage to undertake this lifelong strain
 Of setting yours against your grandsire's brain;
 Dangerous risk of walking lone and free
 Out of the easy paths that used to be,
 And the fierce pain of hurting those we love
 When love meets truth, and truth must ride above?
 But the best courage man has ever shown
 Is daring to cut loose and think alone.

It takes great LOVE to stir a human heart
 To live beyond the others and apart.
 A love that is not shallow, is not small;
 It is not for one, or two, but for them all.
 Love that can wound love, for its higher need;
 Love that can leave love, tho' the heart may bleed;
 Love that can lose love, family and friend;
 Yet steadfastly live, loving to the end.
 A love that asks no answer, that can live
 Moved by one deathless force—to give.

Love, strength, and courage; courage, strength, and love!
 The heroes of all time are built thereof.

Dissecting for the Soul

EMERSON says, "The sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body;" and it is therefore a waste of time for people with muddled heads and disordered bodies to search for the secrets of life in the chemist's crucible or the seance-room. In the report of a lecture in the *New York Sun* we read the following headlines:

THIS AGE MAY FIND OUT GOD

SOUL MAY BE IMMORTAL, OR MERELY A TRANSIENT CHEMICAL REACTION

And the lecturer is reported as follows:

Mr. Walker thought that the Twentieth century might find the answer to the question of the immortality of the soul. The answer, he said, may be found to be in the affirmative, through actual communication with departed souls, or it may be found to be in the negative, by scientific demonstration of the correctness of the hypothesis that the spirit or the soul of man is only a name for the electrical and chemical actions and reactions which occur in the body. . . . The Twentieth century before it ends may be distinguished by the attainment of definite and generally satisfactory evidence showing whether there is a great Master Hand that sweeps over the whole of this deep harp of life, or whether men are but pipes through whom the breath of Pan doth blow a momentary music.

We call this a "practical" age, but it might more fitly be described as an age of abstraction. Scientific philosophy consists, as has often been pointed out, in the mistaking of abstractions for entities; and ideas such as force, motion and matter, are made to pose as independent existences and causes. On the other hand the real causes of life, namely, mind and soul, are reduced to abstractions.

The soul is the reality, and the electrical and chemical action are concepts defining our observations of its activities and our deductions therefrom. But science makes the electricity and the chemical action the realities, and makes the soul an abstraction denoting some of their functions.

The most important thing to discover about the soul is that it is a present-day reality; and its existence would be a sufficient and self-evident fact, if it had a normal, healthy and well-balanced organism to function through. Were we thus healthy and pure-minded, we should bother as little about the future of our souls and be as little anxious to dissect ourselves as children.

God takes millions of years to form a soul that shall understand Him and be blessed,

Says George Macdonald, and life certainly appears meaningless and purposeless unless we admit that the soul—that is our real self—is eternal. Can we find this soul in the test-tube or even in the seance-room? Is it not rather the genuine and stable part of ourself, after all the ever-shifting moods and affections of vanity have been purged away?

The clue to the mystery of death and eternity is hidden from us by the limitations imposed on our mind by the senses; and the problem itself will cease to exist when we have discovered the soul in the Here and in the Now.

H. T. E.

Aggressive Resignation

THE great force that moves this world stands back of us all. Phrase its working as mechanically as you choose, it has presided over the vast army of being, calling forth power after power, conferring rank after rank, forever summoning all that lives to come up higher. Light after light has broken into the countless consciousnesses, till in man came the central ray of self-consciousness.

Lower down, it works on beings in the mass, for they are hardly individuals. But with men it deals as individuals, working their individual powers, making their paths rough or plain as best might help them, apportioning birth and heredity and circumstance to suit each, dealing out fortune and disgrace, and pain and pleasure. We reaffirm purpose and will and design, forcing the whole march by regiments, by companies; and now by individual pressure within the being of each individual man. It is obvious in the collective tendency, as one contemplates the whole; the guidance is obvious, as one carefully contemplates one's own life. Its presence is to be felt, and it can be known in our highest and best moments. That is the final evidence of it; the others are well-based inference.

Worries and ambitions will surely begin to pass away in one who dwells long on this conception, and makes it living to him. Trust and peace, and hope and joy will surely begin to take root in his nature. As he takes his daily draught of this great life, more and more of the purpose unfolds to his knowledge. He sees more and more of the idea according to which the program has been forced.

Is there not reason in the injunction to get rid of desire? The plan is laid out; the powers of intelligence await us. "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven" Living out in full, and in content, the life set for us, will bring all powers as we can use them. Never a lion had to thirst for strength; it came to him in the mere living of his first years. Be strenuous in all that is before you; but not in desiring more things, or other things, or the power that will evolve through the efforts. And yet all injunctions must be salted with reason. Desires are living threads, along which our life pulses away outwards into nothingness. And in living the life at hand fully, desiring no other things than those which, when we need and are ready, will come, by no means do we become passive, negative, or "resigned," in the ordinary flavor of that word. We should live exuberantly, splendidly, filling every inch of space that belongs to us; and giving of our own royalty to whoever has less; our own of thought, of love, of good-will, of energy, and what else. *Within* us is that which does the necessary desiring and planning, as it desires and plans for the beings far below us. Every flash of desire for something else, or for growth, is a deferring of the hour when we shall be filled with light and see for the first time what our real individual path is.

Yet in talking of resignation, peace and what not, we must hold in view that from within may often come the command to struggle, fight, and bestir ourselves very greatly and vehemently. Where injustice and darkness are prevailing, a follower of this path will not be found wanting; nor idle, nor at peace. He has become a Knight of the Grail, even if his residence be a slum, or a suburban villa with modern improvements.

K. G.

Hymn to Ahura-Mazda

by HENRY VAN DYKE, in "The Other Wise Man"

WE worship the Spirit Divine, all wisdom and goodness possessing,
Surrounded by Holy Immortals, the givers of bounty and blessing.
We joy in the works of His hands, His truth and His power confessing.

We praise all the things that are pure, for these are His only creation;
The thoughts that are true, and the words and deeds that have won approbation;
These are supported by Him, and for these we make adoration.

Hear us, O Mazda! Thou livest in truth and in heavenly gladness;
Cleanse us from falsehood, and keep us from evil and bondage to badness.
Pour out the light and the joy of Thy Life on our darkness and sadness.

Shine on our gardens and fields, shine on our working and weaving;
Shine on the whole race of men, believing and unbelieving;
Shine on us now through the night, shine on us now in thy might,
The flame of our holy love and the song of our worship receiving.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Will the Students' Column explain the symbolism and meaning of the seal of The Universal Brotherhood? R. J.

Answer In The Universal Brotherhood Constitution the seal is described as follows:

Article xv, Section 1. The seal of the Brotherhood shall be a circle made by a serpent swallowing its tail, enclosing the seal of Solomon, inside of which is the Crux Ansata, and at the serpent's head a Svastika in a circle, the whole upon a seven-pointed star, hanging as a pendant from clasped hands and surrounded by the words "Universal Brotherhood."

1. The circle made by the serpent swallowing its tail represents eternity, time returning into itself, each cycle of time being born from and at the same time swallowing up the preceding. It symbolizes regeneration and Reincarnation. The serpent with the ancients also symbolized wisdom—"Be ye therefore wise as serpents, harmless as doves."

2. The seal of Solomon, the six-pointed star or double interlaced triangles, represents the dual nature of man, the two forces ever struggling for mastery within him, one aspiring, one tending earthward, and represented further as fire and water.

3. The Crux Ansata, the Egyptian or Tau cross surmounted by a circle, which is often seen on the monuments in the hands of Egyptian kings, represents the key of Divine Wisdom and power, the possession of which gives man the power of the Warrior in the battle of life. Its position in the center of the interlaced triangles surrounded by the serpent, also symbolizes that this key is to be found in the heart of every man, waiting for him to use it. In another aspect it stands for the soul itself.

4. The Svastika in a circle. The Svastika is one of the most ancient forms of the cross and is found throughout the world. Its basis is a plain cross formed by two equal straight lines crossing at right angles, making a cross with equal arms. The ancient symbolism of this cross is that it represents again the dual nature of man and of all things, viz: spirit and matter, the soul and the body. The Svastika is this same cross with the arms bent at right angles, thus representing a revolving wheel and adding to the meaning of the plain cross, that of life and activity, and so symbolizing progression and evolution.

5. The Seven-pointed star. Seven is one of the sacred numbers of the ancients who taught, besides the seven notes of the scale and the seven colors of the spectrum, seven sacred planets, seven elements in man's nature and in the universe.

6. The clasped hands are the universal symbol of Brotherhood and fraternity.

7. Finally the legend. "Universal Brotherhood" is the aim and purpose of the Organization, the full title of which is The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. This Organization declares Brotherhood to be "a fact in nature," and its principal purpose is "To teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity."

ORION

Question A friend of mine, who has become interested in the practical work of The Universal Brotherhood and with whom I have been corresponding, recently asked me whether The Universal Brotherhood requires

of all its members that they accept all its teachings, especially that of Reincarnation. I replied in the negative; but as there may be others in whose minds the same question has arisen, I write to ask if you will answer it in the Students' column.

Answer The answer to this is best given in the constitution of The Universal Brotherhood Organization:

Article x, Section 1. Any person indorsing the principal purpose of this Brotherhood and whose application is signed by three members in good standing, may be received as a probationer.

Sec. 2. Every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, each being required to show that tolerance for the opinions of others which he expects for his own.

To require of members that they accept the teaching of Reincarnation would be to institute a dogma and would be directly contrary to the letter and spirit of the above extracts from the constitution. Again and again it has been said that The Universal Brotherhood teaches no dogma. It declares that brotherhood is a fact in nature, it teaches brotherhood and its principal purpose is to make brotherhood a living power in the life of humanity. But in no sense is this declaration a dogma, though it cannot be conceived that any honest and right-motived person could seek to enter this or any other organization without indorsing its main object and purpose, and naturally if there were any such they would very properly be excluded.

It is to be expected that the majority of the members accept the main teachings of Theosophy, such as Reincarnation, Karma, the Divinity and Perfectibility of Man; nevertheless, not one of these is dogmatically taught or made a *sine qua non* of membership. The Universal Brotherhood does not proselytize or endeavor in any way to force an acceptance of its teachings, but its members have the inner assurance that as, following the example of their Teacher, they make Theosophy a living power in their lives so will a new day dawn for humanity. And further, that as these teachings are from high motives and intelligently studied, will they carry with them the conviction of their truth.

J. H. F.

In the Silence

by R. H. STODDARD

HOW are songs begot and bred?
How do golden measures flow?
From the heart, or from the head?
Happy Poet, let me know.

Tell me first how folded flowers
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;
How the south wind shapes its tune---
The harper, he, of June.

None may answer, none may know;
Winds and flowers come and go,
And the self-same cautions bind
Nature and the Poet's mind.

The Other Half of the World

IT has been very truly said that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives: to which it may be added with equal truth, nor how it dies. A recent weekly return of deaths from the plague in India presents us with a total of over *thirty-four thousand*. Note well that this is for one week only. India is a long way off, and perhaps the pity which can not effectively help is sometimes liable to degenerate into an empty sentiment. None the less there can be no effective help which is not born of pity, as pity itself is born of knowledge.

Human sympathy does sometimes seem to be a strange and erratic force. We read such appalling facts as the foregoing, or of the famine in China, which is slaying its thousands, with something of a dull curiosity, instantly to be driven from the mind by the succeeding paragraph in our newspaper. But a street accident, even a non-fatal one, which we ourselves witness, calls out a hot flush of heart sympathy and maybe sobers us for a week, while the murder of fifty helpless people in Russia sends a passion of pity through many nations. These incongruities are hard to explain. Let us be thankful for the existence of human sympathy wherever we may find it, and let us hope, not that it may be in any way diverted, but that it may broaden and deepen until it include all misery and sorrow, even though it may be so far away as India or China. X.

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Our Age—A Rosy View

Nothing is clearer to my mind than the fact that the world is growing better. It is sweeter, tenderer; there is more love in it. A worthy deacon of the old time in New England, once described a brother in the church as a very pious man God-ward but a rather hard one man-ward. It cannot be denied that very satisfactory steps in the latter direction had been taken in the century now drawing to its close. Our age is tolerant as regards creed and dogma, and practically recognizing the brotherhood of the race; it is quick and generous in its sympathies whenever and wherever a cry of suffering is heard. It cannot look on poverty or pain without seeking to diminish their evil. It has abolished slavery; it is lifting woman to an equality with man before the law.

Our criminal codes no longer embody the maxim of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but have regard not only to the safety of the community, but also to the well-being of the criminal. All the more for this amiable tenderness do we need the counterpoise of a strong sense of justice. All the more for the sweet humanities and Christian liberalism, which are drawing men nearer to each other and increasing the sum of social influence, we need the bracing atmosphere of the old moralities.

It is well for us that we have learned to listen to the persuasions of the Beatitudes; but there are crises in all lives that require the emphatic "Thou shalt not" of the Decalogue.—**JOHN G. WHITTIER**

The Great Highway

There can no longer be any doubt of the success of the New York and Chicago continuous highway plan. The work done in the last year by the officials has met with such hearty cooperation from the people living along the proposed route that the time is not far distant when the through road will be an accomplished fact. While some localities have not taken hold with the activity that was to be expected, yet enough towns have entered into the working out of the plan to assure its triumph. Greater progress has been made in the counties on the lower tier in New York State than anywhere else. One reason for this is the aid received under the State law, which gives 50 per cent of the cost of the road. Fully 160 miles of this part of the road will have been completed before the snow flies this year. This is in the middle of the State, and when the eastern and western counties secure the appropriations already applied for, the entire distance across the State of New York will be done.—*Selected*

CANADA is about to become the chief source of the world's supply of arsenic. The arsenic which for many years baffled the gold miners of Hastings County, Ontario, in their efforts to extract the precious metal from its matrix, has become the more profitable of the two minerals. This strange turn of the wheel of fortune has been caused by the virtual exhaustion of the former chief source of supply of arsenic in Germany and England, together with the superior quality and purity of the Canadian product.—*Selected*

SERVICE involves sacrifice and, therefore, if people really wish to improve the position of their brother men, and not merely their own, they must be ready not only to alter the way of life to which they are accustomed, but they must be ready for an intense struggle against themselves.—**LEO TOLSTOY**

A GENTLEMAN who was discussing with the late Dr. Parker the problem of a future existence, exclaimed: "The fact is, sir, I am an annihilator. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me."

"Thank God for that," Dr. Parker replied, as he showed his companion the door.—*Selected*

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Overdrafts	783 83
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Other stocks and bonds	47,055 00
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Redemption fund	1,875 00
Cash and exchange	430,932 38
	\$1,185,213 49
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$150,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits	60,190 39
Circulation	37,500 00
Deposits	937,523 10
	\$1,185,213 49
Deposits June 9, 1901	\$572,923 89
Deposits June 9, 1902	\$733,522 75
Deposits June 9, 1903	\$937,523 10

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IN HIS reminiscences of George Washington, Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells of the General's anger at Monmouth, when he met General Lee. Washington asked Lee why such a column was retiring, and Lee said that the American troops would not stand the British bayonets. Washington replied: "You poltroon, you never tried them."—*Selected*

IT IS now illegal to kill non-game birds at any time in all the New England States and in nearly a dozen more. This is practically the work of the unostentatious Audubon Societies. At first they tried to get at that result by appealing to the women of America not to wear bird plumage. That failed and the thing had to be done through the legislatures.

MARK HAMBURG, the young Russian pianist, came to this country with a letter of introduction from Mark Twain who knows him very well. The letter read: "He plays the piano better than any of the Clemens' family, but his complexion is not as good as mine."

An Underground City

In Turkestan, on the right bank of the Amou Daria, is a chain of rock hills near the Bokharan town of Karki, and a number of large caves which, upon examination some time ago, were found to lead to an underground city, built apparently before the Christian era. According to effigies, inscriptions and designs upon the gold and silver money unearthed from among the ruins, the existence of the town dates back to some two centuries before the birth of Christ.

The underground Bokharan city is about two versts long, and is composed of an enormous labyrinth of corridors, streets and squares, surrounded by houses and other buildings two or three stories high. The edifices contain all kinds of domestic utensils, pots, urns, vases and so forth.

In some of the streets falls of earth and rocks have obstructed the passages, but generally the visitor can walk about freely without so much as lowering his head. The high degree of civilization attained by the inhabitants of the city is shown by the fact that they built in several stories, by the symmetry of the streets and squares and by the beauty of the baked clay and metal utensils and of the ornaments and coins which have been found.—*Selected*

Language

Language is the subtlest instrument ever played on by man. Its variations are illimitable—that is, they are limited only by the powers of the human mind and soul in all possible situations. The power of words or speech exceeds that of music because language is more than music and even includes music. Language in the hands of a master is pregnant with every meaning.

A nation's language is at once an expression and a mold of its character, reflecting from century to century the development of its civilization and its advance in intellectual and moral culture, in learning and refinement. The flexible Greek tongue was the product and the instrument of the subtle Greek intellect. The distinctive qualities of the classic speech of the Roman declare the dignity and the virile energy which were inseparable from the old Roman.—*Oregonian*

The Dean of St. Patrick's

On the night before Swift's installation as Dean of St. Patrick's, the following was attached to the walls of the cathedral:

This place he got by wit and rhyme
And other ways most odd;
And might a bishop be, in time,
Did he believe in God.

Look down, St. Patrick, look, we pray
On this, thy church and steeple,
Convert thy dean on this great day,
Or else, God help the people.

Plant Which Takes Away the Senses

The Instituto Medico of Mexico City, says the *Mexican Herald*, will send to the World's Fair an exhibit of about fifty medicinal plants of the country and the products derived therefrom. Accompanying the exhibit will be a complete explanation as to the place where the plants are found, the procedure for converting them into medical products and the ailments which they are destined to cure.

Included in the exhibit will be a plant of marvelous qualities. It grows wild and abundantly in the state of Michoacan. The Indians claim that whenever they enter a wood or place where this plant grows, its aroma makes them lose their way and they are unable to return to their homes or to reach their destination until they cease to smell the plant. The statement is said to have been fully confirmed a number of times by learned people. The instituto is going to make a scientific study of its physiological effects.

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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The True Heart of America

PERHAPS few people realize that the action of the United States in the freeing of Cuba without thought of pecuniary or territorial reward, is the first recorded instance of such humanitarian action on the part of a great nation towards a people and their rich land in its power. Through this action a great people expressed its true heart to the brave sufferers of Cuba, and notified the selfish world that a champion of Humanity had risen who is willing to sacrifice itself to that great cause, and is able to defend it in helping suffering. In this way a peculiar and close bond of fraternity was formed between the Americans and Cubans; lifting the latter into the great family of nations, becoming responsible for its birth and installation.

After such an unprecedented beginning, should we not study and try to understand each other; especially on the lines of unselfish friendship; and to cultivate this most beneficial relationship between two nations the same as would two friends? These mutually desirable things cannot be accomplished unless approached from an unprejudiced view point, to avoid either over or underrating.

Having spent much time in Cuba immediately following the war and recently, I have had ample opportunity to study Cuba and its people; as our work there is humanitarian, giving peculiar advantage for ascertaining the truth regarding country and people, because it gave entrée into all conditions of want and competency, and the action of the Cubans under their generally adverse conditions; their real character and ability. Now as to Cuba itself! It is, perhaps, the next blessed spot on the globe.

Cuba's Wonderful Resources

There is scarcely a foot of its beautifully varied and most fertile landscape of valleys, plains and blue mountains, which will not produce abundantly of some useful product; while the variety of soil and its matchless climate fit it for the successful cultivation of hot climate products and also those of the temperate zones. Under the centuries of dwarfing Spanish rule, the development of Cuba's matchless all-round resources was practically prohibited, being confined to sugar and tobacco; and these, by no means to their limit.

There is hardly in the world such another fruit country, many delicious varieties not found elsewhere growing spontaneously. Rice, coffee, rubber, cotton of a superior quality, cocoanuts, coco, chocolate, berries, vegetables, butter, cheese, eggs, hay and all kinds of meat, jellies, marmalades, preserved fruits, etc.

All these can be raised or produced in abundance and at less cost than elsewhere; soil and climate urge to all year round production. It is not the fault of Cuba nor of the Cubans that these, her soil, and her unexplored mineral resources were not long since developed to the surprise and benefit of the world.

I know of no other section of the world where its population can become as wealthy as "raw producers." The whole island could become a quickly accessible fruit and market garden for the year round supply of the United States, and with many delicious things which Cuba alone produces. Breeze-fanned from the ocean, the climate is most charming, sunny and *beautiful*. Diligently continuing the admirable sanitation established by the Americans, the yellow fever has entirely disappeared from the island, and it will soon become a great health resort and residence place for the wealthy.

Beautiful Cuban Character

The Cuban, in disposition and character, most admirably fits such a blessed land. Most intelligent, high minded, courageous and persistent of purpose—as his war record shows—cheerful, heartily courteous, patient, hopeful, and in no way inclined to laziness, their quick, eager minds rapidly acquire, and now with a chance, will practically apply all useful knowledge to the development of Cuba's superb resources. By nature artistic, musical and poetical, they will, under right conditions, develop into a great intellectual and moral force, to the betterment of humanity. Notwithstanding the most cruel tyranny they have for centuries endured over body, mind and soul, class for class the Cuban inherently and in practice of the essentials of *true* life, is well to the front, and with a brighter promise for the future than many peoples who have had every advantage of conditions. Even the very poor, too self-respecting to beg, too strong to drown their misery and want in drink, thousands of them go about with cheerful faces doing the little work yet offering on one scanty meal a day, washing their one suit of cotton that they shall appear clean and tidy the next day. Kind and affectionate by nature, the home life is clearing and the urge for education of the little ones is pathetic and most hopeful for the future of Cuba.

Such qualities belong only to true men, women and children—an inherently true people! The truth of this sketch is emphasized by the few exceptions of gratitude to their helpers, disloyalty to themselves and to their country. The vast majority of Cubans are manfully and competently facing the necessary and sacred duties of the new life just opening to them, both as private individuals and as citizens of their republic; and if they are humanely aided and not interfered with, they will work out a beautiful and ennobling future for themselves and to the betterment of humanity—possibly to become the modern Greece. F. M. PIERCE

Why Not Go to Church?

A LONDON clergyman has collected from the men in his parish a list of the reasons why they do not go to church. They are as follows :

1. Because of their love of home, Sunday being the only day when many of them see their children awake.
 2. Because they often have no Sunday clothes. (Mem.—I have often considered the fashion of Sunday clothes a device of the devil.)
 3. Because there is so little welcome extended to the stranger entering church.
 4. Because sermons so seldom touch on the subjects men are most interested in.
 5. Because Sunday is the only day for recreation and social intercourse.
 6. Because they are teased if they go by their comrades.
 7. Because they have to stay at home to mind house and children if the wife goes.
 8. Because they had too much of it as children.
 9. Because they love the things temporal more than the things eternal.
- This last reason was given by four of the men themselves.

These reasons may be summed up in the main in the general reason that church-religion is out of touch with human life. But when clergymen, realizing this fact, try to bring religion home to the people it loses its distinctive character as religion and becomes mere practical philanthropy—a pursuit that can be carried on better by people not connected with the church.

Thus it would seem that the churches cannot reach human life except in so far as they give up their essential attributes, and that the chief obstacle in the way of religious workers is their religion. The people do not want the religion offered them. It does not touch their difficulties, takes them from home and duty and gives them a cheerless and unsympathetic atmosphere.

They love things temporal more than things eternal.

This means that they love things actual more than things imaginary, and things useful and practical more than things remote and disconnected from life. It will be a bad time for churches if they cannot show sympathy for people and give them something that will really help them. There is an urgent and unlimited demand for such a bestowal, and any church that could accomplish it would be thronged. Men are needing a physician for their souls—not the imaginary “souls” up in the clouds, but the real souls that live and feel. Thus the test is open to anyone with a message for humanity. Will it satisfy the need? STUDENT

Barbarities in Russia & in America

THE reports of the massacre of Jews in Russia are certainly terrible. If they are correct, and there is no reason to doubt it, it is not possible to palliate or excuse them. The case will be still worse if it should transpire that there was delay on the part of the local authorities in protecting the unhappy victims of these barbarities. One official, at any rate, appears to have done his duty. A report in the *New York Sun* tells us that the lieutenant governor of Kishinev, a *Christian, but a humane person*, telegraphed direct to St. Petersburg and so secured the necessary government orders to stop the rioting. It seems that nearly fifty Jews have been killed and a large number rendered homeless. It is, of course, eminently gratifying to find that this story of sorrow from far away Russia can awake so strong a sympathy in America and elsewhere. We in no way discount the sincerity of that sympathy when we express a wish that the outraged children of our own country might also find a place within its influence. The attitude of the Pennsylvania press and pulpit, for example, to these Russian outrages will be a matter of some curiosity. Their attitude towards the barbarities practised upon helpless factory children within their own State appears in the main to be one of placid contentment. Will they, too, join in the cry of indignation against the infinitely lesser evil which has been spasmodically done in Russia? The vile things which have been done in Kishinev were the work of an ignorant and frenzied rabble. The viler things which are done in some of our factories are the work of educated men; they are done deliberately and they are not spasmodic but continuous. There is an ineradicable tendency in the human mind to

Compound the sins we are inclined to,
By banning those we have no mind to.

We do well to protest against barbarities in Russia or anywhere else, but this will not weigh, by the weight of a hair, in extenuation of our own barbarities. STUDENT

The Sabbath Day

ONE of the first acts of the Presbyterian visitors to Los Angeles during the recent conference was to issue a protest against Sunday newspapers and the various Sunday attractions which successfully compete with the churches for popular favor. As to the Sunday newspapers we should have supposed that even a Presbyterian would know that it is the Monday issues of the great newspapers which cause Sunday labor, and that the Sunday issue is prepared entirely and printed during the week. Perhaps the labor which is performed out of sight does not matter so much. We forget what the revised creed has to say on this point.

Upon the whole question of Sunday observance the community has already made up its mind without Presbyterian assistance. Our Presbyterian visitors wish to regard one day as holy and to be set aside for the support, pecuniary and otherwise, of the churches and their ministers. The new religious thought prefers to regard all days as holy, seven sacred days in every week to be devoted to a higher life which shall make radiant and beautiful all daily toil and all drudgery.

We would further suggest to the Presbyterian churches that the Sabbath was never yet more shamelessly violated than by their own action in using the day which they profess to regard as holy for the purpose of bringing a venomous and malicious attack against an Institution such as that at Point Loma which has done more for the uplifting of humanity in a single year than they have done in a whole century of their existence. We have already seen that they regard contributions to their own salaries as gifts to the Lord, and it seems that they have been so psychologized by this idea of their identity with the Creator that they have now abolished the commandment “thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.” We need no assurance that the many admirable men within the Presbyterian ranks view with disapprobation and regret much of the official action of their organization. STUDENT

“Teaching the Children”

TO teach children to commit crime in order to avoid an evil seems to be a dubious proceeding. This is precisely what is being done by a recent article in the *Temperance Leader*. The article is headed “Teaching the Children,” and, while it professes to be a lesson in temperance, it seems far more like a lesson in crime. Here is an extract which will make our meaning clear:

The dangers and evils of alcohol can be taught successfully in common schools. . . . Give them (that is, the children) facts, scientific facts, and experiments performed before their eyes. Tell them that alcohol is a poison like chloral or prussic acid, and illustrate this fact by wetting earth worms with alcohol, when they will die; or put some flies into a bottle with alcohol, when they will be killed by its vapor; or give a dog two or three ounces of alcohol, when the animal will give a cry and fall lifeless.

The idea of young children being taught to commit such outrages as these shows a mental, if not a moral, obliquity which it is hard to understand. A cultivated indifference to the sufferings of animals seems a greater evil than that of alcohol, as cruelty is surely a greater curse than physical self-indulgence. Only the plea of stupidity could be urged in excuse for such pernicious teaching as this. STUDENT

NEITHER the Hague Tribunal nor the opposition to it, appear to be new things in history. At the beginning of the Sixteenth century a similiar proposition was mooted, and the idea of universal peace was in the air. Said Erasmus:

There is a project to have a Congress of Kings at Cambrai, to enter into mutual engagements to preserve peace with each other and in Europe. But certain persons, who get nothing by peace and a great deal by war, throw obstacles in the way.

It may well be suspected that there are now forces in Europe antagonistic to the Hague and operating to prevent the reference to that Tribunal of important cases. We shall know what these are in due course.

THE illustration on the cover page of the *NEW CENTURY PATH* this week shows one of those rare instances where nature has carved upon the solid rock the semblance of a human or animal head. The scene is at Dovesdale, Derbyshire, England, at a point known as the Lion Face Rock. It has an added interest from the fact that in this stream Izaak Walton, the “Father of Angling,” often used to cast his line.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Fault Lies with Parents

TWO boys, sixteen years of age, are in a Los Angeles prison on the charge of robbing and violently assaulting a woman. Both of them have already been in prison upon previous occasions for similar offenses. They are spoken of as samples of the juvenile criminals of Los Angeles, and the press of the country is sufficient evidence that they are samples of youthful and violent criminals everywhere. They belong to a class which is daily increasing in number, in recklessness and in ferocity, and we may well ask ourselves, what are we to do with them?

Under present conditions their future is absolutely assured and no thinking human being can have any doubt whatever about it. They are now in prison where they will have leisure to mature other criminal schemes which are certainly in their minds, or which will be put into their minds by older and more experienced criminals. Upon their release they will commit other offenses worse than those for which they are now being punished. They will then return to prison under a larger sentence and their lives, short ones, will be made up of brief periods of liberty to commit crime, followed by incarceration for that crime. It is an outlook of despair and we seem willing to acquiesce in its continuation.

And yet there is no reason why it should continue nor would it persist for another ten years if, as a community, we were to study the laws of crime with one-half the zeal with which we study the laws of the money market. We cannot apply to ourselves the sorry and pitiful comfort that the existence of a hereditary criminal class is inevitable and that we must repress it as much as we can and endure the remainder. *These young ruffians do not spring from a criminal but from a well-to-do class, and they owe none of their depravity to the ordinary forces of evil environment.*

We hear much of the redeeming power of modern education. We hear of it, but we do not see it. Education, as it is now understood, may turn a clumsy criminal into a clever one but it cannot turn a law-breaker into an honest man. The parents need education far more than the children. They need to be taught that within their children, each one of them, as well as the children of the woman next door, lie more or less latent the seeds of just such characters as those of the young malefactors in Los Angeles, as well as the seeds of divine and Godlike characters.

It is for the parents to determine which of these two aspects shall be cultivated, which one of them shall be the master and which one shall be the slave. These poor boys in Los Angeles furnish us with an illustration of one kind, of the dominance of the demon.

It is within the power of every parent to send out into the world shining illustrations of the other kind, the dominance of the divine. Governments are largely helpless in the matter. Parents must do it for themselves.

STUDENT

To Regulate Labor of Children

THE interest lately aroused in the question of child labor has led to the passing of a new law in Illinois, which limits the duration of the work-day for children under 16 to eight hours, forbids employment of them between 7 P. M. and 7 A. M., makes it essential that they shall be able to read and write, and prevents their employment in connection with the sale of liquor.

To secure legislation is one point gained. The next is to see that it is enforced and not evaded or allowed to become a dead letter; and that is the responsibility of parents. In this connection a leading American magazine says:

Let every philanthropist, every reformer and every lover of humanity who works and hopes for the uplifting and progression of our great nation join in the crusade against this evil, and let the warfare on child labor be continued unceasingly until every child slave is emancipated from bearing the heavy burdens of grinding toil. The hope of our country lies in our boys and girls—let them be protected from the cruelties of ignorant and indolent parents, as well as from the greed of unscrupulous operators, so that when they reach the age of manhood and womanhood they may be better able to cope with the problems and burdens that will inevitably meet them in mature life.

Dreyfus Case as a World Type

THE new *Jewish Encyclopædia* is a monumental work of eight thousand pages and two thousand illustrations. The fourth volume has just been published and the last volume will appear in December, 1905. With the vast mass of valuable information herein contained we have at the moment no concern. The article on the Dreyfus case is, however, of special interest as being, to a certain extent, still before the world and as bearing fruits which will continue for many years to modify the policy and the history of the world. Such a case as this cannot be confined within the boundaries of one country. There is a larger Dreyfus case in which the whole of humanity participates. The writer of the article in question has done his work well and with illumination, and his anonymity detracts nothing from our sense of his knowledge and authority.

We have, of course, no space in which to refer to the details of this historic trial and outrage. The encyclopædia devotes nearly thirty pages to an able review which will convince those who are already convinced, and which will leave untouched those who are too stupid to understand evidence. The conclusions, however, to which the writer arrives are likely to remain perennially fresh so long as the wider Dreyfus case insinuates itself into the affairs of the world. He says:

The Dreyfus case has rendered one service to the French Democracy by bringing into full light the danger of an alliance between anti-semitism, nationalism, militarism, clericalism—different terms which express the spirit of intolerance and counter revolution. It has besides been a lesson to the whole world of the danger of letting religious prejudice interfere with the sacred prerogative of justice.

There are very few countries, perhaps none at all, in which religious prejudice is not allowed to interfere with the sacred prerogative of justice and the warning of these words applies to the whole world. So long as this is the case there is no country in civilization which does not stand upon the edge of a crisis similar to that from which France has so magnificently extricated herself.

STUDENT

The Need of a National Theatre

THERE is now a distinct and definite agitation for the establishment of a national theatre, and we need hardly say that we wish it all success. If rulers and governments were but aware of their best interests they would exercise a greater fostering care over the dramas of the nation than they do over its treaties or its armaments. But what we may call the finer forces of government, the forces which operate through imagination, through art and poetry, have been forgotten.

A national theatre will have no real value unless it have the effect of liberating dramatic art from the tyrannies under which it now suffers. Those tyrannies are too numerous even to be named here, but chief among them is the money tyranny. Those responsible for the selection of plays ought to be able to make effective choice entirely from the artistic standpoint, and without any reference to financial proceeds or the absence of them. This would at once place the theatre out of reach of the yellow journalist and of the incompetent young scribes from whom we buy our dramatic judgments and opinions. It would not only itself be free. It would have an emancipating tendency upon the drama everywhere. The theatre of today is run exclusively as a money-making concern, and as such it is tainted with commercialism. There is always a public to be pleased and a critic to be flattered or bribed. The question of finance is a constant and compelling menace as much to the author as to the actor. An indiscriminating public dictates its will and its pleasure to literature as well as to art.

Once in possession of a national theatre our theories about art for art's sake would have a meaning. We could once more pay honor to the masterpieces of the drama, and such sections of press and public as might disapprove of them could stay away. A few empty seats would be a terror to no one. The greatest artists of the world would conceive it an honor to act in such a theatre, where only capacity and genius would be sought for, and where the power to attract money would weigh not at all.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Duty of Art, According to Addison McLeod

THE real meaning and mission of art has never perhaps been more extensively discussed than at the present time. It may be because we are conscious of having fallen from grace, and anxious to regain our lost position, or it may be that in the days gone by men knew intuitively of the duty which as artists they were called upon to perform, and they did that duty without even a temptation to turn aside in pursuit of the ugly or the repulsive.

Upon this point Mr. Addison McLeod has written instructively in the *Art Journal*. He asks why it is that art must never, by intention, be ugly? There are perhaps some painters of the present day who will take exception to Mr. McLeod's assumption, for they have certainly portrayed ugliness, both moral and physical, and they must surely be conscious of having intended to do so. It is this very obliquity of artistic vision which causes us so many regretful glances at the works of the past, so uneasy a realization that latter-day painters have no holy Grail of which they are in common search.

Mr. McLeod seeks to point out an ideal which should serve as a bond of unison between all true workers.

He tells us that all the acts of art should present to us the noble and the beautiful, should point us to the heights above and not to the gulfs behind, should show us the waving banners of hope instead of scourging us with our iniquities. We have only to

apply such a standard as this to understand to how great an extent we have fallen short of the glory. How many painters today are there who have an intention in their work, who have that eluding ideal which ever tempts them forward to greater beauties, and which is ever in front?

And yet there are those who will defend all ugliness in art, as they will in literature, on the ground that such uglinesses are true, that they exist, and that both art and literature ought to strip away the coverings, that we may know of the sores from which humanity is suffering.

That there are ugly things in nature we have no wish to deny, but he who sees only the uglinesses and not the transforming power which underlies them, and which can turn them into beauties, has only a half vision and is unworthy the name of artist. Even the every-day man, even "the wayfaring man, though a fool," can see and deplore the uglinesses around him, but we need the artist to show us that even these are potentially beautiful, to remind us that the sun is after all behind the clouds and that peace comes when the storm is past.

And so Mr. McLeod tells us that

Modern art has fallen from the star of beauty that used to lead her, and her feet are floundering in muddy ways.

To which we must sorrowfully, yet hopefully, assent. STUDENT

The Czar's Recovery of the Stradivarius Violin

THE CZAR may consider himself fortunate to recover the Stradivarius violin, which was stolen about a year ago from the Museum of the Imperial Orchestra at St. Petersburg. This instrument possessed not only a very high intrinsic value, but it was also treasured from its associations, several czars having owned it and played upon it. It seems that the violin was taken from the case in which it was exposed, and an ordinary cheap instrument substituted for it, with the name of a St. Petersburg shop pasted inside. Inquiries have so far failed to ascertain who effected the change.

STUDENT

A New Verse Translation of the "Odyssey"

WE welcome a new verse translation of Homer's "Odyssey," by J. W. Mackail. This translation is itself a poem of a high order and worthy of its great subject.

There have been other translations of Homer and some of them have done good work, but it seems to us that very few have approached the level of Mr. Mackail. Accuracy of translation is a virtue, and beauty of expression is a virtue, but even these in combination will still leave something to be desired unless they be accompanied by a manifest reverence for their subject, and this reverence is sometimes wanting in Christian renderings of Pagan verse. No such reproach can be brought against Mr. Mackail. He has approached the genius of Homer upon bended knee and his devotion has given a peculiar beauty to his work. It is difficult to give an idea of what we mean except by a quotation, and it is difficult to select from a garden of flowers such as this. Here, however, are a few lines:

— they say, set fast
Forever is the Gods' unchanging seat,
Wet with no rain and shaken with no blast,
And by no snowflake touched; but very bright
It stretches cloudless, and a splendor white
Broods over all its borders, and therein
The blessed Gods live ever in delight.

Here, too, is an exquisite passage descriptive of the Garden of Alcinoüs:

Pear-trees and pomegranates, and apple-trees
Laden with shining apples, and by these,
Sweet-juiced figs and olives bourgeoning,
Whose fruiting ceases not nor perishes
Winter or summer, all the year, for there
The western breezes ever soft and fair
Ripen one crop and bring another on.
Apple on apple growing, pear on pear,

The many-fruited vineyard of the King
Is set:



THESEUS

Grape-bunch on grape-bunch, fig on fig they lie
Mellowing to age: and trenched deep thereby,

The many-fruited vineyard of the King
Is set:

Such a book as this will do something to revive Homeric study which surely needs all the stimulus which can be given to it. Some day, perhaps, the interpreter will arise who will show us the drama of the Soul underlying the Homeric verses. Then we shall understand something of Ulysses and of Argive Helen and the perils by land and water which lay between the hero and his home.

STUDENT

Wonderful Construction of the Churches of Mexico

THE *Washington Star* tells us that from the architectural standpoint the churches of Mexico are the most wonderful in the world, and that the method of their construction has long been a puzzle. Their main features are the great domes and arches which are made of very small pieces of stone cemented together. Architecturally speaking such work is an impossibility, but these churches prove the contrary.

A student from Denver believes that he has solved the mystery. With the aid of a priest he made a minute examination of the ancient church archives and by their aid he has reached his conclusions. He finds that as each tier of stone was laid in position from the base upward the earth was heaped up around it to the same level. When the domes and arches were reached the process was continued and the curves were shaped and cemented upon what was practically solid ground. When the cement was entirely dry and firm the whole church was disinterred from the earth in which it was buried. The process must have been very laborious. Among the "lost mysteries of antiquity" was that of taking infinite pains, and this it would be well for the world to rediscover. STUDENT

MUSICAL training is a more potent influence than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace and making graceful the soul who is rightly educated. PLATO



WOMAN'S WORK

From Tennyson's Princess

FOR woman is not undeveloped man,
 But diverse: could we make her as the man
 Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
 Not like to like but like in difference.
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow:
 The man be more of woman, she of man;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
 Till at the last she set herself to man
 Like perfect music unto noble words.
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to men,
 Then reigns the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
 Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
 May these things be!

"Within you is the light of the world, the only light
 that can be shed upon the path."

Woman

WHEN dealing with Facts, misconceptions are not admissible. That Woman is a Fact of premier importance no man of experience will rise to deny. Nor will any honest, thoughtful man contradict that she, his wedded Fact, is largely considered and dealt with from the standpoint of misconception. If otherwise, would she be to him "incomprehensible" and her ways "past finding out?" Let us consider a few of the many ways in which our perverted vision deceives us. We feed our muscular egotism by dubbing woman the "weaker sex." How long would man hold his spine erect had he the responsibilities of maternity and the rearing of the coming race? What corps of veterans, familiar with the herculean feats at arms of the ancient Amazons, would seek combat with their equal in number of such? Which performs the greatest amount of physical labor, the farmer or his wife? He swings the scythe in the open sunny air, or follows the plow from sunrise to dark, resting at noon, and after supper quietly smokes his pipe on the cool piazza. But who is up before sunrise to prepare breakfast, and who clears away the debris of the evening meal? What hour between the dark beginning and ending of her day's work does the patient housewife find for rest in the fresh air and cooling shade

from her confined toil in the kitchen's hot atmosphere; performing this ceaseless drudgery of monotony while bearing and rearing numerous children. Even the robust hired man would desert and become a tramp rather than die in the attempt to endure the physical strain of her unremitting bodily toil.

Considered thus from the purely physical standpoint, which of the paired sexes is the weaker? In this physical comparison is there not made evident an element of strength in the woman which is lacking in the man? Smaller, more delicate and fragile of frame, muscle and tissue, what is it that gives her superior physical endurance, which is the essence and test of strength? What is the basis of her magnificent courage which, under provocation, springs into superb action utterly indifferent of personal jeopardy? Where is the man who will knowingly undertake its opposition the *second* time? Can we count many male equals of the Joan of Arcs scattered through history even down to this present day, leading the forlorn hopes of Truth to victory against the world of evil, selfishness and bigotry?

There are some who will say that "woman is so constituted by nature that she is a more sensitive, high-strung organism." Granted; but in doing this they run the subject straight on to the same track of a "Fact in Nature," and nature does not build on happenings nor misconceptions, but on the Truth.

If a given weight of bone, muscle, tissue and brain is outdone, excelled and beaten by a similar structure of less avoirdupois, the smaller must of necessity be possessed of a truer development, either by nature or through training. This development rests upon courage, which is *inherently* the resultant of moral force. Man's physical courage is largely the result of training, discipline. Woman is inherently from nature courageous, daring, spontaneous and true to nature in her rapid flights from sunshine to storm, from laughter to tears, from the subtleties of patience to reckless boldness in the accomplishment of her intuitive purposes. Between these contrasted facts the true basis of woman's superior strength is found.

Her basis is true to Nature! Where man is false it is because he has wandered away from Nature in his misconception of woman herself. He has taken himself out of place, and in doing this he has turned true or natural relationships topsy turvy. As a result, he finds himself floundering and making a large noise on the surface of things, far out to the front of the skirmish line, while his true place is as the holding and sustaining force, the comrade of the woman—man and woman shoulder to shoulder.

When man finds and completely occupies this, his lawful position, he will become the wisely experienced helper of the glad woman.

Until that happy day of the world let us consider the fact that we men are in danger of becoming the "weaker sex," and this may help us to realize the truth, get into place and become again what man once was—the Right Side of an Equalized Pair.

F. M. PIERCE

The Woman Vigilant

IF women were truly vigilant over their hearts and minds, they could change the moral life of the world. The future of our race lies in their hands and they may make it a golden one through the purity and nobility of their own lives, and by their demanding of the world a higher moral life.

It is not more, but a higher vigilance that is needed, because with true vigilance comes pure thought, honesty, strength, and all the virtues of a true and noble character. Woman in the home is the guardian of those about her, making the home life the ideal life, the place of right thinking and right acting, a sacred place wherein all are united and all are working unselfishly for the good of others. Woman should realize the sacredness of a pure home life, full of joy, peace and happiness.

Mothers must be more vigilant than any one else in the world, because in their hands is placed the responsibility of molding the future of the little ones entrusted to their care. Purity will come through the ideal home life and by the example of the pure, sweet mother living the high ideals of a pure and noble character.

The strain that many conscientious mothers feel comes not because they do not realize their great responsibility, not because they are not vigilant enough, but because they are vigilant in the wrong way.

Woman is the guardian of all that is most sacred in the home life, and it is the women who will teach the world how to bring true and pure ideals into practical realization. Good intentions are not enough. Women must have knowledge, and with that knowledge the courage to apply it to the problems as well as to the joys of home life.

Woman Chemist Discovers Polonium

POLONIUM, a remarkable new element, said to possess even more extraordinary properties than radium, and which is now exciting the interest of the whole scientific world, is really the discovery of a woman—Mme. Curie, the wife of Professor Curie of the Ecole de Physique et de Chimie Industrielles at Paris. Mme. Curie, a Polish lady, is one of the most learned women of the world, as well as one of the greatest chemists.

After the discovery of radium, Professor and Mme. Curie turned their attention to pitch-blende, a cast-off product from the Bohemian mine, which has been worked for uranium, from which radium is obtained, and until now this pitch-blende has been regarded as valueless. Although Professor and Mme. Curie pursued their investigations together, the credit of the discovery is given to Mme. Curie. The unusual success which has followed the efforts of this talented couple must offer convincing proof to the world, that real benefits will come to humanity when men and women are united in their efforts and work for a common purpose.

Truly, if, as these scientists claim, polonium and radium possess qualities which will *make the blind see*, then Mme. Curie's name will surely be enrolled as one of the world's benefactors.

E. C. S.

Women on the Continent

TWO items from abroad, of some interest, are that the law forbidding women to attend political meetings in Germany has at last been amended, but it is still stipulated that at such meetings women shall sit apart from the men who go; and that women are to be admitted to the University of Heidelberg on the same terms as men, and also the Weymer School of Art, the first time such a thing has been permitted.—*London Daily News*

It is not generally known that the German Empress is a sculptor and painter of more than usual ability. In her husband's study at Potsdam there is a most life-like bust of the Emperor in bronze, while several of the young princes have also been reproduced in marble. Many sketches and paintings by the Empress adorn the walls of the palace.—*Selected*

Two Women of Ireland

ELIZABETH GUNNING, daughter of John Gunning of Castle Coote, County Roscommon, was born in 1734. She and her sister were described by a contemporary writer as "two Irish girls, of no fortune, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, and are declared the two handsomest women alive."

Wherever they went, their appearance in public caused great admiration, and often the chivalry of their gallant escort won winning smiles and grateful thanks, for shielding them safely through the admiring, but sometimes troublesome crowds.

Elizabeth was more than merely beautiful in form. She was a woman who intelligently expressed the grandeur of her nature to those around, for she possessed that inner beauty, the flower of experience. "She always knew when to be silent and when to speak."

In 1752 she married the Duke of Hamilton, but in a few years was left a widow. She then became engaged to the Duke of Bridgewater, but owing to her loyalty to her womanly sympathies, resulting in a refusal to desert her beautiful but frivolous sister, the engagement was broken off.

Later she married Colonel John Campbell, Marquis of Lorne—afterwards Duke of Argyll.

In turbulent times, during the Wilkes riots in 1768, she acted with heroic independence.

Her husband away from home, she withstood the attack of a violent mob, standing true to her principles and defiantly refusing to meet their clamorous demands.

She was a woman whose presence and dignity had all the eloquence of queenly speech.

A. P. D.



A CELEBRATED IRISH BEAUTY
Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, and of Argyll

YOUNG STUDENT

Mrs. Henry Sedgwick

ONE of the most remarkable women in England is Mrs. Henry Sedgwick, the Principal of Newnham college. She is sister of the Prime Minister and a niece of the ex-Premier. Her husband, the late Professor Henry Sedgwick, was a deep student, a man of generous ideas and a lover of justice. Together, husband and wife founded Newnham college, making it successful in a degree that would have been impossible of achievement had either worked alone. Two years after his death Mrs. Sedgwick was appointed to the position she holds at present, a position which demands true womanliness even more than a knowledge of Greek, and Mrs. Sedgwick possesses both.

When one sees a woman of unusual ability to whom marriage has proven an unmixed blessing, who has found in her husband a comrade, not a tyrant nor a proprietor, one cannot resist the temptation to speculate just a bit upon what humanity might resemble if such marriages were the rule instead of the exception. The home which is not based on purity and on justice is a curiously unstable foundation stone beneath the edifice which we call a nation.

STUDENT

Queen Isabella

SHE was well formed, of the middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanor. Her complexion was fair; her hair auburn; her eyes of a clear blue, with a benign expression, and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, gracing, as it did, a wonderful firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She exceeded him in beauty, in personal dignity, in acuteness of genius, and in grandeur of soul. Combining the active and resolute qualities of man with the softer charities of woman, she mingled in the warlike councils of her husband, engaged personally in his enterprises, and in some instances surpassed him in the firmness and intrepidity of her measures; while being inspired with a truer idea of glory, she infused a more lofty and generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy. She strenuously opposed the expulsion of the Jews and the establishment of the Inquisition.—WASHINGTON IRVING

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Professor Holmes' Studies Among the Mayas

ARCHAEOLOGICAL *Studies Among the Ancient Cities of Mexico*, by Prof. William H. Holmes, published by The Field Museum, Chicago, is a mine of valuable information. Making no claim to exhaust so vast a subject, it gives us none the less a general survey of the evidences of prehistoric civilizations in Mexico, which is not only in itself instructive and fascinating, but which cannot fail to stimulate further exploration and research. Professor Holmes has placed the world in his debt for a large amount of careful and conscientious work.

The author reminds us of the story told by the Greek historians that a mighty continent known as Atlantis once occupied what is now the bed of the Atlantic ocean. He might also have told us that these records are not confined to the historians of Greece, but that they are well-nigh universal. He speculates upon the theory, which he tells us has been a favorite one with many students, that the Mexican ruins are the remains of these vanished peoples, and while he does not commit himself to a direct statement of opinion, it is none the less gratifying to find that modern science is losing some of its shyness in the presence of archaic records.

We learn that at the time of the Spanish conquest, the Maya races comprised some two million souls.

What we have yet to learn is the origin of these people, how long they had inhabited the territory upon which they were found? What were the vicissitudes of their history? Still more important would it be to ascertain whether at the time of their conquest, they were then a decadent race and, if so, from what glory of power and wisdom they had descended.

The fact however remains, and we have it upon the authority of Professor Holmes, that throughout the seventy thousand square miles of Maya Territory the ruins of towns, cities and pyramids are seldom out of sight. We note, moreover, the same authoritative assurance that these same ruins will soon be permanently out of sight unless the Mexican Government interposes its protecting hand. There is hardly a modern village which is not built of these venerable stones and the records which they carry are being defaced in the search for modern conveniences. Very soon there will be no remaining traces of this marvelous people and no records of their achievements except those which are now being written.

The archeological science of today is preeminently cautious. It has indeed only lately emerged from the stage of stupidity and is still nervously disinclined to credit the ancients with the wisdom which they actually possessed. The heresy of a direct world ascent from barbarism to modern civilizations still exerts its sway, but every fresh period of archeolog-

ical research teaches eloquently the lesson that humanity has advanced along a cyclic path and that every race must first pass over the ground covered by its vanished ancestors, before it can make new progress of its own. Professor Holmes admits that these Maya people made paper and wrote books which they illustrated with great fertility of imagination.

Indeed, many of those books are now in our museums. Their calendar was so highly developed that "European scholars were amazed," and Humboldt believed that it had been borrowed from the east. Their language was highly developed and is said to have resembled the English. Their religion was humane and "the priesthood was no doubt intelligent and all powerful." They were peaceful people, trading with Cuba and other parts. There being no native metals in Yucatan, gold, silver and copper were imported from elsewhere. They developed the textile and ceramic arts with special success and their earthenware is among the most perfect of its kind. Of their architecture we have but little room

to speak upon the present occasion. Professor Holmes tells us that it is of the most varied description, from simple dwelling houses to buildings of colossal size of which the use is somewhat obscure.

Some of the buildings show that they have been added to from time to time. Others "stand as perfect units of design, in which the conception must have been complete in every detail when the construction began, a master mind controlling the cutting and the placing of every stone."

Plans must have been drawn in advance, certainly for such buildings as the Palace at Uxmal and the Castillo at Chicten, which "indicate a mastery in architectural design well calculated to astonish the student."

The ground-plan, elevation, etc., must have been fully worked out and all details of stone cutting must have been predetermined. As to the instruments which were employed in the complex work, Professor Holmes says that much difference of opinion prevails. Whether or not there was a definite unit of measurement,

It is certain that competent devices were in use, since the carrying up of the varied walls of structures hundreds of feet in length and width and many feet in height, with constantly varying relations of parts and play of angles and slopes, without accurate appliances, without something better than the mere "rule of thumb," would have required superhuman powers on the part of the builders.

Here we must for the moment leave our subject; but with every hope of returning.

This work of Professor Holmes has now been before the public for a considerable time and if it eventually arouses a general interest in these wonderful people, the actual and original American race, he will have done a work well worth doing and there can be no question that he will have done it well. STUDENT



OVER-DOOR ORNAMENTS, EAST FACADE, GOVERNOR'S PALACE AT UXMAL, YUCATAN

This very handsome and elaborate piece of work is a section of the embellished entablature-zone of the Palace. The height from the lower or medial molding below to the coping course above is about 10 feet. The entire length, covering the four walls of the building, is some 725 feet. If we allow that the stones employed average 6 by 12 inches in surface dimensions, this deeply coffered and relieved mosaic would comprise upwards of 20,000 pieces, all especially cut and a large percentage elaborately sculptured. Two plain coping courses are seen at the top, followed by a twined fillet molding, while under this is a line of very ornate snouted masks. The broad space below is filled with bold fret-work, set on a lattice ground and interrupted by the wonderful over-door trophy, the central feature of which is a human figure, fully life size, sculptured in the round and seated in a niche with festooned base. The head was where the minute white cross now appears, and was surmounted by an elaborate and colossal head-dress, most of which remains. The horizontal bars terminating in serpent heads at both ends are separated by lines of hieroglyphs.



The Alfilerilla Seed Buries Itself in the Soil

A PLANT called alfilerilla, which is very common in the Pacific Coast States, and much valued for grazing purposes, has a curiously intelligent way of managing its seed-stalk. The buds are clustered at the end of a stem a few inches long, each having a separate foot-stalk an inch in length. The stem stands obliquely and the buds are depressed; but as each opens it is raised until its foot-stalk stands straight up. After fertilization the flower is again depressed far below the top of the main stem, but with the foot-stalk bent so that the long seed-rack remains upright. When the seeds have been ripened they are raised again, as high as possible in order to be easily touched by any passing animal. The seeds themselves, of which there are five on each rack, are like small oat grains, and each inclosed in a husk with a long shaft. This husk and its shaft form a very delicate piece of machinery, which was described, with illustrations, in the *NEW CENTURY PATH* a few months ago. The seeds are arranged in a circle with their long shafts supported by the conical rack, and meeting in a point at the top. When ripe they detach easily and at once begin to wind themselves into a spiral of seven turns. Long, fine bristles stand out to hold the seed-husk steady while the shaft revolves. If the ground be dust and the tip of the shaft be caught by something so as to force the seed to rotate it will actually bury itself in the soil to a depth of a quarter of an inch or more. Then at the slightest touch the husk, which is split down one side, opens and frees the seed which is thus fairly planted by its own efforts. For every one which does thus reach a favorable spot there are so very many which are lost that one would suppose that the plant would get discouraged and try some simpler system of distributing its seeds. Some plants depend on a number of seeds, and others upon various devices.

A Loma-land Stalk of Oats That Went Visiting

THE field where "Camp Welcome" was located last autumn has had a fine stand of oats upon it this spring. The wonder is how so many kernels escaped the field-mice and squirrels, but so it happened, and the whole field was covered with breast-high oats, with here and there a beautiful but unwelcome wild mustard plant, seven or eight feet tall and appearing with its delicate twigs and blazing yellow tufts of flowers like some fairy tapestry embossed with gold. Down by the hedge a few tents yet stand with the tall oats thick about them, and it was into one of these that the strange visitor came.

Two oat stalks chose to grow inside the tent instead of outside with the rest. Coming in under the side they grew up the side of a clothes-box over four feet high. One became tired and stopped when about the same height as the box, but the other persevered until it could, and did, bend over so as to lay the full length of its elegant, large head with many ripening kernels, entirely upon the box top. When it arrived it was in blossom, but now it is beginning to whiten with extreme ripeness and will soon be gone. Its visit has been much appreciated and to watch its ever-changing, and yet never-failing beauty, was a daily pleasure.

It is astonishing how much beauty there is in an oat straw. The shadings of green and gold are so very delicate, the rigid horizontal twigs are so conscientious in their regularity that one feels the same sense of complete satisfaction that is given by perfection of workmanship anywhere, while the pointed curves of the kernel cases seem to be the artistic finish which the skilled craftsman puts upon a piece of workmanship with which he is well pleased. Indeed the whole plant has a steady tending-to-business appearance which is only relieved from unpleasant angularity by the dainty pendants in which the future seed is safely nested. TENTER



ON THE SEAWARD SIDE OF POINT LOMA—LOOKING NORTH TOWARD MISSION BAY

The Weeping Willow Came Originally from Smyrna

THE history of the weeping willow in this country stimulates one's imagination a little. It appears that all of that species which we have come from a parent on the estate of John Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's son. This developed from a twig which a young British officer brought across the Atlantic and presented to Custis. He had got it from a tree in the garden of Pope's villa at Twickenham on the Thames. Pope's tree came from a twig sent him in a box of figs by a friend from Smyrna. The poet planted the little emissary from Asia.

The history was all modern enough till we suddenly got back to Smyrna. Then one begins to think about the tree from whence came that twig in the box of figs. What had it seen of life in that mysterious East of which we know so little, whose immemorial soul is yet so utterly hidden from our western search? But we are in the Twentieth century and we are not accustomed to let our minds float back into the shadowy and uncertain past. We like facts. It is much more in our line to remember that there are about one hundred species of willow; that they are anything from a few inches to ninety feet or more; that one tree is male, another female; that the flowers are beautiful and fragrant; that the delicate seed looks like a tuft pulled from a baby's puff ball. BOTANIST

Animals in the Rain—They Provide No Shelter

THE *Spectator* has always been noted for its interest in animal life. It now draws our attention to the fact that while nearly all animals have a great antipathy to wet and rain, they never build shelters to secure themselves from this visitation. The monkey, for instance, has a special objection to getting wet, and the extraordinary cleverness which he evinces when doing mischief would lead one to suppose that it would be a quite easy matter for him to build a roof against the dreaded rain. But, strange to say, he never does.

Rudyard Kipling, who knows well the ways of the jungle's inhabitants, writes of the monkey in the rain:

As the creatures hop disconsolately along in the rain, or crouch on branches, with dripping backs set against the tree trunk as shelter from a driving storm, they have an air of being very sorry for themselves.

The orang-outang does, it seems, build for himself a platform in the trees upon which to sleep, but although he, too, considers the rain objectionable and useless, it never occurs to him to build a roof as well as a floor, which he could just as easily do. The Dyaks, however, say that he covers himself with the leaves of a large fern when it rains, but surely a roof would be far better. S.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

ISIS THEATRE was again crowded to the limit last evening by an appreciative audience, which demonstrated with frequent and hearty applause its approval of Katherine Tingley's brief but eloquent address. Mrs. Tingley was preceded on the platform by three of the Point Loma students, who presented interesting addresses on children, education and art.

An unexpected treat was afforded the audience by the sight of the familiar face of Mrs. Walter Hanson, who has recently returned from her work of establishing Raja Yoga Schools in Cuba. Her paper was a gem of rare quality. It was evident that every word she uttered reached the hearts of her hearers. They were those of an earnest and devoted mother speaking not only on behalf of her own children but of all the children of the world.

Miss Herbert's paper on "Education" was also delivered with the forceful confidence which bespeaks conviction, and was a model of terse lucidity.

When the applause which greeted Mrs. Tingley's appearance had subsided, she said:

"The force of such an audience as this, the force of the audiences we have had ever since the beginning of our work, is an intensely creative one. You are yourselves becoming creators along new lines. I do not question the fact that you are taking up old threads and old experiences to make a background to your new creations, and I tell you that it is an inspiration to me and it builds up wonderful pictures in my mind. You have told me something tonight that you have never told me before, but possibly you have told it to others. The fact is that humanity as a whole, in spite of all its shortcomings and all its mistakes, is surely a hopeful humanity and a forceful humanity, and when we think of it in its best moods we realize at once that humanity is indeed divine in essence and that it must necessarily attain to its height and know the real glory of life, the real peace of life and the real art of life. It must, indeed, push through obstacle after obstacle all the way along.

"It is altogether very remarkable, I think, that we as American people stand where we do today when we compare ourselves with the various other nations and see the domination of ignorance and vice, although we ourselves are not free from it. Indeed, there have been times when I have not been so proud of America, but tonight my mood is a hopeful and a joyous one.

"In arranging for our meetings here, when I have asked myself what subject shall we introduce, it has sometimes seemed to me that the time had passed for talking, and surely the time has almost passed for speaking and sermonizing. I was, however, thinking tonight that if every city could have a minister like Mr. Watson of the Unitarian church, I could then say that the time had not passed for talking, because he does it so wisely, and has so adapted himself to the needs of the people. He is so close to the heartaches of the people all the time.

"The students on the hill become so enthusiastic over their happy lives and their reforms that I feel that sometimes you may not quite understand and sometimes I think that they like to come here, not so much to give as to receive. Now, you see, I am in a new mood tonight, and it is because I have been away and now come back once more to meet you face to face, and to see you gathering here in your interest in the progress of human life. You may differ from one another in your opinions, but you are united in one great purpose for the general good of humanity, and so there is a hopefulness which comes from such meetings as these. [Applause]

"Now, just contrast these meetings with one about which I read only yesterday, although I believe that it occurred some time ago at Los Angeles. That seems to be a city which contains many good people, but sometimes they do such queer things. I read of a whole conference of ministers, where nearly the whole afternoon was given to denouncing Theosophy. And this was done in spite of all the needs of humanity, of all the institutions which are in the land, and especially those in California, with its prisons and its hospitals and its asylums, and of that one at Whittier almost under the shadow of its churches, where there are five hundred children, there largely through the result of ignorance and not through real sin, as our good friends, the Methodists, tell us. [Laughter] There are all these people who are suffering in prison, and those who are actually prisoners quite apart from the buildings we call prisons, and yet these good people must spend their time in explaining what a terrible thing Theosophy is—what a frightful thing. I heard, too, the other day, that a young man belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association in this city—and I am not speaking of the whole Association—but he was an active member of it and liberally salaried, and he said that he was very

KATHERINE TINGLEY AT ISIS THEATRE

Interesting Address to Large & Enthusiastic Audience—A Rebuke to Those Who Waste Precious Time in Denouncing Theosophy

From the *San Diego Sun*, Monday Evening, June 22d, 1903

much alarmed about the condition of those Theosophists at Point Loma, and that something ought to be done by the people to wipe the Institution from the hill, because it was a real menace to the place. [Loud laughter] He said it was a sort of neutralizing religion and you could not define what it was. Now, that was certainly very clever. [Laughter] It is certainly true that after a time you will not be able to define religion into various sections. That, I say, is a splendid sign of the times, and how delightful it is to realize that it is in

San Diego that the work has been begun.

"Now, even if you set aside the speaker and the music, think of the atmosphere which is created in this place with the flowers and the people, who have met here not for prominence, but for the good of the whole, and for a high purpose. The psychological force of such a place as this must be immense, and we, as students, realize that the psychological influences of life are the forceful things either for good or for evil, and if there is good here then there must be good elsewhere, because of it.

"Now, another thing. You have been meeting here Sunday after Sunday, and probably many of you do not know how much good you have been doing in the short time that you have been coming here. Certainly many of you came here with prejudices, and in the early days inclined to considerable criticism. But I do not find that now. The air is so sweet and promises such beneficence that even after the time for talk has passed I think we shall have to come down here sometimes to get an inspiration. Think of the short time that you have been coming here and of what it must be in the future. Certainly many superb and inspiring thoughts have been presented from this platform, but many other splendid thoughts have been created by your own minds, and by them have been given out to the world. Thus we are all of us creators, and so we can create our own atmosphere and choose our own moods; and so you have commenced not merely to accept the Wisdom Religion, or knowledge, but also to apply it to your lives and to the lives of your fellows. [Applause]

"In the days that are coming, in the not far away future, it will be said that San Diego was the most courageous of all the cities of America, because it was the first to take up Theosophy. When I say Theosophy, I do not mean the Theosophy which is presented to you by its enemies, and I do not mean it in any sense which is limited to an organization, but I mean Theosophy in its truest sense, the Wisdom Religion, or knowledge.

"I have no question that there are many lovely Christians in the audience of the old-fashioned kind. I have no question that there are here many such good Christians who dare to think themselves outside of their creeds, and who have gone away from this place with new ideas. I do not necessarily mean with the same ideas that were presented to them, but certainly with something that will be the means of creating for them a new hope and a new life. Even among the best of them that I have met I know that there has always been a sort of a slight fear of death. Although they never talked about it much, yet there has been a sly dread of it. That is one thing Theosophy has done for you. It has destroyed that fear. It has turned death into birth, and sorrow into joy. Theosophy teaches that man is divine, eternally divine—in essence—and that the beneficent and superb Law—the Higher Law and not the common law—is large enough and broad enough to bring joy to every sorrowing heart, and, if you will listen and will it so, that life is joy in spite of all tears, and that death is truly life and victory.

"I cannot believe that there are many mothers and fathers in the world who would not fashion for their children the broadest and the brightest of paths. If they have failed to do so in the past it is because they did not know. They did the best they could. When we begin to look into why they did not know, with all the glory of the heavens about them and God's sweet air inspiring them to live the pure physical life, we shall see that it is because they did not have the courage to think outside of the lines laid down by some one else's thinking.

"Blessed indeed are our ancestors. We know the example of their lives. We can remember their patriotism, and their love of truth, their many noble and grand actions, but we cannot always remember that they were broad minded and undogmatic.

"There was a thinking along set lines, the looking outside of themselves instead of inside, the dependence upon the blood and the sacrifice of another rather than upon the soul energy and the real divine courage which comes from within. These things clash a little, but of course we must expect that. The surgeon's knife hurts sometimes, but we must have the courage to live the life and to dare to act a little

bit different from other people. When we have found the key to life, when we have known the joy of life and have seen it applied to lives unnumbered, then we can step out and undo the work of the past. Then we can declare that man is his own savior."

On next Sunday evening Mrs. Tingley will deliver an address on "Jesus, the Martyr."

Floods and Forests

IT is well known that trees act as regulators of water-distribution. They cause rain to be condensed from the air, and when it has fallen they retain the water by the network of their roots in the soil. Consequently, when many trees are cut down, the rain is not only made less frequent, but when it does fall it is not retained, but rushes across country and makes floods. Floods have often been observed to become prevalent in places where they were previously unknown—owing to the removal of trees.

Experts are prophesying a dismal future for the agricultural regions of the United States, if the present rate of forest denudation is continued. The figures given as estimates of the number of trees annually cut down are simply appalling. The terrific floods with which we have lately learned to be familiar are attributed to this cause, there being no longer anything to hold back the rain which falls on the mountains. Besides this the rainfall will diminish in frequency, since barren hills do not condense so much rain as the wooded ones. The effect will be to produce arid conditions. A fine example of the shortsightedness of individualism, and the powerlessness of modern science, unable, as it is, to command the obedience of men's rational instincts.

Solar Phenomena

THE subject of sun spots and sun prominences is receiving much attention from scientists all over the world. Sir Norman Lockyer has contributed to the Royal Society a very valuable paper in which he seeks to show the connection between solar prominences and terrestrial magnetism. There can be no question that magnetic storms upon the earth are concurrent with solar prominences, whether as cause and effect, or whether they are alike effects of some unknown cause, has not been ascertained. Sir Norman Lockyer is, however, clear upon the point "that the nearer the poles (either north or south) the prominence occurs, the greater the magnetic storm." Professor Bigelow of the United States weather bureau, is another scientist who has made some substantial additions to our knowledge of solar phenomena. From these it is now certain that there is a definite correspondence between solar prominences and variations of terrestrial magnetism.

STUDENT

Ancients Used Gunpowder

AMONG the numerous modern inventions which are really only revivals of ancient knowledge, is gunpowder.

It is known that the Chinese used this in leveling the hills and blasting rocks centuries before our era. A writer in *Cassell's Magazine* says:

There is abundant evidence that the origin of gunpowder and artillery goes far back in the dim ages of the past. The Hindoo code, compiled long before the Christian era, prohibited the making of war with cannon and guns, or any kind of firearms. Quintus Curtius informs us that Alexander the Great met with fire-weapons in Asia, and Philostratus says that Alexander's conquests were arrested by the use of gunpowder. It is written that those wise men who lived in the cities of the Ganges, "overthrew their enemies with tempests and thunderbolts shot from the walls."

Lotus Group, Sydney, New South Wales

THE 13th of April, the anniversary of William Q. Judge's birthday, is always a gala day with our Lotus children and usually means a picnic. This time, however, owing to the 13th being a public holiday, we were obliged to keep it on Tuesday, April 14th, and it took the shape of a Lotus party, to which the friends and guardians of the children were invited.

In the center of the room was placed W. Q. Judge's portrait draped in white and ornamented with flags in delicate shades of blue and yellow and purple with mottoes on them in golden letters, "H. P. B.—Love," "W. Q. J.—Trust," "K. T.—Joy." Also "Truth, Light and Liberation," and "Brotherhood," in gold on a pure white ground in a conspicuous place. The U. B. flag waved high over all. It was a beautiful picture—the little children grouped around and singing in front of the trophy in honor of that great heroic soul, and we all felt the peace and harmony and benediction of this little meeting to honor his name and perpetuate his memory in the hearts of the little ones.

Kansas City, Missouri, Under Water

From photographs taken during the unprecedented floods of the first of June, 1903



A SCENE AT BLOSSOM HOUSE, UNION AVENUE



WEST BOTTOMS' RAILWAY YARDS DURING FLOOD



A VIEW OF EAST BOTTOMS UNDER WATER

After a simple program of action songs and marching with the flags of the nations and a short talk on the life of W. Q. Judge, the children played games and they went home with one more happy evening stored in their memory in relation to their Lotus work and our three great Leaders.

EMILY J. WILLIAMS, Superintendent

U. B. Lodge at Forest Gate, London, England

THE good spirit reported last month continues among the members of this Lodge. Every one falls into line admirably.

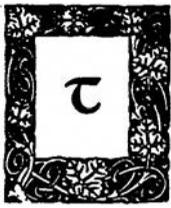
Our public meeting, when papers were read in accordance with your instructions, was, in the general opinion, the best we have ever had. The subject was "Man's Divine Nature," and it was really wonderful how one paper dovetailed with another.

At our monthly entertainment Brother F. Woodhead gave a lantern-lecture on Point Loma, which aroused great interest. This was followed by the reading of *Hypatia*. A special effort was made to get the mothers of our Lotus Buds at this meeting. They were much impressed by the larger view of our work that the lantern-lecture afforded.

WILLIAM JAMESON

Her Greater Audience and How It Came

Being the Story of a Sermon, told by a Point Loma Student



HE Rev. William Lloyd was disturbed in his mind and not a little indignant. For four years he had preached to the congregation of St. Marks, and his sermons, deeply thought over and carefully type-written, had been well spoken of in the little city of Maryport in Massachusetts. He was a leader of thought and he was proud of it, and if the thought was a little conventional, a little ordinary, that surely was the fault of custom and the traditional creed of his denomination. He was high and dry above the surf of the Higher criticism, and neither he nor his people were much disturbed by the rumors from the outer world of a new religious thought, and of the heresies for which it was responsible. His was on the whole a placid existence, and the placidity was mistaken for spiritual peace.

And now, at last, this liberal thought which he had intended to keep at arm's length, had invaded his domain and in its very worst form. What wonder that he was disturbed and indignant? A young girl, Susan Williams by name, had returned to her home after two years' absence in Boston, where she had been earning her living as a teacher. The increasing needs of an invalid mother could not be neglected, and that a dutiful daughter should minister to those needs, even at the cost of her material position, was not to be wondered at. The Rev. Mr. Lloyd might have introduced the incident into one of his sermons without any departure from orthodoxy, and it would not be difficult to find some creed from which the appropriate moral might be drawn. It could be done; it certainly should be done.

But now the distressing news had reached him that Susan Williams had brought Theosophy with her from Boston as a part of her personal belongings. Of what Theosophy might consist Mr. Lloyd had a very vague idea, in fact no other idea than could be gleaned from his Greek lexicon and the *Encyclopedia* at the public library. He was perplexed and distressed alike at what he could learn of Theosophy and at its arrival in Maryport. He was still more distressed when the news reached him that Miss Williams was actually holding Theosophical meetings under the very shadow of his church, and when he learned that the absence of some of his prominent members was due to these very meetings, he felt that the time had come for action. Was not the preservation of the faith of the community the very reason for his existence, and was there no authority vested in a minister of the gospel to suppress such deviations as this? The Rev. Mr. Lloyd was probably unaware of it, but his thoughts as he passed through the street to the house of the offenders, were the thoughts of the persecutor, which rarely fail to take control of the clerical mind when it is offended.

It was a Sunday morning and he remembered afterwards his feeling of satisfaction that this most unpleasant incident had arrived too late in the week to interfere with the calm deliberation which he always devoted to his Sunday sermon. That duty at any rate was done, and the precious manuscript, typewritten and folded, was safely ensconced in the lining of his hat, where it could be neither mislaid nor left behind. The Rev. Mr. Lloyd had confessed it to no one, but he had never yet concluded the preparation of a sermon without mentally assigning to it a position in a certain volume which should one day bear the inscription, "Collected Sermons of the Rev. William Lloyd." It would be a simple, unpretentious title, and but little indicative of the profundity within.

Yes, Miss Williams was at home. There was no doubt about that, for she opened the door herself, and Mr. Lloyd felt something unpleasantly like an inward rebuke as he looked at the calm, earnest young face which was before him. It was the face of a girl not more than twenty years of age, a face of which a pure serenity was the chief charm. With a courteous recognition she invited him to enter, and then, alone with her in the little sitting-room, Mr. Lloyd for the first time felt that he had perhaps a task for which it would have been well for him to make some preparation. It was, however, too late to withdraw, and he accordingly stated with what additional clerical dignity and authority he could summon to his aid, the pain and regret with which he had heard that Theosophical meetings were actually being held within the town, and his determination—yes, he must say determination—that such dangerous proceedings cease. Might he have her assurance to that effect?

"Indeed, Mr. Lloyd," she replied, "I was not without hope that we might have the help of the churches in the work that we are doing. As a minister of Christ, will you say in what way our teachings are opposed to the religion of Christ?"

This was exactly what Mr. Lloyd could not do, and once more he regretted that he had come with his intellectual armory so ill equipped. After a pause he replied:

"It is hardly my intention to enter into a discussion, Miss Williams. It is sufficient that God has entrusted to his church the mission of interpreting his will according to Holy Writ, and no teaching whatever can receive his sanction if it vary from that which comes through his appointed channel. Surely you are aware of this?"

"I am indeed aware that God has appointed his own channels, Mr. Lloyd; but is it not true that those channels exist wherever there is a human heart which is touched by compassion and the desire to help? Believe me, Mr. Lloyd, we have

neither the wish nor the will to antagonize the churches, but rather to join with them in teaching human brotherhood and in showing that brotherhood is indeed a fact in nature, and the law of life. Surely this was the central teaching of Jesus, and in enforcing it upon the minds of men, how can we be acting contrary to his will?"

Now, more than ever, Mr. Lloyd realized the depth of the water he was in and that he must fall back upon a display of authority in order to hide his logical weakness. "As I have already said, Miss Williams, it is not my intention to enter into an argument upon a question where the expression of my wish should be supreme. I must leave the matter to your discretion and should you prove to be contumacious you will find that there are ways in which I am able to enforce my authority."

It was the unveiled threat of the persecutor, as the minister would himself have recognized had he been able to look at the meaning of his words stripped of their verbal dress. But to his surprise and agitation, Miss Williams was entirely unmoved.

"I am sorry," she said, "to have caused you annoyance, but I know well that very soon our ideas will not only be widely accepted among the people, but will be preached in the churches; perhaps not under the name of Theosophy but that will not matter at all. The message of Brotherhood will have a greater audience in the world than has ever been given to creeds."

This was too much for the ministerial equanimity. Seizing his hat and grasping the precious manuscript of his sermon which seemed to have fallen from its resting place within, Mr. Lloyd hastened from the house to the church, carrying to the sacred edifice a mental atmosphere which might be described as that of anathema. He had, indeed, already spent too much time over a wilful schismatic. She should certainly be crushed, public opinion should be stirred against her. Certainly, no young girl could occupy such a position except from a desire to be prominent, and we all know where that leads to.

Something very unpleasant was certainly forming in Mr. Lloyd's mind which would have doubtless concreted had not the closing of the last hymn warned him that he must deliver his sermon. Hastily composing both his features and his ruffled feelings the minister rose in the pulpit, delivering his text as he unfolded his manuscript, "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Now, even the most careless worshiper present must have seen that something was wrong in the pulpit. Of what had actually happened, opinions subsequently expressed differed very widely. Some believed that the minister had been suddenly overcome by the heat, while others held the view that he had recollected a forgotten and important duty. His distress and embarrassment were evidently of the keenest nature, and although he speedily recovered himself, the curiosity of the congregation was raised to a white heat. One thing, however, was certain in the unanimous opinion of the frequenters of St. Mark's, whatever might have been the cause of the painful distress which had immediately overcome the minister, it was but the prelude to the finest sermon he had ever been known to deliver. With a masterly strength he sketched the opposing forces of good and evil, and which were ever present upon the threshold of the human mind, the animal forces from below which struggled for dominance, and from above the divine power of the Christ which had waited through the centuries for the redemption of humanity. "The Christ who was crucified ages ago is still crucified within every heart in which hate dwells, and wherever there is one among you who has learned to love his fellow men with the love which is divine, in the heart of such an one the stone has been rolled away from the door of the tomb from which the living Christ has risen." The voice of the preacher had lost its uncertainty as it echoed through the church with a strength and a beauty as though reinforced by the tension of the congregation. Never before had there been such a sermon, and as the congregation dispersed to their homes, there were many old members who asked themselves if the Rev. Mr. Lloyd had found some new and wonderful inspiration in the works of the old divines from which he was accustomed to draw his theological ideas.

What had happened to Mr. Lloyd? In full explanation of what was more than a nine-days wonder in Maryport, the following letter is appended, addressed to the minister, and which that gentleman hastily burned after perusal:

Dear Mr. Lloyd: I return you the Mss. of your sermon which you left by mistake at my house this morning. I hurried after you to the church but was not in time to restore it to you before the service. The paper which you read from the pulpit was one intended for our Theosophical meeting tonight. The similarity of the type-writing caused the confusion between the two Mss., and this I fear caused you some annoyance. I need hardly say that the incident will remain absolutely private to myself. You may not perhaps be aware that Theosophy forms the basis of very many of the more advanced sermons which are preached today, and in thus unavoidably using my Mss. you were simply following a very wide precedent. Very faithfully yours, SUSAN WILLIAMS

But being a woman, she added a P. S.: "The greater audience to which I referred this morning, came a little sooner than I expected."

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Real Science Never Denied Existence of Creative Will

LORD KELVIN'S recent utterances upon the reality of Creative Will have aroused just such a flutter as might have been anticipated. The young men of the materialistic school are disturbed because here is a man at whose scientific attainments even they cannot scoff, and who placidly overrides them and their theories almost as though he had never heard of them. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that Lord Kelvin has thus made a new departure in scientific thought, and he himself would be the first to repudiate the idea that real science has ever denied or ever could deny the presence of a divine and a directing will. The fact is that such masters of science as Kelvin, Liebig, and their like have no desire to enter the public lists where the palm is given to the loudest shouter of his own merits, and as a result the unreflecting world has for the moment taken self-advertisement at its own valuation. Lord Kelvin's declaration will be of supreme value in drawing public attention to the fact that real science still has its unassuming representatives.

There is, however, no cause for much of the jubilation which is to be seen in some theological circles. To judge from the tone of many of our clerical defenders and apologists we might well suppose Lord Kelvin's recognition of a Divine plan to be equivalent to his acceptance of the thirty-nine articles, the Presbyterian creed, revised or unrevised, and all the other dogmas which have done more to turn the world in sheer disgust to materialism than all the speculations of pseudo-science put together. There is nothing whatever in common between Kelvin's position and that of the creed mongers. If the latter ever acquire the power of thought, they will understand that there could be no belief more immediately fatal to dogmas and creeds than the acceptance of a Divine Will and a Divine Plan which has worked unerringly throughout the ages, and which can never be turned aside nor stayed until it shall have completed its unswerving purpose. The declaration of Lord Kelvin is a deadly blow at materialism, but it would none the less unfailingly close the doors of ninety per cent of our churches—or else reform them. The theologic cry of joy which is so loudly raised is merely an effort to psychologize us into the belief that science, in the person of its most eminent representative, has at last bowed the knee to clerical theology. It has done nothing of the kind, and it never will. If Lord Kelvin has no comfort to offer to the materialist he certainly has none for dogmatic theology.

STUDENT

A Scientist Discourses Learnedly of Popcorn

PROFESSOR HENRY KRAEMER of Philadelphia has read a paper before a meeting of scientific men, on "Why Does Popcorn Pop?" He has also been studying the peculiar explosive expansion of starch grains in certain varieties of cereals. As a result of these investigations we learn that there is

A splitting of the grain along the two radii, the endosperm swelling very considerably, the peripheral portions cohering with the hull and thus leaving a central more or less rounded mass.

But it makes one's mouth water to recall the familiar process.

In *Isis Unveiled*, H. P. Blavatsky derides a learned scientific body for declining to investigate important matters on the ground of their being "unworthy of attention," and then holding a very learned, extended, grave, and profound discussion on the cause "Why roosters crow between twelve and one o'clock at night."

A New Kind of Meteorite Containing Phosphorus

PROFESSOR FARRINGTON has found a meteorite which seems somewhat to infringe upon theories hitherto held with regard to celestial visitants. This particular meteorite, for instance, contains phosphorus which has heretofore, says the professor, "been known only as the product of the chemist." The presence of phosphorus proves also that the meteorite could not have been hot when it struck the earth, and also that there could have been no free oxygen present when it was found, otherwise the phosphorus would undoubtedly have been changed into phosphoric acid.

STUDENT

Does Gold Grow?—Some California Specimens

WE have often remarked that the distinction between mineral life and higher forms of life is one rather of degree than of kind, and that it is rather a clumsy device to make a sharp line between organic and inorganic, using the word "life" for one, and the words "chemical action" for the other. It would be a more convenient generalization to say that *all* nature grows and is alive; and to use the terms "chemical action," "mechanical action," and the like, as alternative explanations for both mineral and vegetable phenomena.

In short, instead of saying, plants grow, but minerals are formed by mechanical and chemical action; we might say, plants and minerals both grow, and chemical and mechanical action are phases or accompaniments of this growth. The following remarks from *Popular Mechanics* bear on this subject, so far as gold is concerned; and the extension of the idea to the case of minerals in general is obvious:

It has been found that gold nuggets under favorable conditions actually increase in size. Gold is known to have grown on mine timbers which have long been immersed in mine water. In the California State Mining Bureau museum there is a specimen of a piece of jointed cap and post taken from the Comstock, where it had been under water for years, in which gold has formed in the joints and pores of the wood. Gold is constantly being formed in rocks and veins and placers. Just what it is that the baby gold formation feeds on to effect its growth is not known. If it were, a new and wonderfully lucrative industry might be born and all other kinds of farming save the growing of gold might temporarily be abandoned. The formation and growth are due to mechanical and chemical action. As in the case of the animal or vegetable, existing gold has existed in some other state before assuming its present form. Waters which percolate through the earth's crust are said to contain substances from which gold is formed. Thus gold, like the animal and vegetable, must have water in order to thrive. The gold in the water is deposited when it meets the proper precipitant. The precipitant may be an earth current of electricity, some vegetable growth or chemical in the rocks.

The Weather and the Planets and the Prophets

IT would seem that we shall soon be able to prophecy accurately the general character of the weather many months in advance, by means of accumulating observations of the cyclic activities of the sun's surface, etc. Professor Bigelow, of the United States Weather Bureau, has recently demonstrated an intimate connection between the frequency of solar prominences and the cold-waves, atmospheric pressures, temperatures, storm-track movements in the United States and elsewhere.

It has also been established by the British Royal Meteorological Society that in every district in the United Kingdom there is a definite tendency for the weather to be quieter twelve times a year; about the middle of each month. No scientific explanation has been given yet for this remarkable fact. Some observers in Australia have shown that well marked seasonal changes occur as the moon passes from its northern to its southern course, and *vice versa*.

From the records and traditions which have come down, the ancients seem to have known many of the laws governing the weather. Such knowledge would be of vital importance for agriculture, and we hail the efforts of modern scientists to regain and expand it. X.

How Does Radium Generate Its Energy?

IT has been shown that radium generates enough energy to melt half its own weight of ice per hour; and scientists, puzzled to account for the source of this energy, have surmised that it is derived by the radium from the surrounding air, by collision of the particles of the radium with those of the air. Professor J. J. Thomson, however, shows that this is no explanation; for a portion of radium enclosed in a block of ice would melt some of it, which shows that the air and radium together in the cavity give out heat as a whole. Hence any heat derived by the radium from the air would be lost by the air. Professor Thomson suggests that allotropic changes in the radium molecule may take place, accompanied by an evolution of energy. H. T. E.

Here and There Throughout the World

Why the Missionaries Fail in South Africa THE *Sierra Leone Weekly News* has an article on the bad effect of some missionary propoganda on the natives of Africa. It causes them to be vain and untrustworthy, and to adopt the vices and frivolities of modern civilization. Worst of all, it instils into the native the terrible insincerity which characterizes the white man's religious attitude. Frederic Harrison is quoted as saying of the British nation:

The inner cause of all this backsliding of the nation is the manifest fact that it has let its central beliefs, principles, manners, go overboard without settling into any new beliefs, principles or manners. Everything has become "an open question"—creed, conduct, habits. Doubt is our divinity: the prophet of Doubt is (for the moment) our absolute master. . . . The keenness to support the Church is not any belief that its dogmas are true, or that its ritual is spiritual, but the partisan passion to have your side win, that passion that we find in schools, in clubs, in elections—and in war.

On this the *Weekly News*, a prominent religious journal, comments:

Now is it reasonable or just or wise that any set of men should be endeavoring to diffuse principles among an alien race as to which at home among the leaders the very foundations of their belief are not yet settled? How can such principles so promulgated produce any other results than those undesirable ones which are depicted in the paragraphs we have quoted above?

So far as Sierra Leone is concerned, there is no disbelief in the unseen and eternal, but the habit of insincere profession and uneasy acquiescence is spreading among the people. A fatal indifference to the church and its schemes, is becoming prominent. Honest and open protest, as we see at Lagos, is far preferable to this indolent compliance with the conventional but incomprehensible and destructive.

Ancient Iron Mines at Leslie, Missouri WE have already drawn attention to the remarkable discoveries which have been made in the iron mines of Leslie, Missouri. It will be remembered that these mines were prehistorically worked in search of the pockets of red oxide of iron, and that a large number of the stone sledge-hammers with which the work was done have been found in the mine. A number of these hammers have now been sent to Washington and Professor Holmes furnishes some interesting particulars about them. They are of black hematite, and grooved to enable the wooden handle to be firmly tied to them.

Many of them probably had two separate handles so that they could be wielded by both hands, after the manner of a hammer recently discovered with a mummy in Chile. All other implements which have been discovered in the neighborhood of these iron mines were fashioned from the usual flint or quartz. These particular hammers were made from hematite doubtless because only hematite was found to be hard enough for the purpose.

Men & Women Sold for Bread in China DETAILS are just to hand of the famine in China, which is attributed to three successive crop failures.

Possibly the increased burden of taxation to pay war and other indemnities may also be a factor, and no inconsiderable one, in producing the distress. We learn that during March and April no less than thirty thousand people were sold for food, the men selling themselves in the Strait Settlement, and the women and children being sold into slavery on the coast. Terrible stories are told of people dying just as they were supplied with food, and children sold into slavery and shame.

England's Unpopular Education Law THE determination to resist the new English Education Act grows apace. Any real unison in opposition to the law will be hard to overcome. It will be doubly so when the legal authorities themselves signify their adhesion to the same course. A Folkestone magistrate has just declared in public that he will not sign summonses against persons who have conscientious objections to paying the education tax, nor will he have any part in sentencing to imprisonment those who may be brought before him charged with a refusal to pay.

In Pagan China All Are Kind to Animals CHINA and the Chinese have been a great deal before the world during the last few years and we have heard very much of the faults and the failings of the celestial at home. Criticism travels more quickly than commendation, and it very often happens that the latter arrives too late to influence the verdict. The *Harness World* of Cincinnati, presents us with a Chinese characteristic which may well go a long way to balance the other side of the account. It seems that cruelty to animals is there practically unknown. The *Harness World* says:

In one day in any city in the United States having 50,000 inhabitants or more, there is more cruelty to horses than in all of China with its three hundred and fifty millions of population, in ten years.

If any confirmation of this be needed it is to be found in the statement which, some years ago, was made by Mr. Burlingame, United States Minister to China, that cruelty to animals was a thing unknown in China.

Egyptian Mummies Now Made to Order THE San Francisco *Examiner* warns incautious American millionaires who are not learned in antiquarian matters, against being taken in by manufactured Egyptian mummies. It quotes the case of the French government and the mummies in the Louvre:

The fact also appears that even the respectable mummies whose hollow eyes look out through their glass cases in the Louvre and elsewhere, are forged in wholesale and ingenious fashion.

The clever French working men bought skeletons from the hospital dissecting rooms of Paris. These poor bony outlines of deceased Parisians are made up into mummies. The mummies are shipped out to Egypt and buried in convenient tombs until some prosperous purchaser is found. Then they return to Paris or some other center of civilization as first-class Egyptian kings or queens—a strange, romantic and humorous earthly immortality for the poor Parisian cab driver or nursemaid dead without friends in the hospital.

Every Parisian Now His Own Physician AUTOMATIC machines, called "Everybody's Doctor" are to be placed in the boulevards of Paris. A penny in the slot will produce a packet of medicine suited to the complaint whose name is above the particular slot you select, headache, rheumatism, or what not. Seldom has anything more mischievous been offered to the public with which to ruin its little stock of health. Every one will be tempted to doctor and drug his transient ailment of the day. Probably one man in four will arrive at his place of business with a dose of one of the poisonous coal-tar products in his stomach, acetanilid, phenacetin, or another; or with an equally poisonous "nerve-steadier," one of the physiologically ruinous alkaloids, strychnin, caffeine, cocain, and so forth. And now the Parisian does not need even to enter his drug-store, or spend more than a penny, to strike his customary little blow at his vitality.

A Mysterious White Race in Philippines AN interesting rumor is floating that a mysterious tribe of white men and women is living in the mountains of Mindoro, about seventy miles south of Manila. Captain H. B. Barton of the Philippine constabulary is authority for the statement that a white tribe exists in the interior of the island, and he alleges to have seen at a distance several of these peculiar people, who immediately fled upon the approach of the Americans. It is reported that the natives are tall and of a decidedly light complexion, and that they have long straight hair and blue eyes. An expedition is to be dispatched to see if there is any truth in the rumor. In the meanwhile there are many theories being advanced to explain the existence of this people, of whose existence we do not yet know. STUDENT

☞ One's self is a companion from whom one is never parted; therefore it behooves one to be careful in regard to the welfare of this companion. Death seizes one's possessions.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings,
 Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
 Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging,
 Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,
 Silvery star with a tinkling song,
 To the soft dew falling I hear it calling,
 Calling and tinkling the night along.

Japanese Lullaby

by EUGENE FIELD

In through the windows a moonbeam comes,
 Little gold moonbeam with misty wings,
 All silently creeping it asks, "Is he sleeping---
 Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there bursts the sound
 Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
 As though they were groaning in anguish and moaning,
 Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,
 Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
 Am I not singing? See I am swinging,
 Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

A Raja Yoga Cat

DEAR CHILDREN: Not far away from our house lives a neighbor who is caring for two cunning families; a mother cat with her three little kittens and a mother hen with her brood of ten or twelve chickens.

One of the little chickens was a weakling, not able to cope with the difficulties of getting a living as did its stronger brothers. So my friend, hoping to save its life, brought it into her kitchen and gave it a nice warm nest near the stove. An hour later the chicken had disappeared, and what was my friend's surprise on searching for it, to find it fast asleep beside the mother cat and her kittens. As it was dinner-time she gave it some nice cornmeal, and then the little chicken hopped back into the box with her foster-mother. That was two weeks ago. The mother cat still cares for the chicken, which is growing bigger every day. I wonder where that mother cat learned about Raja Yoga?
 H. M. S.



A LITTLE RAJA YOGA HOME-MAKER OF LOMA-LAND

About Feather

DEAR CHILDREN: Feather is a dear little fox-terrier. Let me tell you of her faithfulness. One day recently, while on Homestead Claim, we were obliged to make a sudden trip elsewhere. So we left the camp for an absence of several days, our party being separated and each group believing Feather to be with the other group. Rex, our big shepherd dog, kept whining excitedly, but we could not imagine the reason until all were reunited and we discovered that Feather had been left behind.

Although it was nearly dark we returned to camp at once and there was Feather, all alone, guarding some provisions which had been left, awaiting our return. We found later that she was exceedingly hungry, for she had not touched a bit of the food which she was guarding. And Rex! How happy he was!

Now, if dogs are so faithful, how much more faithful should little children be!
 M. M. A.

LITTLE Jean sat on the bank by the bubbling brook, feeling miserable and forlorn. "What I think is always the wrong thing to say," she sobbed. "I am always offending some one. Why did God take mother away? He might easily have taken me, too," and she raised a tear-stained little face and looked reproachfully into the blue sky.

"But perhaps they don't want me in heaven yet, not until I can think what won't hurt people. I wonder if fairies ever help little girls, who haven't any mother?" Wistfully she scanned the grassy spaces between the trees, but no fairy appeared.

But as she sat, quiet and still, something stirred in her heart and went out with a great yearning, to the flowers, and the trees, and the cool, green grass and the murmuring water, and somehow blended with them in a feeling of rest. Her sadness was forgotten, and she laid her head down on the mossy bank and went to sleep. And such a wonderful dream she had! She was floating in this feeling of rest and peace, and opening her eyes she saw beautiful fairies—just like shining gossamer—holding out their arms in welcome. Why, could it be that they were the spirits of the flowers and trees! spirits of love who lived in their hearts and made the little seeds grow? She laughed with joy, and all the fairies laughed with her, making the sweetest rippling music. And they told her many things—not by talking—she understood from the

How the Fairies Helped Jean

feelings that streamed out from their hearts—such wonderful feelings of love and joy—it was their nature.

Now she knew it was these feelings that came from the flowers and trees when something in *her* heart went out to *them*. But how was it? Oh, yes, she had been sad; her heart was wounded; some one had been angry and called her unkind. Then how was she in this beautiful place? She knew that, too. Her heart had not been angry, for she had longed to know what to do so as not to wound any one.

How easy it was to understand. The feeling in her heart was the same as the nature of the fairies. It was her very own nature! She had been true to it, so of course she was getting to know a little about the place where the beautiful part of her nature lived. "Why did I never think of it before?" she wondered. "It is so easy to—understand—" and then she awoke.

The sun was still shining. A soft wind was blowing and the stream rippled past. Glad and joyous she rose and flitted about—now pressing her cheek caressingly against a tree, now kneeling on the grass bending over a flower. "I will be true," she whispered. "Right feelings will show me the way."
 A. P. D.

LET us not seek for other worlds to conquer when this world is full of neglected and misunderstood children.—KATHERINE TINGLEY

Students'



Path

Wrecks of the Centuries

WHO has written the things you write?
 Who hath spoken the words you speak?
 You but look with another's sight;
 Others sought what today you seek.
 Others, ages and ages gone,
 Knew the thoughts that today you think.
 'Neath the ground that you build upon
 Work of others must slowly sink.

What? You clutch it and hold it fast,
 Thinking it is entirely new?
 Some one, there in the ages past,
 Held to it as today you do.
 All our dreamings are baubles old,
 Freed from stainings and marks of rust:
 Not a tale that was ever told
 But rose up from the mother dust.

Who has cherished the thing you make?
 Who has deemed it all strong and sure?
 Once it seemed it would never break,
 But must firmly for aye endure.
 All the past is bestrewn with these—
 Heaped with wrecks of the workmen wrought:
 Nothing lives through the centuries
 Save the flame of eternal thought.—*Chicago Tribune*

Emerson's Message

MEN are most alike when they are at their lowest terms. That which incites one man to eat too much is the same as that which urges another. And so men, in letting themselves be absorbed by that and other demons, become alike. The farther they rise above their elemental natures, the more unlike they become. This, justly says a French critic, was one of Emerson's chief messages to our times. He called upon men to rise to their highest, and sound—each of them—his own peculiar key-note.

We often quote the Delphian oracle—"Man, know thyself." This was Emerson's injunction. He called upon us to seize ourselves at our highest and stay there as long as possible. No man is without an occasional breath of inspiration, a little light in brain and heart. They come when work is done, or at night, or when we are stirred by some great thought, by music, by a book, by an appeal to compassion or heroism. It is the stir of the soul, of that companion whose sense of selfhood is as it were separated, become the little self of the man and prisoned into the limitations of mind. But echoes, lights, memories and intuitions of its proper greatness visit it.

It is by seizing and holding these moments that we achieve our place. Practise does in this what it does in other things. The moments grow longer and come oftener. The meannesses and flaws of character slowly mend. Vices and the gross things of flesh and mind become distasteful. A new world is being entered. At last we gain a consciousness that is not affected by clouds of sickness, and even death. We know our immortality.

Then perfect love awakens, and our own little life concerns being no longer all-important, we take up in great peace and light the task of would-be helpers. We may do it all obscurely, not at all standing forth on a prominence, not at all separating from the rounds of little common duties. But whilst we are seeming as nothing on the plane of outer things, on the hidden planes of the forces that sway men's minds we stand as great lights, felt, not seen, not recognized; beacons of hope, of prophecy, of relief. We are now at the world's work *for the time*. Yet later on, when all men have found themselves, a new and vaster program will open. The preliminaries, the probations, the education, are over. Now for that Life whereto all former things led up. K.

Who Are the "Fittest" to Survive?

A CHICAGO paper points out that on a recent Sunday nine persons committed suicide in that city alone. And in doing so it notes the fact that in the United States the number of suicides during the first two months of this year was double that of the same period last year. It moralizes about the cause—"lessening of religious obligations," "loosening of moral restraints," "the nervous pace of modern living," etc., etc. All of which may do very well as subsidiaries, may cover a certain proportion of cases, but we think the real cause is the *loneliness* of the suicide, a loneliness quite consistent with acquaintances, and even what are called "friends." So, thinking of death as but a deeper sleep, and knowing that sleep overrides the ache of loneliness, they cross the bridge.

Sometimes the loneliness is of their own making. For years they lived without doing one loving or unselfish act—and then suddenly wake to consciousness of utter isolation. They have no tie to man or even beast. But far more is it the making of society. The air of our modern times has no comradeship, no brotherhood, in solution. We mean that a man going about with the spirit of brotherhood in his heart, does something continuously to prevent the suicide of those who never even saw him, by helping to fill the air of thought with a warmth which, in sufficient quantities, generated by enough people, would carry such comfort as to put a final stop to suicide.

We are upon the key-note of all the diseases of modern collective life. The outrages which are called anarchistic, and suicide, are but two manifestations of one thing, the sense of loneliness. In some insane natures it generates rage, and they will fain destroy a society reared and organized for the protection of individual selfishness. In others the chill goes so deep that they hope for a nepenthe in death. It is but diversion of reaction.

The philosophy of selfishness has been very well worked out of late years. The unthinking masses, including a large number of leading men in biological science, regard it as the philosophy of nature. The struggle for life is thought to connote survival of the fittest. Therefore let us struggle, and the devil take the hindmost—*i. e.*, the unfittest. But the devil has a mind to the whole crowd, and is getting them! The birth-rate is steadily lowering among the most cultured peoples. The life-line is steadily shortening. Suicide and insanity and the incurable diseases are increasing.

If it is to be a struggle for the survival of the "fittest," then who are the fittest? Those who can best meet the conditions. And the conditions? A struggle! Therefore the most ferocious strugglers are the survivors. Finally, then, the struggle must be amongst themselves, and the king-fiends remain. But the shortening life-line, the diseases, the falling birth-rate—? So humanity at last—luckily, if that be indeed the program—becomes extinct.

But that is NOT the program. Nature is not so foolish. Acting through man, she will herself take the struggle in hand and stop it. Long life, peace, freedom from disease and insanity, healthy and happy children, are not to the strugglers in blind selfishness. It is not they who are the "fittest." It is they who tend to extinction. Upon them falls the chief stress of the causes we have named. The long-lived, the healthiest, therefore the most normally prolific, therefore ultimately to be the compelling power, are those whose lives are peace, who live in the quiet joy of brotherhood, who know the life-thrill at both ends of a kindly act, who instinctively dread the death-touch of a selfish thought. These are the fittest; with these, the final victory is with the sons and daughters of compassion. C.

☞ He (Christ) is the word of whom every race of men were partakers and those who live reasonably are Christians, even though they have been thought atheists, as among the Greeks, Socrates and Heraclitus and men like them.—JUSTIN MARTYR

☞ The cause of irritation is always within. That which is external can never be more than an occasion which enables the cause to become operative. Eradicate the cause if you would gain tranquillity.

☞ In proportion as one ceases to listen one ceases to learn. Something said by the stupidest man may be of more value to you than stores of professional information.

☞ The time saved in looking for things when wanted would pay compound interest on that saved by not putting them away immediately after use.

To Live, and Love, and Learn

MOST of the things that worry us
 Don't matter much.
 Too many of us fret and fuss
 At every touch.
 There's nothing that's of great concern
 Except to live, and love, and learn.
 Suppose the world don't go our way,
 What of it, then?
 We have the better chance today
 To act like men,
 And still insist at every turn
 We're here to live, and love, and learn.
 It isn't doing what we would
 That counts for most:
 It's being brave, and kind, and good,
 Amid the host;
 Far better than to crave and yearn
 Is just to live, and love, and learn.
 We make too much of ease and joy,
 And sordid gain;
 The things that vex us and annoy,
 The toil and pain,
 And every malady we spurn
 May help us live, and love, and learn.
 And there is nothing else to fear
 Of good or ill
 Than just the failure of good cheer
 And honest will;
 No loss need fright us if we care
 More power to live, and love, and learn.—Selected

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question I cannot see after all how Karma is any different from Destiny or the Kismet of the Mohammedans or, as we should call it, Fate. If in the present we reap the result of the past and if all we do now is predetermined by that past, being the effect of a preceding cause, wherein lies any difference?

Answer The usual meaning attached to the words, destiny, kismet, fate, is that these apply to and govern the events of life entirely outside and independent of man's action or volition; whereas karma can only follow as the result of man's action, it is the law governing effects, uniting and balancing these to their causes. The statement given in the question, *viz.*, that "in the present we reap the result of the past," and that "all we do now is predetermined by that past" is only partially correct. There is another factor which is overlooked, but which is essential; it is that man by virtue of inherent divinity can set into operation new causes and thus, to a degree, modify and change his karma and mold his future.

In reply to a similar question as to the difference between karma and destiny, William Q. Judge wrote the following:

Destiny is the English word applied to a Karma so strong and overpowering that its action cannot be counteracted by other karma; but in the sense that all happenings are under karma, then all things are destined as they occur. Men have always found that some events were so inevitable that, for want of knowledge of the law of karma, they have said, "These things were destined." But when we grasp the meaning of Karma, we see that *destiny* is only the working out in action of causes so powerful that no act of ours and no other sort of karma could by any possibility either avert or modify the result. This view does not conflict with what some call the "immutable decrees of karma," because those decrees are the resultant of numerous karmic factors, the absence, nullification, or postponement of any one of which would change the supposable result. If, however, we imagine that our life today is only that due to past karma from a previous incarnation, we make the error leading to a belief in destiny or fate. But as we are experiencing the effects of karma from this life as well as from many previous ones, it follows that the events in a man's life are due to the *balancing* of karmic causes.

And, it may be added, that which has become destined, fixed, inevitable, became so only as a result of man's own action in the past, perhaps extending over many lives. As an illustration: a man may from long continued excesses and evil habits have brought about a condition of his

physical body such that certain diseases or disabilities are inevitable and can not be escaped, but which, nevertheless, he is responsible for.

Another important point to be noticed is that it is not the event itself that is of supreme importance but the attitude of mind in which the event is met. Certain events may be destined, *i. e.*, beyond the control of man, though following from seeds which he has sown, but the attitude of mind can be changed and thus as Katherine Tingley has taught, past karma no longer threatens but is removed from the plane of penalty to that of tuition. There is therefore a great difference between Karma and the ideas generally conveyed by the terms Destiny, Kismet and Fate. The one expresses man's freedom or possibility of freedom; the others represent him as bound and powerless. The one represents him as a man with God-like power, the others as a puppet.

Question How many existences will our Souls have to reenter before they reach the highest perfection?

Answer Who can answer such a question and what profit would there be in knowing? Would it help us in our lives and work? Have we not vastly more important things to consider, which if faithfully performed would drive from our minds all thought of such a question? It is certainly right to long for perfection, to strive for it, every day and every hour. Today is ours in which both to strive and, it may be, to attain, so let us give our energies to the accomplishment of the work which lies at our hand and, at times, it may be ours to see reflected in our hearts the radiance which streams from the heights of divine perfection. With such a benediction we can go forward with renewed hope and a renewed desire to help others upward towards the Light.

STUDENT

Random Quotations

From Dr. W. S. Rainsford of New York, who is being persecuted for heresy. Extracted from *A Preacher's Story of His Work*, by Dr. Rainsford, now appearing in the *Outlook*.

- ☞ Let men but stand for what they see and feel, and they will help their age.
- ☞ One of the secrets of a successful ministry is to preach what you believe to be true, and nothing else.
- ☞ God does not want ten thousand men who will just pass; He wants the two or three who know what the truth is and are willing to die for it if necessary.
- ☞ If a man has a spark of the divine in him when he is born into this world a crying, helpless babe, that spark is not going to be extinguished; God is not to be outdone.
- ☞ If you are true to yourself, you cannot preach a thing until you are fully persuaded of it in your own mind, and when you are once fully persuaded, you cannot hold your tongue.
- ☞ I think what keeps more men out of the ministry than anything else is the idea that clerical life seems unreal and a little unmanly, and this idea is fostered by our clerical training and the clerical environment.
- ☞ I do not think it is an easy thing to be a clergyman. It is an easy thing to draw a salary and make a fair success; but to make your mark among men, to do anything more than simply march in the ranks—that is a pretty hard thing to do.
- ☞ Then, a man must have freedom; if a man is placed where he is not free, let him, first of all, make himself free. If he has not freedom as a clergyman, let him be a boot-maker, or anything else where he can be free. A clergyman is no use until he is free.

Christian Unity

IN the current issue of *British Realm* Mr. S. C. Miln makes a suggestion regarding the Christianization of China. The native Chinese mind is, he says, bewildered by the number of Christian denominations. He thinks that if all these would unite upon, and adhere to, their common fundamentals of belief there would be no difficulty in winning over the followers of Confucius and Buddha.

The plan is simply visionary, remarks a leading English religious paper. If union were possible, how many of the tenets and practises of Christianity would be left when they had all agreed?

We do not assent. We think the principle of Christian unity will come forth and shine clearer year by year till, by the end of this century, the ideals of Christ will be well on their way to realization. K.

IDEAS have power on us in proportion as we dwell on them exclusively.—D.

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Meteorological Table for the week ending
June the 20th, 1903

JUNE	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
14	29.738	67	54	61	58	.00	SW	8
15	29.834	67	56	63	60	.00	W	10
16	29.816	69	56	65	63	.00	W	6
17	29.790	72	58	64	63	.00	SW	6
18	29.740	69	55	61	60	.00	NW	11
19	29.710	68	57	62	61	.00	SW	7
20	29.720	68	59	62	61	.00	SW	6

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Unlocking Alaska's Resources

The sagacity of William H. Seward, in negotiating the purchase of Alaska, is again brought prominently to public notice. Preliminary steps have been taken for the construction of a railway to penetrate 433 miles into the heart of the territory, to be called the Alaska Central railway. It is the revelation of rich natural resources on the line of the projected road that again brings to mind the wisdom of the Alaska purchase. The entire sum paid to Russia for the territory was \$7,200,000. Last year the gold output alone approximated \$30,000,000.

It is stated that the route of the new railway is through a country well adapted to agriculture, in certain sections, with vast stretches of heavily timbered forests. The northern terminus of the line is said to be in a country richer in gold than the Klondike, with large copper deposits as well. The extravagant estimate is made, as it now appears, that the greater development of gold mining, resulting from railway facilities, will lead to an annual gold product of \$200,000,000. The reports concerning the results obtainable by reason of the new railway are all highly colored, but there is no cause for doubt that the line will be of great service in developing the vast resources of the territory.—*Los Angeles Herald*

A KUHUNA or native sorcerer on the Island of Hawaii is being held for manslaughter, for having killed a sick man by beating him over the head with a heavy copy of the Bible, in his effort to dispossess him of a devil.

THEY go to the root of things in China. A man who killed his father there not long ago was executed; and along with him they executed his school-teacher, for not having taught him better morals.

She Was Not at Home

It was on the Day of Judgment. A risen soul went up to the Lord in quiet confidence; not that she was bold, or proud, or vain, oh, no; all her earthly life long she had pictured herself standing by the Lord's side on the latter day.

But the Lord looked earnestly into her face and said, "Who art thou?"

Then the soul was startled by this question and said timidly, "Oh, my dear Lord, knowest thou me not?"

"No," said the Lord, "I know thee not."

"Oh, my Lord and God," said now the poor soul, "dost thou not remember how I went every Monday thou gavest to the sewing meeting, and Tuesdays to the temperance meeting, and Wednesdays to the Band of Hope, and Thursdays to the missionary meeting, and Fridays to the choir practice, and Saturdays to the free and easy for working girls, and Sundays to the guild——." Sobbing and fluttered she repeated the last words twice, and added in despair, "O Lord, rememberest thou really nothing at all?"

"Soul," said the Lord, "whenever I came and knocked at thy door, thou wast not at home."—HERMANN OESER in the *Christian World*

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Thought and Health

Some people actually attract illness to themselves by constantly thinking about it. They feel sure that if they should happen to get their feet wet they would soon be sick with pneumonia or influenza. If they happen to be in a draught for a few minutes, they are confident dire results will follow. They will have chills or sore throat. If they cough a little they have dreadful visions of consumption. Is it not in the family? They thus fix images of sickness in the mind, and so lessen its power of resistance to disease and make the body more susceptible to the very things they fear.

A conviction that we should be masters of ourselves under all conditions would protect us from many of the ills to which we fall easy victims. If we think diseased thoughts we attract disease. If we think healthy thoughts we attract health.

The best safeguard you can throw around yourself is a determination that you will be master of yourself, that you will not be dictated to by moods or whims or fancies of any kind. You will find that, if you expect great things of yourself, if you exact a high standard and accept no apologies or excuses from Mr. Liver, Mr. Stomach, Mr. Nerve, or Mr. Head, your health will be better and you will accomplish infinitely more than if you allow your feelings to hold you in subjection.—O. S. MARDEN

Cellini's Illness Was Cured

Benvenuto Cellini, when about to cast his famous statue of Perseus, now in the Loggia dei Lanzi, at Florence, was taken with a sudden fever. In the midst of his suffering, one of his workmen rushed into his sick chamber and exclaimed, "O Benvenuto! your statue is spoiled, and there is no hope whatever of saving it." Cellini said that, when he heard this, he gave a howl and leaped from his bed. Dressing hastily, he rushed to his furnace and found his metal "caked." He ordered dry oak wood and fired the furnace fiercely, working in a rain that was falling, stirred the channels, and saved his metal. He continues the story thus: "After all was over, I turned to a plate of salad on a bench there, and ate with a hearty appetite and drank together with the whole crew. Afterwards I retired to my bed, healthy and happy, for it was two hours before morning, and slept as sweetly as if I had never felt a touch of illness." His overpowering idea of saving his statue not only drove the idea of illness from his mind, but also drove away the physical condition and left him well.—Success

BEAUTY does not imply elaboration or ornament. On the contrary, simplicity and character and the dignity which comes of them, are demanded in the interests alike of practicality and of art.—*The Craftsman*

Some Beasts Learn Quickly

In intelligence, elephants lead the class of animals that are trained for circus and stage performances. This statement was made by an old-time trainer. He declares that they learn with remarkable readiness, and seem to feel none of that aversion to their tricks that is so manifest in lions and others of the cat tribe. It has been stated that some elephants, whose performances have included such tricks as walking on three legs, kneeling and bowing their heads to the ground, have been seen practising these movements of their own accord. The average monkey is even more quick to learn than an elephant, but is considered to have less general intelligence, for its memory is not so good, and it has less of what may be called stability of character. Except as pony riders, monkeys have been almost altogether abandoned by trainers, as no dependence can be placed on them. They learn a trick in a week and forget it as soon.—*Success*

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Overdrafts	783 83
U. S. bonds and premiums	93,125 00
Other stocks and bonds	47,055 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	66,500 00
Other real estate owned	45,933 90
Redemption fund	1,875 00
Cash and exchange	410,932 38
	<u>\$1,185,213 49</u>
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$150,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits	60,190 39
Circulation	37,500 00
Deposits	937,523 10
	<u>\$1,185,213 49</u>
Deposits June 9, 1901	\$572,923 89
Deposits June 9, 1902	\$733,523 75
Deposits June 9, 1903	\$937,523 10
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Her Blessing

There is always a possibility that the person whom we regard as a proper object for sympathy may look upon himself in another light. This interesting and instructive surprise often awaits the well-meaning bearer of condolence.

When Mrs. Hastings learned that her old friend, Mrs. Warren, had become "stun deaf," she went, with a long face, to see her.

"It must be an awful cross, Lavinia," she wrote on the slate which Mrs. Warren presented to her as soon as she was seated.

"'Tain't, either!" snapped the afflicted one, who though deaf, was by no means dumb. "Folks that have got anything to say can write it on that slate. And Henry Warren, that's had to put a curb on his tongue for upwards o' thirty years on account of the high temper he took from his mother's folks, is now able to say anything he likes and no feelings hurt. I count my deafness a real blessing. How's your rheumatism?"—*Youth's Companion*

Child Labor in England and America

Extracts from William M. Salter's address before the Society for Ethical Culture in Chicago, delivered in December, 1902:

"I need not give details—everyone who knows the industrial history of England is familiar with them. Children from five years up worked fourteen hours a day. As they grew up they were relieved of labor and fresh children drawn on to take their places.

"The natural order of things was inverted. Often, instead of parents taking care of their children, the children supported the parents. At best, the parents boarded them and took their wages for pay. As children were so profitable, marriages were contracted early for the sake of getting them—the tendency was to make parents lazy, lax, if not vicious.

"It was only an extension of the same spirit when a large number of workmen in Zurich, Switzerland, in 1834, petitioned that children might be allowed to work nights. Day and night labor was common in England—one set of children would come home only to have another set start out, so that the beds were always warm. The death rate in some of the cities became double what it usually was in the country.

"This was the state of things until the conscience of the nation was stirred by the appeals of Lord Shaftesbury and the tide of reforming legislation set in.

"In this country things have never been so bad, but they have been bad enough. Within a quarter of a century boys of eight to twelve years, with pale, colorless faces, have been found tending bobbins in a Connecticut factory; children of four and five have been seen in tobacco factories in New York and Brooklyn—girls so small that they had to stand on boxes eighteen inches high to reach their work; boys of seven have been taken down on the night shifts with their fathers in the coal mines of Pennsylvania.

"Yes, the same hideous inversion of things has arisen here that existed in England; in some of our manufacturing towns, according to an official report, you might have found the 'old fellows lying around the streets smoking pipes and at noon going with five or six pails of dinner to their children in the mills.' "

Ladies Who Profess Charity

The following anecdote illustrates the insolence which some persons suppose should accompany, or rather should precede, the bestowal of charity. It appears in *London Spare Moments*:

"A little girl from an East End slum was invited with others to a charity dinner, given at a great house in the West End of London. In the course of the meal the little maiden startled her hostess by propounding the query:

"Does your husband drink?"

"Why no," replied the astonished lady of the house.

"After a moment's pause the miniature querist proceeded with the equally bewildering questions:

"How much coal do you burn? What is your husband's salary? Has he any bad habits?"

"By this time the presiding genius of the table felt called upon to ask her humble guest what made her ask such strange questions.

"Well," was the innocent reply, "mother told me to behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our house they always ask mother those questions." "

CERTAIN of us huddle into cities to shut out the sight of woods and hills, saying: "A God is there." Eternity is symbolized yonder. Let us get together and deal with our own affairs, of which God's and eternity are not yet a part.—*The Craftsman*

KIND looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes—these are the secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.—*Woman's Life*

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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Elements of True Independence

AMERICANS naturally associate with the word Independence the day on which an event in American history culminated in the practical consolidation and freeing of a few small and scattered colonies along the Atlantic sea-board. The following years of struggle, privation and war were but incident to the main fact of independence declared on July 4th, 1776. These were the elements which freedom everywhere and eternally casts into its crucible with the persons or peoples who boldly espouse its sacred cause. The latter are there melted, purified and forged into worthy advocates of its divine principle, or to become its standard-bearers and champions against the world of tyrannies in arms.

The colonies became *competent* to establish Independence on the day they declared it; for to become truly Independent is to become, in the

mind, self-reliant, courageous, and untrammelled. These qualities in the mind are the yeast, salt and food substance of thoughts which will alchemize and produce Freedom, as inevitably as nature brings forth fruit from her unseen silences.

On July 4th, 1776, the English-American Colonies endeavored to establish and lay the enduring foundation of a new and great nation, based on the eternal Principle of Freedom. They established freedom for body, mind and soul, under the *licensed* rule by which humanity should grow naturally and unfettered into a more hopeful national life.

The United States of the World

The freedom then "ordained and established" into a Republic, was in no way narrow nor selfish; it was not a Republic of the United States of America alone; but it was in fact—and has so proved itself—the Republic of the United States of the World: for do not the "states of freedom" exist in the minds of men everywhere, over and beyond tyrannies? Has not this Free Spirit of the world from every nation under the sun found a home and a safe asylum here against oppressions and tyrannies? Was not the very kernel-seed and heart of the stern basic migration to our Atlantic shores—was it not of that invincible phalanx of Freedom, which gathered its shattered but unconquerable remnants from Europe's battle against religious bigotry and intolerance? Was it not these who moved boldly toward the unknown, relying upon themselves to conquer the ocean, and hew from the hostile rocks and wilderness a Fortress Temple barring all viceregies?

From such imperial stuff came the new life for humanity which crystallized into the declaration-challenge of July 4th, 1776. Who is free from faults and shortcomings in the light of futurity? Their very weaknesses of unyielding rigidity and stern fanaticism have been mellowed by time and molded by necessity into the upbuilding of our heterogeneous elements into a national life. They stand therein embodied today as a holding power, and an opposing force against political and religious degradation. But does the spirit of this achievement find expression to the

Heroic Simplicity of the Fathers

world through the crazy din of pop-guns, firecrackers, grotesque and money-making parades at public expense, and degrading advertisements of *bull-fights* from barbarous medievalism? The ancient warfare of China, using the embattled hosts of noise and clangor was less idiotic because, to their thinking, it was efficacious in frightening away the invisible evils that cause war, and thus saved life. These peaceful people, whom Christians denominate as "heathens"—whatever that means—did what they *believed was right!* and it was certainly humane and efficacious against their like-armed foes. On the contrary, we Christians in these debasing celebrations of this, one of the greatest events of human history, do, and do deliberately, the things which we *know are wrong and degrading to true Patriotism*—which we thus burlesque! and if they are persisted in, they must and will sap this upbuilding and saving force in the nation's life! Nor are we in any way rescued from these degrading jeopardies by the labored, often soulless independence declamations shouted into the offended air of Independence Day. They lack the ring of heart tension and the thrilling pathos of its nobly yearning purpose.

Let us move out toward the heroic simplicity and grand conceptions of the fathers. As the new day breaks in splendor and majesty of resurrected life, let the Silences resound with the cannon's deep-toned voice punctuating Time, equaling the illustrious number who signed the declaration of Freedom for Humanity! Let the beauty of flowers, bright flags and more beautiful children, grace the streets and the Temples of Freedom, where *Truth is given voice through the lips of those who live it!* True toned and inspiring, it will set hearts on fire with high purpose; then leaping to action, it will energize the mind to cast off inertia and to grow fruitful of ways and means to restore and build up Public life. Centers of stagnation will throw off the shroud of death and spring into great, healthy, pulsing centers of life, utility, prosperity and beauty. Titanic Nature will shed its beneficence to draw forth with an all-powerful magnet the true and the bold in men and women, in art and letters, in trade and commerce. And the jeweled wealth of all will be in the upbuilding of the citizen, of the city, of the community, of the nation into the freedom, wealth and beauty of the true Independence which springs into royal birth from the ideals of Public Spirit and of Humanitarian Patriotism.

F. M. PIERCE

What Will Become of Them?

IT is related that Dr. Abernethy once confronted the crowded faces of students in his lecture room with the startling exclamation, "Great heavens, what will become of you all?" It was the question of a strong mind which recognized the pent up forces of good and evil, with all the sublime and the terrible possibilities which awaited them in the world.

The problems of the day were sufficiently pressing in the time of Abernethy. They are a hundred times more emergent now, and only apathy can look upon the world without foreboding. And out into the cruel turmoil of humanity the young men of our schools and universities are marching rank after rank, joyous, light hearted, as though the world were but a flower garden, decked out with a most careless glory for their pleasure. What will become of them all?

Apprehension for the future would be less justified if we could but see the men of the future going forth with a better equipment for what awaits them. A worse one they could hardly have. All too often the compass needle of their lives has been directed for them to ambition and to money, and so tied that it hardly possesses the power of movement. And the weapon with which they are to cleave their way to their goal is intellect, separated from everything which can take from it the power to blight and to destroy.

Well indeed may intellect be the supreme god of the age, for there is truly naught else in nature which can so remorselessly answer for us our pitiless prayers. There is nothing else beneath the sun which can be so entirely and wholly wicked as this, when divorced from the soul. And is not the whole trend of modern education a decree of perpetual divorce between intellect and soul, between God and man? Upon the path of isolated intellect there is no dividing line of right and wrong; for it, there are no commandments graven upon the stone; the thunders of Sinai pass by unheeded.

Our schools and universities profess to teach both philosophy and ethics, but if a tree shall be known by its fruits their philosophy and their ethics stand alike condemned. What else are they but an effort to intellectualize the soul, to drag it down to a region where the intellect can glance contemptuously upon it and call it a sentiment and a shadow? We are better without such a philosophy as this. It were truly better for us to let the intellect stand forth without even such pretended light, entirely naked, as it is entirely unashamed, until we have wandered long enough in the wilderness of its choice to make us turn once more to the divine bondage of the soul. Then we shall teach our young men a philosophy which will exalt and not degrade the soul, which will give to intellect the saving glory from above, which will forbid all forces of nature to put asunder those whom God hath joined. Until we have done this the world remains in danger, and every increase of intellect which is not accompanied by the ever nearer approach of the soul, an ever tightening of its grasp upon the mind, is an increase of the peril in which we stand. From this peril the young men of today ought to be our shield and protector. Upon which side will they serve? What will become of them?

STUDENT

Independence Day in San Diego

THE City of San Diego is to be congratulated upon the efforts which are being made by the committee to insure a striking celebration of Independence Day. Everything points to a successful display and one worthy of the occasion, with, of course, the exception of the bull-fight. We shall look forward with interest to the 4th of July as an epoch in the history of the city.

Erratum

IN THE leading editorial upon page 2 of our last issue, the word "gratitude" in the concluding paragraph should read "ingratitude," the obvious meaning being, of course, that ingratitude to their helpers is rarely met with among the Cuban people.

A Corner of Lake Killarney

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives a charming glimpse of one of the most interesting and picturesque spots in Ireland, the Lakes of Killarney.

Raja Yoga

IT is an ever increasing pity that the average doctor who tries to heal the body cares nothing for the soul. On the other hand, the parson who tries to heal the soul cares nothing for the body. The body and soul cannot be separated in such a manner. The diseases that afflict the body also affect the soul, and vice versa. No one who is ignorant of the laws that govern either the soul or the body is fit to attempt to heal the diseases of either the one or the other.

A bad man may preach a good sermon. A bad man may prescribe a good medicine. But both the sermon and the medicine would have had a greatly increased efficacy had they been delivered by a good man.

THE above remarks from *Medical Talk* illustrate the growing tendency to abandon the abstractions of abstract science and abstract religion, and to come down to a really practical view of human life, a view by which man is regarded as a unit and not as a combination of a soul with a body. The pressing needs of the age have demanded that we shall take this practical view.

It is seen that drugs without end can be discovered and invented without improving health, and sanitation brought to a pitch of scientific perfection without preventing pestilence; and the inevitable conclusion is drawn that a diseased soul can pollute and destroy a body quicker than medicines can mend it.

The writer quoted tells us that the doctor and the preacher must be good men, and implies that a good man is a man who has control of his bodily health as well as of his moral nature. He says "a bad man may prescribe a good medicine," and the proper antithesis is that "a sick man may preach a good sermon." But both the sermon and the medicine would have been more efficacious if delivered by a good man.

The world waits for the man whose teachings yield a visible result in his own life and also in the lives of others. Think of the shoals of panaceas and utopias and systems and *isms* there are, from breakfast food to hollow earth. The whole universe set right, immortality promised, all disease cured; but not a single grain of actual visible result.

It is Raja Yoga that people are thus dumbly crying for and dimly groping after, and when they see it they will recognize it. Those who have seen the effect of Raja Yoga on the children at Loma-land, and on children and people in Cuba, have realized the truth of this. X.

The Churches and the Masses

THE new book, *Religious Life in America*, by Ernest Hamlin Abbott, is a remarkable work. It is a record of personal observations from a sympathetic point of view, and if it is at all possible to wake some of the churches from their self-complacent drowsiness—which is doubtful—this book ought to do it. In his survey of the collective aspirations of some of the great cities Mr. Abbott is not at all cheering. He says that in Boston the question is, "How much do you know?" in New York, "How much are you worth?" in Philadelphia, "Who's your father?" and in Baltimore, "What is there to eat?"

It is, however, upon the estrangement between working men and the churches that Mr. Abbott is most instructive. He seems to have found this especially marked in Baltimore, and his inquiry into its causes produced a variety of explanations. It is, however, in Mr. Abbott's own conclusions that we are most interested, and those conclusions may be summed up in one word, "Money." Those conclusions would have been still more pronounced could he have been present at the recent Presbyterian conference at Los Angeles. The churches in working-class localities are naturally unable to offer such large salaries as those in more favored localities, and as a result their pulpits are filled by men whose attainments are insufficient to promote them, or "call" them, as they would say, to more favored neighborhoods. A Methodist minister, a shining exception, who was living from choice in a poor quarter, told the author that he was looked upon by his fellow ministers as an "amiable lunatic," adding "as if the four gospels didn't exist." Lunacy such as this is not, however, contagious. Another clergyman said:

The predominant vice of clergy is ambition and avarice; that shuts the poor out.

Mr. Abbott points out that the churches are largely supported by the moneyed classes who, as a consequence, claim a kind of proprietary right over them and this is resented, not unnaturally, by working men.

We wonder if the ministers of these churches ever preach from the texts which describe the money changers expulsion from the Temple, or from those other texts which contain the injunctions of Jesus to those whom he was sending forth to preach.

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Boston & the Real Philosophy

IT is announced from Boston that a very large sum of money has been anonymously given for the establishment of a new Hall of Philosophy. The information is somewhat vague, but popular conceptions of philosophy are still more so. There has never been so great a need of philosophy as there is now, but the teaching which usually bears that name is the reverse of what it should be. We want to see the rising generation instructed in the possibilities of their own nature, we want to see them so taught that they may go out into the world with high ideals, as conscious masters of the world and of its conditions.

We want a teaching which will make clear the mysteries of sorrow and pain, that will so illuminate them that they may be known as stepping-stones to the high and to the pure. We want a philosophy which will not pander to a vulgar materialism, a philosophy which will not be ashamed of the sacred forces of human nature, nor seek to degrade them into unessential sentiments.

We want a brave philosophy of truth, which will not dare to bow the knee to the unjustified dogmas of science upon one side, or the outworn theologic superstitions upon the other.

Are we likely to get this? Not, it is to be feared from Boston, which has not yet learned the elementary lesson that there are other suns, not of its firmament, and that spiritual wisdom and even intellectual progress were present in the world in that dim dawn of time before Boston became the shining center of the universe.

In those long passed days philosophy was a living thing, which touched the heart as by fire, which gave to its students the strength of knowledge, making them contemptuous of all unworthy things, deaf to all whisperings from below. But philosophy passed away, driven forth by fear, and no anonymous gift of money will tempt it back while fear reigns—no, not even to Boston.

STUDENT

The Church and the Workmen

THE Presbyterian churches of the east are unable to rest with their accustomed tranquility so long as they are estranged from the working classes. And so they have deputed one of their ministers to make a tour through the manufacturing centers in order to ascertain the cause of the misunderstanding. This gentleman will act as mediator. He will present to the church the claims of the working man and he will present to the working man the claims of the church.

Without doubt there is a misunderstanding, but not of the kind the churches seem to suppose. The working man makes no claim upon the church because he knows it would be of no use. He needs to have his children protected from cruel labor, but the Presbyterian church is not interested in children. Has it not suggested sentence of damnation upon them for centuries?

Moreover, to denounce child labor would offend some of the "elect" and discourage their contributions. The claims of the Presbyterian church upon the working man have, however, a very solid reality, although capable of abbreviated expression.

What is their real claim? It could be written in *extenso* upon a postal card. There must be many who read with some bewilderment the recent proceedings of the Presbyterian Conference at Los Angeles, and the dreary succession of printed columns exclusively occupied by appeals for increased salaries and reminders that money so expended was given to "the Lord."

The Presbyterian churches are not likely to win back the working men until they prove that they are friends of working men and indeed of all other men. They seem to suppose that they can evidence their friendship by still more widely opening the doors of the curious intellectual museum which is stocked with their antiquated creeds. But the working men are tired of it all. They are not interested.

STUDENT

IT HAS been discovered that a certain musical note raised to a great number of vibrations will paralyze mosquitoes and this method is being employed to destroy them.

To Make the Church Attractive

A MOST weighty suggestion for the improvement of sermons has originated in London, and ought to be welcomed by those whose anxiety for the well-being of the churches prompts such expedients as the award of prizes for regular attendance. This suggestion is to the effect that some opportunity be afforded to the congregation for comment upon, or criticism of the sermon. This need not necessarily be done on Sunday nor in such a way as to minimize the moral effect of the preacher's exhortations. It would be easy to arrange for a suitable occasion during the week when members of the congregation desiring to do so might ask questions, advance objections and, what is of still greater importance, state whether or not the sermon has answered their spiritual needs. The latter would be of a very special benefit inasmuch as it might suggest to some "worshippers" that they have spiritual needs.

There can be little doubt that a great many people abstain from church attendance for the same reason as that advanced by a well-known lawyer, to the effect that no reply was allowed "from the other side." The minister himself would benefit from such a system as this quite as much as his audience.

The unassailable position he now occupies in the pulpit is an almost irresistible temptation to indulge in methods of argument and persuasion, which would be out of the question under any other circumstances, and the knowledge of his liability to be questioned would lead to a thoughtful circumspection that might at first be painful, because unaccustomed, but which would assuredly be beneficial. It would moreover lead him into close contact with the actual needs of the people, and he might then sometimes awake with something of a shock to the realization that spiritual hunger is an actual fact, and that spiritual starvation is as terrible as it is widespread.

STUDENT

Neglected Duties of Citizenship

IF the young King of Italy is able to enforce his precepts it will go well with his country. He has at any rate the courage to face the evils which he sees around him, and to remind his people of the dangers which threaten them. The following declaration, by alteration of a few words would be applicable to every country in civilization:

In Italy, no man does his duty. From the highest to the lowest the *laissez faire* and *laxity* are complete. Now it is to the accomplishment of their several duties that all, without distinction, must be called. I begin with myself, and am trying to do my duty conscientiously and with love. This must serve as an example and a spur to others. My ministers must help me in everything. They must promise nothing that they cannot certainly perform; they must not create illusions. He who fulfils his duty, braving every danger, even death, I shall consider the best citizen.

The waning of the sense of duty is indeed the cause of all the ills of today. How many are there who realize that citizenship carries with it duties of the most positive kind, which, because they are duties, often run contrary to personal inclination and ease?

STUDENT

Question of Prenatal Influences

TODAY'S newspapers record the case of a little girl of eleven who tried with much deliberation and forethought to poison seven people, of whom two had been her protectors and benefactors. On being questioned, she said she knew that the poison was deadly, that she had tried it on dogs and cats, and now wanted also to see human beings suffer and die. The child has none of the features of a degenerate, other than a low, retreating forehead. Her eyes are bright and her smile pleasant. She is plump and robust; a frolicsome, merry child, with none of the offensive manners one would expect to find after reading of her attempt to kill those who had been kind and good to her. There are plenty of these cases, and they are increasing in number. As yet they have hardly been studied on the lines that will give the key to them. They will remain unsolved till some one takes up the task of examining and tabulating the prenatal influences concerned. One recent little murderer had a mother who was accustomed to assist the father in his business of slaughtering animals.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Difference Between Genius and the Artisan

THE number of pianists and violinists today who are in possession of well-nigh the last possibility of technique steadily increases. Supremely finished artisans, most of them. They amaze us with the accurate rapidity with which they can move their fingers. The execution of Paganini, Liszt, or Rubinstein, is in the possession of a dozen or more living men and women. And a hundred have nearly the same. Yet all, save one here and there, lack the final something.

What is that? What is that in the playing of Liszt which is not in the playing of another for whom technical difficulties have also ceased to exist? To get at the point, let us imagine ourselves with an absolutely perfect ear, a perfect perception of *sound* in all its shades and subtleties; yet with no feeling for *music*: our *emotion* perfectly inaccessible along that channel.

With this perfect sense of hearing, we should, then, perceive almost no difference between the river of sound coming from a piano played by Liszt and one played by a technician of equal skill, of finished musical culture and education, yet without *genius*. And the differences might altogether and absolutely vanish, as to the measurable sound, if our performer had chanced to be a pupil of Liszt and had learned to copy every nuance, every grade of shading in the playing of his master. Remember that the piano does not allow of much shading as compared with voice or fiddle. Once that a piano note is struck, there is no more that can be done with it.

Yet what a difference, in the effect upon a cultured audience, between the playing of Liszt and that of his imitator! One aroused intense feeling, tears; there was a space of silence after he had finished. The other one rouses admiration for his skill, and the applause is instant. If this is true, something came from Liszt that ensouled the set of measured vibrations called sound, which did not come from the other; something *in*, but not *of*, the sound. That contribution can only be made by a genius, a magician.

Is it not a case of direct transmission of thought, or rather of feeling? Our attention is already willingly and fully on the sound and the player. How could the conditions for such transference be better? We sit at a stream that comes direct from a soul. And that is the genius—one who has access to his soul in a measure that we have not. Long after his death, it was found out of Paganini that in those long spells when he was wont to disappear from the public eye, he retired to a secluded monastery, spending the months in *prayer* and improvisation.

He was not playing to any audience, save *himself*. He sent the thrill from his own soul above, down through the sound to himself below. That was almost the one link between his higher and lower; for it cannot be said that in his common ways of life he otherwise enacted the being of his soul. The same thing is done by the child who sings to itself. It is translating its feeling of joy in life downward so that it may more fully understand. So the real musician is the one who can translate his soul outward and make it the inner meaning and burden of sound. He moves us in proportion as he does this. We stand to him as the self in Paganini that *listened*; he is the self that inspired the other. DESCANT

Total Destruction of Leonardo's Greatest Painting

“THE old order changeth to give place to new.” Lovers of art will deeply regret the announcement that Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture, “The Last Supper,” is now entirely ruined, owing mainly to the decay of the wall on which it is painted, and is now no longer shown to visitors. So passes one of the wonders of the world, the greatest masterpiece of the most versatile man among painters. Leonardo's genius was not that of a painter alone. His mind was many-sided, his capacity unbounded. In science, in literature, in exploration, he showed the same original genius as in art. He made a multitude of discoveries and inventions which were far in advance of the assimilating power of his age, and which fell into oblivion, to be rediscovered later by smaller men. He was an expert anatomist and chemist. His name will always be associated with the discovery of the optical laws of vision and the understanding of the construction of the eye. From his researches he invented the camera obscura, thus preparing the way for photography. He founded the modern study of the classification and anatomical structure of plants, and was a pioneer in hydraulics and canal building. One

day he would be perfecting an improved rope-making machine, and immediately he would be prosecuting researches into the geology of the Alps, exploring and climbing the most rugged precipices, or perhaps arranging to defend some beleaguered city with his newest explosive! But unfortunately, Leonardo's fertile imagination and incessant invention moved more rapidly than his opportunities of applying them. His contemporaries could not follow his lightning transits from art to science, music to military evolutions, and though he illuminated everything he touched, posterity would prefer that he had concentrated his energies on fewer subjects. His pictures, upon which depends his enduring fame, are few,



“THE CREATION OF MAN,” BY MICHELANGELO IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL

not more than ten are known to be in existence today. Of his “Last Supper,” which took him ten long years to paint, nothing remains but a few preparatory studies and an engraving or two. He attempted an original chemical method of oil painting upon the wall, and between the failure of this and the shocking vandalism to which it has been subjected it is a wonder it has lasted so long. His character was stainless, dignified, and his relations with his friends and pupils affectionate. He was broad minded in his religious views, charitable, and his influence upon his pupils and upon posterity has been immense. Nature might well say, “There was a Man.”

R. J. C.

EVEN stenography must be denied the modernity which it claims. A form of shorthand was used early in the fourth century. A reference to it is to be found in the Armenian “Acts of St. Callistratus.” This work contains a number of long addresses by Callistratus to his fellow soldiers explanatory of the mysteries of Christianity for which he and forty more of his comrades suffered persecution. These reports are prefaced by the statement of the compiler to the following effect:

But there was a certain scribe of the law court who was near to the prison, and he listened to the discourse of Callistratus, and wrote it down in shorthand and gave it to us, and we set it in order with all accuracy the record and outline of his thought.

WOMAN'S WORK

About Filipino Women



FREDERICK W. EDDY, at present in Manila, writes under a recent date, as follows:

"The average male Filipino never quite knows his mind, and either talks around his subject or asks time to consider it. This means that he wants time to consult Señora, and by her dictum he abides. It is the way in almost everything. Woman rules from the cradle up. What the rising generation will be depends mainly upon the wives and mothers. Those who win the hearts of the people must get the women on their side. Even the Government is not exempt from the unwritten laws of the island. . . . Long before Rizal's widow put a rifle to her shoulder in Cavite province, the influence of women had worked insurrection. They had been the sufferers from Spanish oppression, the victims of friar lust and their homes had been broken up. Deportations had sent men away, and execution killed them; but the women, who had to remain at home, who could not escape the environment which authority had polluted and who were powerless to resist the indignities piled upon them, had the worst of it. When outbreak came it found them ready and eager to do their part.

"All that is nearly over, and persuasion by the women has had scarcely less to do with making an end of it than any other factor. They are, above all things, practical. . . . She guides the management of most of the big plantations and has always done so. When impulse prompts her to let the man handle the money, there is usually danger. Nearly every story of big mortgages is traceable to this indulgence. . . . Much of the valuable property in the islands stands in the names of women. That is particularly true in the city. In the majority of instances a house-seeker will find himself dealing with a woman, if he goes to execute a lease. . . . Plain, straightforward, practical and quite free from nonsense, she knows exactly what she wants and argument in behalf of anything else is wasted. . . . Divorce, breach of promise and other civilized inventions make not the slightest appeal to her. . . . The philosophic spirit with which desertion is borne does not betoken moral carelessness.

"On the contrary, the Filipino women deserve the good reputation they have as wives. One never hears of domestic scandal for which they are responsible. In the majority of families the mutual confidence displayed is exemplary.

"There is not a suggestion that fidelity or devotion could be brought under doubt. . . .

"Modesty is a conspicuous trait in the native woman. She is unobtrusive in speech and conduct. The woman may not be pretty; but she drapes herself in color contrasts that are striking and make her look like a picture. She stands straight and walks freely, naturally. Her modesty impresses all observers as instinctive, with nothing affected or coy about it. She may have much to learn from white women, but in point of modesty she is in no sense their inferior."

The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.
Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

"Every wise woman buildeth her house"

Queen Hermione --- A Winter's Tale

EVEN a partial study of a Shakesperian hero or heroine demands that the student throw the mind first into the environment that surrounds the subject of study. Such

environment with its conditions, offers its effects and results from causes behind the veil. Such effects and results are fruitful and potent keys with which to unlock the mystery of being.

Deep, deep in nature; far, far backward in the abyss of time must we search to translate the pages the present hour presents. The cyclone which sweeps through a forest and city, wiping out the one as it were a bundle of straw, leaving the other a ruined pile of desolation for homeless thousands, proves inexplicable to most of the human family of the present.

But today shows a field harvest from seeds sown in the far past.

The wages of sin is death. Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind.

The seeds of hatred, envy, wrath, can bring forth but evil fruit. In the ceaseless roll of times and tides, of birth, life, death, rebirth and its extensions and expansions were cast the seeds of this destiny, seeds that created this environment, and to its joy and pain these souls were drawn. By law all things are moved and controlled.

Queen Hermione was centered in this particular environment that she might fulfil, through its experiences, the highest possibility of her greatness, and through that greatness attained serve and serve. Thus nature conserves and plants her forces where lie her greatest needs. To benefit the race is the highest purpose of those who (after long struggles and many failures) have gained spiritual power by self-mastery. Such an incarnation must be a test to one who has so far overcome; may prove her ready for higher paths, or failing to meet the demand, compel her again to climb the heights.

By the great force, self-poise, and equanimity of Hermione a kingdom is uplifted, a people illumined. So powerful and far-reaching is the effect

produced in *A Winter's Tale* by the power and balance of the queen that it is difficult to realize her disappearance from the drama in the first scene of Act III, and that from that time she is mourned as dead. Her influence lives and is the binding force controlling the entire movement of the drama. By her unswerving right attitude of mind she lifts the court, the kingdom, to a higher comprehension of spiritual law. Though imprisoned she still guides her people. Though seeming dead she yet speaks to them and holds them to loftier thought and life. That Queen Hermione represents to us one who had attained to spiritual power in past states of evolution and incarnated in such environment as offered both test and opportunity to serve mankind in large measure, is made most impressive to us if we realize the power called out in rapid issue, and the calm nobility of her poise.

Further we may realize how the queen, yearning over her daughter's fate appeared to Antigonus while on shipboard as he was bearing the fated child "where chance might nurse or end it." Voice and tears she gave her shadow to deliver her message of loving care and motherly tenderness. A thoughtful, reflective study of this great drama uplifts all human life, and even that which seems to us in the limited view of the present a meaningless farce or a painful tragedy may be a symphony whose



STUDENT MEMBERS OF WOMAN'S EXCHANGE & MART PREPARING FOR HOME-COMING OF KATHERINE TINGLEY

harmony is beyond our ears, its meaning hidden from our ordinary gaze.
KATHERINE RICHMOND GREEN

Students of Loma-land

IN the preparations made by the students of Loma-land for the home-coming of Katherine Tingley, there was a beauty-touch that brought back the spirit of old days. For time was when a Teacher of the true philosophy of life was not reviled and persecuted, but loved and honored by the multitude, and the home-comings of such a Teacher were always festival occasions. That time has passed but the spirit of it is only sleeping, one day to be reawakened and bring a new joy into life. None were more active in the preparations than the students who are at present workers in the Woman's Exchange and Mart. Early in the day they were out gathering palms and flowers, glorious Easter lilies, roses such as grow only in a land of sunshine, great baskets of sweet peas, white, pink and delicate purple. In the afternoon the usually quiet rotunda was filled with workers, busy as bees though quieter, for the noisiness that characterizes similar activities in the world has been well-nigh eliminated from the student life of Loma-land. It was a pretty sight, the sweet, serene faces about that great pyramid of flowers, all alight with the joy of anticipation.

Mrs. Tingley arrived very near the midnight hour and was greeted by the same students with a song. Dressed in white, a flower here and there, sweet and dignified in bearing were they, and it was difficult to believe them to be the same young women who had been bustling about the Homestead, busy as bees, but a few hours before.

All work, all activities, every detail of life itself is recognized as educational in Loma-land. Out in the world we pass by, unheeding, life's daily lessons. Here they are learned as day by day they present themselves in the shape of events, circumstances, duties, opportunities. One who seeks for an explanation of the simple strength of soul acquired by students of Katherine Tingley may find it in this very fact.

Helen Keller

AT fourteen Helen Keller wrote in her diary: "I find that I have four things to learn in my school life here, and, indeed, in life—to think clearly without hurry or confusion, to love everybody sincerely, to act in everything with the highest motives, and to trust in dear God unhesitatingly." No one is unfamiliar with the facts of Helen Keller's life, of the fever which, when she was two years of age, left her blind, deaf and mute; of the rare sweetness of her nature, of her marvelous capacity for receiving instruction, of her good fortune in finding instructors whose work for her had a motive that sprang directly from the heart. She is now twenty-three, a student in Radcliffe college, speaking with remarkable ease in English, German and French; possessing a knowledge of Greek, Latin and higher mathematics that will ultimately win her a degree. And her autobiography, recently published, is unique in literature. Autobiographies are rarely devoid of a certain descent into personality which shuts out the very qualities one most desires to find in them. It is typical of the way all humanity has become immersed in things that are merely personal and have nothing in common with the soul. Helen Keller's is a departure indeed. "All my early lessons," she writes, "have in them the breath of the woods, the fine, resinous odors of pine needles, blended with the perfume of wild grapes." And again she writes: "Few know what joy it is to feel the roses pressing softly into the hand, or the beautiful motion of the lilies as they sway in the morning breeze. Sometimes I caught an insect in the flower I was plucking, and felt the faint noise of a pair of wings rubbed together in sudden terror, as the little creature became aware of a pressure from without." **W.**

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.—CHRISTIANA G. ROSETTI

Women as Architects

AT a period such as this when women are taking so firm a hold upon the work of the world, it is strange that the profession of architecture has not received a fuller measure of attention at their hands. We have an abundance of women doctors, and even women lawyers are on the increase, but we believe that in architecture women would come at once to the front and would command an immediate success.

To no one is the construction and the convenience of a dwelling-house of greater importance than it is to the woman, and no one should have clearer or more sensible opinions as to the interior arrangement and external form. That they have these opinions there cannot be any question whatever, nor that these opinions are usually unfavorable to present methods. The remedy, however, is largely in their own hands. In architecture, more perhaps than in most other professions, merit and ability cannot wait long for recognition, and we are confident that a practical application of a knowledge of women's needs within the house would meet with enthusiastic support. It is women who chiefly use the house, and to them should fall the selection of design and arrangement. **X.**

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.—J. G. PRACIVAL

IT is related of Lady Jeune of England that when she told her friends of her plans for a "Children's Happy Evening Association," she was answered only by their amused smiles. Lady Jeune also smiled and said to one who openly ridiculed the idea: "Oh, my dear friend, if no one had laughed at my scheme it would have been a sure sign that it would fail. Nothing worth doing is ever accomplished without ridicule." And her plan, which she perseveringly carried out, was a distinct success.



PYRAMID OF FLOWERS IN CENTER OF HOMESTEAD ROTUNDA

ONE of the most remarkable bodies in Paris is the National Council of French Women, of which Mme. Sarah Monod is president. Among other matters considered at a recent meeting was the case of a young girl who had escaped from the harem of the Sultan of Morocco, and had fled to Seville. It appears that she has been captured and is on her way to be delivered into the hands of her owner, to endure for the future not only the extreme of degradation but severe punishment. It is probable that the council, through

its president, will intercede in behalf of this young girl with the Queen Dowager of Spain. And this in the Twentieth century! Can we, as women, longer continue to sleep and wake with the lying words upon our lips, "All's right with the world?" All is *not* right, though we do, verily, hold in our own hands the power and the opportunity to make it so. Shall we let this opportunity slip away just because our hearts are selfish and our hands are weak? **Q.**

A Bit of the Practical

As the body is the Temple of the Holy Spirit, the shrine wherein dwelleth the soul, is it not our duty, as women, to care wisely for its upbuilding? — KATHERINE TINGLEY

CAULIFLOWER PUDDING

BOIL cauliflower until tender. Separate in florets and place in layers on baking dish, sprinkling bread-crumbs and grated cheese between layers. Pour over all a thin white sauce. Cover with bread-crumbs and cheese. Bake twenty minutes.

CHEESE SALAD

Make small balls of "Dutch cheese" about the size of marbles and place on crisp lettuce leaves with ripe olives. Serve with a mild French dressing of oil, salt and very little lemon; sprinkle finely-cut chives over the whole. **M. D. R.**

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

The Temple of the Tigers in Yucatan, Mexico

WE have already drawn attention to Professor Holmes' description of his visit to Mexico and the Maya country. We now reproduce a view of the square columns of the Temple of the Tigers, one of the most magnificent ruins to be found throughout the territory. These columns are arranged at the east of the pyramid upon which they stand, and were doubtless used to support the vault timbers. At the top are "bearded Atlantean figures," and at the base are similar designs which have been considerably obliterated. The height is nine feet and the horizontal measurement about twenty-five inches. At the foot of the columns are shown some of the pigmy Atlantean figures which were used to support the stone tables.

On the general building of these temples Professor Holmes gives us much valuable information. He seems to be a little perplexed as to the way in which great masses of stone were cut from the heart of the rock and transported for considerable distance. The Mayas had no beasts of burden and the tools at their disposal must in the main, he thinks, have been of a rude description. The stones employed were certainly not of the vast size which have been used elsewhere, and no single block was observed which weighed more than from six to eight tons. Even these, however, supply a transportation problem of considerable importance and one which cannot yet be correctly solved. Even if the stones are not of the very largest size they were certainly used in very great numbers. The Professor tells us that at the sight of some of these buildings "our minds were filled with wonder," and that "words fail to give a clear notion of the work." He very aptly asks what clear conception of this work is conveyed by the bare statement that in a single continuous facade more than twenty thousand stones were used, which were not only cut to a special shape, but of which each one was carved to represent some particular part of a face, figure, or geometric design, and all of them so carefully pieced together as to give the effect of an unbroken whole? The figures are of course rough and conventional, and there are here to be found none of the immense monolithic statues which are to be seen in Guatemala and Honduras. These Yucatan figures are not, however, intended as independent statues, but rather as adjuncts or furniture to the buildings themselves.

Professor Holmes refers more than once to the tools with which these stupendous works were erected. Tools in abundance have indeed been found, but they are in no way superior to those in use by the ordinary American savage. They consist of stone hammers and chisels, and we are at once confronted by the fact that the faced and sculptured stones which are visible in such prodigal quantities, could not possibly have been worked by implements of this nature. We are therefore compelled to assume that other and finer tools of metal were in possession of these ancient builders, and that these have disappeared.

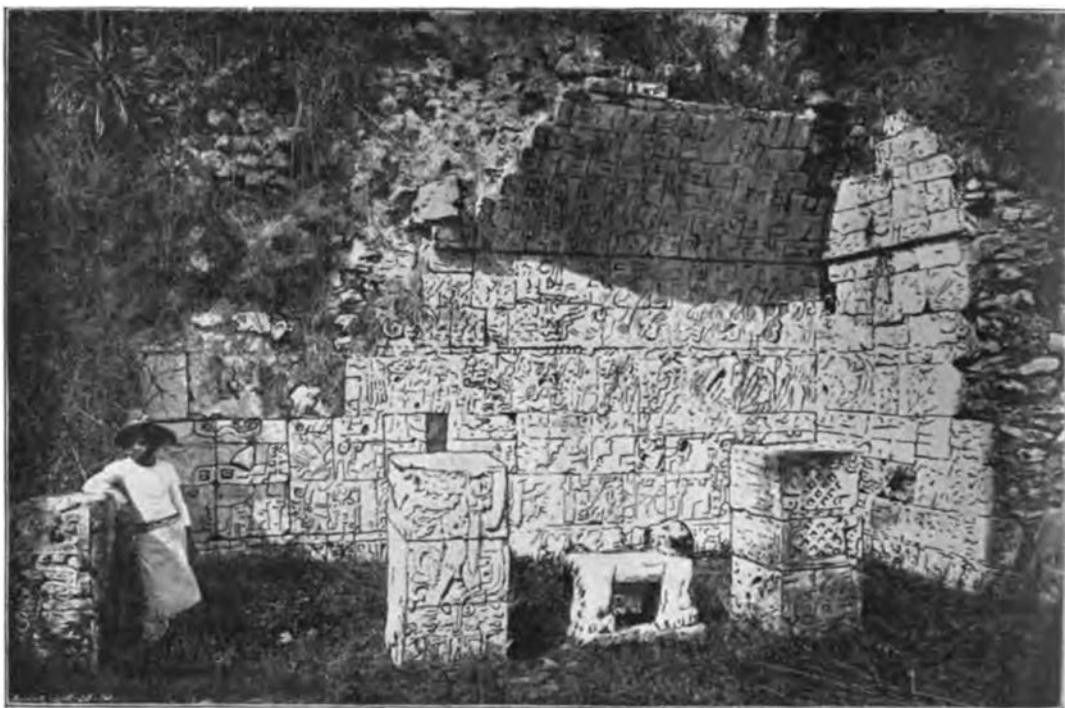
Reverting once more to our illustration, there is a remarkable fact in connection with the tablets, which were originally supported by the dwarf Atlantean figures. These tablets originally extended in a continuous line the whole length of the building, each one being supported by two of the dwarf figures. These tablets are resonant, each one when struck giving forth the tone of a deeply resonant bell. Professor Holmes says that "the echoes awakened in the silent forest are exceedingly impressive," and this it is not difficult to believe.

STUDENT

AT JUNCTION CITY, Kansas, a monument has been erected to mark what is supposed to have been the site of the prehistoric city Quiveria, which tradition says was located here at a very remote period.

Prehistoric Skeletons Found in Missouri

FROM Missouri comes the news of a discovery of great archeological importance. A cave has been discovered in the heart of the Ozarks and the work of ten men at excavation has shown it to contain some of the most important relics of prehistoric man that have ever come to light. The cave itself is seventy feet long, the bottom being covered with a layer of ashes nearly three feet deep. Out of these ashes four human skeletons have been dug. The arms of these skeletons are remarkably long and the legs remarkably short. A large number of implements were also found, including knives, spear-heads and drills. It is estimated that it will take another month to complete the full excavation of this cave, and it is reasonable to expect that other and equally important discoveries will be made. This find of human remains must be ranked in interest with the Engis skull found in Belgium and the Neanderthal skull found in Germany. These skulls are of a very low order, with thick



SCULPTURED SANCTUARY OR CHAMBER, TEMPLE OF THE TIGERS

This chamber, noted for its superb wall sculptures, is placed against the east base of the pyramid upon which rests the main Temple of the Tigers, south end of the eastern gymnasium wall. All that remains is a large part of the back wall, about half of the sloped soffit space above, the end wall at the right, part of the end wall at the left — against which the Indian boy leans — and the remnants of two square sculptured columns in front. The sculptures, which cover the walls, represent richly bedecked figures arranged as if to represent some ceremony or dance, and most of them still retain distinct traces of the brilliant colors with which they were originally embellished. The sculptures covering the columns are nearly identical with square-column decorations in other temples. The figure of a man occupied the front of the left hand column and that of a woman — as indicated by the plaid skirt — the right hand column. Between the columns stands the rather rudely sculptured and very formal figure of a tiger. This may not have been its original position. Length of the chamber, 22 feet; width, 10 feet; height, 15 feet.

bones and low foreheads. The scientific report of the Missouri skeletons will doubtless be speedily available.

STUDENT

Excavation of the Ishtar Gate of Old Babylon

A LETTER has been received in Berlin from Dr. Koldewey, saying that the excavation of the Ishtar gate at ancient Babylon is finished. The gate is of imposing size. Six hundred cases of tiles, reliefs and other objects which once decorated the palace of Nebuchadnezzar have been shipped to Germany. Ishtar was the Babylonian Venus. She descended into hell in search of the murdered youth Tammuz. She found him and raised him from the dead. St. Jerome identifies Tammuz with Adonis. The murderer was Izdubar, a giant. Much more may be forthcoming from some of the newly acquired tiles. As it stands, the allegory strongly suggests that of Osiris, slain by Typhon, sought in hell by Horus, rising again in three (or forty) days, and ascending to heaven. Of course, these stories are "solar myths" to the mythologists. More research may show that they were full of philosophical meaning.



At the End

ARTHUR KETCHUM in *Ainslee's*

THE road dips down through the dusky wood—
To cross a bridge and skirt the pond—
Then glimmers away to village roofs
And the shadowy hills beyond.

And so the end of the quest is reached—
The open door and the welcome light—
And the wood and the wind keep their tryst alone,
And the river whispers across the night.

A Nook of Rocks on Point Loma Shore

ALTHOUGH Point Loma is, for the most part, composed of fertile flat lands and equally fertile, but more imposing, rolling sweeps of hill country, there are some places in the ravines where the rushing torrents of the rainy season have carved picturesque rockeries



which are unseen from the hills, but are a very noticeable feature of the landscape when viewed from the lower levels. A person standing where the camera was placed for this picture would have the ocean about twice the distance behind him, and the thunder of the breakers seems to fill the air to overflowing with sound, while directly below, in the ravine, the sandy torrent-bed would be seen winding about around many an overhanging copse of mountain mahogany, button-sage, and buckthorn. Clematis is thickly twined everywhere, and the south bank has many charming dells of fern.

STUDENT

How Does Natural Law Count the Petals of a Flower?

ALL down the avenue of palms, which is the main approach to the Homestead grounds, is a double row of purple-pink geraniums, several hundred plants altogether. Each of them is supported on a small frame which gives it the form of a block about two and a half feet square and a foot high. There is thus a total plant surface, in all of them, of several hundred square yards, which is almost entirely covered with bloom. There must be altogether, during a season's growth, many hundreds of thousands of flowers produced to offset the millions of white daisies beside them. Now, the curious thing about it is that of all of these multitudes of flowers on so many geranium plants, every one, except a few that are deformed, has exactly the same number of petals; just five, no more nor less. Wherever that sort of geranium is found it has the same number. All over the Western States grow millions of alfilerilla plants, which are wholly different from geraniums, except that they all use five petals in their flowers. All over the country are found wild mustard, wild turnips, and beets, cabbages, raddishes and all their friends; and all their countless blossoms have each four petals; no more, no less. There

is the great iris family which uses either three or six petals in all its flowers.

How do they tell number so as to make a mistake so very seldom? How do they understand structure well enough to always arrange flowers the same way in each family? If a man were to use his best skill he could not pack the petals around the stamens half so perfectly, nor fold the sepals around them so neatly. We say that "it is characteristic of the species" to grow thus or so, and we speak of "types" of each formation and style of blossom, but we seldom think it worth while to inquire how the types originated, or how the species are held true to them. Is there not some suggestion of plan in the perfection of the types, and a suggestion of divine persistence in the infinite repetition of them under great variations of soil and climate? Why doesn't a wild rose leave off one petal when it is short of water, and make a flower sometimes of only three or four petals? To all of the "whys" we can ask there is no answer except "because." We have reasoned away the fairies, the elves and the little gnomes who used to make flowers, and have nothing left us but "natural law," "chemical selection," and "capillary attraction." Y.

The Curious Home of an "Instinctive" Builder

THE photograph does not really show the house, only the door, which is propped open with a match. The house is a round hole eight to twelve inches deep, and varies according to the owner's size, from half an inch to a whole inch in diameter. It is always dug in the hardest ground that can be found, even sometimes an old roadway, and it is thickly lined with silk tapestry. How they dig it is something of a mystery, for spiders are not usually burrowers. Yet this black, woolly trap-door spider digs his home in ground so hard that it requires a pick-axe to get him out. He cements the walls and smoothes them very nicely, then lines them with silk and puts a door at the entrance. This door is made of many thicknesses of silk, stiffened with mud, with which the top is also covered, so that when it is closed it can scarcely be distinguished from the soil around.

When the owner is at home he holds the door shut or fastens it with a silken cord, except when he is hunting. Then he holds it just a little open so he can see out and be ready to pounce on anything that comes within reach. The road-runner is an enemy of these spiders, as he has the habit of pulling the door from its silk hinge and sticking his long bill



in after the spider. It is probably to such a visit that we owe this picture, as the nest was found vacant, though the door was still on in this case. To guard against his long-billed enemy the spider usually has a bend in the hole, but the number of detached doors and empty holes indicates that the spiders frequently suffer.

We would like to learn what they do with the dirt when they dig, as there is never any to be found loose around the place. G. W.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

KATHERINE TINGLEY prefaced her address at Isis Theatre last evening with a

brief but very forceful protest against the bull-fight announced for 4th of July at Tia Juana. Its psychological effect for evil would be tremendous, she declared, and those who supported it by their presence, or countenanced it in any manner, were the real guilty ones. She hoped San Diegans would show their disapprobation of the brutal spectacle by refusing to attend it—and this sentiment, as well as all her indignant denunciation of the bull-fight was roundly applauded. The Theatre was again crowded to its full capacity and the large audience was most attentive and enthusiastic. Two lady students of Point Loma presented brief but very interesting addresses prior to the appearance of Mrs. Tingley, who spoke as follows (the audience frequently interrupting with applause):

“The subject announced for tonight was ‘Christ the Man and Christ the Martyr,’ and before introducing him as I see him let me say that I shall not at all attempt to make you believe as I do, but I shall try very hard to disentangle this heroic soul from much that has obscured his real life and his higher nature.

“Let us reason a little before we begin such a subject as this, and I want to introduce you to the fact, that in 100 years, or in 300 or 400 years, or let us say in 2000 or 3000 years, if a certain number of people should attempt to know something about Theosophy and about the real founders and their teachings I am certain that before they could reach the truth they would have to encounter all the errors that have been manufactured by imposters. I am certain that the wrong side of everything would be presented and the name of Theosophy would be attached to it. I am certain that H. P. Blavatsky would be accused of imposture, because some of our clerical friends are keeping a record of their imaginings and of their conspiracies, and they hope to hand these down the ages. They are working out their plans hoping that the character of H. P. Blavatsky, in her simple, beautiful, heroic life may be obscured. They have worked here in your midst and they are working everywhere. There has been one here amongst you who in public places and in the name of Theosophy has spoken of offering burned butter to the gods and who has supported the system of child marriage. That has been done, but thank the gods, not by one of us. You have heard in your city other persons in the name of Theosophy and they have told you about invisible forces and of their wonderful psychic experiences. We shall find these people everywhere. We shall find everywhere the record of many misrepresentations like this and they will be made to constitute the history of Theosophy. As a result a great many will be turned away from the truth, but there will be others who will delve for the truth as the students of Theosophy have done today.

“They will study history. They will go behind the special records which have been written for the purpose of misleading and they will find the truth, and in that day, the woman who gave her life for the world, whose life was pure and unselfish and strong and true will be known. And there are others all along the way. There are poets, such as Walt Whitman, and philosophers, such as Emerson, and there are some of the noble men who have stepped out of clericalism to declare the truth, and some of the women who have been persecuted for the truth and these, too, will have their history and the people will know them behind all the flood of misrepresentation.

“I know that there are many Theosophists who have taken Christ as a model, and I hold that a Theosophist, if he has the command of time and of the necessary language, can make a grander picture of the Jesus than that which is presented to you today, a character more noble, more heroic, more as one of us, a teacher and a benefactor.

“Now, I know you will believe that I am speaking from conviction and that I am not trying to proselytize you, but I believe that many people move through all their life-troubles seeking always for something to lean upon, some outside help, and that such persons must presently come to a halt, and then they will find themselves where I find myself today. Now in ancient Rome, in the days of early Christianity, there was written a certain document, and that document contained many interesting things about Jesus. There are some learned men in the world who do not, however, profess to be learned, and who stand a little aside from the world in order that they may the better help it, and these men say that at the time of Christ there were certain men who professed to be followers of Christ, who were not actually his followers. They took his name and some of his teachings and they went

KATHERINE TINGLEY AT ISIS THEATRE

Crowded Audience Applauds Interesting Lecture on ‘Jesus the Martyr’—A Forceful Protest Against Bull-Fight on the Mexican Border

From the *San Diego-Sun*, Monday, June 28th, 1903

history has not recorded that persecution.

“Now, those who were determined to preserve the simple teachings of Christ wrote a document upon parchment, and this document has been found. There is no question about its authenticity. It is written in a style which cannot be challenged, and even if it were questioned and the whole world said no I would still say yes, because in reading that document I find so much that harmonizes with my ideals of Christ. Now, in that document there is no reference whatever to miracles. There is no word whatever about that wonderful birth. It is recorded that Mary was a beautiful character, that she was charitable and in many ways unlike the women of her time. It is reported, too, that Joseph was a carpenter, and also an historian and a thinker, and a worker for humanity. What a combination of possibilities! To find a woman such as Mary was unusual. To find a man such as Joseph, working as a carpenter, and also a writer and thinker, was still more unusual. They were both of them strong and independent characters. There is nothing wonderful about it. No special powers were given to them, but I believe that they knew each other. I believe that by the determination of their efforts in independent thought something was made possible. They created an atmosphere and by that atmosphere a soul gravitated to that place, a soul that had lived in the past, a soul that had lived and learned and that had grown wise in the experiences of the past and was full of compassion and a large love of humanity. I believe that great soul gravitated to that environment and that it was born as we are born.

“Now, that child was not specially marked as a wonderful child, but he had an environment, he had an encouragement. Now, apart from my own convictions, I have spent long time in hunting through the documents, but I find nothing about the wise men coming from the east, nor the child being born in a manger. It is simply a natural story that is told in this interesting document, and when you have read it I am sure you will agree with me that it was written not for a selfish purpose, but in order to preserve the simple teachings of Christ.

“There is nothing there about miracles nor did he declare himself as the Savior of men. His devoted followers it was who declared him to be so. Inasmuch as his life was pure and unselfish he was of course in that sense the Savior of men, as we ourselves shall be, for did he not say, ‘Greater works than these shall ye do?’

“In introducing this glorious character, a character that has grown rich in knowledge and compassion as it has passed through the ages you will see that it was that of a man of simplicity. In that document you will see described the sweetness and the real grandeur of that life, you will see it expressed in simple language and its continuity of purpose is absolutely inspiring. I have indeed no question that he was inspired. I have no question but that his heart was so attuned to the eternal truths and his mind so illuminated by the eternal law, that his heart was so in touch with all the needs of humanity, that he was in the highest sense inspired. I believe too, that he received a great inspiration from his followers, those simple, gentle, sweet people who dared to go out and to be crucified for the sake of truth, who sat at his feet, listened to his words and that in their united courage and strength, he did indeed receive inspiration.

“Now in my early days I was brought up in a very religious family and I remember that Jesus was pictured to me by my religious teachers as very quiet, passive and humble. Of course, they put all the glory about him that was connected with some supernatural power or law in his life. They told me that he was crucified and of what he suffered, but don't you see that if his divinely human nature had only been shown what a living hope ecclesiasticism could have given to the world.

“I remember that at that time I used to go out into the woods and I would think about Jesus and of those other teachers who have come into the world, and I would always picture Jesus as a superb character, a character quite different from what I had been told. He was good, he was divinely good, but he seemed by all that modern teaching to be so pacific. He did not seem close enough to humanity. There was not that comradeship, that fellowship that I wanted and so I always pictured

about the world preaching Christ crucified, and each one according to his disposition or ambition, added to the doctrine, and for this reason we have so many teachings, so many different doctrines. Now, it is recorded and I believe it, that there were also many true followers of the Christ. And those who were called Christians hid themselves in the catacombs of Rome, and among them there were dissensions and many differences, and those who held absolutely to the simple teachings of Christ were persecuted, and

him as a warrior. I remember that at that time as a child I would try to draw pictures of Jesus, and I would draw a heroic face and to me he was always upon the warpath.

"Now, when Napoleon visited Rome he ransacked that city and he found there a document of which I will read to you a portion, and you will see what an added knowledge it gives to us of the Warrior spirit of Jesus:

JESUS, THE MAN

The following is an extract from the Roman Senate, taken from the public records at Rome by Bonaparte at the time he rifled the city of many valuable manuscripts:

"There appeared in our day a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us. And of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of Truth. But his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall, such as beholders might love and fear. His hair is of the color of a filbert fully ripe; plain to his ears, whence downward is more ancient of color, somewhat curling and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites.

"His forehead plain and delicate. His eyes of the firmament in color, an azure blue, sad, appealing, with divine love, at times changing color and flashing, dazzling, unspeakable, yet speaking; somewhat mild in expression yet filled with wisdom unspeakable. His face without spot, wrinkle or blemish, beautified with a comely red; his nose and mouth exactly formed, his beard was thick, the color of his hair, not of any great length but forked.

"In reproving terrible, in admonishing courteous, in preaching very modest and wise. In proportion of body very well shaped.

"None have seen him smile or laugh, but many have seen him weep; a man of singular beauty. Surpassing far the children of men."

"Now Theosophy talks a great deal about fear and about its elimination, but would it not be a right royal thing if Christ should come among us and strike fear into the hearts of the hypocrites and the men in the Temples who are misrepresenting him with their false professions so that through fear they might be silenced in their errors and cease their works of evil.

"Now here in this document which I have read we have him described. Our great artists have painted him in many forms. Our poets have sung the grandeur of his life, but how little has been said of that rare quality so necessary to every reformer that 'in reproof he was terrible.'"



NORTHERN PART OF THE CITY OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA

From the *San Diego-Sun*, Monday, June 29th, 1903

Raja Yoga Children at Isis Theatre

IN an interview accorded to a *Sun* representative, Mrs. Tingley stated that it is her intention to continue her talks on "Jesus the Man and Jesus the Martyr."

She will therefore resume this subject on Sunday, July 12th. Next Sunday, July 5th, will be devoted to the celebration of Independence Day at Isis Theatre, and it seems that the citizens of San Diego are to have a special treat on that occasion. The evening will be under the direction of the children of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, and something of very special excellence may be anticipated.

It is understood that Mrs. Tingley was courteously invited to participate in the Independence Day display of the City of San Diego, but that at the time of the receipt of the invitation her arrangements for the Sunday evening presentation by the Raja Yoga School children at Isis Theatre were already well advanced.

A Recent Anniversary

THOSE who heard Katherine Tingley's lecture upon "Marriage" realized with her that a subject so wide-reaching, so foundational, could be barely touched upon in the short space of an hour. They also realized that she had brought into the world a new ideal, something that, translated into action, would establish a new order of home life.

Upon no other teaching has speculation been so rife as upon Katherine Tingley's doctrine, so to speak, of marriage. It is a question frequently upon the lips of visitors to the Point Loma institution: "Does Mrs. Tingley believe in marriage?" and within the month one of our metropolitan dailies quoted the answer made to this question by one of her students, "Yes, Mrs. Tingley believes in marriage when it is founded on purity and justice. But no one will deny that seventy-five per cent of marriages, as the world goes, are failures, and in marriages which are not based on right motive and just action she does not believe."

To cavilers and questioners one needs but to point to the many student families on "the hill," particularly to that of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding. Mrs. Elizabeth Spalding is one of the pioneers in the Theosophical movement. As Superintendent of the Lotus Groups all over the world, and as Directress of the Isis Conservatory of Music her life has been filled to the brim with opportunities. A few years ago an old friend and comrade came into her life, Mr. A. G. Spalding, and no one was more rejoiced than Katherine Tingley at their marriage, knowing it to be established on right lines. Preferring the simplicity that always surrounds the true, to all the pomp and wealth that the world had to offer, Mrs. Spalding, then Mrs. Mayer, asked the privilege of having the marriage solemnized in Loma-land. The hour of that marriage was a sacred hour, for it marked the fulfilment of high hopes, the establishing of a home after true and right ideals, the sealing of a comradeship. And as the minister spoke the words, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," Katherine Tingley said to one of her students, "Those who are truly married no man has the power to put asunder, for the true marriage cannot be broken even by death."

Later, Katherine Tingley designed the home for Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, the first ideal students' home in Loma-land. Symbolic is it of that upward striving which should characterize all true lives; its center crowned by a dome which glistens by day with the sun's rays and by night from the temple light hung within. And within the central room was built the simple home altar—an ancient and sacred idea, yet new to the present-day world—typing the pure center from which all that is just in the home life, all that is sacred in the heart life, must radiate.

Every detail was carefully planned by Mrs. Tingley herself. "It is the beginning," she said. For Katherine Tingley holds marriage as something too sacred to be carelessly, or hastily, or

mistakenly entered upon, and in this fact one reads the reason for the impression that so many have gained as to her alleged disbelief in marriage.

Last Wednesday, June 24th, was the third anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding. As in the old Greek days, the festivities were opened in the afternoon by the children. For, as their Lotus Group teacher, Elizabeth Spalding is beloved by little children the world over. Dressed in white, garlanded with flowers, and bringing each his own little tribute of verse and blossom, the Raja Yoga children trooped upon the lawn and laid siege to the home castle. Songs, greetings, the scattering of flowers, and the little visit ended with refreshments and a frolic on the lawn.

The students, after requesting their two comrades to "Please be at home," during the evening gathered in force. Each brought his own tribute, a sentiment or a flower, after the old custom, and their spontaneity was a surprise even to those who, like Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, are used to the spontaneous. It was a pretty picture, the great carved doors opening to admit the bevy of young and old, the silence that fell, involuntarily, as they stepped inside and faced the simple home altar. And, in their turn, the students were surprised by delicious refreshments and a program of music. Later came the breaking up into groups, and an hour of happy talk. A picturesque touch was given by the well-trained Japanese helpers, another of the Point Loma ideas, all of which play their part in oiling the machinery of home life.

As I looked from the broad veranda, out over the great ocean, beyond hillside and cañon, cliff and sandy shore, I could not but feel that something better than we know today is coming back into human life, and that boundless as space itself must be the influence of a true home.

STUDENT

Lodge No. 3, Bow, London, England

THE monthly public meeting held on the first Sunday in each month was held on May 3d. The subject was "Capital Punishment and Crime," extracts being read from the *NEW CENTURY PATH* and *The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine*. The I. B. L. representative gave an account of the work of the International Brotherhood League, and with selections of music the meeting was both interesting and instructive. The attendance of members at our meetings is very regular. We have a fine Boys' Club which meets on Monday evenings, and at which in addition to the regular club work we have talks on Botany, Physiology, etc., with drill, dialogues, and music. On Good Friday, the boys had a picnic in the forest and much enjoyed it. The boys take quite an interest in their club and say they wish they had known of it sooner. The Girls' Club meets every alternate Tuesday, and the Lotus Group on Wednesday evenings. Both of these activities are progressing. At the members study class we have decided to take up Spanish.

J. T. WOOSTER, President

The Light That Came With the Dawn

Being the Story of Two Lives, told by a Point Loma Student



THE last rays of the sinking sun threw a ruddy, golden light over the rugged mountain side, lighting up great bare boulders, brown patches of chapparal, a few scattered pines and clumps of manzanita. High up the mountain side, perched on a narrow, shelving rock, stood a rude miner's cabin, built of small logs, stones and earth. A steep trail winding in and out among rocks and brush led up to it, over which a lonely figure was slowly toiling. She seemed unused to such labor or such rude surroundings, for she paused frequently to regain breath, while she looked around with wondering awe at the lonely grandeur about her.

The seal of a resolute purpose was on the broad brow and firm lips. Many times she had raised her steady eyes to the open door of the cabin which revealed only the yawning darkness within. Nevertheless she climbed slowly upward until she had reached the edge of the rocky platform and stood within a dozen paces of the door.

Suddenly a man emerged from the inner gloom, and pausing abruptly, regarded the intruder with speechless amazement. She had thought of so many things to say to him, through the long weary days and nights she had been journeying towards this point; and now they stood face to face and neither of them could utter a syllable. Only her face grew paler and her eyes wider and darker.

A trembling seized her and she laid her hand on a jagged rock beside her for support.

The movement, slight as it was, seemed to arouse the man. He drew nearer to her, step by step, his stern, deep eyes compelling hers to meet his gaze.

"Eleanor!" he said, repeating again, "Eleanor."

Still she did not speak; only looked steadily at him, with a faint smile on her lips.

The sunset light was gone and the sudden gloom of night in the mountains was fast obscuring the rugged scenery. He drew still nearer, still looking into her face.

"Eleanor!" he said again, "why are you here?"

"I wished to see you, Howard," she said quietly.

"In spite of the past, and after all these years?" he said slowly, and as if more to himself than to her.

"Yes, Howard, after all these years. They have brought me much of suffering and some wisdom, too, I hope. I have much to say to you if you will listen. I left the stage at the crossing and walked up here to speak to you."

"Come in," he said, turning toward the door.

She followed him in and stood in silence while he lighted a lamp and threw wood on a smoldering fire. Then he turned and looked at her curiously. Was this the woman he had known and loved so long ago? How well he remembered her delicacy and love of ease; her fondness for dainty apparel and detestation for anything rough or laborious; her soft, white hands, and solicitous care for her complexion. She was clad in a serviceable traveling suit and thick shoes suitable for walking. The old peevish, supercilious expression was gone from her face and in its stead a patient, womanly forbearance and dignity.

"Eleanor, how you have changed!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Howard; in many ways."

"You must be very tired. How could you think of taking such a walk?" In spite of himself and his stern resolution he felt his old-time care for her ease and comfort asserting itself.

"I wished to meet you alone," she replied simply.

"You must have food and rest now," he said.

Sitting in the only chair the cabin contained the woman watched while

the man, with quick deftness, put the kettle to boil, broiled venison and brought from some hidden cupboard biscuits and a stale loaf. Then with only the small table between them he watched her as she ate with relish and sipped the fragrant coffee in the old dainty, graceful way.

When she had finished he put everything away while she sat silently gazing into the glowing embers.

At last he said: "Eleanor, you have come a long way to say something to me."

"Yes, Howard," she replied, looking up at him with clear and steadfast eyes. "I will begin at once. You were very unhappy and bitter when you left me."

The memory of all she had made him suffer rushed back in a burning tide. He grew a little paler as he said sternly:

"And you have come all this way to revive that miserable time and upbraid me."

"Not so," she answered quietly, rising and standing before him. "If you were unhappy and bitter it was I who made you so."

He looked at her in silent wonder. During the half dozen years of wedded life he had never heard her admit being in the fault. Surely she was changed.

"Yes, Howard," she went on, "I was often to blame, more often than you perhaps. But we were both ignorant of the laws of life; of ourselves and each other. I have learned many things since then."

"Tell me of them," he said, more gently.

"I have learned, Howard, that we are both immortal souls, placed here in this life for the purpose of enlarging our own experience and stepping higher, as well as aiding others to do so. I wished to talk with you of these things, and if I might, undo some of the wrong I did you in my blind selfishness and ignorance."

"But I caused you to suffer, too, Eleanor. You have much to forgive." "I have much to thank you for. If I had not suffered I should never have been awakened. I should never have known that what we have been in the past makes us what we are in the present; as the acts and deeds of the present are shaping future lives we are yet to live."

"I have heard somewhat of these things, Eleanor, and I have thought much in my lonely life here. Sit down and tell me more, and how you have come to these conclusions."

The darkness lay thick and heavy without, where the shadows fell, though a few stars shone in solemn silence among the cloud rifts. The winds whispered among the dark pines where the night birds called to each other as the hours rolled by unheeded. In the lonely cabin, heart to heart, and soul to soul, as they had never been before, sat the long-estranged husband and wife conversing in low, earnest tones. The dawn came stealing in ere they were aware of how the night had fled. As

the sun arose they stood, hand in hand, looking toward the east. His first beams fell on faces no longer in the glow of youth; on locks tinged with gray; on eyes filled with the strong light of deep and earnest resolve.

The man turned to the woman, and kissing her upturned brow, said: "This is in truth our marriage morn; for now we understand what marriage means, and the true purpose of life." S. F.

TRAIN not thy beast by fear, lest when thy hand weakens, or a greater danger cometh he heedeth not thy will. But if thou bind him to thy heart by love he will be thy friend in time of danger, and in thy time of weakness he will not desert thee.—CHIRON THE CENTAUR

God's Little Bird

After the Russian of Plechtchev

by ALICE L. MILLIGAN in *United Irishman*

THEY will tell you the little lark sings
To his mate on the sod;
But I know that he spreads his wings
To go up to God.

Why should he soar to a cloud
With panting breast
To carol so clear and loud
To a lowly nest?

He has gone to God to say,
Has this songster dear,
That though little larks are gay
Now that April's here---

That though birdies twitter and build
Amid grass and leaves---
On the land his toil hath tilled
The Moujik grieves.

"Look down," sings the lark. "look down,
Oh! heaven's high Tsar,
To the ploughlands level and brown,
On the world afar;

"On the Moujik poorly clad,
Without nest or wing,
Whose heart is so heavy and sad,
He cannot sing.

"Help him, Oh! Tsar of all,
To be strong and brave,
To carry his cross, nor fall
Till he finds the grave."

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Bacterial Friends and Foes—Builders and Destroyers

UNDER the microscope, a sample of what is considered as perfectly healthy and desirable milk, contains 12,000 bacteria to the cubic inch. Minute by minute, at ordinary temperatures, they multiply. So long as they do not exceed, say 400,000 to the cubic inch, the milk is considered safely drinkable. That is, of course, so long as among them there are no bacteria of typhoid, scarlet fever or other diseases.

A sample of milk containing the trifle of 800,000 bacteria to the cubic inch, exposed to the air at a temperature of 60° Fahrenheit will, in twenty-four hours, contain 500,000,000. A glass of this, which will not necessarily be sour, will therefore contain more than *three thousand million*. That is a populous community for a man to swallow! The lower the temperature the less the development of them. Development is very slow, even as high as 15° above freezing. And practically all the bacteria are killed at a temperature of 150°, after a few minutes. Boiling, it will be remembered, is 212°.

Each of these bacteria is, of course, fighting strictly for his own hand. He destroys what he touches and builds it into himself. After he has nourished himself up to a certain point he divides into two; or else he breaks up into spores and each of them, becoming full grown, behaves in the same way. All the bacteria and micro-organisms known to science, behave in this way. They are all *destroyers*.

But there is much evidence that there is another group altogether, belonging to the *beneficent* side of nature; not destroyers at all, but *builders*. Science is close upon the discovery. The lines of this discovery, and something of the nature of these builders, were outlined many years ago by H. P. Blavatsky, who has already been shown to have anticipated official science in so many particulars. So far, at any rate, these forms of life that build are not visible by any method that has been employed.

They would constitute the links of the chain between dead and living matter, between food and the living cell. That is to say, assimilating dead matter as food and making it a part of themselves, they would then build themselves into the structure of a growing cell, and become an integral part of it. They must thus act oppositely to the destroying bacteria, which attack and destroy living cells.

If one might speculate further in the domain of the science of tomorrow, it would be to suggest that these builders must be intensely charged with the omnipresent life-essence of nature; or that they are channels for it. For that reason they are able to raise dead stuff—which has lost its life—to life again in themselves. And their "building" power consists in the ability and willingness to join together to make or add to a cell belonging to the body of a higher organism. But the "destroyers" have not this intensity and glow of life, and consequently have to steal it. Science is at present trying to combat disease by killing the destroyers, mainly by antiseptics, and also by making them fight each other. When we know how to *encourage the builders*, we shall be on an infinitely more hopeful and fruitful tack.

K.

A Consideration of the Habitability of Planets

EVERY now and then the scientific papers take to talking about the habitability of the other planets. One of these discussions we now notice in an English paper. The verdict is that it is only upon Mars that the existing conditions would permit of life. Certainly! *Life as we know it*. Suppose no one knew of fishes. Scientific papers would discuss the possible habitability of the ocean. They would decide that animal life was impossible there. There is not enough oxygen. Respiration would draw in water instead of air. The surface will not support a pair of boots. And so forth. But fish have not lungs, need less oxygen than we do and do not wear boots.

So with the other planets. There may be embodied souls and minds on them, even very much like our own, the bodies being such as *do* accord with the conditions. We do not know that there are, but there is no conceivable reason why there should not be. Air and earth and water have their appropriate forms of life. Why not ether and the planets? Why not even the sun himself?

STUDENT

The Breath of the Leaves Gives Life to Man

WHEN the late guest enters the crowded and half ventilated ballroom he is likely to find the atmosphere a little too nutritious for his comfort. It may even cost him some effort not to become faint. But the earlier guests notice nothing particular, though next morning they may wonder why they need so much coffee.

That is nearly what is happening in our city life. Man, as far as his physical make-up goes, is a part of physical nature, the product of ages of evolution among trees under the sun, in the deep-grassed valleys and upon the wind-blown hills. Can you take him away from nature, or cut nature away from him, and yet have him healthy in body or mind?

Think what the trees do for the atmosphere about them. An investigator recently estimated the number of leaves on a large maple near his house and found the number to be 432,000, representing, according to his calculation, an area of nearly half an acre. Apply the calculation to a forest or to a field of grass, and then consider that from all that immense area of living green, pure oxygen is being thrown off, probably containing some ozone; and into those pores carbonic acid, so deleterious to us, is being absorbed through all the hours of sunlight.

Under those conditions our bodies achieved their slow evolution through the ages. And it is from this radical necessity for good health that our life in cities cuts us off. We need no wars to "keep down the population." The sky-scrapers, the asphalt, the brick and mortar, are all-sufficient. Unfortunately the path to physical degeneration, which we call "life" in cities, is also the path to moral degeneracy. Congenial sister agencies come to the work.

STUDENT

The Tendency of Plants to Strike an Average

TWO or three months ago the writer took a few cuttings from a white geranium and made a little circular bed with them. Within this circle was planted a slightly smaller one of a red species. All took root and in due course flowered and have done so twice or thrice since. But curiously enough, the later flowers of the white species have become a most delicate rose pink, and this is becoming more marked. The red, on the other hand, are as yet unaffected. How will the process end? A friend says that more than a year ago he planted a large bed of geraniums of many colors and that they have slowly struck a sort of average, the whole bed being now a uniform full, soft, reddish pink. Varieties of corn also, it is said, strike an average of color ultimately. Of course, the process might be checked by the prompt elimination of all such flowers as seem to be hesitating in their views as to what color they would like to be, or are becoming heretically divergent from the parental creed.

STUDENT

Modern Science Confirms Faith in a Creative Power

LORD KELVIN, the great English physicist, has lately made some remarks on the relation between religion and science, which have attracted considerable attention. The London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in reporting these remarks, says:

Professor Henslow had stated that modern science neither affirms nor denies creative power in the origin of life. Lord Kelvin replied that science positively affirms creative power and makes everyone feel a miracle in himself. It was not in dead matter, he added, that men lived, moved and had their being, but in a creative and directive power, which science compelled them to accept as an article of belief. . . .

Lord Kelvin had put this incisive inquiry: "Is there anything so absurd as to believe a number of atoms by falling together of their own accord could make a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, or a living animal?" . . . "Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers which we saw around us grew by mere chemical force. He answered: 'No! no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces.' Every action of a human free will is a miracle to physical and chemical and mathematical science."

This is emphatic testimony from the foremost man of science in England respecting the creative mind as the only source of life. It differs widely from the scientific atheism of Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer, which was accepted a quarter of a century ago as the highest wisdom of the educated world.

Here and There Throughout the World

Remarkable Cave in Shasta County, Cal. THE *Examiner* of a recent date contains a summary of the operations which the University of California authorities are conducting in the Potter Creek cave, Shasta county. This cave is on McCloud River, 1500 feet above sea level. In 1878 the skull of an extinct bear was discovered in this cave, and further examination showed it to be singularly rich in treasures of this kind. For various reasons excavations were discontinued until recently, and we may now be satisfied that whatever of importance it may contain will not for long escape the vigilance which is being used. Already more than four thousand animal specimens have come to light, some of the bones being polished and painted, certain evidence that the cave was once used by man. Actual human remains, however, have not so far been found. Professor Merriam, in whose charge this work has been placed, says:

The report so far made is only partial, for the investigations are by no means complete. The work was undertaken for the purpose of discovering, if possible, what remains of early human habitation could be found in these districts.

Much work has been accomplished, but final results have not yet been obtained.

It will probably be a year before we are able to make a satisfactory final statement as to the results of our labors in these districts.

We began work about a year ago, in July, and investigations were diligently made as long as the weather permitted, until the rains drove us away. We have now resumed work, and the digging will go on until we have exhausted the possibilities of discovery or until winter drives us again from the mountains.

The animal remains which have so far been discovered vary much in character and include those of bears and of small rodents, as well as those of birds, snakes, tortoises and a few fishes. Those found on the higher levels are black, while those on the lower levels are white and brittle. Some considerable time must necessarily elapse before we are placed in possession of a detailed report of the work.

The Rapid Progress Made by Roumania. A CORRESPONDENT of the Newspaper Enterprise Association has been calling attention to the rapid progress made by Roumania during the last forty years. The Roumanians are one of the Romance peoples. The country was conquered and then peopled by two of the legions of Trajan. Then for hundreds of years it was the theatre of a succession of human hurricanes, Goths, Huns, Tartars, and finally Turks. But throughout the dark centuries of Turkish misrule it kept alive the unseen seeds of old Roman civilization. And when, forty years ago, it threw this off, those seeds sprouted quickly. Now, the cities are beautiful and the people, with their key-note set by their King and Queen (the latter known as "Carmen Sylva"), are acquiring a refined and graceful culture. If only the great powers, in their squalid and conscienceless ambitions and maneuverings, would agree to leave these little peoples alone, there would be less reason to dread the tumults of wars. For one would know that when the smoke had blown away, the light of culture and refinement and civilization would be seen to have been kept burning in these smaller nations. And because of that, whatever came, recovery from the coarse and devastating fever of war would be swifter and easier.

Michigan Legislator to Kill Weak Infants REPRESENTATIVE RODGERS of Muskegon, has introduced a skeleton measure providing for the killing by electricity of hopelessly feeble-minded children. Good! Let us get quickly out of sight the products of our own sins, "indiscretions," drunkenness, morphinism, child-immolation in factories, lust and selfishness. This is strictly characteristic of our day—the attempt to get rid of effects while maintaining causes. On this attempt rest nine-tenths of the receipts of every drug-store in the land. And who knows when a poor little feeble-minded child is "hopelessly" so?

Let Mr. Rodgers alter his bill into one for the close examination of the heredity and antecedents of all these children, and we may learn something.

Unknown Mammoth Unearthed in Egypt THE skull of a gigantic mammal, hitherto unknown to science, has been unearthed from the sands of Fayum, Egypt. It was described recently by E. Ray Laukester to the Paris Academy of Sciences, and the *Literary Digest* gives the following description:

The remains were found by officers in the service of the Egyptian geological survey. The name of *Arsinoitherium* has been proposed for the animal, after Queen Arsinoe, who had her palace near the region, now a desert, where the interesting fossil was discovered. The head is nearly a yard long. On the nasal region is found a double bony horn of enormous size. Near the eyes is also found a pair of smaller horns. At first sight the skull recalls that of the rhinoceros. But the resemblance is quite superficial, since the horns are solid, bony masses and the teeth have no resemblance to those of the rhinocerotides. Mr. Laukester is disposed to regard the *arsinoitherium* as descended from the primitive stock of the elephants.

Fashionable Dinner Parties in America THERE are some extraordinary ways of wasting time and energy. Here is an account of two fashionable dinner parties in America. In one of them a room in a restaurant was transformed into a rural scene, and thirty-two guests on horseback assembled in the center. Dinner was served to them on tables attached to their saddles. In the other case, an enterprising club furnished a novel sensation in the form of a five-course dinner of which each course was eaten in a different house. What do these people suppose to be the purpose of life? And whilst they thus fool, thousands die of starvation, millions send up an unuttered cry for help, and there are wars and the gathering clouds of coming war. Nero playing whilst Rome burned was a symbol not yet out of date.

A Street Directory from Ancient Egypt THERE is no new thing under the sun, and there is hardly a week which does not bring its own evidences that what we call modern civilization is indeed very ancient.

Among the papyri, which have recently been unearthed at Fayum in Egypt, is a street directory of the City of Arsinoe, which is strangely like the directories of the present day. Here, for instance, are the names of some of the principal streets: School Street, Lower Street, West Street, Church Street, King Street and Emperor's Square. . . . Piece by piece, as we reconstruct the civilizations of the past, we find ourselves living again the lives which were lived long ago, and a curious sense of kinship arises in our mind, a sense of relationship with an antiquity which is yet so modern and so new.

Singular Equestrian Statue in Belgium VERY warlike is the aspect of a singular equestrian statue in Belgium, yet there is no cause for alarm, since it is nothing but a tree. Some ten years ago a police officer retired from the force and went to live near Charleroi. Being an amateur horticulturist, he busied himself a good deal with trees and flowers, and one day, as he was trimming a hawthorn in his garden, it occurred to him that it would be a novel idea to train it in such a manner that it would eventually assume the figure of a cavalry officer. At once he went to work, and after ten-years labor he succeeded in transforming the tree into a perfect picture of a mounted soldier. The tree is known in the neighborhood as "General Hawthorn," and hardly a day passes that strangers do not come from a considerable distance in order to view this wonderful example of horticultural art.

Lions Like Pet Cats at Margate, England WITH animals, as with human beings, even the most savage can be tamed and made peaceable and happy if taken in hand at a sufficiently tender age. A resident of Margate, England, keeps a houseful of young lions, which play with his children and jump into the laps of visitors. Their behavior is as quiet and respectable as that of the ordinary cat. Even when full-grown, though not allowed off the chain, they manifest no dangerous tendencies.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The men who wrote the constitution of the United States were far from ordinary souls. The full spirituality which they embodied in it will become more apparent every day, and our children's children will hold it more sacredly than we. — KATHERINE TINGLEY

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: It was more than a hun-

A New Declaration of Independence

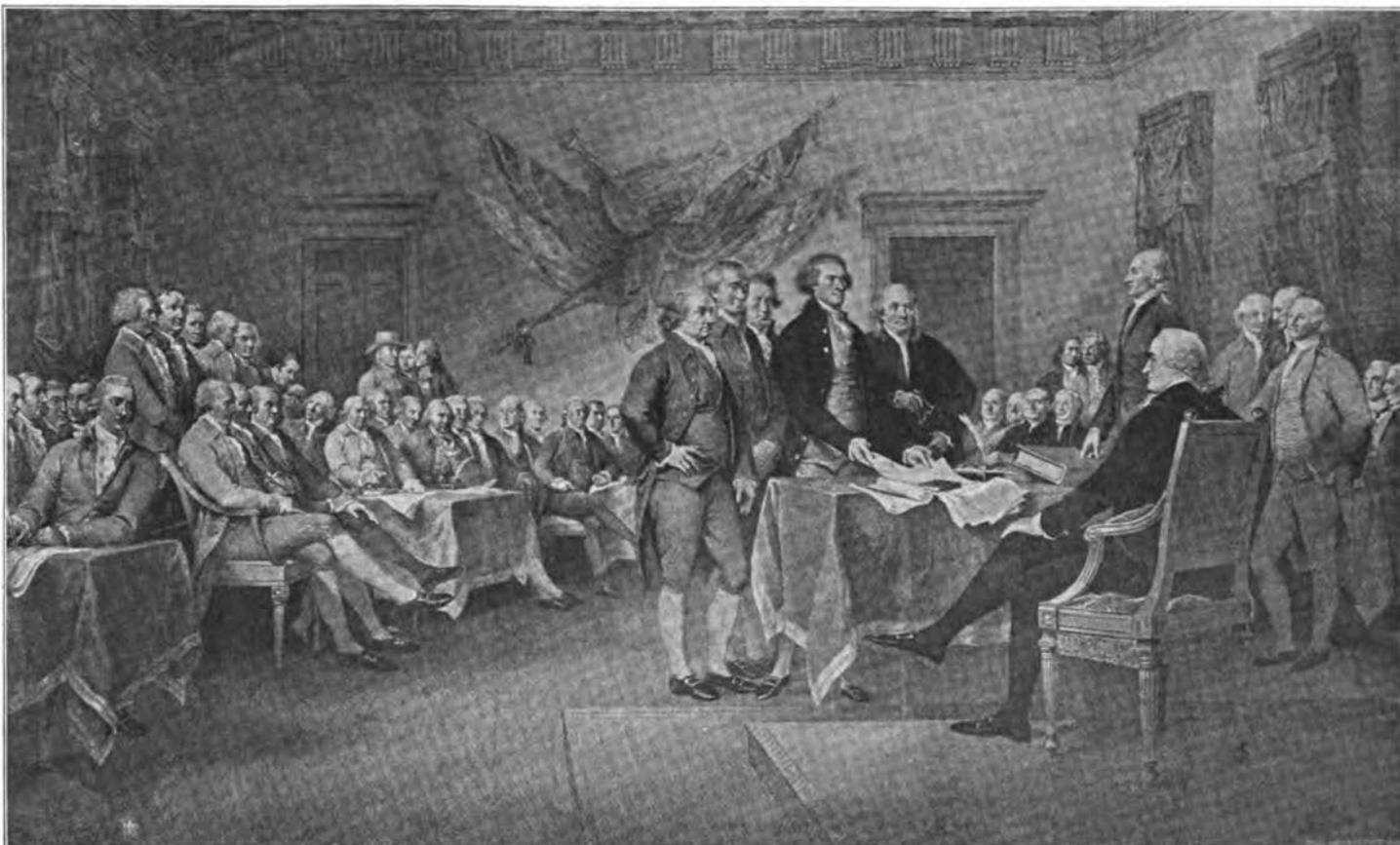
lives and shutting out the sunshine—just as our forefathers declared themselves

dred years ago that a few brave men met together and signed the Declaration of Independence. That was on August 2d, 1776. It had been formally adopted July 4th of the same year. By it the United Colonies became the United States, a free and independent nation. The Declaration of Independence was Thomas Paine's idea. Others may have thought about it, but it was he who first actually advocated in his writings this extreme step. And some historian has said that Paine did as much for our nation during the revolutionary war, with his pen, as Washington did with his sword.

However that may be, in a very few months after Paine's pamphlet was published, Thomas Jefferson drew up that marvelous document which

"free and independent" of that stupid tyrant, King George? None of us is free yet, in the real true sense, and yet how every noble-hearted boy and girl would like to be. Something in our hearts tells us that we will never be really happy until we are free, and yet—we haven't quite the courage! For it takes real courage to fight down "temper" and indolence and selfishness and envy and heedlessness and conceit and—oh, there are so many of these tyrants that are ruling us! Did you ever stop to think of it? We are very much like a nation in ourselves, part of us courageous and true, another part cowardly, another part wise, and still another part of our nature foolish. And all that is foolish and unwise and mean in our nature plays tyrant with a will over the higher part, or

Signing the Declaration of Independence



Adopted on July 4th in the year 1776

will inspire true hearts as long as the world stands. It was referred to congress for consideration and, after the making of a few slight changes, was adopted.

Was everything easy then? By no means. Everything became very much harder for a time, and the people well knew they must pass through battle after battle, or this Declaration of Independence would be of no more value than a bit of paper or a lazy man's opinion. So there were battles—victories and defeats. How dark it looked at times! But at last the great victory came, the enemies were driven out, and we were free. Year after year, as July 4th comes, we celebrate the adoption of that sacred ideal known as the Declaration of Independence. Some celebrate in one way, some in another; and there are many celebrations which leave the people sorry afterwards, so it is plain enough they are not the wisest. And do those people who are satisfied just to play with fire-crackers really appreciate the greatness of our victory? I think not.

What do you say, Comrades? Why not celebrate this year's Independence Day in quite a new way? Why not have another Declaration of Independence of an entirely new kind? Why not declare ourselves "free and independent" of the tyrants that creep into our hearts, spoiling our

tries to. That is exactly why we have "such a time of it," and why "things go wrong" so often.

Now, isn't it absurd that a fine, brave boy—or any kind of a boy—should allow himself to be governed by the very part of his nature that he despises? Isn't it queer? Let's stop it. Let's draw up a Declaration of Independence right away. Yesterday was July 4th, and now is just the right time. Let's declare ourselves free of the particular tyrant ruling over us. Each one of us knows what it is. And then let's not think that that is the end of the matter. It is only the beginning. We will have battles to fight and battles and battles with all those dark, ugly things that sometimes will creep into our hearts. But what glorious battles they will be! Even our defeats may be turned into victories if we only keep on trying. If we only don't give up, after awhile these tyrants will be driven out completely, the whole territory will be ours and we will be masters of every part of our natures.

So it will never do to be discouraged. Do you remember how many defeats Washington had? *But he didn't give up.* That was part of the great secret of his final victory, and the other part was that he was in the right. Think it out for yourselves, boys and girls! **UNCLE FRED**

Students'



Path

What Do You Build?

Now, if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.—*First Corinthians, iii, 12-13*

YOU build them well and you build them high—

These marble and granite piles;
Your pointed towers salute the sky
With turrets and gleaming tiles.
Your arches leap till they meet in space
And leap till they meet again,
You build with power and build with grace—
But where are you building, men?

Your halls and temples are proudly raised,
And firmly and nobly planned;
What wonder, then, that we stand amazed?
You build with a lavish hand.
You build completely, with art sublime—
A theme for a subtler pen
To bound and balance in coming time—
But where are you building, men?

You dig your trenches and build your walls
And rear to your lasting fame
The massive pillars and stately halls,
And carve on the gates your name.
All groined and windowed and roofed and carved
With all in the builder's ken
A splendid thing you have thus achieved—
But where are you building, men?

You build the structures to house your pride
The girder and post you raise,
You make them high and you make them wide—
But what of the coming days?
Who builds the courage of mind and heart
And soul, that will help us then?
You build with cunning in every part—
But where are you building, men?—*Chicago Tribune*

Dante

THE world's immortals appear to us to be great because they come, so to speak, out of place, out of time, out of order, though here and there the rightful precedent of a far future age is given to us that we may know our own possibilities and the more manfully strive towards them. To such as they, come necessarily the pain of being misunderstood, the loneliness of isolation, the distress of speaking in a tongue not understood by those among whom they live. And for long after their death men gaze upon their work with wonder and, if they be wise, with awe.

The sign of a nation's progress is sometimes a dawning comprehension of the great ones who are dead. Not altogether is it a reproach that humanity has so often martyred before it has canonized. The sublime martyr who said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," spoke in the name of all those who have been despised and hunted by men who "know not what they do," and that penitence follows, even tardily, is surely counted unto them for righteousness. And so, age by age, the world sits humbly at the feet of its martyrs who, though dead, yet speak and speak now in a language which we can understand.

For centuries the world has looked upon Dante Alighieri as now we look upon the undeciphered hieroglyphics which embalm an unknown wisdom. It will be one of the glories of the new thought to read aright the mystery of this man, but it will be done by arising to his level and not by dragging him down to ours. Slowly we are being forced to recognize that the inspiration, the genius, of which he was so splendid an example, is knowledge of things about which we can only speculate, actual

visions of truths for which we are groping in the dark. Genius is not an extension of the faculties which we use in daily life any more than sight is an extension of hearing and of touch. Genius is a direct knowledge which reaches us outside, above and beyond all normal capacity. It is as the bestowal of sight upon one who was born blind.

And so when Dante wrote his *Divine Comedy* he wrote no mere figment of fancy but of the things which he knew and had seen, of the things which he himself had suffered and of the bliss which he had tasted. In that world of all the realities, unseen by us, but which it was given unto him to enter, he had seen the forces which we have learned to call the animal forces in man, working their torture upon the soul which they had deceived and then enslaved. He saw envy, and greed and hate, the monsters of our own creation, alive with the terrible life which we give to them, frightful in the tenacity with which we ourselves have endowed them. Was that a dream? Then, too, is our daily life a dream, and where is the one among us who has not stooped into that dark, tremendous sea of passion and come forth with its stain upon heart and mind? Can any generated force be lost until it is exhausted, and shall not these things also pass across the shining river of death, shall they not await us upon all shores until the debt be paid, the dark chain loosed?

Surely, if Dante had any message for mankind it were well for us to read that message, and having read it aright it will leave no doubt and no perplexity. The words which come from the fire awaken the fire, and the speech which comes from light, travels by light and kindles the light. By that light we shall look straight upon the mystery of ourselves and we shall know that we fill heaven and earth and the waters under the earth. We shall know that by our thoughts we can make a stairway to the stars or we can summon from the abyss the dark forces which will walk hatefully by our side, until we weary of them and starve them into servitude. What else has Dante done than paint for us the picture of our hearts, with the glory above us and the abyss below, and Beatrice, with tender voice beseeching and tender hands outheld? It is the message of the soul which he has given unto us, the soul which has been despised and rejected of men, the soul which speaks exultingly to the ages, "Behold, I call all men unto me."

STUDENT

SHALL I to any mortal stand confessed?

My deeds are mine! their heritage as due behest!
How then can Heaven give fruit, or man stone?

Singly I win the goal! repairment made by me alone!—STUDENT

The Mystery of Sleep

WHEN the real nature of sleep and dreams shall receive the attention which it deserves we shall find it worth our while to collect and examine some of the testimony which has been so liberally furnished by many eminent men. At present our method of study consists rather in making a mold of our theories and selecting only those facts which will fit into it. All other facts are either disregarded or pronounced to be untrue.

Sir Thomas Browne, whose experiences are at least as worthy of attention as the ill-considered theories of our mental experts, tells us that if it were possible he would prefer to carry on all his studies in the sleeping state, as his mind was then so much more clear than at any other time.

Condillac has testified to the fact that, being sometimes compelled to leave a chapter of his great work, *A Course of Studies*, unfinished on retiring at night, he was accustomed to find the chapter concluded in his mind upon awaking. These are but two illustrations from a very great number which are available, and which would throw a strong light upon what has been aptly called The Mystery of Sleep.

STUDENT

From Chiron the Centaur

IF THY horse hath a prouder, braver spirit than thine own, seek for him another master and for thyself another horse, for it grieves the gods to see a great nature ruled by a lesser. In like manner, if thy horse be of a drudging nature and not fit for the field, get thee another, that thou mayst have a worthy companion in thy deeds.

BY WHAT authority dost thou so cruelly beat that horse? He hath offended thee? Indeed, and what then; hast thou never offended him? He was, like thyself, created by Zeus and sent to thee for instruction. Is this thy teaching? Thou shalt indeed regret it in that day when he applies it to thyself, for his strength is greater than thine. And if thou escape his rage how shalt thou say to Zeus, "I taught my brother to be a worse brute than he was made?"

Captain of the Soul

by E. DENNING

OUT of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.
 In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud;
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody but unbowed;
 It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate,
 I am the captain of my soul.—*Selected*

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question In the Students' Column in the issue of Vol. vi, No. 24, of the NEW CENTURY PATH, the statement is made to the effect that Karma may be modified. Would not this be an interference with Karma, and is it not possible that through our desire to help others we might interfere seriously with their Karma and hinder their progress?

Answer The term Karma is used in two senses: (1), as the Law governing all action, the law of cause and effect, of harmony and balance; (2), as the sum total of our acts and their effects, or the harvest of these which we are now reaping or which still awaits us. So far as the first is concerned, it is manifestly impossible to change or modify the law, for it would cease to be law if it could be set aside or changed. But we can help or hinder the *execution* of the law, we can work with it towards its fulfilment or we can work against it.

Taking the second meaning it must also be clear that every new act must change the sum total of all our acts, for no act is isolated but stands related to all former acts and to life as a whole. We cannot change or modify the law, but we can change or modify that upon which the law works, we can provide new material for it, new factors through which it can operate. For the universe is not a machine, a dead mechanical contrivance, nor is it in any sense fortuitous, but is living, conscious, made up of living, conscious beings, each partaking of its life, each according to the measure of its consciousness, bringing forth into manifestation something of the unmanifested divine life. Existence is thus ever an unfolding and it rests upon ourselves as to how far it is the product simply of the past, or also of that which lies within awaiting manifestation.

This ever new factor must therefore continually change and modify our Karma, and it also makes it possible to extend aid to others, or on the other hand, being neglected, or misused, to place obstacles in our path and that of others.

As an illustration, consider how in music discords may, by the introduction of other notes and chords, be resolved into beautiful harmonies. The discords considered separately are still there and thus in one sense have not been interfered with, but the total effect is now harmony and music, where formerly only discord prevailed. And have we not the same power in life, can we not, by working in harmony with the Higher Law, set in motion new causes and so resolve the discords of our life into harmonies and, too, help others to do the same? We do not alter the past or prevent the law from bringing to us the due effects of that past, yet we may transform our reaping from a curse to a blessing—or if we will not use our divine power of will and choice rightly, we may change our blessings into curses.

Thus, in this sense, it is possible to interfere "seriously" with both one's own Karma and that of others. The whole of experience proves this, and without it progress would be impossible. It is our duty, our divine privilege to interfere and take a conscious part in life, to see to it that new causes are set into motion which will change the Karma of the world and bring joy and purity into all departments of life where now sorrow and wretchedness and vice so widely abound. But in another sense this is not interference at all and I do not think the term is a correct one to use in this connection, for even the new causes mentioned came from the seed of the divine in our nature and are only the working out of our higher nature, while throughout all and over all is law—the

never failing Law of Karma. In connection with this, the following written by William Q. Judge, in answer to a similar question, is most valuable:

[This question] has been raised in several places, and is due to a slight misconception of what Karma is, and also as to our position as men in the whole natural scheme, whether as judges or executors. If Karma were something about each man which we could plainly see as, for instance, if each one of us had written upon him what was his Karma and what punishments or rewards should or should not be meted out to him, then it would be easy of one to say in any particular case what one should do in the premises. But such a state of things does not prevail. No one of us knows the Karma that is coming to another or to himself, and it is only when events have arrived that we know. For each event, small and great, is Karma, and the result of it as well as the maker of new, since this great law is action and the results of action. Hence, even if we knew the coming of Karma or that which is due and should then decide, "I will help this person although I know it will interfere with Karma," acting accordingly, we could not interfere in the least, because it would still be Karma. This is an absurdity, but it is just the absurdity of those who talk of interfering with Karma. We cannot interfere with it, for it is beyond our power, and we are, indeed, the very instruments it uses to carry out the decrees we have ourselves been the means of passing. . . . The law is strong and no being, god or devil or man, can interfere with it. Any attempt to "interfere" is merely new Karma carrying out that seed of Karma already sown, no matter how many ages or years ago. But, still further, it seems to me that if we assume to decide what we shall do, out of fear that our brother may not be sufficiently punished, we not only lay up wrath against ourselves, but at the same time set the germs in our own character, which will sprout in selfishness and pain. We need not fear that Karma will not do justice. It often does it by offering to us a chance to help another, and, if we stand aside, it will at another day give us the punishment for our selfishness and arrogance.

The Light of Drudgery

NARROW, uneventful drudgery, useless to themselves or the world—that is the way in which mayhap most people would describe their lives if they were driven to it.

They find themselves being urged to live nobly and they naturally look to see what material there is to do it with.

On occasion there rises in them the impulse to serve humanity, to do something worthy, and to do it worthily. And they fail to see how the endless chain of what look like trumpery duties can answer to that wish.

Now with regard to a great mass of duties it is true that it does not matter *absolutely* how they are done. Custom rules; the moral law has nothing to say about it. It is equally moral to put the tables about the wall and the chairs in the middle or to have the table in the middle and the chairs against the wall. What can you do for humanity, either way? How is a noble life to be lived in continual doings such as that? What is the import of them? There might be import in the deeds of a great statesman, thinker or even man of science: but *these things*—?

Well; the import of all things and processes is that human character and soul is evolved by and through them. That is the whole of the matter.

Work, then, with that. Seize the commonplaces, the drudgeries; go down into the details of chairs and tables and all things else that come up in life. And being among them, so do them that whilst they are done perfectly or according to trivial fashion—they shall not hinder you from keeping your soul high and sweet and radiant and full of aspiration and inspiration and thought.

In due time you will find out *why* you had to spend your years in all that. The service you have done humanity is to *create yourself*, strong, serene, *in* but not *of* trivialities. Your gift to humanity is yourself, *now* worth having. You, as you now are, was what nature wanted; the only way to get you *so*, was through the trivialities.

Suppose you die in them? Well; there has passed to the other field a worker trained and ennobled and strengthened in this one. May not such be wanted there—*must* they not be wanted?

Every act done in this right spirit is a service of humanity, a gift. And it may well be—it can not indeed be otherwise—that *such* acts loom as large in the view of God as the showiest thing the most strenuous statesman or soldier ever did. Also, the spirit of them shall be part of the inspiration of all the divinely inspired of times to come.

"Narrow?" "Uneventful?" "Useless?" Away with the words!
 H.

"Do you say your prayers every night, Robbie?" "No; some nights I don't want anything."

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Meteorological Table for the week ending June the 27th, 1903

JUNE	BAROM	THERMOMETERS				RAIN	WIND	
	ETER	MAX	MIN	DRY	WET	FALL	DIR	VEL
21	29.708	68	58	61	60	.00	SE	4
22	29.700	69	59	62	61	.00	SW	11
23	29.686	66	58	61	61	.00	SE	6
24	29.618	68	59	61	61	.00	SW	2
25	29.664	67	59	62	62	.00	W	2
26	29.748	67	60	62	62	.00	W	5
27	29.690	69	59	63	63	.00	NW	7

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Progress Must Dignify

America is still a young country, but she has grown quickly, and attained maturity more rapidly than any other in the history of the world, and with comparative age there must arise a sedateness and dignity which will overcome and sweep away all youthful exuberance. The influence of women in America has directed and developed much of the social evolution which has changed the aspect of life in the Old World during the last fifty years. Now the men of America are beginning to emerge from the position which they have hitherto occupied, and are in their turn becoming as powerful in their own vocation as their womenkind have been. They will not, however, adapt themselves or assimilate things as quickly as the women, for they are more diffident, shy and less indifferent to public opinion. The magnitude of their work has not given them time to realize that they may be in the world and yet not of it—for the effect of the life they are to lead must necessarily prevent their having that perfect view of life that others less occupied have acquired. It may be that the changes which have effected the new world, as well as the old, will not have so potent an influence on the men of today as on the younger generation. There are many influences at work which will affect them that never appealed to their fathers, and which their training and life prevented from so doing—but leisure, sport and politics must undoubtedly modify and alter the American character. The restlessness so distinctively an American characteristic, will have spent itself, the race for wealth will have been won, and as the country grows older, and its characteristics change, the claims of other interests and occupations will assert themselves.

Culture will spread and cease to be the monopoly of a small section, and will absorb the superabundant energy of the people, and direct it into channels which will give it an opportunity of developing their higher and more intellectual qualities.—Lady Jeune in *Collier's Weekly*

A Tender Hearted Dog

A sick dog took up his abode in a field behind our house, and after seeing the poor thing lying there for some time I took it food and milk and water. The next day it was still there, and when I was going out to feed it I saw that a small pug was running about it, so I took a whip out with me to drive it away. The pug planted itself between me and the sick dog and barked at me savagely, but at last I drove it away and again gave food and milk and water to my sick protege.

The little pug watched me for a few moments, and as soon as he felt quite assured that my intentions toward the sick dog were friendly, it ran to me wagging its tail, leaped up to my shoulder and licked my face and hands, nor would it touch the water till the invalid had taken all it wanted. I suppose that it was satisfied that its companion was in good hands, for it trotted happily away and did not appear upon the scene again.—Correspondence London *Spectator*

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A REMARKABLE CAVE

United States Embassy Employe Has a Startling Experience

Colonel Key, the noted official translator of the United States embassy in the city of Mexico, and who is also the grandson of the author of the *Star Spangled Banner*, has just revealed a most remarkable tale of discovery, made during the course of his recent visit to Cuernavaca. Mr. Key does not attempt to treat the matter from the standpoint of a professional archeologist, says the *Mexican Herald*, but tells the story that people who may be interested can form their own ideas:

"It was the last day of our visit around and about Cuernavaca, where we had gone to examine certain deposits, when an Indian came to us, and said through the mining engineer who acted as our interpreter:

"Would the gentlemen like to see a cave?"

"Of course we said that we would, whereupon the Indian said that for ten dollars he would show us the way to a cave which was very large and in which were many images.

"The archeologist at once objected to this. He said that the Indian was a fakir, and that if he had found any images he would have sold them long ago. However, the Indian insisted that he was telling the truth. After some consideration the party decided to pay the sum demanded and to explore the cave.

"He led us to one of the numerous spurs which descend from the mountains to the Cuernavaca valley. Led by the Indian we walked about five miles and then began the ascent of one of the foothills. Arriving about five hundred feet above the level of the valley, after an abrupt turn, we entered into what is called a *barranca*, or ravine, the sides of which were almost perpendicular. This ravine was evidently the result of some seismic convulsion, appearing to be a great split made in some remote time when nature in her grandest moods saw fit to work her changes on the face of the earth. Ascending the narrow gorge we reached a place where there seemed to be no way of any further progress. Here the Indian stopped and with a significant wave of his hand pointed to a small clump of bushes growing at the foot of a trickle of water which descends from the cleft of the mountain.

"Allá está Señores," he said.

"We were all agog and hastened to explore the clump. After passing through the heavy brush we found the opening of a cave. We had brought a sufficient quantity of ocote (resinous wood) to furnish torches for the exploration. After some difficulty we found our way to the entrance of the cave, the trouble being on account of the heavy growth of brush. Once inside we experienced no further difficulty. The entrance is almost circular, about four feet in width and five feet in height. There was no evidence of there having been any artificial means of enlarging the entrance. The whole formation was volcanic. The walls of the tunnel through which we entered were of pure lava, evidently the result of a volcanic blast which had thus made its way out of the mountain. We followed this tunnel for about three hundred feet at which point we reached a chamber in the form of a dome of about 1,400 feet high, and perfectly symmetrical. The light of our torches hardly reached the grand apex of the roof of the imposing circumambient above us. The grandeur of the surroundings held us in awe, and it was not until after some moments of reverence for the great revelation of the wonders of nature displayed in her innermost efforts that we began to look around and to examine carefully what there was about us. What was our surprise to find many vessels of earthenware in a perfect state of preservation, many of them resembling in a striking manner the Etrurian style, groups, in relief, exhibiting many of their manners and customs, appearing on the vessels. For instance, there is depicted on a vase almost the whole of a village fes-

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tival. The musicians playing on stringed instruments, resembling to a certain extent, the ancient harp, and a procession of drunken dancers in the style of the Bacchantes of old.

"The walls of the cave are covered not only with inscriptions but with figures much in the same style as those of Yucatan and Central America, of which Stevens has given facsimiles in his admirable works on those subjects. While the figures of the gods, or whatever they are, and inscriptions, resemble those copied by Stevens, there are also inscriptions which appeared to our archeologist to resemble, but not exactly, those of the Cupic characters. There were also some inscriptions so far as we could determine, something between the Chinese and the Arabic. In the rear part of the cave there were three gigantic statues, each with three heads and six arms. In each of the six hands of each is a spear with a double barbed point."

The Elephants in Ancient History

The word used both in Assyrian and in Hebrew for elephant is habba, which survives to the present day in the vernacular of the Malabar coast and of Ceylon as the name of the Indian elephant. This is usually regarded as conclusively showing that Solomon must have traded with India, but the curious fact remains that the Egyptian name of the elephant is ab or abu, which appears to be the same word. In like manner the Hebrew word for the apes which Solomon's traders brought from the east, is koph, which has been compared with the Tamil name for the monkey. It also occurs in the Sanskrit as kapi, and was adopted by the Greeks as kepos or kebos and by the Latins as cepus, but here also we are confronted by the fact that the Egyptian word for ape is similar.

Possibly the African elephant was not known till later times in Egypt and hence received an Asiatic name, as did the horse and camel. To the Assyrians both the two humped bactrian and the single humped Arab camel were well known, and the former may have already been used by traders in Asia Minor, where it is still found.

Founded on a Rock

A traveler from New Mexico was telling the other night of the wonders of that country.

"You have all heard the advice about building on a rock, I suppose," said he. "Well, to see that junction carried out to the letter you should visit the Acoma Indians. Their pueblo is built on a mesa rising 300 feet from a comparatively level stretch.

"They tell a funny story about how they came to land on the top of such a huge rock. It seems that they were formerly located on another rock, and one day when they were all out working along came a great rainstorm and wiped off the map the only path leading up to their rock city. Well, there was nothing for it but to hunt up another rock, and they took a life lease of their present location.

"It's a picturesque place when one gets up there. The houses are built of adobe, and one has to get out of doors to get upstairs. You see, they have a ladder up which they climb to get into the second story.

"They have ways of their own of cooking. They grind their flour in a trough with stones. They grind the wheat as a woman washes clothes and spread it to dry on an old shawl. That part of it may look simple, but I tell you it takes some skill to spread a thin batter over a redhot soapstone as they do when baking. When it is done, they take hold of one corner and lift it off as one would a porous plaster.

"But those people are past masters in the art of making pottery. They have been at it for years and turn out some beautifully colored water jars, bowls and such things. Altogether they are a picturesque people.

Japanese Proverbs

The Japanese do not expect to gather grapes from thorns or figs of thistles, but they phrase our thoughts somewhat differently. They say, "The spawn of frogs will become nothing but frogs."

We have a saying, "Despise not the day of small things." Their "Famous swords are made of iron scrapings," is much more picturesque.

The idea of our "All lay the load on the willing horse," they express by "Those who know the ropes do most of the hauling." While our commonplace "Out of evil good may come," finds with them a fine poetical expression in "The lotus springs from the mud," and in point of poignancy our "Adding insult to injury," is vastly inferior to their "Rubbing salt on a sore."

The Japanese have some really fine sayings worthy of universal acceptance, such as "Thine own heart makes the world," or "The poet at home sees the entire universe," or "The throne of the god is on the brow of a righteous man."

Their nice observance of manners is evidenced by sayings such as "Excess of politeness becomes impoliteness," their national suspiciousness in the like of "Don't trust a pigeon to carry grain," and the handy man's abhorrence of a bungler, finds expression in numerous quips such as "Learning to swim in a field," or "Scratching the foot with the shoe on."—*Selected*

Knew That Didn't Pay

Mrs. Woodby Ruyter—What does your husband do for a living?

Mrs. Kautton (haughtily)—He's an author.

Mrs. Woodby Ruyter—I know; so is mine. But, I say, what does your husband do for a living?—*Press*

An effort is to be made to save the African elephant from the extinction which threatens him. Belgium, and the other countries concerned, have come to an agreement by which this splendid animal will be protected from the indiscriminate slaughter which is usually the fate of animals so unfortunate as to be profitable.

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New Century Path

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Convincing Force of Contrast

TO every humanitarian philosopher, to every reformer, who pays the price of pain which the world un-faillingly exacts from those who truly serve it, must come some perception of the Law of Compensation to strengthen brain and heart and hand. It is one of the deeper realities of life, which come only to those who need them, to those whose minds have become translucent through compassion and through suffering. From it comes the force which builds up by the semblances of failure, which makes all things work together for good, and which compels into service even the enmities and the hates which would destroy.

Having seen this, all discouragements ought to be forevermore impossible to us. Reliance upon the law is an invocation of the law and the

unseen mental attitude is the despot of events. Nature surrenders all powers upon demand. Pretending to rule, she secretly loves to be ruled and to obey.

All these things are taught us by the history of our Movement, a history of which every chapter opens with storm and closes with victory. In spite of our alarm and our consternation, often repeated and as often repented, has there been any darkness, any attack, any convulsion, of which we could afford to lose the memory and the result? Have they not all been woven into the pattern of success and in that great plan of victory do they not become even beautiful? The persecution of Madam Blavatsky, when all friends denied her, forsook her and fled, is today a corner-stone of the temple, and which one of us would forget or undo

The Value of Attacks upon Truth

the valiant isolation of Mr. Judge when, with his single hand he shook the iron doors of prejudice and folly? Over and over again the projectiles of destruction and hate have been hurled with crushing weight upon our work. Over and over again those very projectiles have lifted that work higher and higher into the sunlight, more and more clearly into the approving sight of men. The attack which was intended to annihilate, which has seemed as though it must succeed, has but produced the very investigation which we court, the public examination which has extended our work, and which has given to that work the support of the nation and of the world.

Contrast has lost none of its convincing force since the days when Divinity was crucified between two thieves. By the mutual proximity which conflict implies, vice becomes more hateful and virtue more glorious, and slander and malice label themselves by their own activities. When the attack is once made in public view even the most stupid must take sides, and there are very few in whom there is no lurking certainty that Right is also Might and that Truth will prevail against all fictitious odds and against the boastfulness of evil. Publicity in a rightful cause invokes the conscience of humanity. The invocation may seem to be tardy but the judgment comes at last, and from that verdict there is no appeal.

Upon the ideal path which Teachers and Leaders have laid down for our advance, there is no stain of self-seeking nor of pride. To faithfully follow that road is to compel the protection of all spiritual forces of progress which have never yet been conquered nor turned aside even though delayed by lack of human instruments. So long as we keep within our hearts the unveiled beauty of aspiration, we shall be rulers and masters over fate, we shall prevail against the darkneses which are so deep because the morning is so near.

STUDENT

Plato and Immortality

A CHICAGO paper has recently opened its columns to a discussion between Agnosticism and Christianity. With this we have nothing to do, except to marvel at the fact that there seem to be no two Agnostics and no two Christians who can give the same definition of their belief. Argument becomes therefore a little tangled. Among many strange, fantastic and ignorant statements upon both sides we observe a startling attack upon Plato for having concocted the theory of the immortality of the soul. The writer says:

Ever since that mischievous doctrine was concocted by the heathen philosopher there has been no end of trouble it has caused.

There is a tendency in the human mind to think that its own particular tenets are the normal and natural ones, and that all others are departures from the normal and have been concocted or invented. If in this matter there is any invention at all, any departure from the normal and universal belief, it is the denial of immortality to the soul, and not its affirmation. So far as record, myth or tradition can carry us, there has never been a time when the immortality of the soul has been other than a self-evident fact. The age is overweighted with its own intellectual self-importance, the pride that goeth before a fall, but an effort to trace the origin of a belief in human immortality will be just as fruitless as an inquiry into the beginnings of a belief in sunshine. X.

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week presents another famous view of Irish scenery, the view of Killarney's lake region as seen from the Lake Hotel.

Responsibilities and Pleasures

THE President of Brown University has taken advantage of his baccalaureate sermon to remind the students of some of the obligations and responsibilities which await them in the world. The reports state that his sermon produced a sensation, and it is easy to believe that it did. It will have done much if it has convinced even a small number of those who heard it that the life before them is something more than a pleasure garden, and that there are duties and responsibilities which will not forever be denied.

The author of this remarkable sermon said, among much else:

The man who has no wish to serve his fellows, but only to use them, has no moral right to be here. He is anti-Christian and has no moral right to live.

We believe that Dr. Max Nordau recently gave exactly this definition of a criminal, as one who seeks to use others for his own ends. It is a hard saying, but one worthy of consideration. The president continues:

We see a rapidly growing class in America who are tempted to interpret life as a series of rights without duties, and of pleasures without responsibilities.

He does well to believe that the existence of such a class is a danger to the nation. There is, however, another class which constitutes a yet greater danger to the community because it is far more numerous. We mean the class which is not in a material condition to live their lives from this point of view but who yet would like to do so, who exist in the hope of being able to do so and who thus keep alive an ideal so false and so degraded.

For this state of things we can see but small remedy unless it be presently found possible to create a widespread and nationally representative sentiment that wealth brings duties as well as pleasures, and that it is both dishonorable and disgraceful to neglect those duties. The economical laws which govern a community are, after all, simple and easy to understand, inasmuch as they are based upon the ethics which are comprehended by the whole human race, however much they may be neglected. He who puts so much as a piece of bread into his mouth without the desire to pay for it by an equivalent in work, has robbed his brother and is a thief. This is a matter of common sense and of common honesty, and nothing more. We get by giving, and he who gets in any other way pays the penalty. We may deceive our victims, we may even deceive ourselves, by our verbal juggleries, but we do not deceive God. The president says:

But the worthy college man goes forth into the world in order to help and to ennoble it.

How bright would be the outlook if all college men were thus worthy, if we could but see them pouring out into the world in their thousands, with the determination to establish there in their reality the dreams which are born of youth and of pure devotion.

STUDENT

"Degeneration" Out of Fashion

A WRITER in the *Musical Courier* recalls the great vogue of Max Nordau's book on *Degeneration*, and of the numerous writings on the insanity of genius which it provoked. This popularity he attributes to the fact that the public likes dogma, and avoids logic, and that the public has no genius and is jealous of those who have.

But he goes on to show that all attempts to prove by statistics that insanity or epilepsy, or any other disease or peculiarity, mental, moral, or physical, are characteristic of men of genius, failed. For there is no one of these traits which does not exist equally among other kinds of men, such as men of business and men of leisure.

Moreover, he adds, what abnormality the men of genius had was not manifested in connection with their genius, but was merely part of their inherited lot as ordinary mortals. Their times of genius were their most sane times. Finally, he says:

To the writer of this column, it would seem that the only marked trait which distinguishes the man of genius from the "peepul" is—his genius.

A man of genius stands out prominent before public gaze, and everything from his hat to his shoes becomes visible. But the ordinary citizen has his peculiarities too—perhaps more and worse ones—only they do not show up. Thus fails an attempt to belittle the inspiration of the soul.

STUDENT

☞ Those who live for others have no time to think of their own tribulations.

Biological Morality

THE *Literary Digest* contains extracts from a review in the French magazine, *Cosmos*, of Prof. Elie Metchnikoff's book, *Studies of Human Nature: an Essay in Optimistic Philosophy*. In this book modern science is hailed as the future savior of the human race, an opinion which the reviewer does not share. Science is to deal successfully with our four enemies—our imperfect nature, disease, old age, and death. The imperfect nature the Professor attributes to our descent from the apes. He relies on progress, selection, the more complete adaptation of the creature to its environment, a more perfect knowledge of what is truly useful to him, to finally alleviate this imperfection. All but the last of this list of curative agencies are obviously abstractions. Progress is a moving forward, an improvement, not an inspiring spirit; selection is a word defining a process, not a moving force.

Of sickness we are told that science, especially microbiology, will soon master that; as it will also retard aging and postpone death by medical preservatives.

As the reviewer remarks, granting this accumulation of hypotheses to be valid, the solution of real problems of human life would still remain unfound. What kind of morality, he asks, can be based on these biological conceptions? "There remain moral miseries that cannot be suppressed, even if this dream should be realized."

However materialistic these biologists may be, they unconsciously admit the freedom and supremacy of the human intelligence by their very aspiration after reform. But the will and the intelligence should be brought to bear on the mind and moral nature, and then the body will improve. To seek human improvement with the lancet and microscope is a perversion of the natural procedure. In the laboratory we see the effects of human imperfection, not the causes. Biological morality cannot do much for the human race.

The Simplon Tunnel

THE engineers who are constructing the great Simplon tunnel which will connect Switzerland with Italy, have experienced a curious difficulty by the interference of water nearly at the boiling point. This water has been found to come from the top of the mountain and the friction caused by its percolation through the limestone beds causes it to be heated. At one time the heat was so intense that it was impossible to continue the work until the water had been drawn off through pipes. It flowed in such quantities that it was made to drive refrigerating plant and ventilation blowers. The water is also used for working the drills and boring machinery.

When it is finished the Simplon tunnel will be the longest in the world, being fourteen miles from end to end. The cost of building has been nearly one million dollars per mile.

STUDENT

Music of Life

THERE is a health of mind, a sweetness of soul, a music of the heart, which makes life a blessing, both for the individual and his comrades, and without which nothing can be made tolerable. A man thus endowed is content, for he has found and needs not to seek. A society thus endowed would be content, and all things would come to it without the strife of searching. But the music has died out of modern life, and the color has faded from the drab picture. To a healthy soul the "gayety" of frivolous pleasure, the heavy complacency of luxury, and the anxiety of struggle, seem equally morbid and undesirable. What a glorious thought to think we are helping to form an ever-spreading center of such healthy people, who strike the world with envious amaze wherever they go, and that the spirit of Brotherhood is generating other such centers all over the world.

STUDENT

☞ The wise teacher is most exacting with the best pupil.

☞ It requires a high order of courage to be persistently cheerful.

☞ He who does not allow a margin for contingencies is always in trouble.

☞ It is very interesting to contemplate the virtues one has, but more profitable to study those one has not.

☞ "Courtesy" and "courage" are both derived from the same root, that root signifying "heart"—the courteous man cannot be a coward.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

With Whom Rests the Responsibility?

A PROMINENT daily newspaper contains within the same column two news items which are becoming almost typical of the Twentieth century and which no longer attract more than a passing attention. The first item concerns a boy, ten years of age, who, absolutely without provocation, murdered a baby by burying it alive. Within a week he took away another baby intending to destroy it also, but was prevented from accomplishing his purpose. The second item relates how a boy of six deliberately drowned a boy of three under most cruel circumstances and in the presence of other children.

These are the bare facts without the unnecessary inclusion of a number of revolting details. In the latter case the child murderer was set at liberty as being too young to be responsible. We shall doubtless hear of him again.

If this boy is too young to be responsible, and no doubt he is, who then, is responsible? Someone is responsible, and it might be well to ascertain who that someone is. As a community we seem quite willing to believe that nature creates murderers occasionally, just by way of variety, and that all we can do is to fold our helpless hands and think about something else. It is not only evident that someone is responsible, but it is equally evident that a little investigation would show who it is.

It says much for the high forces in human nature that there are not more boy murderers. How many parents could we not find who have not even the moral intelligence to take care of a guinea pig? How many parents are there who will look on with tranquil indifference while their children stamp upon a beetle or kill a bird, or who will permit their children to see and to hear things which must surely become the seed of evil? Parents may sometimes be heard to describe an exhibition of cruel ferocity in a small child as "cute" and "cunning," but these are not the words which they will use when shame and sorrow overwhelm them for the disgrace of son or daughter in later life. Would that every city throughout the world possessed a center of light from which might go out an illumination upon such problems as these, problems so easy to solve, so appalling when unsolved.

STUDENT

Creed and Dogma & Intolerance

A STRANGE and wondrous thing is the struggle between orthodoxy and unorthodoxy, and sometimes a tragic and terrible thing. Many are the definitions of these terms and among them there may be room for another. May we not say that orthodoxy is the belief of the majority and unorthodoxy of the minority?

In eastern Europe of the present day we find that religious antagonism is a far stronger power for disintegration than a common persecution is for union. In Macedonia, which for so long has been ground under the iron heel of the Turk, the religious bitterness between Slav and Hellene, the followers of the Exarch and of the Patriarch, the schismatic and of the orthodox is so keen and so unrelenting as to make a union against the common tyrant almost impossible. Under no circumstances will the Greek speak to the Bulgar, nor the Bulgar have any relations with the Greek. Either will forget, in a moment, the long centuries of unspeakable Turkish oppression in detestation of each other, an abhorrence which has no other cause than an almost imperceptible difference of belief.

While we may perhaps smile at such puerile folly, we may also admit that even the most advanced and civilized nations of the world have yet to learn to how great an extent creed and dogma and the intolerance which springs from them are enemies to political and all other forms of liberty and how surely patriotism will wane and disappear at their approach. Religious dogma has a peculiar and fatal facility for making itself supreme in the human mind which harbors it. The adherents to crude religious dogma are in very many cases the potential enemies of their country.

STUDENT

When opportunity permits, the experiment of forgiving a slight or offense in a whole-souled way, you'll find the process so agreeable that you'll want to do it some more and on a bigger scale. Then, if you persist, the habit will become fixed. It's a more enjoyable one than any of the vices.

The Duty of Self-Government

IT has been said that ambition is a vice. It is truly a vice when it has for its object the aggrandizement of self. Yet there is a national ambition which is not a vice but a virtue, and that national ambition is made up of the will of the people that their nation shall be pure and just and merciful, both within and without its borders.

We say that we are a self-governing nation and that every unit among us is a part of the government of all. If we are a sovereign and a self-governing people, then the duties, the rights and the powers of sovereignty reside in each of us, and with these there is also the responsibility, not only for their misuse, but also for their non-use. This needs only to be stated to be accepted. It is self-evident; it cannot be denied. Let us then understand that responsibility is not a mere vague sentiment, but that it carries with it a summons to a tribunal which we can in no way evade, a tribunal before which all acts and omissions will be weighed. Is not that tribunal in permanent session, and the calamities which threaten to overwhelm us, wars and rumors of wars, sorrows and sins, and strife, are not these the execution of its verdicts?

The Responsibility of Citizenship

This nation is waiting to be governed. How long must it wait? It is waiting for its citizens to stand up in the glory of their lordship and to rule it. It is waiting for its men to become ambitious for it, ambitious to lay hold of the power of choice and of decision which the constitution has given to them. It is waiting for its men to be men, stern of purpose and resolute of will, men who will look out upon and recognize the evils which surround them in the land which is theirs, the land of which they are the lords and the masters and the rulers.

It is waiting for its men to lay hold of the sovereignty for which their fathers fought and died in thousands, and because they are a sovereign people to declare their will that the things which they know to be evil shall cease from their midst.

What scorn do we not measure out to him who sits supine, unacting, while vice invades his home; what condemnation does he not receive from conscience and from eternal law? Will not a greater scorn, a greater condemnation await the neglect of that larger home which is our country, over which every man among us has claimed and won the lordship and the sovereignty? Was our claim only for a name, or was it for a reality? Was it a title and a parchment for which we fought, or was it for the right to exercise a stern and mighty duty, the duty of self-government, the duty of saying what shall be and what shall not be within our realm? Surely this is not our mead of thanks to the mighty dead, that we turn our eyes away from their gift of freedom, that we allow the specter of wrong-doing to walk naked and unashamed within our midst, uninvited and unchallenged, and none among us daring to make it afraid.

How long must America wait for its rulers and its lords, for its men of good will who, in every city and town and village, will point with indignant protest to the intrusion of evil upon their free and fair domain? Surely those men are among us and their dream is well-nigh done. From east to west will flash the spark of recollection, the memory of high destiny, of aspiration that outshone the suns, of high and pure resolves which were placed, a sacred solemn charge, within our hands. Even though we slept awhile we have not forgotten, nor have we been eternally unfaithful. The stars which looked down upon camp and battlefield and grave have recorded the vow we took, even though they shuddered at the price we paid in blood and tears. Their whisper has been louder than the storm, their message has been a reminder and a promise. X.

LESLIE'S *Weekly* is responsible for the statement that about 80,000 new species of insects are named annually, and that it is estimated there are some ten million different kinds of insects known to science. Whatever the correct figures may be, it seems evident that nature cares little for classification. She creates an insect to suit each requirement, and the classifiers come afterwards. E.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Different Modes of Expression In Music

WHAT is "good" music? The answer is not so easy. Browning makes a poor organist thus apostrophize one of those writers of vast organ fugues which were once in fashion:

Forth and be judged, Master Hugues!
Answer the question I've put you so oft:
What do you mean by your mountainous fugues?

The organist examines one of these fugues, and finally says:

So your fugue broadens and thickens,
Greatens, and deepens and lengthens,
Till we exclaim: "But where's the music, the dickens?"

But yet it was "good" music; that is, correct in form, breaking no rules. It was also bad music, inasmuch as it did not express, nor awaken in the hearer, any state of feeling, except that of being bored. "Correct" or "scientific" would be the proper word for this sort of stuff, and it could be composed by a mechanic of sufficient ingenuity and training. Much music is what one would have to call *anæmic*. It has in it the blood of true feeling, but thin.

The setting is in excess of the contents sometimes, as perhaps in the case of Brahms, where the "intellectuality" exceeds the feeling. To that extent one is bored. Or as, say with Dussek, the frame is not excessive, but the feeling, though sustained, is thin throughout, and you have a quickly cloying sweetness. But people differ in the states of feeling possible to them. To some, Haydn or Donizetti is mere melody; they possess depths and heights of feeling that such composers never touch.

Others have natures that these and similar musicians fully express for them.

Then again one might classify musicians according to whether they express themselves. About Haydn, for example, one never has the feeling that there were depths in him that he could not express. His feeling went nicely and completely into his music. The opposite is true of Beethoven. The older he grew, the profounder became his feeling. And so, though his music became more and more, it fell more and more short of expressing his inner life.

He was always straining to get into intelligible sound the mystery of being. It is through feeling that we reach the Divine, not thought—feeling straining upward to its highest.

There is, of course, among musicians a difference in the *level* of the feeling, as distinct from its *intensity*. If one considers the music of Chopin, one will readily see that it is charged to the very utmost with feeling, strained with feeling. But it is hardly of the sort that, like Beethoven's, strains upward into the spiritual. Whatever the perfection of its beauty, of some of it at any rate, one could say that it is but transcendental sentimentality. Schumann is strong in feeling and perfect in expression, but hardly spiritual. Wagner expressed most things, and nothing more spiritual or intenser in its striving to express the inexpressible has ever been written than some of the *Parsifal* music.

On the whole, it would seem that we cannot usefully employ the adjective "good" to any music unless we qualify it. Some is good in form, some poor and incorrect. Of some the feeling is strong, of some thin; of some spiritual, sentimental, or what not. And the moment you have left the question of form, whose rules are fairly fixed and known, you are

on the ground of the infinitely disputable where only personal taste and personal evolution are the guides and where there must be as many opinions as judges. One can only say that there is much music which, while perfect in form and full of real feeling, is yet not necessarily "good" or desirable. For there is feeling which draws us down—at least not up—and which may have the most perfect and enthralling expression in music.

DESCANT

Art and Utility Should Walk Hand in Hand

THOSE critics who say that there is no art in America—and there are such—speak unjustly and without a knowledge of the conditions which deprive art of its rightful position but which can neither destroy it nor prevent its growth. Every nation which possesses the virile power to fight, possesses also the power of art, and the connection between war and art is perhaps closer than is usually understood. The

critics of American art would place themselves entirely in the right were they to complain that the beautiful has been crowded into a corner, that it is too much considered as a superfluity of life and that we have yet failed to understand that all work, all creation, has been deprived of half of its potential value unless it be also beautiful.

We pride ourselves upon our appreciation of value, but even here we have only learned the half, nor do we yet know that the man who creates a building without beauty has squandered his money and wasted his substance.

J. V. Van Pelt, Professor of Architecture at Cornell University, has at any rate made an effort toward architectural reform. It is barren and stony ground upon which he has cast his seed but some of it may none the less grow. He has written a book which he calls *A Discussion of Composition as Applied to Art*, a discussion from the standpoint of common sense, and so arranged and written as to command not only attention but a very willing assent. He suggests that there is no enmity between architectural convenience and beauty, and no necessary hostility between steel frames and cement fillings, on the one hand, and artistic design upon the other. Nor

should there be an alliance between economy and ugliness. The needs of the day can never be a bar to beauty, and if American commercial progress demands the use of steel frame buildings with cement fillings those buildings would be more useful if they were also beautiful and art would become the ally of utility.

American commercial architecture has surely a great and unique opportunity. It can make amends for what it has done amiss—and its architectural sins are great and manifold, and in thus making amends it can show us how art and commerce are willing to walk hand in hand and not as master and servant. Mr. Van Pelt's book has done something to this end.

STUDENT

THE perfection of an art consists in the employment of a comprehensive system of laws, commensurate to every purpose within its scope, but concealed from the eye of the spectator: and in the production of effects that seem to flow forth spontaneously, as though uncontrolled by their influence, and which are equally excellent, whether regarded individually, or in reference to the proposed result.—JOHN GOOD



TORO FARNESE IN THE MUSEUM AT NAPLES



"Great truths are portions of the soul of Man"

A Higher Step



An amazing standard of morals has just been revealed by one of the recent rulings of the War Department. It appears that a certain proportion of American soldiers, while stationed in the Philippines, contracted marriages there with native women. On leaving the Islands they left their wives behind, and probably considered those little accounts quite closed. But it was not so considered by these wives, strange to say, for nothing had been included in the marriage contract to warn them that it was to become null and void whenever their husbands should happen to be ordered "home." One had the courage to follow her husband across the Pacific and put in an appearance at a most inopportune moment. He was about to wed a young woman to whom he had become affianced before he left the United States. Something had to be done to adjust matters and this something was done forthwith by the War Department. According to its ruling, all Filipino marriages are valid and binding in the United States. Time was when women were reckoned as lawful spoils of war, and when they were portioned out to a drunken soldiery according to the dictum of the dice. That was not so many hundred years ago, and in Europe.

Within six months one of our newspapers has given an account of a battle between a detachment of Mexican soldiers and a band of Yaqui Indians, at the close of which "the women and children were driven by the soldiers to a canyon at some distance, etc." If you make inquiry as to the paternity of the thousands of illegitimate children born yearly in the great Maternity Hospitals of Europe you will be told, "It is the result of our maintaining a standing army." And now the ruling of our own War Department brings the same problem before us in another form. The woman question has not yet been solved, evidently.

It is stated that the number of officers who contracted marriages with

native wives in the Philippines is not small, and that consternation prevails in many quarters since the recent ruling. The situation is, indeed, curious and points to a condition of conscience that would absolutely mean the ruin of any nation tolerating it in its citizens. Why did these men marry Filipino women, in the first place? Were they entering into a comradeship that was pure and high? Were they seeking intellectual companionship? Was marriage to them a high ideal or a low convenience? And what about the women who were first deceived and then deserted? Have they no claim upon that Universal Law which worketh toward all that is just? Are they not capable of suffering, too? These Filipino wives are of an alien race. They are dark-skinned, wholly without education as we use the term. They are not suitable companions for the American soldiers who married them. Socially and intellectually they are inferior to their husbands, morally they are vastly superior, and no true comradeship can be established on foundation-stones that are wholly out of line with each other. These marriages were wrong in the first place. Our soldiers should not have contracted them. But they did. That obstinate fact remains. It is said that they were driven to this "extremity" because Filipino women are almost universally virtuous. Their standard of morals is simple and high, and so, of course, incapable of being deceived on one line they had to be deceived on another. They married these soldiers believing this contract to be as sacred and binding to their husbands as it was to themselves.

It is useless to view this matter lightly. It is useless to contend that these women do not suffer. It is impossible to excuse the conduct of their husbands. We may call them "savages"—they are women none the less. Within their hearts is the woman-light, and within their souls is the same capacity for suffering and for sacrifice that is in the woman-soul the world over. Less covered with convention than that of the women of our civilized lands, the soul of a "savage" woman often radiates a light which shames us in its purity and in its glow. The "savage" woman, dark-skinned and unschooled, has often given evidence of a capacity for sacrifice that is all but unknown to the women of "civilized"



ALEUTIAN BASKETS AND BOWLS

lands. To mention a recent instance: A party of miners in the Klondike region heard a baby's feeble cry. The snow was many feet deep, and they were cutting a path through the drifts left by the storms of the day before. Following the feeble sound they discovered a little Indian baby lying beside its mother, still alive, for it was wrapped about with garments, fold upon fold. The mother was dead. She had divested herself of garment after garment in an effort to keep the baby warm and when found, frozen, she had on nothing but a single thin calico skirt. And this woman was a "savage." But what about her soul? Does not her heroism shame millions of sister women who call themselves civilized? What was the quality of the love she bore that little baby, animal or divine? And are men—even soldiers—to plant despair and heartache in souls such as these and think it nothing? The problem revealed by this ruling is one that we have already touched upon in our relations with Cuba, for some women in Cuba have suffered from having been deserted by American soldiers when our troops were ordered "home." But by this ruling the American nation has on yet another line distinctly allied itself to the forces that work for humanity's progress. ECHO

The Work of Indian Women

IT is with mingled feelings that one looks upon a collection of Indian baskets. One cannot but admire the exquisite workmanship, one cannot but regret that the palmy days of this ancient art are past—certainly passing—for one instinctively feels that each basket holds something of the heart-life of the woman who fashioned it.

Among the Indian tribes it is the women who are the basket-weavers. A few of the coarse carrying baskets are made by men, but the marvelous baskets that are the pride of the family or the tribe, are always made by the women. None but the women have fingers so deft and delicate, no others can design so cleverly nor select roots and reeds so skilfully, nor combine colors and forms so artistically. No family secrets are more highly prized than those which pertain to dyeing and the selection and combinations of colors, handed down as these secrets are, from mother to daughter throughout generations.

Why are certain plants or reeds gathered at certain seasons only? Why are the roots gathered only at certain phases of the moon, as well as in the case of the simmering of juices for certain colors? Ask an Indian woman and she will shrug her shoulders and smile. At best you will learn no more than that her mother or grandmother did so and so and so, and not in twenty tribes can you find such baskets as were woven by them! That must suffice for answer.

The casual observer rarely understands that the designs upon Indian baskets are not mere accidents of square or cross or angle, but have a deep significance. In the weaving of their rarely exquisite baskets our Indian women have kept alive tribal history and tribal traditions. Certain baskets represent the "dream visions" of the individual makers of them—often, alas, a tragedy. Others, particularly those used at their religious ceremonials, perpetuate in symbolic design the religious belief of the tribe. The Swastika cross (an Egyptian symbol, and one now proven by recent archeological discoveries to have been carried into Egypt by the ancient Americans), is one of their most important symbols. The star, triangle, the use of parallel lines and other designs afford the student of symbology food for thought. Given this key, what secrets may not be spoken by even the simplest collection of Indian baskets? For the Indians believe in the Great Spirit, in the immortality of the soul, and that the spark of life that exists in animals and even in inanimate objects is never extinguished. To the Indian women and, indeed, to the tribe, the basket is the most precious of possessions. By the skill and taste in weaving is the Indian woman judged. It is the mark of her "caste," so to speak, as much as was skill in housewifely arts the sign of degree in the days of our grand-

mothers. It is the sign of her social standing and its products, the proof of her wealth. And these Indian women love their work and have for some of their baskets a regard which is tender and pathetic.

Yet this art is passing. The really expert basket-makers today living could be counted on the fingers of the one hand. And what is still more sad, the spirit of the old days, when these women worked for love of their art and not for money, is passing. There is a commercial demand for Indian baskets that would tempt almost anyone to think more of quantity and less of quality. A certain crudeness of color is now in evidence, which is due partly to the fact that aniline dyes are being used instead of the softer and homelier tints of the old days, and partly to the fact that showy baskets are more readily purchased by the average tourist.

Shall we, as women, let this rare art pass? Can we afford to let all that is best in it be degraded and lost through commercialism? Is it possible for us to look upon a rare Indian basket without feeling that there is a link somewhere between woman and woman? Surely this must be so for it is by the light of our own hearts that we read the message it carries. And those of us who at times feel the pressure of life's problems cannot but realize that it is one of our duties to help save this rare art, and to help lift the Indian women who love it so, out of conditions which will tempt them to slight and degrade it for money. And this the women of Loma-land will yet do. M. D. R.

Hermione --- Continued

HERMIONE in the court, shedding love and joy, holding tenderly and holily the love and devotion of her people, Queen, wife, mother, lives in our hearts as both promise and fulfilment of domestic peace and bliss. This in the opening of the drama seems spectacular. It is developed on the screen of time and gives a glorious picture of the highest possibilities of heaven-born love destined to pollution in earth's muddy stream. This glimpse of an earthly paradise sheds a radiance which all Leontes' jealousy cannot extinguish, and the thoughtful, meditative reader becomes conscious of life's deeper meaning. The spiritual force garnered from the human gives itself to the service of the gods, which is the uplifting and serving of the race.

Tenderly sweet and domestic is scene first of act second, where the Queen in her private apartment sits with the young prince and her women. But the rude, coarse, brutal attack of the king, as he enters followed by attendants, and tearing the young prince from her arms, accuses Hermione of adultery, lifts the noble woman to great heights. So stands Hermione, Queen of herself, as she makes answer in cruel stress, "I never wished to see you sorry. Now, I trust I shall." Wisdom was hers—that pearl of great price—and she was "incapable of tears." "Those who are wise in spiritual things" waste no energy in tears and grief which avail nothing.

Her women weeping gather about her. Strong in her innocence she stands unmoved in the tempest and checks their grief. "Do not weep, good fools, there is no need. When you shall know I have deserved prison, then abound in tears as I come out. This action I now go on is for my better grace." What room is there for tears or grief, when man may know the gods descend and incarnate among men to serve and serve? To draw to an environment where the hell hounds of jealousy gather, and life's journey proves a path of woe that your light may shine into the darkest places of nature, is vast. All that is human gathers new meaning, as we follow cause to effect, and realize the full harvest of wisdom up-springing from these precious seeds. "Is not the life more than meat?" From kingdom to kingdom, from mystery to mystery, the mind sweeps. Why are we not better prepared to realize the vastness of the mysteries that belong to the kingdom of man?

KATHERINE RICHMOND GREEN



ALASKAN TOTEM-POLE, PADDLERS AND BASKETS

TO BE CONTINUED

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

The Remarkable Legal Code of Ancient Babylonia

WE have already drawn attention to the legal code of Hammurabi, which is the latest prize of Babylonian research. Since that time the code has been examined in greater detail and many valuable and authoritative opinions are now available. It will be remembered that this code inscribed upon stone, was discovered in Elam at Susa, the ancient Persepolis, to which place it seems to have been removed from Babylon as a trophy of conquest. Five columns of inscription are erased, but the theory that this was done in order to provide space for the glorification of the victor, is now disputed on the ground that had this been intended it would presumably have been done.

The discovery of this code is an additional blow to the modern conceit which attributes to antiquity nothing more noteworthy than the infant lisplings of humanity. Thus we find Sir Henry Maine writing with a great assumption of certainty:

To the Romans belongs pre-eminently the credit of inventing the will, the institution of which, next to the contract, has exercised the greatest influence in transforming human society.

Now Sir Henry Maine was entirely wrong, as is shown by the code of Hammurabi, which was prepared two thousand years before Rome was thought of, and where the subject of legal wills is dealt with at some length. In other matters we find the same advance and so marked is this advance in some respects that we find the *Spectator* remarking that the extraordinary complexity of the law of marriage settlements points to a state of civilization *only comparable to that of modern Europe*, and that the whole code is that of a highly organized society which must have been evolved by centuries of legal administration by trained lawyers. So that even in the matter of law upon which modern nations peculiarly pride themselves, in many respects we have not advanced beyond the practise of ancient Babylonia.

Toys of Ancient Egypt Tell of Wonderful Civilization

THE unceasing labors of excavation and research add a constantly increasing vividness to our knowledge of ancient Egypt. The exploration of the tombs of Beni Hassan has disclosed a most curious collection of wooden models which were doubtless intended as toys. In the tomb of Nefer-y was found a rowing boat containing the figures of twenty oarsmen which swung to and fro in time to the beat of two figures standing upon a central platform.

A model of a granary was also found with all its various parts admirably executed. Figures of men stand by real grain baskets and a scribe sits upon the roof keeping tally with his stylus. A number of steps lead to the roof which is perforated for the reception of the grain, it being of course impossible to fill the granary through the open doors.

Other models represent various occupations, such as bread making and water carrying. A well-made sailing boat was also found. Although made of wood these models are for the most part in admirable preservation after their four thousand years' residence within the tomb.

Some Modern Cliff-Dwellers of Normandy

IN *Scribner's Magazine* for June is an article on the cliff-dwellers of Normandy, which show that cliff-dwellers do not belong to pre-historic times only, but exist at the present day. For in France there are whole communities living in houses hollowed in the rocky hillsides. The following description of these cave-dwellings is given:

High above us towered a huge mass of overhanging rock, strata upon strata, bearing upon its summit a most peculiar tower, supposed to have been a watch-tower in ages gone by. Its foundations hung over the rock upon which they were built, and it seemed as though it would crash down at any moment upon the village beneath.

Scattered over the face of the cliff, doors and windows, narrow stairways and little belvederes could be seen, habitation upon habitation, in most picturesque disorder. Walls along the high road hid the immediate foreground, and we looked

in vain for an opening by which we could have a nearer view of this strange community. At last we found an open gate and, peeping through, were greeted by a dear little old woman, whose wrinkled smiling face was surmounted by a snowy white cap.

Her doorway was a bower of flowers, hollyhocks, asters, nasturtiums and deep June roses.

By its side was an old well and a little outhouse for her wood and gardening tools. Her cheery "bon jour" was an invitation to enter, and we gladly accepted her cordiality. We followed her across the little yard and were very soon seated in her one and only room.

By the description and pictures these habitations evidently have all the comforts and snugness of an ordinary house, and possess also a charm of their own that would attract many people who are heartily tired of all the straight lines and right-angles and varnished wood-work of conventional life.

The temperature is of course almost constant, both in the summer and in the winter, and the caves that are higher up are entirely free from dampness. These latter and in many respects more desirable caves are reached by outside stairways.

Animals are kept in rock stables, and weird labyrinths lead to subterraneous workshops where wine is mellowed, hemp dried, etc. In one of the dampest of these retreats mushrooms are raised. E.

THE Egyptian God Set or Typhon is represented with the head of what has been called a fabulous animal, having a pointed snout and high square ears; but a German archeologist identifies this animal with the okapi, recently discovered by Sir Harry Johnston in Uganda, and presumably known to the ancient Egyptians. Certainly this animal might be described, like the Set himself, as king of the outer deserts.

THE remains of another ancient palace have been discovered in Crete, as we learn from a Reuter's dispatch from Athens, April 19th. The locality this time is near Herakleion, on the site of ancient Phæstos. The objects found include twelve bronze statuettes, metal vases with repoussé ornament, painted vases, and several tablets with inscriptions in the undeciphered Knossos character.



SQUARE COLUMNS, TEMPLE OF THE TABLES, YUCATAN, MEXICO

Four of these handsomely sculptured, square columns are ranged across the eastern platform of the pyramid, and, judging by analogy, were employed to support the vault timbers of the sanctuary. They are nearly identical in their sculptures with square columns in the sanctuary of El Castillo, and correspond closely with the square, sanctuary columns of several other temples. At the top are bearded, Atlantean figures in the position of supporting the entablature or beams; at the base are similar sculptures, not clearly made out; and occupying the middle spaces, one to each side, are life sized, elaborately costumed figures of men in low relief. With the columns are shown several of the pigmy Atlantean figures used as supports for stone tables ranged around the margin of the terrace, as if originally placed against the back wall of the sanctuary. They are now much displaced, and in the view one is so placed as to show the graceful drapery of the back.



To the Dandelion

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's song
 Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day long.
 And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he did bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.
 How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
 Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

Animals Are Not "Dumb" to Those Who Know Them

MOST of those who yet cling to the old idea of "dumb" animals base their argument upon the "fact" that they "never heard an animal speak an intelligible word, except some sorts of birds that didn't know what the words meant." Argument on this line would convince no one, so it is as well to point out that the intelligent objector himself would probably be unable to speak a word of the Calmuck or Monbuttoo languages; very likely not even the Greek, French or Ger-

of considerable numbers of human words. Animals give and expect apologies for accidental injuries, and horses especially will frequently ask the meaning of a blow if they think it unintentional.

If some masters could open their eyes enough to see the pitying contempt which their own animals feel for them, they would make at least an effort to act like real men. The animals can understand very little of that mental power upon which we pride ourselves. Our books, galleries and crafts scarcely exist for them; they know us only as animals and when they see a broken, feeble wreck of manhood they take no account of the fact that the mentality inhabiting it dominates a college; nor are they at all overawed by diamond rings and bank accounts.

They admire a fine physical body because they know its value, but they reverence one who is master of his body. A person who treats animals as though they had equal rights with himself, who controls his temper, is kind, and who has the strength and grace of body to compel their admiration can do what he pleases with animals, if he has a moderate degree of common sense. To such an one, when they know him, they will tell many a strange secret of the field, and they will come to him for help in trouble and for comradeship in loneliness. At present, however, it is a humiliating fact that the physical inferiority of most men, together with their abject slavery to materialistic forms of thought, and to their own unruly passions, make them such objects of contempt and fear that the conversation in their own barn-yard ceases whenever they enter it.

STUDENT

Some Bird's Eggs Have Never Been Seen

IT IS perhaps not generally known that the nests and eggs of some well-known birds have never been found. The nest of the robin-snipe, for example, has been diligently searched for, but without success. An English zoologist employed a man for weeks upon the coast



ON THE SEAWARD SIDE OF POINT LOMA—LOOKING SOUTH TOWARD CORONADO ISLANDS

man. Yet he could easily make his physical wants understood by those people, and even exchange considerable abstract information with them by means of the natural language of signs and exclamations.

Whoever has studied a mother of one of the higher order of animals talking to her children, knows that she will always use the same succession of tones to express the same idea, in fact that any two species of animal will use as nearly the same tones as their vocal organs will permit. More than that he will find that they express emotion better than we do, because they are not encumbered with the words by which we designate specific articles or persons. They simply express the emotion or attitude of mind, leaving the object of course to be understood or explained by the circumstances. Musicians are constantly endeavoring to form chords but seem blind to the fact that the magic power of Orpheus' lyre may be learned from the nearest dog with her puppies, or in the first barnyard where there is a young calf, or wherever they can find a family of young kittens. He who never talks to animals need not expect to ever hear them speak to him, but they respond eagerly to any advance of friendship, and instances are common of animals who understand the meaning

of Labrador in searching for the nest of this bird, but the quest had to be abandoned. The bird itself is common and well known. Another such bird is the sandpiper, whose eggs, it is said, have never been seen. The eggs of the frigate bird, while not entirely unknown, are yet so scarce as to command a very high price, while the bird itself is to be constantly seen in the right localities.

STUDENT

Spiders Are Accomplished Balloonists & Engineers

DR. DALLINGER recently lectured to the English Royal Institution on spiders, showing their eminence in the diverse arts of silk-spinning, engineering, geometry, motherhood, war, and ballooning. As to that last art, he explained a phenomenon discussed in these columns for two or three weeks lately—namely the long threads across roads and from tree to tree. He says:

It is to spiderlings that we are indebted for these. With their maiden silk they weave balloon baskets in which they float away, seeking a wider field than that into which they were born. The long, trailing threads attached to these balloons they cut or extend as the presence of the atmosphere dictates.

STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

INDPENDENCE Day celebration in San Diego came to a fitting conclusion by the display of the Raja Yoga children at Isis Theatre last night. Certainly a performance so remarkable has never been seen in the city, accustomed as the citizens have become to entertainments as conspicuous for their beauty as they are eloquent of the training bestowed at the Raja Yoga School. An immense crowd assembled long before the doors were opened, and within a very few minutes the house was crowded to its utmost capacity. Hundreds of persons were, indeed, unable to secure admission. The success of the Sunday evening presentations at the Isis Theatre has for long past been measured not as much by the number of the audience as by the number of those for whom no accommodation can be found, and last night the stream of disappointed visitors was perhaps larger than on any previous occasion. A portion of the lower part of the house and the boxes were reserved for invited guests, for the officials of the city, of the board of trade and chamber of commerce, and for the representatives of foreign countries. Among these may be mentioned the mayor, Captain Fox of the U. S. S. *Adams* and staff, Colonel Vogdes, the commander of Fort Rosecrans, General Webb, the consuls of Mexico, San Salvador, Honduras and Bolivia, representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic, of the Masonic bodies, the Elks and Veterans of the Confederacy, Commodore Adigard of the French cruiser *Protet* and several of his officers.

Various musical items were admirably rendered prior to the raising of the curtain. Mrs. Laura Bonn most effectively sang Kipling's "Recessional" and the stately measure of the poem formed an admirable prelude to the symbology upon which the whole evening's performance was based. Mr. Neresheimer also sang with the vigor and charm with which Isis audiences are now so familiar, and the Point Loma children's orchestra, assisted by the older students, was rarely heard to better advantage in the various numbers performed.

If anything could be added to the initial enthusiasm which was so quickly excited in the vast audience, it was the appearance of little Margaret Hanson, the tiny Raja Yoga student, before the curtain and her recitation of Whitier's "Vow of Washington." As a mere feat of memory this charming child's performance was sufficiently remarkable, but it was delivered also with a spontaneous and easy action that many a trained actress might have envied.

Following her came two small children representing George and Martha Washington who, arm in arm and dressed in hand-painted colonial costumes, sang the Lotus Song, now known in nearly every quarter of the world, "Happy Little Sunbeams." Hearty encores greeted both recitation and song, and these were responded to with the unconscious ease which seems invariably to follow even the briefest training in Loma-land.

The raising of the curtain was the signal for a burst of applause, which has certainly seldom been better merited. The stage was one great glow of flowers, life and color, presenting a hundred different features which competed with one another in claiming interest and attention. The presentation was the signing of the Declaration of Independence and every point of the exquisite picture seemed faultless. The chief characters, easily recognizable to those familiar with this historic scene, were grouped around the table in front of the stage, while as a background were massed the bulk of the children faithfully attired to represent the racial elements of American life. It was the work of an artist in every detail, and the exquisite blending of the colored costumes, the colonial and the aboriginal, and the wonderful floral display, made a picture which must have vividly appealed even to the least imaginative among the spectators. To those whose minds were alert to the symbology of the whole performance the presentation must have appealed with a very peculiar and special force. It was a linking of the past and the present in the renewal of the pledges which have made the nation what it is and in the full and lofty realization of which lie the high hopes of the future. So vivid a reminder of national duty and obligation, so bold a picture drawn from the memories of the past, must throw a beam of brightest light upon the future, doubly to be welcomed and doubly to be valued at such a time as this, when the path of humanity so dubiously parts before our gaze.

At the back of the stage stood a gigantic globe, exquisitely fashioned and touched with blue and gold, dominated by the flag which was held aloft by the Goddess of Liberty, represented by Helen Plummer, one of the older Raja Yoga children. At the special request of the children Mrs. Hanson participated in this portion of the

ENTERTAINED BY RAJA YOGA CHILDREN

Artistic Presentation of Independence Day---Point Loma Children Under Direction of Mrs. Tingley Fittingly Close the Celebration

From the *San Diego Sun*, Monday, July 6th, 1903

presentation with her own little ones. Leaning upon a harp she seemed to represent the spirit of world-harmony in rapt contemplation of the joys of ideal motherhood and of ideal childhood, which succeeding years shall unfold.

It is impossible to do more than name some of the chief features of a living picture which is not likely to be soon forgotten by those who saw it, and which ought to be an inspiration so long as the memory of it endures. It is enough to say that it was beyond the reach of criticism, and

it is to be hoped that on some future occasion the citizens of San Diego may have an opportunity to see it again, and to study its features at greater length.

Presentation number two merged itself almost imperceptibly into the preceding one. A group of tiny children advance to the front of the stage, and one of their number sees the Star of Promise, which has led their steps afar and prophesies the future greatness which awaits the city, not, however, under the un-American name which it at present bears, but under the new name of Port Orient, and as the tiny orator speaks she indicates the words which, as though in answer to her bidding, become exquisitely illuminated by electricity, set in rosy hues of exquisite flowers above her head. There could be no question that the suggested new name of the city commended itself to the audience. Round after round of applause broke out as the euphonious and balanced words became legible, and the change seemed to be already wrought by the good wishes and approval from the crowded seats of the Theatre.

The applause, indeed, became so continuous that Mrs. Tingley slightly motioned with her hand and one of the historical characters seated at the table then arose and presented some suggestions for a new charter which had been prepared for the occasion. This remarkable document, which was subsequently carried to the box of the mayor and placed within his hands, opened with the statement that "the perpetual supply of new genius shocks us with thrills of life and recalls us to principles. To nations or to individuals the progress of opinions is not a loss of moral restraint, but simply a change from coarser to finer checks."

Following the reading and the presentation of the charter, Mr. Horton, the "Father of San Diego," was made the recipient of a bouquet of choice flowers, certainly a well-deserved recognition of the unselfish and devoted labors of many years.

The presence in the harbor of the French cruiser *Protet* enabled the hospitality of Mrs. Tingley and the Raja Yoga children to be offered to Commodore Adigard who, with several of his officers, occupied one of the boxes. An exquisite bouquet of Point Loma flowers was presented to the gallant commodore to the strains of the "Marseillaise," the commander of the cruiser making his personal acknowledgement to Mrs. Katherine Tingley by a visit to her box, the entire audience standing in recognition of the friendship of the French nation and of Lafayette during the revolution.

Mrs. Tingley herself seemed to appreciate the success of the whole evening and the delight of the vast audience in the work of the children of her school. The audience had no difficulty in recognizing her personal handiwork in the perfection of detail and the accuracy of design which contributed so much to the pleasurable profit of the representation. There can be no doubt that Independence Day of 1903 has marked an epoch in the history of the city and an epoch which will be associated with the name of Mrs. Tingley and her coworkers at Point Loma. That it will be an epoch of progress and success, moral as well as material, is no less out of the reach of doubt.

Independence Day at San Diego

INDPENDENCE DAY of 1903 seems to have been more extensively observed throughout the country than upon any previous occasion and San Diego was certainly not behind the average in the excellence of its display. The references to the presence of bull-fighters in the procession which were made by Katherine Tingley during her speech at Isis Theatre on the previous Sunday evening were not without their effect. With the withdrawal of this part of the program the only inharmonious trace disappeared and the whole business of the day was carried through not only with a very marked success, but with an orderly moderation and a quiet enjoyment which will certainly establish a precedent.

A staff of our best workers devoted their energies to the external decoration of the Theatre which lies, of course, upon the main line of route. The masses of foliage, of flowers and of flags were displayed to the best possible advantage and

the architectural beauties of the buildings, in themselves considerable, took on a new beauty and grace.

The supreme feature of the decoration was, however, provided by the children. A large contingent of them came into town on the previous day, so that an abundance of time might be available for the preparations. The time was well employed and another striking success was added to the list. In the center external balcony a large group of the bigger children was arranged with exquisite taste. They were dressed in the costume of colonial days, every garment being specially designed and made with scrupulous care and thought. Each member of the group was intended to represent one of the revolutionary heroes and so correct was the make-up that identification was easy and interesting. The windows upon either side of the balcony were filled with other children in various national costumes or in pure white, and the bright and animated colors showed most charmingly against the soft gray stone of the walls.

The effect, however, was not intended to be purely spectacular. From the time the procession began to form until the streets were once more clear an almost continuous series of songs was poured out into the sunshine. Above all the noise of the occasion, the crowds of people and the vehicles, the singing could be heard far away down the street and upon each side, and the crowd which gathered to gaze up at the unique spectacle in the balcony and the windows of the Isis Theatre gave distinct evidence of their delight and appreciation. No less gratifying was the effect of the spectacle upon those forming part of the procession itself. Not once, but many, many times the carriages and the great triumphal floats were stopped in front of the Theatre in order that their occupants might see more of a picture the like of which they would certainly not see elsewhere. Nor was this due to curiosity alone. The salutes from below, many of them elaborate and ornate, were the mark of a public recognition of a far-reaching humanitarian work. These salutes were too numerous to be named, but no one who saw them could overlook their profound significance nor the sincerity which prompted them. To those taking part in so great a humanitarian work the doings of a great day have a larger significance than to many others, for they are accustomed to study the laws governing events and to watch how great ideas and aspirations impressed on the minds and hearts of people, will afterwards work themselves out in the conduct of affairs.

And is not the 4th of July one of these great occasions when the hearts of a whole nation are centered on one point, ready to receive any impression for good or evil that may be given them, and that will affect their conduct for the whole year? It is perhaps appropriate to our national energy and bustle that we should inaugurate each new national year with noise and restlessness and boisterous gaiety. And joy is right! Well indeed for our business-driven people that they should forget the counting-house for one day. But would it not be better if, without leaving out any of the joy, we could mingle with it a thought of a less volatile and more dignified character—a sense of our duty as a great nation to uphold before the world during the next year an example of what a great people should be? In short, could we not give our 4th of July celebrations more soul, more inspiration, more refinement? San Diego can certainly congratulate itself this year on having done something, at least, in this direction. And is not San Diego the city of promise for the Golden West, as the Golden West is for the whole continent?

The Republic of France

From the *San Diego Union's* report of the banquet tendered by the citizens of San Diego to the officers of the French cruiser *Protet*, at the Brewster Hotel, Tuesday evening, July 7th

AMID the cheers of the banqueters the toast "The Republic of France and Her President" was proposed by the toastmaster, who called upon Commodore Adigard to respond. It was hard for the commodore to get a hearing, but he did so finally to remark that though the republic of France and its



A RAJA YOGA LOTUS BUD AT LOMA-LAND

When Lafayette and others of my countrymen bared the sword in behalf of your people fighting for independence, they simply did an act as men must act when they see injustice done, but when they came back they brought their pay and the pay to their country by bringing your love and your love of liberty, which has finally resulted in the establishment, after many trials, of the Republic of France, and it will never be aught else than a republic. We owe that to you who inspired the true love of freedom in the heart of France—the love of freedom that can only be shown in a republican form of government.

"Your speakers have referred to the statue of Liberty presented to your people by the people of France, but I should remind you at this time that there are other statues, and that there is one in our own beloved capital presented to the French Republic by the ladies of America. The debt is not one-sided by any manner of means.

"We of the *Protet* owe you something personally. We owe you thanks for the hearty reception which we have received in this, our first American port. This is our first port of call on American soil on this trip, and so far as it is in my power to direct events, it will not be our last call here.

"As I have said, this is the place of first honor extended to our navy on this coast, and I shall feel particularly pleased when I transmit to our people, to our government, and to our president, a report of this gathering and of all the pleasant things that have been said of our people and our country this evening.

"And now, in the name of France, in the name of the French people, and in the name of the President of France, I desire to thank you, the people of San Diego, for your hospitality. In a few hours we are going to leave your hospitable harbor, but, for myself, I will say that we will come back as soon as possible, and that we will stay as long as possible. I really think it is time we were leaving, for if we should remain much longer in your harbor, I am inclined to believe that our own anchors would refuse to be lifted, and would hold us so fast that we could not get away."

The commodore was greeted with extended applause at the close of his remarks.

☞ "Manners" which put others ill at ease cannot be good manners—ultra punctiliousness in etiquette, at times, causes discomfort.

president always demanded and received his love and respect, he could not at the time voice his sentiments in their regard. Continuing he said:

"I never yet felt so deeply the debt I owe to the parent and master for teaching me to partially express my feelings in your language as I do tonight, and if I can spell out a few words in that language I know of no better opportunity in the wide world than I have this night to express to you my feelings of love and respect for the manner in which I have been treated since coming to your port. To speak to you in your language seems to bring me nearer to you, nearer to your hearts and to your friendship, and that is the reason why I try to express myself, all inadequately, in your tongue.

"Allow me to express to you the deep feeling of gratification for the hearty welcome which has been extended to me and my officers, my ship and my men since the first day that our anchor dropped in your harbor. This is the first time that such an honor as is extended this night has come to me and you will permit me to say that I am indeed thankful that this first time it has been extended by Americans and by Americans of San Diego.

"Many of the speakers here have recalled the fact that the people of my country extended aid to your ancestors when they were battling for their independence. They have taken occasion to recall some of the times when France has proven herself the friend of the Republic of America, but they have neglected one thing, at least, and that has been to say that America has paid the debt and has paid it an hundred fold.

One God and One Humanity

by ROBERT LOVEMAN

WHAT care I for robe or stole?
It is the soul, it is the soul;
What for crown, or what for crest?
It is the heart within the breast.
It is the faith, it is the hope.
It is the struggle up the slope.
It is the brain and eye to see
One God and one humanity.

What care I for caste or creed?
It is the deed, it is the deed;
What for class and what for clan?
It is the man, it is the man;
Heirs of love, and joy, and woe;
Who is high, who is low?
Mountain, valley, sky and sea,
Are for all humanity.

The Curse That Blessed



ARTHUR NASEBY and his wife had now been separated for some three or four years. The separation had come quite quietly, and neither of them had made a confidant of any third party. They were still young, and the separation had occurred when they had had but two years of married life. The real reason had been simple incompatibility. It seemed, in fact, as if the marriage had been a mistake and that the two had quietly agreed to recognize it as such. He was a physician, and his practise was becoming steadily larger and more lucrative. His grave and almost stern manner appeared to attract rather than to repel his patients. He was generally liked, and completely trusted, both by men and women; but no one could claim to be intimate with him, or to have penetrated the reserve behind which was the real man. Yet it was certainly not a reserve that he consciously maintained; rather that natural to a deep and searching mind that had not yet come to a full knowledge of its own powers and contents.

Mrs. Naseby was of a precisely opposite temperament. Capable of strong feeling, it had never yet been called out. She lived her life on the surface, and balls, parties, and rounds of social amusements made up her list of interests. As often happens, before their marriage she had been attracted and slightly awed by her husband's reserved strength, and by the entire difference between him and the men whom she had hitherto known. And he, succumbing to her charm and vivacity, had explained to himself that he could thread his way through the problems which unceasingly occupied him if he had the magnetic and high-spirited girl beside him as his wife and—pupil. For a trace of vanity takes subtle forms in certain otherwise high natures.

Well, four years had gone by since they had agreed that no happiness could come of their united life. She had continued to live the life that pleased her, though a little beneath the surface she perfectly knew it for what it was. He had withdrawn a little further into himself, and though they occasionally met here and there on terms of somewhat stiff cordiality, there seemed no prospect of a resumption of their old relationship.

About two years after their separation there had been some talk in the newspapers of a certain new and strange philosophy, known as Theosophy. Arthur Naseby had been attracted by some few things he had read of this Theosophy, and at last had gone for himself to see what it was that was thus disturbing the waters of modern thought.

To Madame Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical society, he had at once been strongly drawn. That strange and powerful character had deeply stirred him and he almost immediately felt that she held the key to the problems with which his mind had occupied itself since he could remember anything. He had at last joined the Society she had founded and determined to do what he could to defend and popularize Theosophy.

Into this work he had thrown himself with an energy and strength of conviction which he had hardly thought possible, and in his town his name soon began to be mentioned in connection with his new field of activity. The cathedral town in which he lived was not remarkable for its toleration of strange creeds. It was, in fact, like most cathedral

towns, bigoted, exclusive, and resentful of any sort of originality of belief or conduct. And it presently began to visit its disapproval upon the young physician who actually ventured to hold the meetings of the branch society he had founded, almost under the walls of the Cathedral.

We all know Mrs. Grundy's methods. Arthur Naseby soon began to note a coldness among certain of his best patients. One or two asked him if it were true that he had become an atheist. Others had heard that he was a Buddhist, and one lady positively knew that Madame Blavatsky had taught him to be a Fire-worshiper.

His visiting list began to grow smaller; his carriage was no longer outside the doors of some of the most fashionable of his once patients. One Sunday Theosophy and its foundress were denounced from the Cathedral pulpit, and on the following week the Methodist minister, not to be outdone, proclaimed Theosophy as probably the anti-Christ of Revelations. Both preachers, in guarded but quite clear phrases, specifically warned their flocks against "one in our midst" who is trying to popularize "this godless creed." Needless to say that neither of them knew anything about Theosophy save what they had gathered in half an hour's reading of a pamphlet written by a personal enemy of Madame Blavatsky's whom she had once befriended and tried to save from his own weaknesses.

After this, Arthur Naseby's practise began to grow seriously less, and he began to face the possible fact that his years of work in Beechvale were about to end in utter failure. And worse, for it would presently be impossible for him to make the provision for his wife which, at their separation, he had bound himself in honor to continue. He did not doubt that elsewhere, in some way, he could make shift for himself, and yet give his energies to Theosophy, but Grace . . . ? It seemed to him that he was somehow drawing nearer to her. Could it be that her mind was opening little by little to the light that had brought so much to him? They had not corresponded since their parting. She could but leave his letter unanswered; he would try. This was part of what he said:

My Dear Wife—for I think you are as dear to me now as when we married. Time must have ripened both of us, and in some deeper way brought us nearer. Yet if you do not feel this, do not think for one moment that I would make an appeal to you that your deepest self cannot respond to. . . .

You know that I have become a Theosophist so far as my capacity permits. And you will know me well enough to believe that I have adopted no mere fad, as you have doubtless been told. Some light has come into my very soul on things about which we used to talk long ago. I will not bore you—if it would be that. Some day you may meet Theosophy yourself and you will know what I know, and see for yourself the hollowness and malignity of the nonsense that they talk of it. . . .

Do you know that I am now a poor man, nearly beggared? I have no complaint about that. Were it not for you I would push out into the world again without a single bitter thought. I *think* I can prevent your suffering anything. But if I cannot, if for a little while the pressure on me falls also on you, can you forgive me? It shall not be long nor heavy, for I have strength undiminished and heart and energy, and shrink from nothing. There, I have said it all, or all but this: that I love you as I did when we looked into each other's eyes seven years ago. . . .

And the answer? This was the answer:

My Husband—Did you think I cared for money? Did you think my heart felt nothing of all that you have been going through? Indeed I have *longed* to stand again at your side and share every trouble that has come upon you. Yet I did not know, or did not know that I knew you wanted me. I did not know till we parted how much you were to me. And then it seemed too late to say it, for I thought you would rather be alone.

What do I care for privation? Did you ever think the life I have been leading has satisfied me an hour? I heard that sermon in the Cathedral, and I *felt* from the very malice of the attack something of what Theosophy must be. And then I read, and every word has touched me as living truth, the truth to live by. And so I am utterly filled with joy, for now I know that we can be together again and face any future that may come. What can anything matter if we are together? Come, come. . . .

But the privations were not so many after all, though after a few weeks the respectable Cathedral city knew the Nasebys no more. But it did not hear the last of Theosophy on that account. N.

☞ Courtesy and etiquette are quite distinct, though the courteous man is careful to observe forms where not inconsistent with tactful consideration.

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Some Speculations as to the Canals on Mars

THE able writer of the Science Notes in the London *Daily News* has advanced a suggestion with regard to the much debated "canals" on the planet Mars. He thinks that they may be

Cultivated bands lying along routes of commerce, owing to some manure or plant food having to be conveyed to the land.

Mr. H. Periam Hawkins, writing to the *Daily News* in this connection, combats this theory, believing rather that the lands are actual canals or trenches which have been dug for irrigation purposes. He says:

Whilst Venus may be a far younger planet than our own, there is every reason to suppose that Mars may be much older, and in every way considerably in advance of our world and its inhabitants. It would even appear that it has already entered upon its latter days of old age and decay, and that its moisture is no longer sufficient for the supply of animal and vegetable life without some artificial means of checking its natural absorption into outer space. It may be quite possible that the intelligence of more highly developed beings may be manifesting itself in supplying their drying-up planet with the necessary moisture by tapping the snowy polar caps as they melt under the rays of the summer sun and carrying it through their unwatered continents by a system of canals. As the force of gravity is less on Mars than on the earth labor would necessarily be lighter, and if, as a race, the inhabitants should be so much in advance of ourselves, they may be able to do things which are utterly beyond either our own power or comprehension. The canal theory, however, strikes one as being more simple and natural than that of some possible missing plant-food necessitating a limitation to certain track routes, as suggested in your Science Notes of today.

To this the *Daily News* writer replies by drawing attention to recent observations at Flagstaff observatory in Arizona, which make it evident that the "snow cap" on Mars appears to last for a short time only, and that even if it be really caused by snow and is not merely a cloud bank it cannot possibly furnish a body of water sufficient to irrigate so large a surface. Moreover, the "canals" run in all directions, which seems to negative the idea that water passes through them by gravitation. He therefore adheres to his own theory, believing that the "straightness of the lines suggests rather routes for locomotion than the flow of water."

STUDENT

Using Radium to Give Sight to the Blind

OUR knowledge of radium increases day by day. Mishandled, it seems to be as fatal as in other ways it is beneficial. Animals exposed to its influence speedily die, and it is capable of producing the most serious burns upon the human body.

A most notable discovery has, however, been made at the Imperial Russian Institute by E. S. London. It has been found that persons who are practically blind, but who still possess some slight sense of light, are enabled by the use of radium to distinguish the form and color of things. Two boys, who had been blind since their first year, were placed in a dark room and confronted by a screen illuminated by radium rays. Certain objects were placed on the screen, such as coins, keys, etc., and it was found that the boys were able to see these things clearly and to describe them, and they have now learned the alphabet by the same means.

Dr. London has now devised a method by which all blind persons who have some sense of light, may be taught to read by means of the radium light, and this can be done just as readily, even though they be heavily blindfolded.

STUDENT

PROFESSOR LANGLEY appears to have made a discovery which obviates a very serious difficulty in the use of high-power telescopes. This difficulty is due to disturbances in the air which produce a confused and blurred vision. Professor Langley has been experimenting for some time with a view to finding a means by which these air motions can be overcome, but until recently, entirely without success.

He has now reversed his methods, and instead of trying to still the air he has contrived an appliance for giving it a largely increased motion. Immediate success rewarded this attempt. Instead of a blurred vision he found a perfectly clear field and such objects as double stars could be examined with a steadiness never before experienced. If this discovery eventually proves to be all that is claimed for it, the costly and inconvenient necessity of building observatories at great elevations will be obviated.

STUDENT

Nature's Way of Building Mountains and Continents

IN studying the records of the far past, as revealed in the configuration of the rocks in the earth's crust, geologists have come to the conclusion that there were periodical convulsions. Although the processes which take place in the ever-changing materials of the crust are, as a rule, slow and continuous, yet at long intervals epochs will arrive when they are sudden and violent.

Thus Geikie, in his *Geology*, concludes from a study of mountain formation, that long periods of slow subsidence were followed by sudden violent crumplings up of the strata, caused by the lateral tension having passed the limit of endurance, and thus making mountain chains. In studying the erosion of rocks and deposition of sediment by streams we observe that, while a slow process is going on all the time, the bulk of the work is done in sudden bursts during periodical floods. In short it seems Nature's way to use both slow and continuous methods and violent periodical methods.

These observations of the geologists merely confirm the great doctrine of "cycles," in accordance with which the periods of different great races of humanity are separated by great convulsions of nature. Of such convulsions we have the traditions everywhere preserved in the Flood and Deluge stories.

In this connection it should be noted that even a century would appear but as a moment in comparison with such vast lapses of time as we are considering; and a cataclysm spread over many years might therefore be described as "sudden."

E.

Kites versus Balloons in Flying Machines

IT seems to be a long time since we heard from Professor Graham Bell, to whom we owe the telephone. But he has not been idle since he last handed the public his visiting card. He has been busy in Nova Scotia flying kites. With Professor Bell the occupation has borne fruit, as he thinks; the fruit being the key to the principle of the flying-machine. He has gone to the bird for his lesson. And the lesson learned is that the balloon, with a gas lighter than air, is wrong and unnecessary. It is a kite that is wanted; strong, light, capable of sustaining itself and rising, against a light wind, supporting a man, wings and the motor.

He holds that it is immaterial whether the kite moves against the air, or the air against the kite. The latter is of course the ordinary case. By the wings he achieves the former. The next points are that the kite should be of maximum lightness and strength and steady. He finds, in a word, that the tetrahedron is the required shape. Put three matches in a triangle on a table; stand a match on each corner so that the three meet at the point above, and you have a tetrahedron. This shape is well braced and incompressible by its very structure. Professor Bell uses a very large kite of this shape, made by fastening together sixteen small ones of the same shape. This sixteen-celled structure he finds to possess a lifting power that is very great. And the lifting power increases in proportion to the increase of weight that arises from increase in size.

Foretelling the Weather by the Observation of Cycles

IF Mr. Hugh Clements does not finally succeed in systematizing the weather it will not be for lack of patience or perseverance. The usual scientific explanation of wind currents is that the wind blows towards centers where the sun's heat has produced a rarification of air. Mr. Clements is so unkind as to dismiss this theory as "paleolithic nonsense." His own theory is that the wind moves towards low pressure points, caused by the attraction of the sun and moon. These air tides follow regular laws, for the determination of which four factors or cycles have to be taken into consideration. There is first the tidal year, consisting of 414 days. Secondly, there is a lunar cycle of 186 years, another lunar cycle of nineteen years and still a third of thirteen years. By a proper computation upon the basis of these cycles Mr. Clements maintains that the weather can be accurately predicted for any given day, and that by their aid he foretold the recent monsoons and famines in India.

Here and There Throughout the World

London Reaches the Quick Lunch Stage WE regret to note that the "quick lunch" abomination has reached London. Of course, there are plenty of other ways of ruining your health, but this plays a good second to any of them. Men enter these places with their heads full of business. They are strung up with several hours' work and need rest and some kind of total diversion, however short. So they rush into an atmosphere made by a crowd of equally hurried men; eat hurriedly in packed and squalid surroundings; stimulate themselves with coffee or what not, up to the power of further business work, and then rush away. Rest and mental change were wanted, not stimulant. In the evening there is a double dose of fatigue falling upon one overworked brain area. The food taken at lunch has not digested, and this together with the fatigue, doubly deranges the digestion of dinner. All the evils play into each other's hands. The least of them—often a disguised blessing—is chronic dyspepsia. And among the others come early senility, neurasthenia, the city headache, and some form of paralysis. We never watch a procession emerging from one of such places without speculating which of these catarrh-laden products of civilization is to be the next victim of apoplexy.

Illinois Will Protect Her Little Children ILLINOIS has taken a long step toward the better protection of its children. The new labor law is one of the most drastic that have yet been passed and ought to be instrumental in rescuing countless children from the blight of the factories. All children coming within the operation of this law must be furnished with permits from the school authorities. Children under sixteen years of age must not work for more than eight hours a day instead of ten. No child is to work between the hours of seven in the evening and seven in the morning. All children must be able to read and write before they can be employed, unless it can be shown that they are attending a night school, and no child under the age of sixteen is to be employed in any place where liquor is sold.

These are the chief points in the new act and they seem to be sufficiently drastic. It is to be hoped that some means have been devised for verifying age certificates. In some States where labor laws exist the systematic falsification of age certificates is nothing less than a public scandal. Unless these certificates are verified it is obvious that the best intentioned laws become little more than dead letters.

Pious Scotland Has Many Law-Breakers THE prison commissioners for Scotland show that country to be "on the top of a wave of disorder and criminality." During the year 1902 there were 65,721 committals, an almost unprecedented figure.

To be pious is evidently not quite the same thing as to be law-abiding. Scotland compares favorably with both England and Ireland in the matter of piety, but very unfavorably from the point of view of the police court. Thus in Scotland there are 1486 imprisonments to every 100,000 of population. In Ireland there are 730 imprisonments to every 100,000 of population, while in England there are 615 imprisonments to every 100,000 of population.

These are remarkable figures and we are still a long way from understanding why certain epochs are specially marked by a lawless activity and why adjacent countries should vary so much in this respect.

The Opium Traffic in Philippine Islands IT is reported that a bill has been prepared by the Philippine commission for the regulation of the opium traffic. Under this bill the right to sell opium will be put up to auction and sold to the highest bidder. The income derived therefrom will be devoted to sending young natives to this country for education and the sale will be strictly limited to Chinese. In its main features this is the practise adopted by the English and Japanese, which is an explanation, but not a reason. Some future reference will be made to this State regulation of vice.

Lick Observers See Many Double Stars THE astronomers of the Lick observatory have been doing very valuable work in the observation of double stars, and especially of those stars whose companions are invisible. Five such have lately been discovered and the conclusion has now been reached that a great many of the stars believed hitherto to be single are actually double, the companion being invisible. It is indeed now supposed that probably fifteen per cent of the stars are double. It is evident that if a bright and a dark star revolve in company around a common center the movements of the bright star will be to some extent influenced by those of the dark one. That is to say it will not move with the uniformity which it would otherwise possess. By accurately measuring these discrepancies it is possible to obtain a great deal of information of the disturbing cause which produces them.

King Christian and Danish Schoolboys KING CHRISTIAN of Denmark has received a petition from a number of schoolboys in Copenhagen. The petition reads as follows:

To King Christian in Copenhagen: We are four boys in the training school at Falkenberg, who have been beaten by the teacher with an end of steel wire. Steel wire is not the right thing for beating Christian boys, and King Christian is asked to help them to justice.

The appeal was not in vain. A rigid inquiry was ordered and the story was found to be true. The offending teacher was therefore dismissed, and the offense is not likely to be repeated. Would that all ill-treated children throughout the world could have opportunity to appeal with like success.

Cruelty to Natives in the Congo, Africa THE Rev. Dr. Nassau, whose long residence on the west coast of Africa enables him to speak with knowledge and authority, has stated that the barbarities practised by the rubber syndicates upon the natives are worse than anything yet recorded of slave hunting. Rumors of these atrocities, many of them too terrible to describe, have been reaching civilization for a very long time and they have now assumed such dimensions and are based upon such reliable evidence that it is no longer possible to ignore them.

A remonstrance has been addressed to the King of the Belgians, with what effect remains to be seen. The Congo country is a very long way from Belgium and its forests are so dense that they can hide many secrets.

A Biological Station for San Diego Bay THE University of California is now conducting a large biological station at San Diego. We are sure that this place offers excellent opportunities for such research. The thirty square miles of peaceful bay, the turbulent, partly freshwater, False bay, just north of here, the miles of exposed and of sheltered sand beaches and the great variety of rocky shores on this coast certainly form a combination of conditions very favorable for a thorough study of marine life. We believe that there are only two or three other places on the Pacific Coast of the United States where such a combination of conditions exists, and none of them nearer than San Francisco, 400 miles to the north.

Mosquitoes, Coal Oil & Brooklyn Doctors THE mosquito having now been definitely convicted of spreading disease, its practical extermination will probably be but a matter of time. The Brooklyn Board of Health has lately been experimenting with kerosene and is now about to turn its attention to a statement that music can be used for destroying these pests. The discoverer of this method says:

It has been found that practical application has been effected by raising to a number of vibrations per second the particular note to which the mosquito is most sensitively attuned. This intensified note produced by sudden electrical impulse upon a musical instrument causes every mosquito near to plunge headlong to the instrument and die.

STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Some Stanzas on Freedom by Lowell

MEN! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there be on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England's air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains—
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right, with two or three.

The Better Way

"IRENE!" called a pleasant voice from the summer-house, "what are you doing there alone? Where is Cousin May?"

"Mother!" and Irene bounded to her side.

"Why are you not playing with Cousin May? You should not leave your little guest."

Irene stood with downcast eyes.

"I don't like Cousin May," said she slowly, "she tells so many lies."

"What do you mean?" asked her mother, in a shocked tone.

"Well, she tells me about her school, and she never thinks she does anything wrong, and it is her fault sometimes. She doesn't tell things in the way they really happen. I know she doesn't. I can see——" she paused abruptly with a troubled, perplexed expression on her delicately sensitive face, "I just see it is so."

Her mother drew her gently to her.

"What you say is partly true," said she quietly, "but Cousin May is not 'telling lies,' dear. She is thoughtless and does not recognize her faults yet. I think I know a little somebody who has many faults to overcome, too," she added smiling.

"Yes, mother, I am often naughty," agreed Irene frankly, "but I don't ever think I haven't been naughty, and I don't think it is someone else's fault when I am; at least not afterwards."

"And that is what helps you to see things truly and clearly, dear," said her mother. "When we are honest with ourselves, something within begins to speak to us in our hearts, and it seems to us like seeing and understanding. But," she continued gravely, "what we are told in silence we should use in silence, guarding it as a sacred trust, and using it only to help people. We must never, never use it to judge or condemn one person to another. If we do, we betray that trust! Nature is ever longing that we should know her wisdom, but she is such a wise mother, and she first teaches us to be worthy. She tells us something in silence, then she waits and watches. If we use it wisely she tells us more, but if we use it selfishly, she just lets us forget what has been given. She is always loving and kind, and how patiently she trusts! Waiting for the time when we will be able to use what she would give, as she herself uses it; with the same great love and hope; with the same patient trust; with the same reverence for silence!" Irene's dark eyes had grown brighter as she listened. They seemed to say all the time, "I know, I understand."

"Now, run and play with Cousin May," said her mother.

Irene remained still for a minute, then said:

"May we go into the woods and sketch?"

"Yes, but be home in time for tea."

A. P. D.

Three Little Children

THREE little children in Loma-land were one day having a real tea-party for their dolls, and I heard them talking. Said one:

"Now, my dolly is fast asleep. Let's put her in a little clover cradle."

"Yes," said the second, "with a big, big leaf for a pillow."

"Isn't Loma-land a lovely home?" said the third. "I don't remember when they brought me here, but my big sister does. I came from away across the ocean, from a land called Eng—Eng—England! And I was only three days old when I was left all alone—all except my big sister—and she didn't know what we would ever do. She said I was oh, so little! But her Lotus Group teacher said, 'I will write to Mrs. Tingley.' And that is how I came to Loma-land."

"My papa's rich," said the second, a roguish little boy. "He has a lot of big stores in New—New York, and when he sells them he is coming here to live, always. Mama's here now. We get a letter from papa every week."

"I haven't any papa nor any mama," said the wee third lady. "But I have a godmother. Are mamas as nice as godmothers?"

"Sometimes," answered the second. "Mine is; but then, she lives in Loma-land, and she is a godmother now, too. We have the sweetest home!"

"It isn't any sweeter than ours! Ours is round and pretty and has roses and lilies and honeysuckles and——"

"Oh, I mean it is sweeter than ours in New York. It is so much smaller and has such lots of windows and sunshine and kelpies and flowers and pretty rugs—and every day I help mama clean house, and all the other little children help her, too."

"Its lots of fun! Just think, I never had a home until I came here."

"Oh, my dolly's waking up! Sh—sh. Let's sing 'Happy Little Sunbeams,' and maybe she will go back to sleep again."

And there about the big rag doll knelt the three little children, singing so softly that I fancied it must be fairies I heard.

Are they not fortunate? Three little comrades, real brotherhood workers, true little Warriors, one a child of wealth, the other two little waifs whom fortune did not smile upon when they lived out in the world. But all is different now, for all things smile and Life is Joy in Loma-land.

E. V. W.

AROUND the man who seeks a noble end
Not angels but divinities attend.—EMERSON

LET us fill our homes with music.—KATHERINE TINGLEY



FOUR CHILDREN OF LOMA-LAND

Students'



Path

God, Give Us Men!

by DR. J. G. HOLLAND

GOD, give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And dare his treacherous flatteries without winking;
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking.
 For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
 Their large profession and their little deeds,
 Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice weeps.—Selected

The Garden of Intellect

THERE has come a time in the lives of many young men and women when they consciously step from the place of childish things into another region, where for the first time they feel the hunger of the intellect. It is almost as though we were born into a new sunlight where sit the immortals, and where the air so silently vibrates with the triumphs of the mind, with thought and theory, and speculation. We seem to stand at a great height above the things of childhood, and above the sordid world with which also we are in contact. The introduction to the realm of intellect is intoxicating, as though for the first time we were brought into the open air and lifted up our eyes to the sky where no barrier can ever interpose, where the mental wings which we have spread need nevermore be folded nor at rest.

It is well for us to experience these things, well for us thus to step from one world to another, well for us to leave the comrades of childhood and with reverence to draw near to those who think. The wise Teacher will not hastily check nor frown upon the new life of wonder which opens before us when we knock upon the door of intellect and see something of the wonder within.

Yet, if all go well with us, we shall find that the reverence with which we walk upon this new path must be tempered by discrimination. Even here, there are companions to be chosen and associates to be avoided, and if within ourselves we have preserved the silence of humility—and so few do this—there will come to us a whisper that there is finality even here in the world of intellect. If now we have chosen our associates aright we shall learn that those who are greatest in the realm of thought and who are most willing to teach others, the great lights of science and of literature, have also discovered that there is a finality here too, where first we believed infinity to dwell. It is easy to know these real Masters of Intellect by their silence, by their reluctance to talk of what they have done, and by their eagerness to show us the boundary wall which they have found and to speak of the great shining glory which they believe to lie beyond the intellect and to which the intellect is but an introduction. Some there are who have set foot within that other realm and it has been for them a Mount of Transfiguration. They have come back from that unknown place and a radiance has gone out from them. Sometimes men have laughed and scoffed at such as these and sometimes the world has bent the knee to genius and called it divine.

And so the gladness of our birth into the world of thought gets somewhat sadly tinted as we see that here too we shall look in vain for the concord which ought to be a part of those who have set their feet upon the roadway to the stars. Here also are jealousies and hates, and is there not here too a vanity and a conceit which surely has not its like beneath the sun? It is always sad to be disillusioned, to find barriers where we

thought was open space, to find our feet upon the last round of a ladder which we thought to be unending. It shall be well with us if for a time sadness seizes upon our hearts, if for a time we gaze untempted upon the gardens of intellect and upon the fruits which were once as nectar and which have turned somewhat bitter to the taste. That sadness of disenchantment is the touch of a commanded silence within us, that we may hear a whispered message of other gardens than those of intellect which await us, of other heights which invite us to their conquest. Unto these all must come, yet many there are who wait through ages within the world of intellect, knowing naught of the beyond and some there are who stay but a moment in these gardens of delight and who hasten onward to that better place where time is not, where dwells the soul.

In what way shall intellect profit us if it be any other thing than a gateway to the soul? Shall it not indeed be a possession of the deadliest danger. Unless conscience stand at its right hand, its growth is surely a menace to the world and where are the colors dark enough to paint a future in which intellect shall wax and the soul shall wane. Never has intellect helped the world except as servant of the soul, and never will it save the world until it shall become the slave of the divine.

STUDENT

Father Dolling

THE recently published biography of Father Dolling is the story of a great man who redeemed the outcast and did what he could to redeem the churches. He was more successful with the former than with the latter. Father Dolling was a natural ruler of men, a preacher of magnificent ability, an intellect which was great, because it subordinated itself to the spiritual dictates which reached it so clearly and so abundantly. Splendid as were his powers he devoted them unswervingly to those who most needed his ministrations, to the outcast and to the wretched. He was accused of giving undue weight to the "practical side" of religion. To him all religion was practical. Whatever was not practical was not religion. Here is the way in which he speaks of some of his people, and none were more truly his people than those with whom the world have neither part nor lot. He says:

I have seen the withstanding of temptation even to tears and blood. I have seen agonies borne without a word for fear I should be vexed. I take them out of my heart where some of them have lain for eight long years. I take them out one by one—thieves, felons, tramps, loafers, outcasts, of whom the world was not worthy, having no place for them. I read in their eyes a tenderness, in their hearts a compassion for me, a bearing with all my ill temper, a paying me back a hundred fold in the richest coin of the truest love.

Father Dolling's ministrations to the outcast were not simply the performances of unpleasant duties. He loved these people. Rags and crime never hid from him for a single moment whatever manhood and womanhood there might be, and if there were none visible he never doubted that they were there, awaiting but the right message to be called forth. Father Dolling never condescended, there was no gulf to be bridged between him and his people, and no one knew better than he that no human being was ever yet helped by cant.

Father Dolling was not a good servant of his church—the Episcopalian. He could not serve two masters, his people and the church, and so we find him saying of the latter, that it was content with a complacent failure. It would be too much to hope that this man's vacant place can be filled, but the memory of him will be a green place in many a heart which never knew joy nor hope until he gave it to them. STUDENT

Cyprus, Copper and Venus

THE word copper, says *Chambers' Journal*, is generally admitted to be derived from Cyprus, as it was from that island that the ancient Romans first procured their supplies. In those remote days Cyprus and Rhodes were the great copper districts, and even in our own day new discoveries of copper ore, especially the beautiful blue and green ores, from which the metal is so much more easily obtained than from the copper pyrites and other sulphureted ores of Cornwall, are made nearly every year in the islands of the Mediterranean. *Æs Cuprium*, the Egyptian metal, was the Latin name for copper. The Phœnicians introduced to the island the worship of Ashtaroth, a goddess identified with the Greek Aphrodite and the Roman Venus. Cyprus continued to be sacred to Venus, who is often called "Cypris," or the Cyprus-born.

With Books

by LORD LYTTON

TRaverse all space, and number every star,
There is no Past, so long as Books shall live!
A disinterr'd Pompeii wakes again

For him who seeks you well; lost cities give
Up their unattract'd wonders, and the reign
Of Jove revives, and Saturn: at our will
Rise dome and tower on Delphi's sacred hill;
Bloom Cimon's trees in Academe; along
Leucadia's headland sighs the Lesbian's song:
With Egypt's Queen once more we sail the Nile,
And learn how worlds were barter'd for a smile.
Rise up, ye walls, with garden blooming o'er,
Ope but that page—lo Babylon once more!

Ye make the Past our heritage and home;
And is this all? No, by each prophet sage—
No, by the herald souls that Greece and Rome
Sent forth, like hymns, to greet the Morning Star
That rose on Bethelchem—by thy golden page,
Melodious Plato—by thy solemn dreams,
World-wearied Tully—and, above ye all,
Be this, the Everlasting Monument
Of God to mortals, on whose front the beams
Flash glory-breathing day—our lights ye are
To the dark Bourne beyond; in you are sent
The types of Truths whose life is the TO COME;
In you soars up the Adam from the fall;
In you the FUTURE as the PAST is given—
Ev'n in our death ye bid us hail our birth—
Unfold these pages, and behold the Heavens,
Without one gravestone left upon the Earth!

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question In a letter I recently received I was somewhat astonished at the implication that The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society are not practical, or for practical people. The writer said: "I would be very glad if I could find comfort in your faith that has done so much for you, but I don't seem to be able to get any hold upon it. I suppose I am too practical. I am interested in your work both at home and abroad, and think you are doing a grand work." How can one best remove such a misconception as to the real practical nature of our work?
G. A.

Answer It is indeed astonishing that anyone who knows anything of the activities carried on by The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and by its various departments, especially the International Brotherhood League, can entertain for a moment the idea that this work is not practical. Perhaps the reason for such an attitude may be found in this, that there are certain people and certain small societies which use the names Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood, but whose Brotherhood and Theosophy are of the brain and the lips and not of the heart and life. Such make a great pretense of reading many books and talking learnedly on all the mysteries, but the heartache of the world will never cease through reading or talking. Some of these even use the name of that great Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, and profess to be her disciples, but forget that she taught "To live to benefit mankind is the first step; to practise the six glorious virtues is the second." They forget that her life from beginning to end was practical and was spent in the service of humanity. Some too, also use the name of that second great Teacher, W. Q. Judge, who taught the same and whose life was sacrificed for the cause he so loved.

If any should hear of Theosophy only through such people, it may well be thought that Theosophy is a mere theory and not for practical people. For, "by their fruits ye shall know them." And because of this misuse of the names Theosophy and Brotherhood and the names of our revered Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, it is necessary from time to time to warn the public lest misconceptions and prejudices should arise in their minds in regard to the sublime teachings of Theosophy, which are in every sense of the word *practical* and applicable in every day life. In fact, the teachings of Theosophy cannot be comprehended until they are put into practise and made a part of our actual living.

Comfort will come and understanding as the simple teachings of Theosophy are put into practise. The children are taught that "Helping and

sharing is what Brotherhood means," and that "Heart-light makes sunlight," and if we would only have the faith to follow the teaching of the Christ and of all the great teachers and, too, the teaching of Theosophy and become as little children, learning these precepts with them, striving to follow them, then like them we should enter the Kingdom of Heaven and find the peace and comfort which alone come from loving service. Can anyone say that he or she is too practical for the practise of altruism and brotherhood? Yet these are the very essence of Theosophy, and if one does not yet fully accept Reincarnation and Karma or realize the consolation that these teachings bring, that does not take away from the fact that Theosophy is practical, and it is only through brotherhood, through loving service, that the deeper knowledge will come. William Q. Judge said:

The power to know does not come from book-study nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practise of altruism in deed, word and thought; for that practise purifies the covers of the soul and permits that light to shine down into the brain-mind.

And Katherine Tingley has said:

Preach Brotherhood, live it by sacrificing all selfish desires and working unceasingly for humanity. . . . We have but to take the first step in the true spirit of Brotherhood, and all other steps will follow in natural sequence.

With these words of our Teachers, and with the example of their lives and work and the work of the Organization—a living record that he who runs may read—no one, who desires to learn the truth about The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophy, can fail to see that here is work preeminently practical, common sense, ennobling and uplifting, calling forth the soul's highest powers, inspiring ever to a more unselfish, a diviner life.

ORION

¶ If some one attempts to show you a kindness and the attempt happens to be made in an awkward manner, or not quite *comme il faut*, do not indulge in a sneer, even if the outward expression of it is suppressed.

The Meaning of Religion

THE attention which is now being devoted to the meaning of Religion is hopeful and encouraging. Only the faint-hearted, the unintelligent and the self-interested have any reason to fear the heat of the crucibles into which it is successively thrown. Nothing but impurities can ever be destroyed, and those whose theologic lamentations are heard in the land are those who confuse the dross with the gold from which it is being separated. Among the various varieties of criticism to which religion is now being subjected is that which recognizes the divorce which has been effected between spirituality, or its imitation, and the world of men and events in which we move. That divorce must not only be recognized, it must be undone.

It has been said by a writer of eminence that the very basis of religion is an ideal sociology, an intense human yearning for the perfection of all the relations of life. Some men have called this the kingdom of God. The theory is perhaps narrower than it need be, but all possible extensions present themselves readily to the mind. If there be indeed a yearning for the perfection of human relations, that yearning must be prompted by an inner ideal, a divine pattern which ever thrusts itself upon the mind and insists upon notice and fulfilment. That such yearning takes many and various forms and that these forms seem so often opposed to human interests is no argument against the divinity of its source, but proves only that the channels through which it reaches the mind are distorted by ignorance and twisted by passion. The fact remains that there is in every mind that looks and thinks, the consciousness of a difference between things as they are and as we dimly recognize that they ought to be. It is the function of religion to explain the reality and the sources of those ideals, to show how the mental mirror may be so cleared from passion and self-love that it faithfully reflects the vision from above and to aid those ideals to forcefully imprint themselves upon the turmoil of daily life. What other meaning can we attach to the prayer

Thy will be done upon earth as it is in heaven.

Are not both heaven and earth within us, the heavenly world of ideals which is vague and shadowy because of the mists upon our eyes, and the earth which we have created by our hates and our ambitions? We must reconcile the two, and we must do it before our ideals pass away, before the world loses its last trace of similarity to the City Beautiful. J.

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Meteorological Table for the week ending July the 4th, 1903

JUNE JULY	BAROM ETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
28	29.612	69	59	62	60	.00	SE	5
29	29.672	67	59	62	62	.01	SE	5
30	29.650	69	58	61	59	.00	SW	4
1	29.576	69	59	62	62	.00	SE	7
2	29.680	70	60	64	61	.00	W	6
3	29.774	70	63	65	64	.00	NW	13
4	29.674	70	61	68	60	.00	W	5

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Use of the Right Hand

Professor Cunningham pointed out how it is evident that as far back as we can trace man he was preferentially right-handed. Thus Dr. R. Lehmann-Nitsche had examined the bones of prehistoric men from southern Bavaria and had found that the clavicle and the long bones of the right upper limb were distinctly heavier and more massive than the corresponding bones of the opposite side. All the evidence at our disposal goes to show that right-handedness is due to a transmitted functional preeminence of the left brain, and this functional preeminence was not a haphazard acquisition which had been picked up during the lifetime of the individual, it rested upon some structural foundation which transmitted from parent to offspring. Modern science, then, if we have correctly interpreted Professor Cunningham's meaning, would seem to show that there is a distinction in nature of the right hand.

It is indubitably the one by which most delicate manual actions are performed, with one marked exception—namely, the fingering in the play of stringed instruments which are played with a bow. If, as Professor Cunningham, in referring to the crossing of the motor impulses, says, "it thus came about that the left cerebral hemisphere controlled and regulated the muscles of the right side, and its functional superiority over the right hemisphere was indicated by the subservient position which the left hand held with reference to the right, and the manner in which all manual acts which require precision and skill, all the movements which specially required the higher guidance of the brain, were performed by the right hand"—if this be so, how comes it that the fingering of a violin, which surely is an act requiring the higher guidance of the brain, is always, so far as we know, performed by the left hand?—London *Lancet*

A Queer Business

One of the strangest businesses in ancient Rome is mentioned by Juvenal in his satires. It consisted of buying houses on fire. The speculator hurried to the scene, attended by slaves carrying bags of money and others carrying tools, judged the chances of salvage and made a bid to the distracted house owner, who was glad to accept anything, as a rule. The bargain struck in all haste, this earliest of fire insurers set his slaves to work and secured what he could. Sometimes even he put out the flames and so made a coup.

It was a business for capitalists, but the poorest who speculated in a small way could hardly lose if he had presence of mind enough to grasp the chances. Thus Cato the Elder, as well as Crassus, laid the foundation of his great wealth. He gradually collected a force of carpenters, masons and such artificers—slaves, of course—which reached 500 men. Not only did he buy houses on fire, but also, enlarging upon the common practise, he made a bid for those adjoining which stood in danger. His proposals were commonly welcome, we learn, so helpless were the people and so great the peril. By this means Crassus became the greatest owner of house property in Rome.—Selected

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SHARPER EARS THAN OURS

Birds and Beasts Hear Sounds We Can't Detect—Have a Weather Sense. Too

Most people suppose a mole to be dumb, but it is not. A mole can give a sound so shrill that it hasn't any effect on the human ear at all, and another sound so low and soft that no human ear can hear it. Yet a weasel can hear both these sounds as plainly as you can the report of a gun, and a sound-registering machine, the phonograph, will show them both, with scores of other sounds you are deaf to.

The usual note of the mole is a low purr, which it uses a good deal while at work underground, and it can also shout at the top of its voice if hurt or alarmed; but though it shouted and purred in your ear you wouldn't hear it. The sound-register, however, with its delicate pencil that marks the volume of sound on a paper, gives the quality of both sounds.

A weasel, too, which is one of the mole's enemies, can hear these sounds through a couple of inches of earth, and often catches the mole when he throws up his hillock of earth. The common field mouse, too, has a purr that is altogether beyond you, though you can hear him squeak plainly enough if he is hurt. A death-head's moth, too, can squeak, but that is done by rubbing his wings together and is not a voice at all.

But the champion of all creatures for good hearing, and one that can hear a sound that is over a hundred degrees beyond our own limit, is the common thrush, and you may often amuse yourself by watching him. He can hear a lobworm moving underground, locate him by the noise and haul him out.

Often you may see a thrush stand perfectly still on your lawn, cock his ear and listen intently, then make a couple of steps and haul out a fat lobworm. Even the starling, which is about the size of a thrush, cannot do this, but he knows the thrush can and, being a disreputable person with no common honesty, he follows the young thrushes about on their worm hunts, and steals the worms from them as soon as they are caught.

As for the smells you can't smell, they are more numerous than those you can, and if you want an example, go on your knees in a field where there are partridges and see if you can smell them six or seven yards away—or even a freshly dead one an inch from your nose.

They have no scent to you. But if you own a pointer dog you may watch him canter across the field at full speed and suddenly stop as if shot, tail outstretched and body rigid, nose in the air, all because he caught the scent of a covey of birds some yards away wafted to him by the wind. He—and most other dogs—can smell a lark as far as a partridge.

But if you choose you can make yourself smell 50 per cent better by wetting your finger and drawing it under your nose. With damped nostrils—like the dog—you will detect scents that did not reach you before.

Coming to the feelings you cannot feel, perhaps it is as well they are so numerous. You can feel a gnat settle on your skin, but not a lake midge, nor fifty of them, and you cannot even feel them bite—though they stick a quiver full of saws and files into you—till the irritation begins.

But watch one of these midges light on a horse's flank—though they do not weigh the 50,000th part of a drachm—and you will see the horse give his whole skin a twist, round about where the midge is, and try to shake it off. Even though he has a shaggy coat, he can feel that midge alight.

Besides these limits to your every-day senses, however, there are several senses which you haven't got at all, but which plenty of other creatures have. One is the sense of weather. You cannot tell by any sense

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—except newspaper reports—what the weather will be the day after tomorrow, but animals can, for they carry natural barometers in their brains. When a frost, for instance, has lasted a week or two, and all the meadows are bound up, you will find insect-feeding birds that have gone to the mud-banks of estuaries, moving back in flocks to the fields thirty hours before the first signs of a thaw.—*Chicago Record-Herald*

Adam's Birthday

Formerly October 23d was regarded as Adam's birthday. Theologians of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries wasted much scholarship in efforts to settle both the manner and date of creation. Dr. John Lightfoot, Vice Chancellor of Cambridge, a Hebrew scholar of European reputation, published a statement to the effect that, after years of research, he had succeeded in discovering the precise moment when the earth "rose out of chaos," and man made his appearance upon it. This learned divine declared that "heaven and earth, center and circumference, were created all together in the same instant, and clouds full of water," and that "this work took place and man was created by the Trinity on October 23d, 4004 B. C., at 9 o'clock in the morning.—*Selected*

Old Engraved Rings

Among the legends of Greece it is told that the father of Pythagoras, the famous Greek philosopher, was a celebrated engraver of gems, and, according to classical history, both Helen of Troy and Ulysses of Greece wore engraved rings. Engraving on stones that were partly precious was an art at a very remote age. The British museum proudly boasts the possession of a small square of yellow jasper bearing the figure of a horse and the name and titles of Amenophis II, believed to date back to about the year 1450 B. C. The very finest specimen of engraved gem now in existence is a head of Nero carved on a first water diamond by the brothers Castanzi in the year 1790 A. D.—*Selected*

OLDEST OF ALL TREES

A Portland Authority Thinks They Are Oregon Junipers, Not California Redwoods

W. P. Keady of Portland thinks that perhaps the redwoods of California are not the oldest of all trees. He suggests that the honors may belong to the junipers of Oregon. He says:

"The President's visit to the big tree groves of California, and his remarks as to the disfigurement of the same by advertising signs, has revived discussion of the age of these wonderful trees, which exist only in the Golden State.

"While California can boast of the great size of the redwoods, Oregon is the possessor of trees far exceeding them in age. I refer to the junipers, a species common to the desert sections of the State.

"If the concentric rings correctly indicate the successive annual growth of trees, and I believe this to be an established scientific fact, then the juniper is the oldest living thing upon the earth. Its annual rings are almost as compact as the leaves of a book; the assistance of a magnifying glass is necessary to count them correctly.

"This tree thrives best where soil and moisture are scant, and apparently draws nutrition chiefly from the atmosphere. It belongs to the cedar family, is short in stature, pyramidal, seldom exceeding sixty feet in height, but is often from five to six feet in diameter at the base. The wood is reddish in color and when seasoned burns quickly with intense heat, like incense cedar.

"I recall one particular juniper in the John Day Valley, which stands upon the very rim of a perpendicular basalt wall 800 feet high. Its holding is in the lava fissures with scarcely soil sufficient to sustain a thrifty rose bush.

"It is sixteen feet in circumference two feet above ground; is about fifty feet in height, and was laden with a great profusion of berries. Below it 800 feet are found the fossil bearing clays, which contain bones of the three-toed horse and other prehistoric animals; about one thousand feet still below, reached by successive benches of basalt and clay beds, is the present level of the John Day River.

"This tree must be at least 10,000 years old, judging by the concentric rings of lesser trees of the same variety. The greatest age accorded the gigantic redwood of California is forty centuries. In a growth of these the Juniper would be a venerable patriarch surrounded by lusty youth.—*Selected*

The Gaelic Revival

The Welsh language is now more firmly established than it has been for centuries. It is spoken and written by a young generation in purity which has been unknown since the days of Goronwy and Lewis Morris in the Eighteenth century. It is taught in the schools, recognized by the National University as ranking by the side of Greek and Latin; papers and periodicals abound; a national press is issuing the classics of the nation in splendid editions; a national library has been founded; the Eisteddfod—the Welsh Oireachtas—flourishes.

A similar development seems to be taking place in Ireland under our eyes. Wherever one goes now one finds men and women, young and old, able to speak and read and write Gaelic; it is taught in the schools; ancient customs are revived; papers are springing up; Irish literature is being printed; the interest in the history and traditions of the country and the race is widening and deepening; scholars are encouraged in their work. And, over and above this, the lives of thousands have been transfigured, and a new zest and spirit has entered into a nation whose despondency, whose listless, hopeless attitude toward itself and its interests used to be the saddest feature in its character.—*Gael.*

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Port Orient

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

PORT—A lawful ocean gate for the entrance and exit of persons and merchandise to and from the world: A refuge from storms! A place where vessels put in for supplies, repairs and information: A stately port or appearance!—*Standard Dictionary*

What order, stateliness, breadth and sweep of world connecting traffic over the broad oceans' robust brine, and refuge haven from their tumbling waste of tempests!

Who would not by preference live in the wide activity of a Port, partaking of the abundance of meeting land and sea; being a part of their interblended health, beauty and grandeur?

Where upon earth as at this southern-most port of our imperial West Coast do they combine in such tender beauty of colors, tints and shades; in such gentleness of grace and harmony of varied form? All blending in a scene so grand, majestic and titanic that the attendant world stands fascinated and spellbound in observation, as thought instinctively moves out beyond all petty trammelings in grateful thanksgiving to the great

Artificer whose infinite mind reared, formed, blended and color-hued this majesty of strength, grace and beauty unspeakable.

What inferior name can longer trammel this our might of power to a dead and antiquated past, dwarfed and meaningless in the fresh light of this new century full of hopeful presage? "Port" identifies, locates, and implies a world-wide contact. It is a fit companion for

ORIENT—Like sunrise—bright, clear, gorgeous: ascending as the morning sun; rising as from the grave! the position with reference to the East, hence to all points of the compass! the point from which to find bearings; from which to correct one's conceptions of things by referring to known facts and first principles! to face East exactly; squaring with the North, South, East and West! the part of the heavens specially brightened by the rising sun: the point at which the horizon and the plane of the earth's equator intersect! the iridescent luster of the pearl; as gems, pure and precious. A prime division of the earth stretching from the eastern Mediterranean throughout Asia including the Malayan islands, Borneo, Java and the Philippines: lying in or proceeding from the direction of the sunrise; magnificent, gorgeous, richly panoplied! Suggesting race antiquity, wisdom and peace.—*Standard Dictionary*

Iridescent Luster of the Pearl

What word picture can add to the high meaning of this all-comprehensive word?

"ORIENT!"—BLENDING HEAVEN AND EARTH in exquisite beauty of sun-gemmed splendor, brightness and preciousness of purity, with a loftiness and scope, exactness and rectitude to chart the world of men and thought, that all shall know from whence they came, whither going, and why. A rich commerce of merchandise, antique precious things, and age-matured thought and wisdom, to interchange with the new world for its modern wares and worthy ways; squaring all with the North, South, East and West from the point of true bearings! Crowning all with a profusion of magnificence and splendor of beauty and life-giving brightness, like the rising sun!

The power of all these is in the name—

"PORT ORIENT!"

Will the Progressive intelligence of San Diego, now awaking from its sleep of personal comfort, arise and accept this Gem Prophetic of what this port can be made? appropriating this most fitting and heretofore unused name, away from some artificial, or rock-bound chilly harbor along this coming Commerce Coast of the world. Nature's grandest effort of majestic beauty in the world has marked our destiny! But she is not sufficiently powerful to overcome man's mental inertia! Her only recourse is to remove such from balking her eternal progression, freeing her gifts to such as will appreciatively improve them.

Linking Asia to America

Shall we who feel the Divine Hand laid commandingly upon the hazardous helm of jeopardized human affairs, dare to longer stand inert waiting for the outside world to come and do our work? When progress, dominantly active in our midst, invites, the tide will flow to us in mutual blessing and not before—except it whelm and drown its retarders!

Here, most profuse in her selflessness, Nature will not permit the blind or narrow or selfish to block this gateway to the world's most direct and genial route across oceans and continent, connecting America to Asia and Europe. Nor can such be permitted to succeed in sharing the benefits arising from their removal. When lower nature, bound useless by man, rebels, the Almighty One comes to its release and justice is meted as each has earned!

As the Might of the East arouses from its long rest, the eyes of the world are upon it. The wise are in fearful expectancy for the world's peace, should lust and greed in their blind intoxication attempt to bind the Dragon with paper thongs and dismember with selfish tempered swords. But whatever the outcome, America must and will supply these awakening needs more and more demanded, until the American waters of the great Pacific, flooding north of our Asia-touching line of islands, shall teem with the world's commerce, in American bottoms, through America's isthmus canal—and from Europe and the eastern states overland through the four natural West-coast Ports.

The beginning of this has already past! Let "Port Orient" arise as Nature's Gateway Beacon—most favored of all—to aid and profit by this impending greatness of America's Orient Pacific, commanding Peace to the world from these her strategic Continent and Waters!

F. M. PIERCE

The Dignity of Labor

THE word "work" has come to have an ugly and unwelcome flavor owing to its association with the ideas of slavery, anxiety over loss and gain, and toiling for the world's markets without interest in the article produced. There is also, ringing in our ears, the primeval curse laid on Adam as he was driven from Paradise, that henceforth he should toil in the sweat of his brow. But we must not forget the promise of redemption whereby it was promised that man's lot, including his labor, should be redeemed and glorified. Thus honest labor is the greatest blessing, for it is the means of man's redemption, the great standby of his Soul during the period of his fall.

True work is the means by which the Soul manifests itself, for the Soul is an architect, a builder, a craftsman. The purpose of Soul, incarnate in human form, is to build on the earth and from the earth, a temple meet to enshrine the divine presence, to create heaven, to evolve the perfect man and the perfected humanity.

To perform such work must be a joy and a blessing and a glory, for the Soul is the very life of our life, and to feel its breath flowing and its pulses thrilling is to live indeed. True work is capable of bringing to us that peace that surpasses the understanding.

But what of the "work" in the world? Is this the expression of the Soul? Rare indeed are the cases in which it can be so described. Now and then we may find some artist or craftsman, free from pecuniary necessity, and at the same time devoid of either vanity or ambition, performing a "labor of love" and working for love of the craft. But such cases are rare exceptions. For the great majority, work means labor performed for subsistence or gain, ambition or vanity; motives which arise, not in the Soul, but in the untamed bosom of man. When such work is performed, that is, when the incentives of desire and fear drive the chariot, the Soul is not the actor; its presence is not felt, its light does not illumine, nor its glow warm the nature of the worker.

In a society of people blended in a true union, true work is possible. For with perfect harmony and cooperation, subsistence would be so easy as to make it quite a subordinate object. In fact, the means of subsistence would come incidentally out of the overflow of production. Thus the main object of the work would be that of the true artist—creation from earthly materials after a divine plan.

Imagine in such a society one member seized with a private purpose and resolved to favor his own personality (as, in his folly, he might imagine) at the expense of the community. Imagine such a delusion affecting one single individual, and you have on the small scale the conditions which in the world have degraded work.

To work for any other object than self is to work for the Soul. It is in the power of every one to do some Soul work, though they may be caught in the net of worldly toil. Opportunities will arise for doing something from an unselfish motive, and thus a foretaste of the joys of Soul-life may be experienced. Also it is in our power to so change our attitude of mind towards our daily avocation as to raise it from a drudgery to a dignity.

He who, with strong body-serving mind,
Gives up his mortal powers to worthy work,
Not seeking gain, Arjuna! such an one
Is honorable. Do thine allotted task!

There is a task of holiness to do,
Unlike world-binding toil, which bindeth not
The faithful soul; such earthly duty do
Free from desire, and thou shalt well perform
Thy heavenly purpose.

One cannot, by speaking of work alone, foreshadow the full meaning and possibility of true work, for the gospel of the Dignity of Labor is only a part of the great gospel of the Brotherhood Life, the Heart Life, the Soul Life, which is being revealed to the world. As the undreamt and ever-renewed wonders of Soul Life gradually unfold, new revelations as to the meaning and possibilities of true labor are made. For life is a whole, not a set of compartments, and labor dovetails into the fabric. Thus the real import of true work cannot be fully revealed, but becomes clearer and clearer as men advance towards ideal conditions generally and in all respects. Still, since the Dignity of Labor forms one of the columns of the temple of future humanity, that gospel will be preached; and as the various parts of the temple grow, it will be gradually seen how they supplement each other.

STUDENT

The "Sequel to the Sepulcher"

AN instance of the present amazing and disheartening confusion of religious thought was afforded by Dr. Coyle, the moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly which recently met at Los Angeles. He is reported to have spoken eloquent words upon the subject of heredity. They may have been eloquent, but they were certainly not intelligent:

The preface to the cradle is all right, but the sequel to the sepulcher is of vastly more value. I do not despise the nest in which I have been reared, but I think infinitely more of the wings which are to support me. Forever shall men live—but where? Go to your Bible and it will tell you.

What does Dr. Coyle mean by saying that the preface to the cradle is all right? Every one who knows enough of the problems of human life to fit him to teach and to preach is sufficiently well aware that in nine cases out of ten, the preface to the cradle is all wrong and because the preface is all wrong, the whole book of human life is wrong and the sequel is wrong. We are tempted to ask, as was asked of a wiser man than Dr. Coyle, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?"

The majority of the churches, and especially of the Presbyterian, seem determined that they will have neither part nor lot in the realities of life which lie obviously before their eyes, but that they will devote themselves forever to the misty theories about which they know nothing whatever. It has been shown that from one criminal mother hundreds of criminal children have descended within the space of a few generations. Had that mother been wisely and understandingly helped those hundreds of murderers, thieves and outcasts would never have been what they were, and yet we are complacently told that "the preface to the cradle is all right, but the sequel to the sepulcher is of vastly more value." What have we to do with the "sequel to the sepulcher," while the book of life lies open in front of us and its every page is stained with blood and tears? The Christ about whom so many Presbyterians "darken counsel by words without wisdom," taught us to pray, "Thy kingdom come *on earth*," and how shall we bring that kingdom upon earth by vaporings about the "sequel to the sepulcher?" What wonder that the churches are empty and abandoned while men who are starving for the bread of life are fed upon stones.

STUDENT

The Health of Cuba

THE following is a portion of the monthly report issued by Dr. C. J. Finlay, the Chief Sanitary officer for the Island of Cuba:

The showing for 1902, and the beginning of 1903, is very satisfactory not only in regard to the complete exemption from yellow fever and smallpox, but also in the number of deaths from malaria in the total mortality. There has been no smallpox on the island since June, 1900, nor yellow fever since September, 1901, and the progress in the decrease in malaria has continued without interruption.

Without a sound physical basis all advancement must be somewhat lacking in vitality. Such reports as this are therefore gratifying in the extreme.

STUDENT

Cremation

THE practice of cremation is indisputably on the increase, and that we hear so little of it is only because it has now become so common that it arouses little or no comment. Eighteen years ago there were but two crematoriums in the United States. There are now twenty-six, and over 2500 bodies are thus destroyed every year. Altogether 14,000 incinerations have taken place in the United States and the annual number is constantly on the increase.

Middle Lake, Killarney

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows a still further glimpse of Ireland's most famous lake scenery, the hills and dales of Killarney. This picture is of Middle Lake.

He who, in arranging his plans, guides himself, not by what he wishes to do or does not wish to do, but by what should be done or should not be done, conserves energy, saves time and accumulates strength.

Do not crave opportunities to exercise virtues, but crave the possession of them. If you possess them you will use them when occasion requires; if you do not possess them the occasion for their use will simply demonstrate your weakness.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Dogmas of Modern Science

WHAT shall it avail us to escape from the creeds of religion if we are to fall under the dogmas of science. The former may even be preferable and it would certainly be hard to find any dogmas more fanatical than the latter. Of scientific dogmatists, Professor Ray Lankester may perhaps be described as High Priest and Chief Inquisitor combined. He tells us exactly what we may believe and what we may not believe, and if we disobey he labels us as insane. In his latest bull, Professor Lankester dogmatizes in universes. Hear him:

The whole order of nature, including living and lifeless matter—man, animal and gas—is a network of mechanism.

The Professor's knowledge is vast enough to spare him the necessity of theorizing, suggesting or speculating. We have here the scientific gnostic, the man who knows, while others believe, "the whole of nature is a network of mechanism."

The "whole order of nature" includes God, human mind and human free-will; may we suggest that it even includes Professor Lankester himself who, in the automatic exercise of that portion of natural mechanism which we will call his intelligence can perhaps hardly be accounted responsible to any other portion of the mechanism?

We would, however, like to mechanically ask the Professor to explain the origin of the force by which this mechanism moves. Is that force outside of nature and thus supernatural? If on the other hand it is a part of nature, then we presume that it too is mechanical, and our inquiry seems to be as it was before, only one step further back.

Again, if "the whole order of nature" is mechanism we presume the mechanism has the quality of motion, and we would inquire whether motion is natural or supernatural? If it is natural, then it too came into being mechanically, and we are still without illumination as to origin. If the Professor tells us that force and motion are supernatural—but we cannot imagine him doing anything of the kind.

STUDENT

Who Is Responsible For This?

THE subject of child criminals is forcing itself very much upon public attention. This is due not so much to an increased recognition of duty, as to the fact that the child criminal is becoming a menace to life and property. Now, it is a very easy thing to generalize upon a problem of this kind and valuable results may accrue if it be done accurately. The San Francisco *Examiner* has, however, proceeded upon a more excellent way and a way which would produce astonishing results if it were systematically followed.

There is a certain boy of eleven years of age, who has been made the subject of an illustrated article in the *Examiner*, under the heading, "What Shall Be Done With This Boy?" It is a pertinent question, because "this boy" is typical of a class which grows larger day by day, and there are few localities where that class is unrepresented. It seems that Edgar Sonne, although only eleven years of age, has committed many burglaries, has been repeatedly arrested and has broken out of prison. We may well repeat the question, "What shall be done with this boy?" and continue to repeat it until we get for ourselves some kind of a sane answer.

Now, the representative of the *Examiner*, Mr. Jack London, set to work to investigate this particular case in order to ascertain if there was any apparent reason why this eleven year old child *must* be a criminal. We cannot reproduce the whole of Mr. London's investigation, but we can enumerate some of its points.

He found that Edgar Sonne was an ordinary looking boy, willing to freely converse and with a keen sense of injustice when directed against himself. There appeared to be no hereditary criminality nor did he seem to be a degenerate. Upon one occasion, however, his mother swept a bunch of keys into the ash barrel, accused him of stealing them and then beat him with a leather harness trace. In revenge he stole twenty dollars from her. Here are some of his confidences to Mr. London:

"Been here two weeks," he sobbed, once, when he broke down, "an' she ain't been to see me.

A Mother's Cruelty and Neglect

"She put me in the Youth's Directory when she was movin' house, an' I was there for months.
"She laughed when she saw the policeman had me."
"And what did you do with the money you earned by selling papers?" I asked him.
"Took it home to my mother."
"Always?"
"No," he said. "She'd ask me for it, an' I'd say, 'I ain't sellin' no papers.' If she'd found out she'd beat me. That's the only thing she can do."
"The only thing she can do!" From our conversation it seemed the only thing she had ever done. Many nights, he said, he slept out in the back yard; nor did his mother ever ask him where he had been. "She don't care," was the way he put it.

At this point we might suggest that we ask ourselves, not "What shall be done with this boy?" but rather, "What shall be done with this mother?" Apart from the higher ground of ethics, what shall society do to protect itself against parents who allow their children to become scourges to humanity? Surely it would pay us to do something.

Mr. London's further investigation disclosed the fact that Edgar Sonne was unable to breathe properly in consequence of adenoid growth in the throat and enlarged tonsils, and that this malady was so aggravated as to produce pressure upon the brain. These conditions were old standing, they could easily have been noticed and, having been noticed they could easily have been removed.

Judge R. S. Tuthill has said that "Every neglected child is a menace to society and the State." The natural corollary is that every parent who neglects a child is responsible for that menace. Let us remember, too, that there are many ways of neglecting a child, and that this particular offense is by no means confined to any one class of the community. From this ethical standpoint the rich child may be as much neglected as the poor child, and the educated child as much as the ignorant child.

In the story of Edgar Sonne the ministers of our churches might find material for many and many a sermon beneficial alike to themselves, to their audiences and to the community.

STUDENT

Is the Time Ripe for Airships?

SANTOS DUMONT has made a great sensation in Paris with his new airship No. 9. He made an unexpected overhead appearance recently at Long-champs, moving to and fro with the greatest ease, and ascending and descending at pleasure. The inventor believes that the many improvements of his latest production will render impossible the numerous accidents which he has hitherto survived. Two balloons, one inside the other, are used, so that if the outer one be damaged the inner one will come into play. The new three horse-power engine which has been fitted provides a speed four times greater than before, while the basket car will be rigidly suspended, not by ropes as heretofore, but by fifty fine steel rods.

Initial experiments certainly promise most favorably for the new ship and Paris is full of anticipations. There are certainly very few who stop to think whether the discovery of the secret of aerial navigation would, at the present time, be beneficial or hurtful to the best interests of mankind. The growth of human power in one direction only, a material direction, is not likely to add to human happiness. For the greatest good of the greatest number it is essential that a growth of material power, an increase of power over nature, should be accompanied by an increase of spiritual power, of the subjection by man of his lower nature with the greed and the cruelties which attend it. The sum total of human misery would not be so great as it is today had the tide of spiritual knowledge flowed as rapidly and as deeply as has the tide of mental attainment and of material progress.

STUDENT

A LONDON vicar now holds his services in the dark. This is in order to save the feelings of those who have to dress poorly, to check the tendency on the part of others to display finery, and to concentrate the attention of all on that which is said. Hymns and prayers are thrown on a screen with a lantern. It may achieve these objects, but one would suppose there were certain collateral drawbacks.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

All Form Is Created by Rhythmical Vibration

WE have more than once referred to the "sound-pictures" of Mrs. Watts Hughes, and are glad to take the opportunity afforded by a recent lecture given by her at the house of the late artist Lord Leighton to describe them more fully. She has now been experimenting for a number of years, and the lantern illustrations with which her lecture was enriched represented the whole evolution of her discoveries. The instrument—the "eidophone"—which she uses is a sort of simple trumpet whose large end looks upward and has a parchment membrane stretched over it. Into the other end the notes are sung. Upon the parchment any fine dust is sprinkled, the best being lycopodium. A very liquid paste may also be used, which, after taking the shapes desired, is allowed to set into a disk.

The shapes into which the sand is cast are of every possible variety. There are geometrical forms, from the simplest to the most complex, circles, spirals, whorls, serpents coiling away in indefinite perspective. There are flower outlines of every kind.

In one of her experiments a daisy appeared accidentally, and it was long before she discovered the exact note and exact crescendo and diminuendo that was necessary to reproduce it.

Now she can produce what sort of daisy she will, what sort of petal and what veining. Amid other flower forms she showed pansies; and there were ferns of great variety. Then there were trees, trees with fruit on them, trees with fruit falling, trees with a foreground of rock and the sea behind, landscapes of ever varied scenery. What does it all mean?

Is Nature the sounding board of a great voice of infinite tones and inflections? Is the concourse of the myriad-myriad cosmic atoms, sung by Lucretius, done to a mighty song?

The conception was older than Lucretius, older than Pythagoras, perhaps older than the thought of ancient India.

"A beautiful idea of the poets," some will say; but may it not be more than that? Poetry may not necessarily be science, but we do say that true science is necessarily poetry. "The laws of motion," that read so dryly, and chemical reactions, and the laws of physiology, may after all turn out to be the measured and tabled effects of the music of Nature on substance, her manifold song made visible. We may some day come to know enough to teach it even to children in that way, to begin with the song and pass outwards to the atom, the crystal, and the cell. A little book that has been of great value to many students of life says:

Listen to the song of life. Store in your memory the melody you hear. For as the individual has voice, so has that in which the individual exists. Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry: it is a song. Look for it and listen to it in your own heart. There is a natural melody, an obscure fount, in every human heart.

Perhaps this was not poetic metaphor, but science. In the same way Katherine Tingley once spoke of the Divine Law working in man and the world as "a musical tone, a spiritual tone."

Fortunate indeed is he who finds in himself the music of Nature, and finds too that that music is the expression of a soul consciousness that is his highest self.

STUDENT

AND sure there is music even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sounds of an instrument; for there is music wherever there is harmony, order or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE

FIT the same intellect to a man and it is a bow-string—to a woman and it is a harp-string. She is vibratile and resonant all over; so she stirs with slighter musical tremblings of the air about her.

Soul Impressions Produced by Good Music

IF there were in your mind a photographic plate, what would you want exposed before it? What would you want fixed on it for life?

The "if" need not be there. The soul is such a plate; it receives impressions the most easily; it "fixes" them, as the photographers say, unconsciously but securely, and one cannot get rid of them if one would.

This being true, it is well seen that the student of music should, in so far as his power lies, expose the sensitive plate of his musical soul only to such performances and such music as will be of advantage to him in further development of his musical self.

A plate cannot continuously be exposed to tawdry views and then display the finest of scenery. No more can the mind be saturated in trivial music and then be opened to and retain the delicate impressions of that which is of the most skilful handiwork and the most artistic reproduction. In other words, hear as little trash as possible; hear as much good music as possible.

Waste no time or money on concerts of only mediocre value. Save your efforts for those of the best grade.

What does it profit a man if he gain a whole world of notes and lose his own musical soul? A young pianist may pay a high figure to hear a recital by a very celebrated performer. But is it not well invested, provided the student has a sensitive plate in his soul? If he goes to that recital simply to enjoy manual dexterity it is wasted; a circus would do as well. But if he is ready to let some artistic spark be kindled into flame, then it is the best investment he ever made. For it could do what no ordinary lessons could, unless his teacher has as great artistic powers as the performer he hears.

This is a short sermon, but it has much in it for the student who is willing to learn from the experience of others; and once in a while there is found such a one.—*Nonconformist Musical Journal*.

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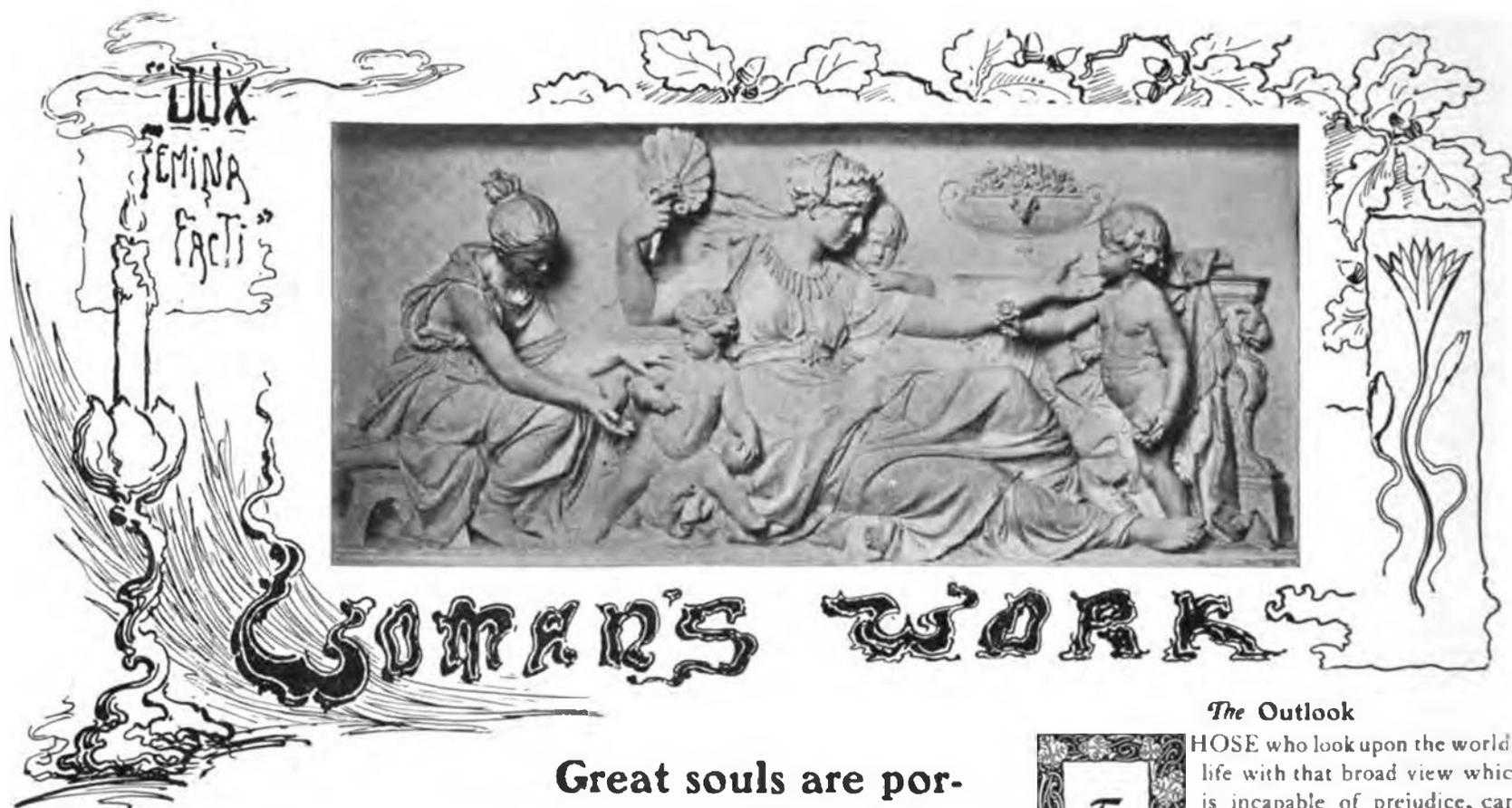
An Opera in Poland Shows Popular Atheism

THERE is an opera, popular now for sixty years, in Poland, Russia and Galicia, which is really a Slavonic rendering of *Faust*. But in its point of difference from the Teutonic form of the story, one gets a curious insight into the different attitudes towards life which the Slavonic and Teutonic peasants respectively have. For though Goethe's *Faust* is no more the mediæval legend of that name than Wagner's *Tannhauser*, yet both express the deep-rooted belief of the Teuton in the final overruling of the universe by divine justice. Centuries of oppression have tended to substitute in the Slavonic peasant a profound pessimism. He does not see divine justice working out in the events of life. So far as he knows tyranny and injustice do not earn punishment if the oppressor be but high enough placed.

The opera which is referred to is *Halka*, now being played (in Russian) in New York. The maiden who gives her name to the opera, is a beautiful serf girl who, being betrayed, becomes insane and eventually drowns herself. There is no hint of the apotheosis, which so strongly appeals to the popular sense of justice in Goethe's *Margaret* and Wagner's *Elizabeth*, no hint of compensation for the innocent and retribution for the guilty. Pessimism, or atheism, must be very deep in the heart of a people when, for two generations, such a story as that remains popular. Not only is injustice represented going punishment-free on earth, and the criminal as without any compunction for his work, but there is no suggestion of subsequent divine reward or retribution. And a good many Slavonic tales of recent years have just the same characteristics. K.



BASKETS OF SALISH INDIANS, FRASER RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA



Life and Song

by SYDNEY LANIER

IF life were caught by a clarionet,
 And a wild heart, throbbing in the reed,
 Should thrill its joy and trill its fret,
 And utter its heart in every deed,
 Then would this breathing clarionet
 Type what the poet fain would be:
 For none o' the singers ever yet
 Has wholly lived his minstrelsy,
 Or clearly sung his true, true thought,
 Or utterly bodied forth his life,
 Or out of life and song has wrought
 The perfect one of man and wife:
 Or lived and sung, that life and song
 Might each express the other's all,
 Careless if life or art were long
 Since both were one, to stand or fall:
 So that the wonder struck the crowd,
 Who shouted it about the land:
 His song was only living aloud,
 His work, a singing with his hand.

Browning

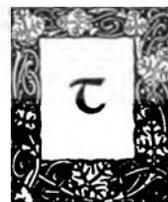
FIRE is in the flint: true once a spark escapes,
 Fire forgets the kinship, soars till fancy shapes
 Some befitting cradle where the babe had birth—
 Wholly heaven's the product, unallied to earth.
 Splendors recognized as perfect in the star!
 In our flint their home was, housed as now they are.

—*Ferishtah's Fancies*

LET US be just to others; for we ourselves are only to be valued in so far as we can value.—GOETHE

Great souls are por- tions of Eternity

—LOWELL



The Outlook

THOSE who look upon the world's life with that broad view which is incapable of prejudice, cannot fail to be aware of some great want. Something has been lacking or humanity surely would not have stumbled so,

for it has stumbled not wilfully, but blindly. Its pathway has been dark since the days of the Golden Age. The light has failed. Why? Because the bearers of the true light have forgotten and fled their office—or have been thrust out.

The poets have always sung of a Golden Age, but many of us have fancied that it was but a fairy tale dimly remembered. Today we are learning better, for even such prosaic science as archeology is proving that in the past were greater civilizations than our own and that beyond even these lay civilizations diviner still. And the significant fact is this: that the richer and greater were these epochs the more dignified was the position held by women. They were queens, priestesses, teachers in that divine sense which our own age has lost. They lived up to the prerogatives of womanhood and motherhood on right lines. Theirs was the heart-wisdom and the heart-light. They were the torch-bearers. And this picture is foiled by that other and more recent one of the world's life during what is loosely called the "historical period." Humanity's progress was a series of stumbles and failures and mistakes, for the path it traveled was unlighted. Woman was degraded, her high office gone. Even today there are countries in whose life women, as factors, are absolutely unrecognized. Even today there exist millions of women who are little more than chattels. Conclusions are plain.

Today, however, the order of things is rapidly giving place to an Order of Ages that is new. Out of their pain has risen a great strength, and nothing is today plainer than that we are witnessing the birth of a higher womanhood and a higher manhood as well, and that the true light is destined again to shine upon our way.

The Nineteenth century has been called the Women's Century. Has it been that? It has but held the promise. It has been a time of breaking the crust of prejudice—an exceedingly hard crust, too. And how some—by no means all—rebelled at the agitation over the "woman question." "It is absurd!" so one objector is quoted,

Things will get into a pretty condition when women will look over men's shoulders and correct their spelling.

And I can fancy some clear-eyed, honest little woman replying:

O, no! Never mind about the spelling. But we *would* like you to correct your lives!

But the old squirming has at last become hopelessly out of fashion.

It was not in the order of things that a few objectors, either men or women, could seriously interfere with the working of the Great Law. And so the "woman question" continues to be agitated. Many answers have been advised and many extremes have, unfortunately, not been avoided. And the wise middle line is yet rarely discerned and still more rarely followed.

The plain fact is that humanity is in a desperate situation, because its spiritual nature, so to speak, has become atrophied for need of use. A new pathway must be cut. Pioneers are needed. It would be obviously unwise to cut this new pathway after the same old fashion and leave it unlighted in the same old way. And true women are not content that it shall be, nor are true men. But the forces that hinder and blind by no means give up the battle when the old tactics no longer succeed. They simply adopt new ones. When they cannot succeed by playing upon the vices, then they play upon the virtues. And the cry that we hear to-day of this being the woman's era, of women being the leaders in life's procession, of the wisdom (!) of man in merely following, discloses but one of the Protean forms of the same old enemy to progress.

If women desire to carry their share of the burden of human progress —by all means let them carry it all! If they desire to fulfil some of their sacred responsibilities—certainly—let them have the whole responsibility! Men could not shirk it conscientiously before, you know. If women desire to live a purer and higher life—why, to be truly generous we must let them have the monopoly of it! And so on.

Nonsense. One extreme is as bad as another, as exasperating to true women, and as fatal to all true progress.

The comradeship that is life's ideal admits of no such interpretation. The two arcs of a circle must meet on the same plane or there will be no circle, no perfect whole, nothing but fragments.

Nor can the perfect and rounded humanity be until man and woman stand side by side as equals—not *alike* but equal; each with special work to do, neither desirous of doing the duties that belong to the other.

On such a basis alone can the true home be established, for homes which are not based on justice and purity and true comradeship are wholly unworthy of the name. They are miserable caricatures—and how many there are all over the world. Is it strange that to students of a true philosophy the true home is an ideal thing? Why should it not be, the center, as it is, whence may spring all that is best in our national life and—alas! also, all that is worst?

Madam Spalding

THERE are many types of mothers, as the world goes, yet those who are a real help and inspiration to their sons and daughters are all too few. Such an one, however, is the mother of Albert G. Spalding, so well known the world over for his efforts to lift athletic sports to a higher than the customary level.

Harriet I. Spalding was born in Batavia, New York. Her mother, Ruth Tiffany, was one of the well-known Tiffany family, and her father was Judge Johnson Goodwill. Her girlhood was unmarred by the struggle to get an education, as was so usual with the girlhood of those days, as both her father and mother were advanced in their ideas and so made for their daughter many opportunities.

Madam Spalding was one of that remarkable group of Eastern women who did so much, during the pioneer days, to build up the great West. Before railroads were built she came with her family west as far as Chicago, by the lakes to Detroit, and thence overland. Early left a widow with three little children, the youngest but a year old, this brave woman found both heart and hands full to overflowing. But so strong was her sense of duty, so steadfast was her devotion to her little ones, so keen was her realization of their needs that all of them have, literally, risen up to call her blessed.

One experience showing her devotion to her son, was her trip around the world when she was seventy years of age. It was entered upon with but a few days' preparation. It occurred in 1888. Mr. Spalding had arranged to take, on a "round the world" trip, the members of two athletic associations with which he was connected, and, while discussing the trip with his mother just prior to sailing, laughingly invited her to accompany the party. To his astonishment she announced her readiness to

go and the trip proved to be far more enjoyable to all because of her presence.

Her mother-dignity gave it an added tone. Always in the best of health and spirits, and meeting with all the enthusiasm of her devotion to him her son's protection and care, Madam Spalding was perhaps the happiest member of the entire party.

All were feted and entertained by princes and statesmen in land after land, though perhaps the most interesting entertainment was a dinner given in their honor by the king of the Sandwich islands. The king himself escorted Madam Spalding to the table as guest of honor. No one stood the long, often hard, journey better than she. At the home of her son, A. G. Spalding, Madam Spalding spent several months in Loma-land, becoming a warm admirer of Katherine Tingley and of her work along lines of practical Theosophy.

She is abreast of the times, alive to the world's problems, and stands as an example of one of our finest types of American womanhood. M. W.

Mother Love

Surely, whoever speaks to me in the right voice
Him or her I shall follow,
As the water follows the moon silently
With fluid steps anywhere around the globe.

— WHITMAN

It is a poor sort of happiness, my Lillo, that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest

of the world as well as ourselves. . . . And so, my Lillo, if you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it.

Thus does George Eliot in her famous novel make the queenly Romola address her son. A woman with some of the Spartan element in her character she was the type of mother whom the man, on looking back through the years, declares to have been his best friend. Happy is the boy whose voice he loves best is at one with the noblest promptings and aspirations of his own heart, when it is the mother's hand that girds the armor on. The free soul owes allegiance to naught but the best and the highest. The soul may not be hemmed in and fettered, even by the silken cords of so-called parental love, if that which fetters can ever rightly be called love. Fortunate, indeed, is he who finds in the mother of his youth a living example of all that his heart proclaims strong and pure! M. V. H.



MRS. HARRIET I. SPALDING
Honor to women! to them it is given,
To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven. — SCHILLER

ECHO

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Some of the Mysterious Cromlechs of Ireland

THERE are very few countries in the world so rich in archeological remains as Ireland, nor of so uncertain an origin. Most interesting among them are perhaps the cromlechs, to which Mr. John Cooke devotes considerable attention in his valuable hand-book of *Irish Antiquities*. Like nearly all other authorities his conclusions are, however, marred by a determination to minimize the age of these prehistoric relics and to assign them to a date to which they could not possibly have belonged. He agrees with all other students in believing that these cyclopean cromlechs were used by a prehistoric people for burial purposes. He then points out that these people were certainly far more solicitous about the abode of the dead than they were about those of the living, and draws a comparison between the cromlech and the wretched dwellings built of wood and wattle, of which some of the remains have descended to us. He quotes Dr. Munro as saying,

That the tomb was constructed of the most durable material, and placed on an eminence so as to be seen from afar, and to be a lasting memorial among succeeding generations.

It does not seem to have occurred to Dr. Cooke that the men who built the wattle houses were not the same men who built the cromlechs, although they may have used them and that the latter were probably the work of a race already forgotten by the house-builders, and as little known to them as they are to us. The most cursory examination of the cromlechs and of the dwelling-houses would seem to demonstrate that they belong to entirely different ages, that the cromlechs must have been erected by men who possessed no ordinary knowledge of mechanics, and who were well acquainted with the means of moving and raising enormous stones.

The dwelling houses are, however, obviously the work of a primitive ignorant race. All these considerations must, however, give way to the paramount necessity of squeezing all events into the narrowest possible margin of time and thus assuming an identity between races who were entirely different in knowledge and civilization and who must have been actually separated by great lapses of time.

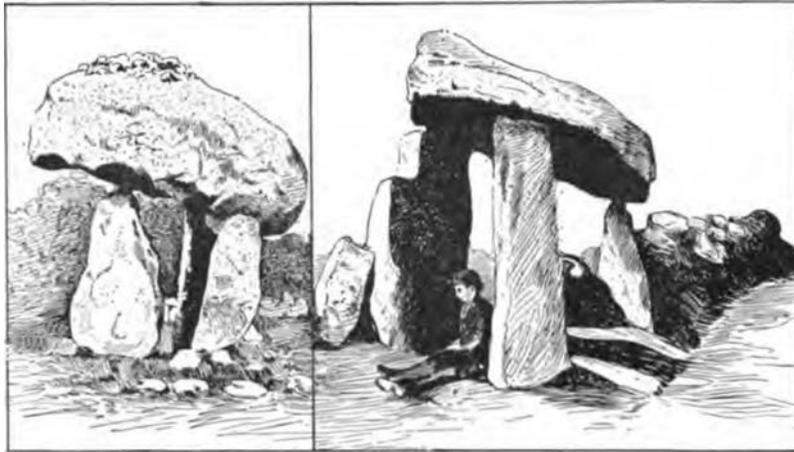
The Irish cromlech usually consists of three or more stones so arranged as to form an enclosure. Sometimes these stones are rough and unshaped, while at others they are symmetrical and finely formed. In some cases the upper or roof stone is found with one end resting upon the ground, and there has been some speculation as to whether this has been caused by a relatively recent slipping, or whether the builders were compelled to leave it in that position after an unsuccessful attempt to raise it.

The methods adopted to handle these enormous stones have, of course, been the subject of endless discussion. It has been suggested that the roof stones were found lying upon the ground and were undermined, supports being placed in position as the work advanced. Mr. Cooke very accurately points out, however, that while this may have been done in certain cases, it could not have been applicable, for example, to the great cromlech at Ballymascanlan, where the stone supports of the roof stone are from eight to nine feet in height. The King of Denmark has advanced a theory that the supporting stones were first raised, and the cap-stone was then levered up an inclined plane of earth, which was made for the purpose. There are however, no signs whatever of such inclined planes, nor of the levers and other tools which must have been used. The question must no doubt remain an open one for a long time to come, until indeed we are ready to face the possibility that "primitive man" was not nearly so ignorant as we suppose him to be, and that he

was able to accomplish, it may be by forces of sound and rhythm, engineering feats which would today seriously tax our best machinery.

We present our readers with two illustrations of cromlechs taken from Mr. Cooke's book. One is of Ballymascanlan cromlech, which we have already mentioned. The cap-stone measures fifteen feet by thirteen feet, and is estimated to weigh from thirty to sixty tons. The other illustration is that of Legananny Cromlech, County Down, of which the cap is over eleven feet long by nearly five feet wide. The supports upon which it rests measure seven feet, six feet and four and a half feet respectively.

The chamber underneath originally contained an urn. Our readers will be able to judge for themselves how far the theories of construction which we have mentioned, are valid. It may be said in conclusion that nearly nine hundred cromlechs have been found throughout Ireland. J.



BALLYMASCANLAN — IRISH CROMLECHS — LEGANANNY

The Chariot of Thotmes IV

AN American archeologist, Mr. T. M. Davies, has discovered the chariot of Thotmes IV, in that monarch's tomb at Thebes. It was found in one of the interior chambers of the rock-hewn burial place, and consists of a wood-

en frame, covered with some kind of *papier mache* and also with stucco modeled to represent the various battles in which the king had been engaged. The art work is of a very high order and the figures of the Syrian prisoners appear to be portraits. A leather gauntlet was found at the same time and was probably one which the king used for driving or for holding the reins of the chariot. STUDENT

Evidences of Peruvian Civilization Before the Incas

ACCORDING to press reports of the recent work of Dr. Uhle in Peru, more confirmation of Mme. Blavatsky's teachings as to the immense antiquity of America and its high civilization in the remote past, about which we have frequently written in the *NEW CENTURY PATH*, has come to hand. May it do its share in helping us to get rid of our modern vanities and prejudices and in making us realize the greatness of which we are the still unconscious and thankless heirs:

The earliest American civilization, far antedating the generally accepted limits of pre-Colombian culture, has been traced in Peru by Dr. Max Uhle, director of the anthropological excavations and explorations of the University of California in that country. Where heretofore Inca tradition had led scientists to believe that Peruvian civilization extended back only a few centuries before the coming of the Spaniards, the archeological work of Dr. Uhle has established the fact that a great civilization flourished 2000 years earlier at the least estimate, and that a cultured race of higher development than the Incas was in existence before the Trojan war. This remarkable discovery follows as the result of studies made in the two expeditions which Dr. Uhle led in recent years at the expense of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and under the auspices of the University of California.

Prehistoric Human Remains Found in Missouri

IT is reported that Dr. Charles Peabody and Warren K. Moorehead, the honorary director and the curator respectively of the Archeological Museum at Phillips Andover Academy, have just returned from a very successful tour in Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Arkansas. In a cave in the Ozark mountains they discovered five human skeletons in addition to arrowheads, split animal bones and very many other relics. It is possible that these human remains may prove to be the oldest yet discovered, but before this point can be settled it will be necessary to obtain geological opinions as to the age of the stalagmites in which they were buried. A very extended examination of the cave is now being made and it will probably take another month to finish the work.

Nature

Studies

The Wild Cucumber, or Chilicothe

THE wild cucumber, or chilicothe, differs in its above ground appearance from its eastern cousin chiefly in size. It has the same climbing twining habit, the same sort of leaves and the same loose little spikes of white flowers, springing from the axil of the leaves. The stem is rough and almost thorny, and has a marked tendency toward a square shape. The fruit is the same oval form as the eastern sort but has four to six compartments instead of two. When green the seeds are soft and white, imbedded in an intensely bitter pulp, which gradually dries away, leaving the seeds, now a rich chocolate brown and quite hard, to escape through the flower end of the case, which has opened like a flower to let them out. The seeds are about the size of small marbles and nearly as round, so the Indian children use them to play with and to make into necklaces.

They also have a medicinal value and are much used for that purpose, but whoever wants them must be alert, because the squirrels think them good eating and get them almost as soon as they drop out of the burr. But they will not try to get them from in the burr; the terrible thorns with which it is covered wound them, and the tough fibers get between their teeth most distressingly. As the burr dries the tough, spiny skin loosens and may be pulled off, leaving an elegant little basket of lace-like lattice-work, which may be used in making many fancy trinkets.

One of the most remarkable factors of this plant is its root, which is very much like a carrot in shape and size when a year old, but rapidly increases until it becomes a huge, irregular mass weighing two or three hundred pounds.

It contains considerable woody fiber, and the juice is so strongly alkaline that it will wash greasy things and lather like soap.

When the time of growth comes, early in the spring, an old large root will send up fifty or more stems which rapidly cover the adjacent bushes or will make a solid carpet on the ground.

It bears its fruit quickly, and as rapidly disappears, leaving scarcely a trace except to experienced eyes. The immense root of the wild cucumber, which is an untiring searcher for moisture beneath the surface, makes it able to ignore several years of drouth, while its early and short season of activity gets it out of the way by the time the other flowers are come into bloom, thus making it appear more like a visitor than a native.

G. W.



For you chirp the wren and the sparrow,
Little eyebright, anemone pale!
Gay columbine, orioles are chanting
Your trumpet-note, loud on the gale.

The buttercup's thanks for the sunshine
The goldfinch's twitter reveals;
And the violet trills through the bluebird
Of the heaven that within her she feels.

Nature's Music

by LUCY LARCOM

THE flowers from the earth have arisen;
They are singing their Easter-song;
Up the valleys and over the hillsides
They come, an unnumbered throng.

Oh, listen! The wild-flowers are singing
Their beautiful songs without words!
They are pouring the soul of their music
Through the voices of happy birds.

Every flower to a bird has confided
The joy of its blossoming birth---
The wonder of its resurrection
From its grave in the frozen earth.

The song-sparrow's exquisite warble
Is born in the heart of the rose,
Of the wild-rose, shut in its calyx,
Afraid of belated snows.

And the melody of the wood-thrush
Floats up from the nameless and shy
White blossoms, that stay in the cloister
Of pine forests, dim and high.

packed within each hole are four or five little sacks, carefully woven of flower petals and filled with bees' "infants' food," an appetizing mixture of honey and pollen. Inside the bags live the soft, white grubs, the young baby bees, whose sole business it is to eat and grow.

But what about the irregular dark spots upon the stones? The earnest concentration of the busy and loving workers so tightly packing the pollen into every corner is only equalled by their ingenuity in concealing the holes; for when they are filled to the brim with the little bags, each holding a young

bee or egg and provender, the edges are carefully smoothed level with the surface and the purplish "paint" is spread over and around, giving the exact impression of a lichen or natural stain. Where there are no convenient holes the bees excavate tunnels in the hard clay with great labor. The holes in the stones are in themselves very puzzling. STUDENT



The Bursting of a Date Palm Bud

THE picture adjoining shows the opening of a bud of one of the date palms (*Phoenix reclinata*). On the left we see the unopened bud. It is packed so densely that it is almost as heavy as a piece of ebony wood and covered with a tough rind of an orange hue. In the center of the group is a bud in the act of splitting, well illustrating the curious fact that there are no natural lines of cleavage, but that the pressure from inside cracks the outer case wherever it happens to be weakest. The third stage shows the unfolding of the pollen-bearing blossom. STUDENT

All action has much in common. By doing our best in every thing we acquire a fund of ability of enormous value and available in all directions.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE announcement that Katherine Tingley would continue her talks upon Jesus the Man and Jesus the Martyr once more brought an immense audience to Isis Theatre Sunday evening, July 12. The success of these meetings is not merely of local, but of national significance. Absolutely free as they are from every sensational trace they demonstrate one of the main contentions of Theosophists that the world is hungry for spiritual food and that so far from there being a weakening of spiritual force in the world it has grown stronger and stronger with the press of material conditions. The hundreds and sometimes the thousands that have been turned away from the doors of the Theatre make it evident that the whole world is waiting for the message which the people of San Diego hear so readily.

Before the main feature of the evening was reached, Thorley Von Holst, one of the children of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, spoke briefly on some of his experiences during his recent Cuban trip and on the work of the Raja Yoga in general. Although he has been the young student usually selected to occupy the platform he is fairly representative of very many who are similarly trained to speak freely what is in them and without the embarrassment which usually comes from self-consciousness, if not from self-love. These children are taught to work out for themselves the problems of life and to apply to them the solvent of devotion to duty, as effectual in manhood as they so evidently find it to be in childhood.

The singing of the other children was a display no less effective of Point Loma methods, and many an experienced member of the musical world would find it hard to believe that these few children who sang last night have had no special nor peculiar choral training. They, too, are doing a greater work than even they know of in showing how the Soul force will flow into all channels, beautifying and perfecting all work which is done for humanity.

Only malice can any longer believe that Katherine Tingley's Theosophical work is antagonistic to Christianity. It is, indeed, opposed to those who have created in their imagination a fetish of creed and dogma to which they have given a name too sacred for such profanation. To those who wish to know the will of Christ and to do it her knowledge has furnished a lamp and a light which will illuminate the darkness of ages, which will show that the Christ spirit is indeed the light of the world however much it has been obscured and hidden.

It would indeed be impossible to attempt a description of the *sour de force* to which the great audience at Isis Theatre listened. It was a continuation of the subject which was barely introduced upon the preceding occasion two weeks ago, when the remarkable Christian document discovered in the Roman catacombs was first touched upon. Now Katherine Tingley read from this document at considerable length, commenting upon its main features and showing very convincingly that the life and teachings of Jesus therein depicted were an expression of Divine Wisdom, which has never been absent from the world, and which is known today as Theosophy.

So far from suggesting or desiring that any one abandon the faith into which they were born, her whole object was to persuade those who heard her to be ten times more Christian than they ever were before, but to fashion their lives and their thoughts upon the divine model of the Christ in its freedom, its beauty and its purity, and to break away from the tradition which has been tortured into deformity as it has passed down to us through the ages. In so far, indeed, as belief was anchored upon eternal Truth it could not be moved.

The great charm of the document from which she read was not alone that it corrected a narrative of which the verbal ambiguity has so often given rise to distortion, intentional and otherwise, but that it presented a picture of the character and teachings of Jesus so vivid and so fresh as to be free from the mental and dogmatic association from which it is almost impossible to free the accepted Gospel stories.

Point by point and passage by passage, so far as an all too short time would permit, the Leader of The Universal Brotherhood compared the narrative of her document with that of the authorized version, and it was certainly astonishing to notice how even a slight variation of phrase and punctuation would destroy the edifice of creed which, through the centuries, has been raised for the enslavement of men.

Perhaps there were very many present who may have realized for the first time in their lives under the word painting of Katherine Tingley that the character of Jesus loses nothing but rather gains immeasurably by being humanized and brought so near that it seemed to become a real presence, a potential part of themselves.

KATHERINE TINGLEY AT ISIS THEATRE

**Immense Audience Endorses
the Theosophic Conception of
Jesus as a Human Being Try-
ing to Lead Humanity to Its
Own Salvation --- Remarkable
Roman Document**

Reprinted from the *San Diego Sun*

It may be that to many the picture became for the first time a living one, and he who was called by his followers "the Savior" because he showed them how to free themselves, by effort, from the bondage of the animal nature, became a model and a type to be imitated instead of a shadowy myth to be idolized.

The document from which Katherine Tingley read was short, but no word of it but was pregnant in description of the man Jesus, born as we are born, living the life which we lead, a life enriched by the memory and the wisdom of an infinite past, and in the light of that wisdom showing unto all men that the path upon which he had walked was the road opened unto all humanity, and that by self-conquest alone can men enter into the inner places of their being, the Kingdom of Heaven which is not here nor there but within. To select especially illuminating passages or especially heart touching passages from the speaker's comments and appeals, would be a task of no usual difficulty where all was illuminating, where all so evidently reached the hearts of an audience compelled and convinced into sympathy. She had no desire to convince those who heard her of the truth of this or of that fact. This she reiterated again and again, because to do so would be but to follow an ecclesiastical method which had too long burdened the consciences of men.

But she implored those who heard her to waste no time in fruitless argument, but rather go away for a season and by themselves to wrest from their own natures and from the great silences of nature the message which the Christ was yet waiting to impart. She did not want her audience to believe something which they did not now believe, but to become something which they are not now, to take the kingdom of heaven, which is within, as Jesus had taken it, and to enter into the power and the peace into which he had entered.

To say that the vast audience was deeply moved would be but to use words inadequate and weak. Would that it were possible to reproduce the whole of a very wonderful speech for the benefit of thinking men and women throughout the world. Nearly all the thinking men and women of San Diego heard it for themselves.

It is said that Katherine Tingley will speak again at the Isis Theatre next Sunday evening, selecting as her subject "The Christ Life in the Home; Where Are the Josephs and Marys of the Twentieth Century?" A POINT LOMA STUDENT

Reprinted from *The International Theosophist*

A Letter from Cuba

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, May 10th, 1903

DEAR COMRADES: The work of the Leader and Comrades during the Cuban Crusade is showing its fruits in many ways. Mainly, in the great interest that is now manifested by the public in the Raja Yoga Schools. There is no topic in the City of Santiago and surrounding provinces that so absorbs society as this subject. The children are wild with joy over their opportunities, and the parents fight the battles bravely against all manner of oppositions.

The enemies of Katherine Tingley and of her progressive work, have made it possible, by their persistent attacks, for the Leader to strike deeper than it would have been possible to do without them. Never was it demonstrated so plainly and on so large a scale that, with wisdom and power, the intrigues and attacks can be turned into the service of Truth. Nor is there any obstacle so small that such a wise one could not use it at the right time and place to uphold a principle.

The public mind of this Island is immensely receptive and, as it were, has been in waiting for this opportunity. And glorious is the victory. However, to come down to more practical recital of the actual work, I should say: it is all action. Words are no longer necessary to explain what the sublime philosophy of life is where Raja Yoga work is in progress. Propagandists *comme il faut*, are the participants themselves. These beneficiaries are the irresistible translators into plain language of the Truths that have been waiting for an interpretation so long.

And what think ye is it, that so serenely touches the hearts? It is the all around beneficial effect of the Raja Yoga system on the children.

Two Raja Yoga Schools with many hundred children in each, are permanently established and located in the heart of the City of Santiago de Cuba. Music is one of the principal features. A bold step has been made by introducing very beautiful and inspiring songs in the English language. It has transpired that the coming generation is keen to learn the English language. Though they may not at this



A
RAJA YOGA
TOT OF LOMA-
LAND
CALIFORNIA

ON
THE VERANDA
OF "MY
LITTLE HOUSE"

moment clearly understand themselves what in their exuberance as a young nation they should most prefer, they *do* realize that their American neighbors are the most practical people, and that it is not unwise to cultivate their friendship. At any rate it is astonishing to note the rapid progress of so large a body of children in the use of a new language. Both languages, Spanish and English, are used at the Schools. However, the singing is English throughout, with the exception of the patriotic song.

A more receptive race of people could not be imagined. They seem to have all the capabilities of the cultured races accompanied by a freedom and innocence that is absent from the so-called civilized peoples. Here, evidently, is a remnant of a type of an archaic race. There are all shades of color, owing to mixture with Caucasians, but even among the darkest (except the pure African negroes), there is an entire absence of resemblance to the black race. The type is distinctly Indian; strength, alertness, grace and refinement pictured in their features, straight hair, fine lips, classic nose, large eyes, erect bearing, are their physical characteristics.

They have suffered for centuries and now that they are free, they are in some respects like a freed animal in the first few days of its release from long confinement.

Perhaps it can be imagined from the above brief sketch how susceptible they are to good influence such as Raja Yoga can give; the fact is that they are wonderfully sympathetic to music. Its exercise as part of the curriculum of the Raja Yoga Schools has produced a wonderful and unifying influence among the children. Katherine Tingley said that through this agent they became translucent to such a degree that the soul can exercise functions which would otherwise remain dormant. The results are indeed wonderful. Discipline is made easy in spite of the almost irrepressible disposition to talk always and to talk loud. It is quite certain even from physical observation that through the music, which they practise in unison, they become somewhat harmonized, attuned to such a degree that they are in a sense like one unified body, something akin to one single individual in a state alike of tranquility and alertness.

The songs taught at school are heard in the streets and in the homes and they are even at the tongue's end of the grown-ups. The population of this city, not content with all manner of demonstrations in public and private, showing grateful recognition of this glorious work by Katherine Tingley, are imitating the Raja Yoga teachers and students in their dress, demeanor, etc., etc., and the merchants of the stores designate the best of their wares with that name. If a hat is a Raja Yoga hat, etc., etc., it is equal to the signification of good. Not half can be told of the permanent impression on the public mind. And however glorious it may now seem to look upon the thing accomplished, it is easy to conceive that this is only the beginning. Judging from the impetus that has resulted from work already done, and having a part of the knowledge of the power and wisdom which is behind this glorious and uplifting work, we may all be content that the Light of Truth will yet shine through the dense places of the earth.

Not a little of the success of this is due also to your steadfastness, Dear Comrades, to your honesty of purpose, to your solidarity. Sincerely,

E. A. NERESHEIMER

Lotus Group, Youngstown, Ohio

Five regular meetings have been held during May. The principal subjects for the class work have been the study of birds and flowers, quite an interest being manifested, especially by the older boys, in the study and observation of birds. Selections from the *Nature Studies in New Century Path*, read by the Superintendent and older boys and girls, have also formed part of the exercises, many helpful lessons being derived from them. We are very glad to hear of the great success of the work in Cuba and send loving thoughts to the Leader and her faithful helpers in this great and noble work.

On May 10th, we commemorated White Lotus Day. After opening with music and singing the "Sun Temple" we had silent moments and when the roll was called the children responded with quotations. The Superintendent gave a little talk concerning the meaning of White Lotus Day and read extracts from *The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine*, bringing out the importance of keeping our thoughts pure. Then after the Sunshine Penny March, we closed with the "Circle Song." Following the meeting, children and teachers started for the woods to gather flowers which were brought back to our headquarters to decorate the hall for the U. B. meeting in the evening. All were very happy in making their offering of flowers.

M. C. H., Superintendent

U. B. Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

Report for May—On the first Sunday in the month the circular of "Suggestions" was read at our regular meeting, and at the other meetings we have continued the study of the *Bagavad Gita* with beneficial results. The Thursday meetings have been devoted to 1st., routine business; 2d., dramatic readings and study of *Buckle's History of Civilization*. The subject for the monthly public meeting on May 31st, was "A short review of the Theosophical Movement." The work of H. P. Blavatsky, the loyalty of William Q. Judge to the principles of Theosophy and their vindication through the world-wide recognition of their sacrifice, culminating in the victories achieved by our present Leader ever inspire us to renewed endeavor in the service of Humanity. The representative of the International Brotherhood League read the objects of the League and in connection with clause 3, read a paper on "Woman in History." The whole meeting was successful and harmonious.

J. F. C., Secretary

Lotus Group at Old Swan, Liverpool

The past month has been full of work and brightness. We have studied the leaflet "Universal Brotherhood," taking the story of "Sunshine Land," from *Universal Brotherhood Path of May, 1901* to illustrate, showing that with the heart light glowing inside for everybody, outwardly Brotherhood must be the rule. At the Lotus children's celebration of White Lotus Day, which is kept to commemorate the life of H. P. Blavatsky, the children first marched and sang "Warriors of the Golden Cord," then after other songs and silent moments, they recited precepts from H. P. Blavatsky. The story of "Sigmund, the Volsung," was partly told by one of the children, to be finished next week, then after another song each child received a flower.

D. E. FORMBY, Secretary

Lotus Group of Liverpool Lodge No. 6

The work of the Group has been continued as usual with songs and stories from the *New Century Path*. On May 10th, White Lotus Day, the officers of The Universal Brotherhood Lodge were present. It has been a busy month, the work shows progress and gives joy to all who share in it.

The Children

by CHARLES DICKENS

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love, that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past.
Ere the world and wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin.
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! the heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
Oh, there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise,
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh, these truant from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayers would bound back to myself;
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily beaded,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more—
Ah, how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.
I shall miss the good night and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street,
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed.

True Sunshine



LOOK on the bright side."

"Some things have no bright side," answered Fannie sullenly, shutting the door forcibly and dropping a book with a clatter on the floor.

Delicate Nellie winced at the noise and Fannie glanced half apologetically towards her, then her face hardened. "If mother hadn't been so cross and disagreeable, I shouldn't have dropped it," she said defiantly. "She put me out, and things always go wrong then."

A shadow crept over Nell's face, a moment's struggle; then—"Fan," she said, "Come here, child and sit by me, I have something to tell you."

Subdued by her sister's manner, Fan obeyed; she went over to the invalid and stood beside her, still inwardly rebelling against the "fate" that had crossed her will, yet obeying the stronger force of mercy wielded so unconsciously by Nell.

The latter spoke slowly and with something of an effort that left its impress on Fan for long after:

"It is just ten years today since I left the house on a bright sunny morning, as well and strong as you are, to return in the evening a helpless cripple, the result of *self-will*. I would not give up a pleasant day's outing, though I knew well mother dreaded for me to go fishing. I slipped on the rocks and injured my spine—and you see the result, can you wonder mother forbids you going?"

Fan's eyes were full of tears, but her wilfulness caused her to say, "It does not follow I would be hurt."

In pained silence, Nell lay back on her pillows. It had been an effort to tell her sister of her fault, and it seemed as if she had but bared her heart for a stab.

Selfishness always looks at things from its own standpoint, is always callous and cruel.

Fan felt still more deeply miserable and her eyes were full to overflow-

ing. Her heart throbbed again; pride alone prevented her from throwing her arms round her sister's neck.

"Why should I feel disappointed?" thought Nell to herself. "Poor Fan has the same battle to fight with her shadow self as I have, and while I know my foe, she hardly recognizes her's as yet, and to think evil of her, helps the shadow, *not* the soul. She opened her eyes. "Fan dear, *would* you mind going down stairs to get a book for me, I heard the postman, and Gertie said she would post it today."

Fan with averted head, left the room; she dried her eyes, and returned with the book.

Nell was eager to read it, but Fan lingered.

"Nell," at last she blurted out, "Thank you for telling me—but how you can lie there day after day—cheerful! Even if you were selfish, it is a terrible result, for *one little fault*," and she broke out sobbing, "always seeing you that way, I never realized it before."

Nell softly stroked the bowed head. "Don't cry child—I'm *happy*! 'All that *glitters* is not *gold*,' we can make *our own sunshine*, as we make our pain. I have learnt that lesson, and it is worth a worse lifetime than I have spent, to do so. What was it you said Fan? The result of *one little fault*? No, rather the *culminating point* of a long series of selfish acts. You see thoughts and acts don't stand alone, they are part of our characters, we express but what we are, and every day we weave a new strand in the web of life, well or ill, and all the ill done work must be unraveled and put in properly before the Master can say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"But Nell, we'd *be perfect*," cried Fan in astonishment.

"So we will, when the task is finished. At present most of us are at the unraveling stage, in various degrees; the *perfect* workers have been few and far between as yet, it seems to me. Of course, we don't do it all in *one* life, we have many, so that we have *time* to learn all things."

"I like to think I've lived here before, and will again," said Fan slowly, "I've wondered sometimes—"

"I think that's mother's knock," said Nell.

"I will open the door, it will save Lucy coming in from the kitchen," cried Fan jumping up.

"Does mother know about the many lives?"

Nell nodded.

"I'm glad I've come home," said the child earnestly. "Auntie had plenty of gold, but it is the *heart sunshine* that counts after all, isn't it Nell?" And off she raced.

"I'm glad I trusted her," thought Nell, "Who knows how much it helped?"

ETHNE

The Reward of Avarice

THE Los Angeles *Saturday Post* calls attention to the effects already becoming apparent as a direct result of the indiscriminate slaughter of whales for oil and bone. The whales feed almost entirely upon organisms of almost microscopic size which live in swarms varying in size from several yards to several miles across and comprising countless billions of these tiny creatures. The whale, when feeding, takes a mouthful of this teeming water and strains it out through the fringes on the plates of whalebone with which his mouth is lined. Now the destruction of the whales leaves this atomic life to multiply unchecked and the result is that large areas of the sea are becoming rank and foul with the filth of their decay. This must necessarily cause other disturbances of the balance of ocean life and unless some compensating factor appears grave consequences will result. At the same time another terrible shock has been dealt to the ocean life by the extermination of the fur-seal, which consumed inconceivable numbers of fishes which have multiplied so rapidly since this check has been removed that the sardine and herring fisheries are beginning to suffer from their depredations. This is on a par with the denudation of large regions of forest and the consequent alterations in climate which have made deserts of once fertile regions.

PROTEST

Do not, like the man who is climbing a mountain and wishes at every step that he was at the top, long to see time pass by. The end of the cycle comes soon enough; try to have your work completed before it rolls around.

Do not make excuses to yourself for your failures, but look them squarely in the face and study how to avoid their repetition.

THE eminent artist and profound thinker G. F. Watts, of the Royal Academy, was one of those invited by King Ed-

His Life's Work for Humanity

G. F. Watts, Artist and Thinker

ward to join the select roll of the new Order of Merit established to celebrate the coronation. This order is confined to a very few of the most distinguished sons of the United Kingdom, and is of such a nature that men who do not care for the tinsel of knighthoods or the like can join it without losing self-respect. It is a unique body as its membership conveys no artificial precedence or rank, no title, and no seat in Parliament, but the small number of persons composing it—at present only twelve—probably carry more weight with public opinion than double their number of any other organization.

Mr. Watts is not only a great artist but a profound thinker and a man whose long life—he is 86—has been a selfless labor of love for humanity. The desire for money, fame or ease has never entered into his calculations. To keep the wolf from the door he occasionally sells a picture, but the bulk of his famous allegorical works he has given or bequeathed to the British nation. He is a seer, and has been absolutely faithful to the highest prophetic or priestly mission of artist. Though he has reached old age as we reckon man's life, his mental vigor is unimpaired, his bodily endurance hardly less so.

It is a part of his religion that the body in which the soul dwells should be kept in good working order, and he strongly combats the idea that piety is increased by the maceration of the body. He is abstemious in food, he rises with the sun, and he eschews alcohol and tobacco. The cigarette he considers the handmaid of idleness.

In a recent interview published in the *Review of Reviews*, he speaks freely upon the deeper problems of life, and it is extremely interesting to find that this great thinker and worker, whom kings and nations delight to honor holds views upon the needs of humanity, the redress of wrongs and the duties of reformers, which are in perfect harmony with the teachings of Theosophy and the practical work of The Universal Brotherhood. Like all true lovers of humanity he is not content with theorizing, but has made his ideals a living power in his life and an inspiration to thousands.

Though believing fully in progress he yet recognizes that in some respects the most civilized races of today are not up to the level of the ancients, and his clear insight has found the cause in the false systems

of education prevailing today. He says: "Why do you not concentrate upon that? To educate your people, to draw out of them that which is latent in them, to teach them the faculties which they themselves possess, to tell them how to use their senses and how to make themselves at home with nature and with their surroundings—who teaches them that?"

"Your elementary schools do not do it. No, nor your public schools. Your Eton and your Harrow are just as much to blame, perhaps even more so. . . . Our education neither teaches a man to live, nor how to make the best of himself, nor how to make the most of his surroundings. Education, instead of being the development of those faculties of the mind which enable boys and girls to use their senses and reflect on what they see, has given place to a mere mechanical stamping on the memory of forms of words many of which have no relation to anything that they will have to see and do in their after life. . . . Why should we not recognize the redemption of these children [neglected ones] as one of those sacred tasks which in every age have appealed to the chivalrous sentiment of the people? . . . Here and there philanthropists no doubt have done excellent work, but still, after all that has been done, how many thousands of children at this moment, are growing up unnurtured, untended, uneducated, in the worst sense of the word, to swell the tide of human misery! It is a marvel to me. It only shows how good we were originally, that human creatures who have such an origin should not grow up positive fiends."

Mr. Watts urges the revival of archery for physical education and warmly approves of drill and discipline for mind and body. Many of our readers will remember the interest W. Q. Judge took in archery, in which he was an expert, and

Katherine Tingley has arranged that it shall be one of the most important features in reviving the Olympian Games at Loma-land.

The views of Mr. Watts upon the creeds of the day are in harmony with the motto of the Theosophical Society, "There is no Religion higher than Truth." "Creeds," he says, "Are all very well in their way; but, after all, they are but pictures of the Infinite as seen by the human mind. . . . The church makes creeds as I make a picture. For the ordinary man who has no vision himself it suffices. If you can see the object yourself you can recognize that my sketch is only a picture and not the real thing. The tendency is always to substitute the sketched object for the reality." He sums up the whole question in the time-honored words of the ancient Teacher, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly before Him"—pure Brotherhood, in fact.

Mr. Watts is a firm believer in the "strenuous life," and the warrior spirit is strong in him, indeed he says "the law of combat is the law of life," and in spite of his great age he looks forward, hopefully, to the establishment of an ideal religious center from which should go forth an energizing force increasing the brotherhood of man and unselfishly directing the forces of light in the service of humanity. His longed-for center, though apparently yet unknown to him, is actually flourishing at Point Loma, and its work and influence are spreading in all directions, relighting the fire of compassion in men's hearts, arousing the desperate opposition of the enemies of progress, and awakening even the indifferent to a realization of their needs.

Reincarnation, or the former and future existence of the soul on earth till it has attained a high state of perfection appeals forcibly to Mr. Watts' strong common sense. He says: "It seems to me the most satisfying of hypotheses. It would explain many things. Why, for instance, should I have been born with this deep

passion for Greece and Grecian things? . . .

. . . All through my life I have longed for the realization of the old Greek ideals of art to give the people a sense of the beauty and sacredness of things and to overthrow the fear of death."

This great artist has set up an ideal home in one of the loveliest spots in England, near Guildford, and, in his great desire to uplift others, has founded art pottery works which have done much to help the village people, young and old, to bring out capacities which they little suspected. Everything is

done by hand, without feverish haste, and bears the marks of thought and love.

No mechanical work is done, no molds are used. Surely the time is coming when intelligent but not rich people will no longer put up with cheap, extravagant and vulgar machine-made "ornament," but will be willing to have their possessions plain and simple in general, with a little appropriate, well executed decoration applied by an artistic hand.

Machine-made art is absolutely soulless and has no trace of human interest. It is out of place in a true civilization and is but another reminder of how far we have strayed from the path.

But while there are still prophets in the wilderness of the caliber of Mr. Watts there is hope, and we may fitly close this appreciation of his ideals by quoting a motto from his picture of the dead warrior, "What I spent I had; what I saved I lost; what I gave I have."

ARTIST

☞ Courage is shown in other ways as well as in the fighting of battles.

☞ There is a glory in battling for the right against great odds even if one is defeated and slain.

☞ Only a bold man dare bring that which is within out. He who makes the internal external assumes a dangerous hazard.

☞ The things which, in our soliloquies, we brag we will do, are apt to be in inverse proportion to the things we really do.

☞ No matter how many wrong things you have done in the past, there is all the future before you and in it you can balance the old score and make a new one.



THE "ZOCALO," A STREET SCENE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO

Here and There Throughout the World

A Washington Landscape That Travels IN THE State of Washington, southwest of Ritzville, is a landscape which is moving to a new location.

This bit of scenery is four or five miles across, being a mass of loose sand, all carved and blown into gigantic drifts. The wind nearly always blows from the same direction, so that the drifts are nearly flat on one side and very steep on the other. Some of them are fifty or sixty feet high, and every little breeze keeps a constant shifting of the sand over the steep edge, while a high wind will sometimes move the whole landscape six inches in this way. The country over which it has traveled is swept almost perfectly clean of the moving sand without breaking the natural surface, although the soil is itself quite loose and sandy. Upon this uncovered district the bushes are yet standing—dead, of course, but undecayed, though they must have been buried for fifty or a hundred years; even the old paths can still be used. The country over which this landscape is now traveling, is composed of flat-topped hills with an intricate ravine formation, whereas it has had previously only a rolling prairie to surmount. It is now entering a small, old lake bed, long since dry, with steep sides from which it may be unable to escape. It carries with it a grove of juniper trees, which are quite plentiful upon it, though there are no others for many miles except along the path the landscape has come, where it has left a few stragglers. In some places in "the sand hills," as this traveler is called, the underlying surface is exposed along the sides of the now dry lake, and upon these exposed places are remains of camps, and the piles of broken stones that accumulate around Indian bath-houses, all pointing to a time when the aborigines lived beside the lake and fished in it, though now it is two or three hundred feet down to water, and nothing grows without irrigation except bunch-grass, sage-brush and the sand-hill junipers.

Tracts for the Ellis Island Immigrants THE American Tract Society seems to be doing a very extensive work in distributing tracts among the immigrants arriving at Ellis Island. We do not quite understand why these people are supposed to be especially in need of tracts seeing that, almost without exception, they come from Christian countries and are therefore well acquainted with the subject matter of the tracts. But that is a matter which rests between the society and the immigrant. It would, however, be an excellent idea to prepare some tracts which would give the new-comer some information which he really needs. He might, for instance, be warned that the Government of the United States does not countenance the violent methods of private vengeance which are so much in vogue in some southerly portions of Europe. This is but one of many kindred suggestions that might be made, and which would be of real benefit to the immigrant and to the country of his adoption.

Religious Fanaticism & Suicide in Russia THE members of a new religious sect in Russia hold as one of their tenets that any man living beyond the age of thirty years does so at the expense of his neighbors. They therefore pledge themselves to die at that age. The police have naturally interfered with what is practically a suicide club and several arrests have been made. This form of mania clothes itself in many different garbs, religious and otherwise, but compacts of a similar nature are not unknown in other countries of Europe and also in America.

The Spirit of Scientific Research in Italy SIGNOR TEODORO SCRIBANTE of Turin, Italy, has nearly fallen a martyr to the spirit of scientific research. Wishing to ascertain what proportion of carbonic oxide in the atmosphere is fatal to human life he caused himself to be confined in a hermetically sealed chamber into which increasing quantities of the gas were admitted. When the proportion rose to 1 in 233 Signor Scribante became unconscious and was removed. Doubtless the result is valuable, but not, we should suppose, so valuable as the human life which it endangered.

The French Ambassador at St. Louis THE speech made by M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, at the opening of the St. Louis Exposition is of special significance as illustrating the kindly feeling which exists between the two great Republics of the world. Speaking in reference to the part played by France in the Louisiana transaction, he said:

The treaty signed one hundred years ago had little precedent in history; it dealt with territories larger than the empire of Alexander; it followed no war; it was preceded by no shedding of human blood; the new possessors got a hundred times more than they even thought of demanding, and the negotiations were so simple, the good faith and mutual friendship so obvious, that all was concluded in a fortnight. The simplest protocol on postal or sanitary questions takes nowadays more time.

Massacre of Jews in Russia Denounced THE massacre of Jews in Russia has been denounced in no unmeasured terms by Father John of Kronstadt, whose reputation as a saint is based upon a long life of self-sacrifice and devotion to his people. It is still more gratifying to find that Father John associates the Czar with himself in detestation of a deed which has horrified the whole world. He says that the murderers have excommunicated themselves and have shown "the spirit of the devil." Such words as these from so eminent a man as Father John will go a long way to open the eyes of even the most ignorant fanatic to the true nature of a deed so revolting and so unprovoked.

Ireland Sues British Museum for a Boat AN interesting case is to be tried in the English law courts. Ireland as plaintiff has an action against England as defendant, for recovery from the British Museum of an ancient gold ornament found in the County of Derry. It is a little golden boat that was found in a bog some years ago, and sold by the finder to a Cork gentleman, who in turn sold it to the British Museum.

Ireland claims this treasure trove as being her right in spite of the fact that it was sold, alleging that the right of possession is inalienable; and, as all the arts of diplomacy have failed to effect a restitution, the courts have been appealed to.

Attitude of Czar on Persecution of Jews THE *Jewish Chronicle* contains the following reference to the massacre at Kishineff:

We are enabled, on high authority, to state that the Czar has been acutely affected by the terrible scenes that have lately been enacted at Kishineff. Indeed, His Imperial Majesty is described to us as being heart-broken by them. The Czar is determined that similar acts shall not recur, and, according to our information, a ukase is now being prepared, wherein his Majesty directs that the rights hitherto enjoyed by his Jewish subjects shall receive a wide expansion. We are further informed that the influence of the fanatical advisers by whom the Czar is surrounded has been greatly weakened in consequence of their hostility to the Jews, and the attitude they took up in respect to the Kishineff massacres.

A Bronze Statue in Sea off Cerigo Isle WITH regard to the statue discovered by sponge-divers off the island of Cerigo, the southern point of Greece, Charles Waldstein gives some particulars in the *Illustrated London News*. It is evident that this statue formed part of a cargo of Greek art treasures carried off by Sulla, one of whose ships, we are told by Lucian, foundered at this very spot. It is of bronze, and the antiquary regards it as a Hermes, illustrating the art of Praxiteles. The pieces have been put together by the French sculptor André.

Lighthouse on Desert Sands of Arizona PROBABLY the only lighthouse in the world which has no connection whatever with navigation, is to be found on the desert of Arizona. It marks the spot of a fresh-water well, the only place where water can be obtained within a radius of thirty miles. The lighthouse consists of a tall cottonwood pole bearing a lantern upon its summit, of which the light can be seen for a very considerable distance.

STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The world is my country;

to do good my religion

— THOMAS PAINE

DEAR CHILDREN: How I wish you might have seen the wonderful drama given by the Raja Yoga children at Isis Theatre on last Sunday evening. It was in honor of Independence Day, and the children represented that dramatic scene of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. How they enjoyed living over again the greatness of the past! How dignified were they all, just as if they really were these old heropatriots, who fought so nobly for the liberty of America. And, as I saw them, I became almost sad in thinking of one of these heroes, the one who first thought that we ought to be "free and independent," and the one who first dared to say so. It was Thomas Paine.

Perhaps you do not know very much about Thomas Paine. Some histories do not even contain his name. Some books which do contain his name speak only evil of him. And yet Thomas Paine was good and noble and unselfish all his life. One of his biographers, Mr. Conway, who is a minister, proves to us that it was Paine who first converted Washington to the cause of Independence. During all the Revolutionary War he was Washington's comrade and adviser. Often when things looked very dark and the terrible struggle seemed hopeless, it was Paine who, by his writings, lifted the soldiers out of their despairs and inspired them to win some of their greatest victories. And night after night, during that war, Paine might have been seen in his little tent writing those marvelous and inspired words which, Washington said himself, fired the hearts of the discouraged soldiers and led them on to victory. All day long he fought and marched in the ranks, bearing cold and hunger and fatigue, and at night, while the others were asleep, he would sit up and write. They carried a little printing press with the army, and the day after one of his pamphlets was printed one could see, here and there, groups of soldiers listening to one of their number read the inspired words. General Washington himself said that the honor for the victory of Trenton belonged to Thomas Paine.

But if history is to be believed, we owe to Paine much more than just the victory of Trenton. We owe to him, to a greater extent than to any other one person, our present liberty, for it was Thomas Paine who first dared to say that the United Colonies ought to be free and independent.

You remember how, through Congress, our people sent petition after petition to King George of England, and how he merely laughed at



THOMAS PAINE

The Present Crisis

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just:
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

New occasions teach new duties: Time makes ancient good uncouth:
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth:
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

—LOWELL

historians from telling the truth about Paine in their histories.

And many years passed before any one had the courage to investigate his life and point out its greatness. Thomas Paine lived the Golden Rule, where others but preached it. His great heart went out to all humanity and his whole life was spent in doing good. When he came back to America, from his work in Paris, he was persecuted by certain people who professed to follow Christ and these succeeded in turning away many of his friends. Yet he never lost faith in humanity.

AUNT ESTHER

them. That was long before we became a nation. And you remember how our oppression became so intolerable that at last Washington and Franklin and John Adams and Benjamin Rush met to counsel together and to decide what ought to be done.

Suddenly Paine walked in and began to speak in his ringing, earnest voice of the Independence of America, of her glorious future and her great destiny. The others were at first startled, almost horrified. Independence had not at that time been thought of. Suddenly Washington grasped Paine's hand and begged him to write those words in a book for all people to read.

Paine did this and the whole nation was aroused. From that time on the war was carried on with a new and higher motive, and at last America was free. How does it happen that Paine has been so slandered by people who call themselves religious?

Surely they were not true followers of Christ, for Paine was most religious himself. He had an absolute trust in God, his whole life was filled with good and generous deeds, he helped two nations win freedom, France and America. It happened because Paine did not believe that creeds would help the world so much as a pure and unselfish life. And when he was working for freedom there were a great many people in America who called themselves religious and who persecuted those who did not believe just as they did. That, of course, is the case in every country.

All this you can read of in history. Sometimes these people who called themselves religious, beat and imprisoned those who did not agree with them, and many good people were driven out of their homes and even burned. Of course, as soon as those who were evil-minded read Thomas Paine's books and discovered that he did not agree with their own religious views, and that he had a greater love for God than they had, they at once called him an infidel and a heretic, and persecuted him until he died. Then they wrote evil against him and even went so far as to prevent our

Students'



Path

Look for the Beautiful

“**L**OOK for the beautiful!” I looked down, and saw
 The road stretched out before me, straight and bleak;
 Hard ruts, sharp ice, and withered leaves there were,
 No beauty. Then a pool I had not marked,
 Went suddenly bright, and a pure radiance,
 (Like a fine couplet in a sombre verse:)
 “Look for the beautiful”—and in the sky,
 I found the glory’s source—the setting sun
 Dominant over the encroaching clouds of night;
 And over in the East, the sickle moon,
 Shone fair against the deep, mysterious blue.
 “Look for the beautiful.” Even so my soul.—*Pacific Magazine*

A Well-Balanced Temperament

EDUCATION in *special* subjects has passed the limit at which it can be advantageously pursued, and it is of more importance that attention be paid to *general* education with the view of securing a well-balanced temperament and an all-round ability.

It is obvious that a man or woman with a thoroughly well-balanced and proportioned temperament can master without difficulty any subject to which it may at any time be needful to direct the attention; whereas an unbalanced temperament and a deranged organism will prove serious and perhaps insurmountable obstacles.

Hence, in the present condition of nervous systems and physiques, the multiplication of studies and attainments is like loading a man with more than he can carry. To use a neat illustration—it is better to have a clever carpenter with a few well-chosen tools than a bungler with a whole machine-shop of apparatus.

Let it then be the aim of all education, as also of all individual endeavor, to produce the well-balanced temperament and able body. We have enough and to spare of the specialist who can only do one thing, and do even that perhaps in only one way. But all-round, adaptable, useful people are never and nowhere out of place.

But the causes of want of balance are so numerous and the different forms and phases of it so many and complicated, that it is not easy to prescribe for the infirmity in small compass. Briefly, however, it may be said that balance depends on a preservation of the harmony between body, mind and soul. This trinity must always be borne in mind; for body, mind and soul are so closely inter-related that none of them can be treated separately.

It will be noticed that the Raja Yoga system of education is based on this idea. Both children, young people and adults in Loma-land are enabled to observe the conditions necessary to a harmonious development of the trinity of the body, mind and soul. Healthy regimen for the body, broad, easy and unforced education for the mind, and for the soul the atmosphere of brotherhood with all that that word implies of peace and aspiration. This last is no mere pious reflection, thrown into the scale as a bonus for the propitiation of conscience or public sentiment. It means that the soul, once given proper conditions, will be enabled to make its pressure felt, and will be recognized in the new sense of joy, tranquility, and feeling of having a purpose in life, that come to the workers in Loma-land.

In the toil and moil of the world and its aimless distractions there is no deep satisfying sense of reality and genuineness, and the soul starves. The soul often yearns to express itself but finds little opportunity. Under the conditions in Loma-land the soul is recognized as a real factor—the essential factor—in human life, and its needs are provided for. The aspiration to throw off bonds of anxiety for self and personal ambition is provided with its opportunity.

The main cause of impaired health and unbalanced temperaments that

are found in the world, and that so sadly hamper happiness and success, is the passions which are allowed by parents to grow up and flourish unchecked in children. An indulgence in delicacies grows to a devouring propensity, and loose and indolent habits may develop into vices of an utterly destructive character.

In children these can be prevented, and in grown people overcome, by the unparalleled advantages afforded by the system of education above described. Under no other system can the same combination of influences be brought to bear; and by this system temperaments harmonious, balanced, adaptable and felicitous are produced. STUDENT

Another Opportunity

HOW many thousand “savages” are now living, how many thousand have gone to their death within the last fifty years, with a burning sense of injustice, of the faithless brutality of the civilized white man? Often and often they have trusted the white man’s written pledge or his spoken word of honor, and found their trust betrayed.

Treachery, of course, some of themselves exhibit, for they are often but turbulent children; but is that any excuse for *our* treachery? Nor are we arguing against due punishment where that is called for; but for undeviating honor in all our dealings and treaties with them, for humanity, for a higher ideal of justice. We cannot expect to receive, nor should we pretend to preach, treatment of a loftier standard than we show.

Early this year one Captain Landeghem of the Congo State service was entrusted with a mission in the valley of the Upper Welle. The most difficult and delicate part of the work assigned to him was to renew the efforts, suspended for years, to win the friendship of Doruma and bring him into relations with the Congo State. His report is published in *Le Mouvement Geographique*. He saw the Sultan Doruma and proposed a treaty of trade between the savage and white man:

The Sultan said he must take a little time to think of the matter. At last he said he was willing to enter into friendly intercourse with the whites providing Landeghem would make blood brotherhood with him.

Naturally Landeghem was glad to accede to the proposal, and the ceremony was performed in the presence of all Doruma’s warriors. It was not a very pleasant occasion, for it involved the eating by each participant of a little piece of skin removed from their breasts. The Captain kept a straight face, however, in spite of his qualms, and the ceremony was completed with great dignity and solemnity.

When they were brothers at last there was nothing too good for Doruma to do for his new relation, even to offering to present him with part of his imposing family. It was agreed that white men might come into the country with their trade-goods, that they would be hospitably received and well treated, that they should do no harm to the natives, and that each party to the contract should help to make it beneficial to all concerned.

Now, here is clearly another opportunity for the white man. There is a chance to undo some of the evil that has been done in the Congo, to begin a better relationship, to redeem civilized honor from one of its darkest stains. What is to come of it? The old story? Treachery, murder, cruelty, enslavement? We shall see. K.

F R I E N D S . I N C O U N S E L

DEAR COMRADES: As the students of life here in Loma-land come closer in touch with nature, the beauty of the soul seeks for a fuller expression in the careful and joyous performance of every duty. Strenuous efforts are often apparent. These in time resolve themselves into a joyous second nature, as the virtues enshrine themselves into every thought and act. I was thinking of the diamond and its properties the other day. It is hard, pure, radiant, emitting all the colors of the rainbow as it glitters in the light. Ages ago it was but crystallized carbon. But even lamp black contains the divine spark, which in time reaches a state of perfection. Man with dextrous and well-trained hand, cuts the diamond and removes its dark material coat, when lo, the cutting reveals the highly prized and glittering gem.

So it is with man. As he casts away the personal for the impersonal, and rises from imperfection to perfection, his true character becomes revealed. He, like the diamond, can become hard against selfishness, pure, radiant and enduring—a redeemer of men. Charity thus for one’s fellow man is the greatest virtue. The lowliest, even as crystallized carbon, can find the way back to divinity and reflect divinity. STUDENT

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question The following question I received in the course of correspondence with a friend, and I send it hoping it may be answered
T. C.

in the Students' Column:
"What interpretation do you put on the phrase, 'the soul life' and 'to live the soul life,' so often occurring in Theosophical literature? According to my ideas, I cannot see how it is possible to live such a life in the turmoil and strife of the world, and yet we cannot all turn recluses; the world's work must go on. So we must, perforce, look for the fulfilment of the soul life in the world to come, the heaven of the hereafter; for you will remember what Christ said, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' But you Theosophists seem to hold quite different views, and I should like to hear from you about this."

Answer The soul life is, first of all, the performance of duty, the fulfilment and working out of the soul's own nature and destiny; and as the soul is in its inherent nature and essence divine, to live the soul life is to make divine everything we do, and to the performance of every act to add the element of nobility. As there are two natures in man, the higher and the lower, so are there two paths, two ways of life, the higher or soul life, which is unselfish, pure, noble, and the lower life which is selfish, governed by ambition and desire. Both these pathways are to be found in the world, which exists for "the soul's experience," and it is in the soul's power to make of this world either heaven or hell.

Christ's words are surely true that his "kingdom is not of this world," but he also said, "Behold, I make a new heaven and a new earth," and thus expressed the purpose and destiny of the soul—to make of this earth a new earth and to make a new heaven on earth.

The soul does not exist for itself but is linked to and is a part of the universe. Hence the life of one soul cannot be considered apart from the lives of all others, and to seek to cut oneself off from the turmoil and strife of the world would be to act contrary to the soul's own nature and its purposes, and would ultimately fail of the desired end—the attainment and peace of the soul life. That can come only from conquest in the turmoil and strife of the world, by overcoming its obstacles, not by turning our back and running away from them, not by becoming recluses, nor even by looking away to a far off heaven in the hereafter.

The soul's work is here now and we have the example of Christ and of all the great Teachers of the ages who strove mightily to make a new life in the hearts of the people, to make a new heaven and a new earth, and who gave the example of a strenuous life of action in the world and among the people. This surely was the life of the soul that they lived, a life spent in the service of humanity, and we have only to look at the lives and work of our Teachers today, of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley to see the possibility, nay, the certainty of the return to the soul life, not simply by one or two, but by the whole human race.

The Real Man

MAN bears within him certain ideas of order, of justice, of reason, with a constant desire to bring them into play . . . ; for this he labors unceasingly.—Guisot, *History of Civilization*

WHENCE come these ideas of order, justice, and reason? Do they arise merely from the desire to discover a means of pursuing one's personal ends with as little friction as possible from other people who are pursuing *their* personal ends? Is it a mere conspiracy of selfishness?

Science, as represented by some of its professors, would have us see man as a being swayed by brute passions and selfish incentives, but forced to observe laws of order, justice, and reason, because otherwise he cannot exist. Thus science is forced to admit the existence of reason or intelligence, but arrives at this admission by a process of exhaustion, showing that the problem of human life cannot be solved without it.

But the notion of man as a lustful and selfish creature whose lusts are modified and regulated by reason is insufficient. Reason in itself is not adequate to counterbalance or overcome the selfish passions. Experience and history show conclusively that men under the sole sway of passions will deliberately act contrary to their own interests and destroy themselves as a race. The reason alone can furnish men with no *incentive* for acting in the corporate interest. If men were merely intellectual animals, the stronger would act in their own immediate personal influence and sac-

rifice the others. There would be no *race-feeling*, no impulse for the good of the race.

Passions must be balanced by aspirations—we cannot set mere cold theory against strong lusts. Man must not only have *ideas* of order, justice, and reason, but a "constant desire to bring them into play," sufficient to make him "labor unceasingly" for that end.

The true historian sees that over and above the law of selfish instinct, there is the law that impels to justice, order, and reason; and that this law ever asserts itself and sets aside the inferior law of self-interest.

Biological science, with its coarse instruments and gross methods of research, has examined the bodily organs and functions in which the selfish passions dwell and act; but these methods are not fine enough to reveal the bodily machinery which relates to the unselfish aspirations.

Yet there is such machinery, and every man is born with the seeds or cells—call them as we may—of the higher nature, as well as with the mechanism of animal instincts. But biological research from the material point of view does not reveal the higher nature except as an unfilled gap in the materialistic scheme. We have said that biology is forced to admit that men do act in a way contrary to that which would be inferred from the biological description of their make-up, and that this forced admission takes the researcher right out of the region of his researches. There is a soul, but he cannot catch it on his filter-paper or microscope-slide. Similarly phrenology, after trying to prove that the shape of a man's skull corresponds with his character, *admits that he can alter both*. There is no organ for this process; and, if there were, we should still need to account for voluntary alterations in that very organ, and the difficulty would only have been moved on a stage. In fact no finality can be reached by a physical study of mere details and appurtenances of a human character. We must begin our study from the point of view of *mind*.

Laying aside scalpel and microscope, and forgetting the shape of our heads and all our other physical peculiarities, let us look deep into our mind and soul. We cannot find the real man. The various moods and ideas which we call our own are variable and impermanent, and the thread of individuality upon which they are strung defies analysis. Our real permanent self lies deep and beyond all these changing moods, and we get glimpses and flashes of the nature of that true self, in the aspirations to justice and truth and love.

The real man we have each one of us to find. When we find him we shall know ourselves for gods, and our life will expand and our interests become those of humanity. The true man has appeared in history only occasionally, but his impress appears in the aspirations that have ever moved men towards light, mercy, and truth.

These aspirations to truth and justice and order, of which our historian speaks, are the voice of the real man, and mark his endeavors to incarnate himself into the race.

I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues.
This of verse alone one life allows me;
Other heights in other lives, God willing.—ROBERT BROWNING

Death, that must come, comes nobly when we give
Our wealth, and life and all, to make men live.—EDWIN ARNOLD

Memory

WHEN the science of the mind is studied along the only lines which can ever be productive, that part of it which is concerned with the phenomena of memory will no longer be so utter an enigma as it is at present. Along this path we have made absolutely no progress, except to record some few facts which, unclassified and unarranged simply make confusion worse confounded. Thus we know that Milton could repeat the whole of Homer, and that Professor Lawson could repeat nearly the whole Bible, that Lord Macaulay had committed to memory the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Paradise Lost*, and that Napoleon knew by name every man in the army which accompanied him to Russia. We should, however, err in supposing that such memories are necessarily a mark of intellectual vigor. Very many cases are on record where memories equally tenacious, and even more so, have accompanied what can almost be described as a state of idiocy. The fact is that our knowledge of memory is very vague, as indeed is our knowledge of all mental processes.

STUDENT

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Meteorological Table for the week ending July the 11th, 1903

JULY	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
5	29.682	70	60	64	62	.00	S	10
6	29.734	69	59	65	63	.00	SE	5
7	29.710	71	61	65	64	.00	NW	10
8	29.760	72	58	67	65	.00	W	4
9	29.738	73	62	66	64	.00	NW	11
10	29.758	71	62	66	65	.00	W	8
11	29.732	72	62	65	63	.00	NW	7

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

PAINTING THE WORLD

Indian Legend of the Way Spring Came into Existence

Once, long before there were men in the world, all the earth was covered with snow and ice.

White and frozen lay the rivers and the seas; white and frozen lay the plains. The mountains stood tall and dead, like ghosts in white gowns. There was no color except white in all the world except in the sky, and it was almost black. At night the stars looked through it like angry eyes.

Then God sent the spring down into the world—the spring with red lips and curling yellow hair.

In his arms he bore sprays of apple blossoms and the first flowers—crocus, anemones and violets, red, pink, blue, purple, violet and yellow.

The first animal to greet the spring was the white rabbit. The spring dropped a red crocus on his head, and ever since then all white rabbits have red eyes.

Then the spring dropped a blue violet on a white bird, the first bird to greet the spring, and that is the way the blue bird was made. Ever since then it is the first bird to arrive when the spring comes down from heaven.

So the spring went through the world. Wherever he tossed the leaves from his fragrant burden the earth became green. He tossed the blossoms on the frozen seas, and the ice melted, and the fish became painted with all the tints of his flowers. That is the way the trout and the minnows and the salmon became gaudy.

Only the high mountains would not bow to the spring. So their summits remain white and dead, for they would let the spring paint only the sides.

The snow owls and the white geese and the polar bears fled from the spring, so they, too, remain white to this day.—*Selected*

Where Drums Came From

Drums are probably an eastern idea introduced by the Crusaders into Europe. They are frequently mentioned in the accounts of the first crusade. When Edward III. of England and his queen made their triumphal entry into Calais in 1347, "tambours" or drums were among the instruments which were played in their honor. Another of these was called a "naccare" or kettledrum, taken, together with its name, from the Arabs. The poet Chaucer also mentions this instrument in his description of the tournament in *The Knight's Tale*.

The king generally kept a troop of these bandsmen or minstrels in his employ, and we read that Edward II. on one occasion gave a sum of 60 shillings to Roger, the trumpeter; Janino, the nakerer, and others for their performances. Another minstrel was called the "chevretter," or player on the bagpipe.—*Selected*

He who understands but one language can comprehend only in terms of that language. He who is tied to a creed can only understand in terms of that creed.

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GRINNERS and GROWLERS

Two Kinds of People in the World -- The Servant Girl's Question

A young woman recently applying for a position as domestic in a western family, after an exhaustive examination by her prospective mistress as to qualifications, said: "Now, ma'am, let me ask you one question before I say I'll work for you. Are you a grinner or a growler?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Do you try to make the best of things as they come or do you make the worst of them?"

"Why, I try to make the best of things, I believe. I never gave much thought to the matter before."

"Then I'll work for you. I never could work for a growler, but I'd work day and night, too, for the grinner. Growlers are so plenty now 'taint easy to find an out-and-out grinner."

It is a question every housewife might well ask herself: "Am I a grinner or a growler?" says Robert Webster Jones in the February *Housekeeper*. It is a question upon which depends the happiness of every household. No other department of life affords grander opportunities for the exercise of optimism than the home. Pessimism is creeping into every corner of the social fabric. It permeates business and society and educational institutions. "What's the use?" is the cry. Keep this mournful, nerve-destroying, soul-destroying wail out of the home, which should be the brightest, cheeriest spot on earth.

Every time a growler is changed to a grinner the world becomes a little brighter. "Grin and bear it" was the old advice, and it's good today. Cheerfulness makes for long lives, good digestion, worldly success. The *Housekeeper* preaches the gospel of cheerfulness. It intends to help its readers to lead happy lives. Morbid, discouraging, pessimistic articles will have no place on its pages. Cheerfulness is the most contagious of all conditions. Let's catch it ourselves, and then do what we can to give it to others. Let all who are gridders continue to grin and all who are growlers turn gridders.

Bee Ranching in California

In California the bee rancher sets up his busy workers in a secluded canyon or on some remote hillside, where feed is abundant and springs never run dry. He locates, it may be, on Government land and builds a small cabin. He may do this for economy's sake, or the care of the bees may be an adjunct to the farm a few miles distant. Or the hillside home may be chosen for health's sake, the fine dry air and out-door life being a tonic that cannot be patented and seldom disappears. Many a robust young bachelor has "got his start in life" from the profits of his bee ranch in some fragrant dell among the hills, where he lived a hermit and fed on hot biscuits, stewed rabbits and wild honey.

Taking the seasons as they come it is a profitable business. Men have started in January with one hundred hives, and had them increase by swarming to four hundred in a single season, and from their stores have shipped to market forty thousand pounds of clear honey. But seventy-five or even fifty pounds to a hive is a profitable yield, the market ranging from five to seven cents per pound.

California honey is the finest and clearest in the world. . . . There is no reason to discredit John Muir's estimate of twenty-five years ago, that California, with her incomparable climate and flora, "is still the best of all bee lands in the world."—*Sunset Magazine*

In most friendships there is servility on one side and condescension on the other, no matter how subtly concealed. Only sterling manhood and noble womanhood is capable of friendship which is true and lofty.

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Port Orient

At the free entertainment given at Isis Theatre last Sunday night by the Raja Yoga children of Point Loma, a new name was suggested for San Diego. According to the report given in the *Evening Sun*, "A group of tiny children advanced to the front of the stage and one of their number sees the Star of Promise, which has led their steps afar, and prophesies the future greatness which awaits the city not, however, under the un-American name which it at present bears, but under the name of Port Orient, and as the tiny orator speaks she indicates the words which, as though in answer to her words, became exquisitely illuminated by electricity, set in rosy hues of exquisite flowers above her head."

The suggestion for the change of name to Port Orient was received by the immense audience that packed the Theatre from the foot-lights to the roof, with tremendous applause.

To change the name of a city of 25,000 population is a bold proposition. But the suggestion has attracted no small amount of attention, and not a few people think it would be of immense value to the town. The appropriateness of the name is admitted, as this is the nearest port to the Orient of any in the United States, and the name suggested would bring prominently before the world the fact that this city is the natural gateway to the Orient.—*San Diego News*

Whims of a Horse

The better the horse the more spirit he has. The disposition of an Arab hunter is thus described by Sewell Ford in *Horses Nine*: No paragon, however, was Pasha. He had a temper, and his whims were as many as those of a schoolgirl. He was particular as to who put on his bridle. He had notions concerning the manner in which a currycomb should be used. A red ribbon or a bandanna handkerchief put him in a rage, while green, the holy color of the Mohammedan, soothed his nerves. A lively pair of heels he had, and he knew how to use his teeth.—*Selected*

There Are Exceptions

"Do you mean to say," she inquired indignantly, "that there never was a woman who could keep a secret?"

"Oh, not at all," he protested earnestly. "To the contrary, there was Lot's wife, who never to the present day has revealed what she saw when she stopped to take a farewell glance at the town she was leaving."—*Syracuse Herald*

Some Comfort

Biggs—Yes, sir. Sad case. Man who built this house of mine just got it finished when he died.

Wigg—Well, it might have been worse. He might have had to live in it.—*Town and Country*

Ignorance of Color

Color blindness was the topic under discussion. "They tell me I'm color blind," said the lawyer, "but I don't believe it. Often, I admit, I make mistakes in colors. I say that pink is red, I say that green is blue. But it is only the names of the colors I am off in. I am not, I insist, color blind." The oculist who was in the party nodded approval.

"Exactly," he said. "These diagnosticians of yours mistake your case. They take color ignorance for color blindness. Here they are as wrong as though they should say music ignorance was music blindness—as though, I mean, because you could not tell that a certain struck note was 'E flat,' you were dead to all musical gradations. Some years ago, when the examination in colors of railroad men was inaugurated, a howl went up over the amazing amount of color blindness in America, and many a good man lost his job unjustly. These men had been off in the names of colors, not in the colors themselves. They could in a day or two have been taught what they lacked. Many of them, it is likely, were not color blind. I say this because recently I heard of an examination of 800 railroad men that was conducted in the proper way on an English line. About seventy of these men were a little off regarding color nomenclature, but not a single one of them was color blind."—*Philadelphia Record*

The Colorado Apache

As a trailer the Colorado Apache has no equal. He possesses the acute instinct of the hound combined with an accurate sense of vision. A turned leaf, a fleck of gravel cast aside, the displacement of a pebble from its bed—all are clear, readable pages.

They ask few if any particulars of the man they are to follow. They will, as they progress on his track, gather up for themselves one by one little items as to his personality, which are nearly always verified in the end.

When following a trail over the iron capped rocks and stony arroyos of Arizona, his face is a picture of intense concentration. Not a syllable escapes him. His pace varies from no visible cause. At times he almost runs; then, with a rapid glance behind, he glides along slowly and with eyes glued to the ground possibly for hours. Here and there may be a few stretches of sand, but dry sand leaves after the footstep only an indentation, closing after the pressure, so that to the inexperienced eye it might have been a horse or a mule that made it and not a man.—*Outing*

Encouraged His Horses

Cyrus Townsend Brady says that during his missionary life in the west, he had occasion one day to ride in a full stage-coach up a steep hill. The driver, where the ascent was sheerest, got out and walked, and as he walked he would frequently open the door of the coach and then shut it again with a slam. This the passengers found annoying.

"Look here, driver," one of them said, "why do you kick up such an infernal noise with that door?"

"To hearten up my horses," the driver answered. "Every time they hear this door close, they think that one of you, taking pity on them has gotten out, and that makes them imagine that the load is lighter."—*South Dakota Farmer*

"If you want to be cheerful, jes set your mind on it and do it. Can't none of us help what traits we start out in life with, but we kin help what we end up with. When things first got to goin' wrong with me, I says: 'O Lord, whatever comes, keep me from gittin' sour.' It wasn't fer my own sake I ast it—some people 'pears to enjoy bein' low-sperrited—it was fer the children and Mr. Wiggs."—*Lovey Mary*

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Helena Petrovna Blavatsky

ON the cover page of this issue appears a portrait of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky as she appeared when first she brought to America the humanitarian philosophy which has since had such world-wide extension and recognition. Madame Blavatsky was a member of one of the noblest families in Russia, and the widow of the Vice-Governor of the Caucasus. In order that she might become an American citizen she surrendered not only her rank and her titles, but the pension to which she was entitled by the law of Russia.

At this time, when the enemies of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood which she founded are trying to revive the slanders which were directed against this great reformer in order thereby to destroy the work of her successor, Katherine Tingley, it is important to briefly refer to those early attacks. It will then be seen that the persecution directed against Madame Blavatsky was identical in its nature to that directed against her successor, a persecution in each case based upon ignorant prejudice incited and inflamed by slander.

It need hardly be pointed out that every reformer that the world has

ever known has had to face the intense opposition of those whose interest it is to keep things as they are. That opposition has never yet failed to appeal to bigotry, nor has it ever failed to find willing instruments of human treachery and baseness. The family of Judas Iscariot has come down through the ages.

Bringing as she did a new light to the religions of today H. P. Blavatsky incurred the bitter hatred of those whose interest it is to keep, by means of fear, the direction of all religious thought within their own hands. The instruments selected to put that hatred into execution were a certain woman named Coulomb and her husband, exceedingly ordinary

The Whole Fabric of Persecution

people of low mentality and education. Those having sufficient leisure and sufficient taste for nasty things to reopen these pages of the persecution may well be amazed at the ravel of accusation brought against a woman whose only crime was that, single-handed and fearless, she made war upon the evils and the miseries of the world, and that she came to America believing that in a land of liberty she could sow the seeds of the Brotherhood of men. It will, however, take something more than a casual knowledge to recognize that the whole structure of persecution rests entirely upon the two people who have been named, the woman Coulomb and her husband. High priests, scribes and pharisees there are in abundance but Judas remains, as ever, the central figure.

Who were the Coulombs?

The woman Coulomb was a semi-demented creature, who dreamed dreams and saw visions. She and her husband, homeless and penniless, came to the house of H. P. Blavatsky appealing for aid, and she taking pity upon their distress in a strange country, and believing them to be unfortunate but well meaning people received them and supplied their necessities. They were fed and maintained by her, the woman doing some light work about the house, while the man made a long pretense of seeking work at his trade as a carpenter. They were the

Tools of the Missionaries and Others

kind of people whose base deeds are always for sale, and the purchasers were some of those men, missionaries and others, who were determined to destroy a religious reformer and the influence which she was wielding. When the Coulombs found that H. P. Blavatsky was unwilling to encourage them in idleness, she being indeed pecuniarily inconvenienced by so large and useless an addition to her household, they were ripe to fall into the hands of the missionaries and others, under whose guidance they asserted that their benefactor was a fraud.

It would be easy to traverse the testimony of these people point by point and to show the hate and the greed which underlay all their actions. Time has, however, vindicated their victims more completely and more eloquently than the wisest human advocate, and it is now only necessary to point out a few general considerations which have proved themselves conclusive to thousands of sincere and thoughtful men and women. Thus one of the greatest of English journalists while refusing to be dragged into an empty discussion, says that it is enough for him to recognize that H. P. Blavatsky made the spiritual life thinkable to thousands to whom it was previously unthinkable. It was a noble judgment and is fast becoming the verdict of the world. We say there are some general considerations worthy of notice. The first is that if the testimony of the Coulombs is unreliable, the whole edifice of the slander falls to the ground. That evidence is unreliable, by all the rules of human judgment. No right thinking man would punish a dog upon testimony such as theirs. Apart from the character of those by whom it is advanced, it contradicts itself at a hundred points, it is vague, it is confused and the greed which inspires it melts out between the lines.

Their Malice Lacked Intelligence

It may also be pointed out that the fraud of which it accuses a reformer and a philanthropist is of the clumsiest and the most stupid description, just such as would be imagined by people like the Coulombs. Among all the enemies of H. P. Blavatsky no one ever accused her of being stupid. Whatever judgment we may pass upon her writings they are the work of a masterful intellect, acute, trained, profound. The silly jugglery of which the Coulombs accused her would not pass muster in a dime museum.

Let us further ask ourselves what she had to gain and what she had to lose. She lost her position in Russian society, the friendship

of her friends and family, her titles, her pension, her everything. The one thing left her from the worldly point of view was her matchless literary power, and this, too, she refused to sell, although entreated to do so by the foremost Russian newspaper, whose editor offered her the most extraordinary remuneration. She could have dominated any

Was Not Tempted by Ambition

of the world's great activities which she espoused. Had she been ambitious she could have chosen any of the world's paths to fame, had she loved money she could have had it for the asking. The road upon which she chose to walk was the road of certain pain. Any

clever schoolboy could have told her that, but yet she chose it. Why? No other sincere answer is possible than that she was pursuing a high mandate and what she believed to be a holy mission and that she was willing to endure all things in its pursuit.

Already thousands throughout the world bless her name as that of one who by her influence, by the high ideals of duty which she gave to them, made life worth living, and filled their future with hope and aspiration.

But let it not be supposed that the methods of falsehood of which we shall presently have more to say, have died a natural death with the disappearance of H. P. Blavatsky. They did indeed shorten her life and the life of her immediate successor, W. Q. Judge. Although those lives were embittered and shortened, they could not be taken away until they had finished the work allotted them and had passed it on into other hands as strong as theirs. The persecution of W. Q. Judge was almost identical with that of H. P. Blavatsky. The disgraceful figures of the Coulombs disappear only to give place to that of an ambitious English woman whose itch to control and to dictate to the Theosophical Society made her, too, a ready tool for the hands of unwearied en-

mity. The little power possessed by these people would disappear if their actions could be divested of their isolation, if the whole story could be shown at one time and the motive made clear. Every chapter of the story tries to make itself self-contained, tries to hide its connection with the chapter that went before, tries to appeal to the public as a new incident and a new issue. Each enemy, whether he be a missionary in India, a minister in San Diego, a preacher in Cuba, a physician in San Francisco, a so-called philanthropist in New York, a woman doctor in Illinois with a savory past, or a newspaper in Los Angeles, takes care not to mention the name of another, but the plan shows through at last as the pieces are seen to fit together with subtle precision. The attack upon H. P. Blavatsky is not dead. It is being continued today, and the reputable newspapers of the world are awakening to the fact that they have been hoodwinked. In their desire to convey news and to protect the public

The Scene Changes But the Motive Remains the Same

they have accepted sensational incidents as being isolated disclosures which they would have instantly rejected had they seen them to be part of a plan which has extended over many years and the work, not of the individuals who put them forward, but of the band of conspirators who stand behind their advance agent. Would that all our readers could have seen Mr. Sargent, the United States Commissioner, when he came in answer to Katherine Tingley's appeal to the United States government, acting upon her right as an American citizen. He confronted the happy crowd of Raja Yoga children holding in his hand the New York newspaper which professed to picture the way in which those children were shackled and tortured. He may well have asked himself why any human being should so wilfully and shamelessly lie. Our readers may well ask themselves such a question, but they will answer it without difficulty when they realize that this, too, was one chapter from a volume of slander of which the first page was written when the Coulombs were seduced by some few professed followers of Christ in India who would surely not receive the support of their organizations were the facts once known by them.

Many Chapters Out of One Volume

Katherine Tingley stands to the world of today where H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge stood to the world of their day, doing her work as unselfishly as they did theirs. They were killed before their time by the malice of their foes, killed by the very instruments which are now being directed against Katherine Tingley. Although under the force of the attack her plans have been postponed and her work crippled, her determination is absolutely unshaken, not only to carry on the work for humanity to its legitimate and inevitable goal but also to display to the world for the well-being of all who come after her, the whole of the machinery of slander which has been so darkly and patiently working for twenty years. The shuttles of that loom carry now one thread and now another, they dart here and there and everywhere, but it is a *pattern* which they have been weaving all these years, a pattern of hate and fraud and love

of money, a pattern designed by human brains for the deception and the enslavement of men. The writer has seen Katherine Tingley day by day from the beginning and knows well that in spite of the human grief and the righteous indignation with which she has seen her good-will thwarted and some of her greatest projects postponed, in spite of continuous physical pain and weariness, she has not turned by the breadth of a hair from her beneficent purpose to keep afloat the little ship of human brotherhood. Nor can it be doubted that she will succeed in stemming the insurrection of greedy hate which has been raised in her path, in accomplishing the plan which she has designed, and in making somewhat smoother for all time the path of reform and of a wise good-will to men.

STUDENT

EVERY little while we meet with a new publication devoted to the great question of physical

The Culture of Health

health. Practically without exception they miss the point which is their *raison d'etre*, and lead their readers in the wrong direction. The readers want to get physical health, but these publications fail in every case to give them the secret. The prescription always leaves out most of the ingredients. And it often relates to another matter altogether, namely, athleticism. The health necessary for the athlete has little to do with that required for long life, or with real enjoyment of life.

How many readers would the paper have in two issues if it began to talk about the moral virtues? Or if in a single editorial sentence it maintained that all the moral virtues were necessary for perfect health? "We don't want a grandmother's sermon," would be the general comment; "we want to know how to get strong." It is that word "strong" that does part of the mischief. A man whose biceps is strong thinks that his health must also be so. But as to the virtues: which of these would-be athletes considers the fact that a thorough outbreak of rage, or a half-day's sulk is as injurious to his health as a drunken debauch? Or that a gladly-done act of unselfishness is as improving to his digestion as that sacred "ten minutes of deep breathing at an open window just before going to bed?" Or that contentment with one's lot and possessions is a continuous dose of vital energy and a stoppage of the steady drainage of vitality that our thousand daily desires for what we have not got entails?

When you stop your athletic practises, the health they gave you goes

away; and there comes a time when you *must* stop them. But the virtues —when you get the habit of practising

them you are safe. No circumstances ever interfere with that; and they yield a steady pleasure. It is a three-fold race we have to run: or mind, of soul and of body.

And it is a mental disease of our civilization to suppose that the race of the body could be perfectly run without work of the other two kinds. From which it will be seen that we are in no sense decrying or belittling due care and exercise of the body, its respiration, muscular system, digestion and what not.

But we would have men seize the reins of *all* the horses of the car.

Who is a *man* that can be irritated, driven out of temper, swept into passion, lust, gluttony? There is no health permanently possible to one who is not master in his own mind and body.

The evening of life comes after the hot day. And then the body perforce is wearing out. Nothing will now give it the thrill of youth; none of the athletic feats are now possible. Happy he who has trodden the three-fold path; who feels himself to be—not the changeful and uneasy compound of sensations and feelings, but the steady light of the heart-life, forever richer in its containment, more certain in its peace, enduring as time, the *true man*. It can always be found by a search that does not weary. The only true health is that vital perfection which permits us to be conscious at once of and in the two worlds, that of the senses and that of the soul.

C.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Curse of Perverted Christianity

IN reading the correspondence columns of some religious papers, one gets the impression of a certain general keynote that prevails in this class. It is the keynote of despondency and lack of confidence. Thus one writer is overwhelmed with a sense of guilt and moral unworthiness, another is oppressed with remorse for past errors, another feels that God is angry with him, another is in despair at the triumphant persistence of his evil propensities. The advice usually given them in reply is to get something to do, give up worrying and see a doctor. We speak seriously in saying it may be only the liver.

In the prevalence of such a state of mind among a certain class of people we see the outcome of false religious ideas and sentiments, that have been impressed upon our race for centuries. These impressions might be summarized under the title of the "miserable sinner" teaching.

An attitude of abjection, unworthiness and despondency, mixed with dread of punishment and hope of special favor, is an attitude instilled by those who pervert divine teaching, not by divine teaching itself. The proper attitude of a person who believes that the divine spirit has been breathed into him, making him a potential god, is one of peace, confidence and self-respect.

This false attitude of weakness before divine power is only a particular case of the false attitude which weak people adopt towards the circumstances of life generally. The weak ineffectual man will do almost anything except help himself; he blames others for his shortcomings and thinks he is unfairly dealt with. He cringes, curries favors, deprecates, uses craft and various indirect ways of getting his object. This well-known attitude is the attitude that many people assume towards life and towards the controlling powers of the universe in which they find themselves. It is not a dignified or praiseworthy posture.

The explanation of much sorrowing and suffering is to be found in the difficulty we have in learning to rely on our souls, and the amount of buffeting we will stand before we consent to learn it.

It is the ceaseless endeavor of The Universal Brotherhood to rescue mankind from this weak, indifferent and despondent attitude, and to restore that true serenity and confidence which surely pertains to what is divine. Abject people can be imposed upon and misled and are doomed to continual failure. Universal Brotherhood aims to give to men a knowledge of their divinity, from which no power can shake them. E.

Does the Earth Live and Breathe?

A WELL-KNOWN New York consulting engineer has pointed out that Boston is slowly sinking, at the rate of about an inch in eight years, or a foot in a century. All such statements have a flavor of unreality about them, due to our conception of the earth as *terra firma*. *Firma* it is not for a single second. There is constant trembling and no line can be drawn at which the trembling can be said to become earthquake. Earthquake is but an accentuation of this habitual tremor. The tremor has a weekly rhythm; earthquakes have a monthly rhythm related to the lunar phases; and an annual rhythm (the winter solstices); and a century rhythm. There are probably other rhythms, for example, one connected with the solar spot eleven-year cycle. The blends of all these make up the irregular look of the statistics, tables and curves of the records. But it seems unquestionable that the strict law of rhythm prevails throughout.

This sinking of Boston is, of course, but a part of another never ceasing phenomenon—the rise and fall of continents. Where are you going to draw a line in nature and say: Here is life; on the other side, not? If the earth exhibits a steady multiform pulse, and vast age-long waves move over her surface, raising and sinking continents; if she exhibits a changeful magnetic life; if the division we have made between matter we call living, and the metals of which the earth consists, daily appears more unreal—since we find that they grow, change, sleep, are fatigued; may we not venture to think that our globe is *alive*? We are of her stuff; we contain a spark of her life. Are there no deeper links? STUDENT

Parents Must Be Educated

"A VICTIM of the dime novel," quietly remarks a New York paper, commenting upon a boy murderer, aged ten. He placidly assented to the charge, and seemed curious as to the result to himself. Are you going to be indignant at the boy, or at the dime stories? At neither, we should suggest. The parents are the real culprits. The prevalence of the dime story is the exact measure of parental incompetence, selfishness, and neglect. The idea of appointing another public official with the sole duty of censoring this kind of literature is obviously absurd, although it has been proposed. You must educate the people, parents and children away from the stories, not censor the stories away from the people.

The dime novel habit is a disease of large cities and practically does not exist in the country. Those children are predisposed to it whose parents are the victims of similar kinds of adult literature—murder reports, *Police Gazettes* and the lower kind of Sunday newspapers. And the children become dowered with this predisposition *before their birth*. The malady is caught by contagion. The preventive cure is that parents should have ideals of life, of purity, of parentage, of citizenship. The actual cure consists in awakening in the victims love of nature, love of all living things, and child ideals of right life. STUDENT

The Ascend- ency of the Eucalyptus

SHALL we live to see the beech, oak, poplar, chestnut, and other beautiful constituents of the world's great forests, gradually giving place to the eucalyptus? Yes, if we follow the strict counsels of utilitarian perfection. The eucalyptus is beautiful, but we do not want it for breakfast, dinner and supper. Yet, we may see fit to come to that. For this reason: The world's coal supply is a limited quantity, and it bids fair to give out. What then? What substitute? We want something which, weight for weight, has stored as much sun heat as coal; which can be found almost everywhere; which comes of itself; and which comes again as fast as we take it.

That something is eucalyptus, which grows so abundantly on the Raja Yoga School grounds. It needs no attention. Its wood, dry, has more heat in it than an equal weight of coal. An acre of it, planted on tropical mountains, will yield from thenceforth at least twenty tons of fuel a year, and much more where there is plenty of sun and water.

Nature and the *Scientific American Supplement* have been commenting on these facts. They point out that the necessary conditions for the growth of this tree exist on one-fourth of the earth's total land area; that is, on 8,000,000,000 acres. One-half of this fourth, planted with eucalyptus, would thus yield the equivalent of 160,000,000,000 tons of coal a year, which is nearly 300 times our present consumption. In some parts of Cape Colony it has already been found cheaper to plant these trees than import coal. STUDENT

Common Sense Laws of Health

THE NEW CENTURY PATH has often dwelt on the importance of a few common-sense rules of health in acquiring self-control, especially in regard to the bringing up of the young. So many perversities of disposition, which seem to resist all appeals to conscience, are simply caused by abuse of the laws of health. *Maxwell's Talisman* has some remarks of this kind:

"Much of the craving for drink among hard-working men—either outdoor workers or those who work in factories or offices—is caused by the wrong kind of food, or improperly cooked food, which the system cannot 'get away with' without some kind of a stimulant. The wives and mothers drink strong tea and coffee for the same reason, and so get their nerves on edge and make themselves unendurable when, if they only knew how to cook and what to cook, and how to keep the house well aired, they would save themselves and other people much misery. Nine-tenths of the sickness and suffering in this world is due to the fact that people do not know how to live rightly. . . . Many a child is punished for a fit of temper caused simply by the lack of fresh air."

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Value of Choral Singing as a Factor in National Unity

The German Emperor's speech on choral music is strange reading to English people, who do not look on music as of any value in national life. In advocating the singing of old German folk songs, the Emperor was intent on the political aspect of music as helping to conserve the spirit of the nation.

THE above clipped from a newspaper, suggests two ideas which are often advocated in the NEW CENTURY PATH. First, as to the people's not regarding music "as of any value in national life." Here is a contemptuous lack of appreciation with which very many readers, even of such a prosaic paper as the one quoted from, must surely disagree. But the fact that the remark is printed there shows that there is a body of opinion of that kind. It is simply an instance of our modern way of breaking up life (which is really one whole), into a number of fragments. To put it in another way, we do not know *life* itself, but have instead a number of separate activities.

A politician, a social reformer, a newspaper editor, cannot be bothered with music; and a musician cannot be bothered with politics.

Now readers of the NEW CENTURY PATH know that this is by no means the ideal of life held by The Universal Brotherhood. Life is a whole; and, though its activities must be divided into departments, these departments are not separated in interest, but have a mutual relation and sympathy.

The soul-life of a man can express itself in every variety of activity and is too large to express itself well in any one pursuit. A specialist, whose interests are confined to his specialty, is narrow, and his work loses in breadth and scope more than it gains in concentration. A musician would be a better musician if he were also a worker in other directions, and a politician or reformer would be a better one if he had a sympathy for music. We should aim at an all-round culture, directing most attention to our particular calling, but also taking an active interest in other pursuits. By thus giving the soul many ways of expressing itself, its life will become richer and more potent than if we were to cramp its expression by confining it to a narrow channel.

The second idea concerns choral singing in particular. The best way of creating conditions in which the soul can manifest itself is for people to work together under a common interest; for them the separate personal traits become eliminated and a corporate spirit is evoked. And among such corporate pursuits singing is surely the best, for it involves the use of music, that great harmonizer. People singing together must inevitably drop, for the time at any rate, their personal peculiarities, and become more or less blended together. And the practise, repeatedly indulged in, will tend to render this union permanent, especially if undertaken with an understanding of this principle and a desire to realize it, as is the case

among choral singers in The Universal Brotherhood Organization.

Conversely one notices that the more united people are in their general life, the better do they sing together when they meet for that purpose. Thus a group of children brought up together on lines of brotherhood, will sing together much better than an ordinary chorus of people collected from various homes all over the place. The latter need to be together for a long time before each has acquired the common atmosphere—or, rather, a common atmosphere can be generated. At first the clashing of separate atmospheres produces lack of unity in the singing.

Finally, it may be noted that the efforts required to bring about success in a chorus are of the kind best fitted to help the singers to bring about the same consonance in their general living.

Each member must learn to so adjust his own contribution that it shall neither predominate nor become lost in the general effect. He must not strive to be heard separately, nor must he lean upon others; he must *listen* to the harmony and let his voice blend with it.

STUDENT



MAIN ENTRANCE OF ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, VENICE

Tennyson's Creed

THE man in search of a short, simple, workable religious creed could do worse than bethink himself of Tennyson's. An old friend of the poet's, Mr. James Knowles, editor of *The Nineteenth Century*, has just given it to us. It is this: "There's a something that watches over us; and our individuality endures: that's my faith, and that's all my faith."

Of course, the mind won't rest there. It wants to put a capital S to that "Something," and so ascribe consciousness to it—or It. For how could we be "watched over" by an unconscious something? And if the Something can watch us, can we watch It: that is, can we communicate with It? And if we can, will It tell us or illuminate us about Itself and the relation between ourselves and It? Let us remember the lines

that Tennyson put into the mouth of King Arthur, who speaks of the "visions of the night or of the day" that came to him:

Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
This air that smites his forehead is not air
But vision — yea, his very hand and foot —

In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
Who rose again. . . .

And in another place he makes "The Ancient Sage" say:

If thou wouldst hear the Nameless, and wilt dive
Into the Temple-cave of thine own self,
There, brooding by the central altar, thou
May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voice,
By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise. . . .

The man who wrote those things knew more than he put into his formula. But, wisely, he put forth his wisdom in the vague lights of poetry.



NOT many weeks ago the newspapers reported the case of a young girl who had escaped from the Sultan's harem and had fled to Spain. One of the finer type of Eastern women, she is undoubtedly as sensitive and possesses as great a capacity for suffering as any woman in the world. She was utterly unwilling to endure the degradation of her life. But she was the Sultan's property, she belonged to him. Naturally, being unwilling to let his possessions slip away in that fashion, he sent his agents after her. They pursued her to Seville, captured her, and doubtless now she has been returned to her owner. And this thing is possible in the Twentieth century!

What will be the commentary of some historian one or two hundred years hence? Will it not seem to him past belief that the world's women, in any age, should have allowed such an outrage to occur, without at least a protest? It would not have seemed so entirely out of place in the Middle Ages, for then woman's position was a terrible one, but today it is most singular that such problems should be again and again forced upon our attention.

Is it not time that there was awakened among the women of the world a deeper realization of their common sisterhood? Is it not time that you and I stepped outward and upward into a deeper sense of responsibility?

This is but a single instance of injustice, and there are many the world over. Not one who has read history but has been outraged by the tale that is told, a tale of heartaches and despair during those medieval days when woman was a mere convenience, at best a virtual prisoner within the walls of some feudal castle.

We may try to shut the sorrow of it out from our hearts and say, "these things exist no more," but we cannot do so if we are honest. There is a "woman question" and injustice still exists. We need not go to the Orient to find examples. Probably not a neighborhood in the world but could furnish all the proof needed that, even today, to be a woman means to inherit vast treasure in the way of disadvantages. And, thinking this matter over, one is tempted to fly to the extreme which has long been the refuge of many would-be reformers, and to declare that woman is all right

WOULD that you, as women, realized how mighty you are as souls, mightier than mind can comprehend. Look into the past: yourselves the Comrades and Teachers of the great ones of the race. And deep within your hearts today lies infinite power if you would but stand erect, stand as souls, find the light and walk in it. Are ye not the mothers of the race? The key of all the future lies in your hands. For your own sakes, for the sake of all humanity, I plead with you to turn away from the psychological mists that shadow the mind and destroy the will, and find once again, within your own hearts, the Eternal Sunrise. Find the resourceful part of your natures, and dwell therein. Find your own divinity.

— KATHERINE TINGLEY

and man is all wrong. Nothing could be more illogical. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is merely one error protesting against another, and those who are really looking below the surface of things, those who are searching for truth, are the first to admit it. The "woman question" is but corollary to the great question which is this: "Shall the Soul guide and govern in the affairs of life or shall it be forever crucified?"

Women have suffered in all ages; but so have many of their brothers. Their hearts have been broken and their spirits crushed, age after age, because there are men who insist upon treating women as if they were so much personal property, existing for little more than the convenience and gratification of the owner. But who has not known men—good men—to be turned into cynics and brutes because a certain type of women played with their affections merely to gratify vanity or love of power?

There are two sides to this question. We cannot afford to dwell only upon the one and ignore the other. It is not a question of "woman's rights" or of "man's rights," but of *the soul's rights*. Shall a woman teach or govern or lead or do this or that particular thing, or demand this or that particular right merely because she is a woman? By no means. Only the soul has this right. Only the soul dare make this demand. Shall a man assume authority merely because he is a man? No. But for humanity's sake he ought to assume it if he is in the right, and for humanity's sake it is the duty of the woman nearest to him to prevent his doing so if he is in the wrong. For high above sex stands the soul, and beyond desires—quite outside of what we desire and what we don't desire—eternal justice waits for recognition. It is the Soul—God, conscience, call it what you will—that alone has the right to rule. Let the soul find its expression in the woman-heart and speak through the woman-mind and there you will find one of the world's Teachers. There you will find a woman who is verily a Light upon the pathway of the world's life. She may dwell in obscurity, she may sit upon a throne, she may lead armies in Freedom's name; she is a Light-bearer, none the less, not because she is a woman, nor yet in spite of it, but *because she is a Soul and realizes it*. Let the

Soul find utterance in her brother's life and he becomes, in an equal and no less divine sense, one of the Great Adjusters of which the world has had so few. No less than the awakened woman, becomes he the Bearer of the True Light, the Revealer of the Great Message.

Let us, as women, think on these things, realizing that if we shirk the problem and flee the battle now, in the future we shall not be able to look our children in the face. Let us find within our own hearts the Light which must dawn there before it can shed its radiance over the world, and by that Light shall we find the golden clue which alone may guide ourselves and all humanity out of chaos and into order and peace. ECHO

IT is the soul's prerogative, its fate,
 To shape the outward to its own estate.
 If right itself, then, all around is well;
 If wrong, it makes of all without a hell.
 So multiplies the Soul its joys or pain,
 Gives out itself, itself takes back again.—R. H. DANA

A Famous Irish Actress

ELIZABETH FARREN, COUNTESS OF DERBY

THE life of a woman like Elizabeth Farren must surely bring hope and inspiration to the women of today, especially to those who are struggling against complete submergence into the daily monotonous routine of merely physical existence, and to all who are striving to conquer the obstacles which swamp and hinder and impede the aspirations of the soul.

Born in Cork, in 1769, her stage career began in very early childhood, her father being at that time manager of a company of strolling players. After his death, his wife and children were left to look after themselves, and step by step, slowly but surely, Elizabeth mounted the ladder of fame, winning laurels until she was acknowledged one of the greatest artists of the day.

She was a beautiful woman, with aspirations from which no temptation or difficulty could weaken her loyalty. She drew from poverty her strength to conquer. Homely lodgings, the plainest and simplest of food, had no power to cause discontent or to discourage. Thus she armored her womanhood against all future possibility of sinking into a demoralizing life of luxury and ease.

With a courage and grandeur that might justly win the admiration of would-be candidates for the philosopher's stone, she reduced the necessities of life to their true proportion, and kept them in their rightful sphere by using will and energy in cultivating and expressing the higher possibilities of her nature.

Such wisdom and discrimination does not mean neglect of ordinary duties, but it does demand the application of intelligence in the use of time and strength. It tends to eliminate what is of no real value and useless. High aims call for the beauty of simplicity in all departments of life, urging and stimulating the mind to create and invent more intelligent methods by which unnecessary exhaustion may be lessened, and hope and energy rescued to fulfil their purpose in unfolding the sweetness and beauty of the soul.

But those who are true to their highest thoughts are always attended by the hum of gossip. Simplicity is translated "meanness," and in those days as now, ridicule and slander flowed readily from the lips of those who remained vassals to sense-life.

While she was yet young, only nineteen, the Earl of Derby became her admirer, although he was kept distantly aloof. He was married, but owing to the light and frivolous life which his wife persistently lead, a separation had taken place.

Nothing, however, could change the dignified attitude of Elizabeth Farren towards the Earl. She remained true to her art and allowed him to be no more than a devoted friend, for eighteen years. Then his wife died, and she married him. Such moral strength surely breathes a benediction over the women of today.

ANNIE P. DICK

Voice Figures

A WOMAN'S INTERESTING DISCOVERY

The subject of Voice-Figures was touched upon in a previous number.

ALTHOUGH Chladni made the remarkable discovery many years ago that musical sounds produced from the bow of a violin, would create shapes in sand on membrane, it was a woman who first brought into prominence the fact that forms could be created by the human voice.

Mrs. Watts Hughes became responsible for this statement in 1885, and has again attracted the attention of the public mind to this subject by her recent lectures in London. Mrs. Hughes has been most successful in her investigations and has proved without doubt that sound, especially musical sound, when controlled intelligently, is a building up force, a creating force. That intelligence is one of the prime essentials is revealed in Mrs. Hughes' own words. She says:

At first, when directing the voice against the semi-liquid mass upon the center of the disc, there is a feeling as if some impassable barrier were encountered, and that it would be as easy to move a mountain with a push of the hand, as to set that color heap moving by the action of a note. On ascending the scale it will be found that it is only certain notes that will produce definite figures.

Mrs. Hughes does not say which notes respond so quickly, but a quick guess would lead one to think they were the harmonics of the scale. Mrs. Hughes admits that much practise is necessary for the singer to make the different forms required. The pitch, intensity, duration, crescendo and diminuendo, all have to be carefully studied. Although many years have elapsed since Mrs. Hughes brought these facts into prominence, fascinating as the subject is, yet she seems to have added nothing new in her recent lectures to what she gave out originally; and what is still stranger, no one aside from Mrs. Hughes appears to have continued investigations along these lines. Yet, we venture to say, that THERE IS ONE WHO WILL, IN DUE TIME, give a clearer and higher interpretation of this subject; and in making such a statement we in no way depreciate the initial efforts of Mrs. Hughes. Every spoken word must have its own peculiar form. Think, if the voice alone does so much, what may be effected when the power of thought is added to it. Now that wonderful new elements are being



ELIZABETH FARREN, FAMOUS IRISH ACTRESS

discovered like radium and polonium, giving rays that have power to lighten what has heretofore been in darkness, that which is now an unseen world about us, may soon become a visible one.

The old ideas of fairies, elves and gnomes being the little builders of plants, minerals, etc., does not seem so impossible; nay, after seeing pictured the beautiful forms created by the sustained tone of the imperfect, as yet, human voice, one can easily imagine an exquisite musical tone sounded at the heart of every plant, flower and tree, at the will of a perfect fairy-like being working with Nature's laws.

ELIZABETH CHURCHILL SPALDING

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Rich Archeological Treasures in Tabasco, Mexico

SOME little time ago the *Mexican Herald* contained a letter from Santiago Carter. This letter was written from Tabasco and contained a most fascinating description of antiquities which the writer had examined in this little known locality. He gives a special description of a place called Venta Hill which contains a mound a thousand feet high which he says has obviously been made by hand. Throughout the whole neighborhood are numerous monuments which seem to be made of granite. Of these he counted eight, but the Indians told him that there were many others hidden away by the undergrowth.

He describes an immense block of granite measuring 12 feet by 8 feet by 16 feet which has a heroic bas-relief figure of a standing warrior upon one of its sides. The figure is 30 inches from point to point of the shoulder, finely and accurately proportioned and of great beauty. The type, he tells us, is *markedly Egyptian*. Its enormous weight, over fifty tons, has caused the block to sink about nine feet into the soil and he had to dig in order to clear the upper portion. Close by is a circular enclosure of granite columns, the floor of which sounds hollow to the tread. Near at hand is another block, 10 feet by 5 feet by 3 feet and upon this also is carved a standing figure, life-size, but of an inferior workmanship to the one previously mentioned.

The remainder of Santiago Carter's letter is of so interesting a nature that we reproduce it *in extenso*. He says:

Further on are two large spheres about twelve feet in diameter, granite, and almost perfectly round. They have hieroglyphics and are sunken, one half down and the other about two-thirds in the soil. Next comes a very interesting one. This monument is all buried except the head. This is a very fine negro head in perfect feature. The forehead is two feet in width and the whole in proportion. About one foot of the neck is above the earth. The strange thing here is that this head has an exact copy of the hood of the Egyptian sphinx. I am familiar with most Mexican ruins and have never seen anything like this. It is a full figure, not a bas-relief at all. A squatter had cut down this bit of forest and this was covered with green brush to be burnt when dry to make a corn field. I respect corn, but there are millions of acres here that could be burnt without scorching and scaling such valuable stuff.

There was a government employe sent here about five months ago to see these monuments, but he did not see half, the Indian squatters tell me. I know he did not see several that were covered with heavy vine growth, because I cleaned these myself. If something is not done to protect these monuments the features will soon be spoiled by fire and all sunken below the surface by the great weight and rain-softening of the soil; and it will be a pity. Mexico has nothing to equal this sphinx or the great bas-relief anywhere as works of ancient art.

How do you suppose the old ones moved these giant blocks? There is no stone of this sort on the hill, not even a pebble, nor within 200 miles. I wish I was rich. I would dig a year here for science' sake. See if you can get some American college or museum to help. We might get a permit from the government and

make some interesting finds. I did dig a little myself in two mounds, and got one copper ax, finely made, with a tempered edge; weight two pounds; one hatchet of green-blue stone, very hard and highly polished. It cuts glass easily; one expert says it's obsidian; but is obsidian green-blue? Another said malachite, but the hatchet cut his sample of malachite in pieces.

I found lots of pottery, very coarse stuff, but got one little black jug about three inches high, very hard, no thicker than blotting paper, and with the face of a crying baby on the side in bas-relief, with the obverse relief on the inner side; very fine work.

The copper ax says bronze age; the stone hatchet says stone age. Were there two separate sets of these folk? There are two kinds of mounds; the kitchen middens and the great embankments. Of these latter I counted thirty-one, and there must be six to the square mile. The kitchen middens are countless. About twelve

miles east there are six pyramids, round-base, about 200 feet in diameter and 40 feet high, all on about six acres. There are two sitting figures of granite, well made, and about two tons each. A Spanish gentleman in the lumber business dragged one of these out to the plains and set it up as a corner land mark. He told me the government could send for it if they needed it. I saw it recently during a rainstorm, looking across the hills, as solemn as ever. Well, if anybody up in the home hive wants to investigate this country I will go with him.

We hope that the writer's appeal for protection for these monuments will not be made in vain. It is nothing less than a scientific tragedy that such priceless relics should be left at the mercy of prospectors. X.

About Herculaneum

PROF. HUGHES of the Royal Archeological Institute of England, has made an appeal for further research

into the still buried mysteries of Herculaneum. It is interesting and always instructive to remember that this and its sister city, Pompeii, were formerly proclaimed to be myths, as also Troy. How many more cities, places—and indeed men—now regarded as mythical, will one day make good their claim to have existed?

Of the origin of Herculaneum nothing is known by science. In the year 63 A. D., the city was devastated by an earthquake, and hardly had it repaired the immense damages done when, sixteen years later, in a few minutes it was buried beneath sixty-five feet of ashes, mud and lava poured from Vesuvius. And the orchestra of the great theatre lies twenty feet deeper yet below the surface. Not a great deal of this city has yet been exposed. The mud, ashes and hot lava concentered at once into a mass as hard as cement. And it is exceedingly possible that when it has all been exposed, it may be found that deeper yet is another and older city—and even one or two below that. It was a resort of wealthy and cultured Greeks and Romans, and one great library containing 2000 papyri, has already been excavated. We believe that only about 400 of these have yet been unrolled, of which number but half are published. There may be several other libraries yet to emerge.

STUDENT



TEMPLE OF THE TIGERS AND EL CASTILLO, CHICHEN, YUCATAN, MEXICO

This view is taken from the south end of the west wall of the gymnasium, looking east. In the foreground at the left is the solid mass of the east wall of the gymnasium supporting the ruined Temple of the Tigers. The plain hewn-stone wall is seen below, and rising from its margin to the temple level is the short stairway. The facade of the temple has disappeared save the lateral piers and the stumps of two great serpent columns which stood in the portal; the open mouths of the serpents, showing nostrils and bulbous fangs, face the observer. Back of the columns is the rear wall of the vestibule, with its characteristic masonry, and the doorway which leads to the pictured sanctuary. The end wall of the vestibule is seen at the right sloping to a point above, while one of the cap-stones of the vault is seen in place at the left. Beyond this temple at the right is the superb temple called El Castillo, 105 feet in height. The pyramid with its stairways, paneled terraces and neatly bound corners, is much obscured by vegetation. The west face of the temple, with its plain doorway and simple frieze and cornice, is clearly seen, but the north facade, in which occurs the wide main entrance and its fine serpent columns, is but imperfectly represented.—WILLIAM H. HOLMES, *Ancient Cities of Mexico*

Nature

Studies

After Twilight

by JAC LOWELL in *Birds and Nature*

'T WAS night
 And all life
 Dreaming in repose was still;
 The fields—the wood—the mountain rill,
 The beasts,
 And many tinted birds,
 The fishes in the lakes;
 The herds,
 The golden stars sailed on,
 And sorrow,
 Care
 And sin had gone.

Selfishness Brings Its Own Punishment

NATURALISTS all consider that the laws of structure of plants and animals depend upon the principle of adaptation of parts; or "correlated evolution," as Darwin calls it. This is the law that any change in one part necessitates adaptive changes in all other parts. The practical proof and illustration of it is thrust upon any one who has disabled some important muscle. The others will be thrown into unusual positions and actions which tire them, and thus others are affected until very remote parts are implicated in the general fatigue. This is an intensely interesting study when only species are considered, but we believe that the law operates more widely. Indeed, the theory of evolution by chance depends largely upon the evident fact that change in one species would gradually change all animals and, through them, the plants. Moreover, it is known, and Ruskin puts it very interestingly, that crystals have certain adjustments to one another, so that, while remaining the same substance, the crystals of one district are different in formation from those of another. And it is further known that the crystallizing habits of two distinct but associated substances, will be found varied adaptively. It seems, therefore, that there must be in the large total plan of nature the same general balance and delicate adaptive adjustment of function that is seen in the species or the individual. And this brings us face to face with a question of considerable magnitude.

In what way and to what degree will the plants and animals be changed by the present scientific progress? These new-old powers are practically additions to the functions of the human species and must modify all others. Already within fifty years we have seen the practical extermination of the bison, the alligator, egret, seal, some kinds of whales, and almost all of the African elephant, as well as many other less directly important animals and birds. We have seen also the modification of the cattle, to an almost unrecognizable degree in America. Hares have been introduced in Australia as pets and exterminated as pests. Immense areas have been denuded of forest, and the streams are being thereby dried up and the climate completely changed.

Countless millions of cubic yards of gas and oil have been removed from the interior spaces of the earth, leaving perhaps great voids beneath us. New metallic elements have been discovered (or born?) which possess extremely remarkable and formidable properties. It is not a problem for some future time; the question confronts us now. What sort of a New Earth are we making by the appliance of our new powers? G.



GROWING OUT OF THE BLOSSOM

Curious Growth from Loma-land Rose

GREAT interest has been excited among the Raja Yoga children at Point Loma by the appearance of some abnormal roses upon the bushes round one of the Homes. We give an illustration of a couple of white roses from whose blossoms lively green shoots are springing. It will be noticed that one of the shoots is much thicker than the stem of the rose out of which it is growing. But these are not the only unusual growths we have noticed lately, for a similar development within some lemons has been attracting much attention. In this case the seeds had sprouted inside the growing lemons, and were putting forth stems and leaves on a miniature scale. Is Nature trying some experiments in a new evolution? We must leave this knotty problem to more experienced botanists to consider.

PAJARO

Condor Caught in Santa Barbara Mountains

THE baby condor, shown in our illustration, is one of the latest acquisitions of the Zoo in Washington. The condor is the largest known bird, and it will be interesting to watch the growth of this youthful specimen. The natives of Ecuador are accustomed to capture the adult condor by placing a large supply of food near its haunts and then concealing themselves in the vicinity. The bird eats until he is unable to move, and he thus falls an easy prey to the hunters. This is not the only illustration furnished by nature of the penalties of greed.

The *Midland* (California) *Herald* says:

Mr. G. L. Stillwell, of San Jose, California, who has just returned from a trip to Santa Barbara County, has brought back with him a young bird of the giant condor family, the largest species of birds in existence. The bird was captured after a most thrilling experience, but not before the parent bird, which measured fifteen feet from tip to tip of wings, was killed. The young bird has never learned to fly, and its wings are not yet strong enough to bear the weight of its body. It measures ten feet from tip to tip, and is developing well in captivity. Its home is one of the wildest spots in Santa Barbara County, a crag in the heart of the mountains, 56 miles east of Santa Maria, and midway between Bakersfield and Santa Barbara.



A BABY CONDOR—BIGGEST BIRD THAT FLIES

A Plant That Seizes Opportunities

WHILE gathering wild flowers today we noticed one sort of plant which seems to act with very careful intelligence in seeking support for itself. Ordinarily it grows upright, branching freely, one or two feet high in quite an independent way. But when it touches anything else, a stalk of grass, a twig, or even another stem of itself, it makes one

complete coil entirely circling it and then it continues growing in the original direction.

The plant produces no tendrils and shows no vine-like or climbing tendencies, so we were entirely unprepared for this grasping habit.

By thus seizing hold of everything it frequently succeeds in anchoring itself by grass from several sides like guy-lines, or by some stiff twig of a bush. The flowers it bears are of the snap-dragon shape, delicately tinted with purple and white. Though it is quite plentiful, we were unable to learn its name.

NATURE-LOVER

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE Isis Theatre was again crowded last night in anticipation of a speech by Mrs. Katherine Tingley on "Christ in the Home—Where are the Marys and the Josephs of the Twentieth Century?" Although not ostensibly, her remarks were practically, a continuation, or rather an outcome of the previous evenings' talks on "Jesus the Man and Jesus the Martyr." The Point Loma Orchestra rendered various pieces to the evident delight of the immense audience, while a special class of children from the Raja Yoga School were once more in evidence. Little Albert Spalding was upon this occasion the orator, speaking well and pleasingly on the subject of "True Patriotism." The songs rendered by the other children were new, and were admirably executed to continuous applause which insisted upon an encore.

Mrs. Tingley in a speech, of which is here given merely a briefest outline, devoted the body of her remarks to the home-life, the actual and the ideal. "Home," she said, "is the school of experience. It is the place of affection, the center where children should be born and bred in harmony with the divine law. We have looked too long for light outside of ourselves, and of our divine natures and not enough to the Christos, which is within and which is a part of the Eternal Law. Let us make a word picture of two people, who are united under a comprehension of the Christ Spirit, and let these two people represent for us the ideal father and mother who know that they are the temples of the Living God. Let us imagine the young life which springs into action from such a union, the tiny bud which springs into life from their thoughts, from their superb and divine aspirations and which is to grow under the protection of those two grand souls. That little child would be taught from infancy to know no fear. From the moment it could move its tiny hand, it would be taught usefulness.

"Those two people would handle that child as though it were a tender flower. From the first moment they would teach it self-reliance, they would teach it to know its own responsibility. They would teach it to know that its tiny body was a temple of God, something that could be trained for the weal or woe of humanity. They would feed it according to its needs and not according to its wants, wisely, religiously. So profound is this subject that humanity will soon absorb this beneficent doctrine of the Raja Yoga.

"When that child has reached years of understanding, when that child steps out into the world it will realize its responsibility because it will have been fashioned in the image of God. Its physical life will have been so built up that it will be the home of the Christ-mind. There will be no need to choose the path of such a child. It will take its rightful place in the world. It will work out its own life. If Christ were here tonight, would he take exception to a single word of this? [Loud applause]

"Such a child would be already armed for the battle of life. It would be a monument of the soul devotion of mother and father.

"And now to suppose that the child was a girl, a little tender, delicate, poetical life, for women can sometimes carry the impress of the poetical more than men. This child that has been pictured has been given all the environment possible. She grows up under the touch of that sweet and heroic mother.

"Is it possible that when such a child steps out into life, that any of the ordinary inducements that young women usually think to be great will be a temptation to her? That soul will know its position. It will be armed with wisdom. It will know the power of its own nature, it will know what life means. That child will have been taught the sacredness of love which is neither abused nor misused, as is too often the travesty of today which is called by that divine name. True love is Christ-love; it is that part of woman's nature which lifts it above the ordinary, which fills the Soul with compassion and with a force such as words cannot describe. Such an one cannot be tempted by a handsome face nor a sympathetic voice, by intellectuality, nor wealth, nor position. Such an one will take no step until the right time, and when she steps she will know where she is stepping. And yet many will say that this is a beautiful picture, but it is so far away. *It must ever remain far away unless a beginning be made.*

"In the guardianship of her home such a mother as has been described would stand in protest against the invasion of her home by many a man and many a woman such as are ordinarily entertained. How often it happens that guests are entertained within the home because of their wealth, because they are people whom it seems

KATHERINE TINGLEY AT ISIS THEATRE

Another Crowded House and Many Turned Away---"Christ in the Home: Where Are the Josephs and the Marys?" Emphasis Upon the Training of Children

Reprinted from the *San Diegoan-Sun*

well to know. And yet such people are all too frequently not what they seem, and the ideal mothers, while observing all the duties of courtesy and hospitality, would take good care that such people never penetrated so far as the nursery. However far-fetched it might seem, it must be presently recognized that there is psychological force stronger than words can paint. How children are guarded against contagious diseases of every kind, yet they are exposed to psychological influences which are a hundred

times more fatal. One of these days the x-ray will be turned upon that psychological force in human life. Then how you will run from the people you now embrace.

"Think now of the ruined homes which result from the unwisdom of the day, of the wives who are martyred from their false sense of duty to men who are wholly unworthy, and of the men who are similarly martyred. Think of the children born under such conditions, children who must be, who are, simply moral abortions. Shocking and startling as it might seem it is well sometimes to be thus shocked and startled, and if human words could prevent such travesties and abortions, those words must be spoken throughout the land. Let the common law be invoked, the law of divorce, again and again if necessary, until such things become impossible.

"Is there any one who can say such things are not facts? Is it not time to begin to apply Christ principles to the home and to make an altar in that sacred place? Let the churches be turned into educational institutions where the children will be taught on common sense lines, and let us leave the higher guidance to the fathers and mothers who have learned to manifest the Law in their own lives and the lives of their children. Let us make our ideals, let us aspire, let us get to work."

It is understood that next Sunday evening Mrs. Tingley will speak on "Souls That Pass in the Night."

Some Observer Notes

VISITORS who return to us after an absence tell us that the Homestead and its surroundings have grown out of all recognition, and when we look for ourselves we see that is, indeed, true. Busy eyes hardly notice the daily changes which are going on before them, but going back in memory for a few weeks or a few months, we see how startlingly true it is. For one thing the grounds in front of the Raja Yoga School have been transformed. Every vacant spot has been used, and beautiful terraces, thickly and gaily planted, have been fashioned from the slope which runs toward the refectory and seaward. Upon the other side of the School building, upon the bay side, the boulevard becomes more beautiful every day. The long, double line of trees are no longer so only in name. They are now actual and veritable trees casting a welcome shade and giving wonderful promise of what their full stature will be. Looking up this boulevard, with our backs to the Homestead, we see the School of Antiquity hill through the eucalyptus forest in which scores of happy children are playing or gardening or talking. Close at our right hand is the children's music temple, and here, too, are other children making the sunlight still more beautiful by their songs. While these children are certainly most skilfully taught to sing, it would be equally correct to say that they are allowed to sing and shown how to sing properly. Even the newest arrivals read their notes with ease, and they do it all the better because there is no false stimulus of display, nor the unkindness of competition.

☞ The abundance of rain has wrought a miracle in growth and color upon the Hill. The flowers have forgotten to disappear and the foliage to turn brown, and wherever we look we see a wealth of tint which can hardly be pictured. The palms have added inches to their stature and even the most gigantic among them have achieved a further growth. Southern California has not yet become wealthy in trees, but Point Loma is a standing proof of the variety of growth which is possible and how kindly disposed is soil and climate to a variety which is almost endless. Viewed from the road, both Homestead and Temple seem every month to become more and more enchantingly embowered in green, and what it must presently be it is impossible to imagine.

☞ Group House No. 2 has now been firmly knit into our community by the construction of a broad and winding road which extends from the Homestead right up to the crown of the Hill. Upon the immediate left of the new road is Group House No. 1, the residence of Mr. Albert Spalding of which the gardens by the way grow more delightful day by day. Group House No. 2 is young, but its gar-

dens are well in progress and many of our comrades are at work upon them, so that the transformation is almost complete.

¶ The Homestead itself is now so crowded that it would take two years to supply sufficient buildings for the people who are anxious to come, not from San Diego alone, but from well-nigh every part of the world. The air is therefore full of extension projects in order that every class of resident may have the accommodation they need and the great city of the future, the City on the Hill, is actually an accomplished fact and needs only its fuller material expression.

¶ Beautification is not confined to the grounds alone. At the moment of writing, R. W. Machell is busy at work upon the inside of the Rotunda, which is the admiration of all who see it. A formidable platform has been erected in order that he may reach his work in the dome, eighty-five feet in height. A broad white band runs clear round and on this the work of symbolic decoration grows apace under his hands from the general designs of the Leader herself. The ultimate result will certainly be very fine and must add enormously to the interior effect of a building already unique.

¶ It is not only the material work which grows apace. There could, perhaps, be no better gauge of general advance than the circulation of the *NEW CENTURY PATH*, and all records show that not only is the circulation rapidly increasing but the paper itself grows more and more in popular favor. Every mail brings assurances of the appreciation with which it is received and the work which it is doing in the world. It is now on sale throughout America and is to be found in many and many a public library both in this country and in Europe, where its well marked pages prove the avidity with which it is read by an ever widening circle of its friends. It meets a popular demand because it supplies a popular need and supplies it as practical Theosophy alone can do.

¶ A striking feature both in our correspondence and among our visitors is the constant request for information as to the Raja Yoga training of children. This usually comes from educationists who have come from afar and who wish to apply it for themselves, and it is often asked for in very much the same way as one might ask

for a physician's prescription which can so easily be compounded anywhere. The Raja Yoga system of education is a part of the Raja Yoga philosophy, which again is Theosophy in its application to daily life, and with all the good-will in the world we have to explain to our visitors our entire inability to give them a formula, or to do aught else than look forward to the day when our teachers can go out into the world in greater numbers, fortified with the knowledge and the experience which is so much more than intellectual. That day is not far off. It has indeed dawned for Cuba, the young Republic, which was willing to be helped, and where three of our best student teachers are already at work, and 227 children enrolled with double that number in view. In the meantime the broad principles of Theosophy will do much to leaven the mass of public thought, and to uplift the standard of home and school alike.

¶ Where "every prospect pleases," as it does here, it is not easy to select a few special view-points for mention. Without question, however, the most imposing sight from the standpoint of the ordinary onlooker, would be the crowds which weekly throng the Isis Theatre. Last Sunday, for instance, there were not less than eighteen hundred people within its walls, and scores were willingly content to crowd into the topmost gallery and endure the heat and inconveniences, rather than go away unsatisfied. The character of these audiences, both in intelligence, in appreciation and also in sympathy, is of the highest order. There are, of course, some few who disagree, but there is certainly no one present whose disagreement with definite theories carries them out of sympathy with a humanitarian work which is so rich in success. An Isis Theatre audience is one to be remembered.

¶ However hot it may be elsewhere it is always cool upon the Hill. The breeze from the ocean sets in at almost ten in the morning, with wonderful regularity, and dies away again at about sunset, and the combination of clear, warm sunshine and ocean wind is such as to keep every faculty at its best and every sense alert. The days when the weather possesses any unpleasant feature whatever, are few and far between.

¶ There are many other stories waiting to be told, many other advances and purposes to be recorded. Let these, however, wait until next week. OBSERVER

IT is a familiar remark that modern invention has brought the whole world into close and instant communication, and that electricity and steam enable people to talk together across remotest distances and to exchange frequent visits with the most distant neighbors. It is an equally familiar remark that modern invention caters much more for the material needs of humanity than for their moral and spiritual welfare.

Taking these two ideas together we arrive at the result that the union of hearts has not kept pace with the union of heads and hands, and that while people are far better able to cooperate in industries and commerce, and in intellectual pursuits, they have not become united in heart and fellow feeling in anything like the same ratio.

In old days, before steam and electricity had brought about this intimate contact, people lived and worked in small communities. Everybody in the community knew everybody else; the workers lived side by side with their employers, and the landed classes with the peasants; they were of the same stock and had common interests. There was no call upon them to interest themselves in the doings of people at a great distance, for they knew nothing of such people.

But now the employer is able to use the services of a vast army of workers, living in quarters he has never visited, having a world of their own, and being, in short, almost a separate order of humanity. Everywhere society is becoming more and more divided into separate layers, having no common life, no common interest.

Our responsibilities have become enormously increased by the progress of modern invention. But what do we do? We try to reap all the advantages to be gained, and at the same time to avoid the increased responsibility that comes with them. To take an instance. The great development of joint-stock companies enables me to avail myself indirectly of the labors of people all over the globe, who thus minister to my comfort and prosperity.

These are my neighbors; how do I treat them? The fact is, I do not even know of them, nor try to know of them. It has never occurred to me that the fact of drawing interest from a company of consolidated miscellaneous investments has linked me with Hindus in India, Chinese in China, or the natives of Jamaica, and that my responsibilities have become multiplied in like proportion.

Now, if this be a true law—that responsibility increases with the exten-

"My Brother's Keeper"

tion of means, and that union of hearts should keep pace with union of lesser interests—then the neglect of this law will bring trouble upon society. And this is just what has happened. It has become impossible to interest people in the doings of their neighbor sufficiently to make them return the obligations they owe to him. We cannot plead, Am I my brother's keeper? because he is our brother, inasmuch as his existence is indispensable to ours.

Small, self-contained, and united communities have been broken up, and in their place large industrial communities have been created. The employer is no longer a man living among his employes, but a company, which too often means an unreachable abstraction.

In fact, the time for individualistic lives, lives of comparative isolation and seclusion, has gone by—unless we are to abandon all these resources of invention. The race has to increase its sense of responsibility up to the level of its capacities and opportunities to make duty equal to privilege. I can no longer safely live the life of a selfish recluse on the proceeds of industrial cooperation. I cannot expect to enjoy the fruits of other people's labors without taking an interest in those people, unless I do it by force; that is, unless I am a tyrant.

The aim of Universal Brotherhood, then, must be to unite men in a closer bond than that of commerce and industry—in a union of hearts. There must be a fellow feeling between workman and employer, and between all those separate classes that have so unnecessarily and artificially been created.

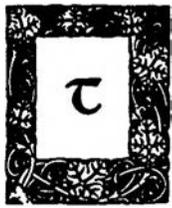
While this has often been tried on a small scale in special communities, it needs to be realized on the large scale of the modern world. And to bring this about there must be a complete change of outlook upon life, especially as regards the education of youth.

The present ideal held up, more or less frankly, more or less tacitly, before youth is not likely to better conditions. It is the ideal of making money quickly and then using it for personal interests and comforts—of using the world and the people in it as a field for spoliation, in short.

We want at present less of the science that facilitates manufacture and material advantage, but much more of the science that shows people how to harmonize their interests. We want to be able to hold up once more before young people the old ideals of duty, responsibility, respect and integrity. We want to show that success and happiness depend on character.

STUDENT

The Story of Mamie & Sam---and of Many Others



WO little children were playing in the dry hot sand. They lived in Jamul, which is a dreary, dusty, uninteresting place, and they did not know much about beautiful flowers and cool, green shady woods and running streams. Their home—well, you little children who live in pretty, dainty, fresh little homes at the Raja Yoga School would feel so sorry for these two children if you were to see their home. Just imagine it if you can; it was simply an old barn, an ugly old dingy white barn, with very little of the white left either. In places the boards of the walls had given way, the holes had in some places been left, and in others roughly covered up with old pieces of sacking, or anything else that came handy—the windows were broken, and the broken panes filled in with old newspapers and rags. The roof was open in many places, and the inside was so dusty and dark that it was not surprising that Sam's first words on waking in the morning generally were, "Hurry up Mamie and let's get out." And "out" was generally where they spent most of their time, lying around in the sand, dirty little sunburned objects, their hair burnt almost white by the sun and their faces covered with freckles. Well, Mamie aged seven and Sam aged nine were playing, and just now they had a very interesting and exciting game on hand. They had captured some large grasshoppers, and to one of the back legs of each they had tied a long piece of thread, and the game was to make them jump and at the same time to pull the thread, the winner of the game being the one whose grasshopper had jumped the greater number of times before his leg came off. Mamie was looking very glum, because Sam's grasshopper had lasted out five of hers (the five poor maimed little creatures lying around her or trying to get along with only one "hopper" leg) and consequently was what he called a "fiver" and so far the conqueror. Their mother was leaning against the open doorway of the barn and laughing at their efforts to make the poor little things jump. "It don't hurt the hoppers," she would say, "and it gives the children something to do and keeps 'em good." Now Sam and Mamie were not really cruel children, but they had never been taught to love all creatures, and they did not realize that these poor little insects were in misery and pain. Their mother was what she would call "good to them," that is to say, she let them have their own way, never troubling to correct them so long as they kept out of her way and did not trouble her, but if by chance they did anything to vex or annoy, they knew only too well what it meant when she said, "Wait till your father comes home."

The father was a great strong rough bad tempered man, and the poor little souls would "wait" in terror for the time of his home-coming, when they would be flogged unmercifully for perhaps some little thing such as knocking over a cup of milk, or forgetting to fill the water pail. So that in sheer terror of what they knew would follow if they were found out in any little offense or accident they learned to lie in self-defense, and grew up knowing little or nothing of the true meaning of the words love, or truth, or justice, or kindness. But they dearly loved each other, Sam standing champion for Mamie and many times taking the flogging that would else have fallen on her poor little body, or helping her with his advice as to the most truthful looking lie to tell to escape punishment.

It was the first of July and Sam and Mamie, of course, were getting very excited about the great and important Fourth, which was so near. They did not have any great or gorgeous celebration themselves, but they generally had some kind of a one, and besides, they could see the great bonfires all about the country, and many of the fire-works sent up in the city of San Diego.

"What shall we do new Maim? I can't think of anything fresh," said Sam.

"I d' know," said Mamie, who was busy sticking up a row of spikey tails which they had collected from the unfortunate horned toads, which came in their way, and which were reckoned among their chief treasures. "'spose," she suddenly said as if she had a new and brilliant idea, "'spose we make a big bonfire!"

"Why," said the disappointed Sam, "I *did* think Mamie Strong, that you had some little sense. *Didn't* I say something *new*, and haven't we had *hundreds* and *hundreds* of bonfires, *hundreds* of celebration days? Girls ain't worth anything!" and he rolled over on the sand with his back to her and began to think and think for something new. And all at once he heard a little sniff, and a small sob, and turning around beheld Mamie sobbing bitterly. "Why Mamie!" began Sam.

"I d—don't c—c—care," sobbed Mamie, "if I a—ain't worth anything, I've b—broken all yo—our t—t—tails to little bits, so there!" and then looking up and seeing the sorry look on Sam's face, she burst out again:

"Oh, Sam, I w—wish I h—h—hadn't done it n—now; it was real mean of me. I—I'm g—g—going to find some more toads," and she scrambled to her feet and wiped her dirty flushed little face on her ragged pinafore.

"Well, and I'm coming with you," said Sam. "Don't cry any more, Maim; you *are* worth lots and lots, and the old tails were wearing out any way."

Happily they were not successful in their search for horned toads, those already captured and robbed of their tails having probably spread the report that there were two cruel giants living near, with a remarkable fondness for the fag ends of horned toads, and warning all others to avoid the spot. They were turning homeward

when they met a broken down old horse, pulling an old rig, in which was an old man who often gave them candies, or let them ride with him part way when he was driving to San Diego. He called out: "Here, young 'uns, is something for your Fourth of July," and gave the delighted children a large flag, the stars and stripes of which were soiled with the dust of the road, where he had found it.

As he was driving off he turned round and called out: "Say, young 'uns, would yer mother let you go to the city with me on the Fourth?"

The children could hardly speak for joy, and by the time they were able to gasp out, "Yes, yes; we know she would," the old man was again on the road. So with one long amazed and delighted stare into each other's faces they raced home, and both talking at once they tried to make their bewildered mother understand the good fortune that had befallen them. When at last she clearly understood that old Neighbor Cooper had offered to take them to the city to see all the Fourth of July glories, she said in her easy, good-tempered way: "Well, I guess you can go, you know how to take care of yourselves."

Oh, what a delightful drive that was—very slow to be sure, but that was all the better, for it made it all the longer. And when at last they began to see the lovely city, and the waving flags and bright-colored decorations, the crowds of prettily-dressed people and the beautiful sparkling bay, they felt they were almost too happy.

The old man stabled his horse and telling the children to meet him at that place at a certain time left them to their own enjoyment. Pushing their way through the people they found their way to one of the streets through which the procession would pass, and in a very few minutes—"Look, Mamie!" said Sam, "it is beginning," and with breathless excitement they watched it as it passed, not missing a single point in the whole thing, their eyes, keen and bright, spying out every little detail, and when the last float had passed Sam said, "Wasn't that quite fine, Mamie? I expect most of those people was kings and queens and sech, don't you?"

"They look like it," said Mamie, "but I shouldn't wonder if—but oh, Sam, do look up there," and she pointed to the opposite building, "what lovely little boys and girls, and oh do look at that other window, where the little girls have on those lovely white dresses!"

"And look!" cried Sam, "at the boys there dressed like Indians. Oh, Mamie, mustn't it be fine to be dressed like that!" and he looked at his own shabby clothes. "Who are they, I wonder? Don't they look happy? I wonder if they ever get flogged? They don't look like they did," and the little fellow eyed the crowd of happy children wistfully.

Two big tears slowly rolled from Mamie's blue eyes. "I do love pretty things," she said, "and I would like to be dressed all in white, and have my hair brushed."

There was a jolly looking, rosy-cheeked girl standing near these children, who had overheard them talking, and she held out a bunch of flowers to Mamie.

"Would you like them?" she asked, "The Raja Yoga School children threw lots of them out of the window, and you can have these."

"Is it a school?" they cried. "Well, they don't look as if they were ever punished at *that* school."

"Why, no," said the little girl, "that is one of the loveliest schools you ever heard of, and they like to have children there who have no nice homes, or pretty clothes, or toys, and who have no chance of learning, although there are lots of children who have plenty of money and who want to get in. I know all about it, because my little friend lives at that school and she never, never wants to go to any other. I wish I could go."

"Mamie," cried Sam, "shall we go? Oh, do let us try; how can we go?" he said to the little girl. "We haven't any one to ask for us; there's only just us two," and he put his arm around Mamie. "Mother and father wouldn't care if we went, they don't mind what we do so long as we don't bother."

Their little faces looked so eager and hungry for the joys of that real home, the place where every one was kind, and no one ever flogged the children.

"I should just write a letter if I were you," said the little girl.

"But we'd be afraid to," said they, "it might bother them."

"*Afraid* to write a letter to any one at the Raja Yoga School! Why, they all just *love*, LOVE, LOVE little children."

"Why," said Sam, eagerly, "I can write print letters; would that do?"

"Spendidly," said she; "now don't forget, do it right away. Good bye."

"Well, I'm just going to write that letter the minute we get home, Mamie," said Sam, and on their homeward drive they decided what to write, and this is the letter they sent:

DER EVRE BODDY, ME AND MAME DO WANT TER KUM TER YOUR SKOL WERE EVRY BODDY LOVES EVRY BODDY AND NO WUN NEVER FLOGS NO WON WE WONT ETE MUCH AND WE CAN SLEP ON THE GROUND MAME AND ME"

And the lovely part of it is that the letter got to the right place, and "Mame and Me" will soon be amongst the "lovely little boys and girls," forgetting how to lie, and learning what real love is.

A. C.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science



TWO VIEWS OF LORD ROSS' GREAT TELESCOPE AT BIRR, IRELAND

LORD ROSS' telescope was mounted in 1842. It has a focal-length of 54 feet and the tube is 7 feet in diameter. On account of its great size it cannot be directed to every part of the sky. This restriction is, however, of little moment, as there is always a sufficient scope for its operation. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* says of it, that

It remains a noble monument of its maker, who, as beautifully expressed on a memorial tablet in the parish of Birr, Ireland,

revealed to Mankind, by the unrivaled Creation of his Genius,
a Wider Vision of the glory of God.

The Uses of Antennae—Destruction of Mosquitoes

RECENT study of the mosquito bids fair to set at rest the question of the uses of the antennæ of insects. It would appear that they are auditory organs. This became clear by reason of a remarkable discovery. It was found that the mosquitoes in a room were attracted towards a tuning fork that was sounding the note C in any octave; that is, 128 or 256 or 512 vibrations a second. Other vibrations than simple multiples of these, exerted far less influence. While this note was being sounded, it was suddenly raised some octaves by means of an electrical device, and also made stronger. All the insects in the room instantly precipitated themselves against the sounding instruments and fell paralyzed upon the table. They recovered after awhile, but they had done enough to afford a pregnant hint for their future destruction and for the discovery of some facts of much interest.

Some of them were captured and their antennæ placed under microscopic observation during the sounding of notes. These little hairs, ordinarily called "feelers," have twelve or thirteen joints, and from each joint springs a whorl of minute fibrils. It is these fibrils that vibrate to the notes, transmitting the vibrations to the auditory nerve within the antenna, and thence to the brain. When the vibrations are exceedingly high and intense, the brain is paralyzed.

Any vibrations will not do; the hairs or fibrils appear only tuned to C in its various octaves. Other notes produced little visible effect, though they may, of course, have appealed to the consciousness of the insect in some other way than to cause him to make an immediate movement. Anyhow, it would seem probable that it is by the note C in some high, and to us inaudible octave, that mosquitoes communicate with each other, though they may, of course, use other notes. We do not know how—if this idea is correct—they produce such note or notes. It is not likely that it is the sound emitted by their wings, for in that case their communications would only occur when they were flying.

The antennæ of other insects doubtless serve the same purpose, and in using them for exploration, as they obviously do, they must become aware of minute sounds probably always emitted by even quite still objects, stones, twigs, etc. Insects may in fact go about *touching the sounds of things*, as a blind man goes about touching their contours.

The Problem of Overcrowding and Degeneration

SO constant is the relation between overcrowding and physical degeneration that one would think it might be reduced to a very simple arithmetical matter. If that should turn out to be the case, the publication of such a fact, with a few figures, would be a great public service. Many thousands who are thinking of transferring themselves from country to town would subject their intention to a rehearing, and other thousands might hie them back to the country.

For example: Suppose a town to have 1000 houses and 5000 people. Divide the houses into the people and you have 5 as the product.

Take another town with say 2500 houses and 15,000 people. Divide as before and you have 6 as your product.

One would be inclined to suggest that—other things being equal—the death-rate of the two towns would be as these numbers—5 to 6—and that their health standards would be inverse—6 to 5.

To test the matter, towns *under the same general conditions* must be compared, the same climate, location inland or on seaboard, relation to rivers, elevation, etc. It might, however, turn out that these conditions affected the matter less than one would think.

The little sum should then be done for villages, which practically rank as country, and some numbers obtained. We venture to predict that their death-rates would be much lower than that of towns of the same index. Will some one take the trouble to try it? STUDENT

Interesting Devices for the Measurement of Earthquakes

THE measurement of earthquakes has assumed a new importance within recent years and many devices for recording the force of shocks are now in use. The most simple contrivance consists of rows of cylinders at right angles to each other having bases of varying sizes. An earthquake shock will upset these cylinders according to the size of their respective bases and the direction in which they fall will be an indication of the direction of the shock. Another equally simple device is a basin of mercury with holes at various heights through which the mercury will wash when the basin is disturbed or shaken. The essential objects to be obtained by a seismograph are records of motion in three planes at right angles to each other, records of the intensity of the shock and of the exact time of duration of the disturbance. These three objects can all be obtained by an instrument possessing a weight sufficiently heavy to remain practically unmoved while recording plates come into contact with its projecting pencils, the whole contrivance being connected with a clock which will register the duration of the shock. An instrument such as this will show that nearly all earthquake movements are exceedingly complex in their nature and difficult to outline.

Japan is naturally a favorite field for seismological research. Very complete apparatus has been installed there and reports have been prepared which already fill several volumes. STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World

Model of Taj Mahal in German Museum AN alabaster model of the Taj Mahal, said to be one of the most perfect pieces of architecture in the world, has been added to the Nunnemacher collection in the public museum. The original is located at Agra, India, and was built in 1630 by the grand mogul, Shah Jehan. The model is about eight inches square, and has all the fine carvings that has made the Taj the gem among the buildings of the world. The model was made in India, and at the time of its purchase by the museum management was a part of the Arthur Little collection.

The Taj was built by Shah Jehan, the founder of Delhi and the grandest of the grand moguls. The Taj is a mausoleum built for his favorite wife, Argamand Banu, who was a Tartar princess, noted for her beauty and wit. The tomb is 186 feet square and 220 feet to the top of the dome. It is raised on a plinth of white marble 313 feet square, which is eighteen feet above the level of the garden. In all the world no queen has had such a monument. It took 20,000 workmen twenty-two years to build it, and all India furnished the material. It is made of white marble, and all the architectural details are heightened by being inlaid with precious stones in flower combinations and frets. They are as exquisite in design as they are brilliant in color.

Coffee Drinking Sacred to Arabians THE great event of the visit in Arabia is the coffee. The host has a kind of brazen shovel brought, in which he roasts the beans; then he takes a pestle and mortar of the oak of Bashan, and with his own hands he pounds it to a powder, making the hard oak ring forth a song of welcome to the guest. Many of these pestles and mortars are heirlooms, and are richly ornamented and beautifully black and polished by age and use. Having drunk coffee (for the honored guest the cup is filled three times), you are quite safe in the hands of the most murderous. So far do they carry this superstition that a man who had murdered another fled to the dead man's father, and before he knew what had happened drank coffee. Presently friends came in, and as they were relating the news to the bereaved father, recognized the murderer crouched beside the fire. They instantly demanded vengeance. "No," said the father, "it cannot be; he has drunk coffee, and has thus become to me as my son." Had he not drunk coffee the father never would have rested until he had dyed his hands in his blood. As it was it is said he further gave him his daughter to wife.—*Bishop Hannington*

New York's Growth Since Early Days THE 250th anniversary of New York's municipal birth is shortly to be celebrated. Here are some interesting facts from the *Tribune* which show the growth of the city: Population in 1653, 1,120; population 150 years later, (1800) 60,000; population in 1903, 3,600,000. In 1653 there were paths, trails, and a few poor roads on the island; now there are 430 miles of streets, of which 365 miles are paved. The buildings in early New York were low small structures; today there are on Manhattan Island scores of buildings more than ten stories high, some more than 300 feet high. In place of the little school near where the new Custom House will stand there are hundreds of educational institutions, and the city government has voted for public education for the year more than \$20,000,000.

Radium Rays Cure Cancer in Vienna A MEDICAL report from Vienna of the cure of a case of cancer by means of radium rays is likely to cause intense interest and active experiment. The patient in question is 61 years of age and his malady was of such long standing and so far advanced that all further operative treatment had been abandoned. One of the physicians, however, decided to try the effect of exposure to the rays of radium bromide and found to his great gratification that an immediate improvement was effected, and that the disease speedily and entirely disappeared. A further report was read of the complete cure of another case of melanosarcoma.

The Missionaries and Soap in Madagascar IN his recent book entitled *Madagascar of To-Day*, Mr. Cousins describes how the missionaries were notified that they must leave the Island because their teachings seemed to be of no practical value. They were educating their Madagascar converts in Greek and Hebrew and the Queen inquired if there were any among them who knew how to make good soap. There happened to be one among them who possessed this knowledge and on his account they were allowed to remain for awhile. This incident is fairly illustrative of the unpractical nature of so much missionary effort. It is hard to understand the mental attitude which believes it important to teach Greek and Hebrew to Madagascar converts.

Stop Opium Eating on Formosa Is. THEY have a short way with opium-eaters in the island of Formosa. It will be remembered that at the close of the China-Japan war this island was ceded to Japan by China. Opium is sold to all those who at the end of the war had the habit of its use—and to none others. It is sold to certain licensed dealers only. A census was taken, and a permanent record made, of all those who at that time were using the drug, and of the daily amount consumed by each. Each of these victims may go to a licensed establishment and procure his registered amount for that day. He may not increase his dose, nor get more than one day's allowance at once.

Prosperity Sharing, Port Sunlight, Eng. THE proprietors of Port Sunlight, England, are trying a novel experiment for the benefit of their army of work people. This firm has for some time pursued a system of what they call "prosperity sharing," by which profits over a certain amount are devoted to the well-being of their employes. They have now built an open-air theatre, and a regular course of musical and dramatic entertainments will be carried out. By an ingenious expedient shelter from rain and sun is provided, and the experiment promises to be a triumphant success. If this can be done in the English climate, what cannot be done elsewhere where atmospheric conditions are so much more favorable?

Birds of Australia Driven to the Bush JUST as man has domesticated certain animals, so there are others which attach themselves to his retinue in what might be called a half-domesticated state. Most notable among these are some kinds of small birds which are peculiar to Anglo-Saxon gardens, more or less independently of locality and climate. In the *Melbourne Argus* a writer, speaking of the Anglification of Australia, mentions the number of typical English birds now to be seen in the civilized parts. Goldfinches, linnets, and skylarks, thrushes, blackbirds and starlings abound. Australian birds fly further into the bush as the houses advance.

Philadelphia's War on Slot Machines THE Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia recently directed the seizure of thirteen hundred slot gambling machines in that city. The order was promptly carried out and the machines were publicly burned. Their value was about \$125,000, and the raids during which they were seized extended over a period of five months. This is certainly an activity in the right direction, but the gambling spirit cannot be eradicated by the destruction of a particular method.

Electrical Plant in the Forests of India A VERY remarkable plant has been discovered in the forests of India, which seems to possess an electrical power. At a distance of twenty feet a magnetic needle is deflected by it, and becomes greatly disturbed when brought nearer. This influence varies according to the time of day, being most powerful about two o'clock in the afternoon, and entirely disappears during the night. Birds and insects carefully avoid it as though they knew its hurtful power.

STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Open the Heart

by JOHANNA AMBROSUS

ADMIT into thy silent breast
The notes of but one bird,
And instantly thy soul will join
In jubilant accord.

The perfume of a single flower
Inhale like breath of God,
And in the garden of thy heart
A thousand buds will nod.

Toward one star in heaven's expanse
Direct thy spirit's flight,
And thou wilt have in the wide world,
My child, enough delight.

Extracts from Essays
written by children of the
San Diego Lotus Group

What Raja Yoga Means

MY idea of a true Raja Yoga life is that we obey the laws of nature. And in leading a pure or Raja Yoga life, we should obey the Golden Rule, we should live for others, we should live pure and happy lives, we should allow no evil thoughts to arise in our hearts, we should strive for perfection.

L. W.

THE real meaning of Raja Yoga is something more than its literal translation of Kingly Union. It means to be united by our hearts in one great endeavor. We are all united if we only knew it, for I am sure that if one person is gloomy and sad those who surround him will not be inclined to be happy. I think if we would realize that we are united and cannot separate we would be more liable to work in unity.

F. G.

TO lead a true Raja Yoga life we must be kind, gentle and loving to every one in the world. Some children love their playmates just because they dress nice or are wealthy. But there are others who really love their playmates and are good and kind and loving whether rich or poor. That is real Raja Yoga. But we must first commence on ourselves. When we are loving and true and just, then we can help others to be so, but not otherwise.

R. P.

RAJA YOGA means bringing out our higher nature and subduing our lower. It is every person's duty to distinguish between their two natures and then teach those who can't.

M. R.

The Influence of Example

I THINK one of the best ways of teaching is to make an example of what we wish others to be and others will follow.

We often hear people say, "She don't do it, so I guess I don't have to." This proves that people copy after the actions of other people.

We need to make our lives noble especially when we are trying to teach children.

We may do a great deal of talking, yet it won't do as much good as practical illustration. As the saying is, "practise what you preach."

I heard an incident not very long ago which I think relates to this saying. It was about a preacher who was incessantly preaching against liquor, but for all his preaching, he always kept liquor in his house.

L. W.

THE influence of example means to be influenced by other peoples' actions. I once knew a little girl who was very vain. She had not many friends because she snubbed them. But after awhile the girls became like her. The girl had influenced them by example. There was a girl who lived in the country who was very sweet and polite. Another little girl lived next door who was ill tempered and mean. But she soon became ashamed of herself when she saw how the other



A LITTLE CUBANA—A STUDENT IN THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA

child acted. The sweet girl had influenced the other girl by her words and action. I knew a boy who cheated in his school work. There was only one boy who would notice him.

One day the boy who cheated said, "I learn my lessons fine by cheating: I heard the teacher say you were not getting along nicely in your studies. I'll tell you what I'll do. I will write the lesson on a blotter and give it to you. I can ask the teacher to let me have his book in which are all the answers to the problems and he will never suspect what I am going to do." The other boy was tempted and said, "If that boy does it, I can." And he let the bad boy influence him to do wrong.

R. P.

THERE is a great deal of influence in example. Children are most always influenced by their parents' example and think whatever they do is right for them to do and often try to scold others because they have been scolded. If a person is nice and everybody likes her the people try to be like her.

Sometimes good children can show older people how to act by their good example. And they sometimes show their brothers, sisters and playmates.

Big children are sometimes rough, boisterous, and use bad words and have little brothers or sisters who follow their example. Some mothers do not set the best kind of example before their children, while other mothers set a good example.

Example is one of the best ways to teach people because people naturally imitate others.

L. W.

True Freedom

WHEN a country feels oppressed it says it wants freedom, and then goes to war. If it stopped for a moment and thought, it would find that real freedom must come first in each individual's heart.

This war which is going on in everybody, between what they want to do and what they know is right, makes them unhappy, because they do not know about Brotherhood and Raja Yoga.

When the world knows about these two subjects there will be no more wars and people will be ever so much happier.

M. R.

TRUE freedom is when we are free from our faults. Some people are free from everything but selfishness. Now if some one would ask you if you were free you probably would answer, "Yes, of course. I am not a slave to any one."

But people do not think when they say that. We must be perfect in everything before we are really free. I am not free because I am selfish in some things.

R. P.

Lower and Higher Nature

IN New Mexico I knew a girl who nearly always chewed gum in school. One day one of her friends came to school also chewing gum. I told her that the teachers did not like the pupils to chew gum in school. But she only said, "Well, Mary chews gum in school, so I guess I can." As you see, Mary's behavior had a low influence upon this girl.

When I was very small I used to know a girl named Kate. She always tried to be very good in school, and she tried to make other girls good, too. So Kate had a good and high influence upon the other girls.

D. P.

Life should be a song, and a song should always be in tune.

Students'



Path

Will and Destiny

by EDWIN ARNOLD

THAT which will not be, will not be---and what is to be, will be:
Why not drink the easy physic, antidote of misery?

Nay! but faint not, idly sighing, "Destiny is mightiest,"
Sesamum holds oil in plenty, but it yieldeth none unpressed.

Ah! it is the coward's babble, "Fortune taketh, Fortune gave;"
Fortune! rate her like a master, and she serves thee like a slave.

Two-fold is the life we live in---Fate and Will together run:
Two wheels bear life's chariot onward---will it move on only one?

Look! the clay dries into iron, but the potter molds the clay:
Destiny today is master---Man was master yesterday.

Worthy ends come not by wishing. Wouldst thou? Up, and win it, then!
While the hungry lion slumbers, not a deer comes to his den.

Crusades, Ancient & Modern

THERE is a strange fascination about the very idea of a Crusade. The word at once puts out of mind all that self-seeking and money-making which is the recognized motive of nearly all modern enterprise. To the ordinary person it suggests an undertaking that at most is Quixotic and impractical or perhaps meddlesome, but it does not admit of the supposition of a base or vulgar motive; it carries with it an atmosphere of heroism and romance that is always attractive to all but the most hopelessly commercial minds.

The old Crusades were undertaken to rescue the "holy sepulcher" from the desecration of Saracen custody. It seems sufficiently idealistic to go to war for the custody of the tomb of a dead Christ. And it will be remarked by later generations, who in ages to come may study the history of the religions of our day, that the Christians of this period did regard their God as a *dead* Christ, for they had him nailed to a cross in every church they built to his honor, or to the honor of any of those lesser gods and goddesses (as the future archeologist will call them) whom they worshiped as saints. And yet they were willing to wage long wars in foreign lands for the honor of winning back the mere tomb that had sheltered his dead body.

When Katherine Tingley proposed her first Crusade of Theosophists around the world, there seemed to be very little analogy between this peaceful mission of the preachers of Brotherhood and the war-like expedition of the hosts that went to Palestine to fight for the "holy sepulcher." But as time went on and the true nature of Katherine Tingley's work has revealed itself, the meaning of her Crusades became clearer. As her teaching became more familiar and better understood, it became evident that there is in humanity a divine principle, which has been almost destroyed and as much lost sight of as if it were indeed dead and buried in some forgotten tomb. Even if we only go so far as to accept the now familiar teaching of Madame Blavatsky, that there was a store of knowledge and wisdom that humanity had for ages lost or forgotten, but which was somewhere guarded in some "holy sepulcher;" then the analogy seemed clearer. But her mission bears a still closer analogy to former Crusades, for she shows to us that there is indeed in each of us a divine principle, a higher nature, that is a prisoner not really dead, but bound in grave clothes and laid in the tomb of the heart, and the mouth of the tomb closed by a great stone, which represents the negation of modern materialism and formalism. Truly the Savior of Humanity, the Soul, is entombed and the "holy sepulcher" is in the hands of the enemy. How fit a symbol of poor betrayed Humanity is that same dead body nailed to the cross, aye, even to his glittering shrine and gaudy paint and jewelry. How these same tombs that we call churches symbolize humanity with its culture and its wealth and

its traditions and its ceremonies, and in its heart a dead Christ on a gilded cross. For in the heart of humanity today is a dead thing—Joy, Hope, Love—it has many names, and in all these lofty sepulchers in every land, in every clime and on every altar is an *image* of the once living soul that had power to save, but the image is only a semblance, for all the gold and the paint and the glare of candles and smoke of incense and the high-priced ritual, a dead thing in a house of the dead, and guarded by those who have attacked the work and teachings of those who would save humanity and set free the imprisoned soul. This is the work of Katherine Tingley, the liberation of the Soul of Humanity from its tomb of despair, the pessimism and intellectual negation which is the strongest characteristic of modern life. She has told us we have need to make Crusades into our own natures and find there the "holy sepulcher" and call to life that which seemed dead, and liberate the prisoner in the heart, then we shall indeed know that our Redeemer liveth. Already the stone has been rolled away from the mouth of the tomb, but the tomb seems empty till we can find the living soul that can change the tomb into a temple and the altar into a throne. Then shall the prisoner set free become our Savior, and we shall know that we are the temples of the living God, no longer sepulchers of the dead. STUDENT

'If It Were Not For . . .'

WE are always thinking that if it were not for this or that circumstance or necessity in our lives, making against us, we could achieve something worthy.

There are achievements wanted of us by the Higher Law; and achievements we want to make. And the achievement which we want to make may indeed be very desirable. But if something stands in the way, it means that the Law requires of us the preliminary achievement of surmounting that something, of getting it out of the way, or of even winning the other by means of it. The man who thinks he could make a great violinist if he had not to get a difficult living in some other way, may be quite satisfied that through that laborious bread-winning he is adding a necessary basis of strength to his character, giving it something it lacked. And that addition is more desirable for him, more necessary to his spiritual completeness, more necessary to his manhood, and therefore better for the world, than that he should be never so fine a violinist.

We need a profounder faith in the spiritual overruling of our lives, and the best way to get it is an intent study of these monotonous necessitated tasks that seem to stand in our way. Life is long, as long as time. Our seventy years is but a phase of it. . . There is plenty of time for all things, and if we trust, all things will come and all opportunities open in their due and best order.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fullness of the days?

Let us right royally assail each task of each hour and year, for each task is but the rough stone covering the well-spring of opportunity. C.

☞ It has been said that "he who is last shall be first;" but he who puts himself last to be placed first will find he can't work the game that way.

Religious Freedom

THE English vicar, the Rev. R. C. Fillingham, is distinctly in the wrong in proposing to use turbulent means to prevent ritualistic services in a New York church. The conditions which prevail in England do not prevail here. In England there is an established church and those clergymen who offend the ordinances of that church are law-breakers. In America there is no established church, nor is there likely to be one, and a clergyman may do as he pleases, subject only to the wishes of his church. Ritualistic beliefs and practises are not contrary to United States law, *nor are Theosophical beliefs and practises*, although some of our opponents have seemed to suppose that they are. We do not love ritualistic ceremonials but we do love religious liberty, and if Mr. Fillingham also loves religious freedom, and we believe that he does, it would be well for him to undertake the defense in England where it seems to be in sore straits. STUDENT

Aspiration

by TRENCH—Selected

GIVE me a heart that beats
 In all its pulses with the common heart
 Of human kind, which the same things make glad.
 The same make sorry! Give me grace enough
 Even in their first beginnings to detect
 The endeavors which the proud heart still is making
 To cut itself from of the common root,
 To set itself upon a private base,
 To have wherewith to glory of its own,
 Beside the common glory of the kind!
 Each such attempt in all its hateful pride
 And meanness, give me to detect and loathe—
 A man, and claiming fellowship with men!

ENOUGH if something from our hands have power
 To live and act and serve the future hour,
 And if, as towards the silent tomb we go,
 Through Faith, through Love, and Hope's transcendent power,
 We feel that we are greater than we know.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Will the Students' Column please explain what is meant by and included in the lower nature? Is it not a necessary part of man's constitution, and if so, in what sense is it evil, as is so often said regarding it?

Answer It was the universal teaching among the ancients that man's nature was dual and this is one of the cardinal teachings of Theosophy. In man there is a higher nature and a lower nature, a nature from above and a nature from below. Man, the real man, the soul, is divine in his origin, he is not a product of evolution or of heredity, but in essence is one with the divine in all Nature. But, in order to contact the outer world, the soul must clothe itself with garments made from the materials of this outer world.

Through countless ages of evolution these coverings have been and are still being built up for it and by it, and with all their inherent powers and distinctive characteristics, they make up the wonderfully complete outer man, the personal man, whom we so often take for the real man. Thus was built up kingdom after kingdom, each with its own degree of consciousness until the animal kingdom was reached and then in the next stage of Nature's marvelous unfoldment that wonderful transformation takes place, the result of which we see in self-consciousness, in the power to reason, in the exercise of will and the knowledge of good and evil. To the animal nature has been added the divine, which ever overshadows each of the Kingdoms of Nature, but now on the threshold of the human kingdom sends out a spark of its own divine life to take up its abode in the dwelling prepared for it. But this spark or ray from the divine, linked as it were by a thread of light, to its divine source, has become enmeshed in the lower life which it is its destined work to purify and raise up to become a perfect instrument and expression of the soul. Then arises the feeling of "I" which now identifies itself with the lower life of sensation and desire and then again, realizing its inherent nature and source, rises above these into union with the soul.

Thus the lower nature, providing as it does the means by which the soul can work in the outer world, is a necessary part of man's constitution, but, coming from below, being of the nature of the animal, if left to itself, or what is worse indulged and pampered, it follows the natural tendencies of the animal or even sinks into degradation lower than any animal. For what in the animal is right and proper is not therefore right and proper in the human kingdom. The human kingdom is the battleground for the two natures and, man's true nature being the higher, divine nature, this should be master and control the lower. The place of the lower is in subjection, and subordinate to the higher; and where this relationship is maintained all the energies and powers of the lower nature are at the service of the higher.

That which gives the uncontrolled lower nature such power is because to the nature which we have in common with the animals is added the power of the mind and the evil arises when we permit the lower nature to dominate us and so prostitute the soul's powers to its indulgence and gratification. Thus in the lower nature we may include all the nature

built up from below, the physical body, the desire and passional nature, and the lower mind faculties that minister to these thus giving rise to ambition, self-seeking and self-interest. And to the higher nature belong all those powers which help to make the world better, nobler, purer. Indeed, the first test of the use of any of our powers, as to whether it is prompted by the higher or the lower nature is simply this, is it for self or is it for others?
 STUDENT

Glimpse of Our Past History

IT is well at times that we should recall the events of the past history of The Universal Brotherhood Organization and of the initiatory stages through which the movement passed in reaching its present form. By thus casting the memory back we keep intact the link that binds our work today with the work of past years, and with the original work of the founders of the movement. This helps to anchor our hearts to the great undying principles of our society and prevents us from all danger of losing the central ideal amid the wealth of activities that have sprung from it.

Moreover, a glance over the past strengthens our faith by proving to us how wise and necessary were those plans and enterprises started by the earlier Leaders—plans and enterprises which at the time may have seemed to our narrow purview irrelevant and purposeless.

The vast scheme of our work, designed, as it is, to touch human life at all points, prevents any but a master-mind from at once discerning the connection between the various parts. It is obvious that no ordinary cut-and-dried scheme, such as we might contrive or imagine, would achieve the purpose which this movement is accomplishing. Therefore we should not expect to see any such scheme, but rather bold enterprises launched out in all directions. Later on the connection and interdependence of these enterprises becomes apparent, when all have grown sufficiently long from their roots for their branches to interlace.

A glance over the past enables us to verify this. Memories of our Founder, Madame Blavatsky, depict her as striving, like our present Leader, to set going all the various branches of activity which her wisdom and sight showed her to be necessary, but under the greatest possible difficulties, owing to the want of a band of trained and reliable assistants. We may not boast, even if we would, but we can say that nowadays the Leader of The Universal Brotherhood is able to point out paths, sow seeds, kindle sparks, and start undertakings with a reasonable certainty that they will in the main be followed and fostered and allowed to grow; and this partly on account of the labors of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge and of the experience which so many years of eventful history has given the society.

We see now what good would have resulted if the invaluable suggestions of those Leaders, then often regarded as wayward impulses or impossible attempts, had been faithfully and bravely acted upon; and we are more determined than ever to miss as few such chances as possible in the present. One of the chief cares of a Leader must surely be to keep the movement from running into narrow channels and degenerating into an eclectic society of some kind—a danger which is great and constant and which overtakes all movements in which the central fires of growth are allowed to die down. The two forces of growth and expansion (on the one hand) and of incrustation and crystallization (on the other) are ever at work. Both are essential, but in this age the tendency is to exalt organization and system at the expense of elasticity and flexibility.

One remembers the continual attempts of Mme. Blavatsky to prevent this, especially in those earliest years when, having availed herself of the devotion of the only willing workers then at hand, she had later on to leave them behind because they wanted to make the Cause she was entrusted with a drawing-room accomplishment.

Another lesson which the past has shown us is that knowledge and power cannot be made objects of personal acquisition and advantage. These mighty forces, like the air and the fire, cannot be imprisoned and monopolized without poisoning or blowing up the bungler. We must reach up into the clear air of knowledge, and partake of the universal energies, but we cannot appropriate them, and this fact is proved by the wrecks we see in our wake. These and many other useful lessons can be gleaned from a study of our past history, and thus we may be enabled to turn our eyes again to the present with greater wisdom, greater faith, and greater modesty.

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Meteorological Table for the week ending July the 19th, 1903

JULY	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
13	29.724	72	60	68	65	.00	NW	8
14	29.732	72	64	69	67	.00	S	4
15	29.780	73	63	69	66	.00	SE	6
16	29.800	73	62	69	65	.00	S	5
17	29.800	72	61	66	62	.00	SW	4
18	29.812	72	61	67	63	.00	W	5
19	29.764	71	60	66	62	.00	NW	gentle

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

The Delusions of Genius

Martin Luther saw the devil and hurled an inkstand at him. This was probably an indistinct visual disturbance, the result of an overwrought imagination influenced by the common belief of the day in a personal, living devil. The early education, as well as the common beliefs of the day, should always be taken into account when differentiating insane from such sane conceptions.

It was only after years and years of effort that Goethe could overcome an ill-defined, superstitious dread. Like many children with a poetical temperament, he was sensitive and suffered much from childish terrors. To overcome this his somewhat stern and opinionated father used to compel him to sleep alone, and when the lad stole away from his own bed to that of his brothers, would chase him back disguised as a fantastic hobgoblin.

Some of the terrors which Hoffman, the German romancer, suffered from, and on account of which he would call his wife to come and sit beside him while he wrote, were probably due to the overuse of the imagination with defective inhibition on the part of the intellect. Hoffman died of locomotor ataxia with terminal dementia.

All these men were the victims of imperative ideas. Luther was under a high strain, and therefore was probably neurasthenic. Indistinct illusions of sight are not uncommon in extreme nervous prostration. It was not unnatural that his illusion should assume the form of a devil in whom he believed, in harmony with the great belief of the day. This was not an insane delusion, as we usually understand it. Goethe was made the subject of his fears by a vicious training in early life. He, however, recognized their groundless character, and by a continued heroic effort ultimately freed himself from them. Goethe's were not, therefore, insane fears, the result of mental aberration.—*Medical Record*

Living, Yet Dead

In a German law journal may be found a curious account of a woman, who though actually living, is legally dead. Some years ago she disappeared from her home, and after three years had elapsed the court formally pronounced her dead and turned over her property to her next of kin. Soon afterward she returned to her native place, and as there was no question as to her identity, she naturally thought she would have no difficulty in recovering her property. The court, however, flatly refused to comply with her request.

"You have been declared dead," it virtually said, "and it is impossible for us to regard you as living."

Thereupon the woman appealed to a higher court, but her labor was in vain, for the verdict of the lower court was upheld, and moreover, an official notice was issued to the effect that the plaintiff, having formally been declared dead, could not now be restored to life, as the law understands that word, and must remain dead until doomsday.—*New York Herald*

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LONDON'S LORD MAYOR

**His Power as Well as the Area He Rules
is Limited**

The lord mayor of London is not the all powerful official he is thought to be on the continent. He is not the mayor of all London, but only of the city of London, and the City is but a fraction of the whole. Greater London has, roughly, a population of 6,000,000, but in the 650 acres that comprise the City there is a resident population at night of only 38,000 and by day of little over 300,000. And even within this area the powers of the lord mayor and of the twenty-six aldermen and the two hundred odd common councillors are by no means autocratic.

Much of what used to lie within his and their province has been taken over by the London county council. In fact, the average Londoner never thinks of the lord mayor as an edict-making, law-giving official. He stands altogether apart in the popular mind from questions of rates and assessments, schools and police. Very few people could say what legislative functions, if any, he fulfils. They may have heard that he is the chief magistrate of the courts, but beyond that their knowledge of his precise duties does not stray. It is the social and decorative side of his position that impresses the public. The lord mayor is never without his badge and rarely without his robes and chains of office. He rides abroad in a magnificently gilded coach, with powdered coachmen and footmen in cocked hats and silk knee breeches, sending a gleam of gold through the dirty drab of London.

The lord mayor's show on November 9 is one of England's few annual pageants and, uncouth as it is, has a warm place in the hearts of the populace, and, besides all this, he has some rights and privileges of 400 years' standing. No troops may pass the city boundaries without his leave. The sovereign himself has to ask permission to enter the city walls, just as he has to ask permission to enter the house of commons.—*Harper's Weekly*

A King's Little Joke

Here is one of the many stories which show that there is not a monarch in Europe who is as playful or as fond of a joke as old King Christian of Denmark.

He was recently strolling through the park near the royal castle of Bernstorff when his attention was attracted toward a child who was making desperate efforts to reach the bell near the principal gate, his intention evidently being to ring it and then run away and enjoy from a safe distance the discomfiture of the gatekeeper. For a few moments the King watched him, and then, with a smile on his face, went up to him and said:

"Let me do it, my boy, and I promise you we'll scare the old fellow."

With these words he pulled the bell half a dozen times, and in another minute had run across the grass and hidden himself behind a tree. Hardly had he concealed himself before the gatekeeper appeared, and the expression of surprise on the old man's face was so strong that the King could hardly refrain from bursting out into loud laughter.—*New York Herald*

Marbles Support a State

It is said that the making of marbles, so dear to the heart of the small boy, is the main support of the poor in the State of Thuringia, Germany. They gather small square stones and grind them in machines similar to coffee mills until they are rounded. "Commies," agates and "bullseyes" are made in that way. Glass alleys with varicolored streaks in them are blown by the glass blowers of Lancha. They take bits of white, red and blue glass and blow them together into a twist.—*Selected*

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Didn't Know Italian

At the last court ball in Rome Queen Helena had a pleasant word for each of the guests and took special pains to entertain the newly-arrived Chinese minister. The latter showed by his manner that he appreciated Her Majesty's kindness, but strange to say, he did not utter a word to her, and naturally she was somewhat embarrassed. Fortunately, one of the king's aides-de-camp approached at this moment and explained to the queen that the reason the minister did not address her was because he did not know any other language except Chinese.

"I am aware of that," replied the queen, "but is not that gentleman behind His Excellency his interpreter?"

"Yes," said the aide-de-camp, "but unfortunately the interpreter himself only speaks Chinese and English, and as you spoke to the minister in French he could not understand a word you said."

"It is to be hoped," says an Italian paper, commenting on this incident, "that the Chinese Minister, when he goes to the next court ball, will have the good sense to take with him an interpreter who understands the Italian and French languages, that is, unless he is of the opinion that one does not go to a ball in order to talk, and that one can say while dancing and without uttering a word things which it is impossible to speak in ordinary language."—*Selected*

Happy-Go-Lucky Lot Are the Cocopahs

Cocopah Indians, who have been conspicuous through the valley, have all of a sudden become very scarce. The secret is that they have returned to their homes in Lower California, some thirty miles south of Imperial, to get in their crops.

The Cocopahs have learned thoroughly the lesson which the Egyptians learned thousands of years ago, and just as the Egyptians planted their seed as the waters of the Nile receded, so the Cocopahs follow the receding waters of the overflowing Colorado with corn and squash and melon seeds, and the result is that they live on, what is to the Indians, the fat of the land. They are an industrious and good-natured people whose simple life is admirable in many ways.—*Imperial Press*

The Bite of the Sea-Lion

The bite of the sea-lion is poisonous; besides, it is an ugly wound from the manner in which it is inflicted. Although the creature moves painfully and slowly on land, the motion of its head and neck is extremely quick. The neck seems to have an almost elastic quality. One is surprised at its reach. The sea-lion is like a bulldog. When he has caught hold he does not let go at once, but sets his teeth firmly in the flesh. Then he twists his head, the teeth being still embedded in the flesh, and, without relinquishing his grip, he gives a quick jerk. The result is to pull out a ragged piece of flesh if the animal has taken a deep hold.—*Leslie's Weekly*

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A Giant Mushroom

Little mushrooms, growing in caves, are common and uninteresting, but a mammoth snow mushroom nine feet in diameter, weighing a ton, and perched upon the summits of the Selkirk Mountain, is a veritable wonder and extraordinary freak of the elements.

These remarkable snow mushrooms have just been reported by Dr. V. Cornish, F. R. G. S., before the Royal Geographical Society, of London. They are formed upon the tree stumps near the Glacier House, in the Selkirk Mountain, B. C.

In felling trees a stump of several feet in height is always left, and this is the stalk or pedestal of the mushroom. The Selkirks extract an immense snowfall from the moist air of the Pacific. The fall of last year was forty-eight feet, and the depth of the snow on the ground was six feet.

The mushrooms are formed of moist snow. When the wind is light—which is always the case in this region—the snow surface remains rough, presenting many points for attachment. The upper surface of the flake which is exposed to the air remains moist until another falls upon it, when the surfaces in contact are united by a thin layer of ice, which is then a part of the structure of each snowflake.

As the depth of the snow deposit increases the pressure of superincumbent layers slowly squeezes air out of the lower layers. These become more compact and more tenacious as the process proceeds. A stump two feet in diameter had a mushroom nine feet across, the lower part projecting three and a half feet all around the pedestal. A broken tree four feet in diameter had a mushroom twelve feet across. The weight of the mushrooms in most cases is over a ton.—*Selected*

Realizing the Novelist's Dream

A special dispatch to the *Examiner* from Paris, dated July 18th, says: Some of the wonders coined by novelist H. G. Wells' imagination, may soon come true. Dr. Lebon, the noted scientific investigator, reported that he has made a discovery fraught with possibilities hitherto only dreamed of by novelists. Dr. Lebon's experiment, which was accidentally effected, may lead to a terrific death-dealing invention, similar in results to the mysterious machines of death of the Martians in Wells' *War of the Worlds*, who hurled death upon the earth dwellers.

Dr. Lebon was experimenting in Hertzian waves, in his laboratory, when suddenly he was surrounded by a rain of fire dropping from all the metallic objects in the room. The experiment leads Dr. Lebon to conclude it would be possible to construct huge metallic mirrors capable of reflecting Hertzian rays several miles. They would be invisible and would ignite distant explosives, like magazines, shells and even cartridges in soldiers' belts. If the discovery leads to a practical invention, it will be possible to inflict death from a distance as in Wells' Martians. Dr. Lebon says the magazines of warships would be vulnerable to the reflected Hertzian waves, owing to the electrical machinery aboard, while torpedoes aboard or afloat would be exploded with disastrous results.

Colors of Flowers

Some interesting statistics in regard to the colors of flowers were recently compiled by a German scientist. According to him out of 1000 species, 284 are white, 223 yellow, 220 red, 144 blue, seventy-two violet, thirty-six green, twelve orange, four brown and two black. Furthermore, he says that only one species out of every ten has any perfume. Among white flowers fifteen out of every 100 species have perfume, among red flowers nine, among green eight, among yellow and violet, each seven, among orange and brown, each six, and among black flowers none.

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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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The True Liberty of the Press

SOME sections of the newspaper world seem to be still very much upset at the libel legislation which has been adopted in the east. There is the usual talk of muzzling the press, suppressing public freedom, etc., and one would almost suppose the Constitution to be in danger because a few journals are no longer to be permitted to consider as their own private property the characters and reputation of their fellow citizens.

One newspaper, in particular, quotes an array of sayings by Thomas Jefferson giving the place of honor to his statement, that "where the press is free and every man able to read, all is safe." It is a world-old expedient in argument to bring to bear upon your opponent some high

sounding phrase with the expectation, rarely disappointed, that he will be so overwhelmed by a sonorous sentence that he will fail to perceive that it has no bearing whatever upon the subject. The same process of reasoning which permits the quotation which has been cited would also enable one who had ruined the life of an innocent child to demand his freedom on the ground that personal liberty is guaranteed by the Constitution. No one has suggested that the press be deprived of its freedom, but a very forcible suggestion has been made, and it will be insisted upon, that the press be not allowed to deprive others of their freedom.

If, as a community, we could get outside of ourselves for a few minutes the spectacle presented by yellow journalism would seem to be a ludicrous one. We should see the oppressor appealing to the oppressed in the sacred name of liberty to help him to maintain his power to enslave, and the still more pitiable spectacle would be presented of a portion of the oppressed ones, psychologized by the name of liberty, indignantly trying to restore the lash to the hand of the tyrant.

There are other statements of Thomas Jefferson which are far more pertinent to the issue than the one which has been quoted above. Thus in 1783 he said:

Printing presses shall be subject to no other restraint than liability to legal prosecution for false facts printed and published.

That is precisely our contention, but the remedy of prosecution must be actual and not imaginary. That is to say it must be practically available to every class of the community; it must be effective and it must be speedy. Thomas Jefferson further remarked in 1823:

The press is the best instrument for enlightening the mind of man and improving him as a rational, moral, and social being.

Precisely so. Why do not some of our yellow contemporaries try to confine themselves to the straight and narrow path which Jefferson recommends? It is their unwillingness to do this which makes libel laws so necessary. If they would but live up to their ideal of "enlightening the mind of man and improving him as a rational, moral and social being," no existing libel law would have any interest or concern for them. Their very hostility to these laws awakes some justifiable suspicion of their next move, as one who noisily denounces the penalties of horse stealing is fairly sure to find the stable doors locked in his face. To protest too much is sometimes an error of policy.

STUDENT

Church Rates

THE dispute over the English Education Act is fruitful in reminiscences. A London daily newspaper reprints a handbill printed sixty years ago which calls upon the citizens of Derby to buy up goods "plundered from industrious dissenters to supply rich Churchmen with luxuries." This, of course, referred to church rates and to those whose goods were sold for refusal to pay. Thus John Steer, the records tell us, refused to pay \$3 and twenty-five umbrellas were seized in default. John Cholerton declined to pay \$1.30 and he was deprived of six cheeses as a result. The handbill concludes as follows:

Be Peaceable! Let these extortioners see that there is an indignation — an abhorrence which will remain silent, which is too deep to commit outrage — too intense to excite a murmur of execration, and show the public that there is not an individual in Derby so dead to a sense of shame and degradation as to offer a bidding for the stolen goods.

The details seem to be a little prosaic — umbrellas and cheeses and a tax of a few dollars, yet John Steer and John Cholerton played the part of men in resistance to ecclesiastical persecution. It was such men as these who won the fight for religious freedom, a fight which, it seems must be fought in England over again.

STUDENT

The Malecon, Havana, Cuba

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives a fine view of what is called the "Malecon" on the water-front of Havana, Cuba. This is part of the celebrated driveway built by the Americans during their occupation of Cuba, which changed one of the most unsanitary and unprepossessing portions of Havana to one of the most healthy and beautiful.

A Better Political Life

PLUTARCH tells us that Aristides, "who was made general receiver of Greece to collect the tribute which each state was to furnish against the barbarian," was poor when he set about the task but still poorer when he finished it. What an example is Aristides to the modern politician!

There is scarcely anything more corrupt than what we might term the institution of politics. Its very atmosphere appears to carry a miasma which infects ninety per cent of those who come within its borders. Why has this condition come about?

Katherine Tingley has often said, "Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age," and in that insanity do we find the reason for corruption in present-day politics. The trend has been so long toward things that concern merely the personal life that not one man in a thousand is capable of looking at his duties with reference to a circle larger than that bounding his personal self or, perhaps his own family. It is a psychological influence extending over the entire race, and unless a man is strong and true consciously, he is almost certain to be overwhelmed by it and led into ways that are perversive of the general good.

The soul is sympathetic and just and honorable. The mind is often torn and unsteady, led hither and yon by likes and dislikes, by passions, by the lower, selfish personal self that is determined to have its own way—which is rarely the right way. It is an old saying that the test of a man is his motive. What might our world become if men who engaged in what we call politics were led by unselfish motives rather than by the reverse. The fact that no public money would find its way into the wrong pockets or be expended in the wrong way, is but a small part of the whole good that would come about. Intrigues would cease. Our ballot boxes would contain the record of what the city or state or nation really needed, rather than what a few selfish men proposed it to have. There would grow up a new kind of public sentiment, so strongly in favor of right action and pure public life that men would consider it an honor to be asked to serve the community as makers or executors of its laws. Honor in high places would be the rule, not as in some communities it now appears to be, the exception.

Best of all, our children would imbibe the higher patriotism. They would grow up with an inherent reverence for community interests, an inherent tendency to subordinate their personal desires at once whenever there came up a question as to the general good. True brotherliness would be in the very air they breathe and, all unconsciously, they would grow into a steadfastness and a power which would make corruption of office a foreign and impossible thing. In that day we shall bring again into our lives "the Good, the True and the Beautiful," which was the ideal, almost wholly realized, of old Greece, and to all that shall be added a something greater that Greece itself did not possess. B.

Floods and Forests

PEOPLE have been blaming reckless tree-felling for the recent floods, and prophesying more and worse deluges as a result of future deforestation if it is persisted in. Others say, with apparently more reason, that these views are mostly alarmist, and that the alleged cause of the floods is insignificant in proportion to the floods. Cutting down trees can produce minor effects and local effects, but not great continental effects. Moreover, is it not a fact that forests are rather the effects than the causes of rainfall?

Again, the same cycle of floods as we have had recently has manifested itself in England where deforestation is not being practised. Doubtless the presence or absence of trees on land will influence the distribution of water after it has fallen, but it can hardly affect great cloud-bursts which follow on continental wind and temperature conditions.

The shortsightedness of people, especially in these times of the "nine-days'-wonder press," makes them forget that floods and other violent climatic phenomena are quite the rule on large continents, and are periodic, like all nature's happenings. What we have done recently is to build more cities and homesteads on the affected areas, so that what were formerly desert storms and floods which spread over uninhabited tracts are now classed as calamities and recorded in the minutest details. Providence used to visit (in his inscrutable wisdom) the land with these cataclysms before we built on it.

STUDENT

Circumstances and the Soul

SCARCELY anything more pathetic in the courage recorded has ever come to light than the log book of one William Ode, a sailor, who died after four months of loneliness and suffering on the arctic shore. The *Courtney Ford*, a schooner, ran ashore last September on Izenbek Island, Alaska. Two of the men were drowned at that time, all excepting Ode succumbed later. Four months that brave man kept at bay both death and despair, dying but a few days before the rescuing party arrived.

In his log book, Ode records briefly his daily life, speaks of rheumatism as if it were a mere circumstance, of hunger and the howling wolves about him in the same way; of the lack of fire and water as if he were mentioning the hours of the day, of the dread scurvy, to which he finally succumbed, as if it were merely a debt to be canceled, as calmly as possible. There are no complaints, no railing against fate; yet between the lines one reads his loneliness, one feels the pathos of his daily struggles and one's heart leaps at the splendid unconquerableness of his spirit.

Circumstances are nothing, after all, in themselves. The only measure of their weight is our own mental attitude toward them. There is no virtue, *per se*, in the mere endurance of great suffering, when the mental attitude is awry. Suffering in such cases merely serves to mark the life; it does not purify. One who endures simply because there is nothing else to be done, inwardly rebelling yet outwardly without sufficient courage to master the situation, is the reverse of heroic. Such an one lets situations conquer him and then complains when the horror of his defeat dawns upon him. It is the sign and mark of one who lacks trust, who lacks faith in himself and in his own divinity.

The soul is unconquerable. That is self-evident. What, then, is that in ourselves that allows us to be daily conquered, daily defeated, accumulating worries and loading our whole lives with despairs? It is that element in ourselves which circles about an eternal "I want," or "I don't want" this or that, instead of riding steady above the anchor of "What is my duty?" or "What is right?"

There is a law of whose vast sweep every event is a part and in whose current every circumstance is included. Could we realize this with a patience so deep that it would serve to steady the mind itself, peace would come into our lives and worry would go out. To have this enables us to know philosophy, to give ungrudgingly the best of ourselves to daily duties, and to stop our complaining. Often and often the very ones who most philosophize over this are those who are least brave when difficulties overshadow their lives, while in the ranks of the simple and the unlettered we find our heroes.

STUDENT

Accidents Which Never Come Alone

AMERICA does not stand alone in having suffered from a series of appalling accidents, attended by great loss of life. An English journal draws attention to a similar series in that country, and naturally quotes the old saying that troubles never come singly, but rather in batches. These bits of proverbial wisdom have great vitality and thus they preserve their hold upon popular imagination. We seldom, however, stop to inquire if it be indeed a fact, for instance, that a catastrophe has a tendency to reproduce itself, and why it should do so, why, in fact, these wholesale fatalities should occur in batches and should be extended over widely removed continents.

Without entering into an examination, which must be largely fruitless at our present stage of knowledge, it may be suggested that we have here one of those liftings of nature's veil which give an added wisdom to the wise. This and many another problem would be illuminated if we could but realize that all material nature is an expression of consciousness underlying it, of which universal consciousness man himself is a partaker. It seems to us in no way strange that the mind of a man should mark and mold his features. Why should it seem more strange that the collective consciousness of humanity should not only model the bodies in which it lives, but also the material nature which surrounds it, and which also is its home? This should indeed be evident.

The whole trend of modern thought is to separate man from nature. The whole trend of future thought will be to identify man with nature. When that time comes we shall see an action and interaction of forces which will explain some of the mysteries which surround us which are mysteries, not from their inherent nature but because we ourselves have lost touch with the basic principles upon which they are founded. X.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Question of Crime in Children

ATTENTION has frequently been drawn in these columns to the question of child criminals. The problem is of such gravity that its own weight should alone be sufficient to enforce its solution. The London *Spectator* has recently commented at some length upon a particularly atrocious murder committed by a boy of ten years of age. Among much that is admirable, the *Spectator* remarks:

The fact that a young English boy can commit a diabolical murder is an indictment of the community itself.

It is indeed, and so far from reading such horrors with a feeling of mere amazement, we should read them with a feeling of shame and self-reproach.

The governments of today are sometimes accused of being too paternal. We are protected in countless ways from the results of our own follies and the follies of others. We restrict the sale of poisons, the carrying of firearms, the disposition of explosives; but with the mind of a child, potentially more poisonous than any known herb or mineral, more fatally explosive than any compound of the laboratory, we have as a community, little or no concern, little or no interest. Material poisons, material explosives do their fatal work and are forevermore quiescent, but the mind of the untrained and untaught child will presently be the mind of the untrained and untaught man or woman with its terrible and destructive possibilities. More dreadful still, those possibilities, those actualities, can be passed on from parent to child and into the ocean of human life a stone has been cast from which the ripples will run red, and ever broadening as they go.

STUDENT

Machines versus Soul Life

SCARCELY a week passes that does not record the invention of some new machine, the object of which is to save labor. Whether this sort of thing is permanently to our advantage as a nation is a matter on which there is room for difference of opinion. Labor-saving devices are one sign of what is known as "civilization," but there are those who say that what is known as "civilization" does not civilize. And the inventive genius of the age is not satisfied with devices that save merely physical labor; mental labor must be saved as well, and even spiritual effort, if one can conceive of such a thing. Recently a machine has been invented for the purpose of accelerating the action of the brain, others exist solely for the purpose of determining the amount of nervous energy one possesses, still others which furnish the items from which "fatigue curves" may be laboriously constructed, and so on.

With humanity in its present condition, with sin and despair eating out its very heart, with lunacy and idiocy on the increase, with one pitiful fraction living on *pate de foi gras* and absinthe, and another not less pitiful fraction on unbuttered bread and sometimes crusts only, one feels it is something of an anachronism that so much energy should be expended on certain lines at present. There might have been time for that sort of thing in the past—there may be in the future; but there isn't time now. One bad habit conquered in the life of a single individual is worth more to humanity than all the machines he could invent in a lifetime. One life given unselfishly to the world's needs is of more service than twenty devices by which dollars may be accumulated into a few large piles instead of many small ones. Recently a machine was invented which is declared to accurately estimate the will power and increase it!

The will is the great accomplishing force in human life. Without it great purposes, high aspirations, avail little. Without it evolution would stop, chaos would reign. It is not a material but a spiritual power, everywhere present, the instrument and servant of the soul. Possessing as it does, nothing in common with merely physical things, to attempt to regulate or judge it, to estimate or harness it—or create it—by means of a machine, is as absurd as to attempt to hold the sun with leather thongs.

No machine has ever been invented or ever will be, that is capable of creating or even increasing will power. Yet no one who has looked for a moment into his own nature but knows that will power is the great need, the one force that, exerted on right lines, may move mountains. How may it be developed? for coupled with right motive, it is humanity's saving grace.

Develop Will by Using It

There is a way, so simple that the learned rarely consider it worthy of attention, so difficult that only the strong—and children—can follow it day after day. It is the simple, conscientious, impersonal doing of the daily duty. Hedged about, as the soul is by fear and desire, often it is unable to reach and guide the personality and, of course, disaster results.

If you wish to develop will power try to be calm under the shock of a severe disappointment, try to smile when you face past errors and behold your life, before so beautiful, at last a heap of ashes. To be able to say with voice unshaken by emotion, "I have failed, but I am not discouraged. I will at once begin to climb"—that is the sign of the hero, whose will is as the world. If you wish to develop will power, hold to your purposes, small and great, in spite of the storm clouds that will gather whenever any new and better impulse reaches out over humanity. Declare that you are a soul, that all events are as exactly as you wish them to be, all things just.

Those who long to bring to birth within their own souls that power and strength which is an unconquerable thing, let them not peer about for help. They may discover what appears to be that, but it will prove in the end to be a hindrance. The soul needs no crutches, and though the personality may gather to itself props and supports, they will one day be torn away and the personal desires will burn out with them in the general wreck. Let the mind fly hither and yon, only the seeds of disaster are planted. From machines to the advice of well-meaning friends, all outer helps prove to be so much extra luggage when the day of sifting comes. The real help exists within, and it is the will which alone may make it available, which has the power to push the soul's pure knowledge outward into speech and action. The way to develop the will is to use it.

Let those who wish to develop will power, in the first place, forget all about it. Let them get behind their desires into that quiet place where all our knowledge rises and whence it flows forever outward. Let them forget their mistakes, forget their disappointments of yesterday and their fears for tomorrow. Let them, above all, forget about themselves, putting their whole attention upon the duty that lies before them—often a difficult thing to do, for the mind is restless and about as chary of restraint as the wind. But let these persist and persist, in spite of failures, in spite of the mind's rebellion, in spite of likes and dislikes. Slowly will be born within their hearts an assurance and a power that will make all events serve. Little by little will be builded, like a citadel about the soul itself, an unconquerable will, invulnerable to the disappointment of circumstances or the shock of events. Then will the acts of the outer life reflect a great calmness. The will is a mighty spiritual power, but it will never become the ally of one who spends his time trying to develop it or who thinks less about humanity than he does about himself. ECHO

Still Killing a Very Dead Creed

IT seems that a New York clergyman has created a great sensation by denouncing the doctrine of infant baptism. The occasion was a meeting of the "evangelical tent," whatever that may be, and the clergyman in question declared that the dropping of water on an infant at birth was heathenish, and

The idea that God would forever condemn an innocent but unbaptized baby makes him a tyrant, a monster and a demon.

These sentiments, we are told, had a wonderful effect on the audience, which stood and applauded wildly.

We do not know whether to be gratified at a somewhat outspoken utterance or regretful that such an utterance should be necessary. Is it conceivable that civilization actually contains any persons whatever who believe either in infant damnation, or its avoidance by means of sprinkling with water? We should have thought it as unnecessary to denounce such theories as these as to preach against Moloch or Juggernaut whose worship would presumably be somewhat similar. It would seem, however, from the "wild applause" of the auditors that they felt themselves relieved from a weight which they had hitherto carried. STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Genius Develops in Uncongenial Surroundings

THE dictum of the Gallic philosopher that "*La misere est la serre chaude du genie*," or in other words, poverty is the hot-house of genius, presents in an epigrammatic way, a fact the truth of which is borne out by the irrefutable evidences of history. Genius, like the hardy coniferæ, seems to develop best in inimical surroundings. Oppositions and antagonisms of all sorts serve but to bring out its inherent powers and contribute to its ultimate triumph over every obstacle. Poverty is the mother of all arts and notably so in the case of music, the grandest of them all, for most of its great exponents were not only of humble origin, but felt the pangs of privation during a large part of their lives. Haydn was the son of a poor village wheelwright. Handel's father was a barber; Schubert the child of a schoolmaster and a cook; the composer of *Tristan and Isolde* the son of a Leipzig policeman. Anton Dvorak's parent kept an inn, as did also the parent of the lamented Verdi.

Thus the roster could be continued to the end of the chapter without exhausting the list of examples we might quote in support of our postulate and of all prominent composers that might be mentioned as exceptions to the rule, we can recall only the names of Mendelssohn and Flotow, both of whom were reared in affluence and did not have the same strenuous struggle while they were striving to attain their ends. Whether or not these circumstances proved unfavorable to the quality of their work we shall leave for others to decide, though some musical scholars have already expressed a very affirmative opinion on the subject.

The fact, however, remains that the greatest of the masters were the ones who, by the force alone of native genius, and in spite of every discouragement, attained the lofty pinnacles they fought for.

Thus genius needs no coddling; it is a vigorous, assertive principle that cannot be crushed while the vital spark exists, and will triumph in whichever field of human endeavor it exploits its activities.—*The Dominant*

AN intensely interesting discovery has been made among the portfolios and papers of the Uffizi Gallery in Rome. This discovery consists of ten large sheets of paper containing no less than forty sketches by Michelangelo. These sketches are mainly preliminary studies for famous pictures. There are thus two or three different studies of Jesus for the painting of the "Last Judgment," and another for Jehovah in the "Creation of Man," in addition to many other sketches for the great pictures which are now to be found in the Sistine Chapel.

This discovery has naturally aroused very great interest in the art world and reproductions of these sketches will no doubt soon be available.

STUDENT

IMPATIENCE and pride have destroyed more souls than wickedness.—MAZZINI

HE who has no vision of eternity will never get a true hold of time.—CARLYLE

True Art Is Original and Creative and Inspiring

TO create and originate is the work of a vigorous and inspired age and of men of great soul and unimpaired virility. In degenerate times creative effort ceases and gives place to mere reproduction and copying of what the earlier age produced.

Finally, even the power to produce these copies is lost, and then the age becomes analytic and begins to analyze and dissect the works of its past great masters and to analyze and dissect life generally.

Thus we have a class of literature that analyzes and also dissects character, and a drama that analyzes and dissects life. As a writer has said:

In a novel we are not invited into a dissecting room or a laboratory. . . . Such analytical work fails to give us the image of palpitating radiant life. Art is creative, and we require for it not a scalpel, but a brush or a pencil—a pen, if you will.

This explains why the so-called realistic works, useful though they may be in some ways, do not inspire us or live in our memories. They are at last, no matter how artistic their technic and construction, cold and scientific.

It is the great characters of literature, created by the inspired imagination of the true genius that live in the memory and inspire future generations.

A true artist rises by the power of imagination and aspiration to realms of light, and portrays what he sees there; and his art is a mirror for reflecting the light of the sun upon the earth, in-

stead of shedding back upon earth the dim shadows of its own twilight. Men need more light; the shadows are already strong enough. The soul grows in light.

STUDENT

Translation of the Life of Michelangelo

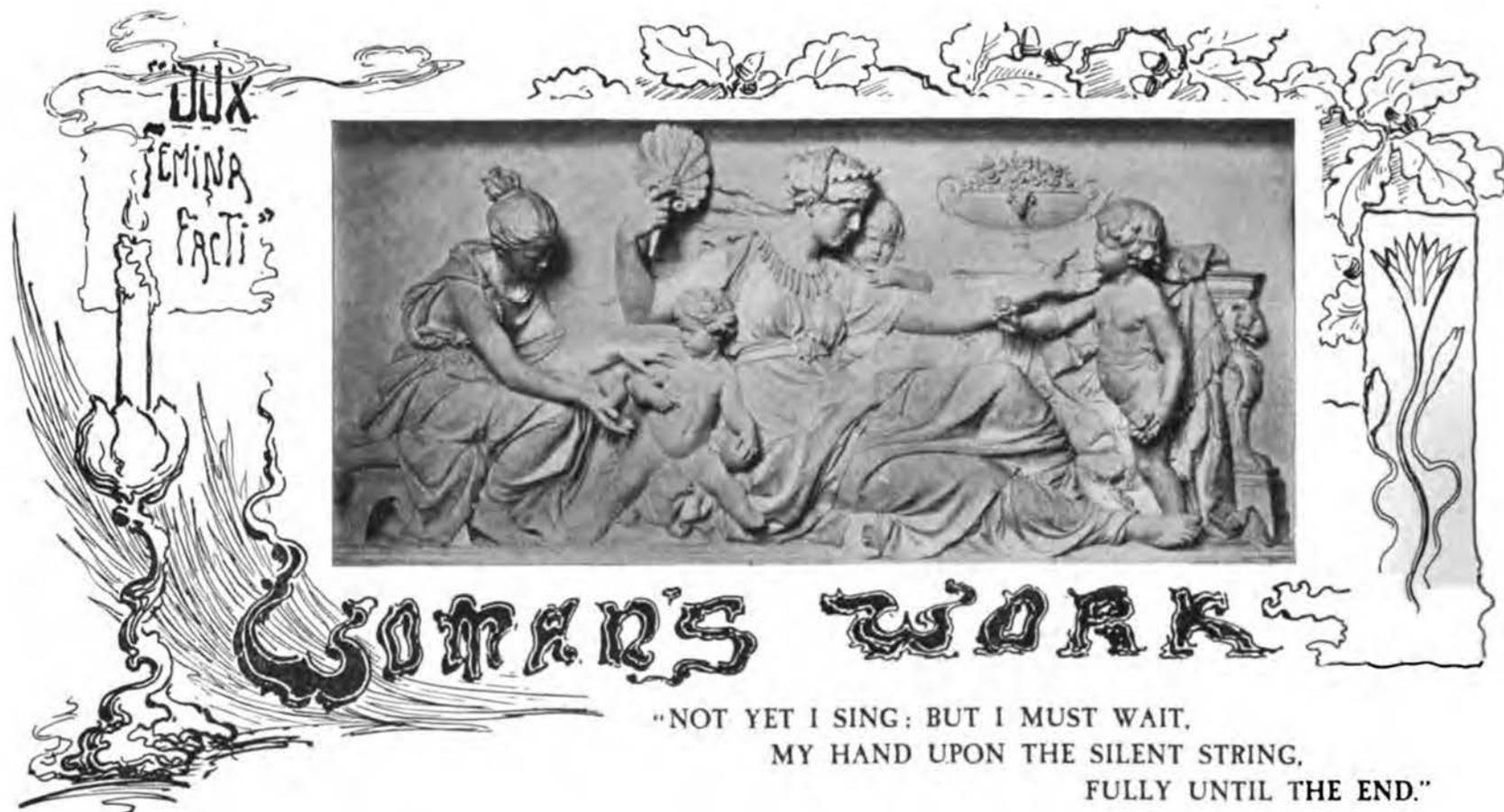
MR. CHARLES HOLROYD, the keeper of the Tate Gallery, has performed a service to the art world by his translation of the life of Michelangelo, which was written by Ascanio Condiva, himself a pupil of Michelangelo. The book carries with it almost the weight of an autobiography, and it is strange that it has not earlier been translated in its entirety. Certainly no such vivid picture of the life of the great master has ever been given to the world. We have here not only a record of his matchless work, but of a pure and blameless life, a life of high endeavor and of an inspiration which was consciously and reverently drawn from the source of all such inspirations. In Michelangelo we see the human soul in mighty possession of mind and body; in other words, we see genius as it has seldom been given to the world to see it. He said:

If life gives us pleasure, we ought not to expect displeasure from death, seeing that it is made by the hand of the same master.

Such was the height at which his work was done. He was born near Arezzo in 1475 and died at Rome in 1564, "still learning," as he himself said. Surely a life full of years and honor, a stimulus to aspiration, a beacon light which has not dimmed through the centuries. STUDENT



LOGGIA DEI LANZI (ORGAGNA), FLORENCE



Women Composers

IT has been said, "There are no women composers." If that were true, it would be easy to point out that by far the great majority of women have been in all ages so engrossed with the profession of motherhood that they have had no time to devote to other professions. And it would also be easy to point out that possibly the mother of a musician—if she did her duty completely and with wisdom—as greatly served humanity as the musician himself. Certainly, within the mother's hands lies the power to make or mar the musical life of her daughter or son, to a greater extent than she realizes. But facts here serve better than explanation, for the facts are that there are and have been many women who have composed music of extraordinary value.

There is an old legend that St. Cecilia was a composer, improvising upon the simple ancient "organ" the accompaniments of her devotional songs. However that may be, she is the patron saint of music over half the world.

Did Sappho chant her songs to the simple measures of the music of old Greece? In all probability she did, though little more tangible than legend today clusters about her name. But, coming to the records of recent centuries, we find one Mlle. de Bourges, of France, who was famous for her compositions early in the Sixteenth century. Still more remarkable was Maria Theresa von Paradis, born in Vienna in the Eighteenth century. Blind, she nevertheless became one of the greatest pianists of her time, and among her compositions are operas, songs, cantatas and choruses. She was fortunate in being the warm friend of the Empress Maria Theresa and of Mozart, who greatly admired her work, and who dedicated one of his own compositions to her.

The Nineteenth century shows a brilliant group of names, of which the greatest is easily Mlle. Cecile Chaminade of France. Then there is the remarkable Fraülein Mayer of Germany, who at one time gave a concert in Berlin, at which the entire program was made up of her compositions. Among the number were an overture for orchestra, a string quartet, two symphonies and solos. But Germany is better known for the two about whose names clusters so much of romance, the gifted Fanny Mendelssohn and Mme. Schumann.

While Felix Mendelssohn was alive, his sister Fanny was considered to be little more than his amanuensis, but today it is conceded that she was scarcely less gifted than her brother, and that many of his best works are so because of her touch upon them. Clara Schumann, the wife of Robert Schumann, was in addition to being a composer, one of the greatest

pianists of her time. Poland, Scandinavia and Italy record the names of a few women who have won fame in the world of musical composition. There is Fannie Bloomfield-Ziesler of Chicago, whose skill as a pianist is so marvelous that, during her last trip abroad, she had the musical world of Europe at her feet. She is also a composer, as are Julia Rivington, Mrs. Beach of Boston, Adele Aus der Ohe and Adele Lewing. Even the nobility has its own claim on this line, for among those who have composed music are Charlotte, Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, Lady Dufferin, Beatrice, Princess of Battenberg, Countess Stephanie Genlis, and Olga, Grand Duchess of Russia.

Going back a bit in history we find it recorded that much of the music played by the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, was of her own composing, and we also read of the musical compositions of Hortense de Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Josephine, and Queen of Holland.

While among the musical compositions of women, with the exception of those of Mlle. Chaminade, there are few which can be classed with the world's masterpieces, the wonder is not that women have done so little, but that they have been able to do so much. The chance to live a free life and to sing out unto humanity the music that lies waiting in the heart of every true woman, has fallen to the lot of very few in the past, so uselessly confining and so misunderstood have been the duties of wifehood and motherhood, so much have social customs resembled prison walls. But that day, though by no means past, is passing and the women who are to come will dower the world richly if all that now exists but as a promise is permitted to blossom into fulfilment. JULIA HECHT

Women Inventors

IT is said that there are, in Washington alone, something like two hundred women inventors. Among these is Mme. Coston, the inventor of the famous Coston signals. Her husband, shortly before his death, began a series of experiments in the production of signals to be used at night. The experiments were not, however, successful, but Mme. Coston became convinced of the practical value of his idea, and when her husband laid down his work she took it up. After patient effort she finally prepared a satisfactory signal code, using combinations of the red, white and green lights. This code has been used to advantage in America and has, through the inventor's efforts, been adopted by several of the governments of Europe.

There is a time-honored fallacy abroad which asserts that, although woman may imitate, she cannot invent. But facts indicate quite otherwise. There are not only many women inventors, but some of our most

useful inventions we owe largely to the wives of the men who are known, through them, to fame, as, for instance, the Singer sewing machine and the spinning jenny.

It is recorded that the straw industry originated in 1798 with a Miss Betsey Metcalf; that to a Chicago woman we owe that convenient article, a paper pail; to an Ohio girl the secret of getting 1000 feet of gas from a single barrel of oil; and to Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, the method of making an excellent substitute for marble out of limestone. The printed list of patents obtained, which is issued by the government, is interesting in its disclosures of woman's ability along this line. From steam boilers, car-wheels, hospital beds, baling presses, and even fire-escapes down to a baby's bib is a long sweep, but woman has made it. M. W.



ST. CECILIA

Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.—MILTON

Music as a Factor in Death

CABLE dispatches from Vienna, Austria, brought us the news recently of the death of Irma Golz, an opera singer, under the most dramatic surroundings.

She was young, beautiful, and successful in her work, and seemed to have reached the culmination of all that is generally considered desirable in the career of the opera singer, when she was attacked by the disease which proved fatal.

Knowing that her death was inevitable, she requested that she be removed from her couch to an easy chair, and dressed in the costume of her favorite character, "La Traviata." She then bade farewell to her husband and friends, ordered the room to be brilliantly lighted, and her brother to play on the piano Mendelssohn's "Frühlingslied" she following with her voice. As she sang the words "earth to earth" she fell forward to the floor, dead.

To many, such conditions surrounding death would seem flippant and out of place. But others believe, as did the ancients, that, at the moment of death, the soul sees in a flash all the events of the past life, the veils obscuring the brain-mind are torn away, as it were, and then a full perception of what that life meant to the individual is revealed.

Who of us can tell what problems of the past, present, and future conditions of soul-life may have been solved by this singer as she lay dying? Is it not quite possible that with that one great effort at the last, culminating in an outburst of song created with her expiring breath, the soul of Irma Golz, bound down with its unfulfilled longings, burst into perfected bloom? It achieved in a second of time that which in the ordinary course of life might have taken years to accomplish. Here we find music a potent factor in death.

Some years ago the writer witnessed a remarkable scene, when music was used to alleviate, as far as possible, the death agony of a young man. The picture is still before us; never shall we forget the fear pictured on the face of the dying man. As the sweet strains of the violin reached his ear, and penetrated to the shadowed brain, a remarkable transformation occurred, all fear seemed to vanish, and as the soul went out, a wondrous peace settled upon the countenance, and a heavenly light shone in the eyes. It was as though the soul had leaped past all the shadowy barriers with one bound into its sphere of light, that it had heard some great undertone in the ocean of eternal life.

From that moment, all our ideas of death were changed. In the knowledge coming with such revelations the present fear of death will disappear. With it, too, will vanish all the trappings of woe which make death now such a dream of horror.

We venture to say the time may come when people will have gained such wisdom that each one will naturally surround himself in his dying moments with the conditions necessary for the soul's best release—and music will be one of the prime factors. E. C. S.

To Elizabeth Akers

by HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN in *Book Lower*
on the publication of *The Sunset Song*

JUST the gods are, and they are not willing
Any heart should bear a double burden.
So it is that, when they gave to woman
Love and its anguish,

Man they made the singer and the seer,
Laid on him the burden of the message,
Bade him voice the gladness and the travail
Borne by the world-soul.

So man sang; but ever, as they listened,
Something lacked, some depth of pain unfathomed,
Some starred height of self-outsoaring rapture
He could not compass.

Something too they missed of patient, lowly
Insight into being unawakened,
Fellowship, with root and stalk and tendril,
Shadow and silence;

Missed the lore of soul outrunning insight,
Oneness with all Nature's tenderesses,
Mother-love bending o'er earth as o'er her
Slumbering infant.

Melodies they missed of spherical music,
Thrilling men's hearts to no strain responsive,
Harmonies of heaven that, rolling earthward,
Wakened no echo.

So sometimes the gods on hearts of women
Lay of love and song the double burden;
Such the fatal dower of Lesbian Sappho,
Telian Erinna.

Still of Sappho lisp Leucadian surges,
Still the distaff murmurs of Erinna;
But their charge the gods in love and pity
Lay on the living.

Thee today we crown with love and praises,
Thee who long this load hast borne and bearest;
One in fate with them of old, we hail thee
One in the triumph!

THERE is a road, steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind, but yet a road; and it leads to the heart of the Universe. I can tell you how to find those who will show you the secret gateway that leads inward only and closes fast behind the neophyte forevermore. There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win, onward, there is reward past all telling, the power to bless and serve humanity. For those who fail, there are other lives in which success may come.—H. P. BLAVATSKY

I FIND a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous, homely existence. I turn without shrinking from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sibyls and heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over her flower-pot, or eating her solitary dinner while the noon-day light falls on her mob-cap.—GEORGE ELIOT

IT WAS Eliza Cook, an English poetess, who wrote "The Old Arm Chair," "Home in the Heart," and other songs. She was a contributor to several periodicals and edited for some time a paper of her own called *Eliza Cook's Journal*.

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

The Scientific Exploration of Caves for Relics

THE cave exploration work of the University of California has drawn some attention to cave deposits in general and the rich field which they offer for research into prehistoric conditions. To the casual observer it might seem to be a simple matter to scientifically explore a cave, but if it is properly done—and to do it otherwise is useless and destructive—it is an arduous and a difficult matter, and one which requires the nicest judgment and the most painstaking care. Merely to bring to light whatever of interest it may contain is, relatively speaking, of small value. It is necessary to know from exactly what part of the cave each article has been taken, the precise depth at which it was found, and the exact position which it occupied with regard to other objects.

All these details speak eloquently to the trained observer and without them much of the story would be left untold. The plan usually adopted in Europe, where cave exploration has been successfully carried on for a long time, is to begin by preparing a large scale chart of the area to be examined. The ground is then removed to a specified depth, every spadeful of soil being minutely examined as it is raised, and again scrutinized after it has been carried into the daylight.

Each object of possible interest, as it is found, is then labeled and marked upon the chart of that particular level. When the entire examination has been finished, however great may be the number of articles which have been found, it is easy to arrange them in their exact original position and environment, and so to accurately judge of their age and history. In speaking of the net results of work of this kind which has been carried out in Europe, Professor Boyd Dawkins says:

We find a hunting and fishing race of cave-dwellers in the remote Pleistocene age in possession of France, Belgium, Germany, and Britain, probably of the same stock as the Eskimos, living and forming part of the fauna in which northern and southern, living and extinct species, are strangely mingled with those now living in Europe. In the Neolithic age caves were inhabited and used for tombs by men of the Iberian and Basque races, still represented by the dark-haired people of Europe. Caves were rarely used in the bronze age. We find them used by the Britons who took refuge from the Romans, and the remains discovered throw great light on that period.

We have now every reason to believe that however fruitful the caves of Europe have shown themselves to be, those of America will be more fruitful still. The example which has been set by the University of California will doubtless be followed extensively throughout the country, and there can be little doubt that organized effort of this kind will have some surprising results.

STUDENT

Ancient Races of Siberia Akin to American Indians

AMERICA is older than the Old World, and its aborigines are the remnants of races of men that inhabited the earth before the present Old-World races rose to prominence. The land distribution was different in those days. There was communication between what are now the north of America and the north of Asia, and the climate was much warmer in these regions. Evidences of these facts are being found every day in both continents. The latest evidence is that collected by the Jessup expedition into the unexplored heart of Siberia, which has just returned to New York after a two-years exploration.

The expedition was headed by Mr. Waldemar J. Jochelson, a Russian scientist, and visited regions hitherto unexplored. It went across the Pacific to the east coast of Siberia, and thence inland, north and west. About 15,000 specimens have been collected, nearly all for the American Museum of Natural History.

Mr. Jochelson has been exploring Siberia for nine years; has lived among the natives of the Yakoutsk and Amur regions, and mastered many languages and dialects. They have a mammoth tusk weighing 220 pounds, without doubt the largest tusk in the world, and 2000 bone carvings, executed in a manner that would do credit to an artist of civilization. Also eight complete sets of iron armor similar to that made by the early Japanese. But the most remarkable and interesting discovery is that of tribes in Siberia which possess characteristics in common with the Indians of North America. As one of the explorers says:

We have found some of the tribes having legends, languages, and customs almost identical with those of the American Indians. We have brought back drawings and etchings, . . . tools, costumes, plaster-casts of the natives, etc.

Starvation and epidemics are rapidly destroying these races, for they have to subsist on bad food, and soon they will have totally disappeared. The following is the most interesting communication:

The Yukoghirs are the remnant of Paleo-Asiatic races, and are one of the small tribes which do not belong to the main stock of the Asiatics. Scientists believe they are of the same stock as the American Indians. Their physical traits are different from those of Mongolians. They are a small, slender people, well shaped, and usually have smooth, round faces. Some of the women have fair, almost white skin. Their religion is Shamanism.

H. T. E.

MR. CARNEGIE has promised to the British Museum a reproduction of a fossil skeleton of Dinosaur. The actual skeleton, the only one in existence, is at Pittsburg. It is seventy feet in length and of corresponding height, and its reproduction is therefore quite a serious undertaking.



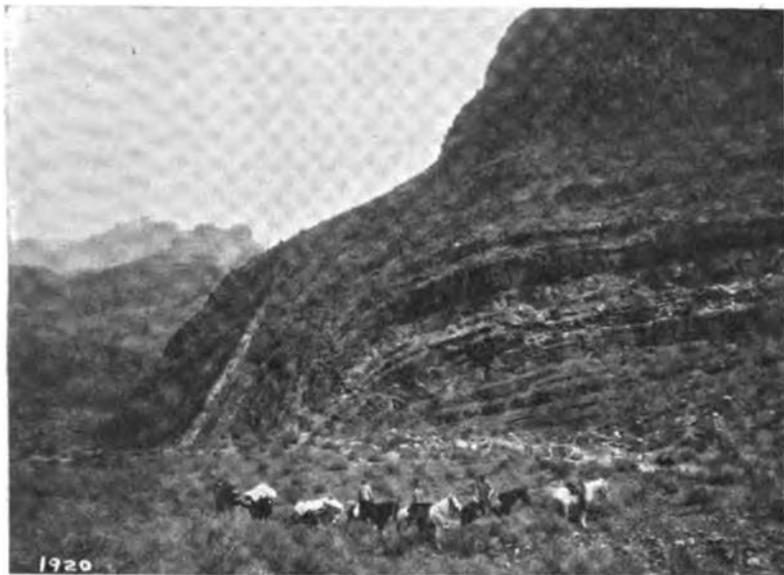
MAIN PORTAL OF THE PYRAMID-TEMPLE CALLED EL CASTILLO, IN YUCATAN, MEXICO

At the right is seen the wall of cut stone with the inclined courses at the base; beyond is the portal, 20 feet wide by 8 feet high, divided by two massive feathered-serpent columns, the Indian boy leaning against the shaft of the nearer column. The serpent heads (base of column) are much battered, the jaw and cheek coil remaining in the farther example. The feather sculpture of the shaft is plainly seen and traces of the atlantean figures of the capital (tail of the serpent) are visible, though the outer ends are much mutilated. The wood lintels are well shown, the nearer consisting of three timbers but slightly hewn; the middle set are well squared, and the farther are not seen, the inner one only being in place. The doorway leading to the sanctuary is seen behind. The facade moldings are partially in place above the lintels, but the end of the wall beyond is much broken down. — W. H. HOLMES, *Ancient Cities of Mexico*

There's Peace on the Deep

STARS trembling o'er us and sunset before us,
Mountains in shadow and forests asleep,
Down, down the dim river we float on forever,
Speak not, breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

As the waves cover the depths we glide over,
So let the past in forgetfulness sleep,
While down the dim river we float on forever,
Speak not, breathe not, there's peace on the deep.—Selected



THE GREAT FAULT ALONG MYSTIC SPRINGS TRAIL
in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Arizona

San Diego, a Principality of Sunshine & Opportunity

ALL California is wonderfully attractive. It is a land of sunshine, health, happiness and opportunity. One of its most desirable portions is San Diego. This is a principality unto itself, having an area of 8,500 square miles, or slightly more than Massachusetts. On the north the county is bounded by Orange and Riverside counties; on the east by the Colorado river, which here divides Arizona from California; on the south by Baja California, a territory of Old Mexico, a land rich in minerals; while on the west the Pacific ocean washes the shores of the county for a stretch of 75 miles. The land rises gently from the ocean a distance of from 30 to 60 miles to a chain of mountain peaks, forming the backbone of the county, descending again rapidly to the Colorado River Valley.

The arable portion of the western slope is divided into a series of irregular terraces or plateaus. The Tia Juana, Otay, Sweetwater, Mission, Soledad, San Dieguito, Agua Hedionda, San Luis Rey, and Santa Margarita or Los Flores valleys, form the lower or coast terrace, comprising a large acreage of practically frostless land. Next come the Jamul, Jamacha, Dehesa, El Cajon, Poway, Bernardo, San Pasqual, Escondido, San Marcos and Vista valleys, varying in elevation from 400 to 500 feet.

The altitude of the third terrace or foothill region ranges from 1,000 to 2,500 feet. The area of tillable land in these valleys and adjoining mesas is approximately 600,000 acres, a much larger area being suited to pasture and grazing. The elevation of the mountain valleys varies from 2,000 to 4,500 feet. These are now chiefly devoted to stock-raising; but in time, with the improvement of transportation facilities which are being rapidly extended, many of them will be found well adapted to the growing of small fruits, vegetables and diversified farming. To the east of the mountains in the valley of the Colorado is an immense area of fertile soil, which has been lying arid; but now water is being brought from the Colorado River.—*Out West*

Why Do These Trees Turn Toward the West?

THE eucalyptus trees, so plentiful in this neighborhood, afford an interesting problem in one habit, peculiar, so far as we know, to that family exclusively. What wind there is at Point Loma is nearly always from the west, and in consequence all shrubs and trees have a tendency to incline toward the east. The eucalyptus conforms to this habit in a very marked degree, so much so that often in very exposed places the western side of the trunk will be bare, while the branches on the eastern side grow in luxuriant profusion. Now the curious part is this, that when the tree, or any part of it dies, it begins to curve towards the west. Twigs which naturally pointed westward remain so, but the others, and especially those which grew toward the east, begin to curve and twist about until the tip of every twig points as nearly as possible due west, frequently forming a full half circle in the effort.

This is a drooping sort of a tree, the branches often hanging nearly vertical, yet in taking the westward direction they seldom curve under, but nearly always make a determined attempt to curve over themselves, or at least horizontally, even though in order to do so requires a greater part of a circle than to curve under. Now, why does it turn in death to what it shunned in life? And how does a plant move at all, especially a dead one? Who knows how these trees do where the wind is variable?

Nature's Likeness of the Hooded Knight

OF all the numerous rock profiles known to travelers there is none more striking than that in the accompanying illustration. It is a part of the south wall of Cooney cañon at the head of Rio San Francisco in the western part of New Mexico, situated in a mining district, ninety miles from the nearest railroad. Viewed from the bed of the cañon, it seems a towering giant over seventy feet tall. The great rock profile stands out boldly, and the features of the face are so sharply cut as to present a faithful human likeness from almost every angle from which the rock itself is visible. In the same vicinity are ruins of prehistoric houses in which have been found many fine specimens of pottery and utensils. The hooded knight was doubtless well known to the inhabitants of what was undoubtedly once a thickly populated region. P.



Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

AN immense audience once more greeted Mrs. Katherine Tingley at the Isis Theatre last night. The subject of her remarks was "Souls That Pass in the Night of Time," but her speech, of which we give a scanty outline, was prefaced by the usual admirably executed orchestral numbers, and a short paper by one of the little Cuban scholars from the Raja Yoga School, comprising her own ideas of the School and the future mission of herself and her comrades. Mrs. Tingley devoted some little preliminary attention to a sermon preached last Sunday, and which was reported to her as directed against her talks on the subject of Jesus. She understood that she had been represented as insinuating that Jesus was an impostor, and she energetically drew the attention of her audience to the travesty which had been made of what she said. So far from speaking of Jesus in such a manner she had affirmed again and again her reverence for his superb character and for his inspired words. The manuscript from which she had read some extracts was not a basis for her faith. She had some power of discrimination and she had the judgment of her conscience, and humanity would never reach the truth until it ceased to depend upon authority, ecclesiastical or other, and followed the teachings of Christ, to look within themselves for all knowledge. And so in this connection she would give them, as it were, a new text, from Isaiah:

Call them up, call them up. Make ready, lift the stumbling blocks out from the way of the people.

The subject of souls that pass in the night of life was one upon which they need not strain their imaginations. Such souls were not to be numbered by thousands, but by millions, and they are still passing and they will continue to pass until something more has been done for the world. The Sermon on the Mount has failed to find expression in human life as Christ had expected, and has never been rightly interpreted nor can there ever be a remedy until humanity has been aroused to a consciousness of its own divinity and of its interior unity. Jesus had said that we were one great family and children of one God. The one great thing that holds people down to their ignorances and to their degradations is this sense of separateness, but if the human mind is to expand and the soul to find its place, we must determine to know more tomorrow than we do today, we must increase our compassion, and above all things we must be what we profess to be. We must be genuine. [Loud applause] Wherever we look out upon human life we see a certain number of people who are in the shadows and for whom the great Christos light is obscured. For ages these have had it ingrained into their very blood that they are sinners, and that they were born in sin. What wonder that they should be discouraged and that their lives should be mere existences. She had been through the beautiful country of Ireland and she had seen the people starving, ragged, worn, and the little weird, gaunt children looking like old men and women, as though they were bearing the burden of the world. In one county of Ireland where these conditions prevailed it was reported that hundreds of pounds had been contributed to decorate a cathedral. Let no one who heard her rush away and say that she had censured the churches. She censured no one. The people responsible for this were warm-hearted people, they were generous people, but they had been educated to serve themselves first. It was the psychological force of the age. In Italy, too, in Rome itself, she had gone into the side streets and the outskirts of the city and there had seen professed followers of Christ going about in their silken garments which fanned the faces of the starving people under the very shadow of the magnificent cathedral. And this was in the Twentieth century! In almost every country it was the same and it was useful that we should make these pictures for ourselves, so that thereby we might destroy our own limitations, because these pictures are facts. Even if we can do nothing more we can, at any rate, extend our pity in the name of Christ. Even if that is all we can do, it is a great thing to have our compassion stirred, and from that we shall be forced at least into protest, a protest against hypocrisy, against misrepresentation, against anything misleading which is done in the name of Christ. In this way we enlarge our opportunities for effort, we remove the stumbling blocks from the path of the people, and we give a chance to the souls that are passing into the night of life to turn to that light and feel from the heart of the world the true touch of compassion which is so indescribable in words and which can only be felt. In such a work it is impossible to limit our power, or even to know our power. She would herself rather be one of the so-called "sinners" in the valleys than be one of those who contributed to the decoration of that cathedral in Ireland. [Applause]

KATHERINE TINGLEY AT ISIS THEATRE

"Souls That Pass in the Night of Time," the Subject of a Stirring Address That Was Applauded by an Audience That Filled the Theatre --- Raja Yoga Singing

Reprinted from the *San Diego Sun*

Let them then begin to do something, something different from what they had always been doing. She could not conceive how the people could grow, how the divine light could be shed abroad, until they had protested against misrepresentation, against falsification, against everything which was unfair or unbrotherly. They would never be able to grow, or to protect their little ones from evil until they had learned the divinity of their own natures, to be conscious of their own power and

make a stand in protest. They had to remember that Jesus drove the hypocrites out of the Temple and he did it right royally. [Applause] But these things must be done in the right spirit, neither dogmatically nor with animus. They must be done in such a way as to help those who were mistaken. It was fortunate that she herself was a Theosophist or she could hardly forgive so quickly the things which had been done against her work.

Theosophists had been denounced as pagans, and accused of other things which could not be told, and this unwarrantable work had been done in the name of Christ. Every man and every woman in The Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society had been branded. There was no spirit of unbrotherliness in her heart when she expressed the wish that her deluded ecclesiastical brother might get on his knees to himself and apologize to himself for attempting to make a travesty of serious work and of those who are trying to remove some obstacles from the path of the people.

In speaking of those who are crucified for the sake of Truth, she used the following most forcible quotation:

Ye have heard, ye have thought, God wot, and the tale is yet to run. By the worth of the bodies ye have had, give answer what ye have done.

We know, she continued, of many daring, courageous, unselfish souls who walked on the rugged paths of life with their eyes fixed upon the light, and with love in their hearts for those who were in the valley. Others there were who supposed themselves to be on the hills, but the land was fallow, and some of these are so satisfied, so perfectly satisfied, that they will not look an inch further for all the world, they would not dare let their eyes go an inch higher, they would not dare breathe any purer air lest they should lose their creeds, the creeds which they hug so closely. The time was near when the hills and the mountains would be covered with the unselfish and the courageous people. The time, too, would come when in the valleys there would no more be the sorrow and the heartache, the ignorance nor the degradation. The great contrasts of life will be no more seen, for those who are now in the shadows will then begin to climb. The psychological force which says they are sinners, which has pressed upon them even in their prenatal condition, which has come down to them from their fathers and their grandfathers, will pass away. No longer will they call themselves sinners, but rather Souls, and a part of God's great family, working for Eternal Life.

A verbatim stenographic report of Katherine Tingley's speech, of which the above is a very cursory sketch, has been preserved, and this will be ultimately published in suitable form by the Theosophical Publishing Company.

CONCENTRATION is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade; in short, in all management of human affairs. — EMERSON

Helsingborg, Sweden, Lotus Group

WE HELD our Lotus Group meetings last month as usual. The program for these meetings was as follows: The children sing and then stand for a moment silent, one of the Lotus Leaflets is read and explained, and then we have a story. At the close we sing again and have silent moments. On Thursday, April 30th, we called the children together for an extra meeting, because we would, on the 8th of May have a little feast. We arranged which of the children should be coworkers in the tableaux and fixed the day when they should come for rehearsing. There are always new children coming in, as the old ones go out into the world, bearing with them the Theosophical truths and Universal Brotherhood feeling.

RUT BOGREN

U. B. Lodge No. 4, Liverpool, England

At the monthly public meeting held Sunday, May 3, the subject was "Education;" this was followed by a question and answer on "Reincarnation." The subjects of study at the members' Sunday meetings have been, *Hiawatha*, *Brotherhood in the Plant World*, *Shakespeare's Tempest*, and some of William Q. Judge's writings. At the members' Thursday meetings we are continuing the study of *The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine*. On May 23, the children of the Lotus Group had an outing at which some of the Lodge members helped.

G. E. G., Secretary

GIFTS bestowed with
words of kindness, mak-
ing giving doubly dear:

Wisdom, deep, complete,
benignant, of all arro-
gancy clear:

Valor, never yet forgetful of
sweet mercy's pleading
prayer:

Wealth, and scorn of wealth
to spend it---oh, but
these be virtues rare!

— EDWIN ARNOLD



LOW TIDE ON LOMA SHORE

WHOSO hath the gift
of giving wisely,
equitably, well:

Whoso, learning all men's
secrets, unto none his
own will tell:

Whoso, ever cold and court-
ly, utters nothing that
offends---

Such an one may rule his
fellows unto earth's
extremest ends.

— EDWIN ARNOLD

LOOKING backward
to the days when Eu-
rope was in darkness,

one is conscious of looking across a great chasm. It seems impossible that we ever stood upon that gloomy other side, when selfishness and sensuality led the race almost to its destruction, and it seems impossible to acknowledge that the ideals of those days should still affect us. Yet they do. Many of the ideas which, as a nation, we take an unthinking pride in are simply the bequest of those old times, though we do not know it. One such is the idea that to multiply books is to multiply blessings, and its twin idea that the reading of many books constitutes a virtue.

Time was when nearly all the learning—so-called—of Europe was in the monasteries. The teachers of religion could read and write, the common people in general, could not. There were few save monastic schools, and many a little village, like Joan of Arc's own Domremy, was proud if even one of its peasant boys could read and write.

About this art—which to the peasantry was an open window into a rich, new world—there was more or less glamor. Reading was given an exaggerated importance, while those who were capable only of doing the simple duties which go to make life better or worse, as they are done well or ill, were looked upon as very ordinary souls, quite beneath the one to whom a book was something more than hieroglyphics.

As a race, we have thrown off many old ideas, but this one has persisted. The person who "is such a reader" may be excused for neglecting duties, of course. The person who has some literary ability may be forgiven for being derelict on all other lines. The man of fortune considers he is doing the greatest possible benefit to humanity if he presents to it a great library: and our statisticians point out with pride to the successful publishing houses, to the well-patronized book shelves of our stores, to the extended and continually extending curricula of our colleges, to the millions of books put into circulation every year by means of our public libraries. The last report made by one of our largest public libraries is significant showing, as it does, that fully seventy-three per cent of the books drawn constitute fiction.

It is difficult to say whether or not we may congratulate ourselves upon the vast amount of reading done nowadays by young and old, rich and poor. The probabilities are that it does more harm than good, for reading may as easily slip over the line into dissipation as any other indulgence. And that, to many people, reading is an indulgence there can be no doubt. Not only does the quantity of books read go to prove this a fact, but the quality of them as well. Let us face the additional fact that we are tolerating an outward ideal when we look with pride or even complacency upon the millions of books written and the millions of books read, while homes are neglected, duties left undone, and half of life's affairs at "loose ends." There are books and books, just as there are people and people. The influence of a bad book—can it be outweighed by the influence of a good book? On the one hand we have a mass of literature that is not only good but inspiring; on the other,

The Reading of Many Books

it would not exist. Between these extremes lie millions of books—"good books"—but which we could do very well without and would, in fact, be the richer for not possessing. It is this stratum, bulkier by far than the other two, which is drawn upon by the mass of readers. And the fact that they look upon their reading habits as one of their virtues only indicates the persistence of this medieval ideal.

The reading habit may easily become as disastrous as any other habit that is not in its proper place. It is with many people a frank indulgence, a means of "killing time," a kind of mental opiate that is taken refuge in when worries increase or things go awry. The reading of vicious books is a flagrant sin against all that is best in one's nature. That is conceded. But the reading of "good books" may easily become so, for the test lies not so much in the book itself as in the nature of the reader. While the statisticians may worry about the fact that so many thousands prefer mediocre novels to Shakespeare or Plato, there is an ulterior fact which is quite as well worth their attention. That fact is that reading is not to our generation that Wine of Life which every outlook into a larger than our own world should be, but a mere condiment, taken in quantities because people like its taste. The slatternly working-man's wife, who sits down with her novel in the midst of dirt and disorder—not an unknown spectacle—is foiled by the summer girl who boasts of having read twenty novels during a season, or by the student who is crammed with pride in just the proportion that he is crammed with "information" from much reading.

When one looks about at the chaotic state of affairs all over the world it is plain that what evolution most needs is a better use of the time now spent in selfish meandering through the pages of books. These are active times, stirring times. There is not one person in the world who sits down to read without other purpose than to enjoy himself and kill time, who is not working against all evolution, against the Law itself. What we need, as a nation, is fewer books and better ones. What we need still more is fewer old-fashioned ideas about books and better ones.

Shall there, then, come an end to the making of books, and an end to the building of libraries? By no means. But let us see to it that these things do not become objects of worship to us nor means of selfish indulgence. Let us write books (if that is our plain duty, but not otherwise); let us read books (if that, too, is our duty, and not merely a personal pleasure); let us build libraries and help forward any saving movement that will bind all that is best in our literature close to the heart of the future. But let us do all these things in a more selfless spirit than we have ever shown, remembering that pride in the doing of any act renders it valueless. Let us work along lines of least resistance, keeping all the threads of life taut doing the simple duty, whatever it may be, governed by our sense of the fitness of things rather than by a habit of mind inherited from a past that we are ashamed of.

E. M.

Marsh and Plain

by SIDNEY LANIER

YE marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rain and the sun,
Ye spread and open like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge, and good out of infinite pain.
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

Was He Lost or Saved?

A TRUE STORY



JACK HARLAND was born in a small country town where he grew up a bright, active lad. Although Jack possessed a thoroughly sweet, sunny temper and was always cheerful, kind and obliging, he soon gained the reputation of being a "ne'er-do-well," and it clung to him through the whole of his life. He did not love the village school, but much preferred idling about the lanes and meadows. He knew the cool shady places in the woods where the turf was the deepest green, and the moss soft and thick; the still deep pools in the stream where the little fishes lay in the dark shadows of the rocks and big tree-roots; the hollow tree in which the wild bees stored their honey, and where the wild grapevine made the best swing, and the wild plum hung its most luscious fruit. He watched the beaver build its dam and the birds their nests. The ways of the ants, owls and June bugs were known to him. With all this delightful lore at hand, reasoned Jack, what use had he for torn geographies and crumpled spelling books?

Another thing which caused many good people to shake their heads solemnly, and declare that Jack would surely come to some bad end, was that he would never, of his own free will, go to Sunday-school. No, not he! To his mind the beckoning woods, the running streams and the free blue sky were infinitely better. Jack was also especially fond of games of chance, and soon learned, as boys almost everywhere have an opportunity of doing, how to play cards, billiards and dice.

Finally Jack, having grown up, drifted away to the neighboring city, as country boys so often do. He did not find any bank president nor rich merchant waiting to give him a snug berth where in a few years he could become a millionaire. On the contrary, he found that positions of any kind were hard to get and slippery things to hold. Once his employer's nephew wanted the place he filled, and he was found to be one too many. Then it was the son of an old friend, and so on, not to mention the firms that went to pieces, leaving Jack as well as his employer on the street.

Now Jack had left an old mother and a crippled little nephew in his native town, who looked to him as their only visible means of support; and if it had not been for a handy turn with cards, they would have been often left in a suffering condition. They received the money he sent them thankfully, knowing nothing of the straits to which poor Jack was often reduced, nor how the money was obtained; nor did the good Christian mother fail to give thanks to the Giver of all good, and to pray fervently for the welfare and prosperity of her son, whom she had never by any means considered a castaway.

One night, or rather one morning, for it was one o'clock, Jack Harland still lingered at the card table in one of the most elegant saloons on L— street. Suddenly the players were aroused by the quick resounding peals of the fire-alarm, while frenzied cries of "Fire! fire!" were heard in the streets. Flinging down their cards they rushed out into the night. The street was already lighted with a glare brighter than noon-day by the flames already bursting from some windows of one of the principal hotels of the city, which stood just across the way. This fire was long remembered as one of the most disastrous that ever occurred in the city, as the immense building was entirely destroyed and many lives lost. Jack found himself pushed hither and thither by the wildly excited multitude. All were mingled in one motley throng. No thought of time, place or dress. Men were coatless and hatless; women with streaming hair, in night robes, covered with cloaks or shawls, and in some instances with coverings torn from their beds.

What with the roaring of the flames, the hoarse shouts of the firemen

and police, the moving engines, the playing streams of water, the din and clamor were appalling.

Men and women appeared at the windows, many with children in their arms, calling for aid. Though their voices could not be heard their dreadful peril was too well understood, their doom too certain. With all the surging throng around them they could not be helped. The longest ladders would not reach them; behind the rooms were on fire, stairways burning and halls filled with suffocating smoke.

Those in the streets knew all this and fully realized the horror of seeing numbers of their fellow beings swallowed up in the fiery death so rapidly approaching them. It was too terrible to be calmly borne. Women screamed and wept and wrung their hands. Men groaned aloud, running aimlessly hither and thither, shouting orders which were unheard and impossible to carry out.

But where all this time was Jack Harland? He had made his way to the burning building and followed the firemen into the blazing pile. Stumbling over a prostrate form, he seized it and bore it out into the reviving air. Relinquishing it to the hundred outstretched hands he again rushed back to battle with the fire and smoke. Again and again he made the perilous trip until nearly a dozen lives had been saved by his efforts. Not one of the firemen had accomplished so much. The last one he placed in the arms of a frantic mother who shrieked that one of her children was still left behind.

"I will bring it out," cried Jack.

But as he was about entering the now blazing doorway a fireman laid hold of him to drag him back.

"Don't go in again," he said. "It is certain death."

"Only this once more," Jack answered. "I know where the child is and I promised her mother to bring her out." And he dashed in through the smoke and flames.

The firemen drew back; no one dared to follow him. It seemed an age until they saw him staggering into the hall with the child in his arms. The flames were scorching him, showers of burning coals were falling about him; the hallway was a yawning furnace.

But he was coming onward; he was half way to the entrance; only a few steps more and he would gain the open air. Just then there was an awful crash, and with a roar like that of some gigantic, living monster, the flames rushed upward into the sky, a pillar of fire that was seen for miles around. The floors had fallen in, wrapping Jack and the child, with scores of other doomed ones, in a fiery winding sheet.

The courage and daring of Jack Harland had been witnessed by the firemen, the police, and hundreds of other spectators; and it was told over and over again by the press. But it was learned that the brave young man had come to the fire from the nearest saloon, where he had been playing cards. Then some of the religious papers and the pulpits denounced him. All over the city the question was discussed. Would Jack be saved or was he lost? So fierce waxed the debate that not a few of the ministers and Christian people quarreled over it, and the daily papers published all they could get of it. Texts were hunted up and sermons were preached to prove that poor Jack's death was but a foretaste of his entire future, for was not he a gambler and not a Christian?

In her home Jack's mother wept over the tragic fate of her boy, and rejoiced that he had died in so good a cause. His bravery and unselfishness was balm to her wounded heart. But, alas! One day a paper containing one of those sermons condemning her boy to everlasting punishment fell into her hands.

With tear-streaming eyes she carried it to the gray-haired old minister who had christened Jack and loved him in spite of his non-attendance at Sunday-school, a type of the best that the churches have produced. He sat in silence for a long time, his tears falling with those of the mother. Then he said:

"Be comforted, my sister, for God seeth not as man seeth; also Jesus said, 'What can a man do more than lay down his life for his friends?'"

She was comforted, but she had no means of living. The editors and ministers were too busy to think of her. But the firemen, the saloon-keepers and the gamblers raised a fund sufficient to keep her and her little lame grandchild in comfort.

STUDENT

He who does everything at the earliest opportunity is seldom at a loss for opportunity to do all that needs to be done.

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

There Are No Rigid Laws of Nature, Weight & Heat

THE universe is ordered throughout by just and unerring law. But that law is too vast and perfect to be measured out by man's puny scales and rules. Reasoners, scientific and otherwise, are always trying to lay down exact rules which shall express the workings of nature, and nature is as continually offering new facts which do not conform to these rules. Nature is a circle and man's intellect reasons along straight lines, so that his theories and inferences carry him off at a tangent, and the further he advances from facts towards speculation the further does he get from the truth.

This explains why scientific laws get less and less true the wider they are extended, and why logical reasoning carried beyond the confines of experience leads at last to obvious absurdity. In short, a "law of nature" (so-called), is only an imperfect representation of the relation between a few facts. A good illustration of this is afforded by the art of making maps of the globe, as explained in the beginning of our geographies. No map that was ever made is accurate, because the world is spherical and the paper is flat. Small maps are nearly accurate, very large maps are absurdly inaccurate. So with "laws of nature;" none are accurate, and they get more inaccurate as their compass is extended.

Bearing in mind the above principles, we shall naturally suspect any scientific law which claims accuracy and invariability, and shall not be surprised to hear at any time of some new discovery that has confuted it.

Such a law is the law that a given quantity of the same substance always weighs the same, or—to particularize—that (say) a ton of ice will yield exactly a ton of water. This is one of the great stand-bys of science, and if it were upset the entire system would have to be reorganized.

Yet we know that there can be no such rigid law in this infinite universe, and consequently we are not surprised to hear that a scientist has made investigations which are said to modify it.

Professor Babcock of the State University of Wisconsin, is said to have proved that *the weight of a body increases as its temperature falls*. Although he has made no authoritative statement, an interview (in the *New York Sun*) makes him say that:

In chemistry and physics there are a great many discrepancies in the constants, places where the theory does not explain the facts; and this led me to a series of experiments that indicated that bodies changed weight when their molecular structure changed.

In order to demonstrate this to my satisfaction, I carried on these experiments for a period covering over twenty-five years. For a long time the results were most unsatisfactory, but three or four years ago I commenced working with ice and water and then found that my theory was well founded.

Other scientists are quoted in the press as expressing confidence in the results of the experiments. Thus one says:

By means of experiments of greater accuracy than it has been found possible to attain hitherto, Professor Babcock has shown that half a ton of ice weighs more than the water obtained from melting this quantity of ice.

Important as this discovery is in its particular bearing, it is still more worth attention for its general application. The principle involved explains why physicists reach such dilemmas and preposterous conclusions in their speculations about atoms. They have carried logical reason far, far away from the circle of experience, along the tangent of speculation, into the shadowy realms of imagination. Their plan of the universe is like a Mercator's map of the globe—accurate along the equator, but at the poles reaching the limit of all possible inaccuracy.

And the speculations of Russell Wallace and others about the stellar universe—are not these huge distances and velocities and those irreconcilable calculations due to the same attempt to extend into boundless space the mechanical laws of our earth?

One is tempted to launch forth into the regions of social science and what not, and descant on the absurdity of trying to govern everybody by rules made for a few, to judge the history of all past ages by the standards of today, or to harness deity to the grooved chariot wheels of modern progress. But space compels us to confide these further applications to the intelligence of our readers.

H. T. E.

Scientific Methods to Resuscitate the Drowning

AFTER sitting for eleven years a competent English scientific commission has submitted a report as to the best method of resuscitating the drowning. In maintaining artificial respiration the commission condemns the placing of the patient on his back. For one thing the tongue is apt to fall over the entrance to the windpipe. The proper position is the prone. It appears that water, drawn into the lungs, is readily absorbed into the blood. But respiration is necessary for this, and until respiration has first done it the air drawn into the lungs cannot aerate the blood. It is in fact kept from the lungs by the layer of water. For this reason artificial respiration often fails; indeed the natural respiration of the patient himself, when it has been aroused, may prove useless and end, after all, in death. So, if possible, artificial respiration should also be forced. The report says:

It has been shown by Horvath that if the nozzle of a bellows be applied to one nostril (the mouth at the same time being shut), by sharp closure of the bellows a sufficient amount of air can be forced into the thorax freely to distend the lungs, and by a frequent repetition of the process to maintain aeration of the blood. Practically, however, this method, although it might well be employed in certain cases, would not be available in most cases of apparent death from drowning; but its efficacy should not be forgotten, especially since it appears to afford a means of forcing air into the alveoli in cases in which the more gentle current of air which is produced by movements of the ribs fails to find a passage through the frothy mucus which may partially block the bronchi.

The commission ascertained that recovery is often possible after much longer periods than is ordinarily believed. Cases are on record of life after eight minutes' immersion. To sum up, the method of treatment would be: First, to raise the patient's body higher than his head, so that water may run out of the mouth. Then to lay him prone with a thick pillow or heap of grass or similar pad under the chest. Then to inflate the lungs with a bellows or bicycle pump (if they are handy) through the nostril at regular breathing intervals, and followed by compression of the ribs.

If the bellows is not handy, the compression alone must be rhythmically done, aiding the ribs to expand by drawing the arms above the head between the periods of compression. Inspiration may also be aided by a healthy person placing his mouth to that of the patient and thus forcing air in.

STUDENT

Some Possibilities of the New Forms of Energy

WE begin to hope that among the many hitherto unknown forms of radiant energy may be found one which will compel the precipitation of matter dissolved in water. This would be of double importance inasmuch as it would solve the pure water problem for large cities and ocean ships, and it would also make the ocean itself an exhaustless source of wealth. The pure water for irrigating purposes would of itself be valuable, but to that is to be added the enormous amount of solid matter which consists of every known substance and would yield almost every human requirement. Perhaps the precipitation of carbonic acid might yield real diamonds.

We are just beginning to understand how very little of the earth's resources we have yet touched. If the sea can be made to yield us all kinds of food, metals, fertilizers, medicines, colors, heat, light and mechanical power, we will have less cause to worry about the coal supply, and may be able to discontinue the mining processes which cost so many lives annually.

STUDENT

THE compass is by no means a modern or western invention, for it was introduced into Europe from the East at some unknown time in medieval history, probably by the Arabs. The earliest reference to the use of the compass is in Chinese history,

From which we learn how, in the sixty-fourth year of the reign of Hoang-ti (2634 B. C.), the Emperor, . . . finding his army embarrassed by a thick fog raised by the enemy, constructed a chariot for indicating the south, so as to distinguish the four cardinal points, and was thus enabled to pursue his enemy and take him prisoner.

Here and There Throughout the World

England and France Now Fast Friends THE visit of the King of England to France and the return visit of the President of the French Republic to England seem fraught with the happiest auguries for international peace. The English king has always been persona grata in the French capital, and the unassuming dignity of M. Loubet will certainly be remembered in England. Englishmen and Frenchmen can see each other's shores upon a clear day across the silvery line of water which separates them. Let us believe that the political days to come will be so perpetually clear that no mists of prejudice and misunderstanding will ever again come between two great nations who ought to be allied in search of national well-being and the freedom and progress of the world. Mr. Loubet, speaking at the Mansion House, pointed to the presence of M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Secretary, as

A pledge of the value which the whole French government attaches to the development of the happy relations of friendship between our two countries.

A sentiment such as this ought to be above the insincerities of diplomacy. We believe that it is, and that it will be confirmed by the fraternal enthusiasm of two great and free nations.

Increase of Population in Great Britain RECENT population statistics relating to Great Britain, show that of every thirty-three people, seventeen are females and sixteen male. Curiously enough, more boys are born than girls, and it is only after fourteen years of age that the balance begins to shift to the female side. The main cause of this change would probably be the manning of the army and navy. It would be interesting if we could compare with these figures the birth ratios of boys and girls among other peoples and at other periods. We might learn some important lessons on the phases of national life, national youth, growth and decay.

The population of Great Britain has nearly quadrupled during the last century. Most of the increase has fallen upon town life, to the corresponding detriment of national health, leaving the country districts populated about as they were half a century ago. Town life generally means life poisoned in the proportion of its density.



A CUBAN BOHIO, OR NATIVE HOUSE

Suicide & Psychology in Michigan IT SEEMS by a report from Michigan that a university student has lately committed suicide for "no known cause." He was successful in all his examinations and had a bright career before him. A letter was found addressed to his mother and containing the words, "I am insane." It transpired that the unhappy man had been studying a medical treatise on suicide, and we need look no longer for the cause. He was psychologized by his own studies, and once more a corner of the veil is lifted which hides the mysterious drama of motive and responsibility. Here we have obvious cause and effect side by side. Sometimes they are not obvious. It might not have been a medical treatise, but only a lurid and sensational newspaper report. The result might not have followed at once, but in a year's time, or ten years' time, when the will had been weakened by some other cause. In such a case perhaps no human mind could have traced the links of cause and effect, but they would have existed none the less.



IN THE COCOPAH COUNTRY, LOWER CALIFORNIA

Character of Latter-Day Immigrants DURING the first seventeen days of May nearly 60,000 immigrants arrived in the United States and the total for the month was about 100,000. During the corresponding month of last year the total was 84,000; thus showing a steady increase in the numbers of the arrivals.

There is a natural inclination to view these figures with some satisfaction. A national compliment seems to be implied by the fact that such large numbers of persons wish to find their future home in America. We are reminded that the country was largely built up by the oppressed of other lands and that the roots of our prosperity were planted by those who preferred exile to loss of freedom.

All this is perfectly true, but it is none the less open to question, if recent arrivals are inspired by the same high ideals which animated their forerunners. Those who helped to build up the Republic in the early days came mainly from the north of Europe and their own countries were the poorer for their loss. A large portion of the new arrivals come from the south and the east of Europe, and there can be little question that in many cases their own countries are better without them.

Publishers Have a Corner on Bibles CAN the commercial spirit go further than to create a "corner in Bibles?" This seems to have been actually done. There are in the United States seven printing houses which print Bibles. Six of these have entered into a combination to raise the price. The seventh refuses to come into the combination and the usual trade war has been announced. We are accustomed to say that the Word of God is free, but it seems that this is true only in a relative sense and subject to usual trade restrictions. No doubt the churches will find material in this incident for a grave protest, but it would seem that we have here but an extension of the principle which expresses the value of every pulpit in money terms and which attaches a money equivalent to every church. The publishing houses in question are frankly carrying on a commercial undertaking. The majority of the churches are equally commercial, but not so frank.

Old Roman Arena Dug Up in Paris PARIS has been reminded of its antiquity by the discovery of a Roman arena underneath a spot which for long has been reserved for the use of nurse-maids and children. This place is known as Parc Arene and is situated in the middle of the city. The occasion of the discovery was an excavation in connection with a new water supply. The workmen finding traces of an ancient building reported the find, and under the direction of the authorities were soon successful in laying bare a portion of an imposing arena with boxes for the aristocrats and many other appurtenances.

One Church for 17,000 Frenchmen LONDON has one church for each two thousand inhabitants and Paris has one church for each seventeen thousand inhabitants. These are eloquent figures and we should like to have similar information about others of the world's capitals. It is evident that if even one-half of London's inhabitants wished to go to church they could not possibly do so and not one quarter of the people of Paris could crowd into the churches of that city. STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

WHEN the curtains of night, 'twixt the dark and the
Drop down at the set of the sun; [light,
And the toilers who roam to the loved ones come
As they pass by my window is one [home,
Whose coming I mark, for the song of the lark
As it joyously soars in the sky,
Is no dearer to me than the notes, glad and free,
Of the boy who goes whistling by.

How We Misunderstand

WHERE is Kathleen?" inquired Meg.
"We don't know," replied Muriel.

"Her mother said she had gone out, and we thought she had come to you." "There she is!" exclaimed Susie. "Kathleen, where have you been?" Kathleen made no reply. Her bright face was downcast and a suspicious quiver trembled on her lips.

"What is the matter, dearie?" asked Meg. Kathleen burst into tears. "I was trying so hard," she sobbed. Meg put her arm round her and held up a warning finger to the others to keep silent. "I was trying so hard," she repeated, "to be a knight." "And true knights go on trying," said Meg, gently, "even after they have failed."

"But I didn't fail," was the prompt reply. "I was doing my best and they won't have it. They don't like my best—they don't understand it." "How, dear?"

Kathleen choked down her sobs. "Gwendolin," she began, "is leaving school, and we are giving her a present, and I had only a little money and only gave half of it, because I wanted to buy a watering-pot for you because—because yours is a very old one, and Gwendolin is ever so rich, and—and they called me a miser!" "But Kathleen," remonstrated Eva, "they didn't know you were going to buy something for Meg." "But it was the truth," retaliated Kathleen, "and they had no right to be so sure when their thoughts were wrong."

"Hush, dearie," interrupted Meg. "Do you know," she continued, "you are being given the chance to make the armor you will wear when you are the knight? You can't become a knight without it." Kathleen looked up quickly. "Do we have to make our own?" asked Susie.

"Yes, it must be made of your own courage and strength. You are making it when you are overcoming the things that try to keep you back from doing your very best, and when you are being true to yourself, no matter what others say. The reason Kathleen was misunderstood was because they did not know her motive, and judged her from their own nature. The motive is deep down in the heart, and cannot be seen and can never be known by any one thoughtless or selfish. Kind Mother Nature won't let them know it. That is how she protects all the secrets she whispers into pure hearts, and that is the way, too, that she shields and protects the little Warriors themselves. She loves them and bestows gifts and beauties that selfish people must not see or know about; but in return, from the little Warriors, she expects a dauntless spirit of honor! She expects them to be true and courageous and go on doing their best, even when they are misunderstood.

"These are some of the battles that must be fought! it makes them brave! it molds the armor!"

The Whistling Boy

If a sense of unrest settles over my breast,
And my spirit is clouded with care,
It all flies away if he happens to stray
Past my window a-whistling an air;
And I never shall know how much gladness I owe
To this joy of the ear and the eye,
But I'm sure I'm in debt for much pleasure I get
To the boy who goes whistling by.

And this music of his, how much better it is
Than to burden his life with a frown,
For the toiler who sings to his purpose brings
A hope his endeavor to crown;
And whenever I hear his glad notes, full and clear,
I say to myself, I will try
To make all of life with a joy to be rife,
Like the boy who goes whistling by.—Unity

How Martha Played Lady

I WAS weary and my head was aching. I was waiting for a train which was many hours late. It was raining hard and life was not a bit joyful.

"If you'll look up, Martha'll play lady with you," said a soft little voice and there stood a little old-fashioned girlie, about four years old. Her nose was freckled and she was not pretty except for her honest eyes.

She marched away and came back dragging a basket filled with toys. She had five dolls in it and she showed them to me, one after the other, telling me their names and whether they were truly good or "naughty."

"Martha give you some tea," said she, and brought out a little tea-set. I forgot all about my headache and loneliness as I drank make-believe tea and ate make-believe cakes. Then Martha told me stories. She would not sit on my lap—oh, no. She was "playing lady!" So she climbed up into a great big chair and sat there, with her little feet sticking straight out. She told me how a wicked boy had "hurted Martha's kitty," and of a boy who had a drum and woke up all the babies, and was "a quite nuisance."

She told me she once visited "a real school," and about her ambition to study "Geogfry." Toot! Toot! Surely, that was not my train! Yes, the train was coming. The hours had passed away, my headache had passed with them, the sunshine had come, I was rested and happy. And all (even the sunshine, perhaps) because Martha "played lady."

M. B. K.



"RING AROUND A ROSY"
In the Raja Yoga Playground at Loma-land

About Birds

MANY birds live a community life, with laws which they follow and associations and charitable institutions. There are people who say they kill birds "for scientific purposes," and they may believe that they gain knowledge by tak-

ing the bird's life away. They are so mistaken! They have never yet told us any of the things about birds we really wanted to know.

But there is another kind of naturalist who never takes life. He lives among birds and tells us many curious things. He says real brotherhood exists among eagles. No eagle touches a prize until he calls all the other eagles about it, and then, so say observers, the younger eagles never satisfy their hunger until the older ones have eaten their share.

Many birds of passage have what might be called "building associations." Year after year they return to the same places and use the same nests, and these nests they not only help each other build but aid each other in keeping them in order.

It is said that cranes have a real police force, organized among their own number, to protect the community from the attacks of enemies, of which the bird has many. And many times a baby bird, which a cruel hunter has made motherless, is adopted by some mother bird and taken care of in her own nest.

E. W. H.

Students'



Path

Homer's Hymn to the Earth-Mother

O Universal Mother, who dost keep
From everlasting thy foundations deep.
Eldest of things, Great Earth I sing of thee!
All shapes that have their dwelling in the sea,
All things that fly, or on the ground divine
Live, move, and there are nourished---these are thine;
These from thy wealth thou dost sustain; from thee
Fair babes are born, and fruits on every tree
Hang ripe and large, revered Divinity!

The life of mortal men beneath thy sway
Is held; thy power both gives and takes away.
Happy are they whom thy mild favors nourish;
All things satiated round them grow and flourish.
For them endures the life-sustaining field,
Its load of harvest, and their cattle yield
Large increase, and their home with wealth is filled.

Such honored dwell in cities fair and free,
The homes of lovely women, prosperously;
Their sons exult in youth's new budding gladness,
And their fresh daughters, free from care or sadness,
With bloom inwoven dance and happy song,
On the soft flowers the meadow grass among,
Leap round them sporting; such delights by thee
Are given, rich Power, revered Divinity.

Mother of Gods, thou wife of starry Heaven,
Farewell! be thou propitious, and be given
A happy life for this brief melody,
Nor thou, nor other songs shall unremembered be.—SHREVEY

The Rhythms of Health

SPEAKING of health Oliver Wendell Holmes once said:

It is a mistake to suppose that the normal state of health is represented by a straight horizontal line. . . . The "dynamo," which furnishes the working powers of consciousness and action, has its annual, its monthly, its diurnal waves, even its momentary ripples, in the current it furnishes. There are greater and lesser curves in the movement of every day's life—a series of ascending and descending movements, a periodicity depending upon the very nature of the force at work in the living organism. Thus we have our good seasons and our bad seasons, our good days and our bad days, life climbing and descending in long or short undulations which I have called the "curve of health."

There is a great truth at the bottom of this, but we do not think that the Doctor has touched it. Rhythms *do* exist in the bodily life, and in the consciousness, but they should not affect the health. We have made them do so by mis-living, by forcing life into a narrow and miserable pattern.

It is against nature to do any one thing too long: we should respect the rhythm of consciousness and the demand for change. Intellectual, physical, artistic, spiritual, mechanical works are all demanded of us by our nature, by the natural changes in consciousness, by the cyclic changes even of the body. To force a monotony is inevitably detrimental to health. Then the rhythm alters, and instead of passing from activity to activity, always healthy, it passes from health to disease, or from one morbid state of mind to another.

But equally detrimental is the frivolous life, the day that is spent in fluttering from one thing to another at the mere prompt of fancy, independent of the natural changes profoundly demanded in our being. All the parts of our nature that we have named must be afforded their full play under the guidance of will and judgment. The full life, and the only one that gives the rhythm of health, is one of continuous activity, but of activity that changes.

We moderns live far away from right life, and right instincts no longer

guide us. But we can re-awake them by thought, by high purpose, by concentration, by self-observation, and by daily action in all parts of our nature. Make the light of our cheerfulness shine steady through all the hours of duty, and self-understanding will not be long in coming. K.

Reincarnation Suppressed

SPEAKING of the falsifications which several old Irish manuscripts have suffered at the hands of medieval scribes, Miss Eleanor Hull, in her introduction to the *Cuchullin Saga*,* says:

The old literature of Ireland is being rediscovered and a host of philologists are devoting their best endeavors to its elucidation. The moment is a critical one. . . .

The early monasteries were the storehouses of the literary life of the nation; monks and saints were the copyists and compilers. . . . The monks seem to have set themselves to carry on the system of the bards, and it appears certain that so far from feeling any fanatic hatred against the old pagan romance literature, they desired to incorporate *such of its ideas as they could assimilate with those of Christianity* † into their own teaching. They did this consciously, in the same manner and of the same set purpose as that which led St. Patrick to adopt the pagan festivals and associate them with Christian events. . . .

Nevertheless, the passage of the legends through monkish hands was not without an effect upon the final form in which the tales have come down to us; clerical handling has denuded the old romances of some of their pagan characteristics, and has modified certain features inconsistent with the later teaching. Christian interpolations have been added, and, in some instances, pagan and Christian epochs have been synchronized. But the redactors went beyond this. Not only did they make additions to the narrative, they also deliberately suppressed portions of it.

This may in part have arisen from their incapacity to grasp the ideas, but there is no doubt that it arose also from their disapproval of some of the teachings of paganism, and their disinclination to incorporate them in their own work. This disinclination is especially visible in those tales that embody the doctrine of reincarnation, a doctrine which clashed with the teachings of the church and was therefore carefully suppressed. It is only in those pieces which, being less important and less popular, have escaped the improving hand of the scribe, that we find the doctrine plainly set down. . . . All the principal actors in the *Cuchullin Saga* appear to be reincarnations of the Tuatha de Danann, and are thereby set outside the scope of ordinary human affairs; their acts partake of a divine significance. . . . It is possible even that whole tales may have been suppressed as giving support to a form of belief that Christianity had set itself to abolish in Ireland.

* *The Cuchullin Saga*, compiled by E. Hull. Publ. Nutt, the Strand, 1898.
† The italics mine throughout.—E. A.

The Hour and the Man

by PRISCILLA LEONARD in *The Outlook*

NO man can choose what coming hours may bring
To him of need, of joy, of suffering;
But what his soul shall bring unto each hour
To meet its challenge---this is in his power.

An Unintentional Revelation

NO man can ever write anything but his own autobiography is an old saying with a good deal in it. Especially does a critic unveil his own limits. It is a good rule for students of human nature to take careful note when they hear a man sneering at anything, to turn round and study the sneerer, not that at which he sneers. There is much more to be learned. Not long ago a (now deceased) author wrote a book on *The Subliminal Self* and its relations to genius. He showed that within man is a greater and richer consciousness than that of his ordinary life, and that from time to time it emerges into the latter so that man becomes illuminated into genius and wider knowledge. He was in fact talking about the soul.

Mr. Mallock discusses this book in *The Nineteenth Century*, and thus dismisses the *Subliminal Self* theory:

To explain genius by a theory of a supposed superior self, which descends through the ceiling, or pushes itself up through the floor, with new pieces of furniture for the sitting-room of the self we know, is to indulge in a fancy which facts do not even suggest, and which can only have originated in a desire to support a foregone conclusion.

We suggest that the sneer tells us more of Mallock than of the theory. Did ever a man say more convincingly: "No ray of inspiration ever reached me?" We do not doubt the assertion. X.

The Golden Age

by E. H. LACON WATSON

THE Golden Age has passed away,
So sings the pessimistic sage;
He calls his hours of youthful play
The Golden Age.

And was he happy? I'll engage,
No happier than he is today,
He grumbled in his narrow cage.

The Past lies rotting in decay:
There let it lie, and turn the page:
The Future beckons, bright and gay,
The Golden Age!

BETWEEN two worlds Life hovers like a star,
'Twixt Night and Morn, upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of Time and Tide rolls on and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of Empires heave but like some passing waves.—LORD BYRON

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL

Question If, as said in the Students' Column, in a recent issue of the NEW CENTURY PATH, the lower nature is necessary to man's evolution and therefore, as I understand the matter, is not to be destroyed but subjugated and educated, how may one set about this? It seems to me that with all our efforts we so often escape one form of selfishness only to fall into another subtler form.

H. R.

Answer In reply to a similar question, William Q. Judge has written:

It is right to say the lower nature cannot be cast off, but must be subjugated. We might as well say we can annihilate universal mind as to say we can "cast off" anything that is a part of nature and going to make us what we are. The lower nature must be discovered in all its ramifications and carefully subdued, as thus it is transformed and not cast off. . . . If there is any point strongly made in the teachings of Theosophy it is that we are a compound of lives, that every part of us is so made, and hence it follows that our lower nature is made of these lives. There is no vacuum in the universe void of a life. But while this is so, these lives, in so far as they go to make up man, are not to be considered as separate beings from himself whom he can "educate" from a position which is apart from them. They exist in him, and as he lives and thinks so he impresses on them his thoughts and acts, and as they are leaving him every moment of time it follows that a stream of these lives of many grades and sorts is continually being projected from him into space and forming his own karma. For they are unintelligent [from our standpoint] and only act in their own way just as water acts when it runs down hill. If we regard them as beings that we are educating we will fall into superstition, but if, on the other hand, we say that they do not exist and have no place in us, we will never come to right knowledge of the universe as it is.

They are matter, in fact, and a certain quantity of it comes into the charge, so to say, of every man, and every one is therefore responsible for the impressions he gives to the atoms that make him up, and if he does not live aright he will have to suffer the consequences sooner or later. For these very "lives" are the means whereby Karma operates, for without them—considering atoms as points of sensitiveness—there would be a break and no way for karma to have effect. If they do not exist, then there is no way to make the connection between matter and mind and thought and circumstance.

The conflict between the higher and the lower can be made easy only by the old rule, "to look upon all parts of the universe as containing spiritual beings, the same in kind and only differing from each other in degree."

Being a part of ourselves, in the complexity of our being, and yet not the real Self but only its servant and instrument, we can understand the advice given by our Teachers to strive ever to realize that the lower nature is not our true Self. And just as some of the North American Indians will not say, "I am tired, I am hungry, thirsty," etc., but "my body is tired, hungry and thirsty," so by taking this attitude in regard to the lower nature that it is not the Self, our true self, we can control and purify it. So long as we identify ourselves with the lower nature, so long

with all our efforts will it be impossible to escape from selfishness.

But because we cannot escape all at once, that is no reason for discouragement. Progress is made step by step and each victory gained makes more possible every succeeding one. We can at least try to make our lives unselfish and more and more brotherly, but if we wait until our acts are entirely unselfish, we shall wait forever. I remember a sentence written by H. P. Blavatsky to the effect that the man who will not help his fellows for fear he should be acting from a selfish motive is doomed to perish. The only way to escape from selfishness is by practising the opposite, brotherhood, altruism, just as much and just as often as we can for, as our Teacher, Katherine Tingley, has said, "We have but to take the first step in the true spirit of Brotherhood and all other steps will follow in natural sequence."

The great distinction between the higher and lower natures is marked by just this, that the higher is characterized by unselfishness and the lower by selfishness. Consequently every unselfish act or even thought by just so much weakens the lower and strengthens the higher.

The Gospel of Brotherhood

THE message of the Soul Life, or the Heart Life, or the Brotherhood Life, which The Universal Brotherhood has for the world, is no narrow formula, but a broad, all-embracing truth. The brotherhood schemes, with which the world has become all too familiar, are narrow in their scope and exclude much of life. Perhaps they are rooted to economic and industrial theories, and so leave out art and inspiration; or they may be religious or political.

Again, such schemes are not only narrow but shallow. They do not strike deep and have no root in the depths of human nature. Some are founded on the assumption that man is governed by his inferior needs and propensities, and none are illumined by a profound knowledge of the real human nature—the divine human nature.

The message from Loma-land is broad and many-sided. It is no artificially concocted plan, so narrow that all its parts fit together in an obvious pattern. It is so broad that at first its various enterprises may seem unrelated to each other. This Brotherhood is not manufactured complete and sent down by rail ready to be set up anywhere. It is more like a masterpiece of landscape gardening and the construction of a mighty edifice on lines adapted to its site. A work that contemplates the regeneration of humanity must necessarily be broad, and must leave out no department of human life and interest. Therefore the unity of the plan cannot be grasped at once, and the various enterprises may seem unconnected. But they all form parts of the mighty whole.

Gradually we come to see how things which at first seem unrelated to each other, or irrelevant to the general object, are really essential features. For instance, the work among children in establishing the nucleus of an ideal educational and rearing system, is becoming more and more obviously an essential part of the scheme for upraising humanity. We see that nothing can be done in any direction without proper men and women to do it, and that this system is capable of furnishing such men and women.

Every possible department of human activity is taken and started anew on the basis of Brotherhood. The seeds of Brotherhood are sown in every soil. Industries, arts, agriculture, science, and all are thus included in the schedule of Brotherhood activities; and under Brotherhood influence they will blend instead of segregating, as they are apt to do in the world at large.

STUDENT

I know I am deathless,
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass;
And whether I come to my own today, or in ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.—WALT WHITMAN

Oliver Cromwell at Cambridge

THE record of Oliver Cromwell's matriculation at Cambridge bears the following annotation in Latin:

This was that great impostor, who, the most pious King Charles the First having been removed by a criminal murder, usurped the throne itself.

In spite, however, of contemporary vituperation such as this, it is the ideas of Oliver Cromwell which today govern England and have profoundly influenced America, while the descendants of King Charles are not to be found in any English speaking country.

STUDENT

Old English Newspapers

THE first newspaper published in England is dated July 28th, 1588. It is called *The English Mercury*, a copy of which is preserved in the British Museum. Another private newspaper, entitled *The Weekly Courant*, was printed in London, 1622, and in 1639 appeared one by Robert Baker of Newcastle. The next was called *Diurnal Occurrences of Parliament*, November, 1641; this was succeeded by the *Mercuries* which appear to have commenced with the *Mercurius Rusticus*; or, "the Countries Complaint of the barbarous outrages began in the year 1642, by the Sectaries of this once flourishing kingdom," etc.

This journal of "horrid outrages," (the effects of violent revolutionists) was edited by Bruno Ryves, and is said to have been originally published in "one, and sometimes two sheets quarto," commencing on the 22d of August, 1642. It has since gone through four editions, the last published in 1723, with a curious frontispiece, representing a kind of Dutch Mercury in the center, and ten other compartments, with fancied views of places where some of the diabolical scenes were enacted.

The *Mercurius Aulicus* was published at Oxford by Birkenhead, in January, 1642. This was continued in a weekly quarto sheet until about the end of 1645, after which time it only made an occasional appearance.

Some other papers of this kind were published with the following titles: *Mercurius Britannicus, communicating the affairs of Great Britain, for the better information of the people*, by Marchmont Needham. *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, by the same pen. *Mercurius Politicus* appeared every Wednesday, in two quarto sheets, commencing on the 9th of June, 1649, and ending on the 6th of June, 1656, when the editor recommenced with a new series of numbers and continued till the middle of April, 1660. At this time an order from the Council of State prohibited the paper, and Henry Muddiman and Giles Dury were authorized to publish the news every Monday and Thursday in the *Parliamentary Intelligencer* and *Mercurius Politicus*. In 1663, Sir Roger L'Estrange commenced two political journals in behalf of the crown, entitled *The Public Intelligencer*, and *The News*. These were published twice a week, in quarto sheets; the first commencing on the 31st of August and the other on the 3d of September, 1663. * *The Gazette* seems to have superceded these, for L'Estrange discontinued his papers upon the appearance of the *Oxford Gazette*, (November the 7th, 1665.) It obtained this appellation in consequence of the English parliament being then held at Oxford. The king and his court returning to the metropolis, were accompanied by the official paper, which has retained the name of *The London Gazette* from the 5th of February, 1666 to the present time. The first daily paper, after the Revolution, was called *The Orange Intelligencer*, and from that time to the present, we observe a progressive augmentation in the numbers and quality of newspapers.

The foregoing data is taken from *The Pleasures of Human Life: Investigated Cheerfully; Elucidated Satirically; Promulgated Explicitly; and Discussed Philosophically*. By Hilarus Benevolus and Co. Second Edition, London, 1807.

*Mr. Walpole observes, that "Renaudot, a physician, first published at Paris, in 1631, a *Gazette*, so called from gazetto, a coin of Venice paid for the reading of manuscript news."

The Toad in the Hole

THE imprisoned toad story has again come prominently to the front. Mr. W. J. Clarke of Rugby states that he found a live toad in a lump of coal, and he supports his statement by what appears to be admirable evidence. These stories have, of course, often been told and upon testimony which seems to be reliable. An appeal has been made to the scientific writer for one of the great newspapers for his opinion and he blandly remarks that the mere statement is sufficient to prove the impossibility of the occurrence. That is all very well, but if it did occur—what then? Some scientists have assured us that the existence of the soul is an impossibility.

STUDENT

OUR next issue will contain an interesting account of the meeting of New England representatives now resident in San Diego which was held Thursday, July 30th, in Mission Cliff Park, San Diego. The report of these interesting proceedings reached us too late for inclusion in this number.

Antarctic Experiences

FIVE of the Antarctic explorers, who, after spending fifteen months on the *Discovery*, returned to New Zealand in the relief ship *Morning* last March, have related some very interesting experiences. The alternation of day and night in polar regions was vividly brought home to them; for, after a night lasting four months, they had a day of about two minutes' duration; then, after about twenty-four hours, a day of ten minutes; and so on until the equinox was reached, when, of course, the days and nights are twelve hours each here as everywhere else on the globe. After the equinox the conditions were reversed, and the days grow longer and longer, until a four-month day arrived.

The strange contrast of temperature was most marked and very trying. While it was necessary to wear large sun-hats as a protection against sun and glare, and often desirable to strip to the waist while at work, the slightest cloud or breeze would send the sailors off to the ship for their thickest Arctic raiment. To touch metal in these temperatures is, as we have read, to get a blister; for rapid cooling burns the skin as badly as rapid heating. Added to this combination of heat and cold, sun and ice, were the lurid fires of the two active volcanoes, Erebus and Terror.

The work which these men did during the period when they were left alone on the *Discovery* consisted chiefly in fetching ice from a neighboring berg to be melted down for water, making reindeer-skin sleeping-bags, and excavating some boats and tackle which had become imbedded in the ice. Though in summer work was often pleasant, in winter intense darkness, unendurable cold, and blizzards of great violence frequently made it impossible. The snow at such low temperatures is not light and flaky, but a very fine powder like flour, which could penetrate even into a cabin closed by three successive doors.

Theosophy and Science

THERE is destined surely to be a firm alliance between Theosophy and science. Already the connecting threads are growing more numerous and stronger, and the day is not far off when the science and the religion of sanity will find their common bulwark in Theosophy.

A. E. Taylor's article on "Mind and Nature," in a recent number of the *International Journal of Ethics*, is representative evidence of the swing of modern thought. He tells us that nature is "a society of percipient and conative subjects," and that it is "a social realm of sentient beings." The language is curious, perhaps ill-chosen, but it none the less expresses the supreme truth that consciousness is the dominant existence and that visible nature is embodied consciousness. The writer goes on to express the opinion that humanity is not "entirely cut off from all communion" with the ocean of consciousness around him. That he is not so cut off might be called a cardinal tenet of Theosophy. The barrier between man and nature is one builded by his own imagination and based upon the self-glamour that he is something apart from nature, even hostile to nature. As this barrier is built by the imagination so by the imagination can it be dissolved. We can acquire the habit of thought which makes us recognize the unity of life and the instability of the screens which we have mistaken for the light which they reflect. The habit of unselfish thought, for this is what it amounts to, is the only legitimate doorway to communion with nature who is always ready to shed the sunlight of her wisdom upon those who will step out from the shadows of their lower selves.

STUDENT

The Scourge of Cancer

THE spread of cancer, which is reported from nearly all civilized countries, is attracting marked attention from students of human progress. We understand that an international congress is about to be held in order to consider the nature of the disease, and the way in which it can be most successfully combated. At that congress all theories will be represented, including that which seeks to establish a connection between cancer and vaccination. A congress such as this should appeal to the sympathies of all who realize the scourge which cancer has become and the possibility of its prevention and cure.

LET us honor the great empire of silence, once more! The boundless treasury which we do not jingle in our pockets, or count up and present before men! It is perhaps, of all things, the usefulest for each of us to do, in these loud times.—*Carlyle*

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Meteorological Table for the week ending
July the 26th, 1903

JULY	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
20	29.742	71	60	65	62	.00	W	4
21	29.816	70	60	66	64	.00	NW	9
22	29.824	72	61	67	64	.00	NW	8
23	29.804	73	61	67	64	.00	NW	10
24	29.786	74	59	67	64	.00	NW	3
25	29.750	74	60	66	63	.00	SW	4
26	29.802	72	62	66	63	.00	NW	5

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

The Secret of Health

Don't worry. Don't hurry. "Too swift arrived as tardy as too slow." "Simplify! simplify! simplify! your diet!" Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known unto all men." Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air!" Sleep and rest abundantly. Spend less nervous energy each day than you make. Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long." Think only of healthful thoughts. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." "Work like a man, but don't be worked to death. Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal." Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease. "Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal." Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease." "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them."—*Selected*

The Christian Era

The Christian era was first fixed upon in the Sixth century A. D., by Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman abbot and native of Scythia, who made compilations of church canons and documents and was a celebrated chronologer. It is not known exactly when the birth of Christ took place, but this era is universally accepted as a convenient one to reckon from. But a certain amount of confusion arises from the fact that, while astronomers call the year before the one in which Christ was born "the year 0," chronologers call it "the year 1 B. C."

There is a story told of a rich woman who was chilled through by a long drive on a bitter winter day. "Make a big fire in my sitting-room," she said to a servant on her return home, "and order wood to be distributed to the poor of the village." She sat by the fire for ten minutes, then rang the bell. "Never mind about distributing that wood," she said to the answering servant. "The weather seems to have moderated."

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Helena Petrovna Blavatsky

TWO weeks ago, in presenting our readers with a portrait of H. P. Blavatsky, we cursorily referred to the persecution of which that devoted Teacher was the object, and we showed that the attacks made upon her were but a part of a long campaign directed against the most powerful Movement of the day, by those whose selfish interests were hostile alike to progress and to reform. We showed that however much that initial attack had been elaborated by side issues and confused by irrelevancies, it rested absolutely and entirely upon the statements of the woman Coulomb and her husband, and that testimony from such a source was not only tainted and polluted but that, from its origin alone, it should have been excluded from the consideration of honorable persons.

We pointed out, moreover, that the career of H. P. Blavatsky, from the time when she surrendered a high worldly position, wealth and luxury and power, was one of unswerving adhesion to the highest ideals to which the human soul can aspire, and that the inspiration of human brotherhood was the star which led her through the dark waters of pain and sorrow, but from which she never took her eyes. It would be possible, it would be easy, it would, indeed, be a very joyous labor of love to follow her career almost from day to day, and to categorically disprove the muddied slanders of those whose infamy will be their only claim to the memory of humanity. There is, however, a judgment bar higher than the human intellect with its pride of analysis and prejudice, and the gratitude of

Character of the Coulombs

a justice denied by sectarian and retrogressive bitterness and hate. There are, none the less, some few further points which we would present to our readers, not at all in the way of argument or discussion, but only in answer to requests from those who think it their privilege to defend a great teacher and friend. These will serve to throw some additional side-light upon the character of the Coulombs, the tools which were used by those who were more responsible and therefore more culpable than themselves. Those points are selected almost at random from contemporary records. Here, for example, is an extract from those public records published in October, 1884, soon after the Coulombs had unveiled their attack:

When, owing to bad health, H. P. Blavatsky left the (Indian) Headquarters for Europe, Madame Coulomb offered to take charge of her rooms, and was allowed to do so. . . . When a large number of complaints had been brought against her it was considered necessary to convene a meeting of the General Council to try the charges. As no proper defense was forthcoming, the Coulombs were ordered to be expelled from the Society. For some time they resisted and refused to give up possession of the rooms.

Here, then, we have something more than a side-light upon the motive of their malice. At the time when they publicly attacked their benefactor they were in the position of servants, discharged from their employ-

The Role of Judas Iscariot

ment for disgraceful offenses. There is no court of law in the world which would accept such testimony as theirs, but when religious bigotry sits upon the bench there is nothing rejected except the truth. Turning now rapidly over the pages of records, all of which were published to the world at the time, we find that H. P. Blavatsky was interviewed in London by a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who wished to know what she had to say about the attack which had been made upon her by the Coulombs. Her own words are more eloquent than any paraphrase of our own, and we therefore quote a few sentences. She says:

The whole story is very simple. Madame Coulomb was a woman whom I had befriended and whose avarice I had checked. . . . She was in the habit of professing to discover hidden treasures, . . . and I interfered on two occasions to prevent her taking money from persons whom she had persuaded that she could reveal hidden deposits of treasure in their land. I said that it was little better than receiving money under false pretenses, and from that moment she vowed revenge. When we reached Europe we were warned . . . that mischief was brewing. We communicated with the Coulombs and the Board of Control concerning these communications. We received in reply a letter from the Cou-

She Had Taken up the Cross

lombs, dated only two days before their so-called revelations, in which they professed most emphatically their devotion to The Theosophical Society, and indignantly repudiated any suspicion that they were not faithful to the Cause. Two days afterwards came a telegram announcing their expulsion by the Board of Control and Council, for *dishonesty*.

At the end of the same interview we find her emphasizing the point which we have tried to make clear as to her obvious freedom from all unworthy motive, and the painful price which she was paying for the unselfish work which she had undertaken to do. She says:

What object can we have? We make no money. We seek no notoriety. We only gain abuse. What do we gain? Is it a pleasure, think you, to be held up to the scorn and the hatred of Christendom? I do not find it so, and would very much prefer to live remote in some cave to enduring the contumely and disdain heaped upon me, because I have been selected to make known to an unbelieving world the great truths of occult philosophy.

Before putting away the records of these early days of storm, our attention is arrested by a statement published in 1884, to the effect that the Coulombs were well known to have hawked their "evidence" about from place to place in search of a purchaser, finally found in the mis-

**A "Chris-
tian" Paid
the Gold**

sionary management of the *Christian College Magazine*, by whom they were paid a sum of about \$45. The report says:

That was a paltry sum for the Coulombs, but as there was no better market for their wares they had to accept that pittance.

We may be asked how it is that an attack so transparently fraudulent, should yet find credence and should seem to meet with a momentary measure of success. To this we might suggest many considerations and even many parallels. Socrates, for instance, was put to death with the almost unanimous approval of the most cultured society that the world has known. He was put to death because he slighted the gods, whose popular worship placed money and power at the disposal of a few. The *odium theologicum* of his day was strong enough to blind the people and to lash them into fury while it robbed them of their gold. Theological hatred is stronger today than it was then. At that time it killed its victim at one stroke. Now it allows that victim to bleed to death through the wounds inflicted by slander. If there is any one ignorant of what that hate can do let them picture to themselves what it has done in our midst here, restrained as it is by law and opinion. Those who still dare to express their devotion to the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, of W. Q. Judge and of Katherine Tingley, have been denounced as Pagans by

**The Willing
Pens of
Slander**

professed followers of Christ, and for offenses which we will not soil our pages by naming. This has been done in the face of the whole world, and not once but again and again. Imagine now what these men would do if they could. Picture the character of

Cotton Mather without his austere asceticism, and we have the far more hideous figure of the Twentieth century persecution in America. Now transfer such an one to India. Make him a member of a race dominant by power, by wealth and by color, the protege of a governing class, with no check whatever upon his rapacity, his insolence and his arrogance. There we have the clerical persecutors of H. P. Blavatsky, who was a Russian, and therefore in India a foreigner twice over. There we have the explanation of the easy insolence with which her high-placed traducers were able to dictate their slanders to a thousand willing pens, to whisper them into a thousand willing ears.

But few know how deeply bias has struck its roots into the soil of our social system. We do not realize the number and power of those who are interested in resisting change and withstanding progress, and the still greater number of those who are indolent enough to resent enthusiasm. Even in the absence of positive evil intent, all these forces are enlisted in prejudice against those who disturb a world which slumbers while thieves break through and steal. The slumbers and the thieves alike join hands against those whose words are an alarm and in whose hands there is a light.

**Unbroken
Thread of
Persecution**

The story of H. P. Blavatsky will not have been told in vain if it persuade some few to recognize that there have been those within our midst from the beginning, whose evil craft is subtle enough to use our best impulses for their own ends, whether those impulses be religious or domestic; that there are those who, caring nothing whatever for religion, yet bend the simple faith of others into a hostility where there should be only fraternity. The story will not be in vain if it succeed in indicating the thread of persistent intention by which these many years of slander are connected, if it succeed in showing an orderly and reasoned sequence in acts of persecution, unbroken now for a quarter of a century.

The Sun and the Sea

THE illustration on the cover page of the *NEW CENTURY PATH* this week shows a beautiful picture of sea and sky that was caught by the camera-man from the western slope of Loma-land at sunset. Mountains of rosy- and golden-hued clouds hide the sun itself from view, but the outer rim of the cloud banks and the peaceful surface of the ocean are aflame with a wonderful glow that tells of the erstwhile hidden presence of the lord of day, on his journey to lands beyond the sea.

Modern Bull-Fight

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Los Angeles Express* writes to that paper with regard to the bull-fights which have recently been held at Tia Juana. He says:

It was brutal and abhorrent to all. The bulls were tame and had no more fight in them than coyotes, but the toreadors and banderillo throwers evidently enjoyed the work of torturing the beasts. I never want to see an exhibition of the kind again. I have seen contests between real fighting bulls in the City of Mexico, where toreadors have been killed, but I never before saw tame animals pitted against skilled fighters. Why, the gatekeeper could have taken any one of the poor broken-down brutes by the horns and thrown and tied it without assistance.

As each bull—there were only three—was turned into the pit and the fighters waved their varicolored mantles at it, the animal appeared dazed and ran back to the corral. Then the cruel process began and dart after dart was sunk into the shoulders of the beasts. Even these drastic measures failed to arouse any fight in the animals. Two of them did paw the earth and throw dust over their bleeding sides, but they made no charge on their tormentors, and one after another was sent through the gate, returning as meekly and mildly as cows being driven into a barnyard by a small boy.

Something like 1200 persons attended, mostly Americans. All expressed disgust over the affair and marveled why the governor of Lower California should tolerate such an exhibition.

It would seem from this account that these bull-fights were not only brutal but also cowardly. There is a stage in human evolution when brutality is the ruling factor and we have not yet entirely passed that stage. Cowardice, however, is no part of any legitimate evolution and a cowardly brutality is simply a hideous perversion of human instinct. The crowds that witnessed these "bull-fights" saw no exhibition of courage, however brutal, but only a display of cowardly cruelty in which they themselves participated.

No protest ever made has been better justified than that made from the stage of Isis Theatre by Katherine Tingley. STUDENT

Affairs in Cuba

WE regret to observe that there has been some slight disturbance in Cuba, which seems, however, from the latest reports to have entirely ceased and to have been little more than an alarm. Very few details are to hand, but sufficient to form a basis for exaggeration by those whose interest it may be to magnify the difficulties against which the Cuban Government has hitherto contended with such signal success.

It is unfortunate that there should be any in Cuba, however uneducated, who are unable to patiently endure the difficulties, and it may be the privations of transition from tyranny to freedom. Peace brings its own demands upon heroism, demands as noble and as exacting as any which can be furnished by war, and Cuba still asks confidently from her sons the patient valor and the self-restraint which made them the admiration of the world.

Whatever may be the cause of the disturbance which we so heartily deplore, we have every confident expectation that the counsel of a true patriotism will speedily prevail, and that there will not be found any section whatever of the Cuban people who will allow themselves to be blinded by hardships, or who will look at their own supposed self interests to the exclusion of the general good of the Republic. Social problems are not solved by violence, and acts of force should be consecrated only to the cause of freedom and to the defense of the helpless. X.

The English Education Act

THE sleepy little town of Bury St. Edmunds in England, which has slumbered for centuries, has been aroused at last. A large number of distraint warrants have been issued for non-payment of the education rate, and something very much like a riot ensued when an effort was made to sell by auction the goods which had been seized. For a long time the proceedings seemed to be impossible so great was the turmoil, but eventually the sale was allowed to proceed on the understanding that the goods were being bought in by friends of those who were thus heroically protesting against the loss of religious freedom and against a system of education devised and intended to strengthen Episcopal authority. When the time comes to write a new book of martyrs there will be space to record the self-sacrifices of these men who are thus willing to see their homes sold over their heads. STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Art, the Soul, and Machinery

THERE is a cry from Chicago that machinery is not only doing work which ought to be done by hand, but public taste has so deteriorated that the machine-made work is actually preferred. An extraordinary story was told at a meeting of University Settlement workers, which has just been held at the University. It seems that a certain Greek fruit dealer has been evicted from his tenement for the sin of carving his ugly wooden door-post with designs which he had used for high-class church decoration in Greece. It was pointed out that the landlord would have rhapsodized over that same piece of carving had he seen it while upon a European tour. But Grecian art in Greece, and Grecian art in Chicago are two different things.

It will indeed be a misfortune if manual art skill is to be destroyed by machinery. The charm of wood-carving, for example, is the impress which it bears of the individuality of the workman. This it is which makes it an art, and puts it beyond the reach of imitation, but not unfortunately beyond the reach of caricature. Art cannot be produced by a machine, because a machine can neither think, nor imagine, nor aspire. Art is the expression of a living soul, and it is therefore not surprising that the Twentieth century prefers machinery. STUDENT

Difficulties are things that show what men are.—*Epictetus*

Dangers of Absinthe Drinking

SO far as absinthe drinking in America is concerned the regular program seems to be unfolding itself. First come the rumors, vague and uncertain, that absinthe is actually to be found in some of our great cities and that many Americans are secretly acquiring the habit. Then we learn that it is openly advertised and that daily increasing numbers are becoming confirmed in its use. The third chapter is represented by a report which reaches us from Baltimore to the effect that the son of an ex-Senator has committed suicide entirely as a result of absinthe drinking. There were no business worries, no ascertainable troubles of any kind.

It is unfortunate that the importation of this evil habit was not accompanied by some knowledge of its effect. Absinthe is unlike all other intoxicants both in seductiveness and in the moral and physical destructiveness of its action. Surely both government and local authorities would do well to make this generally known and thereby to save many from acquiring a habit from which so many tragedies have sprung. STUDENT

Learn the past and you will know the future.—*Confucius*

Teach Children Their Own Power

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy," sings Shakespeare, and the inference is, that when we grow up, it deserts us. Could we preserve the sweetness and peace of infancy into the riper knowledge and power of maturity, what a blessing would human life become! The way to do this lies in the *protecting* of children from the intrusive demons that enter the enchanted palace and destroy its peace; or rather, in showing children how to protect themselves by calling in the all-powerful aid of the Soul. But a truer wisdom is first needed in parents—a truer love. With the best and kindest intentions they spoil their children in a hundred different ways, sinning through ignorance of the real nature of man. Parents neglect to check the early manifestations of self-will and self-indulgence, because these are "so pretty and cute," and so the lower nature of the child gets a lead which it never loses. Thus do we blunderingly perpetrate cruel crimes against our offspring.

Mme. Blavatsky, who founded the Theosophical Society, said that Theosophy was specially efficacious to children, and that in after years children would be brought up in accordance with its simple, practical truths. The seeds which she sowed years ago have now sprung up and children are being so brought up in Loma-land, thus showing that Theosophy can solve the actual needs of life. STUDENT

The Food Values of Sugar

A DISCUSSION is arising in the medical world on the food value of sugar. Some of it constitutes a curious example of misapplied chemistry. For instance: It is known that sugar is apt to ferment in the stomach and generate alcohol. In fact there are probably few stomachs healthy enough to prevent this. Alcohol is an antiseptic, and checks fermentation when it is present in sufficient quantity. Rickets is a disease due to lactic acid, which is a product of fermentation. It is therefore urged, as a treatment of rickets, that enough sugar be given to the child to generate (by one kind of fermentation), enough alcohol to check the other kind of fermentation—the lactic acid kind! In other words, you treat rickets by keeping the little growing body for months under the influence of alcohol!

Another writer remarks that "it seems to be a sort of instinct with children with weak bones and thin blood," to eat sugar. And he argues that sugar must be good for that condition. It has not occurred to him that in many cases the eating of sugar in season and out of season was the *cause* of the child's condition, and that the "sort of instinct" only existed because of parental ignorance and indulgence.

It is the writer's experience, based upon careful observation of large groups of children of all ages, that they are better and healthier without any sugar other than that contained naturally in the foods they eat. In the latter case there appears to be an organic relation between the food product and its self-produced sugar. To remove the sugar, subject it to all kinds of processes, and then give it separately from the fruit or grain or vegetable to which it owes its origin is a fracture of that relation. This, experience would at any rate suggest. M. D.

Any coward can fight a battle when he is sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he is sure of losing.—*George Eliot*

A judicious reticence is hard to learn, but it is one of the great lessons of life.—*Chesterfield*

Do the Teachers Improve?

THE Sunday-School Union of England has recently held a conference over which Mr. George White, M. P., presided. Mr. White believed that the schools have improved and that the children have improved, but the teachers, he thinks, have not improved. He says:

We cannot look upon educational work of any kind at present without seeing sectarian strife. The church will have to bend to its work of giving religious instruction to children, and prepare itself by self-denial and work for the time when the care of the religious instruction of children passes into its hands.

Mr. White here places his finger upon the destruction point of educational work, not only in England, but throughout the world. Creeds may appear to flourish and to be a source of strength while schisms are young and enthusiasm great, but the time comes, and it has now come everywhere, when all creeds must be thrown into the crucible to be tried by fire. We have now to face the absolute impossibility of teaching children anything whatever without a previously attained unity among the teachers, and that unity can never be reached through the dividing walls of dogma. Mr. White looks forward to the day when the religious teachings of children will pass entirely into the hands of the church. It is a far view, a very far view, and we think it probable that he is confusing the past with the future. The churches have a great mission which may so easily become a divine mission, but the religious training of children can be done by no other human influence than that of the parents. It is surely an extraordinary view of religion which supposes that it can be imparted at set hours and places like arithmetic or reading.

The greatest of all religious lessons must be taught in the cradle by a look, a word, or a touch, and by the ideals of the mother and the father which fashion parental lives of divinest example. The Sunday-school has its uses and its great possibilities. It will be untrue to both if it seeks to take from the shoulders of mothers or of fathers one grain of the burden of responsibility which belongs to them. STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Strange Fortune of a Disguised Stradivarius

MANY years ago in one of our Southern towns two wandering Italian musicians were playing before a little cottage, where dwelt the village doctor, who listened to the strains of the heavenly music, "The Angel's Serenade," as played by the Italian duo, "a violin and harp." The old doctor being an enthusiastic amateur violinist himself desired to purchase the violin, and forthwith made overtures to the player if he would part with it, but the Italian was loth to give up his "serenate," as he called the violin, and held it tightly to his breast. After a good deal of dickering the violin was purchased at a fancy price, and the Cremona became the property of the doctor, who often afterwards delighted his friends with the entrancing music from the old violin.

In time the old doctor played his final note and passed away, and for over seventy years the violin was laid away where dust and dirt destroyed the wonderful beauty of its varnish, and partly broken it was presented to an amateur player who, after gluing up the parts, painted it over several times with a dark, dirty varnish, thereby partly ruining the tone of the instrument. Being a country dance fiddler he knew no better, and in time grew tired of its muted tone, caused by the varnish, although it never lost its wonderful sweetness. He traded it off for a new fiddle to one of his friends, who sent it to an eastern violin maker, who repaired it and placed it in good playing order, as directed by his patron, who neglected, however, to have the dirty old paint removed. This man was a clever soloist, and for years played his violin in the little country church, but there was something wrong about the violin, and at last he parted with it and I became the possessor of the violin. Desiring to find out its true value, I took it to several so-called violin collectors who, on examining it claimed it was of no value. In fact, to sum up the question, they didn't know, although every one of them looked wise and claimed it was not an Italian violin. And after

keeping it for years I decided to dispose of it to a teacher, who called at my place and selected it, along with seven others, for \$40. This teacher's violin class is composed mostly of ladies, and Professor So-and-so, having an artistic taste for beauty, decided to have all the violins nicely colored and varnished, so as to dispose of them to the best advantage, and consequently the violins were placed in the hands of an old German repairer, who had repaired hundreds of old Cremona instruments during his lifetime, and knew what the Cremona varnish looked like as soon as he saw it. After all the violins were repaired he started to varnish the old instrument as mentioned in this article, and after rubbing in some alcohol, the dirty paint was washed away, when behold! the most beautiful colors came to view, and in an instant the old man knew he had a Cremona.

Being an honest man, he notified the teacher of the great discovery of a lost Stradivarius. Here was a genuine Stradivarius that sold a few years ago for \$1000, and this same violin had hung on my wall for years, had passed through the hands of a dozen experts, and I had finally sold it along with the rest for \$5 each. The first violin maker that repaired it, said that its voicing was perfect, that, in fact, he had never played on a sweeter-toned violin, and he would have made the discovery if he had removed the paint that was daubed over it.—*Musical Enterprise*

"He That Hath Ears to Hear, Let Him Hear"

IT is a well-known fact that nature always works in harmonies. It is also known that musical notes have geometric values and numerical relations; thus the tonic, fifth and octave, are as 2, 3, 4. It is a law that certain geometrical forms combine and others do not. It is a law that any plant is constructed upon certain characteristic curves and angles, this being the case with mineral crystals also. Every plant has some dominant number in its flowers, and another in its leaves and others elsewhere. The structure of a plant may therefore be expressed in a geometrical or in a numerical formula, and this formula may be reduced to notes and expressed as a musical harmony—if one knows how. And the species of a genus will unite in a greater harmony, and these into greater—if one knows how. And perhaps that harmony will reveal the laws of medicine—if one can understand. And perhaps the botany built upon the musical geometry of plants, and the biology built upon the musical geometry of animals, would be rational and coherent—who knows? Perhaps we ourselves are invisible and tangible music, if we could hear the harmony, if we but knew how to make it audible by altruism. STUDENT



INDIAN STATUE AND FOUNTAIN, HAVANA, CUBA

Remarkable Violinistic Feats

SOME remarkable cases of sight-reading by musicians have gone on record. I once heard Joachim read a very difficult work at sight with orchestra. It was Max Bruch's "Serenade," a big four-movement work, more like a concerto than a serenade. The Nestor of violinists played it straight through without a break, although he did some effective scratching!

Sarasate read the Bruch "Third Concerto"—the most difficult of the Bruch concertos—right off at first sight. Paganini's celebrated violinistic duel with Lapont created a sensation at the time. The Frenchman, who considered himself the greatest violinist living, challenged the Italian to a public duel with violins as weap-

ons. He brought his own very difficult duets, which he had thoroughly studied for the fray. He sent Paganini the parts he was to play a few days before the concert, but the great Italian disdained to look at them, saying the public rehearsal would be time enough.

At the rehearsal Paganini played his parts straight off at first sight so perfectly that everybody was astonished, most of all Lapont. In the evening Paganini added variations, and made his part so difficult by playing all sorts of double stopping that Lapont was completely disconcerted and could not play even as well as usual. The public, of course, proclaimed Paganini the victor, and Lapont left town in a rage.

One of the greatest feats of sight reading I ever witnessed was by Michael Banner, the young American violinist. He read off at first sight the "Lucia" Fantasia for violin alone, by Léon de Saint-Lubin. This piece abounds in technical difficulties of the highest order, as three- and four-part playing, sustained melody with left hand pizzicato accompaniment, all kinds of double stopping, very rapid and difficult passage work, veritable *tours de force* in the way of cadenzas—in short, it is a tremendously difficult work. Banner not only read it, but he played it; he brought out the beauties of the piece. It was a remarkable feat—one worth going on record.—*Musical Courier*

WOMAN'S WORLD

GREAT HEARTS HAVE LARGEST ROOM TO BLESS THE SMALL:
STRONG NATURES GIVE THE WEAKER HOME AND REST.

—LUCY LARCOM

The Woman and the Libel



RECENT cable from Paris announces that a certain woman artist of that city has just been awarded heavy damages in her libel suit against M. Duval, better known by his pen name of "Jean Lorraine." It is stated that not since the President of the Chamber of Deputies won his suit against the *Libre Parole* have such heavy damages been secured. The judgment indicates clearly where the responsibility belongs, condemning the manager of the paper to a fine of 100 francs, awarding the plaintiff 50,000 francs damages for which the owners of the publication are responsible, and requiring of "Jean Lorraine" himself 2,000 francs fine and two months imprisonment. The article in question was scurrilous in the extreme and, although the woman's name was not mentioned, it was recognized as having allusion to her, and the court easily gave judgment in her favor.

And within the last few months the proprietor of a California newspaper has been sued for libel—and by a woman—being required by the jury to pay heavy damages. These are signs of the times. These two are not the first women to be traduced and slandered in public print; but they are the first, or among the first, who have sufficient courage to meet their traducers in the courts and worst them in fair battle. What an inspiration is their example to other women who have suffered, and who will suffer, from the venom-fed pen of some slanderer! Many a woman has had her peace taken away and her life-work destroyed by baseless slanders set afloat in a newspaper.

Not long ago in California a young woman was outrageously libeled. Her brother shot the editor, but the woman today is a victim of nervous prostration, the result of worry. And as all the public knows, one of our most beloved actresses is today wearing out her little fragment of life—her reason quite gone—in an eastern sanitarium, the result of a scandalous and unwarranted attack upon her character, which was given publicity in the newspapers. Her friends came to the rescue, and forced her traducer, a lawyer, to publicly admit that he had been hired to utter confessed lies; but the harm had been done. A talented life was ruined, and those who ruined it are scot free. Other women will cross their path in the years to come. Other women will be libeled, until some time a woman will be met who will teach these fiends the lesson they deserve.

That is the pitiful part of it all. Out of their very suffering these women might have gained the strength to strike a blow, not alone for themselves, but for all women. Why had they not the courage to do so?

Womanhood today is crushed under a two-fold weight—heredity on

Will by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THERE is no chance, no destiny or fate.
Can circumvent or hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing. Will alone is great.
All things give way before it soon or late.
What obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-seeking river in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?

Each well born soul must win what it deserves.
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim. Why, even Death stands still,
And waits an hour sometimes for such a will.



HOWTH CASTLE, IRELAND

one side and public opinion on the other. For centuries the womanhood of the world has not been allowed to get a free breath. To dare to stand erect and in the sunlight was to invite persecution and proclaim oneself as "peculiar," "erratic" or "strong-minded." Of course, a few women in all ages have had the courage, the strength and trust to still stand within the citadel of their own souls and demand their soul's rights. In Greece such women were called "Heteræ," or "the different," yes, even in Periclean Athens. It is not difficult to see

why Greece went down when, at the period of her greatest glory, the average Athenian woman was a virtual prisoner within the inner rooms of her own house. And the women of today have, with rare exceptions, an inherited timidity which overshadows all their stronger qualities and finally leads them, if not conquered, to the very brink of destruction. Is it fear of Mrs. Grundy? The Soul has no such fear; for by that misunderstood law which expresses itself in self-preservation, the soul stands ready to face all things, to dare all things, to conquer all things before it shall allow its influence and power to be blotted out.

The loss of one's life is a

slight thing compared with the loss of one's power to serve humanity.

It looks very much as though the tide were turning. A few women here and there, have thrown off that hideous fear—fear of their own convictions, fear of public opinion—which has shut the womanhood of the world away from all its possibilities for ages.

These are not content to wait for some brother or husband to horse-whip their traducers. They are not to be persuaded into nervous prostration or insanity or even unhappiness. They do not propose to become active allies in injustice by allowing their persecutors to go unpunished. Too great is their respect for their own souls. Too great is their sense of duty toward other women. Let us, as women, be grateful that some of our sisters have had the courage to face their traducers in the courts, utterly regardless of public opinion, regardless of their own comfort, willing to face more slander if need be, willing even to go down into the hell and horror of a court trial with those who may scarcely be called "human," that their souls and principle might be vindicated.

E. M.

This, above all, To thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.—SHAKESPEARE

LIFE is a mission. Every other definition of life is false and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this, that every existence is an aim.—Mazzini

A Western Sea Queen

A good man never was there
Of the O'Malleys but a mariner.
The prophets of the weather are ye.
A tribe of affection and brotherly love.



THESE lines were written by a poet of the Fourteenth century describing the famous and notorious O'Malleys who ruled a clan of fearless pirates on the west coast of Ireland. On the death of Owen O'Malley, his daughter Grace claimed the right to govern the clan, completely ignoring her young brother who by inheritance should have become chief, as it was against the law for a woman to rule. But her daring, and high-spirited indomitable courage overcame any scruples in the minds of those who knew, "and sea-rovers came from all parts to enroll themselves under the standard of the great sea queen." Her principal headquarters were upon Clare Island.

She was twice married, first to O'Donnell O'Flaherty, and after his death to Sir Richard Bourke of Mayo.

In 1593 Elizabeth invited her to attend her court in London. . . . Little is actually known of this picturesque meeting, which has provided so many poets and romancers with a theme. Dressed in her native costume, with a flowing crimson mantle and gold ornaments, this sea queen presented, no doubt, rather an awe-inspiring, than grotesque figure among the ruffled ladies of the English Court. She met Elizabeth as a sister sovereign and declined to receive the rank of Countess at her hand, because, she replied, they were of equal rank.

She, however, accepted the title Viscount Mayo, for her infant son.

When they were returning home, stormy weather forced them to seek safety in Howth harbor, where she landed and sought shelter at the castle. But she was received with scant courtesy and left standing outside the gates, "being informed that the family were at dinner." Her fierce but generous nature was roused to indignation, at such lack of hospitality, and in no peaceable frame of mind she retraced her steps. On her way fate led her to where the young heir was playing. Promptly she took possession of him and without compunction bore him away to her western home, but returned him, safe and sound, after exacting a promise,

That never again should the gate of Howth Castle be closed to the stranger at the dinner hour. To this she added the curse that if this should cease to be observed the house of St. Laurence should come to an end. For centuries the promise was faithfully fulfilled, and a plate laid for the unknown guest, the door and gates standing ajar at the dinner hour, but of late years the custom has been discontinued.

This great sea queen is said to have died in poverty, "and was buried on Clare Island, where she had built and endowed a monastery."

She was a woman who had the interests of her people at heart and when she acknowledged English rule she was faithful and true.

ANNIE P. DICK

CHARACTER is a structure, resting on foundation-stones of its own; not a vine clinging to a trellis. It is a structure, solid-built in its own right, not an ornament, nor some parasitic thing. Its pillars are the different manifestations of the Law and its noble architrave, the sublime trust that bindeth all together unto a central and fulfilling destiny. Let us be, then, Builders, in those noble and divine proportions that were shown to the wisest of the ancients, Builders of character.

K. R. G.

The Mother of Loubet

THE sweetest idyl in France today, so say those who have read a bit between its pure lines, is the love borne by President Loubet for his mother. She is more than ninety years of age, a simple, sweet-voiced peasant; but the President of France knows no happiness greater than just the chance to add some comfort to her life or to do her honor.

That this man owes all that is best in his character to his mother, he himself is the first to admit. From the time he lay in her arms, a wee swathed baby, until now, he has been first in her thoughts, the dearest in her heart. Yet her mother love was wise, far wiser than that of thousands who are socially above her. She knew the meaning of poverty and from it she taught her son the lesson of thrift. To do out the duty, the whole duty, for each day, that was the ideal she set before him in his earliest childhood, and that, of course, meant work, constant work, conscientious work. That is the secret of the success of President Loubet, the fact that he knew how to work and did not know how to slight the merest detail of even the simplest duty. As a boy, it is said that he was far from brilliant, with less courage than many of his fellows, with no marked aspirations, but with an immense capacity for work and an actual love for the duty of the hour, pleasant or unpleasant. This he owes

to the wise training of his mother and the fight with poverty that, during his boyhood, they shared together. And she has lived to share with him wealth and honor, reaping, verily, as she has sown.

A. W.



CLARE ISLAND, IRELAND

Mrs. Nugent greeted them kindly, gave them food, and finally asked them if they would help her lift a barrel of flour which was in the cellar. As soon as they were inside she closed the door and locked it. Then, sending her twelve-year-old son to the nearest ranch for help, she stood guard over that cellar door with a loaded rifle. Help arrived after two hours had elapsed and Mrs. Nugent fainted.

But she had a right to faint then.

From the "Spanish Student"

of LONGFELLOW

. I believe
That woman in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, in a spirited talk given in London recently, regarding the proposed displacement of women from direct cooperation in the management of national education, spoke most feelingly in opposition to it. She wittily remarked "that it might be true that the average woman was not up to the level of the average man in these fields, but it was not the average woman who desired at the present moment to take part in these matters."

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Battle of Salamis Described in Ode by Timotheus

THE *Independent* chronicles one of the most remarkable literary finds of recent years. Herr Borchardt has discovered in a very ancient mummy case an ode by Timotheus describing the battle of Salamis. When the mummy case was opened it was found to contain, in addition to the mummy, a leather purse, a sponge, a piece of iron and a piece of wood and the papyrus in question. The latter was found to be forty-three inches long, and to contain five columns of Greek writing. The columns were in a very decayed condition, but having been pieced together with great care the last three were found to be complete and legible.

The text has now been translated and published in Berlin by the German scholar, Professor Wilamowitz-Möllendorff. And from the German it has been translated into English by Paul Elmer More. The few stanzas which follow suffice to show the remarkable vigor of the composition and the extraordinary battle scene which it depicts:

(4) And for the oars they threw out a great structure like a cornice, set with holes like teeth, strong to smite. And the heads of the stay-beams, projecting a little, swept away the enemy's oars. Now, if without warning, so great a blow were given with these as to break the thwarts, then all the seamen would try to leap upon the hostile vessel; and if the shock threatened to fall like a thunder-bolt on the ship's side, then with strong rowing they would pull the ship back. And as many of the oars as were broken and borne hither and thither, leaving bare the ship's flanks and the surrounding out-works, into these they dashed with the ram and struck them down so that they turned and sank headlong—but first all their beauty was destroyed by the iron head of the ram.

(22) And like thunder-bolts the murderous shafts were sent whirling from their hands, and on the bodies of the foe fell still quivering from their flight through the air. Masses of compact lead also were hurled, and flaming balls set on rods, such as are used for lashing beasts of burden. And many were slaughtered by serpents having well-feathered wings and brazen heads and drawn tight by cords [that is, by arrows]. And the emerald sea in the depths of the waves turned crimson where fire spurted from the ships. And unceasingly rose the cries for help and groaning.

(174) And when the barbarians hastened their flight back, then straightway they drew from their hands the two-edged javelins and tore their faces with their nails. The fair-woven garments of Persia they rent about their breasts, and shrill rose the lamentation of the Asiatics. And all the multitude gathered together by the king, gave themselves up to much groaning because of their terror, beholding the sorrow to be. And when the king saw the mingled host turning to wild flight, he fell upon his knees and did violence to his body, and cried out in the tempest of his calamities: "Alas for the ruin of my home! Alas for the deadly fire of the Greek ships! for ye have caused to perish all the young men of my army. The ships that were ours are lost and shall not bear us hence; the devouring might of fire with its fierce flame will burn them, and there shall be sorrow making moan for the land of Persia. Alas for the heavy fate that brought me into Greece. But come, delay not; yoke the four-horse chariot, and others of you pile unreckoned wealth on the wagons, set fire to the tents, lest there be any profit to them from our riches."

(210) And the Greeks, having set up a trophy, that most holy of the shrines of Zeus, raised a song of pæan to the protecting god.

Recent Archeological Finds in Abydos, Egypt

PROF. FLINDERS PETRIE has now given some account of the past season's excavations at Abydos. At a depth of about 20 feet the remains of ten successive temples were found. As the report points out, a study of these temples will probably give us some insight into the whole of Egyptian history, or at any rate a vast extent of it.

But the report is otherwise, in one respect, self-contradictory. For whilst it places the beginning of Egyptian history at about 5000 B. C., (the date of Menes, founder of the "first dynasty") it points out that in such respects as the ruins permit us to judge of, the standard of civilization appears then as high as in those far later periods when it was formerly considered at its culmination. In other words, the glory of Egyptian

civilization, when at the dawn of history we first catch sight of it, was already at its height. According to H. P. Blavatsky, it had then *passed* its height and was going down. And according to the same authority, any such date as 5000 B. C., for Menes, is far, far, too early. We think that within the next five years, research will establish this and correct the craze for foreshortening history.

The Abydos excavations have now revealed the fact that Egyptian art work, in carving and pottery, at the earliest times, was equal to the best work of historical Greece and Rome,

and proves identical with that of Crete in the Neolithic age. Among the recent finds was an ivory statue of Cheops, which, dating from the fourth dynasty, is of the finest workmanship. The camel and bear, in pottery and ivory, have also been found, thus extending the fauna of ancient Egypt. And a piece of iron, belonging to the sixth dynasty, unexpectedly shows the use of that metal at any rate so far back. K.

Axes, Knives and Spear Points Discovered in Australia

AUSTRALIA has so far not become particularly remarkable for archeologic discoveries, but this may be due more to lack of search than to lack of material. District Inspector Milne of the railway department has recently made an exploration tour of the south coast line between Ulladulla and Bateman's bay, and he has discovered forty-one polished stone axes, together with knives, spear points and many other implements. The remains of three skeletons were also found. A visit was paid to a cave some miles north of Milton. The cave is about 60 feet long and when it was first discovered it contained over one hundred aboriginal drawings in charcoal and red ochre. These have, however, nearly disappeared. Two other caves were also found in a nearly inaccessible portion of the range, and these, too, contained drawings. We shall hope to hear more of these curious discoveries.

A FARMER near Princeton, Illinois, has dug up a stone plow which is believed to be a relic of the mound builders. It is of red stone, triangular in form, and measures about thirteen inches each way.



FLUTE DANCE CEREMONIES OF MOQUI INDIANS, ORAIBI, ARIZONA

Nature

Studies

LOMA-LAND LEMONS



Out of Tune

by WORDSWORTH

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Some Interesting Vagaries of Plant Life and Growth

THE manner in which different plants respond to changed conditions is one of the most fascinating features of plant study. Taking the single factor of water, it is found that there are many varied effects produced by its scarcity or abundance, each style of effect being characteristic of certain types of plant growth. If water is withheld from some plants they will die at the tips; from others, and they will die all over; while other sorts will simply dwarf their growth. On the other hand, if water is plentifully supplied, some plants will respond at once, others will wait to complete the growth already begun, maybe a week or a month before showing increased activity. Still others will apparently die in parts, abandon the old plan and start wholly new growth.

These peculiarities are evidently due to differences in the degree of foresight in the plant's plans. Some use their supply as gathered. They keep little or no stock on hand, either of plans or material, consequently their growth differs from day to day. Other sorts have their growth planned and the patterns ready-made for some time ahead. With such plants an increase of water will increase the speed of their growth, but will not make much change in the character of it until the plans in the stock are all used. Some annual sorts make all their plans when they first sprout, and can scarcely be induced to change them by any profusion of water afterward. Is it possible that plants, or plant builders, have characters and temptations? Truly it appears so. G.

The Floor of the Pacific May Reveal a Great Secret

MR. MEEHAN, the Fish Commissioner of the State of Pennsylvania, has contributed a very interesting article to the *Windsor Magazine*, descriptive of the Pacific voyages of the *Albatross*, and the discoveries that were made of the formation of the bed of the ocean and the life thereon. The bottom of the Pacific appears for the most part to be a vast plain, broken here and there by mountain peaks, some of which rise to the surface forming islands. Elsewhere there are immense hollows, as for instance, near Guam, where the depth of water was found to be five and a half miles. Large numbers of fish of entirely new varieties were discovered, many of them very beautifully colored and making excellent food. Over other areas there seemed to be no life whatever, while still other parts of the sea-floor are covered with low forms of life. Different kinds of animals were found at varying depths, the intermediate waters in some places being so richly stocked that the constant descent of their bodies as they die, forms a thick layer of remains at the bottom.

This romance of the vast domain of the Pacific has a peculiar fascination about it. However careful the investigation, however perfect the appliances, it would seem as though the half could never be known nor told. It is the very abode of mystery, and we may yet find that it covers the hidden record of a human history, of an unsuspected age and of an advancement undreamed of.

STUDENT

Where the Vegetable and the Animal Kingdoms Unite

A WRITER in the *Birds and Nature* magazine is of the opinion, supported by good evidence, that such things as the sensitive plant and the insectivorous plants are combinations of animal and vegetable natures in the same organisms. Their power of catching insects and sometimes larger game is so great that wholly distinct leaves will bend around to assist in a difficult capture. Many substances which are poisonous or narcotic in their effects upon animals are stimulants or tonics to plants. By administering such substances to these plants it is found that the animal nature of the plant, that is, the power to move, to catch insects, etc., is affected as a real animal would be, while the vegetable nature of the plant remains unaffected, or else is affected in the opposite way.

It is interesting to recall, in this connection, the Theosophical doctrine that every organism is in process of becoming something higher, and has more or less of the higher nature in it.

The sensual, animal desires of man and the restraining moral and ethical sense, being, as they so plainly are, oppositely affected by the same things, offer an interesting parallel to the dual nature of such plants. We believe that experiments of this sort upon the more ordinary plants, especially those which show great individual adaptability, would yield interesting and valuable results, both in determining the degree of duality and also to distinguish between animal and vegetable senses. STUDENT

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.
Oh earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mists, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.—Tennyson



EASTER LILIES FROM A LOMA-LAND GARDEN

How the Bottle-Bird of India Protects Its Nest

AN interesting fact, vouched for by the natives and confirmed by European observers is that "the baya, or 'bottle-bird,' of India," after weaving its nest with wonderful ingenuity and art, affixes about the entrance to its odd-shaped home numerous clay balls.

These balls serve as candlesticks for some extremely odd candles, the candles in question being nothing else than fire beetles, which in that part of the world glow with a brilliancy unknown to the natives of colder regions. The birds catch the beetles and stick them, while alive of course, into the clay balls where they remain and furnish quite an illumination. If the object of the captor in thus utilizing his prisoners is to protect himself from his numerous enemies, he is thoroughly successful. Snakes and all others who prey upon him are frightened away by the lights with which he guards his home.—Louis Jamison in *Birds and Nature*

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

WE use no mere figure of speech in describing the Raja Yoga children's service at the Isis Theatre last Sunday night as a red letter event for San Diego, and that nearly two thousand people received an object lesson in educational methods, with a delighted appreciation which they expressed by continuous and heartfelt applause. The sidewalk in front of the main entrance and down the block was filled with people long before the appointed hour, and within a very few minutes of the opening of the doors many hundreds of the would-be auditors were disconsolately convinced that the Theatre was full and admission impossible. Even the topmost gallery was filled by those who were willing to face any inconvenience to see and to hear what they could.

The appearance of the stage crowded with children, was particularly pleasing. The little ones were dressed in Greek costumes of many colors and of accurate designs, and the whole scene seemed to be a picture, snatched as it were, from ancient Athens, when beauty of mind found also beautiful expression.

Where everything was excellent it is not easy to select points for special commendation. The various performances of the children from Cuba were, of course, of a special interest, not only because they were admirable in themselves, but also from the natural sympathy which Mrs. Tingley's audiences must always feel for efforts of this nature and from such a source. Ana Marie Puente distinguished herself as a vocalist in a duet with Charles Savage. Their song, "Merry June," was a charming one, and it was charmingly sung, while little Marie Diaz recited "The Arrow and the Song" with vivacity and marked success. Antonio Diaz was another Cuban scholar whose future career ought certainly to be a remarkable one and of benefit to his country. The paper which he read was full of bold thought, carefully expressed and delivered in a voice which reached every part of the Theatre. A few sentences will illustrate its tone and scope. He said that at the Raja Yoga School "harmony must begin to grow right down in our own natures. We must always have our minds in tune; we must make harmony abide there. With the body in harmony and the mind in harmony, a beautiful flower grows in our heart, and becomes our master, our loving teacher. Harmony in the body, harmony in the mind, creates a new life in the heart, and that part of our nature that never dies, the eternal self, begins to work, to lead us away from all that makes up the unhealthy, ill-tempered, selfish and useless boys and girls." Among other Cuban children who were especially noticeable may be mentioned Altura Alberni, whose English was very creditable, and little Isabel Cos, one of the eleven children who were recently detained at Ellis Island, and whose beautiful dress and perfect English were alike remarked.

Other papers were read by Iverson Harris and by Thorley von Holst. That of the former was entitled "The Starting Point in a Boy's Life," and was a sketch of the influence of right training when undertaken from the beginning. "It is common sense," he said, "that as soon as a child can raise its hand to strike, or pull, or grab, it should be taught to help itself, no matter how little." Thorley von Holst's paper was entitled, "Think More." He told his audience that "to think more is to do more, and to love more."

Isis audiences have no favorites among these children, but they certainly do like to hear little Margaret Hanson play the piano. This tiny child must have been almost invisible from the back of the Theatre, and even from the front seats there may have been a momentary uncertainty as to whether the minute figure at the instrument was actually the producer of a most difficult piece of music. Her little sisters, Cora Lee and Frances, were no less admirable as reciters, as also was Ruth Westerland. Their easy and graceful gestures were perhaps perfected by training, but the basis is certainly a dramatic and natural instinct, which is rarely developed in children so young.

The chorus singing of these children unquestionably grows more admirable with each public performance. There were three such numbers of which special mention may be made of the "Lost Chord," and "Abide With Me." These songs are always welcome wherever the English language is spoken, and trebly so when performed by a chorus of children, each one of whom seems to know and to feel the meaning of the words. The final chorus was preceded by a chant, which we understand was composed by Mrs. Tingley, entirely new to the audience, but with a pathos which visibly affected very many and which will not soon be forgotten. The "Scripture Interpretations by Little Raja Yoga Philosophers," as to the

RAJA YOGA CHILDREN'S SERVICE

Isis Theatre Thronged & Hundreds Turned Away --- Great Object Lesson in Educational Methods Presented by Young Pupils of Raja Yoga School of Point Loma.

Reprinted from San Diego News

nature of which there was some speculation, proved to be a spirited discussion framed by Mrs. Tingley, in which nearly all the children seemed to join, and was an admirable illustration of the old Greek Symposium. The subject was the meaning of the text which Mrs. Tingley so forcibly used in one of her recent talks, "Call them up. Call them up. Make ready, lift the stumbling blocks out from the way of the people." Questions, answers and comments followed each other in rapid succession, brightly and vividly,

and with closed eyes one might readily imagine oneself listening to a discussion amongst grave and reverend signors, whose learning was tempered only by enthusiasm.

Many other points of this remarkable children's service might well receive lengthy comment, but it must suffice to record that the general bearing of these children was as perfect as their performance. Mrs. Tingley certainly has the secret of drawing out from these children the power of a most creditable workmanship without the slightest trace of self-consciousness, and with a quiet and easy dignity which many people of five times their average age have not acquired.

To say that the service was a thoroughly enjoyable and a highly educative one is merely to voice the sentiment of an immense and a delighted audience.

From the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph

The Ability of the Cubans

IT was insistently preached for several years that Cuba could not take care of itself and most Americans honestly believed it. American soldiers were kept in the island to maintain order long after the allotted time. Only recently did Secretary Root finally reduce the number stationed there to four companies of artillery with the understanding that these would soon be transferred from Havana and Santiago to our naval stations. The government was turned over to President Palma with reluctance and seeming doubt and fear for the future.

Yet the record for the first year is not merely encouraging, it is admirable. The record makes the reader wonder if the fears of some American statesmen were entirely sincere. One of the most interesting and important accounts is that describing the proceedings of the Cuban legislature, contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* for July by Capt. Matthew E. Hanna, military attache at the United States legation in Havana.

According to this observer, the work of the Cuban lawmakers was in general satisfactory beyond all expectation. Nearly forty bills, some of them of first importance, have been made laws. The new government has been provided with authority to carry on the administration of the republic's affairs, the constitution has been given its first interpretation, some traditions have been established and a number of political principles have appeared — some as matters of agreement and others as matters of division.

The results are the more remarkable in view of the fact that of the one hundred members of the first Cuban congress very few indeed had any experience of deliberative methods, not to say of public affairs. For four centuries the Cubans had been governed from abroad. The island was divided into provinces jealous of each other; there were no political organizations to gather the members even into groups. There was now a constitution, but interpretations of its paragraphs were nearly as numerous as people to make them. Rules of order had to be made, and, when made, interpreted; the relations of the two chambers had to be fixed; presiding officers had to be trained and the spirit of deliberation created. There was much wrangling over points that would have been already settled by precedent in an older congress, and there were parliamentary tangles that would have been impossible there.

Yet in spite of all this the necessary work was to a large extent done and done well. Conservatism prevailed. In general, the wise recommendations of President Palma were acceded to. The president exercised the right of veto but once, and put his signature to but a single bill which did not meet his entire approval. Appropriations were modest, the justice of all those made being universally conceded. The payment of the revolutionary army was provided for, and much needed loans in aid of agriculture were authorized. The rural guard was reorganized and strengthened; the diplomatic and consular service was organized; the tariff was reformed; treaties with the United States were made; education and sanitary service were taken care of. Some 3,400 teachers are now employed in teaching 150,000 pupils. There has not been a case of yellow fever in Havana for two



STUDENTS' MEMORIAL, HAVANA, CUBA

the death from consumption at San Diego, of Mrs. J. R. Lamb, of Sioux City, who, with her husband, has for long worked energetically in the cause of The Universal Brotherhood Organization. Throughout her life Mrs. Lamb has done practical work for humanity, a work which took its highest and most direct form upon her introduction to Theosophy.

The Arrival of Mr. Oppermann

With a very great delight we have just welcomed Mr. Oppermann, who has arrived in our midst from Austria, where his business interests have been large and important. He arrived a few days ago and to no one must our growth have been more manifest than to him. He will be remembered as one of the very earliest arrivals, as one of the most hopeful of our pioneers, and it is indeed a great joy to him to see his faith justified to a degree so extraordinary and so unprecedented.

OBSERVER

The pride which is proud of its want of pride is the most intolerable pride of all.—*Marcus Aurelius*

The Lotus Group at Groningen, Holland

The new cycle in the Lotus work began under very favorable conditions. A new impulse was felt by the helpers and a closer bond made between children and teachers. We began with the Lotus leaflets and introduced them with what seemed to point out and express the key-note of the new work. Following are some of the lessons given:

I The Return of the Great Queen. A tale based upon "Point Loma and its Legend," telling of a land, darkened by the evil thoughts of men; return of the Great Queen from the Paradise of Compassion, bearing a torch; awakening and remembrance of the people; the secret—how the world can be lighted up everywhere; the sending forth of messengers; little children also have such a torch-light. II The finding of the Yerba Santa (continuation of lesson 1); The children go out and sing a hymn to Mother Nature and to the sun; rising of the sun and beginning of the flower-year—snow-drop, crocus, lilac, yerba santa; the promise fulfilled, a greater temple in place of the old one; the paradise everywhere. III Lotus leaflet 1, The One Life—A dialogue between two children in the Sun-Temple of Mother Nature. IV Sunshine land.

The first lessons gave us a very happy time. Some of the children realized that they themselves were the "Children of Light" who could light the world with their torches. The lessons are illustrated by stories and songs and pictures. We have four classes and the children all enjoy coming.

W. G. REDEKER, Superintendent

Holland—Union Meeting of Dutch Members

On Sunday, June 14th, the Union meeting of Dutch members, held every three months, took place at Baarn. These quarterly meetings which have been held regularly for some time past are always well attended. All matters concerning the common work are discussed with the purpose that we may work along the right lines with the renewed energy which results from the united action of comrades. At each meeting the program is prepared for the next so that the members may be ready to take their part. The program usually consists of music, singing, reading from the *Bhagavad Gita*, short papers and readings, especially of the news from Point Loma from the NEW CENTURY PATH.

WILLIAM KES

Regular correspondence *Daily Press*, Riverside, Cal.

A Visit to Point Loma

SAN DIEGO, July 21.—Standing out in bold relief from California's western slope, is majestic Point Loma. Eastward the Cuyamaca mountains rear to heaven their towering cliffs; westward and southward against the horizon is old ocean's broad expanse, while in a northerly direction is the contour marking the continent's western boundary. The view is unsurpassed, and has been characterized as one of the three commanding positions of the world. Realizing the grandeur of the location the Theosophical Society of the world has here established its International Home, selecting for the purpose its highest eminence, where a vista of a lifetime is unfolded. Of side trips around beautiful Coronado, which has now become a household word throughout our broad land, there are many, but none more popular than to Point Loma, and fully ninety-nine per cent of the Coronado tourists visit the spot. The place may be reached by steamer by rounding the point from its southern boundary, but by far the better way is to go by trolley, in order to get a glimpse of the beautiful view presented, the Theosophical Homestead and the remarkable improvements made within a space of three years, San Diego city and bay, and the contour of the Lower California coast.

Starting from Tent City in the morning the tourist is conveyed by ferry across the bay, and following the highway northward, the sight-seer passes around the northern limit of that beautiful sheet of water, the ride being pleasant and inspiring. The point is reached by a circuitous route from the eastern side, and ascent easily made. The main traveled road leads through the Theosophists' Homestead, the main building and Aryan Temple being on an eminence above the surrounding promontory.

A stop is made and the visitor is shown by a courteous guide through a portion only of the grounds and buildings, the one most frequently visited being the industrial structure where specimens, in great variety, of the students' handiwork are on exhibition. An amphitheater is now completed, which will seat several hundred people, and will soon be open to the public. Here the Olympian games will be restored, and a restoration of the Greek art and drama is also contemplated in Mrs. Tingley's scheme. In short, the plan is to make of the Homestead, which consists of several hundred acres, an industrial world in miniature.

From these heights, on a clear day, may be seen the Coronado islands, San Clemente island, Catalina island, the ocean in all its majesty, Coronado Tent City, the great hotel, National City and Chula Vista. Here the visitor is enraptured with the panorama spread before him.

All the purposes of the institution are to be carried out on a magnificent scale, and everything has an educative and artistic value. Passing on, the visitor is conducted through their agricultural possessions, where are seen on every hand evidences of well directed energy in tilling the soil and beautifying the premises.



A WILD BIT ON THE WESTERN SLOPE OF LOMA-LAND

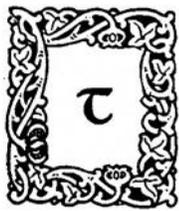
Still farther to the south, one passes over vast government possessions, and almost on the southern extremity of the point is seen the old lighthouse, which has the distinction of being second only to the highest in the world, and which has been abandoned by the government because of its unserviceableness, especially during low fogs. A new and more modern lighthouse has been erected at the southern base of Point Loma, the light from which may be seen at a distance of sixteen miles.

The tourist is taken through an interior spiral stairway to where the great lamp extends its rays to the mariner, and a recital of the prominent features of the tower and light is given, and a grand view of never ceasing interest confronts the pleasure-seeker. Beautiful for situation is Point Loma; all should revel in the attractions that it possesses.

W. S. WEBSTER

A man's true wealth is the amount of good he does in the world.—*Mabomet*

A Song in the Wilderness



THE camp-fire had burned down to a bed of glowing embers and gleamed like a red star among the heavy shadows around it. They were a party of prospectors in the Rocky Mountains and two of the men were already asleep on their beds of cedar boughs. Two others still sat over the dying fire, smoking and talking over plans for the morrow. The fifth member of the party had wandered off after supper, as he usually did, for a solitary stroll.

"Wonder where Summers went?" said one of the smokers. "Think he'd be tired 'nough to rest."

"Somethin' the matter 'ith that feller," replied the other. "He don't act right; somethin' on his mind, I reckon. Well, guess I'll turn in."

Summers had climbed up the steep hillside above the camp and sat down on a flat rock under a scrubby pine tree. It was a perfect night, with a tender, week-old moon, gleaming above the opposite mountains, cradled in soft, filmy, white clouds. Overhead the stars looked down, large and bright and near, as they only appear in the mountains. The cool air was balmy with the balsam of the fir and the pungent odor of the pine and spruce.

There was something peaceful, holy, in the deep stillness which reigned in these mountain solitudes. But in the soul of the lonely man there was no rest nor peace. Ever within his heart a battle was raging; ever before his mind a dark picture of the wrongs he had suffered.

His home had been desecrated; the one he had loved and trusted above all beings on earth had betrayed him, and the man who had wrought this ruin, was alive, well and prosperous. At the thought his hand went instinctively to the revolver at his side. He knew that he was a murderer in heart, for he had purchased this weapon for the purpose of taking the life of his enemy.

But something had risen within himself to withhold him from this deed. It seemed to him as though there were two separate identities ever striving in his breast, the one urging him on, the other drawing him back. At last in utter desperation he had fled from the scene of his tortures in the East to the rough, wild West. But this had brought no cessation of the conflict. One voice said, "go back and kill him, or kill them both;" the other whispered, "no; do not become a murderer."

For days and weeks now the question had surged through his mind: should he go back and send this man out of the world, or should he end it all by going out of it himself?

Tonight he had decided. Let them live and enjoy such happiness as they might. For himself he wanted no more of life. He knew not whence he came nor whither he would go; but what matter! Nothing could be worse than life here had been. It was all a dark riddle anyway. He had found no answer to all his questionings, and he was so weary he had resolved to end it all this very night and be at rest.

He had prayed for direction, but none came. He had heard and read of people receiving direct aid and guidance, but nothing of the kind seemed to be for him. Well, this night would be the last of it. But there was no need of any haste. His companions would not miss him till morning, and even then they might not think of searching for him at once.

So Summers sat, unconsciously fingering his revolver, looking with unseeing eyes at the faintly glowing camp-fire far below, the pale moon, and the bright, still stars in the great purple deep of the sky. His mind was one dull chaos of misery. Life had never been easy for him. He had had few joys or pleasures. Few friendships and little love had been his portion.

Just over the crest of the hill a party of tourists had camped for the night. Three or four of the party had strolled away from their camp and found seats on a ledge that jutted out of the hillside directly above the spot where Summers sat. The spell of the night was upon them, and after a long silence, one said softly:

"We need only music to make this hour perfect. Will you not sing for us, Margaret?"

"I have felt a strong desire to sing, but I feared it would disturb you all, as you have been so silent. I will sing now, if you wish."

Margaret Lee possessed a voice of wonderful sweetness, and the full,

liquid tones seemed to come straight from a breast filled with kindness and love for all creatures; so her singing sank down into the hearts of her hearers, bringing messages of gladness and truth. Now, as they sat wrapped in the starry brightness and the silence of the cool, shadowy night, she sang:

We have lived in ages past,
We'll live in coming ages still,
And we reap, from life to life,
All our deeds, both good and ill.

If we find our friends unjust
We have been unjust before;
If betrayed in every trust
We have done such deeds of yore.

We shall reap as we have sown—
Law eternal, just and true;
It will mete to every one
Only what to him is due.

Summers was startled from his misery by the sudden burst of melody which seemed to be falling directly downward from the starlit heavens above him. To his already overwrought fancy there seemed something weird and almost supernatural in the singing. A thousand new thoughts and images came thronging into his mind. And these words—how plain their meaning. It seemed like something he had always known, but had forgotten for a time and only just now remembered it. In some way it called up in his memory the face of the pale, sweet mother who had died while he was yet a little child. How good and pure she was; how it would grieve her to know that her son was thinking of taking his own life or that of a fellow being. And the song declared we had all lived before and should live again; that we each make our own happiness or misery. And then the voice came pealing down again:

The tissues of the life to be, we weave with colors all our own
And in the fields of Destiny we reap as we have sown.
Still shall the Soul around it call the shadows which it gathered here,
And painted on the eternal wall, the past shall reappear.
Oh, yes; we live our life again; and warmly touched or coldly dim,
The pictures of the past remain; man's works shall follow him.

And the man under the pine tree laid the revolver down softly on the rock beside him. Lower and lower he bowed his head. Yes, what the heavenly voice above him sang was true; he knew it now. He must have always known it, only somehow he had never thought of it in this way. Why should he feel so bitterly revengeful toward one who was only doing now what he might have done in some previous life? It must be that he was only reaping what he himself had sown; as the other most assuredly must in future do. Ah, yes! that was the law of justice. That only could ever make things right. Thus only could justice ever be done. And then again the sweet voice sang; and in its tones was a melting tenderness, a world-embracing love and sympathy for all who lived and suffered. It was a message of comforting, an exhortation to be patient and enduring, a breathing of something pure and holy and high; and as the cool showers fall upon the heated earth, so all this sank into the parched desert of his heart as he listened:

In the cruel fire of sorrow
Cast thy heart; do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady
Do not let thy spirit quail;
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again,
For as gold is tried by fire
So a heart must be tried by pain.

The man slowly raised his bowed head, and looked up to the bright stars above him, as he whispered: "As gold is tried by fire, so a heart must be tried by pain." But pure gold can stand the trial and so can an honest, true heart. I will let my own sorrows pass and live and labor to make my fellowmen less wretched." The next morning the woman went on her way with peace and gladness in her heart though she knew not that she had saved a soul from despair by the blessed ministry of her singing.

A POINT LOMA STUDENT

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Science on the Limits of Human Knowledge

PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER seems to be annoyed by Lord Kelvin's utterances as to the creative cause. He takes special exception to the latter's reference to a crystal as having possibly been formed from a "fortuitous concourse of atoms" and very properly points out that a crystal can no more be formed by chance than can a human being. Lord Kelvin certainly never meant that it could, and if there was a looseness of expression in what he said, it was but due to his desire to accentuate the mystery of human life and will. Professor Lankester's criticism would have more weight and more point had he himself refrained from statements which are not only unscientific, but which seem to have most of the other faults which spring from anger. He writes:

No sane man has ever pretended, since science became a definite body of doctrine, that we know or ever can hope to know or conceive of the possibility of knowing, whence this mechanism (of nature) has come, why it is there, whither it is going, and what there may or may not be beyond or beside it which our senses are incapable of appreciating. These things are not "explained" by science, and never can be.

Language such as this is simply intemperate and unbalanced, and its most regrettable feature is that it will be read and believed by many who are not themselves wise enough to discriminate between science and the unscientific scientist. Even if we concede that Professor Lankester has a right to tell us what is now known and what is not known, by what right can he pretend to say that there is anything in nature that we can never "hope to know, or conceive of the possibility of knowing." By what authority does he say that we can never "know or conceive of the possibility of knowing" anything "which our senses are incapable of appreciating?" If he has any shadow of justification for such language as this he must himself be in possession of the very faculties of which he denies the possibility, including the faculty of reading the future and so setting landmarks to human attainment and to human wisdom. The fact is that Professor Lankester is intellectually frightened, as are many other scientists of his caliber. Lord Kelvin's declaration has forced them to glance furtively at a light of knowledge, soul knowledge, greater than any which they have known, a light which will easily penetrate the darkness which they have pronounced to be impenetrable. It is none the less unfortunate that statements such as these should steal the robes of science and so deceive very many who suppose that everything said by a scientist is therefore science, that is to say, knowledge. STUDENT

Fat and Weight Are Not Indices of Health

THE *Lancet* desires to alter the criterion of baby health at present in use among the adjudicators of prizes at baby shows. We even suspect this important medical critic of our ways of a secret desire to do away altogether with baby shows. But we may be wrong there. In its main contention we are at one with the *Lancet*. Fat and weight are not indices of health. They may even be the opposite, whether in infants or adults. Fat is stored matter *lying idle* and interfering with the active tissues amongst and upon which it is laid down. The *Lancet* was commenting upon the "exhibits" at a certain recent baby show and upon the award of the prize to an infant weighing 16 1/2 pounds. It points out that the award was misgiven, and expresses its regret that fatness in babies should commend them either to the parental or the public eye. It speaks of such a specimen as this prize winner as a

Carbohydrate, or sugar fed infant, with a curiously translucent, almost opalescent appearance of the tissues. Fat babies, the *Lancet* says, are hypertrophic, square-headed infants. To the touch they are cold, gelatinous and flabby, with none of the elasticity and tone characteristic of a vigorous, healthy baby.

The *Lancet* goes on to argue that as a means of public education, the prizes on such occasions should be awarded not to the largest but to the really soundest baby, soundest from the trained medical standpoint:

Then, perhaps, mothers will be disabused of many of their misconceptions, among others, of their admiration for hypertrophic pathological types which Raphael and others among the great masters have perpetuated on canvas as pleasing standards of vigorous babyhood to be copied and admired. M. D.

The Great Drama of Mundane Psychological Life

A SUPERB picture of the drama of the universe, on its psychical side, was given by the great English chemist, Sir William Crookes, before the International Chemical Congress at Berlin. At least he paints half of the picture—that of dissolution into ether—the other half, its condensation from ether, he painted now many years ago. Radium gives him his text. "The mysterious dissolution of atoms," he says, "appears to be universal."

It occurs when a piece of glass is rubbed with silk, the atoms of both passing into electricity. The substance of the sun melts into light and rains upon the earth. The atoms of radium dissolve into the radiations whence it takes its name. The process goes on

In lightning, in flame, in a waterfall, and in the roaring sea. Although the whole range of human experience is too short to form a parallax whereby we can foretell the disappearance of matter, nevertheless it is possible that formless nebulae will again prevail when the hour-glass of eternity has run out.

This coldly radiant star-mist which we are thus promised for our finale is somehow more attractive than the silent, black, dead planets which used to be pictured as the ultimate destiny of the worlds. But why should not the power that once rung up the curtain of the great drama do it again? Star-mist behind us, before the counting of time; star-mist ahead, when the counting is over; between, the vast drama of life, beginning when that spiral thrill, of which Sir William Crookes once spoke, takes up its work of spinning atoms and then worlds from the stuff of the mist.

Speculation is difficult to stop. One thinks of Herbert Spencer's chapter on "The Rhythm of Motion" everywhere applying, and wonders why it should not apply to the worlds; why worlds and atoms should not be reborn as a new universe time and again in the fire-mist, each time bearing the traces of the past, bearing as it were its experience—for there is no *old* thing under the sun, nothing twice alike. That something should happen twice would mean that the first time never was, had in fact left no effect. It may be even possible that with added faculties and powers of research, we may one day find traces in the very fire-mist itself of having been before, in an older and simpler form. K.

A Lesson from Modern Science—Energy & Weight

A CERTAIN man of science is quoted as saying that the lighter an element is the more energy it has, that hydrogen is the lightest and at the same time most energetic of human elements, and that the ether is more energetic than all and so light that we cannot weigh it at all. This is the expression in physics of the principle that grossness and true energy are opposite extremes. In the science of human life it means that coarse physical energy and brute strength is really the least valuable and efficient form of energy. In developing physical strength too exclusively (though physical exercise in moderation is a duty) we really cultivate an inferior form of energy and neglect higher forms.

There is more energy in the mind than in the body, and in the soul than in the mind. All energy is stored up and originates in a source that is quite invisible and intangible. Whether it is in feeding or in pleasure, or in what not, grossness always means sluggishness and short life, and longevity and continual activity are to be sought in getting away from the grosser to the more refined.

Some Reflections on the Impermanence of Matter

A MAN of science, lecturing on "Modern Views of Matter," chiefly as illustrated by the electron theory and the properties of radium, reached up in his scientific imagination to the idea that nothing in nature is fixed—not even the atom. Atoms of radium, he thought, were all the while associating, breaking up into primordial substance or protyle, and he added that electrical phenomena, such as the excitation of glass by silk, were also instances of this readiness to break up on the part of the atom. Thus all nature is in a continual state of flux, everything growing from out the root-substance and passing back again into it. It is only our very limited ideas of duration that give us any notion of fixity. There are no immovable prejudices in nature. STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World



THE SUBURBAN MILK SELLER, CUBA

Broad Views of the President of France A CORRESPONDENT writes to a contemporary with reference to the President of the French Republic:

M. Loubet has over and over again showed his abhorrence of religious persecution. It was the anti-Jewish riots at Algeria which prevented his visiting that colony for a long time; and when, things having quieted down, he went on a visit to Algeria last April, he told the Jews there that the riots had been a source of great anxiety and pain to him. M. Loubet has, in reply to an address from the Grand Rabbi of Lyons (three years ago), summed up his opinions on the question of tolerance. "It would be childish," he said, "to think that at the end of the century which is about to close in a few weeks, any one should be powerful enough in our democratic society to make an attack on liberty of conscience, on liberty of religious beliefs." Last November he exemplified his opinions by sending his portrait to the brilliant Jewish Italian Finance Minister, Signor Luzzalbi. In fact, M. Loubet has been such a friend of tolerance that the famous anti-Semite, Drumont, once dubbed him the "favorite of the Jews."

Human Vivisection in Germany THE possibility of subjecting human beings to the experiments of the vivisector is usually regarded in this country as something of an extravagance, in spite of the noisy demands which are made by some irresponsible researchers. That such atrocities have actually entered the domain of fact is proved by the decision of the German Federal Council, corresponding in importance to the American Senate, to recommend this question to the serious attention of the German Imperial Chancellor. It may be remembered that a series of frightful experiments upon living persons was recently carried out by a Breslau professor. Public feeling was strongly aroused, and the present action has become necessary not only to prevent the recurrence of such crimes, but to allay the suspicion which has been so powerfully awakened.

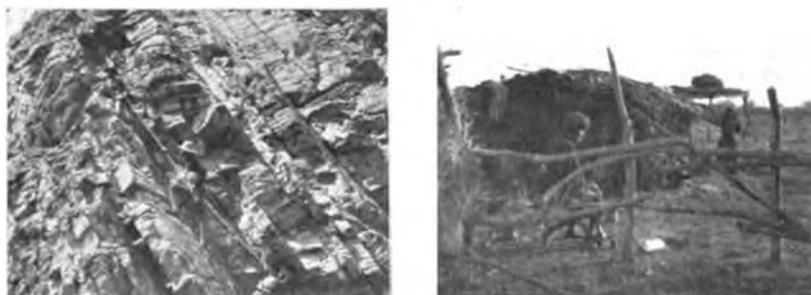
The Sleeping Fever from the Congo SOME attention has recently been drawn to the sleeping sickness, a mysterious malady which has spread from the Congo, and which now threatens to invade Egypt. The victim appears to be simply sleeping, but it is a sleep which almost invariably merges into death. The usual hunt for the bacillus has, of course, been made, and Portuguese and English medical commissions both announce that they have been successful. To detect and destroy the bacillus is, however, only half the work. It may be half suspected that these strange diseases which seem so often to follow the white man's footsteps into "savage" lands may perhaps be due to what may, not inappropriately, be called the bacillus of civilization, which is too often an alternative expression for cruelty, vice and drink.

Safe Mining Lamp Invented at Prague A MINING lamp which will be absolutely safe has long been sought for with doubtful success. To protect the flame of an ordinary lamp from exposure by means of locks and keys is of course satisfactory in the absence of duplicate keys, but as explosions from fire damp frequently occur it is evident that the expedients in use still leave room for invention. Prof. Hans Molisch of Prague, believes that he has solved this problem. His lamp consists of a glass jar lined with saltpeter and gelatine inoculated with bacteria. In about two days the jar becomes brilliantly illuminated and remains in this condition for twenty or thirty days, when it must be recharged. Such a light is of course absolutely safe, since it cannot be exploded. It has also many other advantages which readily commend themselves to those familiar with mining, and if the practical tests to which it is now being subjected by the Prague miners prove its efficiency, Professor Molisch's lamp will deserve to rank among the most beneficent inventions and discoveries of its decade, and by its general use hundreds of lives will be saved.

Americans Explore Russian Turkestan A VERY interesting exploring expedition has reached St. Petersburg en route to Russian Turkestan. It consists of Raphael Pumpelly and his son who, with some other American gentlemen, are about to search for remnants of the ancient civilization which once existed upon the shores of the Sea of Ural. Incidentally they will investigate the recent climatic changes which are known to have taken place in that neighborhood, and generally make themselves acquainted with a part of the world of which too little is known. This work is being undertaken under the auspices of the Carnegie Institute, but it has also the full moral support of the Russian government and will be assisted by the Russian officials in every way possible. The ultimate report of the expedition into this little known region should be valuable and interesting.

Menelik Will Have a Mint in Abyssinia A MINT is to be established in Abyssinia. The Emperor Menelik has ordered a complete outfit for the manufacture of money, and this will be set up at Addis Abeba. The first issue will consist of three gold coins and five silver coins, and the Emperor intends that their workmanship shall be of a very high order.

Menelik is not one of those rulers who think it their duty to slavishly imitate the customs of civilization. The Abyssinian laws against drink, vice and for the preservation of religious freedom are very severe, and this latest addition to the resources of the country is not inspired merely by a love of imitation, but from a desire to advance the comfort and convenience of the people.



IN THE COCOPAH COUNTRY, LOWER CALIFORNIA

Japan & China Geographically One THAT Japan was once joined to China and that at no very long past period is admitted almost without question. Japan is therefore classed by geologists as among "recent continental islands." China and Japan are connected by a submarine bank less than a hundred fathoms below the surface and the fact of recent union, of which this is an indication, is further strengthened by the similarity of animal life in the two countries.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

To a Bird

by J. L. RUNNEBERG Translated from the Swedish by a Lotus Group Teacher

TELL me, little birdie,
Flying above so free,
Or alight on the great elm-branches,
Wherefore thy joy? Tell me.
Each morn I hear thee singing,
I hear thee still at night,
Thy tones as crystal ringing
With pure delight.

How many, oh, how many,
Wealthy and proud and great,
Who've castles, lands and treasure,
Honors and high estate,

Yet sighing greet each morning,
Sad that the night is done,
The while thou'rt singing, joyous,
Greeting the sun.

Sing on, thou little birdie,
Life's joy to summer skies;
And never will I venture
To mock thy song with sighs.
Build thou thy nest beside me,
Close to my cabin---free,
And teach me, birdie, to become
Joyous, like thee.

The Babies of Lapland

DEAR CHILDREN: Last year while in Europe I journeyed with a party of teachers away north, to a land where the ground is covered with snow eight or nine months in the year. It was Lapland. Yet there were Buds and Blossoms everywhere, bright-eyed and brown-skinned and dressed in furs from head to foot. Often at a little distance, I could easily imagine a group of playing children to be a family of jolly and well-behaved little bears.

But I must tell you about the babies and how they go to church, for nearly every Lapland home has a baby, and if the grown-ups go to church, of course, the baby must be taken along. So they wrap the wee thing up in warm garments, the outer coat always of soft fur, and then he is ready for the ride—often a long ride of eight or ten miles—in the big reindeer sledge. But when the family arrives at the church the baby isn't invited to go in for papa and mama argue that he would be much more comfortable outside. So they just dig a hole in the snow, deep enough and wide enough to make a snug little bed, and into this bed they place the baby, piling the snow all around it. I saw a church one Sunday which had fourteen of these queer little beds near the door and in each lay a baby, asleep and apparently perfectly comfortable.

Snow is cold, to be sure, but if it covers one like a blanket and one has so much clothing that the warmth of the body does not melt the snow, allowing the cold to penetrate, then a snow blanket keeps one warm. That curious secret Mother Nature found out ages and ages ago; and so in cold countries, when the time has come for the roots to rest and the seeds to sleep until the earliest raindrops waken them, she just covers them over with a snow blanket, and they are as cozy as a little Lapp baby, all winter long.

AUNT EDYTHE

Extracts from Essays written by children of the San Diego Lotus Group

Courage

TO have courage you must have patience, a strong will, determination and the desire to do right. A courageous person will overcome all temptation to do wrong and will work for the right. He will become great. He is not afraid of helping others but he doesn't do it for the effect, but because it is right. If something comes up to worry him, he must cast it aside and make the best of every opportunity.

L. W.

COURAGE includes patience and perseverance.

We all must have courage if we wish to become perfect men and women.

People who have courage usually do good and helpful work. To accomplish any good, helpful or unselfish work we must have courage.

L. W.

COURAGE is the spirit to do right when other people are against us. It means to have no fear of doing what we think is right and honorable. The bad kind of courage is just stubbornness. A great many people have courage to do wrong. If they would use their courage in doing noble deeds instead, everybody would be happy.

R. P.

IN order to do anything in this world that is useful, we need courage to do it.

Courage means to be brave and without fear. There are so many bad people in the world that the people who desire to help them to do right need lots of courage.

We never like to be told about cowards, but always about brave people, because we like to have courage ourselves. And hearing about the good deeds of others always inspires us to be good and noble.

M. P.

True Freedom

WHEN people are entirely free, their consciences are perfectly clear and they are unselfish, pure and have all the other qualities that make a perfect man or woman.

The majority of the people of today think that if they can do as they please they are free. But these people are mistaken in their ideas. Everybody I think should strive to be entirely free. But to become so we must use perseverance and hard work.

L. W.



A LOMA-LAND RAJA YOGA HOMEMAKER

Do Spiders Think?

DEAR CHILDREN: Last Sunday, while walking near the edge of a millpond I noticed a floating chip ten or twelve feet from the water's edge on which was a large spider. He scampered from one side of the chip to the other and seemed to be very much excited. Well he might be, for the pond must have appeared as large to him as would an ocean to a shipwrecked sailor. At last he became quieter and I observed that he was spinning a web which he threw out as far as possible, carefully, in the direction of the wind, which fortunately was blowing towards the nearest bank. Its end caught upon a twig and then master spider began other tactics. Slowly and carefully he hauled in the line, as a sailor might have done, keeping it taut so that it should not touch the water, yet not too taut lest it break. Within a very few moments the chip reached the bank and master spider lost no time in jumping off and scampering to his home. Do spiders think? E. M. W.

Students'



Path

The Ideal City

WHAT makes the city great and strong?
Not architecture's graceful strength.
Not factories' extended length.

But men who see the civic wrong
And give their lives to make it right
And turn its darkness into light.

What makes a city full of power?
Not wealth's display or titled fame,
Not fashion's loudly boasted claim,
But women rich in virtue's dower,
Whose homes though humble still are great
Because of service to the State.

What makes a city men can love?
Not things that charm the outward sense,
Not gross display of opulence,
But right, that wrong cannot remove,
And truth that faces civic fraud
And smites it in the name of God.

This is a city that shall stand,
A Light upon a nation's hill,
A Voice that evil cannot still,
A source of blessing to the land;
Its strength not brick, nor stone, nor wood,
But Justice, Love and Brotherhood.—*The Christian City*

The Lion in the Path

THE student of Theosophy, if he be sincere and not a mere experimentalist, early discovers that to be a student in the real sense is a very serious matter. For the first time in his life, possibly, he faces himself and sees his own nature. A strange picture is it, with many lights and many shadows, chaotic, difficult to interpret. Yet the understanding of this picture will alone furnish the key to future right action. Upon it the true philosophy throws a great light. As we study its principles and strive to make them living purposes in our lives, little by little we read the secret of our own natures. To read it wholly is to solve the riddle of the Sphinx. Not one of us can do that; but each true student can and does unravel this motley web a little way, each can and does pick up a few loose ends and straighten out a few threads that have gone awry.

And in doing this the student develops a certain power and finds a certain peace. He begins to slough off from his life much that he hitherto believed to be an integral and vital part of it. He begins to separate the grain from the chaff, he begins to live less on personal lines, and more on those lines which are humane and universal. And the sense of power that this gives him, the assurance of strength, brings him face to face with great danger. He begins to love this sense of power, then to love the power itself, forgetting that by every such impulse he is cutting himself away from the infinite source of supply. Egotism has swept many a worker out of the ranks of the selfless ones who are serving humanity. But the Law is so merciful that it rides such an one down beneath its sharp penalties at every danger point. It is a terrible experience but it is the only experience that saves. Those who refuse it or rebel against it by their very mental attitude place themselves outside the ranks of humanity's Warriors. They may not know it, they may deceive others, but time passes and their position becomes revealed. And we ask ourselves, "Why this failure?"

But if that danger point is passed the true student before long meets another. The old assurance may be replaced by conscientiousness, so personal at times as to be the reverse of a virtue. Where before one was conscious only of his strength, now, stung and hurt by the law's swift

punishment, he is conscious only of his weakness. It is the opposite extreme, unhealthy, because it centers the mind upon the dark aspect of life's battle, futile because it begets that fear which kills.

It has been said that if Sampson had stopped to argue in his own mind as to the reasons why that lion existed, and the reason why Karma should have placed it in his path, he would probably have been eaten up by it. Fortunately for himself and for his people, he killed it first and argued afterwards. His example is an ideal one.

Here we stand, possessors of an infinite power and an unconquerable strength *if we dare but claim it*, suddenly brought face to face with some weakness in our own natures, hitherto unsuspected. It is the lion in our path. What shall we do? What do most of us do? It must be confessed that most lose our balance entirely, horrified at the sight of that dark thing before us. Then we wonder how it ever got there, and where it could have come from, and what we will do when it begins to eat us up; and, the first thing we know, we are down. The lion has grown to twice its original size. It is still not too late for us to win, for is not the Soul unconquerable, and are we not Souls? It is still not too late to master this thing and throw it out of our natures, though the battle is ten times difficult *just because we hesitated at the outset*. But few are so free from a tendency to worry and "think things over," that they can leap into their soul-strength on the instant. Those who can, discover that the lion is not so formidable after all, and they rise from the terrible quick conflict with the strength of that enemy become a very part of themselves. Then they pass on, erect, magnificent.

Most of us have not the confidence in ourselves that alone will give us this quick courage. We lack that complete trust. We wait and parley, hoping that our guardian angel will step in and fight the battle for us, praying for help from some outside source, and preaching about the Higher Law! The result is failure, of course. We may rise from it, to be sure, but time is lost, time that should have been expended in that wider service that each student would be permitted to give if he did not waste it petting his personality.

More than that our own reserve of strength is wasted, the energy which should be used in fighting humanity's battles is used in fighting ten wholly unnecessary battles of our own, simply because we hesitated to sweep in and fight with quick resolve the one battle that *was* necessary.

The history of the Theosophical Movement proves plainly that the antics and vagaries of the brain-mind are responsible for more failures than any other one thing. Some who came into the Movement to gain knowledge and intellectual power, of course, went out in time. But more have failed because, when they faced this or that weakness, this or that problem, they began to argue the matter. They couldn't think of attacking this lion, you know, until they made its acquaintance! And the result? My God, look at the failures along the path, failures that did *not* come from inherent wickedness, nor from conscious selfishness, but because the brain mind had to have its way. Doubt is born, hesitation comes, the student looks so intently upon the danger, the weakness itself, that he loses all sight of his own power, all consciousness of the fact that he is a soul, therefore *unconquerable*, if he will but realize his Divinity, stand erect and *act as if he were a Soul* and not a bowl of mush.

Things move quickly these days. There might have been time once for parleying with our vices, and trying to "understand" them before we began their conquest. God knows there isn't time now. First must come the sharp, quick battle, then the victory, then peace and with it all the "understanding" that we wanted and ten times more. To hesitate is to be lost.

E. M.

WOULDST thou fashion for thyself a
seemly life?
Then do not fret over what is past and gone,
And spite of all thou mayst have left behind,
Live each day as if thy life were just begun.
— GOETHE

ONE kindly deed may turn
The fountain of thy soul
To love's sweet day star, that shall o'er
thee burn
Long as its currents roll.
— HOLMES

Very ready are we to say of a book, "How good this is — that's exactly what I think." But the right feeling is, "How strange that is; I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at his meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards if you think yourself qualified to do so, but ascertain it first. — *John Ruskin*

With Forward Face

by HENRY VAN DYKE

LET me but live my life from year to year,
 With forward face and unreluctant soul
 Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal,
 Not mourning for the things that disappear
 In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
 From what the future veils, but with a whole
 And happy heart, that pays its toll
 To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.
 So let the way wind up the hill or down,
 Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
 Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
 New friendship, high adventure, and a crown.
 I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
 Because the road's last turn will be the best.— *Selected*

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

A very interesting question has come up in my correspondence, which I should like to have answered in the Students' Column, as in my experience it arises in one form or another in the minds of many who hear of Theosophy for the first time. Will you kindly give it consideration? What is Theosophy going to do to help those who haven't had much chance in life, and who have made a pretty bad failure all around? The parson comes and says, 'Only believe and you will be saved,' and this sounds all very nice and easy, but somehow it doesn't quite satisfy a fellow to put his sins on some one else. We may want to get off easily when we've done wrong, and most folks try to escape punishment altogether, but even the worst man, if he finds out that some one else has been punished in his place, wants to straighten the thing out. Now, I've heard that Theosophy teaches some new theory about Justice and every man getting just what he deserves whether he faces it or tries to run away from it; but I don't quite see how it can be; it seems to me some fellows never get what they deserve.

H. M.

Answer

One of the first things which Theosophy does to help a man is to enable him to know something about himself. The old saying "Knowledge is power" is perfectly true, and when we get the knowledge and begin to use the power, even the man who has made a pretty bad failure can find hope and encouragement. Theosophy does not coddle or condone, but it helps us to recognize things as they are, and that is the truest kind of sympathy; for deep down in our hearts we respect a man or woman who is not afraid to tell us the truth and help us to rise above our faults rather than bestow upon us false sympathy and maudlin sentimentality.

But surely we can see a great difference between one who parades our faults before us, blaming us and letting the matter rest there, and the one who, while helping us to see our faults, shows us how we may overcome them and awakens in us the power to overcome them. This latter is what Theosophy does, and just as soon as any one tries to make Theosophy a part of his life, he tries to do this, too, and in this way he learns how to help others and to be a true friend.

I don't suppose there is a man living, who if he were deeply in debt, and were shown an honorable way to pay his debt, would not gladly do so. And it is just the same in life; the very fact of our having committed faults and having to suffer, shows that we are in debt, not to any man, but to nature and to ourselves, and Theosophy says that the way to pay this debt is not to spend our time in remorsefully thinking about the past, but in starting to make a new record for the future. Perhaps we may think there is very little we can do, but perhaps we forget that an oak grows from an acorn and a great tree from a tiny seed. And just a kind thought or some little friendly act may be just such a seed, only if we do plant the seed we must not leave it to starve, but must go on adding more kind thoughts, more friendly deeds.

It is quite true we must believe. We must believe we have the power to do this, and it is so easy of proof that our belief instantly becomes knowledge if we will only put it into practice. We must believe in our own higher natures, in the divine power which we feel is in our deepest hearts, and once we can take the position that the evil we may have done was because we let ourselves be ruled by the lower nature instead of the higher, we shall have taken the first great step towards victory.

Theosophy helps a man in this way and gives him a new hope and a new courage wherever he may be, even if he is in prison. For it teaches man that he is immortal and that even if he has made mistakes, and bad ones, in the past, he still has the present and the great future before him; and if he will take now what he cannot avoid or escape from, taking it with "grit" and cheerfulness instead of grumbling and growling, he will pay off his debt to the past and be able to make a new start in his next life on earth. For this is also one of the teachings of Theosophy that we come back to live on earth again and again and have a new chance and a new opportunity. But of this and the last part of the question about Justice I will write next week.

What Is Real Life?

DO we really live? Is our civilization based upon the eternal verities, or is it a fever burning out our strength? What has Theosophy to offer us in answer to the question—is life worth living?

Turn to that great but greatly misunderstood book, the Bible, and read:

We are members one of another.—*Ephesians 4: 25*

One is your Master, even Christ and all ye are brethren.—*Matthew 23: 8*

We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren.—*1 John 3: 14*

We find here the root ideas of Theosophy in a nutshell. First, the unity of mankind; then the bond of union, the Christ within; and thirdly, the certain joyous result of making Brotherhood the living power in our lives. The word religion in its root means a binding together and the early church was something which bound together the forces of light, firmly to battle with the increasing evils of the age. Unfortunately it ceased to be a creedless body, working for Brotherhood and trying to live the life taught by Jesus. The early Christians knew and taught that the suppression of selfishness, of personal egotism by brotherly love was the message of the gospel, the tidings of great joy. But when they became a sect, enforcing dogmas, they forgot their own teaching, "Work out your salvation in fear and trembling," and, "the kingdom of God is within you."

The freedom of Christ is a freedom transcending all common ideas, for it includes restriction. But this control is not outward, it is from the inner light, the Christ, in which "your life is hidden," the warrior. In the teaching of John, the note of Brotherhood rings out triumphantly. He makes no confusion between life and death. Life is found in brotherly love, death in narrow egotism. How many of the "living dead," spoken of by H. P. Blavatsky, are crowding us, alas! Death does not await us as we draw our last breath, nor life. Both are our companions, and as we let love or egotism guide our steps today, so are we living or not. Life is growth, union of separated parts into a harmonious whole, death is separation, disintegration, the result of the "sense of separateness." So today, as in all the past, the Theosophical Movement has put forward the aspiration for Universal Brotherhood as the law of life. But it does more than teach the principle; it shows the right methods of putting them into practice. In the Raja Yoga Schools the principle of doing unto others as they should do unto you is the mainspring of the work. It is the aspiration of the children, and The Universal Brotherhood members are striving to make themselves more compassionate, and more capable helpers of the suffering, the downtrodden, and all humanity.

CASHEL

Mark this well, ye proud men of action: Ye are, after all, nothing but unconscious instruments of the man of thought.—*Heine*

Washington's Library

H. STEVENS, in his *Recollections of Lenox*, relates how, in 1848, he bought Washington's library, in which about three hundred of the three thousand books contained autographs on the title pages. The price paid was \$3,000. The purchase was made for Mr. Lenox who declined the books with the autographs and these were sold, as a collection, to a number of Bostonians for \$5,000. As the entire amount subscribed was not forthcoming, Mr. Stevens himself subscribed the balance, reserving five of the choicest volumes, two of which were sold to Mr. Lenox, the others being presented to the British Museum, the Royal Library of Berlin and the Bodleian.

✻ ✻ Emerson --- His Philosophy of Knowledge and Work ✻ ✻

DURING the last two months the world has been trying to pay some of its debt to Emerson, to show some of the awe which it feels as distance gives a due perspective to the spiritual heights from which he spoke.

Emerson spoke to a new world, to a new humanity and with a new tongue. He was the choicest flower of a tree whose roots had drawn wisdom from all ages and from other humanities, a flower which bloomed so radiantly because it had found an atmosphere of purity, a world as yet uncorrupted by the hopelessness and the despair of men.

He looked out over a western world which by its very age had become young again, a world which had forgotten the littleness of men, which remembered and recorded only their greatness. Such was the message which he spoke to those who heard him, a message consonant with the mightiness which he saw. His every word was an entreaty to leave to the old world the pettiness of life and to look within, to the soul, for the inspiration worthy of their heritage. Here was a new world with the Titan forces and areas of nature unchained and unstained. Let the thought and deed of men go forward into this Land of Promise with no backward glance to the deserts of weary civilizations, which might indeed dower them with their wisdom, but ought never to sadden them with their remembered sorrows. Had he lived longer he would have stepped out into a yet grander, freer thought, he would have given fuller expression to the Theosophy which he taught.

We cannot say what has been the influence of Emerson upon America because we cannot know what America would have been had not his waters of wisdom flowed into every part. Certain it is that, like other teachers, he knew how to restrain himself from giving to men more than they could bear, a food stronger than they could assimilate. The anniversary of his birth has been celebrated by a concourse of opinions and of arguments. His philosophy has taken its place as one of the philosophies of the age, to be compared with other philosophies, to be pitted against other schools. All these things show how deep an impress he made upon the thought of the world. Yet he himself cared little for impressing the thought of the world. He would have cared much for impressing the action of the world.

This surely is the only gage of power, and this too is the gage which it is almost impossible to apply to such as Emerson! We may collect a thousand and one opinions of his philosophy, and as many erudite theories about his meaning, but we should like to know how many there are

who have learned through him to know that the Soul stands at the mind's door and knocks, how many there are who at his bidding have opened the door and seen the things unutterable to which all that is beautiful bears witness, but which men alone have despised and rejected. We believe there are many such, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, and these are the only followers of Emerson, the only ones who have heard his message aright.

Emerson's teaching was a practical teaching; it was for the world and not for the study. He did not want men to talk; he wanted them to see. He did not want them to accept his philosophy as an end but as a means. The end must be self-knowledge, intuition, the vision of the Soul. Philosophy may show us the road but our own feet must walk upon it.

It is pitifully true that the world does not know its great men. We look upon them and hear them as a mental sauce, at best as a lofty relaxation. We never realize that they are seeking to put into words the truths which burn and scorch their way into some kind of expression. And so he said,

I do not know what arguments mean in reference to any expression of thought.

Nowadays we allow to thought no other right to exist than as a basis for argument, but with Emerson an expressed thought was the utterance of what had declared itself to him to be the truth. Its preface was a "thus saith the Lord," and his auditors might take it or reject it as the heavenly voice declared itself to them. God does not argue nor discuss.

And so when Emerson spoke of the Soul, it was not to him a theory to be argued about, to be labeled and catalogued and placed upon an intellectual shelf. It was to him a fact which admitted of no argument, and those who could not recognize it as a fact had his pity and his hopes for their growth. He could no more discuss the existence of the Soul than he could the reality of the sun which shone upon the trees of Concord. His mission was to give sight to the blind, and not to discuss the optic nerve; to introduce the Soul, and not to argue about ethics.

And yet Emerson was entirely an American, and because he was an American he saw no incongruity between common sense and spirituality, between transcendentalism and honest work. His was the divine alchemy which turns all common things into gold, or rather which proves to us that they are gold. America will do the noblest homage to his memory, not by thinking as he thought, but by becoming what he would have had her become.

STUDENT

The Birthday of John Wesley

THE anniversary of Wesley's birthday has been celebrated in England, as well as elsewhere, with considerable ardor. Of all English Methodists Mr. R. W. Perks, M. P., is perhaps the most prominent, and both he, and the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, who preached the bi-centenary sermon, devoted some space to a consideration of what Wesley would do were he alive today. Mr. Perks was well assured that were the founder of Methodism among us today it would be impossible to offer him any bribe which would persuade him into complicity with wrong-doing, however much the supposed interests of his church might seem to demand it.

The Rev. Mr. Watkinson was still more outspoken. He did not propose to speak words of jubilation but rather words of admonition and warning. Let them beware of mere mechanism lest they should begin in the spirit and end in machinery. He could imagine a terrible fate awaiting Methodism with dead preachers in the pulpit, dead stewards in the vestry and mummies in the pews. Let them also be warned against formalism.

These are strong words, and adapted not only to Methodism but to every other organization beset with the temptations of apparent material and worldly success.

STUDENT

Whoso can look on death will start at no shadow.— *From the Greek*

If a book comes from the heart it will contrive to reach other hearts. All art and author-craft are of small account to that.— *Carlyle*

Experience tells us that each man most keenly and unerringly detects in others the vice with which he is most familiar himself.— *Emerson*

New England Society of San Diego

ON Thursday, July 30th, members of the New England Society of San Diego gathered at Mission Cliff Park for a reunion and old-fashioned basket picnic. There were five hundred members and guests, and no previous reunion was ever more enjoyable. Many old-time friends were given an opportunity to renew acquaintanceship and many were the reminiscences, joyful as well as sad, of the old New England homes and home-life. The badges worn by the New Englanders bore the picture of the *Mayflower*, in addition to the date and the name of the society.

At two o'clock a literary program was given, C. A. Whitmore presiding. Among the speakers were Philip Morse, Judge M. A. Luce and William E. Smythe. The latter, in concluding his address, said:

I believe that tolerance is the greatest duty of the hour. It is a part of our heritage as children of New England. Let us teach it to our fellow-citizens everywhere. We live in momentous times. We tread close to the boundary of undiscovered worlds in science, in religion, in economics and possibly in government.

I am no pessimist. On the contrary, I can fervently exclaim, with Emerson, "My hope for the human race is bright as the morning star." Nevertheless, I sincerely think that if we would escape serious trouble in the coming years we must learn to be patient with each other's opinions.

Heaven never helps the man who will not act.— *Sophocles*

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.— *Emerson*

Remember that to change thy opinion, and to follow him who corrects thy error is as consistent with freedom as it is to persist in thy error.— *Marcus Aurelius*

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World's Headquarters UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, POINT LOMA, California
Meteorological Table for the week ending
August the 2d, 1903

JULY AUG	BAROM ETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
27	29.853	73	61	64	62	.00	NW	8
28	29.820	70	60	64	62	.00	W	8
29	29.786	71	61	66	63	.00	NW	light
30	29.756	70	59	62	61	.00	S	2
31	29.700	68	57	60	58	.00	S	2
1	29.696	69	59	62	60	.00	SW	6
2	29.696	68	59	63	60	.00	W	4

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

A Strange Verdict

In the canton of Freiburg, Switzerland, the curious prison custom prevails of charging well-to-do prisoners two francs a day for the expenses incurred by the Cantonal government in lodging and feeding them. Ten years ago, a rich merchant was condemned to a period of eight years imprisonment, and at the outset of his term the authorities took from him the sum of 5,840 francs, to cover the cost of his confinement, and now, after ten years absence, when all legal possibility of reclaiming it has lapsed, he has returned to his native place and has sued the authorities for the return of the 5,840 francs. Incredible as it sounds, the supreme court at Lausanne has returned a verdict in the merchant's favor, on the ground that the prison authorities at Freiburg are unable to prove that they have rendered value for the money forcibly taken from him. Consequently, the ex-criminal has received back his money.

I DON'T believe that the devil would give half as much for the services of a sinner as he would for those of folk who are always doing virtuous acts in a way to make them displeasing.—Holmes

Coffee Drinking

Americans now drink coffee at the rate of twelve pounds per head per year. In 1890 it was about eight pounds. Holland and Scandinavia drink even more, Holland about seventeen pounds. There is no sign that the almost steady increase of the last 13 years will now cease. Exhausted nerves want more and more. No user of any stimulant can know the real condition of his nervous system till he stops stimulating it. It is only so that he unmasks the real condition. But masked or not, the condition is there, and in its own time and way it will declare itself. Would men but live nearer to nature, the craving for nerve stimulants would never have arisen, assuredly never have reached its present imperious strength.

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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Her Life and Work Her Monuments

UPON two recent occasions we have devoted some small space to a consideration of the attacks made upon H. P. Blavatsky. This has been done for various reasons. We have, in the first place, desired to furnish some material in reply to demands from very numerous friends who think it their privilege to defend the memory of a great Teacher, and in the second place we have wished to indicate the continuity and identity of the attacks which have been made upon the Theosophical Movement and upon its Leaders. In both these respects we have purposely limited our range. The real defense of H. P. Blavatsky lies in the triumphant success of the Point Loma Institution, in the hundreds of children who are passing through its schools, in the extent of the many-

sided work which is being carried on throughout the world, in the beneficent activities which have been poured into the Island of Cuba. Katherine Tingley has builded enduringly upon the basis laid down by her predecessor, and in a hundred ways she has made Theosophy a living power in the lives of men. Monuments such as these can be neither overthrown nor defaced, because they will grow in beauty as the work they commemorate is extended and intensified. Even malice loses its force in the presence of achievement, and the enemies of H. P. Blavatsky, the enemies of her successors, do but conduce to their own defeat by maligning a work from which so great a light is manifested.

None the less a consistent vigilance must be exercised. The combination directed against H. P. Blavatsky was one of

Her Success on the Path of Duty

extraordinary strength and influence comprising, as it did, all those forces of reaction which still find it so easy to trade upon human weakness. Intense as was the suffering which they inflicted upon their victim, they could not make her cease her work nor deviate from her ideals by the breadth of a hair. Even when many forsook her and fled before the breath of social ostracism and condemnation, she tranquilly pursued the duty which had been outlined for her, and once more gathered around her some few upon whose hearts she hoped to engrave the message which must live through the centuries. Hers was the divine certainty which knows that success must lie upon the path of duty, which cares not to plan nor to complain so long as one step in advance can still be made.

None the less, as we have said, vigilance must be exercised. Those who tried to strike down H. P. Blavatsky, and who foolishly supposed that they had succeeded until they learned something of the iron will which lay behind her work, have now had many and many a defeat added to their record of shame. They have fought Theosophy with the weapons of public opinion, and they have seen public opinion acclaim it and sustain it. They have fought it with libels and they have been punished for those libels in the law courts. They have fought it by the persecution of women and of little children, and the voices of their victims have

Slanders That Creep & Whisper

been their scourge throughout the world. They have fought it in its home with slanders which creep and whisper, and disappointed thousands are unable to enter the halls when its message is to be given. Now, foiled at all points, they revert to their earliest victim, and all the ingenuity of advocate and journalist is expended in subtle efforts to destroy the fount from which Theosophy in this epoch has sprung. The favorite method is perhaps a casual and insulting reference to H. P. Blavatsky as one whose reputation the whole world is agreed upon, and whose work was destroyed by incontrovertible evidence. The world is not yet wise enough to be unassailable to psychological suggestion, and a slander uttered under the guise of an uncontradicted fact rarely fails to influence those weak-minded enough to confuse confident assertion with proof. For this reason we have shown that the whole fabric of accusation against H. P. Blavatsky rests upon "evidence" which it would be an insult to offer to a court of law, and which could not have lived for a single day in the mind of the public had it not enlisted in its support the whole volume of popular prejudice and religious, social and political animus. For this reason we have shown that all the hostile occurrences of recent years have been but as various missiles hurled from the same hand, and that the outrages to which Theosophy,

The Words of a Worthy Foeman

its Leaders and its Teachers have been subjected are in no case isolated or unconnected with one another, but are integral parts of a wide conspiracy. The time has been when Theosophy has met with honest and capable opponents who have fought in the open sunshine, and who have scorned to soil their souls with the methods of the social and religious banditti whom we have been considering. Some fifteen years ago Theosophy was thus assailed by one who combined a ripe scholarship, a remarkable and forceful dexterity and a courtesy which gave an added weight to his assault. Speaking of the persecution directed against H. P. Blavatsky, which was then so fresh in the public mind, he wrote:

It would seem that the attack of the Madras Christian College has by no means checked the Movement in which she has been so conspicuous an actor, and apparently failure is nowhere more manifest than in Madras itself. It was confidently pre-

dicted that the High Priestess of Theosophy would not dare to show her face again in that city. Nevertheless she did so, and received a warm welcome not only from the members of the Theosophical Societies, but also from the members of the various colleges and from many other persons. She was conducted in procession from the shore, and was presented by the students with an address of sympathy and admiration to which, among other signatures, were appended those of more than three hundred members of the very Christian College whose professors had assailed her.

More Than a Match for Them This quotation alone is sufficiently striking as evidence, from an enemy, of the esteem in which H. P. Blavatsky was held, and the contempt which was felt by a large and thoughtful section of the community for the outrage inflicted upon her. Still more striking, however, is the author's further reference to the forces which she so supremely wielded. He says, with an infinite regret, that these forces

Will be more than a match for the missionaries if they persist in carrying on the warfare in the old way.

We have seen what was "the old way." It was the way of chicanery and of inquisition, it was the way of the snake and of the coyote. The attack has been carried on in "the old way." It has been carried on through degraded newspapers, by perjury, by subornation, by furtive circulars passed from hand to hand, by innuendo, by suggestion, by violence. The *Cloaca Maxima* of civilization has been scoured in search of witnesses, the enemies have spied, and fawned, and threatened, and schemed. Because they have indeed carried on the warfare in "the old way," The Universal Brotherhood and The Theosophical Society and the Leader of the Movement have been "more than a match" for them and will remain so until the end of the chapter.

"That We Have Kept the Faith" It is all very pitiful, a tragedy of human nature, a satire upon the morality of those who stand at street corners and pray. None the less it becomes increasingly our duty to follow the devious tracks which have been made, and to do this not for ourselves, nor for our children, whom we have saturated with reverence for their friend, but for humanity and for posterity. Shall it be said of any of us that into the ears of generations yet unborn a lie has been whispered from which our proffered testimony would have snatched some of the vitality? That such lies will be whispered, who can doubt? Men are more ready to believe evil than to believe good, especially if that evil be against one greater than themselves. Slanders fly with the wind and find so many open doors in human hearts, so many human tongues to send them forth.

But for those who have pledged themselves unto the great silent law, the sacred duty of defense is clothed in the white robes of joy. It may be that in ages past we have taken, yes, and broken, many and many a vow which might have given us eternal life. It may be that many and many a time we have denied the truth and the teacher of the truth, and so sent back our own souls shuddering into the darkness. The wise, compassionate eyes saw all, and forgave all, rejoicing that the light yet dimly burned. May it be for each one of us, as we bend over the shining river of death, which runs like a silver thread into a sunlit sea, and as all memories of all times flood the illuminated mind, that we may know that at last we have fought the good fight, we have kept the faith, that we have been found worthy of a comradeship so great. STUDENT

Emerson's Bust in London

WE have already announced the presentation of a bust of Emerson to the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London, and its unveiling by Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, who seems to have made a remarkable speech upon that occasion and one eminently worthy of his subject. To him at any rate, the Concord philosophy is not merely a subject for the intellectual gladiators of the day but a spiritual message designed to uplift humanity; and to uplift humanity is to bestow an ever greater happiness upon an ever greater number.

Mr. Choate spoke of Emerson as being "more like Christ than any man ever known." These are great words and the speaker may perhaps have hesitated a little before expressing them. The world is still a long way from the point where it can refrain from crucifying its Christs, and the words of the Nazarene are not yet out of date, where-by he promised martyrdom to those who should come after him.

Emerson was not martyred simply because he was not understood, simply because the persecuting powers did not realize that his philosophy must mean the death-blow to superstition and eternal overthrow to those who, by the lash of fear, would have the minds of men cringe before them. Either they themselves did not understand him, or they were assured that the people would not yet understand him.

The philosophy of Emerson makes every man the dictator of his own fate, it brings every man face to face with God in those inner places of the human heart where there is no room for mediation nor possibility of intercession. Had Emerson spoken more plainly, had he destroyed as well as builded, he would have aroused the passionate hate of those whose watchwords in things spiritual have ever been prerogative, privilege, and monopoly.

STUDENT

Fewer Children and Better Ones

FROM an English paper we clip the following:

REWARDS FOR LARGE FAMILIES. The Lincolnshire Agricultural Society, which concluded its annual exhibition at Lincoln yesterday, awarded premiums to laborers who had brought up and placed out the greatest number of children. The first prize went to Thomas Hought, of Tealby, Market Rasen, for nineteen children born, seventeen brought up, and twelve placed out. The second prize winner had fifteen children, thirteen were brought up, and all placed out; whilst other competitors had sixteen, fourteen, thirteen and twelve, there being ten entries for the prizes offered.

If the world's greatest need were a larger population, no matter what its quality—one might look with equanimity upon the ideal sanctioned by this Agricultural Society. But conditions indicate otherwise. The scandal of London, as it is the scandal of every great center of population, is its thousands and tens of thousands of neglected children. From their ranks come the bulk of our anarchists, drunkards and criminals.

Those who are even ordinarily observing know that the most supreme and stupendous of all undertakings, the one that counts most for the future's weal or woe, is the rearing of a child. Within the child's heart exist the germs not alone of good but of evil. Heredity, in general, is none too kind; more often than otherwise is its bequest a hindrance. The balancing is often so slight, so delicate, between the good and the wayward qualities of a child that a word at a critical time may suffice to save or to destroy. There are others in whom certain qualities so predominate as to make it easy to speculate on the future. But, however that may be, no task is so delicate, none requires so much wisdom, none so richly repays the service that is selfless, as the training of a little child.

What, probably, is the character of the training given to the children referred to in the clipping? Estimate its opportunities, knowing what the income of the average laborer may be, understanding the meagerness of the home life, a meagerness that is inevitable, reflecting upon the part played by an overworked mother whose whole life circles within the boundaries of wash-tub and cooking-pan, and cradle—a cradle that, perchance, does duty for seventeen! Can these children have right guidance? Impossible. In all probability they do not have enough to eat, at times. The fact that they are "placed out"—sent out to work for farmers—is eloquent enough.

There is some prospect—or so it seems—that we will yet pause and reflect as, year after year, the appalling records of crime, idiocy and insanity become more insistent in their claims upon our attention. We may yet think it worth while to put some check upon the source that supplies us with that kind of material. It is hardly fit material for the building of a higher civilization. We may yet come to see the logic of a doctrine that preaches fewer children and better ones. If the producing of large families is in itself a virtue or an ideal to be followed, then the guinea-pig and the rabbit stand as forerunners of a better time, and exponents of a splendid ideal.

H. W.

Portrait of William Q. Judge

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week is a portrait of William Q. Judge who, upon the death of H. P. Blavatsky in 1891, became her successor as Leader and Official Head of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood. Mr. Judge died March 21st, 1896, whereupon his chosen successor, Katherine Tingley, became the Leader and Official Head of the Theosophical Movement throughout the World.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Real Health and Physical Culture

THE Universal Brotherhood is no academy for the elect few, nor is it some dreamer's intellectual pastime, with no interest for the average healthy young person. On the contrary, it touches life at all points and *Quicquid agunt pueri* is certainly its motto. There is no question of greater interest just now than the question of athletics and physical culture. Magazines have articles on it and accounts of the deeds of great athletes; there are many magazines devoted to the subject exclusively, and the advertisement pages teem with descriptions of gymnastic apparatus and systems of physical culture.

Of course, a sound and well-proportioned body is thoroughly in accordance with Universal Brotherhood ideals; but not a sound body *alone*. In fact, even the motto, *mens sana in corpore sano*, does not fully convey the true ideal; unless we take *mens* to mean not only the mind, but something more besides.

Three is the number that best expresses man's nature—soul, mind and body. The soul is the real Self, not yet fully awake in man, but inspiring his mind with great and noble ideals and pure aspirations. The mind comes between the soul and body and is influenced by both. In a perfected man the soul will govern the mind, and the mind the body.

In view of the above, it is evident that physical culture must go hand in hand with mental culture and with a due recognition of the soul. It is well known that bodily culture alone, not only leaves the rest of the nature coarse and gross, but even shortens the life of the body itself. To entirely concentrate upon one side of the nature usually implies the neglect of the others, and to constantly focus the thought in one direction is an injury to the whole being. Bodily and mental culture alone would starve the soul and produce a clever but unprincipled man; a man, too, with not enough wisdom to save him from some destructive passion.

The aim of culture must be to produce a sound *race*, for no individual can safely and successfully develop himself regardless of the general welfare. The neglect of the law of Brotherhood, founded on the truth that all mankind are *one*, is what poisons the cup of all personal gains.

The ancient Greeks, before their degeneration, are often quoted as examples of what physical culture should be. We can learn much by copying the models of the past, always remembering that we, as a later race, are destined eventually to improve even on these patterns. These ancients believed that, when they celebrated their games, they were invoking the national Soul, which soul they represented, in its various powers and qualities, by the gods of their Pantheon. It is such a spirit as this that ought to inspire all our endeavors for culture, whether mental or physical. The normal person instinctively feels that there is a contrast between engaging in a sport with others, and pump-handling at an elastic cord behind one's bed-room door. The former tends to the old-fashioned healthy social spirit, and the latter has a most disagreeable smack of private emulation. We should therefore make our culture as social and collective as possible.

Again, we should regard it as a public duty to have a sound body; and, if there were a public sentiment against weakness and malformation, we should feel the same horror of finding it in ourselves as we feel of being dirty or slovenly in dress. It will take a good deal of all-round improvement and remodeling in human society before athletics come to be regarded as an essential part of the national (or international) religion. But all great changes come about through accumulated efforts in the same direction, and it should therefore be the business of every athlete to cultivate what opportunities he has of infusing the right motive into his efforts, and to propagate among others this spirit.

As an example of what may be done, and of what lies before the race in the future is seen in this case, as in so many others, in the Raja Yoga School at Loma-land. For there we have a model community in the making; and in it the little members observe the good old spirit of mutual interest and solicitude for the realization of beauty and harmony in life. Their physical training, like all their training, is carried on harmoniously and in just proportion.

H. T. E.

Insomnia and Civilization

SOME medical journals are making a great flourish of trumpets over a new drug for the cure of insomnia. It is said to produce an easy, natural slumber, and to call forth no unpleasant after effects. We do not believe that there is any drug which produces sleep and leaves no ill result, and we should be disposed to be doubly suspicious wherever such a claim is made. The sleep which is produced by drugs must be reproduced by drugs, and those medicines which seem to leave no after effects are the most insidious and dangerous.

Insomnia is of course becoming one of the scourges of civilization, and it may be remembered that civilization has been wittily defined as the habit of acquiring luxuries and dispensing with necessities. Our increasing demand upon medical science is for an impunity to break nature's laws, and we require to have the great natural human needs presented to us in tabloid form. Beneficent sleep is nature's equilibrium, the makeweight to a day of honest labor, performed with tranquil mind, and when thus invited it rarely fails us.

As a community we seem to be forgetting that it is nature's desire to have us healthy. She is not a tyrant from whom concessions have to be wrung at the point of the lancet. If anywhere her gifts appear to fail us it is not because those gifts are unoffered, even unurged, but because we have placed ourselves out of reach. The well ordered mind is a greater health producer, a more effective sleep giver than all the drugs in the world, and we might with advantage ponder well upon the text, "he giveth his beloved sleep."

STUDENT

Teaching to Struggle for Wealth

LOOKING over the pages of a weekly magazine, one is struck with the prevailing tone of the short paragraphs and stories intended for youth. It is the all too familiar one of "Push hard and dollars shall be yours!" Anecdotes are related showing how pushful boys reaped rewards in the shape of checks, and the amounts of the checks are stated with awe.

In the same paper is told a story of how a group of men were discussing what quality was most needed in our country, one saying energy, another tact, and so on. Finally a great financier declares *character* to be the prime requisite; and, when asked if that would not make the world go too slow, he replies that the world does not go very fast as it is, and that the reason is because there is not enough character. He hit the nail on the head. A struggling, elbowing crowd does not progress very fast, and does not suggest the march of civilization. It is this apparently harmless zeal to get on and make money that grows and grows until it predominates over every other motive, and then we have the corrupt official.

STUDENT

Needed Reforms in Jurisprudence

THE Judges of the High Court of Justice in London seem determined to restrain some of the more illegitimate exuberances of the bar. In one instance Justice Grantham remarked with some severity that it was the habit of counsel to draw red herrings across the track in the interests of their clients, and that they were paid to raise false issues before the jury.

In another case the Master of the Rolls reproved counsel for making charges against one of the parties in a libel suit which were unsubstantiated by the evidence, and which were advanced only to prejudice the jury.

There are very many features in the legal systems of the world which are gravely in need of reform. Prominent among them is the opportunity sometimes taken by counsel to morally vivisect and torture a perfectly innocent party or witness whose only offence may be a desire to advance the truth and to aid the cause of justice. The witness box ought not to be a torture chamber, and citizens of a free country ought not to be compelled to look upon an appeal for simple justice as an ordeal worse than death. Courts of law are supposed to administer justice and they usually endeavor conscientiously to do so, yet the machinery of the law is often so loose that indirect injustice prevails. I.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Must Destroy to Save the Theatre

ELEANOR DUSE is quoted as having said, in a recent interview with an Italian journalist:

To save the theatre the theatre must be destroyed, and its actors and actresses die of the plague. They poison art and make it impossible. We should return to the Greek ideal and play in the open air.

Those who have seen Duse at the height of her power—a power so clothed in pathos as to render it positively impersonal—must have felt the imprisonment of her soul. Like a caged bird, she has beaten her wings, lifelong, against the iron bars of misunderstanding and an unsympathetic environment. At times she has been forced to give the public what it demanded, though always with the cloak of her greatness thrown upon it and so covering its own meagerness. The “problem play,” which she confessedly loathes—she has played it. Wherefore? Because there has been almost nothing else for her to do. The great dramatist who shall do for the present what Æschylus did for the past is yet to come.

Yet she has uttered her protest none the less, a protest against the low ideals of the age. Hers has been the new, the regenerative ideal. Yet it cannot manifest in the environment offered by the present time. New wine cannot be poured into old bottles. “To save the theatre the theatre must be destroyed.” Truer words were never spoken. The old drama which revels in sensationalism, which is sordid, which is selfish, must literally die ere ever the new can come to birth. The drama which dwells upon the ulcers and the plague spots of life and of human nature must and yet will give place to a new drama, a drama of purity and of the soul. All that is good in the theatre of today will be saved, must be from its very nature—all that is unworthy must go, for the time is coming when the better public will no longer demand it.

To return to the old Greek ideal? It is not so far a step. Already a beginning has been made in the dramatic representations given in Loma-land. Under the blue sky, upon the bare and leveled earth, the great ocean beyond, cañon and hillside for a background—in the amphitheatre of Loma-land are given plays that picture the Soul's opportunities, not its despairs; that picture the health, not the diseases of human life. Such is the drama of Duse's ideal. Such will be the drama of the future. For the dramatist of the future will be he who has a knowledge of the true philosophy of life, not he who tries to drag the soul into a laboratory and cut it up on a mental dissecting table. E. M.

THERE is a tale told about Lulli, the composer, that is refreshing in its naivete, to say the least.

At one time he was so ill that the physician sent for his father confessor, believing death to be very near. The priest refused to grant him absolution unless he burned the manuscript of his opera, *Achilles and Polixene*. The opera was accordingly burned and the man's sins were forgiven.

Lulli, however, did not die, and later was reproached by one of his friends for having burned what some considered his masterpiece, and which, being then in preparation for the stage, might have brought him fame.

“Why were you such a fool?” he asked.

“Hush,” replied Lulli, “I retained a copy of it!”

To Charlotte Cushman

by SYDNEY LANIER

LOOK where a three-point star shall weave his beam
Into the slumbrous tissue of some stream,
Till his bright self o'er his bright copy seem
Fulfillment dropping on a come-true dream:
So in this night of art thy soul doth show
Her excellent double in the steadfast flow
Of wishing love that through men's hearts doth go:
At once thou shin'st above and shin'st below.
E'en where thou strivest there within Art's sky
(Each star must o'er a strenuous orbit fly),
Full calm thine image in our love doth lie,
A motion glassed in a tranquility.
So triple-rayed, thou mov'st, yet stay'st, serene—
Art's artist, Love's dear woman, Fame's good queen!

They are in no way due to the cultivation or the education of the few; in no way whatever can they depend upon schools or subsidies. As a man's character is expressed in his face, in his voice, in every gesture and in every act, so the character of a nation is expressed in its buildings. There is no free-will in architecture, we must either express ourselves or we must copy and imitate. The buildings of every nation, of this nation, for instance, are confined to these two classifications. There is no

TO THE MARTYRS OF LIBERTY
Unveiled Feb. 24, 1901, upon the assembly of the
first popular City Council of MATANZAS, CUBA



To Restore the Glory of Architecture

ARCHITECTURE has fallen upon evil days in common with every other form of art. Here and there men are asking themselves what they can do to restore its glory, and to remove the reproach of ugliness for which our works will be judged by posterity. The disease is, however, far deeper than may be casually assumed. The neglect of architecture is not in itself a malady, but it is the symptom of a malady, and the symptom will disappear with the disease and not a moment sooner.

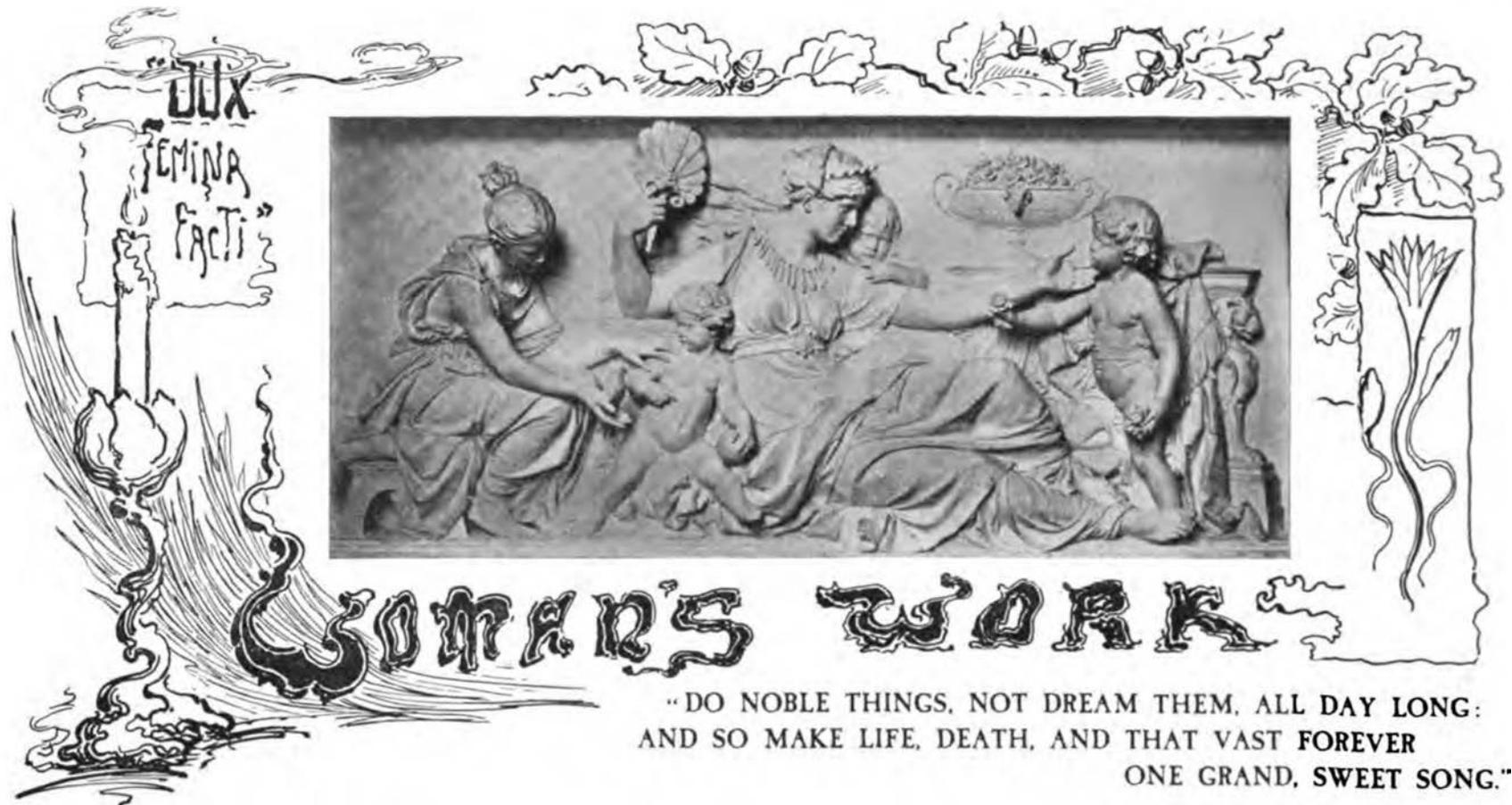
The buildings of every nation express the inner life of that nation. Architecture and all other forms of art cannot be “cultivated” or “fostered,” as we are in the habit of supposing.

free-will in the matter, no choice. They must be pictures of ourselves, or they must be merely copies of pictures which other men made of themselves. Good architecture is not the creation of architects, but of the mass of people of whom the architects are the representatives and focus points. The Gothic architecture of Venice was not the work of the architects and designers of Venice, but, as Ruskin tells us, “It was the creation of a pure national faith and of domestic virtue.” He tells us, too, that its renaissance or imitative architecture “indicated a state of concealed national infidelity and of domestic corruption.”

Good architecture is produced by a national aspiration toward the beautiful. When there is no aspiration we either imitate the works of those who did aspire or else we perpetrate an ugliness. We seem today to have lost the very conception of creation. The man of wealth who will build himself a house, the city which will adorn its streets with edifices ask but one question: “Whom shall we copy, whom shall we imitate? Shall we masquerade as Norman, Gothic, Greek, Latin, or what?” There is no American architecture, hardly any modern architecture at all. The elevator and the sky-scraper are the faithful emblems of the aspirations of today. We must either use these for our decoration or we must copy some other nation, some other period when pure aspirations purely expressed themselves.

We do not want to see a reversion to older types. We do not want to see a renaissance of the Gothic or the Norman. We want to see the birth, the creation of an American architecture. No matter how imperfect it be, so long as it be the expression of a national aspiration, so long as it be the mark of a search after beauty, of a realization of the need of beauty, a perception that life without beauty is like life without joy, a living death, a negation of God.

ARTISTS give moonlight pictures a prevailing tone of green, but nearly always pure white is somewhere to be seen in them. As a matter of fact, the white should have a slight touch of green with it to give the proper effect. Poets, too, are not always exact in their descriptions.—*Sir William Abbey*



THE women of the western world must find most interesting the experiences which Mrs. Haynes, wife of the explorer Dr. John Henry Haynes, passed through in their recent expedition to Nippur. This journey which was made to explore the remains of early Assyrian art, it need not be said, was long and hard, Mrs. Haynes' position being rendered two-fold difficult because she was a woman. One cannot but admire the courage and fortitude which Mrs. Haynes displayed under the most trying and alarming conditions, and also respect the tact and judgment that enabled her, later on, to turn the scorn and fury of the natives, at the sight of an "unveiled woman," into love and friendship.

We women of the western world, accustomed as we are to a large degree to perfect independence of living, choosing our own professions, our manners of life and dress, have probably not the faintest conception of what exists in the minds of the natives in the east, whose ideas are so entirely opposed to freedom of life among their women.

To see an American woman like Mrs. Haynes, living in all ways the same life with her husband; sharing his labors, his trials and his successes, a real comrade and companion, is to them simply incomprehensible, because of the utter contrast to their custom of secluding women. That incident when the angry mob surrounded Mrs. Haynes, jeering and yelling, and casting at her the term, "shameless woman," reads to us like a page from the dark past.

But a contrasting picture is given, when we see the most powerful Arab chief of the district coming to pay his respects to Dr. Haynes, refusing to enter the tent because a woman lived in it, and thus made it a harem. Then it was that this American woman rose to the emergency of the occasion. She stepped out of the tent, went gracefully forward to meet the chief, and extended her hand to him. He, after a moment's scrutiny, clasped her hand, and at the same time presented her with an exquisite rose.

To the wild natives this was enough. Nevermore did Mrs. Haynes suffer from their rudeness and insults. It is said that, later on, she won all hearts by her kindness in caring for their sick and suffering, so that when she departed, she left with them the memory of all that is best and true in womanhood.

While great credit is given to Mrs. Haynes for her valuable assistance to Dr. Haynes in his discoveries, yet the unique work she did amongst the natives is perhaps of more real benefit to humanity.

The condition of women in that part of the "unchanging east" must have been changed to a considerable degree by the efforts of this true-hearted American woman; the conversion of hatred into love, and a consequent beginning of what may lead to an abolishment of some of the most established and most unjust customs.

Such is the power that women possess to arouse the best in human life. The influence of a few such women in the east must do wonders for the franchisement of eastern women.

E. C. S.

Hermione--- Concluded

Close, close to men,
Like undulating layer of air,
Right above their heads,
The potent plain of dæmons spreads,
Stands to each human soul its own
For watch and ward and furtherance
In the snares of Nature's dance,
Unknown, albeit lying near
To men, the path to the Dæmon's sphere,
And they that swiftly come and go
Leave no track on the heavenly snow.—Emerson

INTO the maelstrom created by the jealousy of King Leontes, rush the potencies which "in sightless substances wait on Nature's mischief." Into this center of turbulent forces, Hermione's forbearance, tenderness, self-surrender, radiating, become the solvents; and all the turmoil and discord are readjusted and harmonized by the magic of the spiritual law.

As we allow the mind to penetrate beneath surfaces, searching for the universal that encloses the particular, so we find the immutable—the Law. Self-accusation, remorse, and the didactic morals of self-denial and strife with sin, constitute a view we are constrained to take, do we view conditions from the platform of action; but the same situation viewed by the intellect, elevated by discrimination, brings order out of chaos and leaves nothing for us but praise and wonder. As we penetrate the dark mysteries of evil forces and are thus permitted to study both cause and effect, wonder and praise are all that remain to us, and we see that naught exists for particular ends, but all for universal blessing.

The prison, the trial scenes—after which Hermione is lost to the drama—are situations of powerful interest. We have no tears, nor grief, nor pity to offer at her shrine. To stand self-poised, heroic, unswerving

for the spiritual law, was her object. Lost was she to the drama? No, not lost, but found. And in all her past environment, upon the kingdom, upon the court, her spirit descended in power, in beauty and fragrance. Into the king's distorted nature, into the divine temple, obsessed by devils, came the angels of love and peace, and the scales fell from his eyes. He knew through the bitter conflict that God's law was Justice, and he obeyed.

A rift is here made in the dark clouds that obscure our little world, and through that rift we catch a glimpse of heaven in the consummation of the drama. Is our glimpse narrowed to the particular joy of these particular characterizations? Then we have failed to realize the heavenly vision. Man's nobility not less than his vice needs the assurance of the inexhaustible, reserved power of the divine. How great soever have been its bounties they are but a drop in the ocean from whence they flow. As the rising sun dispels the darkness, as the tide of the ocean ebbs and flows, so the spirit of God recedes and inflows. So we are channels for the infinite, and naught is asked of us but to learn our lessons of obedience to law.

KATHERINE RICHMOND GREEN

A Recent Incident

SOME incidents connected with the woman question would be amusing were there not a very serious side to them. Recently, at the commencement exercises held in the Law School of the Columbian University, seven young men refused to take part if their classmate, Mrs. Emma R. Bailey of Georgia, were to receive a diploma as Doctor of Laws. Their reason had nothing to do with Mrs. Bailey's fitness, for she had handed in examination papers of unusual excellence, and the faculty had already declared her entitled to the degree. So, when the seven young men expressed their opinion and their intention, the faculty stood its ground. The young men received the quiet assurance that if they absented themselves from the commencement exercises they would receive no diplomas.

Six had the good judgment to step gracefully up from their position—for their objection rose from nothing more nor less than the fact that Mrs. Bailey was a woman—and they accordingly received their degrees.

Not so with the seventh, who therefore forfeited the honor he had been striving for.

But wherefore? Did these young men take this absurd stand of their own initiative, or was there some adviser behind the scenes?

M. P.

A Woman Archeologist

IT was the intention of Dr. Hilprecht, who is directing the explorations being made by the University of Pennsylvania in Assyria, that the first work undertaken by Dr. Haynes should be the clearing away of debris from the stately Hall of Columns.

As it happened, the Hall of Columns was one of the most exposed of all the mounds and, noticing that the workmen suffered from the cold, Mrs. Haynes suggested that they be put to work, until the weather changed, on Tablet Hill. This mound, as Dr. Haynes believed, had been thoroughly explored and he had little expectation of finding in it anything of value.

The tablets heretofore discovered, it will be remembered, were little more than a collection of contracts and business records.

But, as the second day's digging brought forth a few tablets, the digging continued. In time no less than twenty-three thousand tablets were brought to light, and they constitute, in Dr. Hilprecht's opinion, the remains of a vast and ancient literature. Dr. Hilprecht, who is an emi-

The Sound of the Sea

by LONGFELLOW

THE sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide
I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;
A voice out of the silence of the deep.
A sound mysteriously multiplied
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.
So comes to us at times, from the unknown
And inaccessible solitudes of being,
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;
And inspirations, that we deem our own,
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason or control.

is low. Polished by those who do not make of the process a mere craft, it must be that something is added to their beauty. It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than the sunset tints of an abalone shell. Shading from pearly whiteness to a deep but delicate purple, the whole



A LOMA-LAND ABALONE SHELL

nent Assyriologist, will later decipher them in Constantinople.

Not the least interesting among the discoveries made by Dr. Haynes and his wife were the ornaments worn by the women six or eight thousand years ago, among them rings and bracelets of twisted silver. A. K.

An Abalone Shell

VISITORS to the Woman's Exchange and Mart in Loma-land invariably speak of the exquisite abalone shells that are always on sale. Nowhere may be found such shells as those upon the shores of the Pacific and it is accounted by the students a pleasant day's recreation to go down to the beach and gather them when the tide

is low. Polished by those who do not make of the process a mere craft, it must be that something is added to their beauty. It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than the sunset tints of an abalone shell. Shading from pearly whiteness to a deep but delicate purple, the whole gamut of color is run through, omitting only the reds and greens. Transparent, marvelously soft in tint, though brilliant with the sun's reflected light, one feels that all that is best in the heart of the great sea is in these shells, precipitated. They hint of a beauty uncoarsened by even the merest touch of earth, and though they should become common as sands upon the shore they could never be commonplace. W.

Woman Immigration Official

THERE is one fact for which womanhood may indeed be grateful. It is that no woman had any share in the recent persecution of Katherine Tingley by the Gerry Society in New York, the persecution which expressed itself in the outrageous detention at Ellis Island of the "Eleven Cuban children"

who were on their way to the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. For several weeks the children were detained, to be released finally by order of the Commissioner-General of Immigration, William P. Sargent.

Yet there is one woman among the Immigration officials at Ellis Island who deserves more than passing notice, standing as she does in a position that enables her to actively safeguard the moral life of our whole country. It would be difficult to conjecture what would be the result were her place filled by one who would be unconscientious or lacking in discretion.

Mrs. M. E. Stucklin has for eighteen years stood guard over what is known as the "moral wicket" at Ellis Island. She is the only woman who has ever been invited to sit upon a Board of Inquiry. Today, under her direction, there are eight matrons.

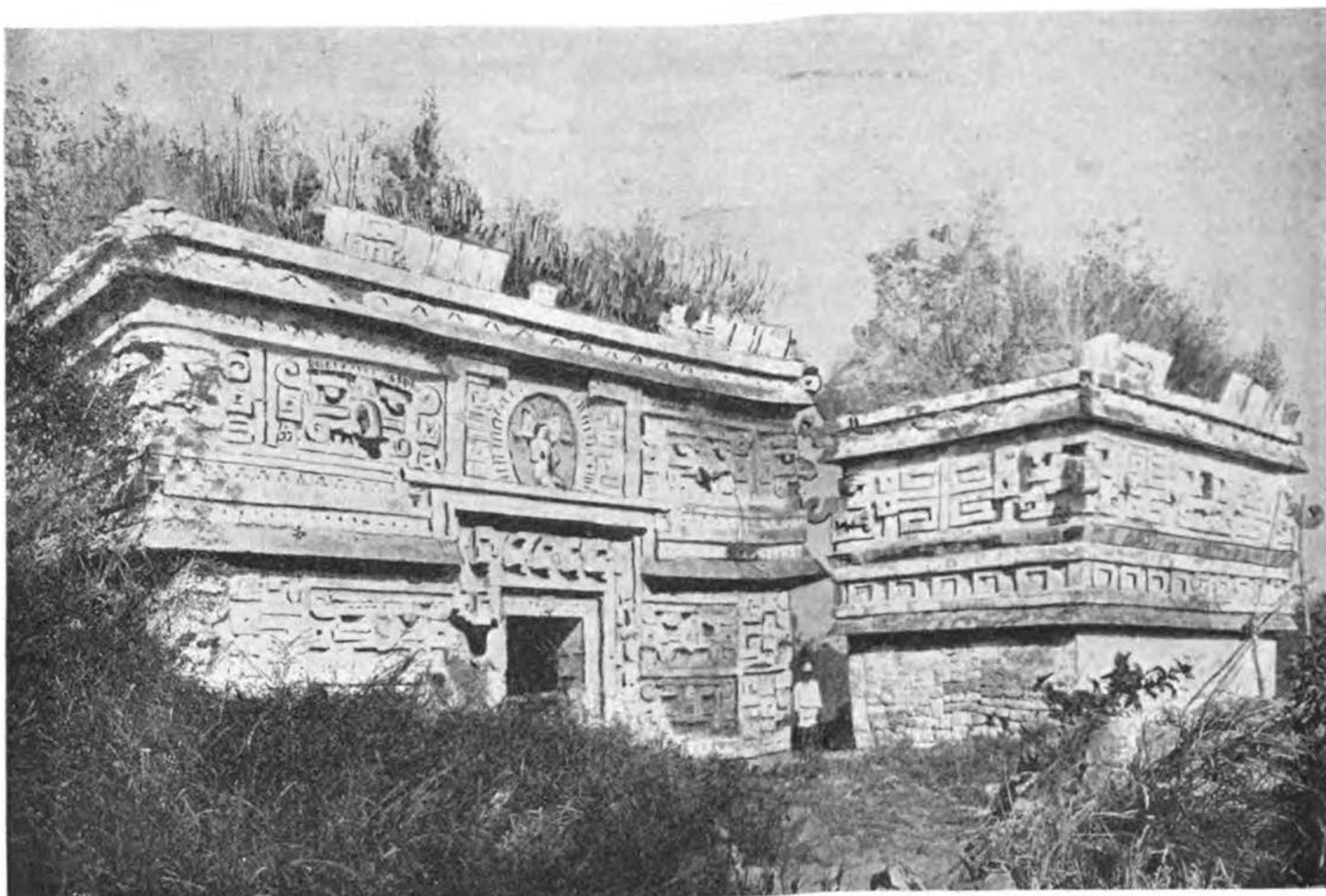
Every woman who enters this country on steamer passage through the port of New York must be examined by Mrs. Stucklin, as to moral fitness. It is owing to her influence that no woman entering Ellis Island is ever questioned by a man if there is the least doubt of her morality.

Last year nearly three hundred thousand women passed the gate and answered her questions. Except for Mrs. Stucklin's rigid care there would be much more corruption in the United States than is the case.

"It is a place of indescribable sadness," said Mrs. Stucklin. "The misery is greater than can be imagined. The women are all poor, all unattractive. But they suffer—they suffer beyond belief, and, in spite of the constant pulling on my heart-strings, I would not exchange my position for any other, the world over. They are sister-women, after all." B. H.

KATER KAIJNERENSTRA is the name given by her Indian pupils to Miss Katherine Hughes of Ottawa, Canada. It means "She-who-makes-things-go-pleasantly."

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races



EAST FACADE AND IGLESIA OF THE MAYA PALACE IN YUCATAN, MEXICO

The east front of the Palace is characterized by unusually bold and effective ornament, both lower and upper wall-zones being covered with sculptures. Two lines of snouted masks appear in the lower zone and one line in the upper. The medial and frieze moldings are embellished with geometric ornaments and the coping course is sculptured. The doorway is an elegant piece of work and is unique in many respects. Above is a center piece of much interest, the main feature of which is a human figure, probably representing a chief deity, in high relief, seated in an arched niche, with the usual, conventional, feather designs at the right and left. At the right is the Iglesia annex, a single-room structure, similar to the main building in general treatment, but having a plain lower wall-zone. The facade, which is on the west side and is not visible in the plate is decorated with a false front. — W. M. H. HOLMES, *Ancient Cities of Mexico*

The Cretan Palace of King Minos — the Earliest Amphitheatre

MR. ARTHUR EVANS has just completed his fourth season of exploration work at Knossos in Crete and the results are more surprising than any which have preceded them. Near the north wall he discovered a flight of steps and these were found to lead to a cemented area which was obviously a stage or arena for the ancient drama. This is the earliest example of the theatre which has yet come to light, and Mr. Evans believes that he has discovered the birthplace of the amphitheatre, perhaps the very spot upon which Ariadne danced.

Mr. Evans is certainly a man of imagination. As soon as the debris could be cleared away from the ancient stage he collected his work-people and their womenfolk, hastily taught them an ancient chorus, and, to the music of a Cretan lyre, performed one of those immemorial dances with which he was familiar and with which the stage itself was also doubtless equally familiar if its crumbling stones have preserved their memory through three thousand years of silence and darkness.

Mr. Evans believes that he has not only found the earliest amphitheatre but also the first basilica. He discovered a miniature palace upon the edge of a valley, formed of alabaster and a hall of colonnades. In the end wall is a niche containing an alabaster throne. This was evidently a meeting place and the occupant of the throne would have the whole audience beneath his eye.

Would that it were possible to find space for a hundred other details of these romantic discoveries which transfigure fairy tales into history and bring us face to face with a past so mighty that we cannot yet realize its power and its beauty.

STUDENT

MYSTERY still surrounds all records of the prehistoric races of old Mexico, although little by little archeological research is throwing light upon many phases of the life of these ancient peoples. Lumholtz, while digging in a garden near Tepic recently, unearthed two skeletons. Around the neck of one were something like twenty balls of solid gold and there was found beside it a golden breast-plate ornament. But what he considers to be the most remarkable find is a funerary jar or vase in terra cotta. The handle, curiously wrought, is in the form of a turkey's head.

University of California Exploring Shasta Caves

FURTHER reports are to hand of the successes attained by the University of California in their explorations of the Shasta Caves. The expedition was conducted by Professor John C. Merriam, and the discoveries seem to be important and interesting. Two new caves have been discovered and explored. The finds are mainly paleontological and include a very large number of animal bones, including those of many now extinct and at least one hitherto entirely unknown to science. The range of animals which once inhabited these caves must have been very extensive, as remains were found of the lion, bison, wolf, porcupine, bear and sloth, together with those of the extinct porcupine.

A curious tradition is related of one of the caves, to the effect that an Indian woman once fell into a well, of which the bottom could never be reached. This well was found and explored and the skeleton of a woman was actually discovered. It was tolerably well preserved, but had certainly occupied the position in which it was found for a very great number of years. It is stated that these remains present no surprising or unknown features, but are unmistakably those of an Indian woman of a tribe whose remnants still exist in California.

The California University is certainly doing an admirable work, not only in California but also in Egypt. The addition which it has made to our archeological knowledge is very great, and to that extent it has rendered a substantial service, not only to science but to the highest interest of America.

STUDENT

NOT many years ago the story of Pompeii was fast sinking into the region of myth and fairy tale, from which it was rescued by the discovery of the buried ruins. Now come reports of yet another city, many centuries more ancient than ancient Pompeii, a city which stood in a marsh near Sannazzaro, on the River Sarno, and which was probably already buried beneath the lava flow from Vesuvius before Pompeii was born. Already the museum at Naples has received many wonderful things which have been unearthed, and now organized efforts are to be made to unveil the riddle of a civilization which, at least, dates from the Ninth century before Christ.

STUDENT

To A Shetland Pony

by R. C. LEHMANN

UNCLIPPED, undescrated, her coat is like a mat;
One wild rough mane her crest is; no weight could keep it flat.
Her liquid eye is friendly, and, oh, I never knew
A mortal eye more darkly, unfathomably blue.

Yet on her peat moss litter, to luxury resigned,
She seems to catch the echoes of every stormy wind;
And, sad but uncomplaining, she seems to see the foam
Tossed from the angry breakers that beat about her home.

For, ah, she must remember that home so wild and free
Amid the wind swept islands that stud the northern sea,
Where late she snuffed the tempest and heard the curlews call,
Before she knew a bridle or moped within a stall.

The Individuality of Trees as Observed at Loma-land

THE fields surrounding the Homestead are enclosed by miles of cypress hedges, and the manner of their growth, as compared with other sorts of trees, suggest some reflections and analogies. If these cypress trees are constantly trimmed back they form a smooth, close hedge, but if left to themselves they run wild in mere wanton freakishness. On one side one or two limbs will be enormously developed and all the rest of the tree atrophied. Or perhaps a main stem will shoot up from a shapeless pile of branches and send itself up ten or fifteen feet without a decent twig. The main stem of a cypress always will stand up if it can, but otherwise every separate tree is a study in variation. Take as contrast the Norfolk Island Pines, of which there are several in the Homestead gardens. The trunk is absolutely straight and at regular intervals are the circles of branches, six in each circle, each branch as exactly like the others as it possibly can be. Tier upon tier, like a Chinese pagoda, the tree builds itself symmetrically upward, but if it be injured in any way, good-by to beauty, for it positively will not adapt itself to any change of pattern.

Compare now the sugar and the pitch-pine varieties. They also have a definite number of branches in each circle, usually five; but it is very seldom that all five flourish. But the tree balances itself in a rough and ready way by dropping the dead branches and feeding the others about equally. Still, it responds very slowly and uncertainly to any attempt to guide its shape by pruning. A deciduous or citrus tree, however, may be chopped, twisted, readjusted in every way, and yet if it is in good ground and has water it can be coaxed into any sort of shape desired, seeming to have much energy but no hard and fast pattern.

It is easy to find persons corresponding to each of these types. There



SINGLE AND DOUBLE POPPIES FROM A LOMA-LAND GARDEN

is the hobby-rider, who develops unevenly and capriciously like the cypress; fixing his mind on one idea and ignoring all others he magnifies one power or faculty at the expense of his general well-being. The Norfolk Pines remind one of some philosophers and teachers who have marked out for themselves ideals of geometrical symmetry and rigidity. Their plan is correct, and if circumstances do not permit its accomplishment, why, so much the worse for the circumstances. The other trees will be glad if they can grow into their own ideal shape, but if that is impossible they will do the best they can, following the lines of least resistance and making the best of every condition. And the curious thing about it is that neither the freakish cypress nor the rigidly exact Norfolk Pine yields any sort of edible fruit or beautiful flower. It is the irregular, patternless, adaptable trees that charm us with blossoms and refresh us with fruit.

There is much work to be done in the world, and while the specialist and the theorist have their uses, it is to the rough and ready man, versatile and persistent, that we turn in emergencies when much work is to be done with little material. And it is to these emergency men, who are not too sure of their own sanctity, that we turn for genuine heart sympathy in distress, or charitable helpfulness when we are reaping the fruits of error. We have the utmost affection for the erratic cypress and the geometrical Norfolk Pine, because if properly handled they make good borders and park ornaments, particularly suitable for colleges and churches, but for general use the less exacting fruit trees take the lead.

Y.

Geological Mysteries and Legends of Nature

THE Indians say that Mount Hood and Mount Adams once fought together and that the Columbia River was put between them to keep the peace, and there are in that region what seems to be evidence that an immense body of water once rushed down the valley, bringing with it enormous amounts of gravel and silt and that its course was temporarily obstructed. Certainly there must have been very powerful and heterogeneous forces at work to produce the strange tanglements of soil and rock, and chaotic strata of this region. A mile's travel will bring one to a totally different soil and flora, though there is the same elevation. Districts separated only by a few miles of rolling prairie are as different in soil, climate and land formation as though in widely separate States. We think that some accepted theories must be revised before these riddles can be solved.

X.

A CONTRIBUTOR to *Torreya* records an interesting example of the vitality of the American century plant, *Agave Americana*. A specimen was planted in 1890 and was cut down in 1900, because of its unwieldy size. Its leaves were sawn off and the trunk left on the ground to dry in the (California) sun for future burning. It lay there till 1902 and then flowered! It threw up the usual stalk to the height of fifteen feet; this flowered and then fruited. In another half year it threw up three more stalks, and in due time these will flower.

X.



LOMA-LAND CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

ISIS THEATRE was once more filled on Sunday night in expectation of hearing an address by Mrs. Katherine Tingley on the subject of "Capital Punishment." It was, however, announced by Thorley von Holst, one of the Raja Yoga School boys, that in consequence of a strain upon her voice Mrs. Tingley would be unable to speak that night, but had every intention of doing so on the succeeding Sunday.

The musical program was admirably rendered as usual. A number of the Raja Yoga children were in attendance and performed two part songs to the evident appreciation of the audience, the first being "Convent Bells," and the second being the chorus from Sullivan's "Light of the World." The orchestra performances included "Siegfried's Death March," "Slavonic Dance," and "Grand Duo from Samson and Delilah." Mrs. Hanson read a paper on "The Blessings of Theosophy to the Young Life," of which the following is an extract:

"In the February number of the *North American Review* of 1901, there is an article by Mark Twain entitled, 'To the Person Sitting in Darkness.' This article presents a picture of such horrible and degrading conditions that I felt it must be exaggerated. But those who have had experiences of the slums of our large cities know that its horrors are not exaggerated. And yet Christian churches are on almost every square, and ministers have seven days to work, and each one has aid societies and foreign and domestic mission societies. Where is the influence of the Christian churches and the people who profess to love their neighbors as themselves, that such a state of things can exist among them? Oh the unspeakable horror of children born and reared in such an atmosphere. . . . Is not every one of us who sit idly by making no effort to give our children a higher conception of life and its duties in that degree responsible for the fact that in our principal city this blot exists, and they have no men there who have the wisdom and the courage to cleanse it? And now think of it. All these people I read about were not always so! Were they ever taught when they were young that they were souls, living in bodies which should be fitting habitations for them? . . . Are any of your children taught this? Have they not rather an idea that a soul is something which they acquire by dying? Imagine a little child whose parents had wisdom and such a strong desire to do right, that the child's heredity and environment were all that they should be, and its little life could unfold as gently as a flower. As soon as it can lift its little hand it is taught to help itself and others. No discord in the home mars its tender years, and its appetites are not fed at the expense of its body. . . . It will be guided by those who know Theosophy and therefore understand child nature. Every day will be lived closer to duty and not according to desire. It will grow closer to its mother and we shall not have the strained conditions we now so often see. . . . If every mother could feel that when her children had reached the age of twenty that they had been so guided and helped, that the foundations of their character were as strong as the Rock of Ages and as pure as the purest gold, think of the difference in this whole country in a few years. And so the mothers who have children who are being trained in the right way, and know what a blessing Theosophy is to a young life, would like to share their joy with all the world. . . . Not long ago a visitor to Loma-land said, 'Let us pray that this work may reach the world,' and one of the students replied, 'We do pray by daily services and by daily work.'

"In the words of Katherine Tingley, 'I would not say, Let us pray, but Let us do. Let us turn from the negative side of knee-prayer to the positive side of heart action.'"

The second paper was by Miss Nan Herbert. She said in part: "Once upon a time a man came to your city, who believed it was in his power to prevent people from thinking. And with his hand lifted to heaven he condemned that awful woman who lives upon the Hill, and who is trying to teach us something about the mysteries. He tried to impress the people with the falsehood that these teachings were a menace to the Christian religion. Perhaps you know what these mysteries are, having seen the Raja Yoga children and the sweet strong lives that the students at Point Loma love to live. Judging from the way in which this man spoke one would have thought that there was no mystery about life and birth and death, but that everything was all understood. What is life itself but a great mystery? Surely it is the causes of things which are the mysteries, the unknown quantities of life, the love in a mother's heart, the purity of the child, the thousand hidden impulses that we are not aware of until they suddenly leap up in some word

ISIS THEATRE AGAIN CROWDED

Splendid Musical Program by Raja Yoga Children and Isis Conservatory of Music --- Interesting Addresses by Mrs. Hanson & by Miss Herbert of Loma-Land

Reprinted from San Diego News

or deed. . . . And yet in spite of all that this man said, the people have not ceased to think, for the heart tells us that only a knowledge of the inner things can give us the power to ease the aching heart and to turn life into joy. . . .

Is there a greater mystery than the soul of a little child? When we understand it, then the world will become a better place. Think of the unhappy child or of the child that is sick, and of the despairing men and women, and reflect that had their parents but possessed a knowledge of

some of these mysteries their lives would not have fallen into the shadows. Not only will life then be better understood, but we shall show the world the part played by heredity, not only the physical heredity, but the mental and spiritual links that stretch backward into the soul's infinite past. Not until we study this mystery of heredity shall we begin to undo old errors and build a future that is strong and new.

"Yet there are some mysteries on the Hill which it would be very difficult to find elsewhere in the world. . . . There are, for instance, the children. What is the secret of their wonderful self-poise, much more perfect than yours and mine, of that indescribable something which they carry and which words cannot express? Are there, too, no mysteries in the world? Is it not a mystery that men should choose the selfish course when their hearts so plainly tell them that it only leads to despair? Is it not a mystery that men should sacrifice principle and self-respect and even love, for gold and for ambition? Is it not a mystery that the world should be so full of shadow and of sin, when it was two thousand years ago that Jesus came to bring unto men — what? A knowledge of the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven which lies within each heart, or so He told us. And is it not a mystery that today some of those who profess to be His followers, are attacking the very work which proves Jesus to have been a Savior of men? Let us then study the mysteries, for by a knowledge of them humanity will be made better, womanhood will be sanctified and the home life purified. . . . Let us quit being afraid. Let us be daring. Let us dare to hope, dare to aspire, dare to share with the world the knowledge that a study of the mysteries has given us."

Observer Notes

☞ The success of the Children's Services at the Isis Theatre is so overwhelming as to be the subject of general conversation, not only in San Diego, but in hotels and railways up and down the Pacific coast. That crowds should be unable to secure admission is almost a weekly occurrence. Sometimes the disappointed ones are to be numbered only by hundreds, but on occasions they have amounted, by count, to three thousand. The only remedy is to hold overflow meetings in one of the other large halls of the Theatre block, and the necessary arrangements for this are accordingly being made.

☞ Attention has already been drawn to the interest which Raja Yoga School methods are arousing among those interested in education. Very many such have attended the meetings in the Theatre, when the children have been present, and they have also visited the School itself upon the Hill. The performances at the Theatre are, of course, sufficiently wonderful, but the astonishment of our educational visitors would be enormously increased if they knew the rapidity with which the children are prepared. For example, the "Scriptural Interpretation," which was a feature of last Sunday night's service, might very well have been the subject for a month's preparation. As a matter of fact the children were introduced to it for the first time at noon on the previous day. The dramatic dialogue, in which even the smallest children participated, was faultless. Nowhere was there an instant's hesitation, a misplaced word or emphasis. It was an exact imitation of an impromptu discussion, with an added vivacity and earnestness.

☞ What wonder, then, that conscientious teachers from all parts of the world are anxious to get the same results from their pupils. Nothing would be of greater gratification to Katherine Tingley than to know that such results were being obtained and to help to such an end. Help she certainly can and does give, but the full results which she obtains cannot be obtained elsewhere unless the knowledge and the environment are similar, and that cannot yet be. There are many persons who suppose that a system of education can be explained in a book very much like a system for learning a language. That is not the case. Our visitors might, and very often do, witness the children's classes and the externals of their studies, and

they carry away from them many valuable suggestions. They can examine the school buildings, the playgrounds, etc., etc., without any reservation, and while they will find everything beautiful and admirable, the secret of success may still be invisible in spite of all effort and good will to the contrary. It lies in the scientific comprehension of child nature, the clear perception of the higher and the lower, not as vague generalities, but as facts which must be reckoned with. There is no royal road to such successes as we have witnessed, no communicable secret. They are based upon the mysteries of child nature, one of those "Mysteries" which Katherine Tingley has been so derided for reviving, and of which some of the visible results are the astonishing performances of these children. It simply lies in so disposing of every minute of the twenty-four hours, that the good and the forceful in the child nature shall be drawn forth and the evil and the selfish restrained. Very much of this may be applied, and startling results obtained everywhere so long as teachers are willing to shake off convention and—strange as it may seem—superstition and dogmatism, and face for themselves the facts of nature instead of the make-believes and the pretenses.

¶ Nearly every day some new face seems to appear in our midst, and the problem of accommodation has become permanent. To keep well abreast of the improvements and additions a daily tour of the grounds is not enough. Houses may appear like mushrooms between breakfast and dinner, and this indeed actually happened in the case of three quaint structures which now decorate the crest of the Hill close to Group House No. 2. The ground was vacant in the morning, but the Egyptian looking houses were nearly finished in the afternoon.

They had been carefully made to design and brought to the spot ready for erection, and for all the Observer knows to the contrary, there may be a street coming up the Hill at this very moment.

¶ These little houses, of which we must certainly have a photograph, seem intended to contain not exceeding two persons. They are beautifully finished with tent-like overhanging roofs, not unlike the old-fashioned beehives. Light is provided by three large windows, ventilation is admirable, and the accommodation in these little studios is sufficient in every way for the purpose intended. It would, of course, be easy to follow the same design to any required size, and the addition to the architectural beauties of the place is striking.

¶ In addition to these unique houses two large camps are about to be started, of which further particulars will no doubt soon be available, to meet the pressure of constant application. Those who are unfamiliar with the climate of California can hardly estimate the delights of camp life. In almost every other part of the world the rain and temperature are matters to be considered and forecast. Here the promise of the sun is never belied and the rain comes when it is due and not at any other time.

¶ Only the barest mention has hitherto been made of the extension of the grounds to the north of the Homestead and in the direction of Ocean Beach. That extension is very considerable, and the lay of the land admirably adapts it for use as an ornamental park, to which purpose it is to be devoted. The land stretches in a gentle slope from the crest of the hill clear away down to the sea cliff, and the view is as charming here as elsewhere. For the most part it is covered with brush, but here and there are miniature cliffs with old shell beach lines conveying a world of information to the seeing eye of the geologist, of those times when Point Loma was but a ridge above the surface of the water, and when it and the surrounding heights were islands of the Pacific. Plans are already being made for this park, the location of trees decided upon, and the buildings which will adorn it, including a shelter house for the orchestra, which, by the way, continues to soak up like a sponge all the musical talent which shows itself.

¶ In a few weeks we must bid temporary farewell to some of our teachers who are going to Cuba to open the Raja Yoga Academy and the Raja Yoga School, both of these establishments to be conducted, so far as is possible, upon Point Loma methods, and the latter being entirely free. The Observer is not without some justification for his belief that the Leader is maturing some very extensive plans along in-



STATUE OF COLUMBUS
In the patio of the Palace, Havana, Cuba

dustrial lines for the well-being of Cuba. The industrial work among the children at Point Loma has been signally successful and very many of them are becoming expert with a large variety of tools as well as with typewriting, stenography, telegraphy, etc. Industrial work is one of Cuba's greatest needs, adding as it necessarily does to the actual and permanent wealth of the country. OBSERVER

Death of Robert Denton

ONE of our old and faithful comrades, Robert Denton, of Buffalo, New York, passed away on July 23d. He was one of the oldest members of the Buffalo Lodge, and a tried and true comrade, and the Lodge will greatly feel his loss. Only last February his wife died and deepest sympathy goes to their three children in their double loss. He will always be remembered by the comrades, both of his own Lodge and the many who, visiting Buffalo, have met him and always hoped to greet him again. The following account of his active life was published in the *Buffalo Express*:

"Robert Denton, one of Buffalo's most esteemed citizens and head of the well-known piano house of Denton, Cottier & Daniels, dropped dead at the foot of Austin street at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Death was due to apoplexy.

"Mr. Denton was in excellent health and spirits yesterday morning. He felt so well that he said to his partner, William H. Daniels, that he intended to take a day off and go down to Grand Island. He left for the Oakfield Club with Señor James Nuno and a party of ladies. Arriving at the club, he went for a row on the river and later played a game of croquet. He became heated and suddenly com-

plained of feeling ill. Dr. John Pryor was called and he made Mr. Denton as comfortable as possible and when the afternoon boat left for Buffalo Mr. Denton went aboard and reclined in the cabin. He felt better and when the boat arrived at the foot of Austin street he walked ashore. He had gone about fifty feet when he staggered, swayed and fell dead. The body was taken to his home.

"Mr. Denton was one of the oldest and most respected business men in Buffalo. He was an example of what an honest man of ability can accomplish by hard and faithful work. He was born in England on February 27th, 1826, and was 77 years old. He came to Buffalo when a mere boy and was educated in the public schools. In 1847 he became a clerk in the music store of James D. Sheppard. In 1863 he became a partner in the firm, which became Sheppard, Cottier & Co. Four years later Mr. Sheppard retired, the firm then becoming Cottier & Denton. In 1878 Hugh Cottier died and the firm changed to Denton & Cottier, Mrs. Cottier retaining an interest in the firm. In 1887 William H. Daniels became a member of the firm, which then became Denton, Cottier & Daniels and is known today as one of the largest and foremost piano houses in the world.

"Mr. Denton's wife died last February. Three years ago his oldest son, Paul Denton, was stricken with apoplexy and died as his father died yesterday. Three children survive Mr. Denton. They are Mrs. Edward W. Butt, Mrs. Weldon F. Lloyd and George A. Denton, who has been seriously ill and is now in the mountains in the hope of regaining, in part at least, his broken health.

"Mr. Denton was a member of Hugh de Payen Commandery, Knights Templar, and was a prominent Mason, being past master and present treasurer of Erie Lodge, F. & A. M., a member of Ismailia Temple and a 32d degree Mason. He was a member of the Oakfield Club and the Buffalo Chess and Checker Club. From boyhood he was prominent in the musical life of Buffalo and did yeoman service in building up the appreciation of music by Buffalonians. For many years he was organist of Old Trinity Church at Washington and Mohawk streets and was organist also of the old First Presbyterian Church at Main and Niagara streets and of the First Unitarian Church. He was president of the Buffalo Choral Union, one of the prominent old-time singing societies.

"He was a man of gentle, honest life and steadfast integrity and purity of character. He was a familiar figure to many Buffalonians and although 77 years old frequently was a participant in active outdoor pleasures and on Wednesday was riding his bicycle as usual. He had many friends and his death is a great loss to the business life of this city."

Harold Cliffe, His Wife, and His Work



AROLD CLIFFE and his young wife lived in a pretty little house in New York. He was about thirty years of age, a big, square-shouldered man, with what one would unhesitatingly call a good face, clean shaven, with firm, strong-looking mouth and chin. He had known Nell Desmond years ago as a saucy, merry little chatterbox, whom he used to tease and play with, to give candies and kittens, puppies and dolls. Now, after a long absence from home, he had come back to find her very little altered, and except that she had become a young woman, twenty-one years of age, she was almost as thoughtless and childlike as when he had last seen her. She was a very lovable girl and laughed and sang her way into everybody's heart, and Harold soon found that she was filling his thoughts.

Nell had formed a growing admiration for him, he was so different to the crowd of young men with whom she had danced, coached, skated, and golfed. He could do all these things, and do them well, but there was another side, too, which was not so familiar to her. She found that he spent much of his time in the dreary slums and amongst the poor little atoms of humanity who lived there, that he had rented a large room where he met them several times in the week, and that he was trying to instil into them some ambition to lift themselves out of the darkness in which their little lives were spent. He talked to her enthusiastically about his work and of his great hopes that it would spread, and that if he could only get some one to work amongst the girls as he was with the boys what a great thing that would be. And Nell loved him for it all, and listened admiringly, and waxed enthusiastic also, and after a while she would go to the room with him and sing to his boys, and when he saw how she sang and laughed her way into their hearts also, he felt that she was the one indeed who could be his helper and who could give the so much needed aid in his work.

They were married, and after a pleasant trip, they settled down in their home in New York, where they had now been living for two years. Harold soon saw that his vision of working together amongst the children was not to be realized. For some time, while the thing was a novelty, Nell continued to go to the classes. She enjoyed the sensation of being so openly admired by those rough street boys, and of letting the girls finger her dainty, pretty dresses; but after a bit anything was allowed to be an excuse for not going.

One evening Harold let himself in with his key, and went into the dining-room where the dinner table was tastefully laid. Seeing Nell was not there, he went to the foot of the staircase and shouted to her.

"Coming, coming," she called, in her pretty voice, and with a great rustling of silks and waving of ribbons she ran down and greeted him.

"Come along in to dinner you dear old thing, aren't you hungry?"

"Yes, I'm hungry," he said, "but I can't take my eyes off such splendor. What kind of cloth is this?" taking up a piece of the delicate chiffon in his fingers.

"Cloth!" she laughed, "you old ignoramus, that's chiffon. Cloth indeed!"

"Well," said he, "the children will think a princess has come to sing to them tonight." Nell put on a look of horror.

"You don't imagine I'm going to trail all this loveliness around that dirty room do you?" she said. "No, the Huntleys 'phoned in a tremendous hurry this morning for me to go over there tonight. They're giving an impromptu dance for Jimmy Huntley who has to go away unexpectedly tomorrow. He only heard of it by this morning's mail, so everything is dreadfully rushed."

"But, dear," said Harold, "you promised the children, and they will be so disappointed if you don't go."

"Well, it's only this once," said Nell, "and I couldn't possibly not go to say good-bye to Jimmy, could I? Ask Sadie Mansell to go with you, she'll love to do it," and then as she saw her husband's face cloud with disappointment, she said: "Now I won't have you being cross with me, you solemn old dear. It'll be all right. The children will like Sadie just as well as me, and I won't lose my fun. Now say that you're not one bit cross with me?"

Harold put her in her carriage, wrapping her up tenderly and carefully, and again Nell felt twinges of remorse, and as she settled herself in a comfortable corner she said: "I really will go regularly with him after this evening."

Some time before this Harold had become interested in the Universal Brotherhood Organization, and finding upon what common sense lines the work was conducted, and that the rest of the Theosophical teachings were just what he had been wanting and looking for, he had joined the Organization and had taken Nell to the meetings once or twice.

But she soon tired of them, and so it generally ended in Nell staying at home with a novel or going to a place of entertainment while Harold went alone to the Lodge room of the Organization or to his work amongst the boys and girls.

As time went by each felt that something had grown up between them and that something was pushing them wider and wider apart.

They gave up talking to each other of the things that interested them, both feeling that what interested one bored the other, and so instead of the happy talkative

little wife there was now a silent little being with a pitiful droop to her pretty mouth, and sitting opposite to her at the once sociable bright dinner table was a punctiliously polite man who spoke only when the requirements necessitated it.

One evening as Nell was drowsing over a book she heard quick footsteps running up the stairs and a bright voice saying, "You need not trouble to show me up. I know where she is."

The door opened and a girl of about her own age came in.

"Why, Sadie!" cried Nell, jumping up, "how awfully glad I am to see you. I thought you were with Harold and his boys this evening."

"Yes, and that is what I came to see you about, my child," said Sadie. "I have not come to gossip, I've come to give you a big piece of my mind," and she pushed Nell back into the chair and drew up another facing her. "Nell, you mustn't mind what I'm going to say. I'm just going to say it anyhow, for I'm feeling so strongly about it."

Nell looked puzzled. "Why, what have I done to be looked at in that perfectly serious way; have I done anything?"

"Done anything!" burst out Sadie. "I should just say you had. Oh, Nell, can't you see that you're breaking the heart of one of the best men that ever lived, and that you are spoiling your own life, too? Don't interrupt me," she cried, "it's true. Why, cannot you see for yourself? You are not happy and he is miserable. He is lonely in his life, lonely in his work, in his—O, in everything. And I can see so plainly, although he is brave and never speaks of his troubles, that he is becoming more and more heart-sick. Nell, I could shake you, to think that you cannot see what kind of love it is you are throwing away."

Nell was crying bitterly by this time. "It's true," she said, "I am unhappy, but I didn't think he was and I don't believe he cares much if I am."

"That's not true, and you know it isn't true," blazed out Sadie. "I tell you, Nell Cliffe, that if you care to you can be one of the happiest girls on the face of the earth. Harold thinks of you and your happiness before everything, and you think of your own self and your own happiness before everything."

Nell opened her big wet blue eyes. "Why, Sadie!" she gasped, "I'm always thinking of Harold. All the time I'm wishing he would stay with me more."

"Yes, I know exactly," Sadie interrupted, "and isn't that thinking of yourself? Do you think of him or his happiness when you are trying to keep him from doing a noble work?"

"I don't want to keep him from it," indignantly said Nell. "Its splendid of him to do it, only I don't want to give up all my pleasures and never go anywhere except to the Boys' Club or to meetings."

Sadie said very quietly: "You know that you do not believe that Harold has stopped loving you, or that he wants you to do nothing but go to meetings and to the Boys' Club. Nell, dear"—and Sadie's soft brown eyes were full of tears—"won't you pull up a bit and try to think of Harold more? You do not mean to be selfish; you don't know that you are. You would do anything for him willingly."

Nell's face was hidden in her handkerchief.

"Well, start in with smaller things. Give up thinking of your pleasures and your comforts first and go half way to meet him. Go with him again to sing to his boys, and find out more about the work with the children. There are so many ways to help, and its simply grand. What a help you could be and still have time for other pleasures."

Nell's face was out of her handkerchief by this time, and she was looking excitedly at Sadie, who was now kneeling at her side. "Sadie, I'm going to do it. You've made me see things so differently. I'd like to begin right away. I'll go to his boys every time, and I won't dress like I do now. I'll wear my plain dresses, and —"

"No, no," laughed Sadie, "dress your prettiest always, and always look your prettiest. The Organization does not want a lot of dowdy uninteresting looking people. I'm so glad I came, and its just lovely of you not to resent it."

The following Wednesday Nell slipped away quickly from the dinner table, and when Harold went into the hall to put on his overcoat he found her waiting dressed for walking. "Are you going to the Huntley's while I'm gone?" he asked.

Nell blushed furiously. "I thought I'd go with you," she said.

"Why you needn't, you know, Nell, if it bothers you. Sadie will be there."

Nell's heart sank—so her place was really getting filled in by some one else. It was an effort, but she made it when she said: "Can't I go? I might be able to do something else."

"Do you really want to go, little woman?" cried Harold, and he tucked her hand under his arm in the old comfortable way. "I'm glad, for no one could really fill your place, you know."

Things are altered at the little house in New York. There's never any scarcity of conversation now. Nell and Harold work heart and soul together, and still find time to see a good play now and then, or to hear some great musician and to keep in touch with their friends.

A. C.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Intuition Discovers What Science Afterwards Classifies

AN accurate and complete knowledge of mechanical laws should enable a scientist to calculate the behavior of nature under all circumstances and to say what is possible and what is impossible. But, even assuming the present knowledge to be complete, the problem is often so complex as to defy the capacity of all ordinary intellects. Hence, we find things happening in nature that are not in accordance with calculations or expectations, and science has to hunt up the explanation *after* the fact has been demonstrated. Thus actual observation may be more reliable than formulated knowledge, and a practical experience may be wiser than learning.

As an instance, we have lately been reading of a dispute between practical lumbermen and learned scientists as to whether different kinds of objects float down a river at the same or different speeds. The scientists maintained, on theoretical grounds, that all bodies, whatever their shape and size, would move at the same speed as the current of the stream; but the lumbermen had learned that some objects drift faster than others, and that all objects drift faster than the stream on which they float.

The explanation is that the surface of a river is an inclined plane and that, while the water runs down the bed, the lumber in its turn runs down the surface of the water, and thus has a motion (due to gravitation) relative to the water; in short, gains on the water. Further, objects will move at different speeds according to their shapes, which modify the amount of friction with the water and pressure from the air.

This example shows us that scientific men are not always able, even where universally recognized laws are concerned, to predict the accurate result of given combinations of circumstances. How much less, then, can they predict in cases where *unknown* laws of nature (whose existence cannot legally be denied) may be involved?

We should never forget that in the realm of discovery, it is almost always observation and intuition that play the principal part, science coming after to formulate and classify. Only supreme intellects have the concentration and orderliness and grasp to be able to infer an actual result from a complicated mass of data.

H. T. E.

The Presence of Radio-Activity in Surface Water

THERE seems some reason to believe that Yale scientists have made a notable advance in our knowledge of radium by the discovery of radio-activity in surface water. Dr. Wheeler and Dr. Plumstead have been experimenting for some time and they now speak with some confidence of the results obtained. Professor Thomson of England has for a long time been searching for the same phenomena in English waters, but up to the present without success. Upon his recent visit to New Milford, however, with his Yale confreres unmistakable evidences were found in water drawn from a well 1500 feet deep. Further experiments were carried out after Professor Thomson had left and the presence of radio-activity in surface water was demonstrated. The learned Professor is naturally cautious, but he is reported as saying that the coal mines of the world may not be needed for either heat or energy if radium can be utilized, as seems a possibility. Dr. Wheeler is equally circumspect in his utterances, but he admits that the discoveries in question seem to lie in the direction of the greatest forces ever discovered.

Professor Thomson was first induced to begin his experiments by observing the presence of radio-activity in water through which air was bubbled. He believed at first that this was due to the process but he soon discovered that the force lay in the water itself.

Experiments are about to be carried out in caves in order to ascertain if the force varies according to the depth. Mine shafts are generally unavailable for the purpose on account of the damp which interferes with the working of the electroscopes.

STUDENT

THIS YEAR should be extraordinarily rich in comets if the celestial visitants do but keep their appointments. In September Faye's comet should make its ninth appearance, and hitherto its record for punctuality has been a good one. The Vincke comet is due in December for the seventh time, and Brooks' comet should keep it company. The Arrest comet may also be seen late in the year.

How Modern Science and Theosophy View the Sun

AN American astronomer has put forward a theory that the sun may be a solid globe surrounded by an atmosphere which is a non-conductor of heat and electricity. The sun is a center of electric force, whereon streams of electricity are ever converging; and when these meet the resisting atmosphere, incandescence is produced. But far within the flaming envelope lies a beautiful planet having all the most desirable characteristics of our earth. When we catch an occasional glimpse through a "sun-spot," we see this inner planet. H. P. Blavatsky says the sun requires, for the maintenance of his heat,

no foreign accession of vital energy; for he is the heart of his system, a heart that will not cease its throbbing until its hour for rest shall come.

She denies that the sun is in combustion; or that he is incandescent, though he is glowing, or that his chemical and physical constitution contains any of the elements of terrestrial chemistry in any known state. The body of the sun, never seen or reflected by telescope or spectroscopic, is not constituted of terrestrial elements in any known state, but all these elements are present in the sun's outward robes, and a host more of elements so far unknown to science.

The true *sun*—an invisible of which the known one is the shell, mask, or clothing—has in him the spirit of every element that exists in the solar system.

Beyond rotates and beats the heart and head of our system, externally is spread its robe, the nature of which is not matter, . . . such as you are acquainted with, but *vital* electricity, condensed and made visible.

Six Thousand Million Miles of Sun-spots—Some New Ones

MR. E. WALTER MAUNDER contributes to *Knowledge* an interesting article upon "Sun-spots." He says:

On March 21, a distinctly new phase commenced. A large regular spot appeared on the east limb, in north latitude 24 deg. Two days later, another group appeared, likewise at the east limb and in the same latitude. This second group consisted of a small stream of rather unstable spots. On March 26th a third group appeared also on the east limb. This spot was larger than its predecessors, but was apparently in a later stage of development. The areas covered by these three groups, if expressed in the unit adopted at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, "millionths of the sun's visible hemisphere," would be about 200, 100, and 260. The Greenwich unit corresponds to a little more than a million square miles, so that the areas expressed as millions of square miles would be approximately 240, 120, and 300. These areas are, of course, quite small compared with those which are presented to us at the time of the solar maximum. Thus on August 7th, 1893, the total area covered by all the spots visible on that day amounted to 6,000 millions of square miles; that is to say, an area ten times as great as that presented by the combination of these three groups. Indeed, one of the groups of the minimum year, 1901, was as large as these three groups put together; yet the sun has been so quiet for so long that considerable attention has been attracted by them, not merely in scientific quarters but also in the daily press.

The Stereoscope and Its Uses in the Science of Astronomy

THE stereoscope has been very effectively forced into the service of astronomy. The results obtained by its use are not only of great accuracy, but it saves much of the time unnecessarily expended by other methods. In the examination of sun-spots two pictures are taken at an interval of about half an hour, so that a perceptible rotation has taken place. The stereoscopic effect is that of a solid ball placed close to the eyes and the solar phenomena are made very much clearer. To detect the presence of minor planets the stereoscope is invaluable. Two pictures, taken at an interval of about an hour, present, when placed in the stereoscope, a very striking appearance. The planets, if any are visible, seem to be in a different plane from that of the stars and are very readily detected. The old method was to take two photographic plates and superimpose one upon the other. The planets would then be distinguished by the fact of their having moved in their relative positions to the fixed stars. Dr. Wolf, of Heidelberg, made very advantageous use of the stereoscope during the recent appearance of Perrine's comet. The comet, with its seven fanlike tails, stood out in beautiful relief against the background of stars.

STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World

The United States of Europe ANDREW CARNEGIE, speaking in London, predicts an United States in Europe, and the welding together of all European countries. He cited the United States as a model of what could be done by such consolidation.

With an universal sentiment of fraternity everything can, of course, be done. Without such a sentiment it is not possible to produce a political union in the presence of the vast differences in religion and social evolution which exist in Europe. It may be that there are similar differences in America, but in America those differences are not bounded by geographical lines, nor are there in America the opposing heritages of sentiment which are among the most powerful forces in the world. Let us first work for international fraternity in the assurance that it will find its most appropriate external form.

Religious Persecution in Ispahan REPORTS from Russia speak of a widespread religious persecution directed against the sect of the Babes, and also against priests of the Mohammedan faith. Over three thousand religious reformers have been expelled from Ispahan for fear of massacre, and one hundred and twenty Babes have been murdered at Yezd. We are so inured to religious persecution of one kind or another that we do not stay to inquire into its real significance. It is certainly a demonstration that religion is the strongest motive power in human life. Purified and idealized it opens up endless vistas of advance; degraded it can produce a ferocity unknown even in the animal kingdom. Truly, *demon est deus inversus*.

To Divorce Church & State in France IN THE year 1546 Etienne Dolete was hanged and burned in Paris for heretical opinions. On August 2d ten thousand persons assembled around his statue and passed unanimous resolutions calling for the separation of church and State. Etienne Dolete is vindicated and his "heresy" is more eloquent today than it was three hundred and fifty years ago—thanks to his persecutors. There is nothing in the world so effective as religious intolerance, but not in the way intended by those who practice it. There is also nothing in the world so stupid, yet the history of unbroken failure for two thousand years has not taught the lesson.

Volcanoes at Melrose in Scotland SCOTLAND does not propose to be outdone in the matter of volcanoes. The inhabitants of Melrose are in a state of serious alarm, caused by the apprehension of a volcanic eruption. Smoke has recently been seen issuing from the top of one of the Eildon Hills, in Roxburghshire. Geologists have held that the Eildons are extinct volcanoes. The three cones are 1,216, 1,385, and 1,327 feet in height respectively, and it is the smallest of the three which has now begun to eject fumes. There is probably not a ton of rock on the earth's surface that has not at some time been ejected from a volcano. A rock that could tell its meltings by fire, its swallowings by earthquakes, etc., would be an interesting talker.

Across Arctic Circle in an Automobile COPENHAGEN has been selected by Mr. and Mrs. Glidden, American tourists, as the starting point for their attempted trip across the Arctic circle in an automobile. After leaving Christiania they will have 1000 miles of rough country to travel.



SNOW IN STREETS OF LAS VEGAS, N. M.
Most unusual scene in the Southwest

English Judge & the Education Rate JUDGE WILLIS, K. C., is not the first of his family to make a stand for religious freedom, his great grandfather having gone to prison for the offense of preaching in a barn. The Judge himself has just made a public speech in which he announced his intention to refuse to pay the Education Rate. How dare he, he said, be guilty of the immorality of paying for religious doctrines which his conscience declared to be false. He would willingly have his goods seized but pay he would not. Such men as this are lights in dark places, and their light will surely prevail.

Swedish Shops Closed by Strike MOST of the mechanical workshops throughout Sweden are closed in consequence of a vast strike of over thirty thousand men. A strike of this magnitude affects the daily bread of at least one hundred and fifty thousand persons, exclusive of those who are indirectly affected. The whole dispute turns upon the position of six men and around so petty a matter wholesale strikes and lockouts have followed in rapid succession. The usual claims are, of course, made upon both sides

that the struggle is one of principle, but it is hard to believe that there is not a large admixture of ill-will and spite.

No More Public Executions in Paris PARIS has made a distinct move forwards in prohibiting the public executions which, until lately, has been such a degrading feature of French life. Since 1851 the guillotine has stood upon the Place de la Roquette. The ground being no longer needed for this hideous purpose has been sold by auction and will now be applied to more legitimate uses. An agitation for the entire abolition of capital punishment has now been started and we wish for it a speedy and permanent success. France has been for so long in the vanguard of progress that we hope this reform will not be delayed.

The Awful Famine in Kwang Si, China REPORTS from China show that the famine estimates have been under rather than overestimated. The governor of Kwang Si province states that over one million natives are starving in that one province alone. Women and children are being sold for food, and although assistance is being tendered it is wholly inadequate to meet the widespread distress. The population of the province is almost entirely agricultural and the crops have utterly failed.

A Doukhobor Outbreak in Canada ANOTHER outbreak among the Doukhobors is reported from Canada. Fifty half-naked men are on the march for Saskatoon, declaring they are searching for Jesus and will not stop before they find him. If these extravagances should spread the Canadian Government will be face to face with a very serious problem, as these people seem to be unfitted for freedom and the Russian Government refuses to sanction their return.

Increasing Use of Opium by Filipinos IN view of the increasing use of opium among the Filipinos the United States Commission has appointed three representatives who will participate in the approaching investigation. The commission will study the question as it exists in Japan, China, Singapore and Burmah, and they are expected to make a report within four months.

STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

THE POET & HIS SONGS

by LONGFELLOW

AS the birds come in the spring
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;
As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge.

So come to the Poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm, that belongs
To the vast Unknow'n.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings; and their fame
Is his, and not his; and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the angel says: "Write!"

Think More

A paper read by one of the Raja Yoga boys at Isis Theatre, San Diego, Aug. 2d, before nearly 2,000 people

WE all know that the children of today will, in a few short years, be the citizens of the great tomorrow. The Divine Law has outlined our pathway, but it is we, who must live the life. We must, in the seed-time of our growing, sow habits of carefulness, habits of watchfulness, habits of cleanliness in mind and body, habits of truthfulness and nobleness. We must nurse all of these with continuous care, lest we grow thoughtless and lose our way. There are men and women in this audience, and all over the world, whose hearts and lives have been filled with bitter sorrow, because they have not had that help which we as little children should begin to give to all our fellow creatures all over the earth, young and old, great and small. The seeds of sweet unselfish service, sown in the right spirit—unselfishly—cannot help but bring about a rich harvest.

Is it not possible that some of the men who are making mistakes today, some imprisoned by the laws of the land, some imprisoned by sickness and disease, some imprisoned by the selfishness and cruelty of their own natures, is it not possible to believe that their trials and their burdens would not have been quite so hard, possibly not hard at all, if their parents could have been educated by the law of wisdom, and could have known in the beginning that these, their children, had been given to them to guard as souls, even more than as bodies, precious though they are?

Why I think this is so, is because at the Raja Yoga School I have seen boys, who for the first few days after they came there, were simply terrors in real unkindness to themselves. They appeared to be really grown the wrong way and almost impossible to change. I have one boy in mind, who had been petted and fondled and indulged, who had been told that he was mother's splendid boy, and who rarely had had a fault pointed out to him. He was sickly, ill-natured, restless, unhappy and unlovable. When our teacher began to show him the contrast between his own life and that of some of the Raja Yoga boys who had advanced along the way, it

LIFE IS JOY



A SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
Cuban lad who is a student in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, in the dramatic representation given at Isis Theatre, San Diego, on July 5th, 1903

was pitiful to see him look up to her and say: "Why, my mother never told me this, and I guess my mother knows."

I was not as old then as I am now, but I began to study the mother of that boy. She was a very sweet, lovely woman, very gentle, and truly devoted to her children, but she had not that knowledge we boys and girls of the Raja Yoga School are taught we should have, in order to prevent all the sad and cruel happenings in human life. Very simple are these teachings.

"John," said the teacher to the Raja Yoga boy, "what are you here for?"

"I don't know," said the boy.

The answer is a proof of what little interest the boy took in himself. He had begun already not to care, and that dulled his better nature, so that he made no effort and did little thinking. Soon there came a change. Up in the morning to the sound of a bell at daylight (before he came to school he used to get up any time, according to his feelings, from eight to ten o'clock) to march to the sound of music in the open air.

John: "Oh, I don't like this; it is too much work."

But John has still some manly qualities, so he slowly moves into line, and after a while the fresh, sweet morning air, the warmth of the sun, the happy, joyous faces of the children stir him a little. After a while

up go his hands, in a slow motion, but his mind opposes the act; slowly the legs commence imperfectly to move—the mind still opposes; then the blood commences to warm up and a gentle word of encouragement from the teacher strikes John's mind just at the right time, and as sure as you live, something has happened; he has been baptized by the spirit of love; he has begun to work out a new life for himself, all through a kind word given commandingly. The real explanation of this is that he has commenced to think love into his heart, to think life into his body, and he has got a balance for the day.

Two years have passed, and today you find John one of the healthiest, most studious, joyous and noble boys; and right here we see that to think more is to do more, and to love more.

Make a beginning, boys and girls! Just set about doing something that you don't want to do. If you have been accustomed to lying in bed in the morning, do just the opposite and get up early. If you have been accustomed to have your mothers sweeten your milk, almost to the destruction of your bodies, and to pander to every little notion your stomachs demand, just stop it—do your own sweetening, and do it thoughtfully; and instead of taking four spoonfuls, and then stealing more out of the sugar bowl, take one spoonful. Lessen your wants and care only for your needs. Where you have been accustomed to let your mothers and fathers sacrifice themselves for you and wait upon you as if you were little babies, do exactly the opposite; show your mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, all over the world, that boys and girls can begin their sowing in childhood, can do their own thinking rightly, can do their duties with all their hearts, and can at this time start to make a higher type of men and women for the future.

Think more! Do more! Love more! That is the way!

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Apart

by MABEL EARLE in *Outlook*

HAD it been mine to choose I should have prayed:
 "Let me go forth, my Lord, and meet the brunt
 Of strife against thy foemen, fierce arrayed,
 Fighting or falling at the battle's front.
 Comfort me not with ease," I should have said,
 "Or peaceful days, lest sword and spear grow blunt.
 Give me to share the fight my brothers share,
 Their wounds, their want, their triumph, their despair."

God chose instead and set mine eager feet
 Close within walls I cannot pass at will;
 The noise of shouting where his armies meet
 Drifts to me faint from yonder far-off hill;
 My days are silent; pastures green and sweet
 Beside me spread, and healing waters still.
 Alas, my brothers! Was I faint of heart
 Or weak of hand so to be set apart?

Yet in the silence here the selfsame foe
 Creeps in upon me still through sun and shade.
 He fronts me sudden for the overthrow;
 He follows on my steps with poisoned blade.
 The weary watch by day and night I know;
 The wounds, the thirst, the looking forth for aid.
 So did my God, denying, grant my prayer;
 So, set apart, my brothers' lot I bear.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Will the Students' Column please state the teaching of Theosophy in regard to the "fear of death," "death's last agony," etc.? These phrases are so often used, not only by orthodox religionists, but in the public press, and are so widespread that I must confess that while I would like to take an opposite view—if true—yet the orthodox one has been so ingrained into my mind and become a part of my life that it is hard to break away from it.

Answer Jesus said, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Is not this an answer to the question and a complete refutation of the doctrine of fear, which has for so long been a part of the education of the western races, and ingrained into the very fiber of their minds? What is it to become as little children? Is it not to have hope and trust and joy in the heart? For these are in the heart of a child, in the very nature of things, until by our false system of education and our perverted views of the realities of life we drive them out, and implant fear in their place. Is it not strange that so many people seem afraid of the sunshine of life, afraid of taking a wholesome, happy view of nature and nature's laws? Instead of this so many cling to their sorrows, they keep the windows of the soul and the mind darkened, and create for themselves an atmosphere of gloom and despair. It is not God nor Nature that does this, but men's own perverted minds. And if we look into our own hearts we know this, for our hearts prompt us again and again, so that even while our minds hold to the dark aspect we long for the brightness and pray that it may be true. Why, then, will we not trust our hearts and learn from Nature? We have our proverbs that "every cloud has a silver lining;" we know that behind the darkest cloud the sun still shines, that the clouds belong but to the earth and are but for a time, and that "night is darkest when dawn is nighest." Then why will we not declare this concerning our lives?

It is a curious and deeply interesting fact of experience that truth does not become truth for us until we trust it, and our trust is a measure of the confidence we have in ourselves, our better selves, our souls. Those who fear death have neither trust in God nor in themselves.

Surely it is not a difficult task; all Nature invites us to take this hopeful view of life—hopeful because true, and once we do take it we know it to be true. The birds, the flowers, the sunshine, the children, are not a lie nor a deceit, but each a mirror of life, true life.

In regard to "death's last agony," so-called, there is another interesting fact of the experience of those who have watched at the bedside of the dying and been present when the last breath has been taken, and this too, is the universal testimony of physicians, that the moment of dying

is not one of agony, but of peace—the only exceptions being in certain cases where the one dying has lived a fearfully evil life.

The teaching of Theosophy is that at the moment of death, as also at the moment of birth, the soul sees and knows the past with its errors, its defeats, and also all its struggles, its hopes and achievements; and it sees also the future, that in that future will be a new opportunity to retrieve the mistakes of the past and to come ever nearer and nearer the light; and because of this and of the great joy of striving once again in that future it irradiates the face of the dying and fills the heart with peace and serenity. This is one of the *facts* of "death;" then why should we fear? This is one of the *facts*; then why should we continue to speak of "death's last agony?" And even if it *should seem* to be there, it is but of the body, not of the soul.

Death is, as has been so well said, but the opening and closing of a door through which we pass from one of the chambers of life into another, not of darkness but of light and sweet rest; and after a time that door opens again and the soul reappears on earth in a new body and with renewed strength. We all feel that the words of the song ring true when it speaks of *Death's bright angel*, and when we look the matter squarely in the face we know that the fear of death is but a dark cloud upon the mind without any basis in Nature's law, but arising simply from a perverted way of thinking.

What a commentary also it is that this fear hardly exists except among western and "Christian" peoples who claim to have the light of eternal truth to guide them; whereas it almost never is found to exist among the so-called heathen. But Christ did not teach fear of death, so this must have grown out of a perversion of his teachings and if we look deeply we shall find the same truth of immortality as taught by Christ, taught also in all the religions of the world and so beautifully expressed in Sir Edwin Arnold's translation of the ancient Indian scripture, the *Bhagavad Gita*, or *The Song Celestial*:

Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
 Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
 Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever;
 Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!

Nay, but as when one layeth
 His worn-out robes away,
 And, taking new ones, saith,
 "These will I wear today!"

So putteth by the spirit
 Lightly its garb of flesh,
 And passeth to inherit
 A residence afresh.

Belated Sunday-Schools

TWO professors of the University of Chicago have issued a little book of criticism of the methods of conducting Sunday-schools. The authors say:

The truth is, that the Sunday-school is lagging far behind the public school in educational method, and stands today too nearly on the level of the old, ungraded district school. If the study of the Bible is of less importance than mathematics, if religious culture is less necessary than secular, then the Sunday-school may perhaps afford to be at the rear of the educational procession, employing antiquated and ineffective methods for sentimental reasons. But if the Bible is the book the Christian Church believes it to be, if religion is a determinate and fundamental thing in life, then the Sunday-school ought to appropriate and employ the best known educational methods.

Bright pupils in high school and upper grade schools will not be slow to recognize the difference in method between the teaching on Sunday and on week days. Feeble and oft repeated exhortation based on nothing in particular often repels them and drives them from the school when they begin to grow older.

The points are well taken. And they are likely to remain valid while the churches permit any well-intentioned but feeble-minded man or woman to "take a class."

The qualifications for this sort of teaching are very rare. The teacher must have a magnetic capacity to stimulate his hearers to moral effort. His intellect must be alive, well-furnished, in full touch with modern human needs. He must have an intense sympathy for child life and for all humanity. He must himself know what the spiritual life is. Y.

New Century Path

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Subsidiary Attacks Answered

IT was not our intention to revert further to the attacks made upon H. P. Blavatsky, but rather to rely upon the silent testimony of the humanitarian work which she inaugurated and which, under the care of Katherine Tingley, has spread so beneficently into every quarter of the world. Time itself is the supreme advocate of the world's martyrs, building its deathless monuments to those of whom their epochs were not worthy. If persecution should now ultimately succeed it would indeed be for the first time in the history of man, it would mean that the course of nature is reversed, that the forces of evil have turned back the sun upon his course. This we shall not and cannot believe, so

long as the hidden divinity of man remains as a most beautiful and attainable ideal.

We had intended, as we say, to be satisfied with placing upon record a few fundamental facts which specifically illuminate these earlier stages of a plot which has never been allowed to weaken nor to die. We have, however, been asked to refer to one or two subsidiary attacks which were at the time suggested and encouraged by the main assault. Within the past two years we have seen with what energy all purlieus are ransacked for reinforcements, and as the main methods of stupid enmity do not greatly vary we find that the unclean manners of today are copies of their predecessors. We are also asked to further comment upon the payment made to the Coulombs by their missionary employers, for that supreme

Clergyman Paid the Paltry Sum

disgrace by which alone they will be remembered, and this may properly be done at once. We find, then, the following remarkable statement in a magazine article written at the time by W. Q. Judge who, at a later date, became H. P. Blavatsky's successor. Mr. Judge says that he was present, during this period, at the Theosophical Headquarters, which were then in India, and that he was on the premises when the Principal of the Madras Christian College paid them a visit and, with an effrontery extraordinary even in such a person, asked permission to examine the rooms previously occupied by H. P. Blavatsky. This was naturally refused, but in the course of conversation the Principal of the Christian College was asked in Mr. Judge's presence how much he had paid Coulomb for his work, and the reverend gentleman replied that he had paid him a sum of about 100 rupees. This, Mr. Judge says, supports the statement that Coulomb had freely boasted that he could earn 10,000 rupees to ruin the Society. He had exaggerated the amount in the expectation of a still larger offer for his silence. Blackmail, slander and perjury all along the line, from first to last.

A word now as to one or two subsidiary attacks. First, we have that made by a certain man who, at the time, was the minister of a small church in London, and who gained a considerable amount of attention by inviting to his pulpit various representatives of strange opinions. He thus compensated for his own deficiencies. This attack derived whatever weight it possessed from the fact of its being based upon a personal interview which was accorded to him by H. P. Blavatsky, and during which he put to her various impertinent personal questions, which had no bearing whatever upon her philosophy or mission. Annoyed at her reticence, and possibly at her reproof, he busied himself in pouring oil upon the fires of persecution, which were already heaped upon her. We will now repeat his victim's opinion of this gentleman as declared by her immediately after the interview, and before he had begun to discharge his little guns. She said:

Another Very Small Clergyman

The gentleman is in his decadence, with a great disappointment hanging over his life; from this point he will find himself of less and less importance in the world, and you will find him at last, for a paltry pay, attacking over my shoulders the cause you wish to serve.

The place in London which knew him once knows him no more forever, and we believe that he is now somewhere in America, as decadent as ever, and doubtless nursing the disappointment which his profitless malice must have intensified. None the less, the credulous and the priest-ridden may still quote his opinion as that of one possessing the ministerial halo.

And now, finally, there is one other aspirant for the pillory in which time unfailingly places those who use soiled weapons to assail the truth. But for that pillory the judges of Socrates would never have emerged from their natural obscurity, and Pontius Pilate would have been but a name upon a musty record. Almost are we persuaded to deplore the eminence of the world's heroes when we see that their glory inevitably makes visible what the common decencies of humanity would maintain invisible.

Shown on the Pillory of Time

A certain Russian, we believe a kind of scientist, cultivated the acquaintance of H. P. Blavatsky, believing that she would teach him various things that he desired to know. Turning to the records of that period we find various letters from this gentleman, expressing in the most strenuous terms his absolute satisfaction with what he had received,

and the impossibility of his having been deceived. Later on we find that he, too, has joined the hue and cry against his benefactress, and that he promulgated a series of accusations which he loudly claims his ability to prove, but for no one of which does he advance any real justification.

We have already commented upon the ease with which the majority of persons can be psychologized. The method of doing so has never been better evidenced than by the book in question. We find, first, a

A Cloud of Words and Suggestions

series of statements, vague, loud, authoritative, self-assertive. Then follows a cloud of words, a mixture of invective, innuendo and malice, which leave every single point unproved, but which succeed in their one object of psychological suggestion. How many persons are able or willing to put upon one side every irrelevancy, every suggestion, and to judge without passion or prejudice a main issue of good faith and of high endeavor? How many persons are able to estimate self-interest, self-love, vanity and learned folly, even when actually personified before them? How small the number of those who can estimate these things from the monotony of printed pages! The foolish are so many and the wise so few, and is not even wisdom oftentimes blinded by fear, and caste, and superstition, and many another veil that hides the light?

In our courts of law we neglect no means to secure absolute, rigid and unswerving justice, to exclude every irrelevancy, to give to every fact its proper value and to see that every fact presents its due credentials. But outside the courts of law we allow hate and bigotry to become at the same moment prosecutor and witness, and judge and executioner, and we shout our unthinking applause as the heavy foot of our favored superstition crushes to the earth the reforming ideals which our children will grave in letters of gold under the noonday sun.

In writing thus of some few of those who have been deceived by vanity and prejudice into an unthinking hostility, we have tried to avoid every appearance of harshness and of misjudgment. Such, indeed, would be the wish of their victim. Before the bar of public opinion, which they will not forever escape, she herself would throw the weight of her forgiveness upon the side of mercy and of oblivion; she herself would be their advocate, perhaps their only advocate, before the judgment seat of dispassionate history. None the less is it the most sacred duty of those to whom she was of all friends the wisest and the best to pay to her memory the tribute of their defense, and to show by their devotion to her work, by their loyalty to her successor, that the last incarnation of H. P. Blavatsky was not a failure.

STUDENT

Eccentricities of Journalism

THERE are eccentricities in newspapers as well as elsewhere, and perhaps the acme of eccentricity is reached by a journal published in London, called *The Anti-Top Hat*. This remarkable publication owes its existence to an old man who bequeathed to his nephew the sum of \$2000 per annum, on condition that he should regularly print and publish a newspaper devoted to ridiculing the top hat. This has been done, and a monthly issue of three copies only is prepared, one copy being for the proprietor and one copy each being sent to the two executors.

Absurd as this may be it is at any rate harmless. There are, however, other journalistic absurdities which, because they are based upon malice and mischief, are by no means harmless. There are, for instance, newspapers which have no other motive for their existence than the expression of spite against individuals and movements, and the usually anonymous nature of their contents, and the uncertainty as to their circulation, gives them an influence which would at once disappear were these factors generally known. There is, for example, a newspaper in Cuba, which has earned an unsavory notoriety by its attacks upon Katherine Tingley and her educational and philanthropic work. Its influence, minute as it is, would not endure for a moment if it were known to be the organ of a small and obscure clique and to possess a daily circulation of three hundred copies, including those for free distribution and for office file.

A newspaper's legitimate reputation rests upon the character of its directors and readers. If its directors have no character, and its readers are practically non-existent, it is trading under false pretenses and is a public nuisance and a reproach to journalism.

STUDENT

The Waste Basket Era

ONE of the straws which show the direction of the prevailing commercial wind is the waste basket. It is an institution doing business out of all proportion to its size. The stock-in-trade is frequently renewed, and consists largely of a miscellaneous lot of literature—written and printed—not a little of which is tossed in unopened. The main supplies come through the mail, and the postmen are heavily laden on every round with much carefully handled material which the recipients immediately consign to the waste basket.

Professional and business offices and many private homes are regularly besieged with a large assortment of letters, circulars, announcements, catalogues, pamphlets, papers, etc., merely to glance over all of which would consume much valuable time.

The chronically engaged waste basket is eloquent of the tremendous waste which characterizes the present system of economics in every department of distribution. Evidently the modern methods of supply operate less to meet legitimate wants than to make the public want—or to think that it wants—whatever the advertisers have to sell.

The persistence with which gilt-edged schemes are urged upon circularized lists of possible investors shows the hypnotic quality which marks most of our business methods. Doing business by suggestion is by no means confined to the medical world; it is one of the standard methods of the modern competitive system. The prevailing desire to rapidly acquire riches, moreover, prepares the public mind for the reception of subtly-worded investment schemes which frequently secure attention by their continued repetition.

Competition is so fierce that business houses can retain their commercial position only by active and unremitting efforts. Salesmen and samples, calendars and souvenirs, catalogues and extensive advertising are liberally provided by the firms, and indirectly paid for by the customers. As the same ground is repeatedly covered by different concerns, the printed and written and verbal stories of rival houses make a serious demand upon the time and attention of retailers and buyers.

The argument is sometimes advanced that all this activity benefits the workers; that artificial and extravagant systems of living have the advantage of furnishing employment. This is forgetting that like produces like. A system of complicated economic waste will not produce thrifty simplicity of living among those engaged in it. The vast army of employes would receive greater benefit from more leisure and encouragement to develop something higher than the commercial sense.

Somebody must pay the printers and postmen and clerks and schemers who are in the waste basket business. Looking at it broadly it is a questionable investment for society to expend so much time, money and labor for fictitious values. Certainly this excessive waste motion in the machinery of distribution in no way augments the amount of original material furnished by the earth for food, clothing and shelter. Competition may enrich the individual, but it is cooperation which benefits the masses.

Day after day and year after year the commercial game has gone on, growing more strenuous and intense until the usefulness of the social body and brain is monopolized to operate a tremendous, materialistic business machine. This quality of activity is anything but elevating to the defeated competitor, while he who succeeds often pays the price of the finest things in his nature for financial gain. Once having sacrificed the best of his possibilities, moreover, the shrewdest financier will be unable to buy them back in any market.

Perhaps the extravagance and absurdity of the waste basket method is best shown by contrast with the system of supply and demand pictured in Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. Here is shown a civilization which has realized at last that time is too valuable to waste in competition. The people learned that the amount of real living they were doing was not to be gauged by the noise and prominence of the mere machinery of life. The present is a wonderful age in its own way, but when we boastfully point out its commercial supremacy, we may well question whether the system can be commended for scientific simplicity.

L. R.

Carlos III Avenue, Havana, Cuba

The illustration on the cover page of the *NEW CENTURY PATH* this week presents a fine view on one of Havana's (Cuba) broadest and most beautiful thoroughfares—Carlos III avenue.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

To Paralyze the Wills of Children

FROM a current magazine, the editor of which is a physician, we quote the following:

There is one other plan I should like to see tried and to hear a report of results. I confess I do not personally know of its practicability, but I have the report of those who claim that they do know. The idea is that the subconscious mind of the child can be influenced during sleep. If the parent can sit down by the sleeping child and in audible words suggest to him desirable thoughts and conduct, he will see the effects in the actions of the child in his waking hours.

These parents could say to the boy in these unconscious hours: "You are truthful. You will not tell a falsehood. You love truth. You are honest. You will not take that which does not belong to you. You will deal rightly. You do not want to run away. You love home. You are obedient. You are all that is true and good."

Try this, dear, puzzled parents, and let us hear the result.

It is difficult to be complacent when one reads this sort of thing in the columns of a reputable magazine. The advertisements of professional hypnotists are terrible enough, as are the invitations, to which many newspapers give space, to "learn how to hypnotize and thus gain control over others and over your own destiny." But to deliberately recommend to parents a scheme which, if persisted in, would mean the mental and spiritual ruin of their own children—with regard to that one cannot be complacent.

The subject of hypnotism is one which has been discussed in these columns again and again. That it is one of the agencies which are bent upon the destruction of mankind and the ruin of the race, there can be no possible doubt. The cruelty of it, the selfishness, the love of power which the practice of hypnotism feeds, all these in time reflect backward upon the hypnotist to his own awful suffering if not ruin. But what about his victims, those whom he reduces to a negative, will-less condition that leaves them at the mercy of every psychological wind that blows. It is a question that scarcely admits of argument among those who view it sanely and disinterestedly.

To Invade the Domain of the Soul

The idea that parents should dare to invade that domain wherein dwells the child's mind and soul is one that terrifies. What do the wisest of us yet know of the *real* child, the child that thinks and loves and fears? We may be able to trace his physical heredity, but what about his spiritual heredity, that which is the fruitage and result of a rich and infinite past? Thus ignorant, how *dare* parents enter that sacred place and attempt to adjust and arrange according to their own ideas?

It is the testimony of physicians who have studied the subject that one whose mind has once been dominated in this way by another is afterwards a comparatively easy victim. Instead of gaining in strength, the will is drained of even its inherent power, the mind is loosened from that anchorage to the soul which children and the wise possess, and is left to drift. The idea that a child can become virtuous or honorable by means of the exertions of his parents is as absurd as that he should become strong on food eaten by them. The will becomes strong by being used, not by being put to sleep. The child, as well as his elders, grows strong and true through the active positive conquest of temptation, and every day's journey contains manifold opportunities to acquire that strength.

Here is where parents may find their great opportunity. Let them live close to the lives of their children, ceaselessly vigilant. Let them realize that every little event which touches the young life leaves its impress and that all future happiness and usefulness depend upon whether these events are met in the right way. For every circumstance has a power of its own. If we are negative, will-less, that power rules us and the circumstance sweeps over us like the arc of some great Karmic wheel, leaving us hurt and weakened. If we are strong and self-reliant, we turn its power into an instrument for our own hands, and all the strength of that which we conquer enters into us. The will grows, the mind is clarified, the character is strengthened. In this fact lies the supreme opportunity that parents possess. A word here, a hint there, and by their help the child marches from conquest to conquest, until, by the time he is ready

Teach Children Their Own Power

to take up the world's work, he could not be moved by all the temptation in the world. Let the mother teach her child the Divinity of his soul, and so imbue him with the consciousness of the infinite strength of his own higher nature, that the day's events will become his servants and teachers. "Temper," "crossness," moodiness, selfishness, love of power, curiosity—all these temptations every child in the world meets daily. Through lack of proper guidance during the earliest years, most children yield to them, thus strengthening what is not best in their natures, and it is left for later years and later sorrow to teach the simple lessons that should have been learned at the mother's knee.

Here is where fathers and mothers may find their greatest opportunity. Let them stop hypnotizing their children in the effort to make them good, and let them begin to more closely watch all those things which affect the little lives. Let them lead the child into the joy of making his own conquests over difficulties. Then he will develop that will-power which is as the armor of a god. Such a child, in later years, will not become the easy victim of every hypnotist he meets. He will be strong, self-reliant and true, a helper in the work of the world. If parents knew their power, realized how vast were their opportunities and then worked patiently on lines of least resistance, which are always right lines, they could lead their children to acquire a strength and purity beyond that even of our dreams.

E. M.

Religious Training in the Schools

SOME of our contemporaries are still seriously exercised upon the subject of religious training in schools. A correspondent of a Chicago newspaper argues at some length that a religious training in the school is absolutely necessary, while another correspondent very pertinently asks what sort of training can we adopt in a community which is made up of many shades and differences of opinion?

Dogmatic sectaries are not usually amenable to reason or logic. At the same time there is a point of view from which they may be not unwilling to consider this question. Upon every side we hear laments for the decadence of religious life. We are told that the churches are empty, that the theologic seminaries are losing their students, and that religion and the world are no longer in touch. It is upon these very grounds that the most strenuous demands are made for an increase of dogmatic teaching in the schools, but the fact is entirely overlooked that the very generation which has thus lapsed from faith is the same generation which, in its youth, was subjected to religious training and discipline far in excess of what is demanded today. Is then the present religious indifference of the world the result of its youthful teaching, and if so how shall we overcome that indifference by reviving the teaching which produced it? It appears that we are being urged to again try an educational experiment which has already been tried and which has most signally failed.

We know very well what religious teaching in schools actually amounts to. We know equally well that religion cannot be taught in any such way, and that reliance upon expedients of this nature can produce nothing but evil. The very idea of setting aside a portion of the day for teaching religion ought to be too grotesque to be entertained. X.

The Law Against Vivisection

THE annual official vivisection report of licenses granted for vivisection has been issued in England as a parliamentary paper. It may be as truthful as the average man's income tax returns; but we doubt it.

The average vivisector has a contempt for the vivisection laws. To him they are "old women's legislation." There is nothing in his conscience—which is on that side deadened—to prevent him breaking the law. And it is as easy to break the law as keep it. It is fairly easy to vivisect privately without making *any* return. It is perfectly easy to go beyond the terms of the license held; to operate without an anæsthetic; to let the animal awake in pain for whatever may remain of its life; and to perform experiments involving extreme pain. Practically, the law is little more than a sop to the public. S.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Scope and the Mission of the Higher Drama

THE scope of the higher drama is to represent life, not every-day life, it is true, but life lifted above the plane of bread and butter associations, by nobler reaches of language, by the influence at once inspiring and modulating of verse, by an intense play of passion condensing that misty mixture of feeling and reflection which makes the ordinary atmosphere of existence into flashes of thought and phrase whose brief but terrible illumination prints the outworn landscape of every day upon our brains, with its little motives and mean results, in lines of tell-tale fire.

The moral office of tragedy is to show us our own weaknesses idealized in grander figures and more awful results—to teach us that what we pardon in ourselves as venial faults, if they seem to have but slight influence on our immediate fortunes, have arms as long as those of kings, and reach forward to the catastrophe of our lives; that they are dry-rotting the very fiber of will and conscience, so that, if we should be brought to the test of a great temptation or a stringent emergency, we must be involved in a ruin as sudden and complete as that we shudder at in the unreal scene of the theater.

But the primary object of a tragedy is not to inculcate a formal moral. Representing life, it teaches, like life, by indirection, by those nods and winks that are thrown away on us blind horses in such profusion. We may learn, to be sure, plenty of lessons from Shakespeare.

We are not likely to have kingdoms to divide, crowns foretold us by weird sisters, a father's death to avenge, or to kill our wives from jealousy; but Lear may teach us to draw the line more clearly between a wise generosity and a loose-handed weakness of giving; Macbeth, how one sin involves another, and forever another, by a fatal parthenogenesis, and that the key which unlocks forbidden doors to our will or passion leaves a stain on the hand that may not be so dark as blood, but that will not out; Hamlet, that all the noblest gifts of person, temperament and mind slip like sand through the grasp of an infirm purpose; Othello, that the perpetual silt of one weakness, the eddies of a suspicious temper depositing their one impalpable layer after another, may build up a shoal on which a heroic life and an otherwise magnanimous nature may bilge and go to pieces. All this we may learn, and much more, and Shakespeare was no doubt well aware of all this and more; but I do not believe that he wrote his plays with any such didactic purpose.

He knew human nature too well not to know that one thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning—that, where one man shapes his life by precept and example, there are a thousand who have it shaped for them by impulse and by circumstances.—*James Russell Lowell*

It is rumored that Edward Lloyd, the great English tenor, is about to retire. For twenty-seven years Mr. Lloyd has sung at the Leeds festivals and has frequently appeared in this country.

Modern Spanish Art Out of Touch With the People

FROM the art of Velasquez and Murillo down to some, at least, of the trivialities that find their way into the art exhibitions of modern Spain is a long step. But conditions in that country have been so turbulent, the atmosphere has in many respects been so selfish, that it has been impossible for true art to exist. A gradual decadence was inevitable, for not only has there come to be a lack of interest in art, but a general inability, even among those who consider themselves connoisseurs, to discriminate between good art and bad. Add to this the conflicting tendencies, even jealousies, which exist among the various Art Schools of that country, and the fact that, among the Spanish, the greatest artistic genius is often stifled by a lack of continuity or an unwillingness to do the necessary serious study, one need seek no farther for reasons. It is, too, unfortunate, that the art education of the people is entrusted to politicians, officials who are appointed by each new minister of education and whose term of office has been, during recent years, invariably short.

There are great artists in modern Spain, among them Jimenez, Gabriel Puig-Roda, Rodriquez, Zuloaga and the younger Fortuny. But they are out of touch with the people, and with the people's life. The outlook would be discouraging were it not the case that the old order of things must decay ere the new can come into being. The present condition may be taken as a sign that, in art, as in all departments of Spanish national life, the tide is at the limit of its ebb and soon will turn.

Yet there will never be a great Spanish art until the spirit of brotherhood has been so diffused among the Spanish people that the masses are reached. Spain needs not a great painter nor fifty of them whose interests are hung with their pictures "on the line" of some gallery wall. She needs the great Leaders who shall carry an art education to the little children of that land, who shall establish classes and schools, not for the elect but for all. Spain, almost more than any other land, needs the heart touch. The heart of her people has been starved. Her

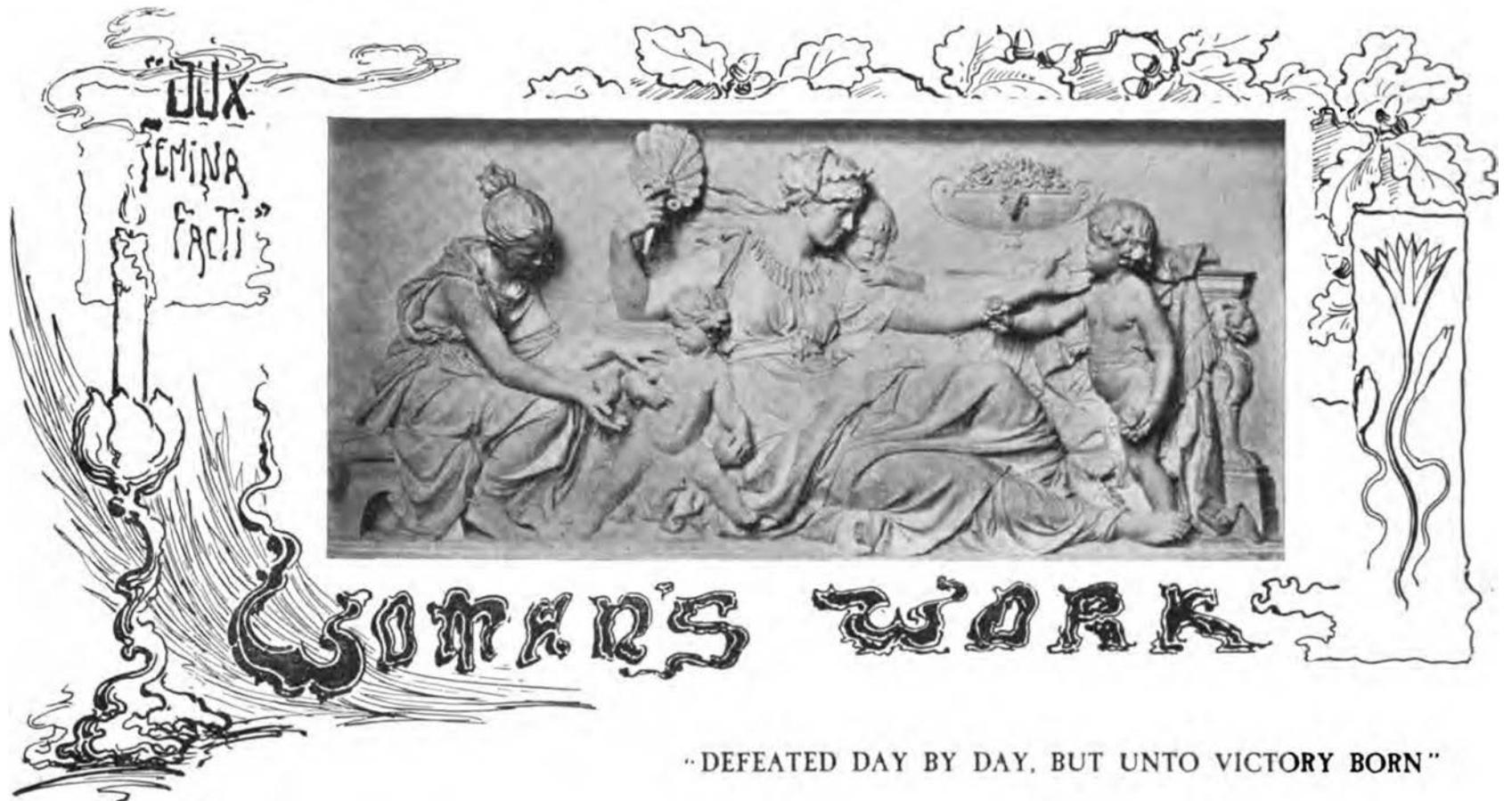
children are talented, and with the right spirit once infused into the souls of those who have these children under their direct guidance, an atmosphere would be created in which a great national art would grow. And it can never be created in any other way.

A. W.



FREEMAN'S MONUMENT, HAVANA, CUBA

THE celebrated tiara of Saitaphernes has now been definitely pronounced to be a forgery. It will be remembered that the tiara was purchased by the Louvre authorities in Paris, although it had been rejected as spurious by the British museum. The Russian artisan, Rouchomowski, has avowed that he himself made this remarkable object, and in order to prove his assertion he came to Paris and actually made another one under strict surveillance. He has proved himself a workman of such unusual skill that he has been persuaded to take up his residence in Paris, and he has just proceeded to Odessa in order to fetch his wife and family. We may be assured that the demand for "antiquities" will not go unsatisfied.



Johanna Ambrosius



WILL never give up my faith; I may be bruised, but not broken." Thus wrote Johanna Ambrosius in one of her letters.

In a poor little village in one of the northeast provinces of Germany, in a poor little cottage, well-nigh snow-buried in winter time, lives the frail bent woman known as Johanna Ambrosius. Today she has leisure, comforts, flowers, books, and one of her life-dreams is realized in "fair white paper to write upon," all provided by the Empress herself. But the assistance came almost too late, for she was lying on what she believed to be her death-bed when the messenger of the Empress found her. Without the needed nursing, without a physician, her weary body, worn out with privation and overwork, was battling with pneumonia. Her life was saved, but not so her health, which is hopelessly shattered today. But little past forty, she looks like a woman of sixty; her figure is shrunken and bowed, her hands are almost shapeless from years of heavy work, her hair is white.

Few lives can record such privations as the life of this woman. A great soul hungering, weeping for knowledge, she has been imprisoned in an environment so harsh that it is a miracle her soul should have found its voice. Born in the midst of extreme poverty, her life has been one long hardship, one round of heartaches and disappointments. As a girl she toiled from dawn until late at night, year after year, doing the heaviest of household drudgery, mending her father's nets in winter, gathering fagots in summer, shearing sheep, spinning the wool and weaving it into cloth, caring for the horse and cow, chopping wood and laboring in the fields. From her earliest childhood she hungered for knowledge, yet even the village school was beyond her reach after she was eleven years old, and her one window into the world was the *Gartenlaube*, a German paper. She went out to service, then returned to her home and married a peasant, voluntarily taking up a life of yet greater hardship. She became the mother of two children, and these,

in spite of added cares, brought a light into her life which else would have been loveless and dark. The hardest work fell to her lot. Up to her last illness she flung the flail on the threshing-floor, and even cut the grain herself with a scythe—this woman, who is one of God's singers. Alone and uncomprehended was she for many years, with no companions who understood her, with not one friend to whom she could freely speak her heart, she found her soul's expression in her poems. Written at night they were, usually, after the day's hard toil, on torn scraps of

paper, often the carefully treasured margins of the *Gartenlaube*. And in this she forgot all the imprisonment of her environment. "When I write a poem," she says, "I am so excited, so carried away from the world, that I seem a stranger to myself."

Her poems are the pure expression of a soul that was athirst for the beautiful. They come from one whose heart had been tortured into compassion that one rarely senses among the learned. Out of the sorrows of her life she found that deep joy which comes only to those who realize that, though the minds of men may be ten thousand, yet the Soul is one.

To be poor is hard, to be ill is harder; and yet what are all physical sufferings compared to those which a fettered soul endures?

There are poems and poems, but few have the beauty-thrill and the heart-touch that characterizes those of Johanna Ambrosius, for they spring directly from her heart, bruised, disappointed, yet alight with an infinite hope and never utterly without the courage of a warrior. Must these things always be? May not the time come when genius shall find its own with less of struggle and privation on outer lines? Or is it that life's pioneers must ever toil with bleeding hands and ach-

ing hearts? Beautiful and simple are these poems, on the death of a child, into whose coffin she herself placed the doll and little picture-book, others to her son or her daughter, to the summer's beauty, the moonlight, friendship, home, and many which, to those who can read between the lines, are but rhymed record of the daily conquests of her own inner life.

Conflict and Peace

by JOHANNA AMBROSIOUS

STRIFE for a quarter-century,
With nor sword-thrust, nor battle cry,
Nor powder-smoke, nor victory,
Nor St. John's Knight in the melee.
Yet many were the conflicts hot,
Of which the idle world recked naught;
How dire the peril often grew
God only knew.

Even to the depths of my soul rent,
With wounds in hands and feet sore spent,
Crushed beneath many a cruel heel,
How sharp the pangs they made me feel!
How I have wept and moaned and sighed,
While my foe's cruel taunts replied;
How to the mark each keen shaft flew,
God only knew.

Evening draws near, a cool breeze blows,
The stress of battle feebler grows;
Sometimes the lips which pain has blanched,
Utter a sigh—the blood is staunch—
Past is the anguish of the fray,
A star shines with a gentle ray,
Peace comes—the path of trial trod—
Bestowed by God.

Paris Letter

EVERY night, about one o'clock, Parisians may see a cab of the "Urbaine" Company drive up to a certain news stand on the corner of Rue Scribe and the Boulevard. The light of the kiosk goes out and into the cab steps a little old bent woman. It is Mme. Duperron, who has sold newspapers on the streets of Paris for nearly fifty years. The cab is furnished by members of the Jockey Club, a Club whose members are all aristocrats, but who love the old newspaper vending woman and have taken this step out of a feeling that is something akin to gratitude.

For fifty years Mme. Duperron has been the friend of aristocrats, philosophers, diplomats and visiting Americans, who come to her, not only for papers, but for information on all subjects and even for advice.

Little and old is she, yet her step is as springing as a girl's and her cheeks have not yet lost their color. A rigid vegetarian—"Why, I have lived on rice and milk and fresh air for forty years!"

Many are the incidents told of her life which show that beneath the little black gown beats a true and honest heart. At one time, Louis-Napoleon was her regular patron. That was before the famous *coup d'etat* by which he became Napoleon III. Mme. Duperron heard that he needed money and so one day she drew from the bank all that she possessed, about \$2000, and when the Prince came for his paper said,

"My Prince, I hear you need money to save France. Please accept this small sum. It may serve——"

The offer was refused but not forgotten, and one day, somewhat later, Napoleon drove up to the door of the newspaper kiosk.

"I am at your service," he said to Mme. Duperron, then a mere girl. "Ah, my Prince, you would not accept anything from me! I can take nothing from you." And what she lost by this refusal no one will ever know.

Mme. Duperron was early orphaned and for a time lived with an aunt in the Palace of the Elysees, at present the home of President Loubet. She is often reminiscent of the days and scenes of the second Empire and even prior to it. Yet the fact is never with her the subject of garrulous complaints, nor does she dwell upon the hardships of her own life. She could honestly say, like Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—"I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, and then set the lid on and smile."

A Woman's Heroism

A PATHETIC ceremony attended the unveiling of a memorial recently to the late Mrs. Outriss Walters of London. On the 8th of October last, Mrs. Walters lost her life in an heroic attempt to save a little child. She was coming out of the Royal Arsenal Station at Woolwich when she observed a dray approaching rapidly, and directly in its course stood a three-year-old child. Mrs. Walters, regardless of her own peril, sprang into the street and pushed the child out of danger. She, however, fell under the wheels of the heavy conveyance and was killed.

BEAUTY has an expression beyond and far above the one woman's soul that it clothes, . . . the noblest nature sees the most of this *impersonal* expression in beauty.—George Eliot

Theosophy as I Know It.

ALL that I have heard of Theosophy, and what I know of it as such, has come to me during the past six years. I first heard it mentioned by my friend who is a Theosophist. Previous to that time I had noticed the word, looked it up, and knew that the first part, *Theos*, was derived from the Greek and meant god; beyond that it had no signification. I was told of those who were students of that philosophy and I became gradually aware that there were many people throughout the world who called themselves Theosophists.

As I had the opportunity of hearing and observing from time to time, I was interested, attracted and astonished. I was impressed with the light it threw upon geology; what I had heard about glacial deposits and things pertaining thereto, seemed now credible. History seemed to expand, it was no longer limited to a few thousand years. Its profoundness, even as I saw it, was almost overwhelming.

Now when I ask myself, "What is Theosophy to me?" "What do I think of it?" "What do I know of it?" "What does it teach me?" "What is there about it I like?" "Why?" My reply is: "I could not erase its lessons if I would. It widens the horizon. It opens a broader view of the universe, of time, of eternity, of life, its object and evolution. It dispels doubts and fears. It conflicts with nothing that is beautiful. It brightens the future here and hereafter. Truths are unfolded to the light as by means of no other theory. The conception of Christ becomes grander and more sublime, yet more natural and real. It teaches us his relation to mankind since he came and to those who taught before him. It teaches Reincarnation, that just reward! It makes time boundless and immeasurable. It shows the heights to be reached; it gives intelligence, strength, judgment, wisdom, love, mercy. It teaches Brotherhood, than which is anything greater? And Brotherhood, when practiced, reveals all mysteries."

A WOMAN WORKER IN MINNEAPOLIS

Women in Norway

IN a recent issue of the *Nylaende*, a Norwegian paper, was given some account of the current and pending legislation in Norway affecting the interests of women.

A law has just been passed making women eligible to the tribunals of commerce. With regard to the inspection of the national insane asylums, one out of every four inspectors must be a woman. A bill now pending advocates introducing domestic training into the schools, another relates to the practice of law by women, still another is an amendment to the constitution which will make women eligible to hold office, particularly office in the churches. Of the commission on the law concerning hired help, a woman was made a member.

D. A.

EVERY human organ and each cell in the latter has a key-board of its own, like that of a piano, only that it registers and emits sensations instead of sounds. . . . Verily, that body, so desecrated by materialism and man himself, is the temple of the Holy Grail, the Adytum of the grandest, nay, of all the mysteries of nature in our solar universe. That body is an Æolian harp, chorded with two sets of strings, one made of pure silver, the other of cat-gut. When the breath from the divine Fiat brushes softly over the former, man becomes like unto *his* God—but the other set feels it not.—H. P. BLAVATSKY



JOHANNA AMBROSIOUS

THE Great Soul of Humanity, of which all are part, is showing its agony through the unrest everywhere; the discontent, even through the bitterness and rage. It looks out through the hungry eyes of the multitude. It shows itself even in the reckless crowd, which is rushing itself to destruction. Restraint of the letter has held men until they are going mad. They call aloud for freedom, without knowing what freedom means, and while running still deeper into bondage. Yet underneath all the surface frenzy, the soul, which we have so long imprisoned, is sounding a constant undertone of appeal: "Free me, you who have forged the chains. Turn the key which you have allowed to rust in the door. Master the thousand and one small enemies within yourselves who are now mastering you, and move into the full sweep of the blessed freedom of the Higher Law. There is no peace outside this Path—no joy—no life." GERTRUDE VAN PELT

A. H. W.

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Sardinian Antiquities Resembling Irish Round Towers

IRELAND is not alone in its "Round Towers." In the little island of Sardinia there are not less than 3000 of them. We give a sketch of one, partially in ruins. They are truncated-cone shaped, and built of large granite or basalt blocks. They vary in height and are from one to three stories, staircased with a low door at the base. The purpose of these "nuraghis" is as unknown as that of Ireland's Round Towers. That they are not tombs seems to be shown by the fact that on the same island there are structures that obviously *are* tombs, all of them of giant size, far beyond the need of the present human body.

H. P. Blavatsky classes these towers with the "dolmens," weird and often colossal monuments of unhewn stone strewn over all the continents of the world:

They are found in the Mediterranean basin; in Denmark (among the local tumuli from twenty-seven to thirty-five feet high); in Shetland; in Sweden; in Germany, where they are known as the giant tombs; in Spain . . . ; in Palestine and Algeria; in Sardinia; in Malabar; in India, where they are called the tombs of the giants and men-demons; in Russia and Siberia; in Peru and Bolivia, etc.

Their true significance has not begun to be read. But the time for doing so is coming on apace. According to H. P. Blavatsky, these stone records, raised with such vast labor and by means of which we know nothing, are symbolic pictures of the world's history awaiting the students who shall read them, as the Egyptian hieroglyphics had to wait the man whose hand should unveil *their* mystery:

There are records which show Egyptian priests—Initiates—journeying in a North-westerly direction *by land, via* what became later the Straits of Gibraltar; turning North to Southern Gaul; then still further North, until reaching Carnac (Morbihan), they turned to the West again and arrived, *still traveling by land*, on the British Isles.

When did this occur? The fact of their crossing from France to Great Britain *by land* may give an idea of the date. What was the object of these "Initiates of the second sub-race of the Aryan family?" The object was the supervising of the building of these very structures, menhirs and dolmens, colossal zodiacs in stone, and places of sepulture—all such being vast stone writing in symbolism of the records of human history of which, except for that, nothing could ever be known. And when the time comes, fit "accident" and "chance" will guide the way to their interpretation.

This, at any rate, is the teaching of Theosophy. We shall see whether time will corroborate, whether some day it may not appear that the greatest discoveries in archeology came only when men's minds had become free enough from preconception to accept, to appreciate, and to piece into the growing mosaic of real history. K.

THE Egyptian Government has recently assigned to various nations the work of excavation and exploration so far as the region of the great Pyramids is concerned. This is, of course, the most fruitful of all territories. It has been divided between the German Government, the Italian Government and the University of California.

To the University of California has fallen the Third Pyramid, a portion east of the Great Pyramid, and another strip west of the Great Pyramid. A house has been erected by the University close to the Third Pyramid, and a hundred native workmen are already engaged in the work of excavation. We have grown so accustomed to the activity of the University in work of this nature, that we anticipate results of great value.

Archeological Questions Before the Judicial Bench

A VERY remarkable legal case is in hand in Ireland, and we await the verdict with great interest. Some years ago certain ancient Celtic gold ornaments were found near Lough Foyle on the Irish coast, fourteen inches below the surface of the ground. They consist of a hollow collar with beautiful carving, a boat, oars, spears, a bowl and some torcs. Their artistic execution is so perfect that the Judge remarked, "We don't seem to have progressed much artistically, since that time." The British Museum purchased them. Now, if these articles are "Treasure Trove," they belong to the Crown, not the British Museum or any person or body. The definition of "Treasure Trove," in law, is,

Gold or silver in coin, plate, or bullion, which hath been of ancient times hidden where-soever it be found, whereof no person can prove any property.

Such things belong to the Crown. The defense of the British Museum is that these articles were not "hidden," but were prehistoric votive offerings made, perhaps, by the Sea Kings of Ulster, and offered by being first broken (to liberate their souls), and then thrown into the sea. How can either side prove its case?

First, evidence was produced that there was an ancient Irish Sea God called Mananan. Then, that the land whereon the articles were found, which was about five feet above water level, had been submerged up to a period a little before the Christian era. On the other side it was averred that the geological elevation which made dry land of this old beach (which connected Ireland and Scotland), took place thousands of years before the Chris-

tian era, and that the articles were not so old as that. The disputed points are therefore very many. Was there ever any such custom as the breaking of votive offerings? If there was, were these articles broken in that way, or by the plough that turned them up? What is the date of the articles within (as the Judge said) "half a dozen centuries?" Was there an Irish Sea God, and when; and if so, did he have offerings thrown into the water? When was that land a beach, and would the sea, in retreating, leave the articles in the mud?

On these points there were about as many opinions as witnesses. It is not often that archeology comes before the judicial bench, and the case may do good in stimulating research into Irish legends and antiquities. Whichever way the verdict goes, the articles will not be lost to the public. For in one event they remain in the British Museum, in the other they go to the Academy at Dublin. K.

A Pre-Roman Burial Ground Unearthed in Italy

ITALY has lately been furnishing its full quota of archeological treasure. A pre-Roman burial ground has been found at Ancona and male and female skeletons have been disinterred. With them were necklaces, chains, a spear, sword, dagger and cup. Close to another skeleton were found other weapons and also rings and buckles. Some workmen engaged in boring a subway under the Roman Quirinal have found some pieces of beautifully carved marble and also some tablets representing plays and dances, while others bore votive inscriptions.

At Segni a workman has found a most exquisite bronze statue of a man, having the hair parted in the middle and flowing down over the shoulders. Authorities seem to be agreed that this is a specimen of original Etruscan art. It would seem as though nature had reached a point where she must deliver up the secrets which she has kept buried for so long, and introduce humanity to its own antiquity. STUDENT



NURAGHI AT SANTA BARBARA, SARDINIA

Summer in the Hills

by ELOISE DAVIS EVERETT in *Sunset*

BRONNING sweeps of sun-scarred grass,
Waves of velvet, streaked and dyed
In warm earth tints, where oftentimes foam
High flowering crests in rippling tide.
Stretches of paling hay fields here,
Studded with topaz-colored mows,
Shadowing fringes on the roads
From flickering eucalyptus boughs.
Ah, but the canyon's stillness, where
The cool lips of the hillsides meet
In verdant richness at the stream—
There one can hear the earth pulse beat.
And then the rapturous, vagrant ways
'Neath buckeye branches, to a place
Where peace prevails in such a wise,
As makes the hours hold breath apace.
And over all, a gossamer veil
Of fine-spun blue, the which, the trees,
In slender troops, up-mounting hills
Do cleave in jagged fantasies.



A Sea Gull
on San
Diego Bay

Coronado
Boat
in Distance

The World Seems Different to Other Sorts of Beings

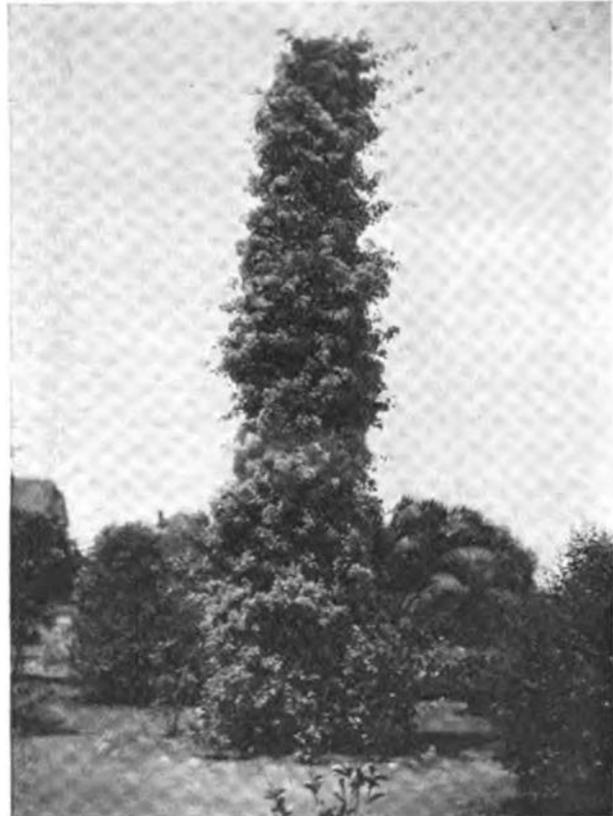
THOSE of us at Point Loma who have been out in the Homestead garden about sunrise have often met a beautiful, tiny, green humming-bird, or even two or three of them. At that time of day they talk a great deal, and it is easily noticed that their voices run above the range of the human ear, so that there appears to be a stoppage until a lower note is reached. The same is very plainly the case with the little kangaroo rats which are so plentiful here. They scamper fearlessly about one's feet without paying any attention to ordinary speech; indeed one may shout at them without in the least alarming them. The reason is that both bird and rat have an auditory range above our voices, as their voices are above our hearing. But though the spoken word, or even a shout, does not frighten these rats a whistle will send them scampering. It is fascinating to conjecture what the world is like to them. The roar of the surf is inaudible to them, because its note is too low. On the other hand what do they hear that we do not? Does the wind tell different stories to them than to us? Probably many insect sounds we never hear are familiar to them. Besides the difference in hearing, the kangaroo rats have, to judge by their actions, different optical perception than we have. Of course, they never come outdoors by daylight, so that makes a difference; but they cannot see as we do, even by the light of a lamp. It would probably be more correct to say that they do not see the lamp-light at all, for they appear to act exactly the same in the light as out of it. Even were they to come out in daylight their range of vision could not be far, certainly not far enough to include even the, to us, immediate landscape. But as recompense they have forests and jungles, great caves and barren deserts which we scarcely see as we stride past. Think of the complexity of microscopes we would require to examine vegetable growth as they see it, and what enormous telescopes they would need to distinguish a man from a tree a mile away. What need is there to seek on distant planets for other worlds when we can see and touch the physical bodies of these tiny beings, whose different world is our familiar doorway? Why not explore their world?

N. L.

The Industrious Ways of Some Black Ants

WE were watching a string of black ants the other day, who were busily running to and from their home under a big stone; and being curious to see what kept them at their steady march up and down, we followed the beaten track made by the thousands of tiny legs, and found that their journey terminated under a big clump of tall grass which had run to seed. The seed had fallen in quantities, and the indefatigable little workers were carrying it to add to their store under the stone. It was fascinating to watch them, to see how they stuck at their job until it was through. One little fellow came importantly along, puffing and panting under his load, and was pulled up sharp against a dead beetle. He tried at first to push his burden up over the great obstacle, then he tried to move the beetle out of his path. No use. Then he sat down to think, and scratched his head with his back leg, and at last determined to call for assistance; and with the help of a dozen or so of his fellow workers he got the beetle shifted out of the road, picked up his precious seed once more and tore off in a breathless hurry to make up for lost time. We noticed that the grass seed would fall in little showers every now and then, and then we looked more closely at the waving clump, and saw to our amazement that a body of ants had been portioned off to climb the stems, and to mass themselves on the heads of the grass, and they were actually swinging them to and fro to make the seeds fall to the ground, to be collected by the energetic little creatures down below, and by them carried off to their home.

A. C.



IN A SAN DIEGO GARDEN

AMONG the many evidences of recent geological changes in the Northwestern States one of the most interesting is the abandoned bed of the Columbia river. It once flowed through a gigantic lava flume many miles long, and hundreds of feet deep; but for some reason left it and made a long detour to the north, around the famously fertile "Big Bend country" of central Washington, reentering its old bed somewhere near Wenatchee. Coulee City is now built in this old canyon, and there are also one or two lakes there. The region south of it shows plainly the effects of an upheaval by its erratic water-systems and freak lakes, one of which is said to be a rival to the famous Medical Lake.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE usual success attended the weekly meeting of The Universal Brotherhood Organization at the Isis Theatre. Unfortunately, Mrs. Tingley was unable to be present, but with that exception the evening was as bright and as attractive as usual.

The audience was once more gratified with a children's symposium which in point of excellence was in every way equal to the "Scripture Interpretations" of a previous occasion. The text selected for discussion was "Thou Shalt Not Kill," and this was considered as an injunction against capital punishment. As before, the discussion was most brightly carried on and in so natural a manner that there was absolutely no appearance of acting a part.

The first paper was read by Albert Spalding, one of the most promising of the Raja Yoga boys. The opening sentence, "How shall we help prisoners?" may be taken as the title, and the ideas advanced were none the less worthy of consideration for being those of a child. He said, for instance:

"Of course, they have done wrong, but sometimes they have been helped to do it by people who are looked upon as good citizens. Many of them did not have good homes when they were children, or kind fathers or wise mothers. Some of them did not have any homes at all, and they drifted into the streets and learned to do evil before they learned to do good. How can men grow into goodness when they are all the time caged and locked up? And if Katherine Tingley could reform the worst man in Folsom prison just by a little talk with him, a man who was a train-wrecker and a murderer, don't you believe she might do as much for the ordinary prisoner? This man, who had to have two keepers, cried when she talked with him, and is now a nurse in the prison hospital and is trusted by everybody."

The Rev. S. J. Neill read a paper on "The Theosophical Movement" and said that he used this term in its widest sense. The Theosophical movement is that mental, moral and spiritual growth, or evolution, which has marked the life of man on this planet. The philosophy, or explanation of this movement is Theosophy, and life in accordance with the spirit which actuates this movement is practical Theosophy. The words of the great Swedish seer, "All religion has relation to life and the life of religion is to do good," might be correctly applied to Theosophy. Theosophy has relation to the whole of life and the life of Theosophy is to do good.

Mr. Neill explained that if the Theosophical movement has existed in all ages, then it follows that no age is left without a certain amount of light. It was well to emphasize this fact, for many people are apt to think that Theosophy had no existence before H. P. Blavatsky, whereas part of her work, and no small part of it,

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Addresses by Rev. S. J. Neill
& One of the Raja Yoga Boys
Splendid Musical Program by
Raja Yoga Children and Isis
Conservatory of Music --- In-
teresting Symposium

Reprinted from San Diego News

either, consisted in demonstrating that there was no new doctrine, but the old teaching, even that which had been from the beginning—though it was also quite true that she gave the world a very much fuller revelation of the Truth than it had possessed before. Mr. Neill explained that having been brought up in the narrowest Presbyterian orthodoxy he had been handicapped in the search for truth, but fate had taken him toward the south pole about the time when H. P. Blavatsky was in New York. It was life in a new country, and though the old leaven of orthodoxy was there, it was not in such concentrated form as in the old country. He became a Theosophist without knowing it from the study of the writings of liberal men.

The reverend gentleman here paid a warm tribute to the memory of W. Q. Judge, the successor to H. P. Blavatsky and the predecessor of Katherine Tingley. He had never failed to receive from him the most prompt and valuable aid, and the more he knew of him the greater was his confidence in him. He was as simple and sincere as he was truthful and upright, and though beset on every hand by the foes of the Theosophical movement, he not only stood like a tower of strength, but he was devoid of all bitterness toward his enemies. If we should be ever in doubt as to the center of light we should not go far wrong if we looked to that point or person at which the powers of darkness were directing their darts. Had H. P. Blavatsky not been the light-bringer which she was she would not have become the object of such constant and malignant attacks on the part of the foes of humanity. The same might be said of W. Q. Judge and of the present Leader.

Those who had seen the work grow could well imagine how things would appear to the unprejudiced historian of the Twentieth century. We know that the dark clouds of materialism which threatened so ominously in the latter half of the Nineteenth century have been rolled back and shot through with shafts of light. We know that instead of man being regarded as a physical body, he is now known to be a Soul, dwelling for a short time in this temporal form.

The speaker sketched briefly the phenomenal progress of the Theosophical movement and its immense activities throughout the world, predicting a still greater future for its gospel of human brotherhood. We were moving toward an United States of the world when the

Common sense of most shall hold the fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in Universal Law.

The various musical numbers were admirably rendered, to the satisfaction of a very large audience.

Just at the moment of writing, a peculiarly encouraging telegram reaches the Leader from Cuba. It tells that her work there is exciting universal attention and that there is a continuous run of applications for admission to the Raja Yoga Academy as well as to the Raja Yoga Free School, the approaching opening of which is attracting the greatest interest, not only in Santiago, but all over the Island. That interest would have been still more acute if the Cuban parents could but have seen their children upon the stage of the Isis Theatre on August 2d, if they could but have heard the delighted applause from that vast and enthusiastic audience as their little ones so well performed their parts. That applause was not merely for encouragement. It showed a hearty and an ungrudging appreciation, while it spoke volumes for the natural capacity of the children.

Although the amphitheater has, of course, been used on very many different occasions and its numerous capacities fully tested, it still remains to witness the production therein of the true drama. This, however, like very many other activities has been growing rapidly, and the Leader now hopes that by December her plans will have sufficiently matured for the production of a play which has already been copyrighted and which will be worthy of the scene and of the occasion.

Katherine Tingley is preparing a new publication entitled "The Souls that Pass in the Night," which will take its place in the new age literature. If its contents in any way begin to approximate to what she has been saying in her recent lectures at Isis Theatre, it will open out a new and broader view of life and command the attention of thinking people. Its style will be artistic and unique, about 350 pages, beautifully illustrated by R. Machell and other artists. The subscription price is \$2.50 and subscriptions may be sent to the Theosophical Publishing Company.

Some Observer Notes

The road which is already made and in admirable condition from the Homestead to Group House No. 2 will be extended to the beach and will thus pass through the park, mention of which was made last week. To the younger students the scramble to the beach over brush and stones has its own peculiar charms not to be lightly spoken of, but to those who have become sedate either through age or wisdom the broad, hard road will have its attractions.

The industrial work of the children has already been mentioned. That of the students is no less advanced and no less promising. Started about two years ago in one small building it has steadily overflowed from one structure to another until it now demands extensive and special accommodation. The new building which is being prepared for it will contain three stories and will measure about 40 feet in width, 80 feet in length, and 45 feet in height.

With great regret we have to record the death of Mrs. Eleanor Keeling Edwards of "Glenlee," Kirkintilloch, Glasgow. Mrs. Edwards was an earnest and devoted Theosophist, and her death is a loss to our work.

The subject of Lotus work throughout the world has been very much in the Leader's mind and she is now preparing a communication upon the subject which will greatly facilitate the work of the Groups who are now doing so great a work for the rising generation with the cooperation of Mrs. E. C. Spalding, the Superintendent of the Lotus work throughout the world.

The soul of our work is so expansive that no sooner is one habitation prepared and occupied than it becomes necessary to plan another. This is peculiarly true of the Industrial Department which does so much admirable and useful work.

WHEN THE WORLD FACES WAR AGAIN

*The Firing Lines of Future Battlefields
Bismarck's Awful Prophecy --- The
First War for Brotherhood
America's Promise*

CAPTAIN NEGOTE, a German officer, thus describes the battles of the future:

The distance is 6,600 yards (nearly four miles) from the enemy. The artillery is in position, and the command has been passed along the batteries to fire. The enemy's artillery replies. Shells tear up the soil and burst; in a short time the crew of every gun has ascertained the distance of the enemy. Then every projectile discharged bursts in the air over the heads of the enemy, raining down hundreds of fragments and bullets on his position. Men and horses are overwhelmed by this rain of lead and iron. Guns destroy one another, batteries are mutually annihilated, ammunition cases are emptied. Success will be with those whose fire does not slacken. In the midst of this fire the battalions advance.

Now they are but 2,200 yards away. Already the rifle bullets whistle around and kill, each not only finding a victim, but penetrating files, ricocheting, and striking again. Volley succeeds volley, bullets in great handfuls, constant as hail and swift as lightning, deluge the field of battle.

The artillery having silenced the enemy is now free to deal with the enemy's battalions. On his infantry, however loosely it may be formed, the guns direct thick iron rain, and soon in the positions of the enemy the earth is reddened with blood. The firing lines advance one after the other, battalions march after battalions; finally the reserves follow. Yet with all this movement in the two armies there remains a belt a thousand paces wide, separating them, as if neutral territory, swept by the fire of both sides, a belt in which no living being can stand for a moment.

The ammunition will be almost exhausted, millions of cartridges, thousands of shells will cover the soil. But the fire will continue until the empty ammunition cases are replaced with full ones.

Melinite bombs will then turn farmhouses, villages, and hamlets into dust, destroying everything that might be used as cover, obstacle, or refuge. The moment will approach when half the combatants will be mowed down, dead and wounded will be in parallel rows, separated one from the other by that belt of a thousand paces swept by a cross-fire of shells which no living being can pass. The battle will continue with ferocity. But still these thousand paces unchangingly separate the foes. *Which will have gained the victory? Neither.*

This, then, is the pleasant prospect before us. In spite of Peace Congresses Europe is arming and equipping her men for the field as never before. Russia's army numbers nearly three millions; Germany, two and one-half millions; Italy, more than a million and so on. We are still building battle-ships, though one has but slight criticism for a land which, in the war for Cuba, turned the tide of the ages and set a new example before the nations. The Spanish-American war is the first in all history to be waged, not for the sake of plunder or conquest or revenge, but simply for compassion's sake. And, as from America has come the higher ideal of war waged for principle and not for gain, so from America is destined to come the ideals that will, in time, make war needless, if not impossible.

It was Bismarck who said that the next European war "will bleed the nations as white as veal." What would that mean? Bankruptcy, starvation, disease, a generation of deprived and overworked women, thousands and tens of thousands of children born under distressing conditions, conditions that send them into the world handicapped by passions and fears, the result of a harried and deprived prenatal life. Paris yet suffers from the children who were born during the Siege, and who, ruined by a terrible heredity, drifted finally in large numbers into the ranks of the vagabond, the depraved and the idiotic.

Not in many years have conditions in the world been so terrible as they are today. Even nature shares the universal travail, adding cataclysm to storm and flood to earthquake. Yet those who can mark the beating of the great World-Heart well know that it is but the sign of the passing away of the old order of things. The ideals of brotherhood and the divinity of man have not come into the world to be swallowed up in the general storm. They have come as a light comes, leading those who will follow unto the sunlit heights. They have come to stay and the time is not so far distant when men, wearied with war and tired of selfishness, will leave the old paths and turn their faces toward the light that shines upon the Pathway of the New.

A. H. V.

FEAR, THE SOUL'S GREATEST ENEMY

*Only Fear Prevents Us from Taking the
Heroic Stand & Doing the Godlike
Deed --- Opportunity Dogs the
Footsteps of Heroes*

"LET us be careful, in making this forward step, that we do not ungirt our armor through fear, that we do not underrate our possibilities." These, the words of Katherine Tingley, spoken on that memorable last Eastertide in the City of Santiago de Cuba. In reading them our mind reverts to those words written ages and ages ago in the *Book of the Golden Precepts*, words of which to H. P. Blavatsky we owe our first revelation:

Beware of fear that spreadeth like the black and soundless wings of midnight bat between the moonlight of thy soul and the great goal that loometh in the distance far away.

About those who are striving to aid humanity on lines of positive and strenuous practical work the battle wages hot. The day's false ideals, fatal habits of mind, the weakness of one's will, the little rift in what would otherwise be a virtue as pure and resisting as a diamond—not to mention the active efforts of those who are acknowledged to be the enemies of human progress—all these things stand ready to combat and destroy the new and selfless ideals that humanity's warriors protect and serve. One need not be told that he who would win in this fight and not lose must be strong, or continually striving to become so, strong, pure, flawless on all lines, every weakness transmuted into a divine strength. But more than all else, *he must be fearless.*

Those who have tried and failed well know that the real cause of that failure was an inherent timidity, a chronic tendency to underrate their possibilities. What can the soul do, then? Of course they fail.

Comrades, we who are in Loma-land well know that the opportunities for which our souls have waited for ages present themselves to us every day—every hour, even—opportunity to serve humanity, opportunities for self-conquest, which is the greatest service of all. If it were not for fear, fear, that demon which we allow to ride us as Sinbad was ridden by the Old Man of the Sea, we would seize these chances that are literally heaven-sent, we would mount higher every hour on the stepping-stones of circumstances instead of being crushed beneath them. For he who has not the courage to leap to the crest of the cycle is crushed beneath its nether rim. And nothing prevents our taking the heroic stand and doing the godlike deed but fear.

The student, or any one, who allows himself to drift along in a passive or negative way will meet the fate that comes to drifting things generally—he will find himself, with other debris, stranded on some shore or eddy round and round in some corner. This happens even to those who seem marvels of industry or patience, because it is contingent, not upon the outward deed, but upon the inner habit of mind. Most of us cannot tell when we see another actively at work, doing his work on certain lines thoroughly and satisfactorily, whether that is the result of a strong positive attitude of mind and the expression of daily self-conquest, or whether it is merely the fruitage of efforts made at a former time, an outward-flowing stream whose rise and impetus belong to the past. The latter is the case more often than we imagine, and in this lies the explanation of many a failure at times of crisis. The mind, not being obliged to daily conquer the ability needed for the day's task, becomes negative, until at last some shock awakens it. Then the student needs courage, and must, if he does not want to be destroyed by his fear, absolutely cast it aside. For an awful moment he is conscious of nothing but his weakness, and at that stage it is easy to lose heart. That, however, is the time for the Great Conquest. "Let him not ungirt his armor through fear" if he would win and again take his place in the ranks. Let him *dare all* at that point. It may be that the whole future hangs in the balance. It is more than likely that the future of many thousands may depend upon the resolve of an hour like that. It is the thought of this that gives one the courage to fight his way back to the Path—the Path, which all unconsciously he had forsaken. "The more one dares the more he shall attain." And with so much at stake, how dare we belittle our own greatness? It is an insult to the Soul.

A. W. H.

Maggie Burns and Her Grandson



HERE was no mistake about it; Maggie Burns was a disreputable creature. This was the one point on which the entire neighborhood was of one opinion; and it was not, strictly speaking, altogether an unobjectionable neighborhood, either. Pat Murphy, the drayman, sometimes came home drunk and beat his wife. The Flynn brothers frequently enjoyed a quiet little family knock-down among themselves, while the old mother fled to a corner, and pulling the heavy oak table before her cheered her three stalwart sons impartially.

In this forlorn little outskirts of the city there were many and exasperating causes of complaint to mar the neighborly harmony of the inhabitants. Mrs. Flanagan's chickens would scratch up Mrs. Dunn's meagre little bean patch. Dan Hagan's billygoat insisted on performing his acrobatic feats on Grannie Shaw's hen-coop. Of course, all these small irritations were not conducive to uninterrupted good-will and friendship and often led to family feuds and chronic quarrels. The children were not slow in ranging themselves according to the opinions of their elders, and what with fighting among themselves, throwing stones at the enemy's goats and cows, "shooing" off chickens and breaking a window occasionally, the quarter could not be called exactly a quiet one. Still, all the neighborhood agreed in denouncing the conduct of Maggie Burns as shameful.

Poor old Maggie! Blear-eyed, battered, dirty and disreputable. She was entirely alone, her husband having drank himself to death some years before. Her big, strong, handsome boy had been killed in a street brawl at the time of a strike, and pretty little Nora had been enticed away to her ruin, only coming home to die. So what was left for Maggie, in her poverty and loneliness, but the drop of drink? At least this was the way she put it herself. Maggie was strong and could work well, but she seldom worked at washing or house-cleaning more than two or three days during the week. What had she to strive for?

She hardly ever came home sober, and it was truly, as her neighbors said, a shameful sight to see the gray-haired woman reeling along, followed by the hard-hearted little urchins, shouting abusive and ribald speeches, and often pelting her with sticks, mud, old shoes, and tin cans. Sometimes she went on in stolid silence, at others she would turn on her tormenters and hurl upon them such torrents of profanity and abuse that even these hardened little wretches would shrink back appalled, while the mothers would come rushing out to their gates to call their children in. It is not to be wondered at that the days, and sometimes weeks, spent by Maggie in the lock-up were considered periods of relief by her neighbors, and at this time these good people were enjoying such a season of rest.

As for Maggie she had been arrested for drunkenness, an old charge against her, and sat on the floor of her cell with her shoulders and head propped against the stone wall, just as she had tumbled over when unceremoniously thrust into the cell on the night before. This was not one of her very worst attacks; on the contrary, she had felt particularly jovial and happy, and had kept every one within hearing awake with her shouts of laughter and snatches of song during the earlier part of the night. But now she sat still, as the gray dawn came, trying to grasp some strange idea that was struggling in her muddled brain.

A baby was wailing pitifully somewhere very near and she muttered a curse because no one took notice of it. What was it about that baby anyhow? That was what she was trying to make out. But she was tired and cramped with her unnatural position, and the horrible reaction from the drink exhilaration was upon her. She turned herself with painful effort, murmuring as she did so, "If that brat would stop its howling I might get a wink o'sleep."

But the baby's crying grew more insistent and presently a rough voice shouted through the grating of her cell door: "Say there, you! Why don't you look to that young one?"

"Not if I know it," answered Maggie. "'Taint my business—tend to it yourself."

"Why, you old baggage," cried the jailer, "you said last night it was your grandchild and the young woman was your daughter. I hardly believed it though; for you was dead drunk and she wasn't at all; only fainted and fell down, and was brought in here till she could be sent to

the hospital. Were you lying or not? You insisted on keeping the baby and said you'd look her up. Are you sober enough to remember anything this morning?"

During this speech Maggie had struggled up and reached out for the baby lying on a shawl near her. Somehow the touch of the soft little cheek against her neck sent a shock all through her. How it brought back the memory of her own little ones, which she had for years so persistently put away from her.

Yes, the woman brought in during the night and the baby—that was what she was trying to remember. And she had said they were her people! Well, why not keep on saying it? Somebody had to take care of the baby and Maggie resolved that she would.

"Yes, it is mine," she said sullenly. "I'm sober enough now, too, and if you'll get me some milk and bread I'll feed the child."

"Well, I will," said the man. "You might as well know its mother's dead—died before they got her to the hospital."

Maggie bent her face lower over the baby.

When brought before the Justice with the baby in her arms, Mrs. Burns was treated leniently on account of her family sorrows; but she was sternly warned that if brought in again for drunkenness the child would be taken away from her.

"I really think it should not be left with you at all," said the justice.

"O, your honor!" cried Maggie, clasping it closer, "I won't drink any more now I've got the baby to take care of; no, I won't sure."

Great was the astonishment of Maggie Burns' neighbors when, late in the afternoon, she came soberly along the dusty crooked road, dignified by the name of "th' street," carrying a pretty baby of a year old.

From this time, Mrs. Burns was no longer the disgrace of her neighborhood. She worked every day in the week now, for little Robbie (she had called him after her own boy) must have wholesome food and neat little frocks. Her own wardrobe, too, must correspond with his. Then the two little rooms in the cottage must be whitewashed to make it healthier for Robbie, and the small garden must be attended to, for he delighted in bright flowers.

But all this was not accomplished without many a struggle. When the old craving was strong upon her Maggie would take the child in her arms and wander off along the road into the country. Here, under the cool, calm night sky, watched by the pure, bright stars she would fight out her battle, and return at dawn weak and weary, but a conqueror. The cherished black bottle was broken and no other took its place.

Robbie grew and thrived and loved his "Grannie."

Often anxiously Mrs. Burns pondered the question of Robbie's future. Suddenly a rift appeared in the clouds. A lady, for whom she often went to work, gave her one day a ticket to an entertainment to be given by the children of the Raja Yoga School. She went, taking Robbie, who was then five years old, with her.

Many people watched with interest the bright, handsome boy and the gray-haired, wrinkled woman. While the little boy could scarcely be restrained from laughing and shouting aloud, the old woman sat, clasping her brown, toilworn hands, the tears rolling unheeded down her cheeks.

The bright, happy faces of the children, the look of truth and purity which lay like a halo about them; their sweet, childish voices ringing out in speaking or singing, the flowers, the music, it was a world of which she had never even dreamed.

"O," she murmured, "if Robbie could only be like that!"

"Do you like it?" asked a sweet-voiced woman beside her.

"O, it is like heaven! those children are like blessed little angels!"

"They are," said the woman. "You can take your little boy to the Lotus Group, where they teach the children to be pure and good, and to grow up ready and willing to work for, and help the world."

Mrs. Burns did as she had been advised. She found many friends among the Brotherhood workers, and moved away from the scenes of her sorrow and despair to a place where Robbie was surrounded with healthier influences.

He grew up, the comfort and support of "Grannie's" declining years, enjoying the confidence and esteem which his many friends generously bestowed upon Mrs. Burns' grandson.

STUDENT

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The Modesty That Distinguishes the True Scientist

EVERY year thousands of young men and women are leaving our universities and colleges and are entering the world with intellectual appetites sharpened and eager for whatever science has to give them. Experience has not yet come to them with age, and they are all too poorly equipped to discriminate between the true and the false. By the true and the false we do not mean adhesion or opposition to particular theories or beliefs. Sometimes the greatest wisdom has grown from error, and that young men and women should make great initial mistakes is of small moment so long as the will and the determination to know the truth remains. By the true and the false, as applied to the exponents of latter day science, we mean upon the one hand the research which is clothed in humility, and upon the other the research which is garbed in arrogance and conceit. Between these two, discrimination is necessary. With the clamor of the latter the world is full, and it is small wonder that young students confuse assertion with attainment and self-advertisement with wisdom. Perhaps the meaning of this can be made more evident by illustration. Comparisons, we know, are odious, and yet they will irresistibly force themselves upon the mind when the mental attitude of the true scientist is made apparent amidst the self-laudation of the pretenders. It would perhaps be hard to find a finer illustration of the former than the words in which Newton summed up his life's work. He said:

I know not what the world may think of my labors, but to myself it seems that I have been as a child playing upon the seashore. Now finding some pebble rather more polished, and now some shell rather more agreeably variegated than another, while the immense ocean of truth extends itself unexplored before me.

There is no need now to remind even a schoolboy of what human knowledge owes to Newton, but his most brilliant discoveries were unheralded by the bombastic folly which today advertises itself before a credulous world as having "wrested the final secret from nature" and dethroned the creative power.

No less truly representative of the modesty which invariably accompanies true science was Charles Darwin. With his teachings we have at the moment no concern, but only with the mental attitude which distinguished him. Upon one occasion he advanced a theory to account for the terraces upon the slopes of Glen Roy, in the Scotch Highlands. He upheld his theory for twenty years, until the perusal by him of an attempted refutation by an almost unknown student named Jamieson. Thereupon he sent Jamieson's paper to Lyell with a letter which said:

I am smashed to atoms about Glen Roy. My paper was one long, gigantic blunder from beginning to end. *Eheu! Eheu!*

Upon another occasion Darwin's theory of beauty was attacked by an anonymous reviewer. How many lesser men would have passed by the assault in contemptuous silence? Not so Darwin. He wrote to his anonymous critic as follows:

You say that my phraseology on beauty is "loose scientifically and philosophically most misleading." This is not at all improbable, as it is almost a lifetime since I attended to the philosophy of esthetics, and did not think then that I should ever make use of my conclusions. Can you refer me to any one or two books (for my power of reading is not great) which would illumine me? Or can you explain in one or two sentences how I err?

Of its nature a more exquisite letter was perhaps never written. The scientist, very full of years and honors, begs the anonymous critic for illumination, or for one or two sentences which will show him how he errs. Perhaps these two illustrations may not be without value in supplying a standard by which scientific pretensions may be measured and real value gauged.

STUDENT

SOME authorities now think that petroleum was not formed from organic matter decaying under cover, as coal was formed in the carboniferous age, and that it is not a half-way stage in the formation of coal. It is found in strata belonging to ages when organic life was not abundant, and is not found in other strata where the old theory would lead one to expect it. Hence they are seeking for a new theory on the lines of inorganic chemistry.

The Relation of Radium to the Zodiacal Light

RADIUM is now thought to afford us a broad hint as to the nature of the Zodiacal Light and the Aurora Borealis and Australis. The new conception is that radiant matter is continually projected upon the earth from the sun in a great stream. Reaching our planet, it splits upon it and feathers off into a cometary tail stretching away on the side opposite the sun. According to this view, from another planet near enough, if there were such, or from the moon, we should look like a comet, except that there would be *two* tails, one stretching forward of us toward the sun, and the other—a thicker one—behind us away from the sun. The observer would have to be near because of the shortness of the tails, neither being of greater extent than the atmosphere, say one or two hundred miles. For we do not see these rays themselves but only matter (in this case atmosphere) made luminous by them.

Looking, then, west soon after twilight, or east just before sunrise, we are looking along the path of the rays towards their source—the sun—through the illumined atmosphere. The ordinary sunlight is either not yet come (if we are looking before sunrise), or gone (if after twilight); so it is not *that* which we see. Why then should we see the other light? Because the stream of radiant matter constituting it saturates the earth's atmosphere with its electro-negative units of force, making and keeping the atmosphere electro-negative. Finally, as like repels like, the stream is repelled, a little of it being thrown back to the sun and some merely thrown outward, made to swerve outward from its directly onward path. It is because of this swerved path that we can see it when the sun is below the horizon. This is the Zodiacal Light.

The Auroras are made by that much of the stream of radiant matter which is retained by the earth's magnetic currents. These currents pass from the north pole to the south, and sweep down with them the radiant units through the atmosphere. Hence there is a sort of vortex, maelstrom or cyclone thrilling downward from above to the earth's surface. In seeing the Aurora Borealis we are looking up into the apex of this cone, and are standing on the base.

It is not yet clear, on this theory, why the Zodiacal Light, and the Aurora, are not seen at all parts of the year, and to some extent all over the earth's surface.

The identification of these lights with radiant matter was made long ago by H. P. Blavatsky, and science is thus moving a step nearer the Theosophical conception of the forces of space. K.

The Secrets of Life and of Gold Discovered Again

A PROMINENT daily newspaper announces the discovery by a certain scientist "that from salt water, alcohol and ammonia living things can be created." In the same column we are informed that another scientist has discovered how to make gold. The first of these remarkable achievements dates from the town of Alexandria in Indiana, while Philadelphia is the scene of the gold manufacture.

Some statistics of the number of occasions upon which both these discoveries have already been made would be interesting. An enterprising but credulous journalism still hails them, however, with the same startling headlines to which we have grown accustomed for some years, a form of display at which Sir Isaac Newton would have blushed had it been applied to himself.

Is it the scientist or the obsequious reporter who is responsible for such exhibitions of ignorance as are furnished by these reports, an ignorance of which most schoolboys would be ashamed? We are told, for instance, that four ingredients are brought into contact and that after a certain length of time "living forces" are created. Has the writer any sense whatever of the meaning of words, and if so, what meaning does he attach to the words "life," "force" and "creation?" To attempt to instruct the writers of such follies as are contained in the reports which appear with such curious regularity would probably be useless, but it is unfortunate that a busy public should have such nauseating nonsense served up to them as science, accompanied by the burning of journalistic incense.

STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World



ON THE ALAMEDA IN THE CITY OF MEXICO, (OLD) MEXICO

Cuba's Wonderful Natural Wealth ▶ MR. DAVID L. FULLER, of the Cuban Agricultural Company has lately returned from Cuba and has expressed himself with considerable freedom and enthusiasm as to Cuban conditions and prospects. He says in the *Thomaston Herald*:

It is certainly a most wonderful grazing country. I rode on the back of an 850 pound pony the 3d of April for miles through Guiana grass that towered and waved above the ears of the animal. One acre of this grass will suffice to keep a cow for a year, without shelter. There is another kind of grass called parnell. Our company at the present time is principally engaged in stock-raising. We now have over 420 head of cattle and they are all in fine condition.

I met two men from Maine, one a resident of Calais. They are engaged in the bee business and production of honey. They had when I left Cuba 300 hives, which they said were paying good profits, clearing \$4 from each hive. I also held conversation with one of Teddy Roosevelt's rough riders, who came from Montana. He has 400 acres of land and is in the grazing business.

Another thing that may be of interest to your readers is the matter of pineapple raising. I met a man at Havana who resides in Florida; I conversed with him on the pineapple question, and he said that undoubtedly the best pines are raised in Cuba, and that they can be placed in the United States market at a cheaper rate than the Florida pines and are a superior fruit. There are no frosts to interfere with their growth in Cuba and no fertilizer is needed.

Mr. Fuller speaks regretfully of the devastation wrought by the war. Upon one side of the route from Havana to Santa Clara he counted the ruins of thirty-five sugar mills, while upon the other side there were as many or more. He seems, however, to entertain no doubt of the recuperative power of the people, and the constructive energy which will build up upon a permanent and healthy basis.

Duels in Paris With Paraffin Bullets ▶ PARISIAN duels are notoriously bloodless, their chief danger consisting, as a celebrated American humorist once pointed out, in the liability of the combatants to take cold in the fresh morning air. These encounters are likely to become still more innocuous if the report is confirmed that duels will in future be fought with pistols containing paraffin balls. The sense of honor of the French people is so keen and their courage so high that it must soon be recognized that the author of an insult is unworthy the notice of a gentleman, and that to resent an insult by physical force is usually to descend to the level of the perpetrator.

Mexican Post Office & the Weather ▶ THE Mexican Post Office, solicitous for the comfort of the people, now stamps every letter before delivery with a weather forecast from the meteorological bureau. Every recipient of a letter is therefore made aware of the weather probabilities during the ensuing twenty-four hours. For post office progressiveness this would certainly be hard to surpass.

Activities of California University ▶ WHILE the University of California is winning for itself renown in the fields of Egyptian research it is by no means unmindful of the claims of its own country. Three expeditions are now in the field or ready to start. Professor Merriam of the Department of Geology is undertaking the search for reptilian remains in Idaho. Mr. E. L. Furlong has the direction of an expedition into Shasta county, while two other parties from the Anthropological Department will enter the same district in order to work on the cave deposit which was recently discovered and also to explore some other caves which have not yet been examined. Activity such as this will do more than can readily be estimated in raising California into the position to which it rightly belongs as an educational center and as a source of light, not only for America but for the world.

Chinese Historical Tablet Returned ▶ CAPT. A. V. P. ANDERSON of the Sixth Cavalry, has performed a graceful act toward the Chinese Government. A number of jade tablets were taken by the Russians from Peking during the foreign occupation. Three of these tablets were presented to Captain Anderson by a Russian officer. Captain Anderson having been now informed that these tablets form a part of the Chinese Imperial Records and possess a very great historical value has notified the Chinese Consul General of San Francisco, that they will be forthwith returned to China. Other holders of looted property both here and in Europe have now an opportunity to show that their moral civilization is not inferior to that of the Chinese.

A Genoa Cure for Tuberculosis ▶ A GENOA doctor claims to have discovered a serum which renders human beings immune from tuberculosis. It is, of course, an inoculation process, producing a sore and a slight fever. The Chicago Health Department has been experimenting and the results are said to be satisfactory. It will presently occur to Boards of Health and the like to investigate the efficacy of a compliance with nature's laws. The results of this will be still more satisfactory in the prevention of disease. To inoculate the public mind with a love of ventilation, sanitation, physical exercise and personal cleanliness would be an achievement not unworthy of Twentieth century science.

Rough Way of the Chinese Reformers ▶ SIX Chinese scholars ventured to recommend domestic reforms in the essays which they wrote for the recent imperial examination. They have been denounced by the censor and have judiciously left the country with some considerable speed. It becomes Chinese reformers to be wary in their propaganda.



CHARACTERISTIC STREET SCENES IN LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO

Uncle Sam to Protect His Forests ▶ THERE are fifty-two forest reserves belonging to the United States government and these reach an aggregate of 61,218,525 acres. It is now announced that the policy of the Department of the Interior is to greatly increase the forest reserves near the summits of the Rocky Mountains as well as along the Appalachian Range near the Atlantic Coast. It has been said, not inaptly, that a nation's wealth may be measured by its trees, and the government could hardly enrich the country more substantially than by energetically carrying out the policy outlined. STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

"BUT I tell you I don't *want* to."

Willis Cathcart's Triumph

Then came a few words spoken in a gentle, but firm and pleasant, voice and then again the fretful words were heard:

"I tell you, Miss Clifford, that I don't *want* to, and *why* should I do it if I don't *want* to?"

There was a world of question and surprise in this last interrogation. Why, indeed, should Willis Cathcart be expected to do a thing that he did not want to do? It seemed to him so strange. He could not remember through all those ten years of ever having been forced to do a single thing that he really did not wish to do, and he felt himself to be a much injured little individual. Now, Willis Cathcart had been intended to be a fine, strong, generous, open-hearted and healthy boy, when the solemn white stork had flown with him from the "far away." But his mother had died when he was little more than a year old, and the dear auntie who had come to live with baby Willis, to fill the mother's place, had had no other idea of making him happy than to give him his own way in everything. She was so afraid he would injure his health if he cried or fretted, and Master Willis soon came to know that a pitiful little droop of the lips, or the least suggestion of tears in those big, brown eyes, would set little Auntie Nell in a flutter at once, and she would immediately consent to what ever he wished.

"Of course, you shall do it if you really want to, you poor, little motherless thing," she would say, "now, don't cry, my darling, or you will make your head ache." So it was with everything. At last he was ten years old, and Mr. Cathcart suddenly awakened to the fact that his little son was fast becoming a selfish, self-centered, unhealthy boy, and although he did not know how much his home training was to blame for it, he decided to make an all-round change. So he engaged Miss Clifford to take him in hand. She was thoroughly competent for this task, for she loved children and what was just as necessary, she understood them, and so, after having been at the house a few days, and having first won Willis' love by her hearty comradeship, the zest with which she entered into all his pleasures, and the sympathy she gave him in his *real* trouble, she began to try to wake up the real Willis.

One morning she looked at him with an amused smile.

"Well, Willis, you really are the funniest boy! You seem to think 'I don't want to,' is a good reason for everything."

Willis flushed. He did not like to be laughed at, and called 'funny.'

"Do you think that Donnie Paxton will think that anything of a reason? I know just what he is doing now, poor boy; he's raised up a bit in his bed and is watching, watching, through the window for you to keep your promise; and every time he hears a foot-step he thinks it's you with the bracket-work tools."

Willis had not thought of Donnie's side of the question, and felt uncomfortable.

"Well, Sarah can take them to him," he said, "it's so wet and cold, and it is such a long way."

"No, Willis, that won't do; dear little man, don't you see how in

everything you do and say, you are thinking of yourself? You told Donnie you'd give him the bracket saws because you liked to see his grateful look, and be thanked. You do not really care enough about him to deny yourself any little comfort. It is nothing to give him what you do not need yourself. I want to see you do things willingly, not because you wish, but because it gives pleasure to others."

"Miss Clifford, I do give pleasure to others. Auntie says I'm her pet and that if my mother were alive she would be proud of me."

Miss Clifford laughed outright.

"Oh, Willis, Willis," she said, "the very idea of a big boy like you being called a 'pet.' How my little brothers would laugh at you; they would call you 'auntie's pet,' and want to dress you in frocks."

Again the boy flushed, and an ugly look came into his face.

"Then they would be horrid, rude boys, and I'm glad I don't know them," he said, as he got up and, with his hands in his pockets, began sulkily to walk away.

"Willis!" called Miss Clifford, "don't go away like that. I want to talk with you for a very little while, and then you can be off to do just what you want to do, till luncheon time."

The boy came back unwillingly.

"Sit by me," she went on. "Do you know, Willis, that you are becoming, have almost become, an 'I, my, me' boy? That's what we call it at home—an 'I, my, me' boy is one who cannot

get away from himself, who does not really know that he is just like a spot in a circle, inside of which all his thoughts and desires are fixed, and they are all for himself, and for anything that goes on outside that circle he does not care. Believe me, Willis, your mother would be grieved, not proud of her son, could she see you now. She

knew what kind of a boy she wanted you to be, and you can be all that and more if you will. Brace up and be a man! Try to deny yourself, to get away altogether from that poor little spot, and that uninteresting, lifeless circle which holds you prisoner. You are not a happy boy now, you are not a strong boy, you are not a manly boy. Don't you want to grow to be like your father, whom every one loves, and who thinks of every one *before* himself, and who is so troubled to see you as you are?"

Willis sat quietly with a crimson face turned away from Miss Clifford, trying vainly to keep back the tears. Then, with a sudden spring, he rushed out of the room, banging the door behind him.

TO BE CONCLUDED

What Is True Helping?

Written by a member of the San Diego Lotus Group

THE world lacks true helpfulness, so I think we, the children who wish to help the world, should begin to think out the best way of helping. There are different ways of helping. Some people help so as to be praised, others help so as to become popular in charitable work, and still others help so as to receive reward of some kind. But the right way is to help with determination and not for selfish benefits. If some of the people who pretend to be helping humanity would really and truly help from their hearts, there would be a great change in the world. So let us when we help banish all selfish desires and help with a will, so that those who are helping now with selfish thoughts in their hearts will be ashamed. L. W.



IN A LOMALAND GARDEN

Students'



Path

Is It Worth While?

by JOAQUIN MILLER

IS it worth while that we jostle a brother,
 Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
 Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,
 In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
 God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
 God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
 When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather
 Pierced to the heart: Words are keener than steel,
 And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey
 On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
 We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
 Ere folding the hands to be and abide
 Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
 Look at the herds all at peace on the plain ---
 Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
 And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
 Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
 Some poor fellow down into the dust?
 God pity us all! Time eftssooa will tumble
 All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
 Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

Secrets of Nature

WHAT a prodigious amount of labor is expended by science in extracting what are called the secrets of nature, and how seldom we ask ourselves whether we use this phrase intelligently and if nature is actually hiding something which she unwillingly and perforce surrenders. It may be we who err in the manner of our search, while nature herself is eager to display in her own way and to explain in her own language. Our increasing knowledge of antiquity seems to throw some force into this idea as we gradually realize that many of our attainments are but reattainments, our discoveries but rediscoveries, and that thousands of years ago men read freely in the book of nature without the appliances which are our chief boast. Our telescopes have revealed to us starry mysteries well known to Egypt and to Babylon where no telescopes were used. Our mighty buildings are made possible only by the machinery which was unnecessary for the far mightier buildings of antiquity. Day by day we see fable march into the dominion of fact, and we must yet confess that "primitive man" knew of and used great laws of nature of which we have not even yet heard. Was nature once more communicative than she is now, or can it be that men have lost her language, the only language in which she consents to speak? Surely the latter. Humanity has reached a stage where self-conceit will listen to no language save its own, will even deny that there is or can be any other speech. Our scientific methods are but a long coercion applied to nature in determination that she shall speak in our tongue, and if sometimes we catch a sentence of her wisdom and hail a "great discovery," it is but as nothing to her myriad voices which go unheard. Nature is eloquent and we are deaf; nature paints her measureless panorama and we are blind. And yet even self-interest has given a half turn to the key of knowledge if we could but take the hint. Man himself is unable to keep even those secrets which he designs to keep. Though he hide them deeply from his very own thought nature delights to pluck them forth and write them upon his face so legibly that we must see and read. There are basenesses that we will not confess even to ourselves, but because of those basenesses

nature has decreed that we must walk in this or that way, hold our heads thus and not otherwise, and leave the imprint of baseness upon everything that we touch. We ourselves are the only ones who cannot read the placards that we bear, and the secrets that we hide away in the dark corners of our hearts are known to every man we meet. Nature has her physical pattern for every folly and for every virtue. There is no secret service of God or Devil that carries not its outer livery with it, and we walk before the world costumed and labeled for the part that we shall play.

Nature has no spite against men that she thus betrays their secrets. She cannot keep her own, but blazons them forth to all who will look. She, too, has her gestures, and every subtle force of her leaves its wrinkle upon her face. She laughs and weeps, and is angry and compassionate. She has her affinities and her antipathies, and ever she wears her heart upon her sleeve. She sleeps and wakes, lives and dies and is reborn, groans aloud in the anguish of her load and shouts in triumph at the glory of her strength. And all her children know her and love her, trust her and are fed by her. But only humanity, her oldest and her best beloved, is estranged.

The time will come when all shall once more learn the language of nature and hear her voice understandingly. It is the language of color and form and motion and the vibrations which we call music. All these things are as they are because of the consciousness of nature, because of her thoughts and of her ideals, her efforts and her aspirations. Not unmeaningly the pink tipped daisy hides within the grass. Those pink petals speak of a thought of nature, and their hue is the record of mighty forces which strove together when time was young. Let us dissect the daisy with our forceps and our needles and clamp it under our microscopes. To such methods it has no response, but wherever the eye of knowledge shall fall upon its beauty even casually, its shape and color, and every detail of its growth shall tell the wondrous story of the ages. Sympathy is the pavement of the road to knowledge. It is the universal solvent which melts all barriers to wisdom.

STUDENT

New Zealand

IN a recent letter to the *Washington Post* Mr. Peacock, a member of the New Zealand Parliament, writes:

We are getting on handsomely in New Zealand and, though it isn't a big country, we can congratulate ourselves on having led the way in certain reforms that have been of benefit to the human race. . . . In our Parliament are a few Maoris, or natives, brown-skinned men of high intelligence, who would honor any legislative body, and they are not discriminated against socially because of their color. There are about 750,000 white people and 45,000 Maoris in New Zealand.

Mr. and Mrs. Peacock are at present making a tour of the United States.

E. M.

Things themselves touch not the soul, not in the least degree.—*Marcus Aurelius*

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: There once came a gentleman to see H. P. Blavatsky asking her to teach him occultism. She told him at a certain address there lived a poor old woman and requested him to go and help her. The gentleman took his hat and went away, but not to the old woman, and that was the last H. P. Blavatsky saw of him.

It was not her fault that the old Theosophical Society worked only on theoretical lines. Her time was so much occupied in writing her books before she left her physical body, that she could only tell her pupils over and over again that actual brotherly love and help to others was the first step to Theosophy. With very few exceptions, however, her pupils went on discussing and theorizing. This brought about but little change in their natures.

But what changes a man's nature and makes of him, so to say, a new being, is the application in the world of the feeling of love. This feeling does not even exist in reality unless it takes form by deed. Better a man should not know that he must love others, than to know it and not act accordingly.

If any one wants to know to what extent a man's nature is changed by practical Theosophy, let him look at the men, women and children of Loma-land under the leadership of Katherine Tingley. M. A. O.

Lives of Average Men

by S. W. Foss in *Poems of the Commonplace*

AlH, there are so many common men,
And all so good and bad, like you,
And all so bad and good, like me,
And all so false, and all so true,
So full of joy and misery,
May not a poet, now and then,
Look in the lives of common men?

Look in the hearts of average men,
The tragedies of doom are there
And rhapsodies of wild delight,
And helpless wailings of despair,
And joys and sorrows infinite;
May not a poet, now and then,
Make plain the lives of average men?

Look in the lives of common men,
The baby lulled by cradle songs,
The hopeful youth serenely brave,
The toiler in the toiling throngs,
The coffin at the open grave;
May not the poet, now and then,
Reveal the lives of common men?

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question I've heard that Theosophy teaches some new theory about Justice and every man getting just what he deserves whether he faces it or tries to run away from it; but I don't quite see how it can be; it seems to me some fellows never get what they deserve. H. M.

[NOTE—The above is part of a question left unanswered from the issue of August 9th, the first part of the question being answered in that issue.]

Answer Although it may seem to some that this is a new teaching or theory, yet it is as old as man and it can be found in the very earliest of the great religions of the world as well as in the teachings of Christ and Paul. And if we look at it fairly, isn't it the square thing that we should get what we deserve? and even if we don't always see it come about, we know it is right. Yet perhaps we do not always look far enough and so judge a little hastily, for we know that some seeds take much longer to germinate and grow up into plant and flower than some others, and much depends on surrounding circumstances such as on the nature of the soil, and on the sunshine and moisture.

In so many directions we can see how Nature acts with perfect Justice and according to law; otherwise we could not act with certainty and confidence in any direction; we should be afraid even to eat or sleep or breathe. And where there seems to be any change in the actions of Nature we know that this can be traced to an adequate cause and is not haphazard. So why do we not go a little further and trust Nature's justice in balancing our lives, giving us what we deserve and need? If we look carefully I think we shall find that we do trust to the Justice of life much more than we imagine. Why do we advise a young man just entering business to be industrious, honest, sober? Why do we expect the lazy or the drunkard or the gambler, or the one who looks always to chance or luck to fail? It is because we believe in justice.

But, you may say, it doesn't always turn out as we expect, and you may know many who, you think, ought to have succeeded who have not; and many who, as you think, deserve to fail who have not. How can we account for that? And yet we go on giving the same advice to be honest, industrious, etc. Is it not because there is an answer somewhere, and that perhaps the justice is only hidden, or maybe—from our standpoint—delayed, but nevertheless certain?

What is the answer? What explanation is there? Suppose we take only one day out of a man's life and try to judge the justice of life by that. Should we succeed? We see one man working hard, but he gets no praise, no reward; we see another man lazy, indolent, and yet with all his wants supplied; another trusted by his employer, abuses his trust, appropriates his employer's money to gratify extravagant desires, hides his theft by falsifying accounts and—on this day in question—is not found out; then we see another abusing his strength and health apparently with

impunity and without any ill-effects. Could we judge of the justice of life or of nature's laws from that one day? But if we look further we find (other things being equal, and in spite of *apparent* exceptions) that the industrious man does succeed, the lazy man fails and comes to want, the dishonest man cannot hide his dishonesty but is discovered, the libertine and the intemperate reap a harvest of disease and remorse.

We know these things are true in spite of the exceptions, and by looking a little further we find there are no exceptions after all. If we look at one day we cannot see the justice of life, and even if we look at forty or seventy years we cannot always see it. But when we realize that what we call "a life" is only a *day* in Life, and that the causes which we set up go on from life to life, then we begin to see the justice of it all. We are able then to see that, after all, the hard things and difficulties of this present existence for which we can find no reason or cause or justice in this life, may and must have had their causes in a previous one, and that we are simply paying our debts and squaring our accounts in the great book of Life.

When any one first hears of this wonderful and yet so simple teaching of living many lives on earth, many objections often arise in the mind; but do not let objections throw you off the main teaching. Look at it fairly and squarely, keep alive the sense of justice and fairness that is in every man's heart, begin to realize that you are immortal—not the body, but the real *you*, who uses the body—think about this teaching of many lives, or Reincarnation, and very soon you will find this question of the justice of life becomes perfectly clear, and however much you may seem to be handicapped now by misfortune or disease, or even if you are in prison, realize that Life and Nature are just and that, if a man has grit and will take life as it comes, he can keep his soul free and by reaping his harvest now he can prepare the way for a new harvest in the next life on earth. There is no teaching that can give more hope to life than this one that we are immortal and have chance after chance, opportunity after opportunity to make our lives what we will.

"The Hero Unafraid"

BRAVERY, heroism—that has ever been the inspiring theme of writer, singer, poet, sculptor, painter. No race or tribe but has its traditions, its records, of the great hero, the man who was unafraid and who, therefore, types the great ideal. And one who sees the trend of modern life, its tendency towards physical safety, personal security, peace, the opposite of those conditions that in the past brought out the warrior spirit, need not lament that bravery is less needed. It may not be necessary for the average man to lay down his life in defense of property or principle; but it daily becomes more necessary than ever before for him to risk all in a needed and desperate battle with his lower self. Marshalled against all his higher impulses are all his lower, his weaknesses, all the tendencies in his nature that are purely personal. To him who fails, there is suffering—but suffering that is ignoble. He who wins is one to inspire us as did the great souls of the past. It is he who is the Hero Unafraid. D. J. K.

Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom.—*Carlyle*

Law and Liberty

THE way to gain freedom is to prove oneself trustworthy. It is not safe to grant privileges to untrustworthy people, and often the trustworthy people have to go without their due privilege because of the untrustworthy people in their midst.

A car with a good brake can go faster and take more risks than one without a brake. The self-disciplined and well-balanced person can be allowed full liberty, because he will not abuse it.

What are laws and restrictions made for? To keep in check the unsafe ones, and they bear heavily on those persons who do not need such restraints. Thus we suffer for the shortcomings of our neighbor, whom it is our duty to help, for his interest is ours.

If you want freedom, be trustworthy, and people will trust you. Remember that every time you keep a rule, you are aiding the cause of liberty, and every time you abuse a privilege, you are keeping society back in its leading-strings. And if you are inclined to grumble at having to keep rules made for your neighbor, bear in mind that he has to keep rules made for you. Society is give-and-take. STUDENT

THERE is a science of persecution, at least so one would judge by the expertness, the persist-

The Science of Persecution

back humanity from its heritage and strengthens the guilty hands that spin out the long thread of life's agony.

ence and the *sang froid* with which persecutors pursue their ends. Not long ago the newspapers cited the case of a man who had incurred the wrath of his employer because, forsooth, he presumed to love and be loved by a young woman whom said employer desired to marry. So the employer, as a preliminary step, quietly railroaded this man by sending him to an insane asylum. From this place he escaped with the assistance of the young woman, and after their marriage, the two came to California. But this was a grievance, indeed, and through further manipulation the employer secured his victim's discharge from a position of trust which he held in California, and things went from bad to worse. The persecution continued by methods so subtle that it seemed impossible to define or stop it. Every blow was struck so entirely under cover that the victim was powerless to defend himself. In a fit of despair he drank a glass of liquor. Finally, he found himself one day in a police court, to face a charge of drunkenness, and at last he was committed to the Stockton asylum where he died.

But worse than all, those who submit crucify their own souls. In plain language, theirs is a three-fold failure in duty—duty to themselves, duty to their persecutors, and duty to humanity. How many who are the victims of wanton and senseless persecution ever stop to think of this? How many even look upon themselves as models of "patience" and "resignation" and long suffering? Models of idiocy, rather; as much so as the man who would stand quietly by while a burglar ransacked his safe or shot one of his children—saving that in the latter case, merely material things are sacrificed; in the former, things that are divine and eternal, one's own self-respect and one's very soul's rights. To take such an attitude is by no means the Christian virtue some victims would have us believe. It is sheer cowardice to allow one's life to be warped, one's soul insulted, one's self-respect dragged in the mud by some vindictive or jealous person. Yet there are people who, otherwise, might be of measureless value to humanity, who are allowing this to be done every day.

If it is true that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," the prospect before this persecuting employer is not a pleasant one. There is an Eternal Law and it worketh toward all that is just. Every debt unto it must be paid, even to the uttermost farthing. It is easy to define the position of this persecutor, easy to point out his unbrotherliness, easy to decide upon just what kind of punishment should be meted out to him.

One cannot help conjecturing as to how far awry a really scientific persecutor is able to pull the threads of the world's life, but very far, doubtless. It requires a vast amount of energy to crush a soul that is really trying to climb upward. What would have been the total difference on this balance-sheet of human affairs if the will-power, the intensity of purpose, the perseverance of this employer had been turned into right channels instead of wrong? The energy needed to crush one aspiring soul would suffice to lift yet a step upward many who were also trying to rise, for the simplest physical laws are but the signs and outer expressions of the only law of Balance, Justice, which surrounds and conditions all those realms wherein dwell the soul.

But the fault is not his alone. There is another side to the question, and another and clarifying point of view. What was the victim's highest duty? Was he best serving humanity in allowing this persecution to crush and ruin his life? In doing so he failed his own soul. What is equally to the point he failed his persecutor, for it lay in his power to teach the latter a great lesson. To become annoyed, discouraged, worried, to "go to the dogs" generally—does anything please the truly scientific persecutor so much? Is this what the victim really desires to do? Then, too, nothing so feeds the persecutor's appetite for fresh victims, and so he travels his path, strewn with blasted hopes and wrecked lives and debauched ideals. And the fact cannot be denied that every victim who quietly submits to unwarranted persecution becomes an enemy of his own kind. By every act of submission, by every period of being discouraged, by every failure to protest against persecution, the victim holds

Does persecution pay? It is our own fault if it does. Every one whose life has been blighted to any degree by the malice of another can so protest that the persecutor will be convinced of having made a poor choice. By just so much will the world be helped and humanity be aided to rise into a knowledge of its own Divinity. There is more subtle work of this kind in the world than we are aware, and its fruits are blighted lives and wrecked homes. It is not merely a question of saving one's self. That is insignificant. It is rather a question of making humanity's path harder or easier, of saving to peace and to usefulness those who are to come.

ECHO

To Study the Human Brain

A DOCTOR in Indianapolis, whom we will not advertise by naming, is troubled at the lack of scientific knowledge about the human brain. The vivisection of guinea pigs and dogs is, of course, gratifying and charming, up to a certain point, but there is in it a certain lack of vividness which can only be supplied by the human subject. The doctor says:

My first thought was to raise funds to purchase in China or any other market such criminals as were condemned to capital punishment, but there were so many stumbling-blocks in the way—the expense, for instance, the lack of physiological and chemical laboratories, lack of knowledge of so-called heathen languages, etc.

There are certainly stumbling-blocks in the way. There is, for instance, what we call the Law of God which forbids murder. It is doubtless an outworn system in the opinion of the doctor, but it has not yet been repealed. Secondly, there is the law of the United States, which endeavors to imitate in many respects the law of God, and thirdly, there is the moral sense of the community, which is also based upon the law of God. Curiously enough, the community refuses to believe that it, or any part of it, in any portion whatever of the world, was created for vivisectional experiment.

The medical profession is of all others the most humane and the most beneficent and must share therefore in the disgust which such suggestions must arouse in every human being. Doubtless it believes that such ravings as this are unworthy of attention or repudiation, but it cannot be concealed that they are becoming increasingly numerous and that there is a method in this form of moral insanity as in so many others. Insanity is by no means a harmless disease.

STUDENT

Calvinism a Dead Theory

TO combat an idea, set up its opposite. Do not argue, but let those opposites, floating on the sea of human thought, fight it out. In the end, one of them will sink the other; and the one going finally to the bottom will be the falsehood. Calvinism includes the idea that our human nature is inherently bad. Almost the first words of Theosophy, uttered towards the close of the Nineteenth century, were:

At the very base of your nature you will find faith, love and hope.

Human nature, says Theosophy, is divine, transiently overlaid with evil. Says Calvinism: it is bad, overlaid with more bad—and you cannot alter it! At first sight a most inexplicable phenomenon, the belief in that. It is less so when one reflects that those who voluntarily believed it regarded themselves as the preordained to salvation.

How many thousands did *not* voluntarily believe it, but had it forced in upon their belief by "education," (save the mark!) environment and infection! And, believing it in such ways, they had their lives darkened and many, even unto suicide, actual and moral.

Against this shadow Theosophy set up its banner of light. Against the idea it set afloat the opposite. And it appeals to each man's experience of and in himself. A man is habitually in presence of the worse parts of his nature, though not necessarily under their sway. They stand right out in front of his eyes. They are the overlayings. But he also knows that from the deeps of him well up diviner things, heroism, love, pity, sustaining devotion, aspiration, perception of beauty and harmony; and the power to create all of these. These things come up from the heart, and so he knows that his deep heart-life possesses the attributes of divinity, and ever urges him onward.

K.

The Raja Yoga Edition

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Meteorological Table for the week ending
August the 16th, 1903

AUG	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
10	29.748	72	62	68	65	.00	SW	5
11	29.800	71	62	69	66	.00	W	5
12	29.768	73	62	67	64	.00	W	light
13	29.758	73	62	67	64	.00	W	7
14	29.762	73	62	66	63	.00	W	2
15	29.712	73	61	65	63	.00	NW	5
16	29.666	73	62	66	65	.00	NW	7

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Remarkable Orchid Shown

What was considered the most remarkable orchid ever shown in Horticultural Hall was exhibited today and secured the silver medal of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. It was a single plant of Coelogyne Dyana from the conservatories of Walter P. Winson of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, and grown by Peter Muncey, the accomplished gardener of the estate. The plant is of the variety known as the "necklace orchid," in which the flowers are arranged alternately on drooping strings, the longest of which, on this plant, was three feet. There were eleven of these lace-like strings of blossoms, containing in all 486 single blooms. The plant was about four years old, and showed remarkable cultivation. Indeed, one with half the number of blossoms would be considered especially fine. The variety is native of Borneo, and was introduced into England about 1884.—*Boston Transcript*

Salt in Africa

The natives of Africa regard salt as a necessary of life, and will go to considerable trouble to obtain it. The Bakalulua people burn banana leaves and grasses, collecting the ashes and mixing them with water. They thus obtain a white compound containing a small proportion of salt and a large proportion of chlorate of potash, and until recently they had no other salt with which to flavor their vegetable diet.

In the villages of the Andes the ancient method of the kipu is still used by the descendants of the Incas to keep their accounts. The kipu is a collection of knotted strings of various colors. The colors denote the various kinds of merchandise, while the knots indicate the necessary figures. The method is said to be accurate and adaptable to large transactions.

Here is another curious epitaph which was recently discovered; it marks the grave of an indefatigable smoker and contains only the following four words:

"My pipe is out."

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WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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William Quan Judge

UNDERNEATH the babel sounds of the persecution with which H. P. Blavatsky was assailed, it is not difficult to distinguish an accentuated note of fear. The vested interests of theologic creed which had themselves thriven and waxed fat upon human dread were now themselves afraid. And it is certain that wherever fear exists there also are wrongs to be righted and injustices to be swept away. Immense as was the force wielded by H. P. Blavatsky, the inherent power of Theosophy itself was even greater. It is doubtful if any man was ever argued into a real acceptance of its philosophy. The thousands who received it did so because its truth was self-evident; it appealed to

them not as something new, but rather as something which ages ago was a part of their lives and which they had for a time forgotten. Because it stepped without apparent effort into the front rank of human thought, because thousands rose up to welcome it, its enemies paid to it the homage of their fear and to its teacher the homage of their hate.

Both the fear and the hate may seem to have been aroused by the teacher and not by Theosophy itself. Personal prejudice is of all things the easiest to awake and to inflame, and a new thought which upon its own merits would be invulnerable may yet be discredited through its advocates. Had not H. P. Blavatsky been the teacher of a philosophy of

A Teacher of Human Freedom

human freedom, mental and spiritual, she would have been unassailed. Had she not taught that man himself is the only arbiter of his destinies, had she not shown that by his own divinity he was beyond the need of mediation or of intercession, of church or creed, no hand would have been raised against her. But Theosophy was the assailant of vested interests whose representatives were money changers in the temple of truth, and all the forces of greed and of ambition were arrayed against it and against its advocate.

That the attacks upon H. P. Blavatsky were but subterfuges which hid the real assault upon Theosophy is sufficiently easy of proof. No sooner had she disappeared from the scene of her martyrdom than the assault was transferred with an intensified bitterness to her successor, W. Q. Judge.

The entire absence of good faith in the attack upon H. P. Blavatsky ought to be evident to any but the most stupid, and even stupidity itself ought to recognize that the persecution of W. Q. Judge was actuated by any and every motive other than the pretended one. So impatient were his traducers that hardly was he allowed to assume control of the Society before the storm burst upon his head. For many years the American Section had been in his charge under the guidance of H. P. Blavatsky. Possessed of extraordinary abilities as a lawyer and a

He Toiled for Years in the Darkness

writer, he had surrendered everything, that he might unselfishly advance the work to which he had given his life. He had willingly embraced poverty and hardships, knowing them to be the price which the world exacts from those who would best serve it. His task was one of peculiar difficulty and one which called for a courage of a high and special order. He was practically alone, he was poor, he was well-nigh friendless. He had not any of those aids which the world thinks essential to success. He had neither the stimulus of achievements already won, nor had he the inspiration of foreseeing a triumph which was not to take external and manifest form until the weight of unobtrusive work, of unmerited cruelty, should have physically destroyed him. It fell to him to exercise that supreme courage which is willing to toil in a darkness which seemed as though it could never break, the courage which conceives of no higher success nor greater reward than the simple performance of duty. To the orator comes the inspiration of applause, to the soldier the vision of victory, to the statesman the guerdon of public approbation, but for this man there was no such future, he was not to see the sunrise, nor the wonder of the dawn. For him there was no other reward than the glory of going on. We have no wish to needlessly reopen pages of history

Ambition of an English Woman

which are so full of the disgrace of those who crowned this man's life with the glory of martyrdom. But those pages will be read by generations yet unborn, and to refrain now from the duty of defense will be to commit a crime against posterity, and against ourselves. To defend W. Q. Judge is to defend H. P. Blavatsky, as it is also to defend the spiritual philosophy which for us has made life worth living and death worth dying. Ingratitude is perhaps of all crimes the most hateful to the soul, and there is no half measure between the acceptance of Theosophy as a life ideal and the loyalty of honor to those who made that ideal a possibility to us. As in the case of his predecessor, the attack upon W. Q. Judge was focused from a single point.

In the first instance the enemies of the movement traded upon the avarice and the cupidity of the Coulobms. In the second instance they traded upon a more subtle and a more dangerous force, that of the ambition of an English woman who sought to snatch the society from the anchorage of its ideals and to prostitute it to

the will of a priesthood. In each instance we shall have attained our object by pointing out that however widespread may be the attack, however many poisoned darts may be discharged, the whole assault radiates from one point only and that at that one point self-interest and ambition have reigned supreme.

The Theosophical Society was founded with the one supreme object in view of arousing humanity not only to a keen sense of Brotherhood, but to its *practise*.

It was intended not merely to assert that Brotherhood is a fact in nature, but to prove it, and that it might be so proved the philosophy and the science of Theosophy were given to the world.

» » To the Practise of Brotherhood

That science and that philosophy have no place whatever in our estimation except as adjuncts to human fraternity. It was not the mission of those who founded the Theosophical Society to provide a novel

food for human intellect, but rather to give to the world a cause and a reason for the practise of brotherhood, to make of humanity something greater, better and more divine than it was before. Better the science of Theosophy should perish than that it should forget its position of servitude to human brotherhood. So long as H. P. Blavatsky was alive she failed not, in season and out of season, to assert that Theosophy would be a failure in the world unless it exercised a redeeming power in the lives of men, that it would be already dead from the moment when intellectual knowledge should usurp the place of moral action, from the moment when it should develop a creed and so join the array of impotent and useless systems which already encumber the religious world.

At the death of H. P. Blavatsky the Theosophical Society had become great. It had hundreds of branches throughout the world, it had a literature of no common excellence and extent. The Society was large enough to become not only an object of fear—that it had ever been—

The Bidding of a Priestly Caste » »

but also an object of cupidity. Its aid was powerful enough to be desired by those who intended to control and to paralyze the thought of the western world, as they had already controlled and paralyzed the thought of so much of the Orient.

There was one obstacle only between them and the government of the Society and that one obstacle was W. Q. Judge. His vision was too keen to be blinded by duplicity, his hold was too tenacious to be loosened by persuasion or by threats. To remove him and so to throw open the path of ambition it was necessary to destroy him as it had been necessary to destroy H. P. Blavatsky. The English woman whom we have mentioned and whose ambition had already exalted her in the Society beyond her merits or her wisdom, was incited to use her influence to tear down the man who was striving to be the living expression of Theosophic ideals, and from that moment the persecution of W. Q. Judge was begun. The flame of attack flashed to and fro from east to west, and the woman who was pledged to defend her avowed ideals with her life was yet unashamed to coalesce with H. P. Blavatsky's most bitter foes in order that she might do the bidding of a priestly caste and destroy the man who stood between them and power. And he himself stood unmoved in the face of a storm of obloquy and affront almost unexampled in its ferocity. The ideals of human brotherhood and of the philosophy upon which it stood were for him personified facts in nature, and to friends and enemies alike

The World Will Crown the Heroes

he pointed out the eternal truths upon which his work was based and from which he could in no measure

whatever depart. And from them he never did depart until he had placed, unstained, in the hands of his successor, Katherine Tingley, the sacred charge which he had inherited from H. P. Blavatsky. Let the history of the last few years declare whether she has not also inherited the persecution which seems never to weary nor to slacken, which does but change its position and its weapons.

It may be that the world must journey yet awhile before it learns to trace back the thread of falsehood and of slander to the poisonous sources from which it comes.

But we who have seen the light and have the true faith in humanity, know that the world will learn the truth, and that having learned it, the world will crown the heroes, and make easy the road of those who bring glad tidings of great joy.

STUDENT

Balance of Temperament

BALANCE of faculties and equipoise of temperament is a quality very much needed by the people of today, and we do not sufficiently realize how important such a quality is. Our tendency is toward excessive development in some particular direction, rather than towards an even all-round development. Force, speed, exactness, completeness, express the ideals we aim at, rather than proportion and balance. But there is often plenty of force present, but rendered inefficient by want of balance. We have contradictory qualities coexisting in our character which, if properly balanced, would become a source of great power.

To take as an illustration: A man has too high an opinion of his own importance, and it is necessary to tell him that he is not so indispensable as he thinks. But the same man may also suffer from despondency and a lack of faith in his own powers; for which it would be advisable to encourage him. Clearly he has the different parts of his temperament unbalanced, ill adjusted. Many similar instances can be given: as, for instance, of people who are too impetuous one-half of the time and too sluggish the other half; or people who are very clever in one subject and very stupid in another. All lack balance to equalize their moods, and a permanent moderation to hold in check the extremes.

"Harmony results from the equilibrium of contraries," as a learned Kabbalist has said; and we can learn infinitely much by studying the various contraries in our make-up, and finding out how to balance them. Vices are a result of unbalanced forces.

One result of lack of poise is that we do not find our faculties ready to hand when they are needed; whereas, when they are not needed and should become latent, they are apt to be restive, so that we have to occupy them with vain tasks. To develop such a poise as would enable us to have all our faculties at command, it is necessary to pay attention to culture of the soul, of the mind, and of the body. Calisthenics in all our doings, and thinkings, and feelings are essential.

True harmony of life and balance of temperament spring from a proper adjustment of the inner nature, which means a realization of our oneness with all that lives. For it is personal desires that are the great disturbers of harmony and warpers of human nature; and, when these fade in the light of a truer wisdom, tranquility and balance return.

Silence

There is very great necessity indeed of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me the finest nations of the world . . . are going all away into wind and tongue. . . . Silence is the eternal duty of a man. He won't get to any real understanding of what is complex . . . without maintaining silence.

BUT the silence on which Carlyle was thus insisting, must go deeper than the lips. It must be of the mind itself. There are plenty of people whose stream of thought—shallow and utterly valueless—whose tireless mental babble of retrospect, anticipation, whose ceaseless mental reproduction of scraps of conversation, quarrel, gossip—does not happen to reach their *lips*. But assuredly they are not to be called silent. The winning of true silence in the mind is like the clearing of cheap furniture and gewgaws out of a hall, to make room for some majestic statue. Wisdom comes if it be sought in the silence of thought.

We do not know much about this kind of silence to-day. But we could easily get it. A few moments of it come upon us after we have heard noble music; it fills the space between the ceasing of the music and the taking up of its chatter by the momentarily stilled mind. And that this silence is not a mere negation of talk, but a positive something, is shown by the fact that to speak of it as *filling* a pause gives us no sense of absurdity. It is in such silence, practised a little while every day, that we can, in no long time, become aware of the presence of our own souls; of our association throughout life, through all our pettiness, through all the commonplaces of the days, of something sacred, something of the nature of this silence, an indwelling benediction. Is it not worth the attempt? C.

In the Forests of British Columbia

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week presents a typical logging scene in the forests of British Columbia. The photograph was taken after the felling of the huge trees, and shows a number of the logs being hauled by horses to the chute.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Modern Education & Insanity

PROFESSOR ZIMMER, the brain specialist, states that in the lunatic asylums of Germany, Russia, Austria and Switzerland there is one school teacher for every eighty-five patients, a proportion four times larger than it should be. Among those preparing to become teachers the proportion is ten times larger.

Women have always been and always will be, from the very nature of their office as mothers, the teachers of little children during their earliest years. Theirs is the first hand to be clasped by the tiny fingers, theirs is the privilege to give their children training during the plastic periods. Every mother is a teacher—though she may do her work well or do it ill. It is not a task alien to woman nature, but belongs to it. That the great majority of teachers in all our schools should be women is not an accident, nor yet a stepping outside of the law. It is but natural. The teaching profession is far better suited to women than many others—in fact than most others. It is, or should be, less of a strain than the work of a saleswoman, a clerk, a stenographer, a seamstress even, with the long hours and the excessive fatigue that belong to these professions.

It cannot be denied that most of that which goes by the name of education in our schools, colleges and universities, is of the head rather than the heart. The heart life is little recognized, less encouraged. The sympathies expend themselves in emotionalism instead of growing upward into compassion. The nervous strain, consequently, increases as the years pass until finally worry sets in, the nervous system is worn out by constant useless drain, there is no inflow of energy as is the case when the heart life is really lived, the teacher develops ailments which cause her to think more about herself than others, and then she is fairly planted on the road which leads ever to the lunatic asylum.

When one considers how sacred, how privileged, is the office of a teacher, one finds it easy to let sordid motives slip away. It is the office ever chosen by those who, in all ages, have been the world's benefactors. It is the test and the opportunity of compassion. He who teaches from pure love of his work, from pure love of those who

Teachers of Children for Pay Alone

look to him for guidance, is a link in the great chain of Teachers that extendeth through time and encircleth the world. Why cannot this motive be instilled into the lives of all teachers? Plainly because the keynote has not been sounded, the keynote of compassion. The student teacher is engrossed with "my examinations" and "my studies." Self-absorbed in the majority of cases, she passes into the schoolroom with a vast lore of knowledge from books, but without knowledge to give her an understanding of the pupil's heart. Her teaching is an external thing at best, glimpsing the real thing at times, then settling back into the old mental routine. It wears out the life and disheartens. In many cases the motive is plainly admitted to be sordid. "I dislike teaching, but I must earn a living, at least for a few years," is a statement not infrequently heard. Where lies the remedy?

Those who know the human heart and who yearn to meet human needs, know that the solution may only be found in a right training of little children. To make the needed readjustment is often impossible when one is grown. But begin with the children. Let the three-year-old child find it her highest ideal and her greatest privilege to "teach" the baby brother. Let her feel the joy of giving of the best of herself to those who have less. She will grow into unselfishness and compassion as naturally as a bud bursts into bloom beneath the sun's rays. Each year will bring its opportunities to extend help to those who stand just a step below—for that is what true teaching is. If that child enters the teaching profession, there will be no possibility of nervous strain, for she will be attuned to every circumstance and condition. Mental study will not worry, for where the heart is at the helm the brain has ten-fold the ordinary capacity. Educators everywhere recognize the fact that unless new and higher ideals become living realities in the lives of those who belong to the teaching profession, the profession itself will lag behind the race in its progress. How shall this be accomplished? Ask the Raja Yoga children of Point Loma.

E. M.

Athletics and Good Health

THE idea is at last beginning to percolate into the public mind that physical development does not necessarily mean either the strength of an ox nor the speed of a horse. People are gradually absorbing the truth that freedom and accuracy of motion, suppleness of the joints and easy grace of manner are the real objects of physical training. "Athletic" development is always a cumbersome thing for an ordinary person to possess, because of the amount of time which must be spent in exercise to maintain it, and the muscular discomfort, or even organic disease, which occurs when the exercise is discontinued. Enormous muscular strength, like abnormal endurance, or the extreme and disproportionate development of any organ or function is merely a burden unless it is used, but the muscular sense, the quick and accurate response of every limb to the mind's commands; this it is every person's privilege and duty to possess. It is wholly needless to encumber oneself with apparatus for this purpose, indeed it is largely the excess of labor-saving methods and machines which has reduced the race to its present muscle-bound condition. Reverse this process, despise little savings of exertion; walk when possible instead of riding, keep the knees straight while putting on shoes; think about the motions made, don't fall into automatic habits of action; keep the chin down and in, walk on the toes sometimes and do the hundred other little things for which the occupation gives opportunity. Make a careful examination after a few months and see how few parts of the body require special attention.

Y.

Give Them a Chance to Learn

FOUR small boys are in trouble at Los Angeles. They are aged respectively 8 years, 9 years, 10 years and 15 years, and they are charged with burglary and grand larceny. The usual legal ceremonials will be performed with all due solemnity, there will be the usual comments upon "youthful depravity," and the like, and the incident will be forgotten. The boys will presumably be sent to some locality which is called by courtesy a "reformatory," from which they will probably emerge with all their original instincts, to which has been added a sufficient education to make them still more dangerous to society. The process of instilling into parents of this class some elementary conceptions of duty, may be a slow one. But it ought not to be impossible to so arrange for their education, after the law has once laid its hands upon them, that they shall be given the moral opportunities to which every human being—even a mere boy—has a right. The present is an age of machinery, but even machinery has its limits, and the education and care of children can only be successfully done by individual effort modified to suit each individual case. Moral education cannot be imparted by schedule nor time table, nor regulated by Boards of Control.

The True Statistics of War

WE are all accustomed to "war statistics," to totals of killed, wounded and invalided, and we read them with a kind of dull interest, or as a mere indication of the extent of the engagements. "Peace and Goodwill" in a contemporary gives us, however, some statistics of another kind, some figures which have no martial background of the sound of great guns or the tramp of marching men. It appears that before the Boer War there were in the two Republics 506 widows with 1066 children. After the war there were 3095 widows with 5103 children. Other figures of a like nature are given, but let these suffice. The Boer War is already well nigh forgotten by the world at large. Other clouds are upon the horizon and our minds are occupied with other speculations, other forecasts, other statistics. The Boer War is "over." But in the hearts of how many widows, in the lives of how many children will this war remain as the dominant fact in history? How many tears will be shed during the coming years for those who are under the veldt; how many times will the sun rise upon anniversaries of battles dreadfully remembered by those around whose heads the great shadow of loss can never more be raised? These are the true statistics of war. These, O War, are thy glories.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

"The Path," One of Machell's Famous Paintings

IN Katherine Tingley's collection of paintings, which contains some of the great pictures of the world, is Machell's "Path." To readers of the NEW CENTURY PATH the artist himself is too well known to need any introduction. A member of the Royal Academy, half his art life has been spent in London, half in Paris. Four years ago, however, he came to Point Loma to remain permanently, and opened a studio. "The Path" was suggested in its detail by the artist's study of the writings of H. P. Blavatsky.

It is purely symbolic, depicting the soul's journey and struggles as it passes out of bondage to the lower nature into the service of the higher. The serpent encircling the octagon is emblematic of Eternity. Within the octagon itself is the "field of battle." Below is represented the Child-Hero, a babe, receiving the Warrior gifts, the sword of truth, the spear of power, the shield which is symbolized by the physical body, the coat of mail, which is experience, and the helmet of knowledge. Over his head hovers the white flame.

Within the "field of battle" is shown the triumphant Hero, passing upward over the slain body of the dragon—symbolic of the lower tendencies in every nature which must be slain ere the man can rise into freedom. Over his head glows the same pure flame and about him stand the Guardians. At the goal is one who has reached the portals of bliss, but who renounces the hard-earned right to enter in, for love of humanity. This figure, turning toward the Warrior in compassion, beckons him on and up. The figures about the Hero-Warrior are those who, still in humanity's ranks, are essaying the heights, now with success as the prospect, now failure. Here is one who climbs, grasping his money-bags—failure foredoomed. Here is a white-robed woman helping a fallen sister to rise; there another who has been stricken and perishes, to continue the journey only in another life. On the left is a figure symbolic of ambition, so intent on the will-o'-the-wisp crown held up before him that he is all unwitting of the abyss into which he will be plunged at the next step. The great figure, whose head is veiled by the sun, and whose wings fill the spaces, typifies the One Supreme Consciousness—as a mother-soul brooding her children beneath her wings. It is the Path of Reincarnation, the only path that can be trodden by the student. In looking at the picture one recalls the words of H. P. Blavatsky:

There is a path, steep and thorny, and it leads to the heart of the universe. . . . For those who win, onward, there is reward beyond all telling, the power to bless and serve humanity. For those who fail there are other lives in which success may come. E. W.

Sculpture That Will Stand the Test of Time

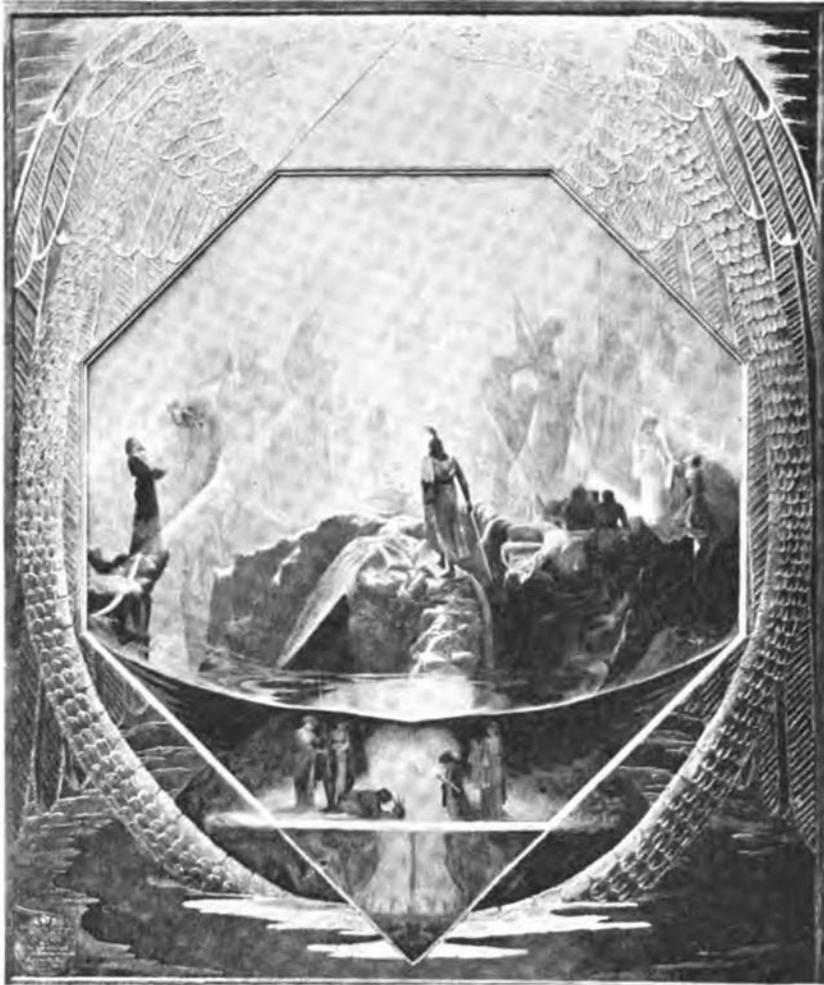
THE parks in our great cities in the summer time are, to a greater degree than we are aware, the educators of the working people. Through the week they have labored in shop and factory, they have hungered for the blue sky and thirsted for the pure air. On Sunday they go to the park. There is green grass, there are trees, a lake, music. It is, to thousands and tens of thousands, the one breath of life that the week holds. Without it the next week would be more uneasily, more wearisomely begun than ever. In one respect only are our parks, as cities go, a disappointment, and that is in respect to the statues that are placed here and there, portraits of our great men, or memorials of great events. As works of art they distinctly lack, save in rare examples, and one feels that in most cases the artist fashioned them for money rather than for love.

But a new note has been sounded in the portrait statues by St. Gaudens. No one who has ever seen his statue of Lincoln, which stands in Lincoln Park, Chicago, can ever forget it. It fairly breathes the higher patriotism. It is alive with the idealism and the courage that characterized Lincoln's own life. The very attitude expresses a world of thought and of deep sincerity. It must speak something of Lincoln's own great message to the commonest laborer who sees it, while as a work of art it stands above criticism. It is a tremendous

step above the perfunctory statues that stand in other parts of the park.

In his Chapin Memorial St. Gaudens has given us all that was best and strongest in the Puritan character. His equestrian statue of General Sherman is pronounced the finest work of its kind that this century has produced. There is a certain homely realism that becomes an ideal thing when interpreted with the true artist touch. Perfunctory things are done by those who regard their work as a means of keeping the pot boiling. St. Gaudens' work is ever a labor of love. His portraits reveal character, not mere form. That is the secret of his work, that and the love and the complete absorption with which it is done. It would be a step ahead if five-sixths of the portrait statues which adorn the parks of our great cities could be relegated to

oblivion. It would be another step if they could be replaced by those which have the inspirational and true touch. A still higher step would be taken if every park contained an art gallery. Few among those whose lives have held great opportunities realize how deprived are the poorer classes, particularly in cities, yet how appreciative of true art. W.



"THE PATH" (by R. W. Machell)

Psalm of the West

by SIDNEY LANIER

WHILE, above, the wind was fanning the dawn as a spark,

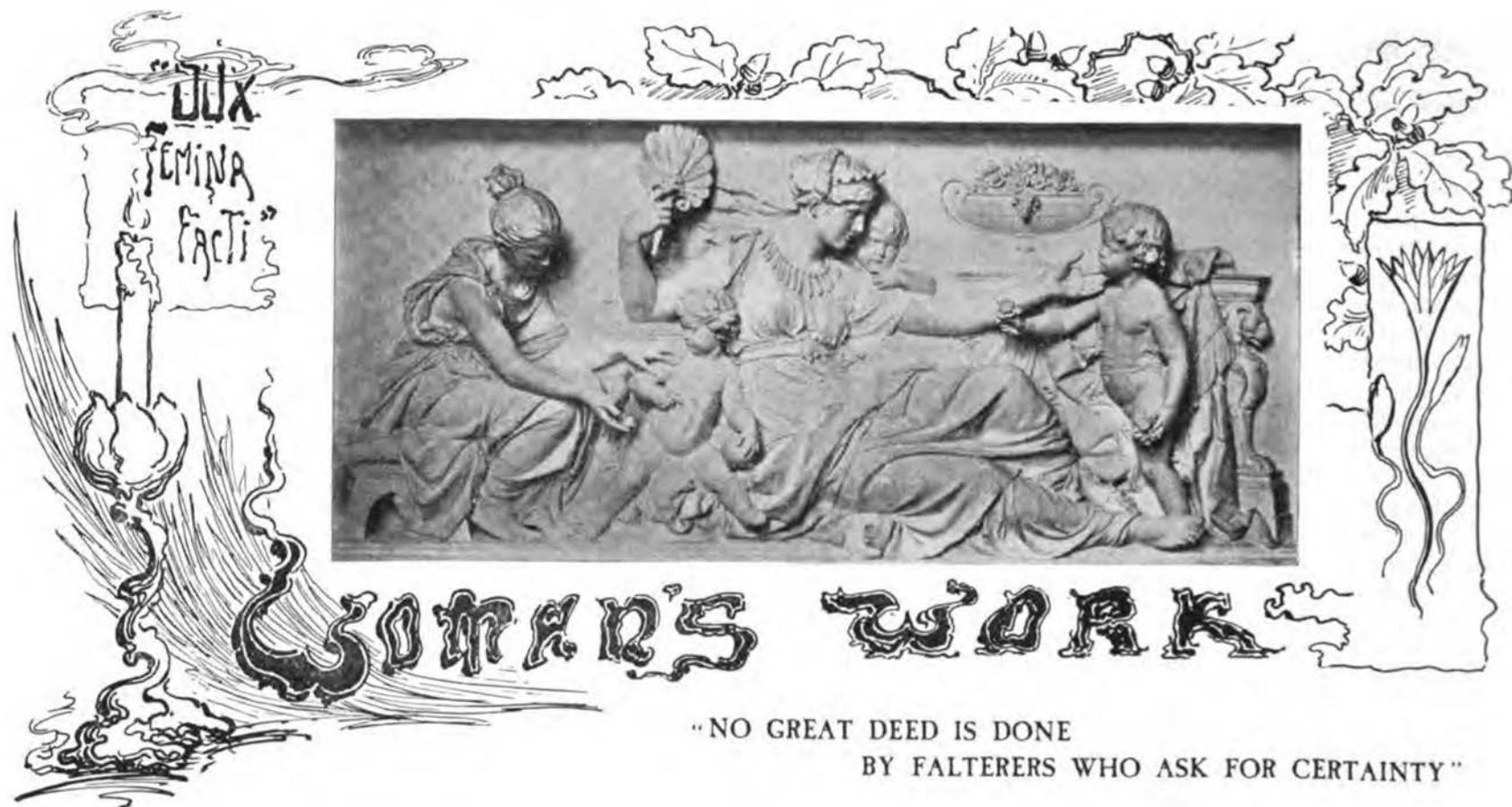
The East and the West took form as the wings of a lark.
One wing was feathered with facts of the uttermost Past,
And one with the dreams of a Prophet; and both sailed fast
And met where the Sorrowful Soul on the earth was cast.

Then a Voice said, *Thine, if thou lovest enough
to use;*

But another: *To fly and to sing is pain: refuse!*
Then the Soul said, *Come, O my wings! I cannot
but choose.*

And the Soul was a-tremble like a new-born thing.
Till the spark of the dawn wrought a conscience in heart
as in wing.

Saying, *Thou art the lark of the dawn; it is
time to sing.*



Woman and Education



At last, in the interests of sectarianism, women are to be removed from the School Boards of London. A meeting of protest was recently called, in which it was pointed out that such a departure, after thirty years of acceptable public service had been rendered by women, was not only an insult but an anomaly. Among the speakers was Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who said, in the course of her remarks, that she was an anti-suffragist.

The offices held by women on the School Boards, it should be noted, are unsalaried, and recently Lord Reay, the Chairman of the London Board, said in an address concerning the work of one member, Mrs. Homan, "It is quite clear that no paid official could be asked to undertake these duties, that no Trades Union would allow any of its members to work so much overtime, and that it is only the sense of direct responsibility that is created by the election of the members of this Board, and in which they reap their chief, if not their only reward, which can account for so much devotion to duty. I need hardly say that I could give a similar account of the work of other ladies on this Board, but my space will only allow me to give one specimen. It should further be noted that much of the work described could only be done by a lady, and that the exclusion of ladies would deal a fatal blow to the efficiency of this Board."

Lord George Hamilton said, upon another occasion, "It is the first time I have ever been associated with women in an administrative capacity and I must say that no part of the work was better performed than theirs, and the amount of work done in proportion to the time expended was greatest in those committees which contained women."

Lord Londonderry also said, "The ladies' speeches were always of a thoroughly capable and practical character, and they had the additional advantage of never being too long. They acquired a thorough knowledge of all the details of education, and of other work of a more charitable and sanitary character, which rendered them most invaluable members."

One wonders what could be the motive of those who so much protest against the continuance of women in positions which they have filled so

irreproachably. There appears to be but one reason, and that is one which has a strange sound outside of an eastern harem—"because they are women!" The recent action is but another proof that medieval ideals sometimes die very hard.

Those who are best versed in educational matters grant that the greatest drawback to the education of children is the break—the unbridged gulf, as it were—between the home and the school. The mother and the teacher—save in very rare cases—fail to cooperate to such an extent as will give the best results in the training of the child. The teacher knows little of the child's home life, the mother knows less of the child's school life. All unconsciously, in nine cases out of ten, the two work at cross-purposes, and then each wonders that the child does not develop

in a more satisfactory way. While it is true that the appointment of women, particularly mothers, upon School Boards could not entirely bridge this gulf, it would, at least, be a beginning. It is, in many cases, the only visible outer link between the school and the home, and England is not alone in possessing many highly educated women who have

proven their mettle in caring for their own families and who, their children grown to maturity, would enter upon such work peculiarly fitted and strengthened for it. Add to this the fact that the vast majority of public school teachers are women. By what logic is a woman allowed to teach Greek, while her sister, perhaps far better educated, is not allowed to decide upon school curriculum or upon whether hot water shall be used instead of steam? And is there not something old-fashioned in declaring that women shall have no voice in the decisions that so vitally affect thousands of women teachers? And might it not be that the presence of women upon these Boards has its own influence in keeping their work and interests out of political channels? The way in which, through their School Boards, the schools of one or two of our American cities are handled by the lowest and most conscienceless type of politicians is one of our national disgraces.

But, leaving particulars, is it not a promise of a better time that men and women should work together for the betterment of childhood and youth? Neither could do the work of the other. The work of each, therefore, needs that of the other for its logical completion. It is a step toward that ideal which must be realized ere we may pass on. ECHO

BUT here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
 Existent behind all laws: that made them, and, lo, they are!
 And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
 That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
 Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is naught:
 It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
 Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought,
 And, there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

— Browning

Women as Inspectors of Immigration

BEFORE President Roosevelt left Washington on his western trip, he appointed certain women as inspectors of immigration. This was the result of earnest effort on the part of a number of phil-anthropists, among them Miss Grace Dodge of New York, and by them it was understood that these appointments should not be interfered with during the President's absence.

It was well known at the time that Commissioner Williams of the port of New York was bitterly opposed to these appointments, declaring that all the protection needed by young girls coming to this country alone could be rendered by men. Just what steps were taken is, of course, not known, but the facts are that not long after the President's departure an order was issued to the effect that the work of these women be discontinued, and this order Commissioner Williams, of course, carried out. Recently, however, these inspectors were reappointed by Secretary Cortelyou.

This matter has a peculiar interest to readers of the *NEW CENTURY PATH*, because of the conspicuous part played by Commissioner Williams during Katherine Tingley's persecution by the Gerry Society, in the matter of the detention of the now famous "Eleven Cuban children"—the failure of which turned what was intended to be a tragedy into a comedy! In fact, we are told that in this outrageous persecution Commissioner Williams was fully as conspicuous as Mr. Gerry himself. One wonders what could have been his object in so persistently placing barriers in the way of work which has only the noblest and most humanitarian purposes.

It is clear to any one of ordinary intelligence—quite outside of statistics and other reliable and accessible information—that a certain proportion of the young women who come to this country as immigrants step into disaster as soon as they touch our shores. The "White Slave Trade" now being so vigorously assailed by some of the noblest women of England, is not a myth in New York as people, less well informed than Commissioner Williams, are perfectly aware. There are human monsters all along the way in every country and America is no exception, and with the arrival of every ship they find fresh victims. Even the report of the work done by these women inspectors—necessarily brief because of their speedy removal—gives numerous instances of girls who were rescued from men who ostensibly offered to protect them, but who were really leading them into that maelstrom from which there is no escape. In two cases the men were ship's officers, men in uniform, which fact of itself gives one a certain amount of confidence in the wearer of it. Hundreds of young women come here every year, practically alone, ignorant of the world and its ways, unable to speak a word of our language, on their way, perhaps, to meet some relative in the far west. What wonder that they fall easy victims, if not to a certain type of men, then to those wretches which, in the guise of women, hang about the times and places which are the turning-points in pure young lives, and who pursue the innocent of their own sex as though they were beasts of prey? What would it not mean to young girls coming alone to our shores to find at our ports the assistance of some good woman, who makes it the chief duty of her life to serve and protect those who are too ignorant to properly protect themselves? It is very well to argue that young girls should not come here alone. Of course they should not; but they do.

The presence of matrons in railway depots has long been a conceded advantage in every one of our large cities. Yet their work presents no such opportunities for doing good as that of women inspectors of immigration, because at our ports the dangers are so much increased.

The action which Secretary Cortelyou has taken in this matter has made every true woman his debtor.

E. M.



MISS AMY LESTER

ONE of the most devoted among the teachers in the Raja Yoga School recently established by Katherine Tingley in Santiago de Cuba, is Miss Amy Lester. Miss Lester is a California girl, who came early into the Theosophical Movement, and has for some time lived at Point Loma. She has always been one of Katherine Tingley's most enthusiastic students. Her face is familiar to the San Diego public through the medium of the Sunday evening meetings at Isis Theatre, but most beloved is she by her little pupils in Cuba. When her own classes closed last year, many were the little tear-stained faces lifted up to kiss her "good-by," and every letter from Cuba tells of the children who are waiting for the school to be re-opened, and longing for Miss Lester to return. Miss Lester is but one among the many who are truly students under Katherine Tingley, whose Theosophy does not expend itself in flowery talk, but in the simple pure life and the helpful unselfish deed. E. M.

THE Royal Astronomical Society has recently admitted to membership Miss Agnes Clerke and Lady Huggins, the only women so honored since the admission of Caroline Herschel and Mary Somerville, in 1835. More than sixty years have passed and what was then dawn, or but the promise of dawn, is now daylight. The girl who wishes to study astronomy or any of the higher sciences today is reasonably certain to receive the consent of her family and friends, and more than likely, their support and encouragement.

Mary Somerville was kept at sewing and housework all day and forbidden to use candles at night, so determined was her father to put a stop to his daughter's "nonsense." But she lay awake in the dark and demonstrated Euclid to her heart's content, without candles! It was but the first of many obstacles in her path. She surmounted one after the other and the world knows the result.

Caroline Herschel was looked upon by her brother as merely his amanuensis and subordinate. But she discovered for him some eight or nine comets, though her time was almost entirely occupied in keeping her brother's books and recording his observations. A similarly obstructed path was that followed by Maria Mitchell, late professor of astronomy at Vassar.

Without these pioneers the way would have been equally difficult for the dozen or more younger women who are now distinguishing themselves in astronomical research, as, for example, Miss Klumpke, of Paris, Miss Everitt and Miss Russell, at Greenwich, and Mrs. Fleming of Harvard University.

The following is an extract from the report presented to the Royal Astronomical Society upon the election of Mrs. Somerville and Miss Herschel as Honorable Fellows, in 1835:

Of the propriety of such a step from an astronomical point of view there can be but one voice, and your council is of opinion that the time has gone by when feeling or prejudice should be allowed to interfere with the payment of a well-earned tribute of respect. Your council, abandoning false delicacy, submits that while the tests of astronomical merit should in no case be applied to the works of a woman less severely than to those of a man, the sex of the former should no longer be an obstacle to her receiving acknowledgment which would be held due the latter.

Cooperative Housekeeping

MANY efforts have been made to solve the housekeeping problem by means of cooperation. Many cooperative schemes have been put into operation, later to be abandoned. The real reason has invariably been that the members proved to be unable to adjust differences which arose because they could not, or did not, distinguish between really vital matters and matters which were merely trivial and personal. There has usually

been no central governing principle or standard or authority to which difficulties might be referred for adjustment. Naturally, at the first jar, the members, instead of working more closely together on some agreed line, began to fly apart. Disintegration set in and then it became but a matter of time when this or that cooperative club would cease to exist.

The women of San Miguel, in Arizona, have taken one step ahead in the formation of their cooperative cooking club, and probably because of this one step it has lived to celebrate its fourth anniversary. This step is outlined by a clause in the constitution which allows any person dissatisfied with the club to leave it without notice. It is a step toward the working out of that eternal principle which declares that the whim of the individual must become subordinate to the law that is universal if unity is to become a fact. Many steps must yet follow, and many mistakes are certain to be made, for few indeed are able to distinguish between what is right and what is merely a sop thrown to the obstreperous personality.

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Apollo's Shrine at Delphi Unearthed

THE French Government has issued a first installment of the report of its excavations at Delphi. There can be no doubt that the shrine of Apollo was originally intended as a temple, established in a sincere spirit and conducted with an aspiration toward the higher and spiritual knowledge. The priestess was protected in her trance by fumigations which, in this case, issued naturally from the ground of the island, and which kept off evil influences.

But, there being no permanent body of initiates to guard the oracle, it soon degenerated. First, the priests relied, for the information they gave, on news obtained by spies of their own; and later still they accepted bribes from unscrupulous demagogues and tyrants who wished to secure the support of the oracle.

The story of the founding of this shrine tells how Apollo caused some Cretan mariners to be wrecked on the island, and, appearing to them as a beautiful youth, told them to establish themselves there and build a temple to him. The peculiar atmosphere of the place is said to have been discovered by a goat-herder, who noticed the intoxicating effect produced upon his goats by the vapors arising from the clefts in the ground.

The temple was burnt, and in 548 B. C., rebuilt with great magnificence, all Greece contributing. The facade was of the finest Parian marble. Cræsus enriched the temple with ingots and statues of gold, and many other foreign potentates sent glorious gifts.

Under an overhanging cliff on the rocky slopes of Parnassus stood the temple, a treasury of the sculptor's art both within and without. Not only statues, but shields and other trophies found their way here in commemoration of great events. In the subterranean apartment called the *cella*, was the sacred hearth with the perpetual fire, and the *omphalos*, symbolizing the center of the earth.

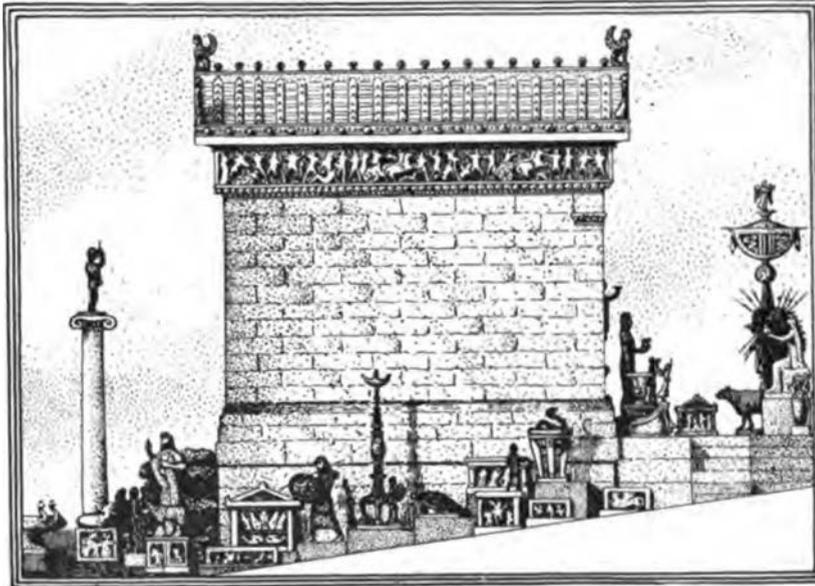
The oracle had its downfall after the defeat of Xerxes, having discredited itself by forecasting ruin for Greece, and since then was plundered by various leaders. Of one pair of plunderers it is told that they found 117 ingots of pure gold weighing two talents each, a statue in gold and a golden lion.

The accompanying illustrations, from the Government report, show varying styles among the art contributions to the temple.

H. T. E.

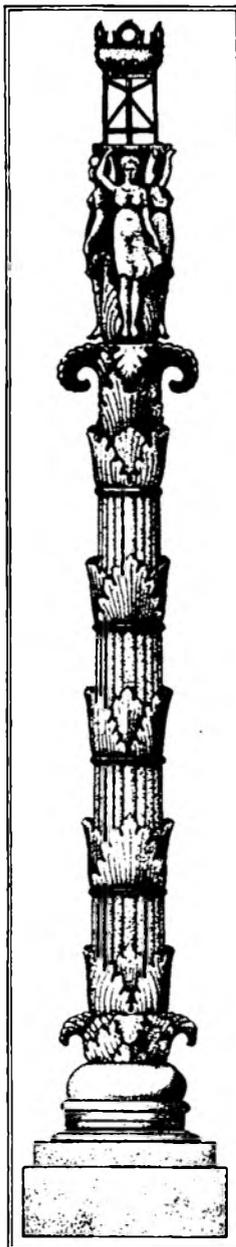
A RECENT and brilliant discovery has been made at Aboukir, Egypt, by Dr. Ludwig Borchardt, of the German Oriental Society. It is a Greek manuscript containing fragments of "The Persians" of Timotheus, a poem of great antiquity, but all trace of which has been lost for two thousand years. Dr. Borchardt found it in a Greek tomb.

Timotheus lived about four hundred years before Christ and his lyrics made him very popular in his own day. The recovery of this, which is considered to be his masterpiece, is an important addition to our knowledge of ancient literature. It is said to be the oldest Greek manuscript so far discovered. There is every reason to believe that other and older Greek documents will yet be brought to light.



TREASURY OF THE CNIDIANS. SIDE VIEW (Restoration)

COLUMN OF DANCERS (Restoration)



Searching for Traditions of Druidism

IT is difficult to look upon the immense growth of modern interest in things of the far past, in all that is archaic, and suppose it to be simply scientific, simply intellectual archeology. However it be with the very learned, with the specialists, must there not be a deeper reason in the unlearned to account for the interest with which they follow the published records of research? Must there not be a hope, an intuition, that out of the past may come a light upon the present, a new-old message grander than anything now being uttered in our ears?

The few traditions and sources of information about Druidism are

now being searched with new energy. Druidism was evidently the Theosophy of archaic Wales. Much more than that we cannot say, for it is said to have recorded almost nothing—save in stone. "Stonehenge was the cathedral of the arch-druid of all Britain," and in the original construction of Avebury we get the circle and serpent—the underlying all-deity and its active spiritual essence. This active power was called *Hu*. Of *Hu* one of the bards thus sang:

The smallest of the small is *Hu* the mighty, in the world's judgment; yet he is the greatest, and the Lord over us, and our God Almighty. His course is light and swift, his ear is a particle of bright sunshine. He is great on land and sea, the greatest whom I shall behold, greater than the worlds. Offer not indignity to him, the Great and Beautiful.

This reminds one of the Upanishad:

As large as is the unbounded Universe,
So large that little, hidden (in the heart) Spirit is!
The Heavens and Earths are in it! Fire and air,
And sun and moon and stars; darkness and light
It comprehends! Whatever maketh Man,
The present of him, and the past of him,
And what shall be of him—all thoughts and things
Lie folded in the ethereal vast of It!

Druidism is (doubtless truly) said to have been closely linked with Pythagorean and Persian Theosophy. Like them, it taught the soul's immortality, and its repeated reincarnations on earth till it was purified and ready for real life. The Druidic *Hu* appears to have been the same as the Roman Mercury.

To Cæsar we owe our chief knowledge of Druidism; because, as already said, the Druids only taught orally. A few other Latin writers, especially Pliny, have told us a little about them; and scattered notices and facts have come in from other quarters. It is, however, quite possible that we are on the eve of a very considerable extension of our knowledge, from some unexpected cause, as to this mysterious cult.

K.

DR. BERNARD P. GRENFELL and Dr. Arthur S. Hunt who, while excavating at Uum-el-Baragat, made the astonishing find of Ptolemaic papyri are about to publish the third volume of *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*. Until the end of the year they will also be largely engaged upon the second volume of the publications of the University of California in Græco-Roman Archeology. This will largely consist of entirely new material in the form of translations of the Ptolemaic papyri discovered at Tebtunis.

An Interesting Insect Business Man

IN warm, sandy localities one may often find little pits of inverted cone shape, usually under some protecting plant, but sometimes in the open spaces. Most of them are about two inches diameter at top, and the different conditions are evidence that some are old, abandoned ruins, while others are as fresh and truly clear-cut as though just pressed by a die. Approach one of the new ones and a tiny cavern will occur on one side near the bottom, but what makes them, for what purpose, one may never know, except by long observation. Perhaps some day an insect or ant may be seen to look over the edge of one of these pits, and start down to explore it. As soon as the insect has stepped over the edge a tiny shovelful of sand will be thrown upon it from the bottom; it starts to climb back, but the loose dirt slips and slides and the loads of sand from the hidden catapult at the bottom fly thick and fast, each one helping to drag it down. Once at the bottom it struggles uselessly for an instant, is dragged half out of sight for a few moments and then its empty shell is thrown out of and away from the pit. A few loads of sand, dragged down by the struggle, are also thrown out and the pit is then ready for the next comer. By scooping up the pit and sifting the sand the proprietor may be discovered. He is a queer little fellow, more like a grub than a beetle, with a large, flat head, and a very large pair of semi-circular paws. He is quick as a flash and always runs backward, dragging his huge paws.

N. L.

The Water-Seeker

by EDITH M. THOMAS in *The Century*

WHO makes a road through regions rough and lone.

Who plants and rears a tree where shade is none.

Who scores the furrow in a soil untamed,
Is fit in song heroic to be named.

Nor scatter praise be his whose patient force
Gives to an arid land a water-course,
Gradual, but grateful as the jet that broke
From forth the ledge that felt the prophet's stroke.

so superior as to account for his powers of observation. He knows what that object looks like at that distance, and therefore he knows it to be that object even though no actual form of it may be visible. For example, he can tell a flock of swans from one of ducks merely by their manner of flight, even though they be so distant as to appear like tiny specks. Or he can tell a herd of horses from one of cattle, by their actions, and by inspecting a much used cattle trail for only a short distance he can tell which way the water is, because animals going to water keep the trail and travel steadily, but when returning they graze by the way. Knowing these things, the frontiersman is able to act with swift certainty, where the novice would be obliged to explore and ascertain. In like manner, the experienced trailer can read the needs, condition, actions, almost the thoughts of his quarry.

Y.



When the Western Sun Casts a Sheen of Glory on Sea and Sky at Loma-land

THE sunsets of Loma-land! Who shall sing their beauty in fit words? Who shall paint their truth to those who cannot see them? Never twice alike are they, for the Pacific wows strange tints and iridescent from its placid surface, and the sky changes and glows as if with the promise of a greater tomorrow, now gold, now purple, now gray, now glowing with the pink of a cameo or a shell.

Last night the sun set beyond a bank of gray—whether of cloud or mist one could not say. One only knew that the grayness was dense, serious, like that seen sometimes in November in a smoky city, just as the street lamps are lighted. Beyond it the sky was smooth, serene, flecked only with tiny pink clouds that hung above the horizon like drops of light. The great ocean lay purple, one undulating expanse of glorious colors, deepening as the twilight came on. As the sun sank, grayer and darker grew this flat bank of shadowy cloud-substance, more and more luminous grew the sky, deeper and touched with azure grew the purple of the ocean. Slowly then, faded the light from the sky. Little by little it, too, sank into grayness when, along the rim of the flat mass which hid the sun, a light broke. Like a tiny thread it extended from

north to south, symbolic, truly, of the golden gleam that comes into the sunset times of life, as a hope for the coming day.

We grieve not at the closing of the day. We know that another dawn cometh. We know that the night is beneficent. Why grieve we, then, when life's sunsets come, when our hopes pass into the shadows as must happen again and again? Where is our philosophy? Where is our faith? The soul grieves not, for within it is the memory that, when it becomes a living power in our lives, we call trust. If we worry, if we grieve, if we despair what can it mean save that we have turned away from the soul's guidance? Why do we do it? Why will we persist in looking at the shadows when beyond them the sun still shines and all is light? All nature is a symbol. In it we may read the very lessons that, writ large, we call the events of daily life. But we will not read them there, often and often until it is too late. It is because we cannot or do not, that Nature has so little to say to us. If we lived closer to the Law then would we read in every phase of Nature's life its deeper meaning, a meaning that cannot be expressed in words, for it can only be voiced by the pure faith that runs through all acts, binding them together. Where is our faith? E.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

SUNDAY evening at Isis Theatre was noticeable for an unusually fine musical program and two very thoughtful and well written papers by Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt and Miss Amy Lester. The musical numbers were as follows: Overture, Semiramide (Rossini); Quintet, Die Meistersinger (Wagner); Rondo Capriccioso (Mendelssohn); Prelude to Loreley (Bruch); Introduction to Third Act of Lohengrin (Wagner); Hungarian Dance (Brahms). Dr. Van Pelt's paper was entitled, "What Is Theosophy and What Are Its Teachings?" from which the following few sentences are extracted:

"Theosophy is a system of thought applied to action. Through it is presented to the world a wonderful philosophy, one which is far more complete than any other that has ever been given. It leaves no gaps. It offers a harmonious explanation for all the complex facts and conditions pertaining to human life. It sifts out the true in all religions and shows their common origin. It points out the weak places in modern science and indicates how they should be strengthened. It sheds a brilliant light over all history, so that a student of history alone may not only have his mental grasp marvelously increased, but may find in history a guide for individual and national action. It illumines and stimulates a love for all arts. It throws a new light over architecture. It gives a clearer idea of a sound body and how to make and keep it so. It takes all the apparently contradictory facts in life and harmonizes them. It relates all the arts, sciences and religions, and shows clearly how they are different aspects of one underlying life. In short, Theosophy offers an all-embracing philosophy. Notwithstanding all these comprehensive teachings, The Universal Brotherhood, which is the organ of Theosophy, has no creeds whatever. Nothing could be further from its spirit than a desire to hem in and fetter the soul with a creed. No would-be Theosophist is ever asked 'What do you believe?' But rather, if he is asked anything, the natural question would be, 'Are you determined to do your duty and follow truth at any cost?' Theosophy teaches that all are essentially divine, and that man is a complex being and is composed of a higher and a lower nature. If Theosophy had done nothing but illumine this old teaching, it would have done enough to reconstruct society and earn the gratitude of every seeker for truth. An understanding of this would

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Addresses by Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt & Miss Amy Lester Heard With Marked Attention by the Usual Large Audience Splendid Musical Program by Isis Conservatory

Reprinted from San Diego News

quickly tear off the masks and clean up the highways and byways. It also teaches the reign of absolute justice, and every man's responsibility for his own actions. It does not insult his reason and weaken his character by telling him that a Savior will bear the weight of his sins if he will only believe in him. Literally it says, 'As a man sows so shall he also reap'—another of Christ's teachings.

"And it says that death is not something which interferes with justice, cutting right into the midst of life and leaving

it—an unfinished, meaningless experience, but is simply a beneficent rest, analogous to sleep, and that after it the eternal divine soul returns, refreshed and better able to take up the threads of the past and weave them into a more perfect pattern.

"It teaches besides the unity or brotherhood of all life, the same law which Christ taught in the Golden Rule."

Miss Amy Lester read a paper on "The Power of Example," of which the following are a few extracts: "It is the power of a pure example that is sufficient to undo evil, to transform hatred into love, to actually make over life. 'Hatred ceaseth not by hatred; hatred ceaseth by love.' If The Universal Brotherhood had a creed, of it these words would form a part.

"As a city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid, so a life that is guided by pure and noble ideals cannot fail of a mighty influence. How glorious is the life of one who carries out in action that which he professes. When the Raja Yoga children left Loma-land recently on their Crusade to Cuba, they probably did more to teach the public who saw them what Theosophy really was, than a dozen lecturers of the old-fashioned kind could have done. And they did it not by words but by example. Their very attitude, their dignity, their self-poise were far more eloquent than words, for they were the actual living proof that Theosophy was real and practical and true. And in Cuba! I could not tell you, for words fail me, what was the influence of their example there. It was the transforming power, the power of example.

"Let us be purer in our lives. Let us be truer in our thoughts. Let us build characters that have a good, strong foundation. In the words of the old philosophers, 'Can a man make this resolve and so stand up faultless?' He cannot, but this much he can—to be ever striving towards faultlessness."

THE hope of today lies in the fact that the higher nature of man is being more generally felt and recognized,

and so becoming more and more a living, controlling power in life. This is shown in one way by an increasing absence of fear in relation to religious ideas. People are everywhere beginning not to be afraid to express their views openly, and are asserting their right to think for themselves, and express their thoughts honestly. Fear entirely belongs to the lower nature and has no part in our divinity. The soul, the immortal individuality, has absolutely no fear. The narrow, mean, materialistic and deformed ideas on religion are fast fading away, and broader, nobler, and more spiritual ideas are taking their place. Selfishness, the root of evil, is not allowed now to go on unchallenged.

Side by side with selfish, hypocritical claims for truth and virtue, are the vicious deeds, self-exposed; and the number is daily increasing of those who observe, make mental note, and act in accordance with their observations. So using the divine power of discrimination and judgment, and freeing themselves from the outside domination of the opinions and beliefs of others. This claiming and using the natural powers of the higher nature, the Soul, is the great Hope of the present, for it is the true path of enlightenment.

Better a million times that a man mistook goodness in others for hypocrisy and acted in what he believed was in opposition to the lowest and meanest vice of humanity, than that he should subserviently believe in creeds because others believed in them; for this is stagnation, leading to spiritual death. Whereas, the man who thinks and acts, however ignorantly, with a truly *sincere motive*, will sooner or later discover his mistake and so become wise; but the one who subserviently gives up his free will and his own discrimination and blindly believes in the opinions of others, or lives on the lives of others, is a parasite, a vampire and a dead weight on progress. The noble spirit of self-reliance in matters of thought and judgment is the key which unlocks the door of truth, and has been the cause of the vast discov-

The Hope of Today

Read at a public meeting of the Sydney (N. S. W.) Lodge, June 7th, 1903

eries and added knowledge of the present day. Much as there is to do in the present to learn lessons in the mistakes, by colored views and short-sighted egotism, to bend our energies towards true permanent progress and enlightenment, and to remove the sentimentalism, vice and misery of today, we live in a paradise compared with the ignorant, sightless, fiendish cruelty and awful misery of the immediate past in Europe of which we get still some examples today, and we should never forget that this was the time when superstitious fanatical religion was at its height and dominant power, the creeds of which remain as warnings to the present day, and the seeds of which still lurk in every selfish desire. Brotherhood, toleration and humane motives generally are so insisted upon by popular sentiment that no one now who expects public support would attempt to publish any other motives for their action. So the crafty and bigoted, as well as the sincere and tolerant, use the same sentiments in speech, but when they still hold to the same errors of the past the hook in the bait is easily discernible.

Every day grows in increasing volume the popular demand for practical, common sense results of fine talk, for this is rightly felt to be the true test of genuineness. It is this love and demand for honest expression and true Brotherhood or unselfishness as a motive that is the sign, the very signature of divinity! And so an awakening to true spiritual consciousness.

High ideals, high sentiments are good, the higher and nobler the better, but if they are not sincerely followed and put into *living acts* they are worse than useless, for they are misleading, and draw the simple and innocent into dreamy sentimentalism, which is one of the most potent drugs of destruction. Sentimental philosophy, sentimental religion, and sentimental Theosophy are more destructive than open vice and honest disbelief, and it is easy to see why it is so. The popular demand for practical, common sense demonstration is one of the brightest hopes of the present day. Its priceless value is self-evident to all who demand it in themselves and others, and as the love of this honorable course increases, and more and more ac-



ON THE GUANAJAY ROAD IN CUBA

curacy is looked for and expected, the possibility of the Perfectability of Man is within sight, and one of the greatest incentives to right action and realization of the Truth is a living power in our lives, steadily and automatically working in ever progressive evolution, purifying and purging the general body of all poisonous growths, to wider, nobler, grander and more sublime conceptions and realizations of our divinity, and so infinite power for the "Good, the Beautiful and the True."

T. W. WILLANS

Our Language

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS points out that a hundred years ago but twenty million persons spoke English. There are now six times that number who speak it. How many will these amount to by the end of the century? It is about to be a (or *the*) world language. It is an easy language to learn (by word of mouth) owing to its "having discarded most of the elaborate syntactical machinery" which still encumbers all its possible rivals. The only difficulty it presents to the foreigner is the spelling, and that we are gradually simplifying. "Tho" may not look pretty to an eye accustomed to "though", but as we have discarded the once guttural sound, there is surely nothing gained by the now functionless letters.

Few English speakers realize how noble an instrument is at their command, what has been done with it, what may be. Concerned mainly with newspapers and magazines, they know little of its infinite adaptability for the expression of every state of feeling. It can be as delicate as French, as musical as Italian, as strong as German. Read a page—any page—of Emerson; then any page of Macaulay; then one from Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*; then one from Lamb's *Essays of Elia*; then read the last, full organ, page of Milton's little known tract on the *Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*. These are but examples, but they do show something of what can be done in English prose.

And in poetry, what cannot be done? English poetry in its vast extent contains the well-nigh perfect expression of every shade of feeling possible to our consciousness. Consider for example what Tennyson alone made of his instrument, passing from some such delicate little lyric as *Sweet and Low*—a mere snatch of sound—through the memory-haunting sound pictures of *The Holy Grail* to the strenuous resonance of *Lucretius*. Or Longfellow or Lowell in the music of their words.

English is a language with no "alien-exclusion" law; it welcomes any word from any time or place or condition that fills a gap, exacting only one return—that such words naturalize in due time, drop their accents and italics and foreign feminines and plurals. We accord a welcome to the immemorially aged *Karma* from the East, and to the pert little *chic* of yesterday. In this our language shows its youth and strength; it is ready to grow from within and without to meet any need of our consciousness. And it is perfectly willing to reach back into its own past and replant in the present some word apparently dead these five hundred years. By all means let us study foreign languages; but let us also spare a little time from the weeklies and monthlies to study our own. Not necessarily as the philologists do, but rather as the living body, the changing robe, of the thought and feeling of prose and poet masters. K.

Masonry among the American Indians

THERE appear now and then in the Masonic press, stories of masonry among the American Indians. One story is of the rescue effected by some early settlers in Nebraska through the use of Masonic signs when besieged by Indians. Another is of an intelligent Indian chief who was made a Mason in one of the early territorial lodges. After having received the degrees, during the conferral of which it was remarked that he betrayed no astonishment, but seemed to be very familiar with all that transpired, he approached the master and informed him that inasmuch as he had been made a "white Mason" he would attend to the making of the master an Indian Mason. Responding to an appointment made with his red brother, the master repaired to the place designated upon the night named, where he was met by the chief in company with others of like rank and several medicine men, and there they proceeded to make him a "medicine man" with all the forms and ceremonies attendant upon such adoption. The master was surprised to find that the ceremonies were almost identical with those of the entering, passing and raising of craft masonry, and he thus came to know why the Indian manifested no astonishment when receiving the degrees. Being questioned as to how they came in possession of it the answer was that their fathers knew it before the trees grew.

Whether any of the tribes are possessed of what is the Masonry of today may be the subject of doubt, although there is no question but that they have some kind of religious teaching which is imparted in secret and only to the chosen. It may be that there is in it much of Masonry, for many influential Indian chiefs are said to have been made Masons during visits in the east, and it is a historical fact that Brant was a master Mason. In some manner it is altogether possible that Masonry has impregnated with its teachings the mysteries of the modern North American Indian, the writings of Cushing having thrown some considerable light upon it. That the Comanches of Texas knew something of it was made known during a recent visit to this office of Dr. James Addison Montgomery, who, in course of the conversation of a pleasant hour related several stories confirming the writer in the views expressed. He was at one time a member of a company of Texas rangers, and in a skirmish with the Indians one of their number was captured. Knowing their foe so well he was quite given up by his comrades as lost, but to their great surprise three days later he walked into camp, hale and sound, but with his clothing in tatters. When asked as to how he had managed to escape he answered that the Indians "just let me go," and that was only and all he offered by way of explanation. Montgomery, who it may here be stated, is not a Mason, noted the fact that upon the ranger's right arm was tattooed a square and compasses. The captain of the company, however, grew suspicious of the soldier because of his mysterious escape, and he was sent to headquarters.

Speaking of the Comanche Indians and the Texas rangers calls to mind that our own Thrope Jennings' 32, was at one time on duty with the plains riders. It is possible that it was about the time mentioned by Dr. Montgomery, for at the time spoken of the Comanches were on the war path. In one of their forays they had run off a couple hundred head of cattle belonging to a settler whose name was Mason. In response to a personal letter from William M. Ireland, 33, directed to the chief of the band, the cattle were returned to their owner with but three or four missing. Whether the chief was a Mason and known as such to the writer of the letter cannot be stated, nor was such known to Brother Jennings, who relates the story.

Returning to the statement that there exists some kind of a secret brotherhood among the chiefs and medicine men of the different tribes, brings me to the statement that Dr. Montgomery, traveler and student, and who as a memento of his presence when the mummy of Rameses the Great was unrolled, wears a ring set with a scarab upon the back of which is engraved the cartouche of that monarch, is an adopted chief of the Apache Indians, and is perhaps the only white man who ever witnessed the burial of a chief of that tribe. His initiation, or the conferral of the rank, was prefaced by an obligation to look upon all the members of the tribe as brothers; to defend them against their enemies, but not to the extent of making war against the government of his country; to fly to the relief of an Apache in danger or distress.—*The Freemason*

For the Sake of Conscience



YOUNG Donald Denver stood before his father, trying to keep back the angry words that rose so hotly to his lips. "You understand me, sir, this thing has got to stop," went on his father. "You are making yourself a laughing stock among our friends, and our name is being bandied about in a manner most annoying to me and to your mother." Donald looked across at the sweet faced woman sitting there, a silent and agonized listener to the stormy interview between father and son. She gave him a pleading glance, but one full of love for him, and of trust and encouragement, and the sight of her beautiful, pale face did more to bring back his self-control than anything else could have done. Surely he could endure for an occasional hour or two what she had borne so nobly for five and twenty years.

His father, old Jo Denver, was a self-made man; wealthy, ignorant and overbearing. He ruled his household by fear, and people were never tired of asking each other, "what could have induced beautiful Mary Hayward, born lady as she was, to marry him?" It was one of those pathetic stories of the self-sacrifice of a lifetime; but one that would take too much time and space to tell now.

"Old Jo," as he was called, made the same vulgar display of his religion as he did of his wealth. Attending the largest church in the place, heading charity lists with big sums, and making sure that his name and munificence were duly taken notice of in the daily papers, and at the same time keeping a tight hand upon the purse strings, when it was a question of the deserving, but unadvertised charity which Mrs. Denver would have been so thankful to carry out.

"I am sorry sir," said the boy (he was two and twenty), "but this is to me a matter of greater importance than my very life; my conscience"—

"Conscience—fiddlesticks!" stormed the angry man. "Do you presume to teach *me*? you, an unlicked cub with all your troubles to come—and by Jove, you'll find they'll come pretty thickly if I have much more of this—you to teach *me*, that gives my hundreds a year away in charities, and that's been head deacon of the church for twenty-four years; you have the impudence to try to teach *me* what real religion is? Ain't I a Christian man?" and he stopped for want of breath.

"Indeed sir, you are mistaken," said Donald, "I am not presuming to try to teach you, I am only asking the right which is that of every man, to think for myself and to act according to conscience."

"The right of every *man*, you young puppy," raged his infuriated father, losing all self-control, and presenting a sad contrast, with his face swollen and discolored with rage—to his son standing quietly dignified before him, looking at him with steady deep grey eyes.

"*Man*? You're only fit to be tied to your mother's apron string, but man or not it comes to this: either you give up all connection with your ranting crowd of theothulites, or whatever their accursed name is, or you join them body and soul forever, and never show your face here again!"

"Jo, Jo," cried the poor mother pleadingly as she started up, "not that, oh not that; do not send my boy away from me, I could not bear it!"

"I am not sending 'your boy' away," sneered her husband. Then again giving way to his uncontrolled temper: "This is all your doing, you white-faced, snivelling —"

"Stop sir!" fairly thundered the boy, and there was no question now of his manhood as he seemed to tower above the wretched man, his eyes flashing, and one arm thrown around his mother. "Say what you please of me and do what you like, but one more insulting word to my mother and you will have cause to regret it!"

The cowardly nature of the man was quelled by the commanding tones, and turning from his wife he tried to look his son in the face, as he shouted, "Take your choice—do you stay, or go?"

Raising his head proudly, Donald answered steadily, "I go, sir;" and as he led his mother from the room he caught one last view of his father's face, with its starting eyes and swollen and throbbing veins in neck and forehead, then the door was dashed to behind them and the bell was rung furiously.

Donald half carried his mother to her room, and once there her rigid self-control gave way. Her face was of chalky whiteness, and dry, hard,

hurtful sobs choked her. She clung to her boy, trembling and trying to speak, but the terrible sobs could not be checked.

"Mother, darling, be brave. You have always been *so* brave all these hard years. It shall not be for long that we are separated. I shall soon make a way for myself, then dear, we will spend the rest of our lives together, and you shall have such care and such love as you have never been able to enjoy in this house." And oh the protecting tenderness in his firm young voice as he held her closer.

At last the merciful tears welled up, the eyes lost their wide strained expression and the words came: "Oh, Don, Don, my boy, my golden-haired baby! I *cannot* lose you, I *cannot* let you go." Don's hand gently smoothed her hair. "Why is God so cruel?" she went on wildly, then—"No, I cannot say that. I used to dread that you might grow up like your father, but He has heard and helped me, and I could not wish you other than what you are." Her arms tightened around him again convulsively, as the pain of parting became almost unbearable. "My darling, it is hard. I cannot say go, and I *will* not say stay."

"I know, I know," said Don tenderly. "You would not have me give up my principles even if it meant a happy life for you and me from this time. It has been a terrible ordeal for you, but you will soon be your own brave self again. Remember the beautiful cheering words in our favorite song:

God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world.

"I will send old nurse to you while I make my preparations," and giving her a long, loving kiss he left her alone.

How the next few days passed Mrs. Denver could never remember. The house was like a living grave. The master stormed and drank and swore, and between times attended his prayer meetings, and boasted aloud he'd "let those canting humbugs know that they hadn't got a rich prize in Donald." Not one penny of his should ever go into their pockets, until every one was utterly disgusted with him.

One evening he went into the hall and there saw his wife standing dressed for walking. "Where are you going, Madame?" he blustered.

"I am going to see my son," she answered, quietly.

"Do you have the impudence to tell me that you intend to disobey me? Haven't I told you, Madame, that you are to neither see nor speak to that ungrateful rascal?" She gave him one long, level look from those dark eyes so like her boy's and with a movement of the hand signed the servant to open the door.

Five months had gone by, and Donald had begun to feel his feet pretty firmly; and that evening he and his mother had been discussing the possibility of their living together in the very near future. Then they started off on the walk to the great house of misery in the fashionable part of the city. Donald waited to see her admitted, then walked briskly in the direction of his own modest little district. Suddenly he heard quick footsteps, and a voice calling, "Master Donald, Master Donald!" Turning, he saw his father's footman, who breathlessly called out, "Will you go to the home at once? the Master has had a fit and I'm off for the Doctor."

Hurrying back, Donald found his father lying on the floor unconscious, and helped his mother to get him to his room.

The Doctor came and looked very grave: said that drink combined with ungovernable temper had induced apoplexy; that if he did recover he would be imbecile and helpless for the rest of his days.

He did recover, and lived on for some eight months, "imbecile and helpless," as the Doctor had said. Then one morning he was found dead in his bed. He was missed by very few.

Mrs. Denver has now the joy of being able to help lift some of the misery from the shoulders of the patiently enduring poor and unhappy of the great city. The pleasure of being able to give freely, and to work among them to the full bent of her generous nature, has made a different woman of her; and she looks into the future with a heart full of grateful happiness, as she sees a mind picture of Donald, a brave, helpful man, one who is willing to sacrifice anything for conscience's sake, and who leaves behind him a path made bright with the light of his cheery, helpful, brotherly attitude to all mankind. A. C.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Science Discovers the "Builders" Known to Theosophy

AS we have more than once pointed out, until quite recently no bacteria which build were known. Thieves we knew, of almost uncounted species; little organisms that steal life from others mostly higher than themselves, at once stealing and degrading it. Benefactors in nature, that took life in the raw, and by making it their own, raised it, we did not know. But quite recently a number of varieties of such benefactors have been found and are being made eminently useful. Their virtue is a little precarious; they are only virtuous when there is no other course open to them. Still, it is an improvement upon invariable theft. They take raw nitrogen from the air, and raise it in its evolution by adding carbon and oxygen and sulphur and iron and *life* to it, making it a part of themselves. Or, to put the matter another way, they take the nitrogen's low inorganic life and make it, in themselves, organic life. They only do this when they have to. If they get the chance, they will feed on organic matter, and after a course of this luxury, lose the power of taking raw nitrogen.

It is easy to see how malignant bacteria—disease producers—arise. A malignant bacterium is simply one whose taste in food has become so exclusive that he will only feed on living human cells. The symptoms of the disease are the effect on the cells of the thefts of such bacteria, each sort thieving the particular elements he has learned to like. There is plenty of evidence that the various kinds can merge into each other. Plants cannot take up raw nitrogen. They have to have it cooked for them into compounds, nitrates, ammonia, albumen, and so on. This is done by bacteria, which consume the nitrogen. Fertile soil contains much of these compounds, either made there by bacteria, existing there from other causes, or artificially put there as manure.

The supply of nitrogen in the air is inexhaustible. By getting it into the land, the soil ceases to be barren. Why not spend a dollar on the necessary bacteria, instead of hundreds of dollars on fertilizers, and thus multiply your crop by 10, 100, or 1,000? The United States government has solved this problem. It will now send out to any farmer a little ounce or two-ounce package of wool containing the bacteria that are willing to attach themselves to the roots of the special crop he wants, peas, vetches, asparagus or what not, and supply it with nitrogen. They are either mixed with the seed or tilled into the land and at once begin their work, needing only water. As soon as this is done properly in other countries, the cost of foods will everywhere fall greatly, and many social problems will simplify themselves. K.

Scientific Indications That Metals Are Alive

ANYTHING tending to prove that matter is alive, to do away with arbitrary bounds between living and dead, and between organic and inorganic, and to present us with a reverent picture of nature as living and intelligent, in place of a dreary phantasy of blind force and dead matter—must be considered a welcome gain. According to the *American Inventor*, the theory of *disease in metals* is accepted for practical purposes in Germany, in the imperial navy-yard, which has its metals regularly diagnosed and treated; and a professor is quoted as indulging in enthusiastic speculations as to future possibilities of doctoring metals.

Iron, we are told, passes through various stages of disease that produce structural changes just as cells change in form, size and position in the forms commonly called organic. Copper, when heated, becomes poisoned with its own oxide, "which so sickens it that its structure changes and partially breaks down." Another professor "found the point of infection in the crumbling tin roof of the Council House, at Rothenburg, and that the disease, now known as tin pest, had spread to a near-by roof."

THE effect of earthquakes upon water supplies was recently discussed at the Association of County Engineers at Sudbury, England. The Borough Surveyor of the town stated that there had been originally an abundant supply of water, but that this supply had fallen off by about one-half since the earthquake of 1884. The Borough Engineer of Colchester, who was present, expressed his surprise at this result, as in Colchester the same earthquake had increased the water supply.

Ancient Rome Not Behind Modern Oxford

THE genius of Lucretius appears to be abroad in the world of science. Never was anything yet broached wholly new in speculation, and perhaps not in invention either; nor ever anything wholly old. Lucretius taught the Universe arose from the rushing together of atoms in space; and that as it had thus arisen, so in due course it would cease, because of their rushing apart. Its nature is transience; there is no pause to the rush.

Tennyson has put the philosophy into the superb verse of the poem *Lucretius*:

... A void was made in Nature; all her bonds
Cracked; and I saw the flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe
Running along the illimitable inane.
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things forever.

It is a conception something like this that has been suggested to scientific thinkers by the behavior of radium, by the ceaseless shower of its atoms that it throws off into space. Is *all* matter doing that? they ask. Says Professor Oliver Lodge:

It looks as if the massive and extremely complex atoms of a radio-active substance were liable to get into an unstable condition. . . .

The hypothesis concerning radio-activity which is now in the field, then, is that a very small number, an almost infinitesimal proportion, of the atoms are constantly breaking up; throwing away a small portion, say one per cent, of themselves, with immense velocity—as "electrons."

Whether the total amount of matter in the universe is constant likewise, as much disappearing at one end by revolution into electrons as is formed at the other by their aggregating together, is at present quite unknown.

The same thinker suggests that they recombine somewhere—exactly as did Lucretius; though Lucretius did not call them electrons.

So Rome 2000 years ago is not so far from scientific Oxford today. Perhaps science may one day add a further conception, not in Lucretius: that the universe is the robe of a living consciousness, and its changes the expression of thought and of purpose. One day it may not sound so unscientific to say that matter is condensed light. K.

Radio-Activity Now Rapidly Becoming Orthodox

SPEAKING of radio-activity, the *Scientific American* remarks: This property of radio-activity is found in many bodies, even in leaves and newly fallen raindrops, and it will soon be difficult to find any substance without it in some degree.

The same issue reports that an emanation of that kind has just been discovered from copper and mercury. Sixty years ago, a German experimenter, Reichenbach, reported that certain persons with whom he worked, kept awhile in the dark, became able to see an emanation from or around a large number of crystals, metals and other objects. The world laughed at him, especially the scientific world. He called the emanation *Od*. Now it is called *radio-activity* and is highly proper to believe in. Such are the ways of orthodoxy everywhere, and such is the history of all new discoveries.

Pythagoras taught the heliocentric system in astronomy centuries and centuries before it became officially true. Now we are told that from the data at his disposal he had no business to have his theory. So he is in the wrong anyhow. STUDENT

AN American astronomer, Mr. Young, has put forward a theory of sun-spots perhaps not entirely novel, but certainly fascinating. He holds that the sun himself may be a world like our own, but surrounded by an atmosphere which is a non-conductor of heat and electricity. The sun is supposed to be a center of electric force to which flow converging streams of electricity which, on meeting with the non-conducting atmosphere are changed into a brilliant discharge, thus giving rise to the appearance of a solid body. Behind this brilliant non-conducting atmosphere lies the real sun which has all the best characteristics of our earth. This real sun is never disclosed to our sight except through the occasional rifts which we call sun-spots.

Here and There Throughout the World



OX CART ON A ROAD NEAR CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO

Child Horrors Discovered in Russia. EVERY nation seems to have its own peculiar methods of torturing little children, and every nation holds up its hands in pious horror at all other methods than its own. A revolting story is reported from St. Petersburg, which has caused the Czar to say that he regrets the abolition of the knout. It seems that as the Czarina was passing through the railway station her attention was called to a horribly deformed child. An Imperial Adjutant was instructed to investigate the case, and his researches disclosed a state of things not hitherto unknown in Eastern and Southern Europe. He found that no less than nine hundred children, between the ages of four and fifteen years, have been deliberately mutilated by an organization of professional beggars. These children were then sent out to beg, provided with letters stating that their injuries were caused by Turkish outrages. Not less than from 1500 to 2000 roubles daily were thus collected. The method of mutilation was the application of aqua fortis or sulphuric acid to various parts of the body, and in order that the victims might make no complaint their tongues were destroyed in like manner. Many of the criminals have been already arrested, and the Czar states that he will personally see that they emerge no more from the Siberian copper mines.

Graphic Pictures of Medieval India. PROFESSOR STANLEY LANE-POOLE has enriched our knowledge of the literature of the east by his book on *Medieval India*. He sketches for us the various invasions of India from Mahmud to Aurangzib and shows the influence which these invasions have had upon the thought and religion of the country. The Mohammedan invasion has, of course, left the deepest mark upon India and the author speaks with no uncertainty as to the causes which have conduced to the success of the Mohammedan faith, not only in India but wherever it has secured a foothold. He says:

The moment an Indian accepts Islam he enters a brotherhood which recognizes no distinctions of class in the sight of God, and every advancement in office and rank and marriage is open to him.

So we get back to the old truth which we have tried hard to forget, that the final standard and gauge of all faiths is man's treatment of man. Creed and doctrine and ritual may appeal for the time to the imagination, and fear may for a time enslave the will, but the supreme test of every religion is its power to work the miracle of Fraternity.

The Danger Point in Eastern Europe. THE situation in Eastern Europe grows increasingly dangerous. The actual area of disturbance is small, but it is perilously connected with the immense powder magazines of the world. No one can doubt that the great nations are sincerely desirous to maintain peace, but the lesson has not yet been everywhere learned that the true interests of a country can be served in no other way than by a strict observance of the ethical principles of honor which are supposed to exist between individuals. National self-interest is perhaps the most misunderstood of all terms.

France & England Drawing Closer. THE interchange of compliments between France and England seems likely to bear good fruit. Baron Es-tournelles de Constant, who has been the representative of France during the recent conferences, has reported to his government in a very favorable sense, and it is believed that his government is in full accord with his views. The new policy which now seems likely to be accepted includes an arbitration treaty similar to that now existing between the United States and England, a reduction in naval expenses, and a friendly settlement of various differences between the two countries.

The Russian Rich and too Generous. MR. SERRARE's book on *Greater Russia* gives a new and pleasant picture of Russian social life. He says: According to the sterner code of the West the Russian is too philanthropic, giving relief so often and so variously as to encourage indigenes. Free hospitals, schools, playgrounds, orphanages, libraries, almshouses and the like are found all over Russia and Siberia. The wealthy are too generous. . . . There are associations for almost every good work, including a society for encouraging athletic games. Children are prayed, and almost paid, to play football and tennis in summer; not a village but has its swings and giants' strides; and out in Siberia toboggan slides, springboards, see-saws, and walking poles are also general and may be used by all free.

Honolulu Lawyers Disbarred. IT IS reported from Honolulu that two lawyers have been disbarred for dishonorable conduct in their profession. Lawyers and physicians occupy positions of confidence which demand, and usually receive, a very high standard of honor. A community is safeguarding its own interests in protecting the reputation of its lawyers, and that can only be done by unflinchingly removing the black sheep which inevitably intrude into every profession.



SHORE NEAR MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO DE CUBA

Attempt to Kill the French Premier. THE attempted assassination at Marseilles of M. Combes, the French Premier, was entirely a failure. The criminal was arrested and one more chapter is therefore added to the volume of violence and insanity. That these outrages have no intelligent motive is here still further evidenced. The French Premier is a man of the people, possessing the broadest sympathies and high political ideals. But these things do not save him, nor would a combination of all possible virtues be other than an added incentive.

Devastation Again Visits Martinique. BITTER trouble has once more visited Martinique. Its recovery wrought by the devastation of Mount Pelee can hardly be said to have begun, when it is once more turned into a place of despair by a hurricane, which has swept away many whole villages and rendered ten thousand people homeless. Very many have been killed but the exact number is not yet ascertained. The crops have been destroyed, many vessels have been sunk in the harbor and trees two and three feet thick have been broken off or uprooted.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

IT was nearly luncheon time and he had not appeared. Auntie Nell was anxious. "Please, Miss Cathcart; do not worry about him, I know he is all right and when he does come in will you just leave him quite to himself? Do not ask if he is tired, or would like to lie down and be read to. Leave him quite alone," said Miss Clifford.

"Very well," said Auntie Nell, with a sigh, "but I'll put this lovely apricot on his plate; it's the first from the hot-house and he always likes to have the first of things."

After talking a few minutes longer they sat down to luncheon without him, but it was not long before they heard him tearing up stairs, two steps at a time.

"Why, Willis, where have you been?" said his aunt, as he burst into the room, looking so unlike his usual self that she stared in surprise. He was excited and happy, and actually had a bit of healthy color in his cheeks.

"O Miss Clifford!" he said, and the words seemed hardly able to come fast enough from his lips, "I've been to see Donnie Paxton, and you were right, he *was* watching for me, and he liked it ever so much better that I went myself, and it really was not very cold, but it was awfully muddy and I'm afraid I'm in a horrid mess, but we sawed out an animal, and it was meant for an elephant but its trunk broke off so we called it a *boojum*, and it was fine!" and he stopped for want of breath, waving in the air an extremely shapeless animal cut out of the lid of a cigar box.

After the creature had been duly admired and he had taken off two or three coats of mud he sat down to his meal, and seeing the apricot said, lifting it to his mouth, "Oh! what a beauty." Miss Clifford said quietly, "Yes isn't it a fine one? the only one on the table, too!"

Willis looked sharply up at her, and put it down again, going on silently with his luncheon for a few minutes. Then, very quickly, as if he were afraid he would change his mind, he put it on Auntie Nell's plate and said, "You eat it, Auntie, I always have the best things."

Auntie was going to refuse, but a quick look from Miss Clifford stopped her, and the little act of self-denial was allowed to pass without comment.

That evening, when Willis was going to his room, Miss Clifford patted him on the back. "Bravo, little man," she said, and the boy gave a quick, happy look into her face and went to bed with a new feeling of happiness in his heart.

When lessons were finished next morning his governess had a plan to suggest.

"Do you know, Willis, I've been thinking it would be such a good plan to keep some kind of account of the 'I, My, Me' boy and of the real Willis Cathcart, so that we can compare now and again the growth of the one against the other. Suppose you carry a little note book in your pocket, and on one page write, 'I, My, Me Cathcart,' and on the

Willis Cathcart's Triumph

II—CONCLUDED

and whenever the horrid old thing gets his way, put a mark against his name. I have an idea that the *man* in Willis Cathcart will not be long in killing that most uninteresting and unlovable other one."

Willis tried honestly, though it was very hard work at first. But each time he failed in self-denial he honestly marked it down in his little book, and "I, My, Me's" page got wofully ahead of that of Willis Cathcart that first day. When bedtime came around again, he was not

other, 'Willis Cathcart,' and whenever old 'I, My, Me' gets denied the thing he wants, put a mark against 'Willis Cathcart';

at all willing to show Miss Clifford this book.

"But we must see, or we will never be able to compare," said Miss Clifford. "Be a man, Willis, and face the music. Now then, how many marks to Willis Cathcart?"

"Four," said Willis, not very brightly.

"And how many to the enemy?"

"Thirty-one and a half," he said, still less brightly.

"Well, now, that is not so bad," said Miss Clifford, "for the first day. Any how, you are man enough to tell the truth. But how can there be a half?"

"Why," said Willis, eagerly, immensely relieved to think he had not done so badly as he thought, "you see I had been down to the pond and got awfully muddy and then I went into Sarah's clean kitchen and took off one of my dirty boots, and then I saw what a muss I was making, so I swept up the dirt, and took off my other boot outside."

"So that makes another half mark on our side," said she. "Three cheers for our side, and now off you go to bed."

A few months of Miss Clifford's training made a different being of the boy. In his efforts to get outside of that circle, to deny, and forget himself, he grew to be not only much more lovable, but he became, day by day, stronger in health. He forgot to be tired and was kept too busy to have headaches; the sallow skin began to glow with health and the narrow, stooping shoulders to broaden.

Miss Clifford stayed with Willis for two years and he had many tough times before he got the upper hand of "I, My, Me."

But the real Willis is now well to the fore for good. He is now a big, broad-shouldered, happy tempered fellow whom it is a joy to meet, and to whom it comes quite naturally for any one in a difficulty to go.

"Ask Willis Cathcart, he'll do it for you,"

or "He'll be sure to help you, he doesn't mind what he does for anyone."

He is a man now, a real companion to his father, and fitted and ready to play a man's part in the world, for in forgetting himself, in learning to practice self-denial, in getting *out* of himself, he was able first to see the sorrows borne by others. Then came the desire to help, and in helping he forgot himself and his own fancied troubles and ill health, which, being forgotten, of course soon ceased to exist.

A. C.



CHILDREN OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA

Lullaby

SLEEP, baby, sleep!

Thy father watches the sheep,

Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,

And down falls a little dream on thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep.

The large stars are the sheep,

The little stars are the lambs, I guess.

And the Lady Moon is the Shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Students'



Path

Recompense

by E. E. H., in the *London Pilot*

WHAT shall we have who toiled all night through tempest,
At acts let down in vain, or laboring oar?
Yonder, the mora breaks, and, beyond the breaking,
A watcher and a welcome on the shore!

What shall we have whose little horde of twilight
Came nearest to the light of other's day?
God gave to all the blue dome of His building---
Only earth's clouds between were sometimes gray.

What shall we have who missed life's loveliest meanings---
Who bore the burden of the incomplete?
There is a wider room for our probation,
And we shall know our missed things when we meet!

What shall we have on whom Time laid for guerdon
The pricking brier and the grieving thorn?
How many an earthly trail of piercing shadow
Hedged up in a bud heavenly rose unborn!

What shall we have whose ghostly galleons foundered,
No man may know in what unfathomed seas?
All seas give up the dead things in their keeping!
Even our ships of dream? Yea, even these!

How to Preach

THE Rev. R. Campbell, successor to the late Dr. Parker of the London City Temple, has been talking about preaching to a *Household Words* interviewer. He says that as far as sermons are concerned there is very little difference between the classes and the masses. The man who is quiet and unsensational in his manner, but whose mind is truly occupied with spiritual things, attracts alike the high and the low, the learned and the unlearned, the philosopher and the servant girl. When we reach the deep realities of life, personal differences disappear.

This is as it should be and no one has a better right to say so than the Rev. Mr. Campbell. A new spirit is making itself felt throughout the churches, and ministers of real leading are developing so deep a sympathy with human suffering that they are able to reach a plane where all men are alike and to join all men in the common unity of necessity.

There is after all no other passport to human confidence than that of sympathy. The man who is trying to preach down to his congregation, or up to them, has already failed. The man who does not himself believe what he is preaching has failed. Sympathy and imagination—and who can separate them?—are the supreme requisites for those who believe that they have a mission to help. No man can lift another away from his sin until he has himself looked over the brink and seen within the depths of his own nature the potentialities of that same sin. No one can save a sinner by calling to him. He must go and fetch him.

It is said that Jesus was tempted in the wilderness, and perhaps we are not yet at the end of polemical discussions as to the meaning of this. The intellectually learned may continue to dispute for centuries because this is one of the things that are hidden from "the wise." Yet there is nowhere a poor soul rescued by another from the darkness of despair who does not know that the redeeming power was that of a sympathy which *understood*, and understanding comes only from experience. The great spiritual teachers and preachers of the world have been those who by their imagination, have descended into hell instead of merely talking about it. They have known the things of which they would speak, the slow witchery of temptation, the inferno of sin, the agony of remorse, the waves of night and darkness which flow despairingly over the soul as the harbor lights flicker and disappear. There is no seminary yet de-

vised by men which can lawfully give a certificate of fitness for the ministry, nor will there ever be such unless we learn to look into the hearts of men and see for ourselves if the memory of ages is surging through heart and brain and melting into an infinite compassion as it passes into word and deed.

It is after all the memory of the soul which gives wisdom, and if there be no subtle recollection of battles fought and lost, of wounds and of despair and of the star which gave hope and courage and which shone with a soft and lovely triumph upon the victory, how shall we comfort others who stand now where we stood then? How shall we teach them that life is eternal and that every rung on the ladder to the stars must be fashioned from the sins upon which we set our feet?

It is compassion that the world needs, not learning; sympathy and not scholarship.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you."

STUDENT

Imagination

THE recent fire at Eton College, England, which occasioned the death of two little boys, has had an extraordinary sequel and one which throws some light upon the extraordinary power of the imagination, a power which may be destructive or beneficent. A few days after the fire one of the resident boys was awakened in the night by a crackling noise in the passage, and on examining into the cause, he was horrified to find another boy, who he knew, actually engaged in making a fire upon the floor with wood and paper. On investigation it was found that the apparent criminal was sound asleep and had no knowledge whatever of his act.

There ought not to be any need to point a moral from such an occurrence. In this instance the imagination produced somnambulism, and a definite act, which was at once detected. What influence upon such a child—and there are many such—would be produced by the average sensational newspaper with its catalogue of overdrawn horrors? We might indeed ask what influence would be produced by the indiscreet and loose conversation which so many children are allowed to hear? There would perhaps be no definite act, but only the creation of a habit of morbid thought which would be carried like a contagious curse through life. That might be the least of its results. The worst might be a definite criminality, lunacy, disease, and then we should talk about the problems of the day while persistently turning our eyes from their solution. STUDENT

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities which we have as by those we pretend to have.—*La Rochefoucauld*

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: What mean these words—the music of life? In the sunshine of Loma-land we see reflected utter compassion; in its showers there wells up a voice that echoes purity and sweetness and adjustment. All life sings, all echoes here are those of life's music. Sea and sky voice the deeper tones of this great Nature chorus, the wind sweeps through as a passionate theme sometimes sweeps its way through a great symphony. That we do not hear this nature music is because we do not place ourselves in harmony with the life. We close in our minds with mental clouds and then wonder that Nature seems dull and commonplace. We lose our freedom in worry and then wonder why Nature seems to have limitations.

Let us be more just to ourselves, and the music that flows forever outward from the heart of Nature will find its echo within our own. Let us cease to worry, let us cease to carry around on our shoulders the miserable past. It is a load that will crush us if we do not throw it off. Let us find that part of ourselves in which we have faith, that part of ourselves which stands above worry, because it is the master of all moods, and let us declare that we are *that*, not the poor excuse which our weaknesses have built up. It may require a supreme effort—it will—but it is an effort that each one of us is capable of making. Then we shall find life's music. Life will become to us truly a Song of Joy. Until we have made the inner conquest our own hearts will reflect nothing but discord, and the music that awaits us in every mood of nature will fall on ears that hear not, and hearts that are not awake. E. B.

If You Seek, You Find

by PHOEBE CARY, in *The Chariot Magazine*

TAKE this for granted, once for all,
There is neither chance nor fate;
And to sit and wait till the skies shall fall,
Is to wait as the foolish wait.

The longed for laurel you must earn;
It is not of the things men lead;
And though the lesson be hard to learn,
The sooner the better, my friend.

That another's head can have your crown
Is a judgment all untrue;
And to pull this man or the other down
Does not in the least raise you.

No light that through the ages shines
To worthless work belongs;
Men dig in thoughts as they dig in mines
For the jewels of their songs.

Hold not the world as in debt to you
When it credits you day by day
With the light and air, with the sun and dew
And all that cheers your way.

And you in turn, as an honest man,
Are bound, you will understand,
To give back either the best you can,
Or die and be out of hand.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question If, according to the Theosophical teaching of Karma, we must inevitably reap what we sow, and consequently each one must suffer the results of his actions and any sins or crimes he may have committed, is it therefore right or desirable that human laws should punish crime by death or imprisonment? If not, what should be done with the criminal?

Answer The whole question of crime and the prison system and proper treatment of criminals is one that is forcing itself more and more upon public attention and demanding an answer. Can we say that the present system is a success? Does crime lessen, does the system eradicate the tendency to crime or even lessen it, in the criminal who comes under the action of the law? Is it not a fact that many, if not the majority of hardened criminals are helped to become so by the prison system to which they have been subjected?

During the last fifty or more years much attention has been given to the question of prison reform, but has any adequate solution been found to the difficulty except that offered in the teachings of Theosophy, which our teachers have again and again pointed out? Katherine Tingley has said:

Don't brand a man as a criminal. Teach him that he is a soul and give him a chance. Let him feel that some one believes in him, give him the encouragement that perhaps he has missed through all his life and the lack of which may have helped to make him what he is.

Does not the key to the whole difficulty lie just in the one word "punishment," and the solution in the one word, "brotherhood"? The question may well be asked, "have we the right to punish?" And for all professed Christians the matter is made perfectly clear in the words of Christ, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." But our right and our duty is *to help* and that is not help which pushes a man further down hill, and when he comes out of prison treats him as an outcast. Before, however, we can help it must be clearly understood that brotherhood is not sentimentalism, nor mawkish condolence, but its essence is compassionate justice. How can we be just if we do not know man's true nature—his dual nature—and his relationship with his fellow men? Does a man cease to be our brother because he has committed a crime? Truly Nature's law will give him due recompense, we need have no fear of that, nor need we presume to take that in our hands for we can see only the outward criminal act and do not know how far the "criminal" himself is responsible or how far others, nay, we ourselves, are responsible for the conditions which make such a deed possible. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," contains the deepest truth, and the repayment will come not alone to the so-called

criminal, but to each and every one who thinks an evil thought or does a careless act.

Regarding the death penalty, William Q. Judge has said:

My individual opinion upon the death penalty is that it is neither right nor desirable that human laws should punish crime by death. . . . As, however, men as yet are very imperfect and are struggling to find the right rule of conduct, laws are necessary for evil-doers. Here, then, arises the question whether society is benefited by law imposing the death penalty. . . . To my mind it appears that the crime of murder has not diminished because of capital punishment, nor do I think any law will ever stamp out that offense. . . . Our duty is to teach those ethics and that philosophy which alone will remedy the evil by raising men above the possibility of committing crime or becoming amenable to law.

On this subject, the chapter, "Capital Punishment" in *The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine* should certainly be read by all who recognize the sacredness of human life, and our responsibility towards our fellows. It may be mentioned also that one of the objects of the International Brotherhood League, the Humanitarian Department of the Universal Brotherhood, founded by Katherine Tingley, is "To endeavor to abolish capital punishment."

What should be done with the criminal? Treat him first as a human being. Restrain him, watch him as you would a sick person, but do not shut out of his life everything that is beautiful and ennobling. Perhaps he never had these, and now he needs their influence more than ever. Do not despise him, do not make him feel that every man's hand and society as a whole are against him, even though he may have raised his hand against his brother and against society. This does not mean in any sense a departure from justice—only let our justice be *justice*—justice to the criminal as well as to ourselves, and if we would be truly just let us not forget our humanity, let us be humane, let us remember our divinity and that the divine spark still exists in our brother.

These are the teachings which Katherine Tingley is giving out to the world and this will be found to be the solution of this serious problem—this blot on our civilization. As has been pointed out again and again, the duty society owes to itself is to reform the criminal, to re-form him, and to do this requires the cooperation of the criminal himself. How else can this be obtained save along the lines referred to, and I doubt not we shall live to see this reformation, for if to-day our legislators have not yet the knowledge or the courage to carry it out, if it is too great a change, too bold a plan—there are growing up under Katherine Tingley's care in the Raja Yoga School those who, when they take their place in the world's work, will dare to treat a criminal as a man and a brother and will have the courage of the wise physician to help him to overcome and conquer his own lower nature and take his rightful place once more as a useful member of the human race.

Civilization Folds Its Hands

ELEVEN boys have been arrested in Los Angeles charged with the theft of bicycles and with burglary. It is very properly illegal to confine children in the same prison with adults. These boys were, therefore, turned over to the Humane Society for custody. The Humane Society having no accommodations for such a purpose turned them over to their parents which, to the uninstructed eye, seems to be the *statu quo ante*. One of them employed his unexpected liberty in jumping on and off a moving train. While so engaged he fell and broke his wrist, for which he was treated at the hospital and then—turned over to his parents. Meanwhile civilization placidly folds its hands, feeling that its resources are indeed exhausted. In the presence of a small boy the machine refuses to work.

It is strange that there is no general feeling of indignation against parents whose neglect of duty makes such large demands upon its time and money. It would be interesting to prepare an estimate of the cost to the community of this particular small boy, from the time when he was first "turned over" to the police down to the time when, for the second time, he was "turned over" to his parents. Archeologists of a future age may ponder much over this idiom, and they will doubtless conclude that youthful criminals of the Twentieth century were treated by some curious process known as "turning over." And truly we seem to have no other idea of handling this problem than to gaze helplessly over our spectacles at the boy burglar and order some one to "turn him over."

STUDENT

"I, LOUIS AGASSIZ, teacher." With these words began the will of one of our most remarkable scientists, one whose humanity shone like a great star above all his intellectual achievements—"I, Louis Agassiz, teacher."

The Teacher

An educational review has given considerable space to the problem of the teacher, lamenting the fact that so few great men are in the teaching profession and declaring that the reason for this fact lies in the small salaries paid. It is, of course, true that compared with other professions that of the teacher commands, in general, but a modest remuneration, and to those whose main idea is to make money it offers few inducements. That this results in a certain extremely selfish element out of this profession is as obvious as it is advantageous. It may be true, as the world goes, that one cannot get a Thomas Arnold for \$100 a month. It is equally certain that the ranks are kept clear of much that is undesirable on that very account. That, however, is no argument in favor of small salaries, for the real question at issue is not one of salary, after all.

What is a teacher and what is it to teach? How does it happen that the teaching profession today is not looked upon with favor by our brightest men and women, those who have in some ways the most to give unto humanity? In the eyes of the world, to say that a man is a teacher is at once to place him in the category of those who would do something "better" if they could. Not until one rises to the dignity of a professor's chair is his calling honored. Not until then is he considered to have made a success in life.

It is a significant fact that the great Helpers of Humanity have always been known as Teachers. By this title have they named themselves and humanity has retained it and invested it with sacredness because of their work. The glory of all our Golden Age traditions lies in the fact that in those days gods walked and talked with men as their inspirers, their Teachers. It is not at all likely that they received salaries for their services to humanity. We have no record of such a thing, and we have a very plain record of one great Teacher who was crucified because he taught without money and without price, and because he dared to condemn those who did not. But the ideal in the Golden Days differed from that of today. Then it was the greatest joy of those who stood in advance of humanity to give of all in their hearts that was best and wisest to those who looked to them for guidance. And that best was heart knowledge, the Wisdom of the Ages that alone can strengthen and lift. They taught men the divinity of their own natures, they gave to them the priceless knowledge that alone can lift the race out of its despairs, that greater knowledge that includes all the lesser, the heart wisdom that overshadows and holds within its borders all the knowledge which appeals to the intellect.

But those days passed and with them passed this high ideal. As humanity ceased to live the heart-life, it ceased to revere the heart knowledge. As desires grew less and less was demanded of the heart, more and more of the head, until we find the race in the midst of the Dark Ages, steering its course between the rocks of sensuality on the one hand, and those of

an insolent intellectualism on the other hand.

The true light had been lost, or was kept obscured from humanity by those who called themselves the bearers of it. The ideal of learning was a purely intellectual ideal, Latin and Greek, Greek and Latin, with so-called "philosophy" sandwiched in between. There was no chance for soul-growth, no inspiration for the heart-life. While a few here and there struggled ahead of their fellows in an effort to find and bring to humanity some glimpses of a more real knowledge as did Galileo and Bruno, they achieved little because of the barriers of persecution built up before them by those who called themselves humanity's teachers. That fact alone—of which there are instances countless—proves them to have been teachers of the false rather than the true.

Yet their ideal has persisted and has its hand upon us today. Go into what college you will, the ideal is "How much knowledge can I cram into my head?" not "How great a store of love can I build up in my heart?" And those who today are trying to give to teachers a higher ideal and to humanity some glimpses of a higher than merely intellectual knowledge are persecuted, as Socrates was persecuted, as Jesus was persecuted.

But the old ideal is again coming back into life. People are beginning to realize that it is not enough to educate merely the head, when that sort of education contains no preventive against men graduating out of that school and into our penitentiaries and lunatic asylums. Something more has been needed, something that cannot be bought and sold, something that is independent of the question of salary, something that gives of itself for sheer love.

Many and many times do strangers ask, "What is the secret of the marvelous Raja Yoga School system of education?" A secret is, of course, only such to those who cannot unravel it. Yet in this case it is so simple, merely the actualized expression of that ancient ideal of education which is of the heart rather than of the head. Not that intellectual knowledge is given second place in that marvelous system. By no means, for it demands all that the world calls educational and very much more. But at center its training is of the heart. Its teachers teach for love of their work and of humanity—and *they are unsalaried*. That alone proves that their work and their ideals are based on all that is true, and it is the one promise that the world holds today of that coming time when teaching shall be considered a sacred calling, and when the Teacher shall be honored above all men.

Link by link extends downward that mighty chain of influence, from the Great Soul, who sways all humanity and lifts the world to the humblest teacher of our childhood, to the simple, unlearned mother who guides the little ones at her knee. What has the question of salary to do with such as these? At least, who with a heart alive to the world's needs and aching with the world's pain, holds back his hands from service just because he doesn't receive a salary?

The true teacher is to the budding, growing soul what sunshine and showers are to the germinating seed. The true teacher is one of the Builders of the race's future. And where is he now? E. M.

Religious Liberty in England

THE Archbishop of Canterbury is unable to understand the determined opposition which is being made to the new Education Act by men who, he freely admits, are as good Christians as he is himself. The matter, however, is very simple, and if His Grace will place himself, in imagination, upon the other side of the wall, he will find no difficulty in comprehending it. The very large number of schools which have hitherto been supported and managed by the Church are henceforth to be maintained at the expense of the State—that is to say of the people—while their direction will still be in the hands of the Church. That is to say, one half of the nation, and more, is to be called upon to pay for schools wherein a system of religion is taught and enforced with which they have no sympathy whatever, of which, in fact, they strongly disapprove.

That is the whole case in a nutshell, and it constitutes not only a grievance but a retrogressive step which every lover of religious freedom must view with grave apprehension.

STUDENT

America and England

A DINNER has been given to the British ambassador by the Society of Pilgrims and Sir Michael Herbert delivered his first speech of importance since his arrival in this country. "My ambassadorship," he said, is a "labor of love. I have one dream, one purpose—to draw closer, if I can, the relations between my own country and this, which I regard as my second home." The chairman, in proposing the ambassador's health, said: "We admire him for his diplomacy; we love him because he is loved by a charming American wife."

Mr. Hay, unfortunately, was not able to be present, but he sent a letter of regret from which the following lines are quoted:

I congratulate both Great Britain and the United States on having at Washington a man who stands solidly for peace and for perfect frankness and honesty in his diplomatic work.

It is a gratification thus to record the strength of international bonds which make so much for the fraternity of the world. J.

The Raja Yoga Edition

THE Special Raja Yoga Edition of THE NEW CENTURY contains 122 beautiful half-tone illustrations of school-life, home-life, and out-door-life among the pupils of the Raja Yoga School at Loma-land. It is the most richly illustrated edition of a weekly journal ever published. By letterpress as well as by its matchless collection of beautiful pictures it faithfully depicts every phase of life in the Raja Yoga School.

It is double the size of the usual issue, containing 32 pages of matter and pictures descriptive of the Raja Yoga School and its pupils. Those who believe in Katherine Tingley's work for the children will want to preserve a copy of this beautiful and unique publication.

Ten thousand extra copies of this edition were printed, and though they are being sold very rapidly, there are still enough left to fill all orders. Some friends have ordered them by the hundred, sending them broadcast. The price is 20 cents a copy. If you send the names and addresses with the cash to THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, Cal., the papers will be mailed for you without extra charge.

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Meteorological Table for the week ending
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AUG	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND DIR		VEL
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL	
17	29.650	74	64	63	62	.00	NW	6	
18	29.674	76	65	71	70	.00	W	5	
19	29.686	77	67	74	71	.00	W	3	
20	29.676	79	68	73	72	.00	SW	5	
21	29.682	78	67	73	71	.00	W	5	
22	29.612	78	66	68	67	.00	W	4	
23	29.550	77	65	67	65	.00	S	5	

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Cowardly Journalism

Much has been said in recent years against "yellow journalism," and certainly there is good ground for the criticism. But there is another evil that is quite as deserving of condemnation as the gross sensationalism that has become so obnoxious to the readers of the public press.

Cowardly journalism is quite as bad as sensational journalism. The paper that dare not say its soul is its own, because, forsooth, its soul is not its own, is positively pernicious. When a paper ceases to be a public journal and becomes merely the mouthpiece of a corporation, a political ring, or any other personal and selfish interest, it becomes, so far as public interests are concerned, useless and dangerous at once.

A public journal should be free to espouse any cause that is for the best interests of the community, the State or the nation. It should have the courage to do so. A paper that is afraid to defend the right for fear it will get hurt is invariably held in the same contempt by the public that a man is who deserts his post of duty for fear he may get hurt. The world never admires cowards or has confidence in them. In this strenuous age we need journals that know the truth and have the honesty and courage to speak it.—*San Diego News*

Crushing a Bore

John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, once in describing the usages of the Quakers in regard to "speaking in meetings," said that sometimes the voluntary remarks were not quite to the edification of the meeting. It once happened that a certain George C. grew rather wearisome in his exhortations, and his prudent brethren, after solemn consultation, passed the following resolution: "It is the sense of this meeting that George C. be advised to remain silent until such time as the Lord shall speak through him more to our satisfaction and profit."—*Selected*

THE fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the gods.—*Socrates*

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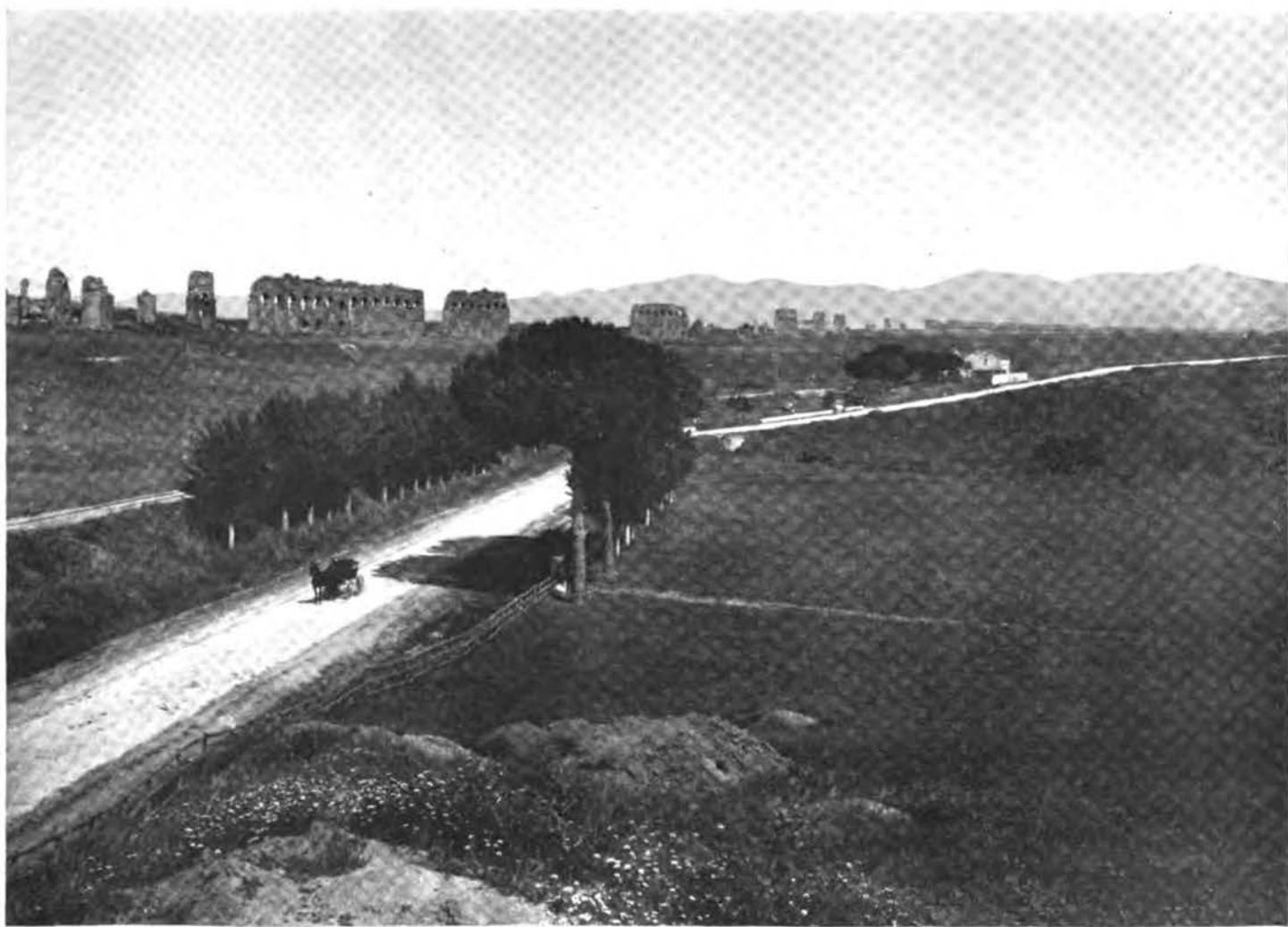
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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**William
Qua
Judge**

THE attempt to wreck The Theosophical Society by destroying W. Q. Judge has, in a certain sense, an even greater importance than the corresponding efforts against his predecessor, H. P. Blavatsky. W. Q. Judge's leadership is of more recent date, and as an American citizen his life is more immediately within the recollection of the public. At the time of which we speak, the Society had become world-wide in its operations and was exercising an ever increasing influence upon thought and action. Its literature had assumed a prominent place in public estimation, and already that phenomenal growth had begun which has since relatively culminated in a long and yet rapid series of successes. The attack upon H.

P. Blavatsky had been a failure from every point of view except that it had shortened and darkened her life. Indeed, as a result of that attack, thousands had been attracted to the light which she carried, for there are yet those in the world who know that the crown of thorns is the diadem of the reformer, and that by following the flying shaft of slander the true teacher is ever to be found. But the enemies of the light learn nothing and remember nothing, and so once more the forces of persecution focused themselves upon W. Q. Judge.

Upon this occasion the visible attack came from within the society instead of from without. The actual direction was of course the same as in the case of H. P. Blavatsky, but the medium and the tool was that member of whom we have already made mention, the English woman, now connected with a theoretical society which calls itself Theosophical, and who attempted to wrest the original Theosophical Society from the spiritual ideals to which it was pledged and to place it under the control of an oriental priesthood who saw in it the means of extending into the west an influence which had already been so pernicious in the east. We wish now to somewhat particularize the true origin of this attack, and this is all the more necessary in view of the clouds of innuendo and slander which have been so skilfully raised to hide the real issue. It is also necessary, in view of the claim which has been made with some considerable effrontery to the effect that hostility to W. Q. Judge is compatible with, and is even required by an unbroken loyalty to H. P. Blavatsky.

Now, we believe that the narration of one incident alone will make clear the reason of the animus which was directed against W. Q. Judge and will explain why his destruction became absolutely necessary if the plans of a small group of conspirators were to succeed. That incident transpired some little time before the assault was unveiled, but around it revolved the whole cyclone of cruel pretense which was subsequently to appear.

Priestcraft Jealous of Its Sway

At the time of which we speak there was in India a certain group of men belonging to the priestly caste to which we have referred, and who had determined for their own aggrandizement to gain control of the Theosophical Society. As a preliminary step they handed to H. P. Blavatsky, who was then alive, for transmission to the inner and actual heads of the Society, a letter to which too much importance can hardly be given in view of subsequent events. In that letter they claimed for themselves a special recognition and a special teaching in view of their position, their lives and their learning. They pointed out that while such recognition and instruction had been accorded to certain Americans and Europeans they themselves had been ignored. Priestcraft always dreads to be ignored. In reply to this letter, H. P. Blavatsky handed to them a certain communication which must certainly have wounded them to the quick. That communication admitted that special recognition and aid had truly been given to certain Americans and Europeans (W. Q. Judge being among the number), but asserted that such assistance was justified by the desire of these men to aid humanity, that being the only ground upon which such assistance could ever be given. If they, the priests in question, wished also to receive such recognition, let them, first of all, put away their caste, by which they pretended to a superiority over other men. Secondly, let them abandon the superstitious practices which cast a shadow over their land, and let them energetically promote the reforms of which their country was so much in need. Foremost among these reforms was the abolition of child-marriage, of which the full horrors are not easy to realize.

Merited Rebuke met by Anger

It was a letter of stern rebuke with an undercurrent of contempt for those who bind burdens upon men's backs, which they themselves are unwilling to touch with one of their fingers.

The manner in which that letter was received was characteristic of the men to whom it was addressed, and of all priestly castes throughout the world. They not only rejected its exhortations, but they denounced the letter itself as spurious, as not emanating from the source which it claimed, and as being indeed but an "ill-tempered outburst" on the part of H. P. Blavatsky herself.

Note now the sequel upon the death of H. P. Blavatsky. We find these very men, whose influence could hardly be exaggerated, openly claim-

ing to control the Society through the ambitious English woman to whom we have referred, and who had become their willing dupe and lackey. Her dilemma is obvious in view of the letter in question and which had been placed on open record. If that letter was genuine, the priests to whom it referred were obviously unfit to control the Society whose chiefs had inflicted upon them so severe a rebuke, under which they were still impenitent. If that letter were not authentic it was a fabrication by H. P. Blavatsky, and the one man who could speak with authority as to the credentials of that letter, was W. Q. Judge. The decision was speedily taken.

W. Q. Judge Preserved the Society

The English woman dupe of Oriental priest-craft, in her zeal for those who had no other thought than to use her for their own ends, pronounced the letter to be spurious, and the fiat went forth, about the year 1894, that W. Q. Judge was to be destroyed. Thus

was the attack born and it had no other parent than this. But for W. Q. Judge the initial plot would have succeeded and the Theosophical Society would have been hopelessly ruined by contamination with Oriental superstitions and with Oriental practices which the intelligence of India now repudiates and not only un-American but equally repugnant to all persons of sane and cleanly lives. He alone was the guardian wall between the Society and an ambitious caste, and had he wavered for one moment in his allegiance to the pure ideals of Brotherhood which he had received from H. P. Blavatsky, the Society would have rightly and properly ceased to exist. He did not waver. He accepted the storm of slander which burst upon his head and he relied, and not in vain, upon the staunch loyalty and common sense of his comrades to see how absolutely spurious were the accusations made against him, and to understand that they had no other basis than the defeated malignity of those who were determined to destroy her work.

There were some few of those erstwhile comrades who deserted him under the guidance of a woman who supposed that she could not only make the sun of human progress stand still, but that at her command it would move backward in the heavens. The price that such have paid is their tacit repudiation of H. P. Blavatsky, from whom they had received all that they ever possessed. The price which they paid was to become the partners of those who had hounded H. P. Blavatsky to her death. There is here no choice between two opinions. To attack W. Q. Judge was to attack H. P. Blavatsky. Their work was one and indivisible, and their comradeship an indestructible trust.

They Have Repudiated Brotherhood

Is it not time that we perceived a plan running through the history of our work? We make no reference now to the human plans of attack which are made contemptible by their failure, but rather to the plan which is part of the great spiritual law. A movement such as the Theosophical necessarily attracts the unworthy with the worthy. The selfish see in it the possibility of gratification, the vain, the ambitious and the greedy hope by its means to accomplish their ends of baseness. It is by no human machinery, but by the engine of the great law which moves to righteousness, that such as these must presently find themselves at the parting of the ways where they must either surrender their schemes of self-seeking or part company forever with those whose hearts are more pure and whose ideals are more lofty. The crises through which the Theosophical movement has passed may indeed be called diseases, but they are the cleansing diseases of nature which thus ever seeks to rid herself of impurities and to reestablish spiritual health. As it has been with our united work for human well-being, so must it be with each individual life which seeks to place itself under the sway of the mighty tides of human growth.

Nature's Cleansing Diseases

Sorrows shall surely come, and losses, and the heart pains which are sharp and bitter, but all these things are but the separation of the false from the true, the burning of the weed, that the harvest shall at last be more abundant. We have learned not to look back upon the past except for the lessons which it bears. Truly we shall have done well if at last we have learned the lesson that there is no power upon earth, nor under the earth, which can overwhelm the weakest among us, so long as our eyes are fixed upon the pure white star which leads through all wildernesses into the promised land where there shall be an unbroken peace amongst men of good will.

STUDENT

Thomas Paine

WE once ventured upon the suggestion that certain religious creeds have a tendency to destroy patriotism. The remark was called forth by the attitude of some peoples in the east of Europe, who are unable to combine against a common and a peculiarly cruel oppression because they themselves differ on certain minor points of theological dogma. This will seem incredible only to those who have not studied the extent to which superstition can destroy the finer impulses of human nature and become an obsession to the exclusion of the true and the beautiful. We need not, however, turn to eastern Europe for illustrations of this very dangerous fact in our social life, a fact which should be estimated at its true weight by those who have at heart the best interests of their country. Such an illustration is furnished in all its native ugliness by the attempt which is being made to remove from public sight the monument to Thomas Paine, which is now one of the decorations of New Rochelle, New York. A certain alderman, who is doubtless seeking a notoriety to which we are unwilling to aid him, has produced a project for the removal of this monument to a less conspicuous position, so that it may be visible only to those persons who actually desire to see it. It would appear that the monument is at present obtruding itself upon the attention of certain superior persons—aldermen and the like—to whom it is offensive. Thomas Paine needs no defense at our hands, nor at the hands of the true people of America, the nation which he helped to create and to whom his memory becomes every day a more priceless possession. It is not easy to believe that the people of New Rochelle will allow this shame to be done even at the instigation of an alderman. If it is actually true that there are people in New Rochelle, or that there are visitors to that town to whom a reminder of Thomas Paine is an annoyance, we would suggest that they transfer their citizenship to some other country of lower ideals and less exalted aspirations.

Such persons, whether they are aldermen, or just ordinary human beings, are evidently unable to comply with the exacting demands of American citizenship and might perhaps find a more congenial atmosphere elsewhere.

In the meantime, we reiterate our opinion that there are some theological creeds which unfit their possessors for the citizenship of a free people and which, because they destroy patriotism, ought to be denounced and discouraged.

STUDENT

Neglect of Public Duty

DUTIES, when they come near home, are apt to become too pressing; but, so long as they remain in the oratorical stage and do not make demands on our action, they remain in favor. This may explain why patriotism for nation is more in favor than patriotism for city. The following paragraph from the *Chicago Tribune* is well in point:

Many persons who would blush to be accused of a lack of patriotism, of a love of country, have no hesitancy in confessing to a deficiency in civic pride, of regard for their own city. They openly proclaim that they detest the place they live in, but say that fate and circumstances have chained them to the spot, and they find a vent for their feelings in railing against the city, and in pointing out its blemishes. The individual who points out defects for the purpose of wiping them out is a benefactor, but the one who is a blot-seeker merely out of a sinister regard for this pursuit is himself one of the greatest of the blots.

The want of public interest and spirit manifested by a large mass of the public is a striking feature of our times. Mere money-getters and pleasure-seekers, they seem a rabble, belonging to no country. They can have no possible legitimate grievance against officer or institution of their county or state or country; seeing that they leave the whole matter of government to be cared for by anybody.

The government, local and general, is supposed to be representative of the popular voice and sentiment. What would that popular voice and sentiment amount to if accurately represented? Would it savor of regard for duty and justice, or would it be a reflection of selfishness and injustice?

H. T. E.

Ruins of Roman Aqueduct

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows a panoramic view of the ruins of the ancient Roman aqueduct, which was beyond doubt, one of the greatest of engineering and mechanical feats of either ancient or modern times.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Immigration Problem

IT is estimated that it takes forty years for this country to really and thoroughly "assimilate" a single year's inflow of immigrants. They are coming at the rate of something like a million a year. The problem appears to be a serious one.

During 1902 more than 900,000 immigrants landed at our ports and poured into our cities. During the same year there were received about 600,000 foreigners not of the immigrant class. The largest proportion of the former came from Italy, Hungary and Russia; of the latter from Scandinavia and the Teutonic countries. The latter class, as is usually the case with those from the North of Europe, came with well-defined ideas as to their intentions. With few exceptions they purposed to become citizens. With few exceptions they had a reasonable amount of money, a reasonable amount of education, and a fair amount of sanity and common sense. They will become a part of this nation's life, doubtless, without much disturbing currents on the surface of things.

This can scarcely be said of the other class. Coming from the Southern countries, some of whose cities are hot-beds of anarchy and crime, and where poverty and meagerness have all but killed out the soul, they do not constitute the ideal material for citizens. Few of them have any but the most distorted ideas of what liberty means. Few have any sense of responsibility toward others outside of their immediate circle of relatives and friends. Still fewer have any definite intention of becoming American citizens, much less of what good citizenship means. They are poor and uneducated, hot-blooded and rash in temperament, with all that is undesirable in the Old World ideals ingrained into the very fiber of their make-up. It is from this class that the agitator selects his victims. It is this class that furnishes the material best suited to the political ends of the conscienceless political "boss." A million a year! Will this continue, and, if so, what will be the result?

America has occupied a unique position among the nations. From the first it has been an asylum for the oppressed of all lands. Here might come the weary, the persecuted, the enslaved and hither those found their way who were seeking freedom. Many of the persecuted turned persecutors after coming here, but that was not the fault of our republican institutions nor our republican ideals. That was the fault of the individuals themselves and has no weight as argument in this question. The pioneers came unselfishly, or they would not have come at all. They formed a magnificent body of citizens. They and their descendants established all that is best in our institutions.

But, as the years passed, a class less and less desirable poured in. They came for the purpose of bettering their own condition, though with but the vaguest ideas of how that should be done. We have encouraged this class of immigration not so much for the sake and betterment of these people as because we were, unconsciously, perhaps, ambitious to build large rather than to build well.

One who has ever stood in one of the great ports at which immigrants arrive, or who has seen them pass through the depots of any great city, must have looked upon this problem in a new light, and felt its seriousness in a new way. The faces are sad and strained, almost without exception. They show the pinch of a poverty of mind and soul that has been laid upon them by social conditions for generations, even centuries. The children—one's heart goes out, verily, to the children. They are numerous. They, too, are sad-eyed, and one cannot imagine that the time ever was when their mothers were not worn and tired.

Thousands crowd westward, and upon small farms or in small communities, build homes as best they can. They are, of all the immigrants of their class, the safest majority. Most of them are from the North of Europe. The Spanish or Italian face is rarely seen. But tens of thousands merely pour into the seething life of our great cities. They add to the confusion, to the pressure, to the turmoil and discontent. They become the easy victims of those who use their fellow-men as means to an end. From their ranks graduate a large proportion of our criminals and our anarchists; and considering the way in which many of them live,

The Nation Must Select Its Material

one can scarcely feel that they have bettered their own condition by coming here.

The American people must become ambitious to build a better nation rather than a larger one, if they are to dream of better conditions. As there is a time when all things expand and reach outward, so there comes a time when it is working with the law to conserve one's strength and energy, to indraw, as it were. America will always be a refuge for the over-burdened and the weary, for the persecuted and those who worthily need homes. But to the self-seeker we should offer no inducement. The time has come for tightening the lines. It is not enough to see to it that the immigrant has a certain amount of money. There should be better means devised than now exist for determining whether or not his moral standard is of a quality that will help us build or help the enemies of progress undo and tear down. It is difficult to say just how this should be done, but this effort will yet have to be made, the step will yet have to be taken. I.

What May Happen in China

THE disposition of China is becoming a problem which presses more and more heavily upon the nations which call themselves civilized. To no one of them, however, does it seem to occur that the best and safest disposition they can make of the Celestial Empire is to leave her alone. China is little more than a name to the rest of the world. We know something of that fringe of Chinese humanity which borders upon the territory which has been acquired by the white races, an acquisition which among individuals would be called by a less temperate name. Of the masses of Chinese life, however, we know practically nothing. There are over four hundred millions of people in China, or five times as many as there are in the United States. Obviously, they are a peace-loving people because they have committed no acts of aggression upon other nations. That they have been a people of high intelligence and of an advanced civilization, there can be no possible dispute. We trench in no way whatever upon political grounds in asserting that most of the white nations have acquired the tranquil assumption that the Chinese people have no rights whatever, and that the arbitrary division of their territory is merely a matter of convenience.

News doubtless travels slowly in China, and public sentiment is sleepy and cumbrous. But, sooner or later, those quiescent millions must awake to the fact that their possessions are regarded merely as chattels awaiting to be seized by the strongest hand, and that their rights as human beings have not been challenged but have simply been ignored.

By a Sheer Force of Numbers

At this period in history it is probably useless to insist that national acts are governed by precisely the same ethical code as individual; that nations can be guilty of theft, of extortion, of cruelty, of murder; and that what we glibly call the law of God is not put upon one side by the corporate nature of the crime. To understand what has been done in China, let us suppose that we as individuals have been treated by other individuals as the Chinese nation has been treated. We cannot suppose such a thing to be possible even in the most savage, or the most lawless, or most misgoverned country of the world. There is no country which within its own borders does not respect the rights of property; or which exalts theft or fraudulent force into a virtue. Yet all these things have been done in China, and as a culmination to our moral lawlessness we have added contumely, slander and vilification. If the political world is indeed deaf and indifferent to the law of God, it is certainly not deaf nor indifferent to what is called the law of self-preservation. China has four hundred millions of people and they are terrible by their very numbers. Before an army of ants a garrison of armed men will abandon their fortifications without even an effort at defence. How long will it be before the Chinese people forsake those sporadic attempts which we call outrages and unite in some more organized effort to defend their elementary rights as human beings? Four hundred millions of people! Is it to be through such dread instrumentality as this that we have to learn that "righteousness exalteth a nation?" X.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Symphony

(Fragment)

by SIDNEY LANIER

AND then, as when from words that seem but rude
 We pass to silent pain that sits abroad
 Back in our hearts' great dark and solitude,
 So sank the strings to gentle throbbing
 Of long chords, change-marked with sobbing—
 Motherly sobbing, not distinctlier heard
 Than half wing-openings of the sleeping bird,
 Some dream of danger to her young hath stirred.
 Then stirring and demurring ceased, and lo!
 Every least ripple of the strings' song-flow
 Died to a level with each level bow
 And made a great chord tranquil-surfaced so,
 As a brook beneath his curving bank doth go
 To linger in the sacred dark and green
 When many boughs the still pool overlean
 And many leaves make shadow with their sheen.

Machell's Mystical Painting of "Parsifal"

THE story of Parsifal is the story of the soul's long search for the Holy Grail—the one pure truth that had been lost to it through some old perverseness. There was once a Golden Realm and a Golden Age, when men walked in the light and when their souls were pure. They did not guard the lower nature, the soul's light was shut away, pain and sin entered in and the age-long wandering began. Most men forgot the Holy Grail, so immersed did they become in sense-pleasures and sense-needs. The "Warrior" did his best, but no sound of its voice could reach their earth-dulled ears. Not so with a few. These, the true Knights of all times, have ever entered upon the search for the precious lost wisdom, symbolized by the Grail. Many essayed the search and were led out of the Path by some temptation; a few, only a very few, reached the goal. None could reach it whose heart was not pure. Such an one, however, was Parsifal.

In his painting of "Parsifal," Machell has depicted the wounding of Amfortas. Kundry, Klingsor's unwilling slave, has tempted him and led him to forget his mission. Stealing from him the Sacred Spear, Klingsor inflicts upon him the wound that shall never be healed till the Spear be restored to its companion, the Grail Cup.

It is Parsifal, the pure, the unenlightened with the world's wisdom, who wins the guerdon of this quest. Clothed about with purity, he rejects the temptations of Kundry, and is therefore unharmed by the Sacred Spear which is hurled at him by Klingsor. He heals the wound of Amfortas, finds his way at last to the Castle of the Grail and restores the Spear to its old place. Then, having redeemed Kundry from the power of Klingsor, he finds the Grail and raises it triumphantly aloft.

The story of Amfortas is the story of very many who, having essayed the Path, lose their way because of following some will-o'-the-wisp of the brain-mind. It is an old story, written again and again in the annals of The Theosophical Movement. The Parsifals are few.

They are those who, not only in purity but in innocence, essay the Path. They miss the pitfalls which await those who are guided by the brain-mind. They escape the snares into which those fall who are led by passion.

They are unharmed by temptations because mentally on a plane higher than the desires.

They mingle with their purity truest compassion, and thus escape the penalty of being thrown again and again to the foot of the long and terrible ascent by the cardinal sin of separateness. They journey on and on, redeeming the unwilling slaves of this or that vice, healing the wounds of those who have been led out into some by-way and away from the true Path, and at last reach the Grail Castle. There they find the pure wisdom for which they were seeking; nor, truly, would they



"PARSIFAL" by R. W. MACHELL

have found it had they not been at heart like as a little child.

The pupil must regain the child state he has lost ere the first sound can fall upon his ear.

In his painting, which in size is really a mural decoration, Machell has pictured the old, old struggle, the failure; the conquest, and compassion's privilege to succor and redeem. It is the legend that has come down to us through the ages, but forever uninterpreted until H. P. Blavatsky threw upon it the light of the Wisdom Religion. Fortunate are those who can read its message and, within their heart of hearts, fight the battles that lead to peace. The majority cannot—or will not—do this, but must fight them on outer lines in the old hard way. It is humanity's way. The path of Parsifal is the royal road, trodden only by the few. M.

Whistler Was Not Great as a Map Draughtsman

SINCE the death of James McNeil Whistler, the artist, many stories of his eccentric ways have come to light. It is not generally known that he was intended by his father (a West Point graduate) for a military career, but such was the case. Yet, although entered at West Point, he did not remain and it is said that he characteristically replied to a lady who, some years later, asked him the reason, "Because silicon is not a gas, madam!" The first year at West Point he received 190 demerits and when, later, he failed to pass his examinations in chemistry and was dismissed his delight knew no bounds, for he had a diligent dislike of applying himself to any line of study in which he was not interested.

Whistler's unconventionality made him many enemies and these he wore, so to speak, rather obtrusively yet with an easy and Bohemian grace. The account of his discharge from government employ is a case in point. He had been employed to engrave certain maps for the Coast Survey. But on the margin of one of the plates young Whistler also engraved certain sketches for his own amusement. The plate was confiscated and young Whistler was informed that such conduct was unwarrantable. He contended that it was unwarrantable on the part of the government to appropriate the plate without notice, but the result was that his connection with the government was abruptly terminated. It was a fortunate thing for Whistler. A few weeks later he went to Russia, thence to Paris, and his career as an artist began. E. H.

WOMAN'S WORLD

"SUCH IS THE STRENGTH OF ART, ROUGH THINGS TO SHAPE,
AND OF RUDE COMMONS RICH ENCLOSURES MAKE."

In the Cocoon Room

THE Silk-Industry Department at Point Loma has its headquarters at present in the building of the Woman's Exchange and Mart.

The Cocoon Room is one of the most interesting, given up, as it is, not to the live cocoons, nor even to those which are useful in the making of silk, but to cocoons which have been discarded.

When the queer little worms have completed their life-cycle and have wound themselves up in the hundreds of yards of fine silken strands which go to make up the cocoons, the person in charge then looks over the assortment and selects the largest and most perfect. These are laid aside for the worm to develop into the miller, in order to perpetuate the species. The others are steamed, and then utilized for the making of the silk. The larger cocoons, in the course of time, are pierced at one end by the miller as he makes his exit and are therefore unfit for use on the reeling machine. It is these that are placed in the Cocoon Room to be utilized in many novel and artistic ways by the student-workers in the Woman's Exchange and Mart.

The "Brownies" of Loma-land have gone out into many parts of the world. Made of these discarded cocoons, in most delicate shades of yellow, green and glistening white, and decorated by the deft fingers of one of the artists, they must carry something of the atmosphere of this blessed place. Whole sets of doll furniture are made from these, doll tea-sets, too, painted in the Delft Blues, a perfect delight to any child. There are exquisite curtains, made entirely of the cocoons, others of delicate textures ornamented with them. Such a variety of uses is made of these products which are ordinarily discarded that one might write columns. The silk industry of Loma-land is yet in its beginnings, but enough has already been done to prove to those whose eyes are not blinded, that Katherine Tingley worked from a knowledge of humanity's needs when she founded it. Later—not much later—she will establish great silk industries in Cuba, and the beginning of that work has already been made by the planting of several thousand mulberry trees during the recent Crusade to that island. There is no sight more interesting than that of the class of Cuban girls who are learning to reel silk from the cocoon. From a single cocoon an expert can reel from 400 to 1500 yards. There is a certain deftness of touch peculiar to the women of Cuba. It appears to be a characteristic of nearly all Oriental peoples, probably due to an heredity of ages of work with threads and strands and textiles, and is of peculiar value in the silk department. The girls now learning in Loma-land will be teachers of the industry in their own beloved Cuba. They are more than ordinarily intelligent, are adaptable and industrious. Such as they promise to Cuba a bright future indeed, for the Island needs true helpers, and to its sons and daughters it must look.

STUDENT

Woman's Exchange & Mart

THE following paragraphs are extracts from a letter recently received by Mrs. Isabel Butler, manager of the Woman's Exchange and Mart at Point Loma. It is but one of many received from visitors who, coming here and discovering how this beautiful work has been misrepresented, feel it their duty to express their conviction as to its wonder and its worth:

"Will you permit one who has been merely a casual visitor to Loma-land, to say a word about the beauty of the Exchange and Mart? Though a stranger to the work before I came, and though somewhat prejudiced against the place—for you well know that the enemies are still existent—I was so impressed by what I saw that my lips refuse to be silent or my pen to be still.

"For many years, as I told you, I have been connected with the Domestic Economy Department of our College. There we have made some attempt to introduce industrial work, work with textiles, fine needlework, work with woods and leather. We have done much, but I go back to my work with renewed inspiration, after seeing what is done in Loma-land. . . .

"Yet well do I know, my dear friend, that your work can never be copied or imitated. There is in it all a touch that is unique. From the kelpies to the bit of bare burlap—from the simplest bit of needle work to one of Miss White's marvelous paintings—there is apparent what I might call the Touch Inimitable. What is it, my good friend—for I feel that you are that—is it the Student Life? I know there is some secret and I long to find it. I am coming again and again, and I look forward to the chance of some day becoming one of your number, one of Katherine Tingley's students.

"I was most of all impressed with the use you are making of the simplest objects—those things which are so usually discarded—the kelpies, the long sea-weed fronds, the unused cocoons. If you can create—no other word will do—objects of such beauty from those simple things, surely you

must have found some secret that the world has yet to discover. Even your revival of the ancient arts and crafts seemed to me less interesting.

"After my return to — I shall send you some of our sea-shells. We have an unusual variety, and some are exquisite in color and form. Your use of the tiny Pacific shells upon the textures has inspired me to add my mite to the great work Katherine Tingley is doing for humanity.

"Thanking you again for your courtesy to me on the day of my visit, and hoping that I may see you soon again, I am, Sincerely yours,

"LYDIA L. WOODWORTH"

God plants us where we grow.—*Browning*

WOMEN must learn that wrongs cannot be righted by helplessly bewailing, but by constantly resisting.—*Rev. Anna Shaw*



COCOON ROOM, WOMAN'S EXCHANGE & MART, POINT LOMA

Our Birthright

WE had a great inheritance of which we have been defrauded. Why? Because in our ignorance we did not know how to handle it. We were never taught to protect it and it was stolen from us. We question, "How shall we go about it to get back our lost inheritance?" We find that each one is so busy looking after his own particular share he thinks he has no time to help his neighbor. So each struggles alone. Why not join forces and carry our common cause of injustice into the higher courts which refuse no man a hearing?

But what is this inheritance? How many of us definitely know what it is we seek? It is the knowledge that we are souls, and the effort to live as souls, in just relation to our fellows. This knowledge, with ability to use it, the law will give back to us if we make a positive and forceful demand. But we have been taught we are miserable sinners, and so we become weak suppliants before the law. We ask for help in a negative way and the law gives us what we ask; it metes out to us in exact measure negative help. The supply equals the demand.

How can our demand be made urgent and effectual? By throwing off the yoke cast about our necks at birth, the psychological force that would keep us miserable sinners and weak suppliants before the Law—negative weaklings. Let us take the positive attitude of recognizing the Law as all powerful and fitting ourselves as coworkers with it. When our case comes to trial in the courts of this Higher Law it means a battle between these two elements (positive and negative) which stand for the higher and the lower nature. We knock at the door of justice and it opens, but when we go into court as miserable sinners, branded by our lower nature as

weak suppliants, our case is lost. Back into the seething whirlpool of experience we must go, again to wade through the murky darkness to the light we seek. By placing our only reliance on the Law we learn where to find the courage to ask again for help, and by the faith we show greater help is given to us. Again we knock at the door of justice and when we enter the court this time our case wins a point because of the faith we show—yet all is not won. Back again we must go, into the whirlpool, but the light we seek is brighter now and the help we persistently ask becomes an intense concentration of purpose which holds us above the power that would drag us down. We are still held back by strand upon strand of our own past weaving, but our earnest seeking of the light breaks, one by one, these opposing elements of the lower nature and refashions them into advocates of the Higher. Then our case becomes so strong we can ask a hearing with surety of success. We knock at the door with such love and determination to serve the Law, that we are admitted into the very presence of justice to receive from her that which we seek—the knowledge of our own nature, the knowledge which liberates us as souls and gives to us power and peace. This is our birthright, "and the hour of attainment is *now*—if we will." ELIZABETH WHITNEY

We are generally too low in our aims, more anxious for safety than security, for place than purity.—George Eliot

Women as Street-Cleaners

RECENTLY three Italian women applied for work on the Chicago street-cleaning force. When asked for credentials one of them replied that she had worked in Naples for two years handling freight, that she had carried debris from the excavations at Pompeii, using a wheelbarrow, and that she had carried bricks as well. The second had worked on the streets, laying stone, and for a year had drawn a milk wagon, harnessed with a dog. The third had cleaned streets in Italy for a number of years and had also worked in the stone quarries of that country. Mrs. Paul, who is superintendent of one of the cleaning brigades, was in favor of employing them, but the general superintendent declined to do so.

Whatever may be said as to the advantages of street-cleaning in Chicago over hauling milk wagons or carrying bricks in Naples, it would be a grievous mistake enough to institute that sort of thing in America. The woman labor of Europe is, in some of its phases, a disgrace. And while it is probably true that many a woman in America, who has every

physical comfort, suffers often more than the coarser type of woman who works in the harvest field in Germany, it would be a distinct step backward for us, as a people, to place even the commonest type of Italians in the ranks of street-cleaners. There is something of dignity in womanhood itself, no matter how little the outer may serve or express the inner. It is not that the suffering would be so great—any woman who works along lines of practical and unselfish reform suffers more in a week than these women are capable of doing in a year—but there is a principle involved. The spectacle of seeing one's mother cleaning streets, particularly if the father, as

is often the case, is idle or gambling, is not calculated to stir even in the heart of the Italian child the sentiment of true chivalry. And that sentiment must be aroused and kept alive among our children, particularly among the children of the very poor. It may be their salvation. It certainly will make of them better citizens. It will foster the highest that is in their natures, not the lower qualities, and that is something that no sacrifice is too great to make certain. R.

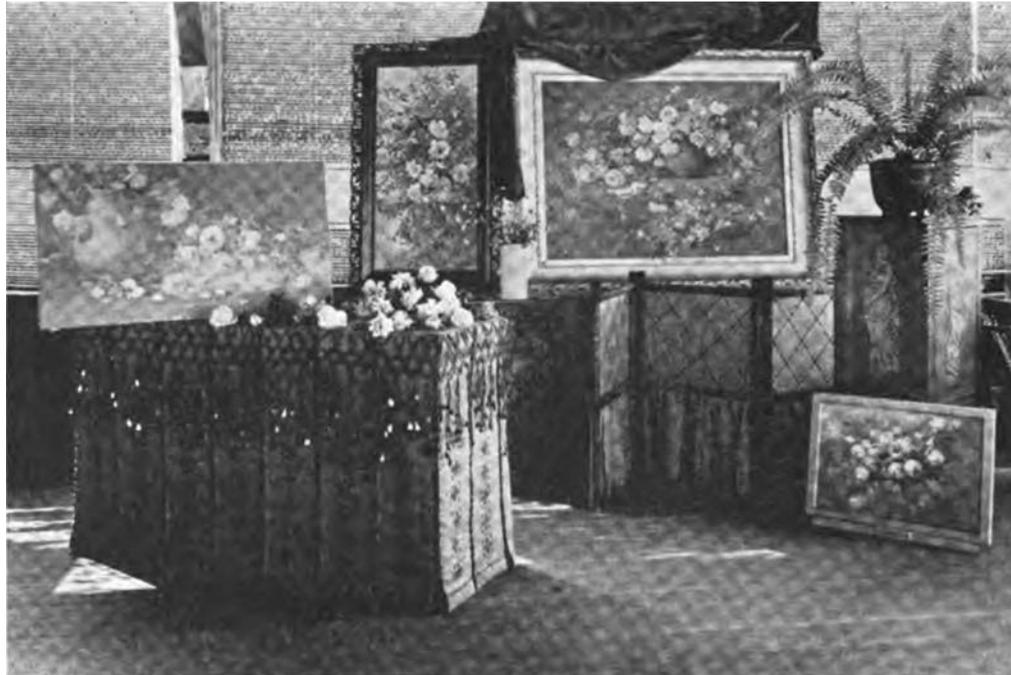
Emerson

FEW realize the extent of our indebtedness, as women, to Ralph Waldo Emerson. As far back as 1855, when to advocate higher education or higher anything for women was to render oneself immediately unpopular with the public, he took a strongly radical position:

There is no movement more seriously interesting to every healthy and thoughtful mind than that to benefit the position of woman.

And he held that no right of property or person that was held by a man could, by any argument, in justice be refused a woman. That was nearly fifty years ago, and at that time in no state could a woman, by law, hold her own property or receive pay for her own work if her husband chose to object. To him may be applied his own words:

The true preacher can be known by this, that he deals out to people his life—life passed through the fire of thought.



A CORNER IN THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE & MART, POINT LOMA

Barnacles

by SYDNEY LANIER

MY soul is sailing through the sea
But the Past is heavy and hindereth me.
The Past hath crusted cumbersome shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea-mells
About my soul.

The huge waves wash, the high waves roll.
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole
And hindereth me from sailing.

Old Past let go, and drop it the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The Day to find.
Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind.
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing.

Modern Glimpses of Ancient Races

Prehistoric Portraiture—Mr. Herbert and the Stone Races

IN the New Forest Mr. Auberon Herbert has picked up, in the course of rambles extending over many years, quite an extensive collection of relics of the Stone Races who formerly inhabited Britain, as they did other parts of the world, and are distinguished by their use of stones, especially flints, to make their implements and weapons.

But, more than weapons and implements, Mr. Herbert's collection includes a great number of portraits and other pictorial representations engraved on stone. These were exhibited to a select party at the Langham Hotel, London. Though to the unseeing eye of the ordinary careless observer many of the specimens would have seemed ordinary pieces of stone, closer and more intelligent study shows that human agency was most certainly at work in producing these forms.

In many cases, the artists availed themselves of casual likenesses in the stone, merely finishing and retouching them. The specimens have even been classified, and another collector, Mr. W. M. Newton, exhibited a similar collection. Following are some extracts from an article in the London *Daily News* on the exhibition:

"You, Mr. Herbert, have picked up these relics in your rambles through the New Forest for some years?"

"These," was the reply, "came from the gravel pits. My belief is it is not confined to the New Forest, but is common to the gravel pits in the south of England."

"To what geological period may I ask are these relics believed to belong?"

"There is a dispute as to when the stone man lived. Geikie puts it in the moments between the interglacial periods. Lyel puts it after the glacial periods."

Taking "moments" as a geological expression signifying a few score thousand years, I ventured to observe, interrogatively, "These stones do not appear to be implements?"

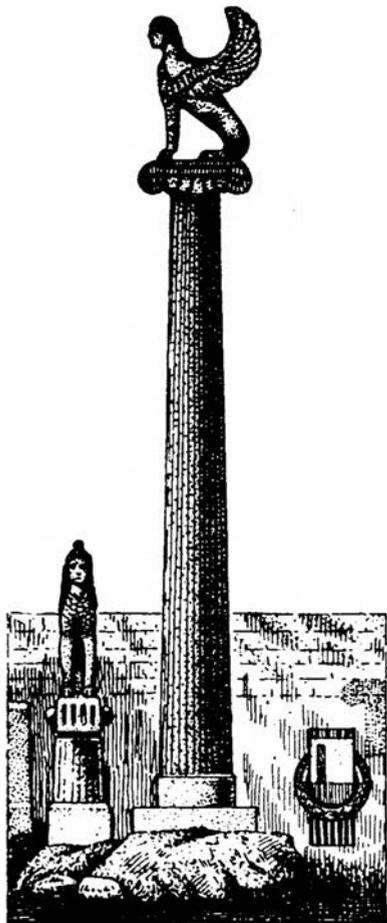
"They speak for themselves," replied the interrogated, taking up in his hand a piece of stone, white as chalk, and in rough crescent form, about three inches across the widest part. "It has the human face, and eyes and nose and beard, with the hair of the head drawn up."

Here, indeed, was a new and startling revelation in lithic study. All these stones, each and every one, was sincerely believed to have been carved more or less by human hands in ages so remote that one is staggered to think of it. A hundred thousand years is regarded as a modest computation.

"This one is fantastic; here are two flat faces (size of half-crowns, and as thin). I calculate that some like them are to be found in gravel pits close to London. Yes, specimens have been found in the Valley of the Somme," replied Mr. Herbert to an able editor who had put the question.

The man of the period saw a stone suggestive of the face of a man, animal, bird, fish, or reptile, and forthwith chipped it with flint into the actual individual semblance, giving especial prominence to eyes, nose, beard and hair. One step further went in the direction of a cup hollowed out of a stone with the requisite natural bent. Of such were all these hundreds of specimens of chipped stones from the gravel of the far away antediluvian river drifts. Those shown by Mr. Newton were heavy and massive, weighing several pounds; those by Mr. Herbert were mostly small and light, weighing only as many ounces.

THE fishermen of Brittany utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and Thy ocean is so wide."



COLUMN OF THE NAXIANS IN THE TEMPLE AT DELPHI
From excavations recently made by the French government. (Restoration)

Jamaican Caves That Reveal Interesting Archeological Relics

FROM the archeological point of view Jamaica still waits to be explored. Nor would such exploration be altogether experimental, as enough has been done to sharpen the appetite and to indicate the feast of good things which probably await discovery.

The caves in which the island abounds seem to be the most fruitful sites for investigation. What little has been done has resulted in the finding of very numerous articles of daily use such as weapons of various kinds, domestic utensils, pottery, articles of clothing and inscribed stones. The pottery is usually decorated either with conventional designs or with human and animal heads. Much of this pottery was evidently intended for funerary purposes, either to contain the head of the deceased or as receptacles for the food which was buried with the body.

A certain number of stone hatchet heads have been turned up from time to time by the plow. These are usually of a rock resembling jade and also of a volcanic rock containing garnets. Some of them are very highly polished and were doubtless used for religious purposes. The handles are of *lignum vitæ*.

A peculiarity of these prehistoric people was their habit of burying their dead in caves and never elsewhere. The heads seem frequently to have been severed and enclosed in jars.

That these people were possessed of considerable manual dexterity is evidenced not only by the pottery but also by the chalcedony beads which are found in considerable numbers upon the shell heaps. These beads are beautifully fashioned and highly polished.

The cursory examination of the Island has revealed so much of importance that it is to be hoped that a full investigation will not be long delayed.

STUDENT

The Children of the Pharaohs Had Their Marbles and Dolls

RACES may come and races may pass on into apparent oblivion, but childhood is childhood the world around and the ages through. Today, from the tombs of Egypt our archeologists are bringing forth playthings which might have served equally well in the nurseries of the Pharaohs and in those of modern homes. Even the school-boy "copy book" might still pass muster if it could be freshened up a bit. And as the sad-eyed mother of today sometimes slips into the little coffin, reverently, silently, the favorite picture-book or the beloved doll, so the



mothers of ancient Egypt gathered up the toys of the child who had died and laid them beside it in the sarcophagus, or mummy case.

Among the toys discovered by our archeologists are tiny chairs and tables, boats, dolls of many kinds and even mechanical toys. Some of the boats are of wood, others of stone. There are the prototypes of our Noah's Ark animals—although, I believe, the ark is missing—then checkers and even marbles. It has long been known that the old Greeks had mechanical toys, but these discoveries throw new light upon the resources of ancient Egypt.

E. W.

EXCAVATIONS have revealed the base of the celebrated equestrian statue of the Emperor Domitian, which is of the greatest interest in determining the topography of the forum during the First century, A. D. The base stands five feet below the present level of the forum. It is forty feet long, twenty feet wide and over ten feet high. On the top are three blocks of stone showing where the feet of the horse stood. The fourth block is lacking, indicating that the right fore foot was raised. The measurements show that the statue must have been six times life size.

E.

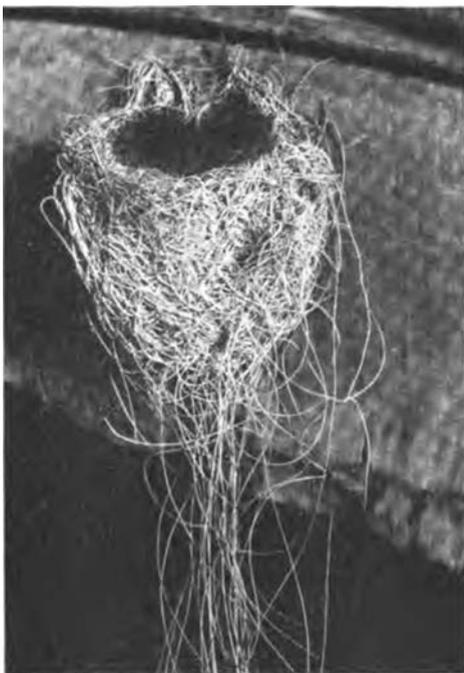
Nature

Studies

Pleasures of Housekeeping in a Banana Tree

THE golden orioles built this year in the banana trees at the International Brotherhood League Colony, and after they were done with the nest it was brought over to have its picture taken. If one will take a straight, limber switch about ten feet long, and hold it by the butt end, with the tip slightly raised, and then hang over it a strip of green paper about the same length and about eighteen inches wide, which has been creased lengthwise in the middle, it will give a general idea of what a banana leaf is. It was in this tent-like leaf that the nest was placed. They made it of the long, stringlike fibers from the edges of the fan-palm leaves, and sewed it in place by many loops passed through the leaf on either side.

One of the sides had to be pulled loose and turned back to get a picture of the nest, which is about the size to fill a man's double hands. The birds went to and from their nest by entering the gable end, passing lengthway of the leaf. We think that the bunch of strings hanging down was for a sort of sign-post to guide them home, as it was the only part visible. While the birdlings were being cared for Mrs. Oriole built another nest near by. It was almost exactly like the first, and housed a brood. Even after the second little ones were grown and had flown away, the nest in which they had lived was as clean and neat as though just built; in very marked contrast to the usual condition in which most birds leave their nests. All the orioles have gracefully pendant nests; some like little baskets hung from some elm or linden twig, but we have never till now seen a tent roof over one nor any so nicely kept. G. W.



GOLDEN ORIOLE'S NEST ON BANANA LEAF

Plants Sacrifice Themselves for Their Seeds

IN this region, where nearly all the rain falls during the winter, the wild plants which happen to grow on high ridges or rocky shelves where there is but little earth to hold the moisture, are often compelled to desperate shifts to ripen their seeds. There are two opposite plans followed by them when driven to extremities by lack of water. One is to sacrifice the plant, beginning with the outer twigs, for the sake of saving the root. This is the favorite plan of the perennials, but many of the annuals, especially the wild heliotrope and the ice-plant, do just the reverse. The root dies first when the water fails, then the large branches, and so on until it may happen that the blossom is the only living part of the plant.

Each portion as it dies throws its strength into the remaining parts, thus sometimes ripening seed on a small bit of detached twig, the actual plant having been long since dead. Even when water is quite plentiful such plants do not take any needless risks with their seeds. The heliotrope, sun-cups and poppies in particular ripen them in a very few days and at once set them free, so that empty seed-vessels may be found an inch back of the fresh blooms. This surrender of the plant's life to perfectly complete its mission is in refreshing contrast to some of our social and religious institutions, the only object of which appears to be the keeping themselves alive without caring much whether they bear any fruit at all. When a plant has produced its fruit its activities at once begin to lessen. If it is an annual it dies and dissolves, if a biennial or perennial it passes into latency. It is often very noticeable that the remains of the plant which has produced ripe fruit decay much more quickly and completely than those of one which has not. This one fact should of itself teach us that the passing of old forms which have fulfilled their function is a wholesome and natural incident of life and not a horrible and terrible thing to be feared and avoided. We admire the succession of life in the plant which lives again in its seed, and we blame the child which makes a fuss about changing its old clothes for new, yet when we are called upon to change these garments of flesh for new ones, we make as much outcry about taking off the old suit as though the universe were about to perish. Y.

THE flowers live by the tears that fall
From the sad face of the skies,
And life would have no joys at all
If there were no watery eyes.

Love thou thy sorrow, grief shall bring
Its own excuse in after years;
The rainbow—see how fair a thing
God hath built up from tears.—H. S. SUTTON

Does "The Struggle for Existence" Prevail?

IN *Knowledge*, an English biologist, Mr. J. Collier, calls in question the idea that the struggle for existence obtaining in nature is fundamentally and necessarily cruel or attended with bloodshed. He gives an instance (from a Danish naturalist) of an ordinary type of "struggle" in nature:

A birch is in possession of a tract. Its branches are open and let down the sunshine to its base, where the beech strikes root in the humus formed by the decomposition of birch leaves. The beech grows up, and, being longer lived, it survives and prevails over the birch, whose seeds can effect no lodgment under the dense shadow of the beech. . . . We perceive in what the battle, the victory, and the defeat, consist. No single birch perishes till its time is come, but it leaves fewer and fewer offspring, and it fattens the soil for its supplanter. It is battle by elimination, victory by supplanting.

That is a type of ninety-nine hundredths of the "struggles" by which evolution is carried on. They are not struggles of individual with individual, so much as of each individual with nature, with the difficulty of food getting. And where the difficulty is very great, among vegetables the seeds do not germinate: among animals the race is not reproduced. It is not true that organic evolution is only carried on through "a pitiless series of pitched battles." X.



SUNFLOWERS FROM A LOMA-LAND GARDEN

A NEW book is announced for auxiliary use in schools which has the object of "putting the child in sympathy with nature," a purpose, it is believed, "that all friends of nature will heartily approve." Nature will doubtless feel very much flattered by such social recognition. We venture to suggest that the best way "to put a child in sympathy with nature" is to let him know that all nature is the various forms in which the Spirit of Life seeks expression and that everything has its own proper degree of intelligence. Then let him alone to get acquainted with nature, and don't flood his mind with abstruse analyses and classifications. When he wants to know such things he will ask, and learn he is a wonderful part of nature. X.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE usual large audience assembled at Isis Theatre on Sunday evening. Two addresses were announced, one being by Mrs. Tyberg on the subject of "Some Contrasts Suggested by Life at Point Loma," and the second by the Rev. Mr. Neill on Raja Yoga. The musical program, given by students of Isis Conservatory of Music, was carried through with the customary skill, and was much appreciated by the audience. It consisted of the following numbers: Overture to Tannhauser; Introduction to Third Act of Lohengrin (Wagner); Duet from Samson and Delila (Saint-Saëns). Mrs. Tyberg, who was the first speaker of the evening, said in part:

"When we set out with courage and determination to realize a high ideal, a degree of vision is attained that enables us to perceive sharp contrasts, and the more unflinchingly we face things, within and without ourselves and try to find, and to live in the true relation to everything in life, the more clearly do we see the tragic abyss that lies between the life lived by the majority of people and the truly human life that is yet to be realized.

"A crying need of the time is the mere opportunity to live simply and do things for ourselves. To consciously choose, not being driven by want, to realize the simple necessities of daily life, is the beginning of a thread of consciousness that leads to a point where man may know and see, and be at one with all the life that his wonderful physical organism synthesizes.

"Take the question of the sustenance of the body. This is a vital question to woman. How many women spend the greater part of their lives in buying, preparing or sometimes hardest of all, managing to get some other person to prepare a great variety of delicacies in the way of food, to tempt the appetite and tickle the palate of the members of the family. Much of this food is not what is required by those who eat it, it is not of the kind to nourish their bodies and fit them for renewed activities. On the contrary, it often disables them by causing drowsiness and disease. Think of the abolition of waste that would ensue if, instead of what I have described, people were in the habit of taking only the food which increases the length of days, vigor and strength, which keeps one free from sickness, of tranquil mind and contented. Look next into the houses. Are they not too often merely storehouses for the accumulation of things acquired by purchase? When we enter

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Addresses by Mrs. Tyberg & Rev. S. J. Neill --- Music by the Students of Isis Conservatory

Reprinted from San Diego News

we feel the absence of simplicity, are jarred by the clogging of the necessary adjuncts of life with useless objects, not even beautiful, that have no relation to the lives of the people who put them there. What is needed is courage not to buy what is for sale, often for sale cheap, courage not to litter the homes with unnecessary things because others have them, or per-

haps with an added zest because others have them not and cannot get them. When we have willingly submitted ourselves to a process of reduction to the necessary, there will be a truer basis for the addition of the beautiful; and when *to do*, and *to be* have won back their lost place beside the dominant *to have* and *to get* of today, the hands will be free to use lost arts and crafts, and will make of every home a beautiful place, with its own atmosphere to salute pleasingly all whose privilege it is to enter. I have read that in ancient times no unheralded visit occurred in homes. This simple statement carried with it a refreshing breath from a time long ago, when home was a sacred precinct, an atmosphere lovingly and consciously builded in which men and women prepared for great work, an atmosphere not to be lightly invaded, but to be approached with reverence by those whose being and worth entitled them to reception there. Sometimes it almost seems as if the art of human intercourse were a lost one. To many I am sure it is so. But the students at Point Loma can testify that this is found in its highest aspect in working together for a great cause—the uplifting of humanity, in doing necessary and helpful work together, with dignity and graciousness."

The Rev. S. J. Neill's paper on Raja Yoga was an admirable explanation of an educational term with which we are becoming increasingly familiar. He said, "The great mass of the people speak of themselves as bodies and as having souls. Theosophy teaches us to think of ourselves as souls and as having bodies. Is there not a close similarity of thought between the words of the Apostle when he speaks of the sanctification of the whole man, spirit, soul and body, and the words of our present Leader when she says that Raja Yoga has to do with the whole man, it is the perfecting of body, soul and spirit? Yoga means union, and here then we find the things to be united. There is, we all know, a lower nature in us as well as a higher, and the Yoga, or joining, should consist in the lower being drawn up into harmony with the higher. And in doing this even the physical body will be uplifted and purified."

Music by Isis Conservatory and Raja Yoga School

THE weekly concerts at the Universal Brotherhood Headquarters at Point Loma have for long been rising steadily both in character of programs and finished execution of the performers. The large congregation of students at the Theosophical center look forward to these events with increasing delight. The string orchestra, which numbers among its participants some very accomplished artists, soloists, has under the training of its versatile conductor grown to a remarkably unified body of conscientious musicians. They are certainly able to respond to the unwritten depths of the real spirit of music which unfortunately so seldom rises to the surface even in the world's noted concert rooms.

The Isis Conservatory glories also in the possession of a chorus of mixed voices of quite unique material, which is culled from the flower of intelligent students of the great institution. Much therefore is expected of them, still their exceptionally fine tone-qualities and the brilliant renderings of their work are taken merely as matter of fact.

But the juvenile chorus and triple vocal quartets surpass in finished achievements the most admired of children's choirs, no matter where located, to hear some of which many people travel thousands of miles from distant countries. A more exquisite rendition of secular four part songs as sung by thirteen of these select juvenile students, all of whom have the gift of exceptionally fine voice, can hardly be imagined. Purity of intonation, always done with greatest ease and certainty, versatile and ever interesting musical conceptions accompanied by perfect declamation, are the uniform performances of this wonderfully fortunate body of little people. It has been said by an experienced critic that unquestionably this one is the finest juvenile quartet combination in the world, and without doubt will shortly become known as such. To the resident students of the Theosophical Headquarters, these accomplishments are regarded as of little wonder. The Raja Yoga training under Katherine Tingley's directions so accentuates the esthetic qualities of human nature that those who have had the advantage of this training for some years, are naturally expected to be different from other children.

However, with regard to music especially, there are specific advantages which stand in lieu of the necessity of unremitting and constant effort where those advantages do not exist. It is the musical atmosphere in every department of music and the more than general love for the good and the true and the beautiful of the entire community of students at the Point Loma headquarters; the musical atmosphere is manifold and constant and creative. It exercises its benign influence most effectively on the young impressionable students. Never was seen among children such love for study, such appreciation of their teachers (who all work without pay) and such eagerness to seek the thing, the heart, the kernel, for its own sake—not for the sake of making a personal show with it.

The present status of accomplishment of really high and intrinsic merit is the result of but a few years' experience. What may not be justly expected in the near future, even in a short space of time from now?

Following is a program given at one of the weekly concerts in the acoustically matchless rotunda of the Homestead Building, on Wednesday, Aug. 26, 1903:

March: Tannhauser (string orchestra)	R. Wagner
"Old Kentucky Home"	S. C. Foster
(unison chorus; triple quartet for refrain)	
"Romanze"	Heitsch
(violin solo, juvenile Raja Yoga student, with orchestra)	
"Oh May I Join the Choir Invisible"	J. M. Smieton
(mixed chorus and juvenile triple quartet, both a capella)	
Norsk Melodie (string orchestra)	Grieg
"Presage of Spring" (triple quartet)	A. Hollaender
"In Thy Presence"	Lassen
(triple quartet with soprano solo and guitar accompaniment)	
"Evening Prayer in Brittany"	Charniade
(juvenile chorus, solos, orchestra and chimes)	
March	Becker
(special singing class chorus 80 voices)	

E. A. N.

Views of the Wonderful

Petrified Forest

of Arizona

NOT long ago the great petrified forest of Arizona was in danger of destruction. The curiosity hunter is notoriously conscienceless where the objects of his search are concerned, and vast as is this wonderful petrified region it was certainly upon the road to ruin from the wholesale demolition which was being wrought by its admirers. The United States government has now extended its protection to what is certainly one of the most startling wonders of the world. This natural marvel is in the middle of the great Apache desert. It covers about two square miles, although isolated trees in a petrified condition are to be found throughout an area of fifty miles.

The trees of this forest lie upon the ground, the ends showing brilliant hues of red, yellow and blue. The bark is well preserved and of a dull color. Many of the logs are four feet in diameter and from ten to twelve feet in length. The hundreds of small pieces which lie in every direction are probably the remains of branches. Enormous masses of chips cover the ground and the wealth of beautiful color which they display is a sight not soon to be forgotten. These chips are of agate, amethyst and topaz of many tints and capable of very high polish. Cross-sections of the logs display the yearly ring marks and even the separation of the bark in marvelous detail. Although the logs are now of relatively small dimensions they must originally have formed parts of very large trees. Estimating from what now remains many of these trees must have been two hundred feet in height.

To the scientist the history of the petrified forest is almost an open book. Unnumbered ages ago, before the Grand Cañon itself had been born, the valley of the petrified forest became a lake and its trees were submerged. The volcanoes which surrounded the lake poured their silica into the water, saturating the fiber of the wood and replacing with silica every atom of their bulk. Iron and manganese were also present, and from these come the wonderful yellow and blues and reds. Then came the Titan convulsion which split the world and fashioned the Grand Cañon. The waters of the lake in irresistible volume poured themselves forth into the lower levels and the trees which for ages they had hidden and petrified were snapped short before the resistless flood and laid low upon the ground for the marvel of generations yet to come. The Indians knew of it centuries ago and from its wealth they produced enormous quantities of implements, arrow- and spear-heads, and the like, which are found to this day in Wyoming to the north and in Mexico to the south. To the Indians the petrified forest must indeed have been a treasure chamber, supplying them with the means of the chase and of protection superior far to anything of which they knew elsewhere.

The discovery of the petrified forest was the forerunner of other finds of hardly less interest. Chief among these was the one made by James M. Pulver about twelve miles east of Winslow. Hunting for some strayed horses he came in sight of some perpendicular sandstone cliffs upon the worn faces of which a number of huge trees were standing forth in bold relief, like the pillars of a mighty temple. Some of these petrified trees were six feet in diameter and of a variety not now found in the locality.

It must be a matter of congratulation to any lover of the wonder-lands of America that the Petrified Forest of Arizona is no longer entirely at the mercy of the Goth and Vandal. In one year over three hundred tons of agate and jasper were carried away, while upon one occasion dynamite was actually used to entirely destroy one of the finest of the trees in order to secure a handful of chips from the heart of the dead giant.

Death of a Pioneer Worker

ON August 1st one of our old Comrades, Edmund F. Woodward, of Sacramento, one of the pioneer workers in California, passed away. His death was the result of an accident; he was struck by a falling elevator and died shortly after without speaking a word. Although 73 years old and an invalid, suffering bodily pain almost continuously, he was most faithful and punctual in Lodge work. All his Comrades loved him and speak of his acts of charity and self-sacrifice as countless, and he will be much missed; but his memory and the influence of his life will remain and the work that he loved will go forward.



SCENES IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST OF ARIZONA

THE mammoth which was dug out from Siberian snows by Doctor Otto Herz and mounted for exhibition in the St. Petersburg Museum, has now been made the subject of an investigation as to the cause of his death. Dr. Herz finds that it died from a rupture of a blood vessel, caused by frantic efforts to climb out of a crevasse in a glacier into which it had slipped. The fore limbs were spread widely apart and sharply bent at the wrist, the hind limbs bent under the body, the tongue hanging out, and the mouth filled with unchewed grass.

◆ ◆ Dave Slocum's Bridge ◆ ◆



SILAS EMERIC had been considered a well-to-do man in the little New England village. He was the proprietor of the store and owned a small farm a mile from the village where Mrs. Emeric preferred to reside.

But misfortunes had come thick and fast. The store was gone, the farm mortgaged and now Mr. Emeric found himself past sixty a ruined man, broken in health and bereft of his children. Giving up the farm was only a question of time; but he was struggling desperately, old, feeble and heartbroken, to eke out a living on it as long as possible.

"Rhoda," he said suddenly as they sat at dinner, pushing away his plate with the food almost untasted, "Rhoda, I can't do it." Despair was in his eyes and voice. "I'm clean beat out. I can't ever get on alone with the crops, I don't see anything but the poor house for us next winter."

Mrs. Emeric rose quickly and standing behind her husband gently smoothed back his thin gray locks. "There, there, father," she said, "don't you take on that way. There'll be some way now, so don't let's give up yet."

Just then they heard the loud click of the front gate and footsteps coming round the house. A stranger came round the corner by the well and stood looking up at them. He was roughly dressed and bore marks of travel on the dusty country roads.

"He's tired and hungry, Silas," whispered Mrs. Emeric. "I expect he wants something to eat."

"Well, we haven't eat much; there's plenty left for him. Get him a plate."

The man was told to wash at the well and then invited to eat. But before he would sit down he told Mr. Emeric that he was looking for work and would gladly do enough to pay for his dinner. "'Pears like you might give me a job," he said, looking around at the sadly neglected place.

"I wish I could," sighed Mr. Emeric, "but I'm too poor to pay any one for work. I'm not able to do much myself and every thing's going to ruin."

"Well," replied the man, "I don't expect much wages. I'd like a kind of a home," looking appealingly at Mrs. Emeric, "an' I'd be willin' to work for my board for a spell. I've been sick and am not as strong as I used to be."

"Let him stay a while, father," whispered Mrs. Emeric. "You do need somebody bad to help you with all this hoein'. You come right in now and lie down."

The stranger sat down to eat while Mr. Emeric rested on the wide, comfortable lounge in the kitchen.

"It won't make any difference, Rhoda," he said wearily. "Things can't be any worse anyhow."

"O, yes they could, Silas," returned his wife, patting the cushion for his head and spreading a light rug over him. Since the loss of their children and, last of all, the young grandson, a handsome merry lad, whom they had looked upon as the staff of their declining years, she had lavished all the mother-feeling with which her heart was overflowing, upon her husband. "I have a kind of feeling, father, that something's goin' to turn up in our favor. Why who knows," she continued meditatively, "but what this man'll be a real help to us? an' like enough, we'll help him, too. He looks real bad, poor feller! When he said he wanted a home there was a sort of hungry look in his eyes that went right to my heart."

"I guess he's hungry for victuals, most like, an' aint carin' for much else. Sho' what good'll he do us? He's nothin' but a tramp, an' who expects any good of them?"

"He looks to me's if there was something strong an' full o' purpose in him," insisted Mrs. Emeric.

"It's a strong purpose then to live off'n other people. He'll be off as soon as he's got enough to eat; an' you better watch out that he don't take your weddin' spoons, an' like as not he'll ride off on the old mare."

Mrs. Emeric sighed as she thought of Bert, the curly-headed, blue-eyed lad of sixteen, who had left them five long years before, and of whom no word had ever come. Where was he now? Might not he be homeless and friendless?

She went back to the porch, and the stranger looked up at her. He had heard—she had forgotten how near the table was to the open window. There was a look of dumb reproach and appeal in his eyes, like that of some animal that has received a sudden, sharp blow. But he only said: "If you'll tell me where there's a hoe, I'll get to work."

Contrary to Mr. Emeric's prediction the tramp, or Dave Slocum, as he called himself, seemed well content to stay and go on with the farm work. The potato vines emerged from the choking weeds; the corn and beans were hoed. Quiet, obliging and respectful, he served the old couple as if he had been their son. Mrs. Emeric never found her wood box nor water-pail empty. "Dave" turned the handle of the washing machine and the heavy dasher of the churn. He was breaking the roan colt and milking the wild heifer that no one else could manage.

They had learned to lean upon him and trust this patient, silent man, with the deeply-graven lines in his face and streaks of gray in his dark hair, though he could scarcely have reached forty years.

During the cool evening hours, while Mr. Emeric dozed on the lounge, Mrs. Emeric talked to Dave of the times gone by, of how her husband had been beguiled and cheated by his partner, an old and trusted friend; of their children dead; but most of all, of the grandson who, without cause or warning, had run away and, as they supposed, gone to sea and been drowned, for never a word had they heard from him. And Dave would sit on the steps listening and looking out into the darkness.

One night he spoke suddenly, in a strained voice: "Mrs. Emeric, Bert never went to sea or got drowned, I b'lieve I saw him once out West."

The easy motion of the rocker stopped and there was the silence of death; then Mrs. Emeric tottered across the porch and sat down on the step above him. Dave felt how she trembled as she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Dave Slocum," she whispered, "don't deceive me, O you wouldn't—you couldn't be so cruel!"

Dave straightened up and moistened his dry lips before he could speak.

"No," he said, "I wouldn't tell you if I wasn't pretty sure;" and then he went on describing the boy, his eyes and hair, his little tricks and manner of speech and action, till his grandmother could almost fancy she saw him before her.

"Of course," continued Dave, "he wasn't called Bert Converse; but I saw that name on a paper in his pocketbook one day. It was in a mining camp in New Mexico. I b'lieve I could find him, too."

After this, many and long were the consultations between the two. Mrs. Emeric judged it best not to take her husband into their confidence until Bert was brought back to them, or at least found.

Dave worked harder than ever to get through the fall work and make ready for the long cold winter. Thanks to his industry, the cellar was well stored with all kinds of vegetables as well as potatoes, while goodly rows of hams, sausage and bacon hung in the smokehouse. Dave was going to bring Bert home before Christmas. He had written to a friend who knew where he was.

Mrs. Emeric was in a state of tremulous joy and excitement, and full of plans for Bert's reception. She had worried greatly about money for the journey till Dave told her he had received a sum in payment of an old debt.

Dave had been gone three weeks and had written to Mrs. Emeric naming the date of his return with Bert, eager to see his grandparents and ask their forgiveness. Then she had told her husband. The night had come. The supper table stood before the blazing log fire and the couple waited with beating hearts. Yes, they were coming, the gate clicked, the front door opened; swift footsteps came along the passage—then—well, Mrs. Emeric was clinging, with sobs and tears, to the neck of the tall, bearded young man who, though so much grown and changed, was still to her—"Bertie."

But after a few days both Mr. and Mrs. Emeric felt that there was a change. The old joyous frankness was wanting; there was a gravity and constraint unsuited to his years, for after all he was only a boy, little more than twenty-one. So their joy was somewhat marred.

It was the day before Christmas, and Mrs. Emeric went out to the barn to look for her husband's mittens. As she picked them up she was arrested by the sound of a voice on the other side of the thin board partition. It was Bert's voice, saying: "After all, Dave, I'm only a jailbird, and can never be anything else."

Mrs. Emeric sank down on the hay, conscious of no sense save that of hearing. Then Dave spoke.

"See here, Bert," he said earnestly, "you've got to get over all this. I was more to blame than you. You'd never run away if I hadn't persuaded you. When you wanted to write or come back I kept coaxing you to put it off; I knew, and you was only a kid; I led you into all kinds of mischief. Then when we got into that cursed row, where the gambler was shot by Whisky Jim, and you got nabbed, I done all I could to get you off; you know I did."

"Yes, but nobody could help me then," said Bert.

"Well," resumed Dave, "pretty soon I was hauled up, too, but got shorter time than you. I hoped I'd be sent to your 'pen,' but I wasn't. My year went by well enough, and I got hold o' something I'd not miss for ten years. I didn't care a rap for all the preachers, but when the Theosophists came round they talked straight. They said all men are brothers, and they showed how it was, too. They said we'd all lived lots of times before and would again; and so, no matter how low a feller got, he'd have other chances if he'd only try his level best. All that stuck by me, Bert, but I didn't know how nor where to begin. They brought us books and papers to read, and one day I came across a story about a feller who was building a bridge. But he thought he could do something better; so he left his job and went to tryin' at other things. But no matter how hard he tried nothin' ever come right, and he was about to give it all up when he met somebody who told him to go back and finish his bridge; because nobody could get on much when he'd left some duty undone. I thought that fit me right down to the ground; so, soon's I got out, I come right here to take care of the old folks till you could do it. As for your bein' 'fraid your folks 'ill find out an' be down on you for disgracin' 'em and all that, why, you've got to chance it, and if they do, stand up to it. Now, Bert, I've got a little money, and a poor mine, an' a nice little ranch in Southern California, and if you'll take the old folks and go there, I'll deed every darned thing to them or you, an' go where none o' you will ever see or hear of me again. I've done my share of building the bridge. Now, what I want to know is, are you goin' to stand up like a man an' do your'n?"

"Yes, I am," cried Bert. "You're the truest friend any man could have; but I'm not goin' to take all your property. I don't want to face all these people here, but I'll work for the old folks."

Here they were interrupted by Mrs. Emeric, who flung herself upon Dave, crying: "Oh, Dave, you're an angel. You've saved my boy and you've saved us all. You shan't give up everything, but you've got to stay with Bert. We'll all go away together, and be safe and happy. Yes, you've got to go, too."

And he did.

S. F.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Modern Science & H. P. Blavatsky on the Electron

THE idea is gaining ground in science that the atom, formerly regarded as matter in its last possibility of subdivision, is itself composed of still smaller corpuscles named electrons because they are electrical. The number of these existing in an atom, and composing the atom, is from one thousand indefinitely upward; mercury, for example, having a hundred times that number. Under certain circumstances, streaming through a vacuum tube, they become radiantly visible, and matter is then called "in its fourth—or *radiant*—state."

But it would appear certain that however many of these electrons may go to make up any given atom, within that atom they are not nearer to each other than the planets in the solar system, relatively to size.

The difference between one atom and another, that which makes copper not mercury and hydrogen not gold, is (1) the *number* of electrons composing it, and (2) the pattern of their arrangement within it, and their relative motions with respect to each other.

So the real difference is in the *plan*, the design of the movement; *not* in the little moving points of light that obey that plan. H. P. Blavatsky long ago asserted this last suggestion of science that electricity is matter. She proposed that the term *molecule* should be reserved for matter in whatever degree of subtlety or sublimation; and that *atom* should be used for that plan according to which the molecules arrange themselves into groups and into groups of groups. Thus a group of "electrons" (finest molecules) makes what we now call an atom; a group of atoms (second grade of molecules) makes what alone we now call a molecule. A group of molecules makes up a cell, a crystal, a fibril, etc. The "atom," then, in H. P. Blavatsky's sense, is the life of the *atom*; for according to Theosophy each atom lives within itself its own life, and is conscious. The fact that its behavior does not vary in our chemical, electric or other scientific study of it, no more shows it to be unconscious or automatic, than the fact that a family in its home sent out daily at fixed hours fixed members of itself to do fixed things and return at uniform hours would show that it was unconscious or automatic. Or that the monotony of its external doings necessarily meant that it had not a rich and changeful life *within itself*. There is, says the teacher of Theosophy whom we have quoted, an "absolute Omniscience and Intelligence in the Universe, and this thrills through every *atom* and infinitesimal point of the whole Cosmos."

STUDENT

Advertising in Science—The Discoverers of Radium

THE discoverers of radium have set an example of scientific modesty which might very well be imitated by investigators of far less merit. They were satisfied with communicating the exact results obtained without exaggeration and without self-advertisement. Had a discovery of such supreme magnitude been made by some other scientists whom we might name, but will not, with what a blare of trumpets would it have been announced. We should certainly have been told that Professor . . . whose portrait would have been furnished, had at last wrung from reluctant nature her final secrets; that the very essence of life had at last been captured in a test tube and that science as represented by the learned professor had finally proved beyond all question that the deity was but a dream and the soul of man a myth. It is not perhaps entirely surprising that "scientists" of a certain order should do for themselves what the world might otherwise be a little slow in doing for them. There are some trumpets which would never be blown at all unless they were blown by their owners, and the league of laudation between press and laboratory is not surprising in an age which has exalted advertising into a fine art.

It is, of course, unfortunate that the rising generation, the young men and the young women who are pouring into the world with keen and hungry minds from our universities and schools, should be exposed to the blatant nonsense which today dares to call itself science. There can, however, be no better antidote than such an example as has been set by the discoverers of radium. The verified and accurate facts are at our disposal, but the names of Mr. and Mrs. Curie, being the names of true scientists, seek for obscurity and not for display.

F.

The Compound Atom—Getting Back to Ancient Wisdom

WE have already referred to the pressure of necessity which is driving the chemist to new ideas about the atom. The further that research is pressed into the domain of the infinitely small, the more do we find ourselves in the domain of the infinitely complex. Simplicity is further and further away.

The process of science is always the same. New facts arrive, and they throw the old theories into confusion. At last, by great intellectual effort, a new set of theories is constructed that is capable of covering all the facts. Once more there is simplicity. Then arrives another lot of facts vigorously refusing to come in under the umbrella. And the readjusting has to be done over again.

Up to ten years or less, ago, molecules consisted of atoms. And that was all. A molecule of sugar was made of still smaller particles (atoms) of hydrogen, carbon and oxygen. The atom was as far as you could get. It could not be split up, was an element, and did not change. It was always hydrogen, carbon, iron or what-not.

Further facts have arrived. Behold, the atom is a world, a solar system! Says Sir Oliver Lodge:

If we imagine an ordinary-sized church to be an atom of hydrogen, the electrons (still smaller atoms) constituting it, will be represented by about 700 grains of sand, each the size of an ordinary full stop, rotating with inconceivable velocity, and describing orbits about each other. It is assumed that these electrons are all alike, and that one atom differs from another of another kind only in the arrangement, number and motions of the electrons. This will do for a while; but only till reason appears for regarding the electrons as themselves made of something else.

In the meantime it is noteworthy that the much derided ancients are being rapidly justified in their contention that at the root there is but *one* kind of matter (to which they assigned, as it were, spiritual properties), and that the varieties of matter we know are only its various states and combinations. Perhaps their methods might repay study, if one could interpret their language.

K.

The Magnetic Pole to Be Mapped and Charted

IT is hoped that Captain Amundsen's polar expedition will definitely settle the much mooted point as to whether the magnetic pole is actually a point or whether it covers a considerable area. It is, of course, quite generally known that the compass needle does not point to the true north, but to a spot called the magnetic pole. From observations taken at various parts of the world it would seem that the magnetic pole is situated on Boothia, the most northern peninsula of the continent. The task of Captain Amundsen is to investigate and examine the whole of the surrounding territory with a view to ascertaining over how wide an area the needle will assume a verticle position. He estimates that this will probably occupy two years, although he is provided with supplies for double that time.

STUDENT

THE report of the committee upon chemically prepared foods, which is now sitting at Washington, will not be issued until October.

There seems, however, to be a well-founded opinion that the recommendation of the committee will be strongly adverse to the use of chemical preservatives. The chief chemist in the service of the department states that in his view "chemical preservatives in the ultimate, if long used, are harmful." The experiments seem to have been conducted with very great care, and if the forecast of the final report is correct it will but confirm a very general view that chemical admixtures with food are in every way to be deprecated.

X.

THE Pasteur Institute is lacking in sympathy for the enterprising scientists who "create life." The Institute has turned some slight attention to the remarkable claims which have emanated from Indiana and upon which we have already commented. The Parisian scientists somewhat rapidly dispose of the whole thing, by saying that the phenomena in question originated from some outside source.

J.

Here and There Throughout the World



A BUILDING SCENE IN FRONTIER TOWN OF OLD MEXICO

Will Explore the Pacific Coast Isles THE California Academy of Sciences has organized a series of expeditions, the results of which are likely to add largely to our knowledge of the Pacific Coast islands. The first of these expeditions has just returned, having traveled over 4000 miles in the schooner *Martin Sacks*. They visited the islands of Benedicto and Socorro, distant about 250 miles from the Mexican Coast. On Socorro no mammals whatever were found, but birds and reptiles were numerous. The Island of Clarion was also visited, 250 miles further out to sea, and some specimens of rare birds were secured. Altogether about 1000 specimens of birds were brought home and a very large number of snakes and lizards. No water whatever was found upon any of these islands, although vegetation exists in places. On Socorro an active volcano was discovered, 4000 feet high.

A Hanover Tomb and a Little Bird IN a certain cemetery in Hanover a tomb is to be found which bears the following curious and abrupt inscription: "This burial place, bought for all time, shall never be opened nor disturbed." The grave is marked by three heavy blocks of stone clamped together with iron bars and over all is a heavy marble drapery. Certainly it would seem as though the inscribed command must perforce be observed. But a little bird thought otherwise, for it dropped the seed of a birch tree among the great stones with their iron clamps. And that seed has grown into a great tree and it has burst asunder the stones as by an earthquake and the iron bars have been snapped like thread. Year by year as the roots expand the giant tombstones yawn and gape as though in silent and sardonic mockery of the man who by a command thought to stay the hand of nature. And this was done by a little bird.

A Royal Athlete at Phaleron Harbor ATHLETICISM has its advantages, even to royalty. The Crown Prince and Princess of Greece recently attended a theatrical performance in Phaleron Harbor. During the evening the Princess was threatened with violence by some man who approached her seat, and who would doubtless have carried out his threat had not the Crown Prince seized him by the neck and thrown him bodily into the street. Ignominious treatment of this kind would probably have few charms for miscreants who absolutely revel in the notoriety of a public trial and the acclamations of their kind.

Abolition of Lance in the British Army THE *Pioneer* comments upon the abolition of the lance in the British Army. It informs us that this step is by no means a mere question of ornament, but that it arises from the "growing disinclination which one white man has to killing another *sua manu*," and that this feeling is "especially strong in the Anglo-Saxon race." This is of course very gratifying, and it marks an advance toward the time when there will be a "growing disinclination" among men to kill each other at all.

Bones of Mastodon Found at St. Louis THERE seems to be little reason to doubt that herds of mastodons once wandered where now stands the city of St. Louis. Some large bones came to light while workmen were excavating with a steam shovel and these, upon examination, proved to be those of the mastodon. Remains of trees were also found partly converted into coal, and from these evidences it is not difficult to reconstruct a scene of prehistoric life almost bewildering in its antiquity. We are glad to observe that the importance of this discovery is fully appreciated and that the ground is to be very carefully examined in the hope of finding a complete skeleton.

The Resistance to English Rate Law THE new English Education Act is meeting with the passive resistance which was predicted. Near Matlock two destraint warrants have been issued for refusal to pay the school rate, amounting to a total of seventy-five cents. A sewing machine, a violin, a clock and a writing table were seized, and the incident represents what is going on all over the country. Paltry as is the amount there is no small element of the heroic in those who thus allow their homes to be stripped in defense of their religious liberty. A willingness to suffer for conviction and principle is not now so common a virtue that it should pass unrecorded.

Chinese Weaving in Manchuria THE Chinese of Ningpo are successfully introducing their hand woven cotton goods in Manchuria. The cloth is made from yarns spun in Chinese mills and from imported yarns. The yarns are colored before being woven and the colors are fast and durable. The cloth is made in pieces twenty yards long and twenty-five inches wide. The price of these goods at Ningpo is \$3 Mexican (\$1.85 United States) per piece. The company furnishes the yarn to the villagers and pays them by the foot for weaving. The work is done on hand looms in the homes by women and children, whose earnings are only a few cents per day.

Jamaica's Need of Material Assistance THE hurricane which has devastated Jamaica has left famine in its train. Thousands of people are starving with the added horror of exposure to the elements. Unripe bananas are the only available food, while the hospitals are crowded with the injured and the total mortality increases day by day. Unless help arrives quickly from America the outlook is dark indeed. Help, of course, will arrive as quickly as the transportation facilities will allow and is already being organized. If anything can mitigate such tragedies as this it is the outflow of international fraternal sympathy before which all artificial boundaries melt away.

The King & Queen of Italy Industrious THE king and queen of Italy seem determined to set a worthy example to their subjects. The king has already made himself noted for his rigid performance of duty and the queen is no less conscientious. They detest the empty formalities of social life and observe them as little as possible. The royal couple are at work not later than 6 o'clock every morning and they make a point of personally examining every petition which is addressed to them. They are said to have made it a rule to work together wherever it is at all possible. An example such as this will do more for Italy than a great deal of legislation.

Mandalay Claims the Largest Bell THE largest bell in the world—or so it is claimed—is to be found in Mandalay. This bell was manufactured in the Eighteenth century by order of the King and it measures 21 feet in height, including the decorations, and sixteen feet in diameter, while the thickness of the metal varies from six inches to twelve inches. Its weight is eighty tons and it hangs upon three beams of teak which in turn rest on pillars of masonry. STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Letter from Spots

DEAR CHILDREN: Don't be afraid! I won't bite you. But I do want to write you a letter. Today my mistress told about a wonderful dog named "Bozzie II," and about how Mrs. Roosevelt sent him a pretty collar with his name on it. Just think of it! That she dares to love a little dog without asking permission of that poor, misguided man up in Los Angeles, who said such curious things about me! Why, to hear the stories he has told you would think I was as big and savage as a bear! I am not. I am kind—almost as kind as my mistress—and I am so little. I weigh less than eight pounds. I like Loma-land better than New York. I used to live in New York in a great big house, with my mistress. How sorry I felt for her. She was ill nearly all the time. I remember the first time I ever saw her, too, and I was then just a wee puppy. I lived in a big ken—kennel, (I guess that is the word) with my mother. It happened that Mrs. Tingley, who is now my mistress, had once saved the life of the young man who owned us.

So one day he picked me up and said: "This one is the finest of the lot," and then he put me into a cozy little basket and I just went to sleep. When I woke up I was in a big, strange house. At first I was very lonely, but when I saw how my mistress loved birdies and little children I knew she would always love me. And she always has. Once a bad man came to see her. I knew he was bad as soon as I saw him and I just lay on my cushion and growled at him. I wouldn't go to him at all. He told bad stories about me, and he was afraid of me, too, for he knew I knew him.

Lots of good people come to see my mistress, to see if they can help her in her work with the little children. I can always tell good people, and when they come I get down from my cushion and make their acquaintance.

Children, don't you feel sorry for the ignorant people who tell bad stories? I do. They have made my mistress very sad, often. We ought to forgive them, for they bring themselves so much sorrow. But, then, they may learn to live better next time.

Last March my mistress went to Cuba. My! Wasn't I happy when she came back! I barked and barked. Gypsy barked, too. She is my adopted sister. Some day I will send her picture to the NEW CENTURY PATH. Every day Gypsy and I run out into the garden for a fine play. We can hear the Raja Yoga children singing their happy songs. Do you think I look very serious in my picture? I don't feel serious, for I am always happy. I never lose my temper; that's why. Good-by. Bow-wow.

SPOTS

"Better to punish your appetites than to let them punish you."



THIS IS SPOTS

The Cradle Ship

THERE'S a tiny ship, with its sails so white—
Oh, the precious freight that it bears tonight!
There's a faithful watch and a song of joy
That a mother sings to her sailor boy.
Then it's high-low, dear, and it's by-low, dear,
And a bright lookout to keep.
While my wee one sails with the rosy gales
To the pleasant port of Sleep.

Oh, the gentle hand at the helm to guide,
While the taut ship swings on the soundless tide
To the golden isle, all with gems arrayed,
Where by fairy hands pretty dreams are made!
Then it's high-low dear, and it's by-low, dear,
And a bright lookout to keep.
While my wee one sails with the rosy gales
To the pleasant port of Sleep.

Soon the sun lies down in its purple bed;
Soon the stars peep out from their nooks o'erhead;
Then the sails are furled, and, all peril past,
Near the isle of Naps we are anchored fast.
Then it's high-low, dear, and it's by-low, dear,
And a bright lookout to keep.
While my wee one sails with the rosy gales
To the pleasant port of Sleep.—Selected

A Letter from Cuba

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, LAS CUABAS, July 7th, 1903

DEAR HUBERT: By this time you should be quite accustomed to being at home, but didn't you feel just a little strange at first? I am certain that when I go back I shall have to work very hard to catch up with those in the ranks. Of course, I was very glad to hear

that your violin and the boat arrived safely. You must write me about the racer—I suppose she is all finished now, and very beautiful—and how she sails. You know, I take a sort of paternal interest in that boat.

Las Cuabas has changed greatly since the regular daily rains have come. Everything has grown. Around the house the weeds and grass are so high that we have to mow them down. The trees are beautiful with rich green foliage. Indeed, the view is now simply a panorama of greens—all shades of green—and looking at it, all so grand and wonderful, we cannot but gain new faith in Cuba, for surely God would not give such a rich and beautiful land to a people who were not in their hearts worthy of it. Do you think so?

You remember the "water man," do you not? He now lives on our land; over by the marañon trees west

of the houses. He is as kind and courteous as ever. They say that the nispero tree he showed us is over 200 years old! Think of it! The big palms are only sixty years. The parent of that tree may have seen Columbus enter Santiago harbor. The Indian inhabitants may have collected the nisperos from the very tree that you boys climbed. What a story of happiness and sorrow it could have told us, if we could only have understood its language! One has to respect a tree like that.

We have received accounts of Mrs. Tingley's speech in San Diego at the Theatre. How the people are coming to recognize that she is their best friend!

Miss Bolting and all of us send you and all the children and teachers our very best wishes. We speak of you all often, and think of you oftener. Your comrade, KURT E. REINEMAN

Higher & Lower Nature

Written by a San Diego Lotus School Pupil

THE higher influences are the good and helpful influences, while the lower are those which are base and lowering. We all should strive to resist impure thoughts and allow the good and pure ones to enter our

hearts. We are influenced everywhere we are, and therefore we should use our discrimination between the pure and the impure influences. Every perfect person has learned the lesson of resisting the impure and lowering influences. We ourselves must give out pure thoughts, so that other people may be profited by them, and they in return could not help but give out good thoughts if they were influenced by them. In doing this we would be helping one another. If we allow impure influences to control us and the good to be crushed out, then we surely would be ruled by our lower natures. So if we wish to lead pure lives we must let only the pure influences enter our hearts.

Students'



Path

The Journey

T IRED? Well, what of that?
 Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease?
 Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
 Come; rouse thee! work while yet 'tis day!
 Coward; arise! go forth upon thy way.

Lonely? and what of that?
 Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all.
 To feel another heart responsive rise and fall,
 To bleed another life into its own,
 Work may be done in loneliness, work on.

Dark? Well, and what of that?
 Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
 Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet;
 Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight,
 Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard? well, what of that?
 Didst fancy life one summer holiday
 With lessons none to learn and naught to do but play?
 Go, get thee to thy task, conquer or die,
 It must be learned, learn it then patiently.

No help? Nay 'tis not so,
 The world needs help, be thou one help to give;
 Where'er thou hearest the cry of helpless pains
 Yield there thy strength, nor pause while it remains,
 So shall the gods to thee, in turn, their strength extend.—*Selected*

Genius and Right Education

“**A** LAS! He is a genius. The world will only clip his wings and sorrow will follow him wherever he goes!” How often do we hear this and its twin lament, “I am sorry she is so talented! She is not fitted to battle with the world. For her own happiness, I would she were commonplace!”

The unfortunate lives of those who possess genius or who are even extraordinarily talented have become a foregone conclusion to most of us. We do not expect anything else than that those who occasionally glimpse the soul should perpetually glimpse heartache and disappointment. History is one long record of those who have balanced their higher qualities by erratic tendencies which lead them into one pitfall after another, and we have almost psychologized ourselves into the belief that that state of things must be quite natural and that it will always be just so. No opinion could sink deeper into error and it persists simply because those who hold it have no knowledge of what human nature really is, and no understanding of the laws and purposes of life. This perpetual oscillation between two extremes that is characteristic of the lives of the majority of those who possess unusual gifts is a sin against all nature. It need not be. To discover why it exists one must search both philosophy and the human heart.

If there is one ideal that is paramount in the Raja Yoga system it is the ideal of duty. If there is one thing that is quickened in these fortunate children it is the sense of responsibility. If there is one thing that is characteristic of those who possess genius—with few exceptions as the world goes—it is a disregard of duty, a lack of this sense of responsibility, a certain capacity for shirking obligations. Does not that give us the reason for the inharmony that prevails in the lives of those who, by all that is best in their natures, are so fitted to bring harmony into the world? And this is not confined to our geniuses by any means. How many, the world over, retire each night with a clear consciousness of having done the whole day's duty? How many can say to themselves honestly, as the weeks pass, “I have done my duty in every particular”? Not many, for we are blinded by false ideals, we have been trained in the

wrong way, we have been educated under a system that does not educate.

Duty carries a certain protectiveness in its train. Those who conscientiously fulfil it are sheltered in a measure from many of the storms that sweep over human life, leaving wrecks in their wake. They are working along lines of least resistance. They are working with the law of cause and effect. Those who slight and shirk are working against that law and in time they will feel its penalties.

Those who are not the possessors of some unusual gift are thrown back, by that very fact, upon their moral resources. They early realize that to be able to retain a place for themselves in the world's life they must develop the qualities that last, industry, integrity, a keen sense of responsibility, a capacity for doing the whole of every duty. The genius, unfortunately, is not so situated. So hungry is the world for a little music, a little beauty, a little dash of that wine of the soul of which the genius is a cup-bearer, that the world forgets and forgives moral imperfections, even lack of honor in one who can rise, now and then, to inspired heights. The genius can—for a time—hold his place among men, even though he may work against the Law, even though he may slight plain duties. That is the pity of it. And so he lives the years through, thinking all the time that he is doing his full work, yet leaving loose ends here and there all along the way. Every little while one of these loose ends floats across his path. He trips upon it and then meets suffering that, had he done his full duty, would have been avoided. That is the reason why the lives of those who have the most brilliant possibilities perpetually oscillate between the extremes of pleasure and pain. And if the time ever comes when such an one seriously undertakes to purify and redeem his whole nature, he will meet disappointment and despair again and again. Again and again will he rise a little way, only to be thrown by some insignificant neglect or other to the foot of the steep ascent. The experience is a cruel one but it cannot be avoided.

The chief responsibility rests, after all, upon the parents of such an one, in many cases. The world over, the “bright” child is petted and spoiled, his vanity is fed, he is continually excused from the duties that are exacted of his brothers, he is surfeited with accomplishments, and the systematic training that would be his salvation he is denied. Not so under the Raja Yoga system of training. By that the talented child gains the broad moral foundation that not all the storms on earth can shake, and which renders his special gifts of tenfold value to the world. But, what is of vastly greater account, the genius so trained becomes a co-worker with those forces that are steadily guiding humanity into a greater and a larger life.

STUDENT

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: How many of us desire harmony to be, how many of us desire with all our hearts “to have things go right,” and how many of us consider ourselves to be quite virtuous because of such a laudable and unselfish attitude? Compared with the chronic selfishness that is so apparent in the world, no doubt our attitude is a laudable one. But it may become as great an obstruction as our vices if we are not “on guard.” Little by little there will grow up in our minds the feeling, perhaps unconsciously, that we must do a little adjusting ourselves here and there, in order “to have things go right,” and before long we will find ourselves relating everything to—what? To actual, absolute right, or to our personal ideas as to how matters ought to stand in order to be right? Therein lies a great danger, one that the personality takes great care to build for us and makes great effort to have us encounter.

The “personal idea” has driven many a splendid soul into a crankism that is cousin to insanity. And the “personal idea” may become just as selfish when related to others as when related to ourselves, because it leads us to pay just a bit more attention to the duties of others than to the duties which belong to ourselves.

Comrades, let us be more vigilant that the personality, which is so prone to masquerade as this or that virtue, may not deceive us. Let us daily strive to reach closer to the soul, no longer relating the events of our lives to what we desire or don't desire, but meeting and utilizing those events thankfully, calmly, simply, not allowing the worries which often follow in their trail to make a conquest over us. Then we shall be Adjusters, when before we were merely pretending to be so. IVAN

Hymn of Cleanthes

CHIEFEST glory of deathless Gods, Almighty forever,
Sovereign of Nature that rulest by law, what name shall we give Thee?
Blessed be Thou! for on Thee should call all things that are mortal.
For that we are Thine offspring; ay, all that in myriad motion
Lives for its day on the earth bears one impress --- Thy likeness --- upon it.
Wherefore my song is of Thee, and I hymn Thy power forever.

Lo, the vast orb of the Worlds, round the Earth evermore as it rolleth,
Feels Thee its Ruler and Guide, and owes Thy lordship rejoicing.
Aye, for Thy conquering hands have a servant of living fire—
Sharp is the bolt!—where it falls, Nature shrinks at the shock and doth shudder.
Thus Thou directest the Word universal that pulses through all things.
Mingling its life with Lights that are great and Lights that are lesser,
E'en as besemeth its birth, High King through ages unending.

Naught is done that is done without Thee in the earth or the waters
Or in the heights of Heaven, save the deed of the fool and the sinner.
Thou canst make rough things smooth; at Thy Voice, lo, jarring disorder
Moveth to music, and Love is born where hatred abounded.
Thus hast Thou fitted alike things good and things evil together,
That over all might reign one Reason, supreme and eternal;
Though thereto the hearts of the wicked be hardened and heedless—
Woe unto them!—for while ever their hands are grasping at good things.

Blind are their eyes, yea, stopped are their ears to God's Law universal.
Calling through wise obedience to live the life that is noble.
This they mark not, but heedless of right, turn each to his own way.
Here, a heart fired with ambition, in strife and straining unhallowed;
There, thrusting honor aside, fast set upon getting and gaining;
Others again given over to lusts and dissolute softness,
Working never God's Law, but that which warreth upon it.

Nay, but, O Giver of all things good, whose home is the dark cloud,
Thou that wieldest Heaven's bolt, save men from their ignorance grievous;
Scatter its night from their souls, and grant them to come to that Wisdom
Wherewithal, sistered with justice, Thou rulest and governest all things:
That we, honored by Thee, may requite Thee with worship and honor,
Evermore praising Thy works, as is meet for men that shall perish;
Seeing that none, be he mortal or God, hath privilege nobler
Than without stint, without stay, to extol Thy Law universal.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question If our physical desires are irrational and wrong, and so often lead us astray into the commission of follies and crimes, can you tell me why they were given to us?

Answer In the first place, is it correct to say that our desires have been given to us? Have we not rather grown into them, or attached them to ourselves? But even the form in which the question is put shows that we are distinct in some way from our desires, that they are not really ourselves, but something which we may either use and guide or permit ourselves to become enslaved by. And this is one of the teachings of Theosophy and very important to be borne in mind, for on this basis and on no other is it possible to completely and effectually control our lower natures.

If, then, the question be changed so as to read, "Why did we take to ourselves these desires when they cause us so much trouble?" perhaps another question will help us to find an answer. "Why does a man buy a horse?" Is it not to be of service to him, to enable him to accomplish some purpose, and because the horse represents and possesses a store of energy which he may use? It is a very old simile to liken the desires to horses, the body to the chariot, the mind to the reins and the soul to the driver, and it throws a flood of light upon this subject. Suppose, then, a man has bought a horse, and we may suppose it is a high-spirited horse with plenty of mettle. Now, the man may be a very good driver and may know a great deal about horses, and he may begin by taking good care of his horse, keeping a firm hand on the reins and a watchful eye on all his movements, but if he permits himself to grow careless, perhaps to go to sleep, we can easily predict the results on a rough and dangerous road with many vehicles passing to and fro. In case of an accident, whose fault is it? Should we blame the man or the horse? Should we not think the man foolish to bewail his fate and complain, "Oh, why did I buy that horse?" and still more foolish if he continued careless and sleepy and did not wake up and try to curb and guide his horse?

Is not the picture a true one, in many respects, of ourselves and our

desires? And these horses that we are driving are very headstrong and subtle and full of all manner of tricks, so that it is not safe to relax our vigilance for one instant, or to let go the reins. If you buy a horse from a man, even if he be a man you can trust, nevertheless you would have to study your horse to find out all his habits and tricks and peculiarities; but in this case we did not buy our horses—i. e. our desires—from another man, but from ourselves, or rather we inherited them out of our own past, and the tricks which they have and the bad habits, especially of at one time running away with us and at another of balking, are habits which we permitted to grow and even fostered and encouraged in past lives as well as in the present, instead of checking and correcting them.

Don't you think, my friend, that if we got into the habit of regarding our desires in this way that we should soon wake up to the possibility as well as the necessity of controlling them? Otherwise we must face certain disaster at no distant period. And there is one thing that I think always helps a man in such a case as this. He may perhaps not care much on his own account—perhaps in his ignorance thinking that he is separate from others—and he may perhaps be inclined to blame others, his parents and teachers, for not teaching and helping him to gain control over his lower nature, forgetting that as he grew up he more and more gave his own consent to the gratification of his desires and so is after all the one most responsible; but if so and all the more because of it, let us remember the children and help them. Let us do this not only by word and precept, which counts for very little, but by example—the example of self-conquest and self-control. Even a man in prison, or living where he never comes in contact with children, can help by his own self-conquest to make the path easier for the children of all future time, and if such a one will remember and think of the children and try this, every such thought will bring a ray of sunshine and new hope into his life. And how much more can we do, we who do live with the children. What an opportunity is ours, what a blessed privilege!

Every Man Needs to Find Himself

WHAT every man needs first is to find himself," says H. P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood.

What did she mean? She meant that every man was like somebody in a nightmare or stupefied by drink or carried about by uncontrolled impulses; and that he needed to rouse up and steady himself first.

So many people are content to let themselves be carried on the stream of circumstances, keeping their minds distracted by business and amusement and then going to sleep, that they never stop to think, Who am I? Why am I here? What is my real object in life and use to the rest of the world? Hence they never get anywhere, but remain mere pieces of human driftwood, floating about until finally stranded on the shores of death. Madame Blavatsky, seeing people thus half asleep, said that the first thing to do was to wake up; and seeing people carried about by every wind that blows, she said that first they must learn self-control. A man waking up from a bad dream does not at first realize who he is and where he is; he is under a powerful delusion. Then comes recollection and self-recognition, and he remembers who and where he is, and banishes the illusion and assumes control.

It is just such an effort as this that we are called on to make. We sometimes think, "Suppose this life is after all but a dream!" but we should go further and try to break the illusion and make our life more real. Do not the sound of music and the beauties of nature sometimes make us feel that there is something in life that we have missed, some deeper meaning that we have failed to grasp, some brighter level that we would fain reach up to? We should seize these moments, and in them strive to realize the fact that we are immortal souls, having a mighty forgotten past behind us as well as a glorious destiny in the future. We should ever try to realize that, if the present life we are leading is a dream, there can be an awakening to fuller consciousness and fuller sense of responsibility. Any one of us may find that there is a deeper and more serious undercurrent to his life, of which he has never yet been properly aware, and the sudden recognition of this may rouse him up and make a new man of him.

H. T. E.

'Tis good to give a stranger a meal or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion.—*Emerson*

Brotherhood Among the Japanese

INDIVIDUALISM and self-assertion have been exalted to the rank of a virtue in our western civilization. It may be that this phase of racial development fulfilled a necessary part in the education and progress of western humanity; but the time has come when it has reached a dangerous extreme, and we need to be ever reminded of the great essential truth of human solidarity, without which no real progress is possible. And so it is pleasant to hear of a people among whom brotherhood is more fully understood and realized than it is with us.

In *Kokoro*, a book on Japan by Lafcadio Hearn, the author speaks of "the relative absence from the national character of egotistical individualism," and the consequently "rare unselfishness and perfect faith," which are the distinguishing characteristics of the Japanese race. We may learn much from a neighbor if we have that discrimination which avoids ignorant depreciation on the one hand and undue hero-worship on the other. Many stories are told of the capacity of the Japanese for unselfish devotion and self-effacement, a quality which makes them most formidable in war, as recent history has shown. Here is one of these stories. It takes place at a railway station where the people are waiting the arrival of a desperate criminal, who is about to be brought to trial. The criminal had eluded justice for four years. He was a burglar, was captured just as he was about to escape with his booty, and then, as he was being taken to the police station, he burst his bonds, snatched the sword of his captor, killed him, fled, and had not been heard of till one day he was recognized by a detective in a prison, and then he confessed all. At the moment when he is seen by Mr. Hearn he is just arriving at the railway station, and this is what happens:

I expected to hear and see anger; I even feared possibilities of violence. The murdered officer had been much liked; his relatives would certainly be among the spectators; and a Kumamoto crowd is not very gentle. I also thought to find many police on duty. My anticipations were wrong.

The train halted in the usual scene of hurry and noise, scurry and clatter of passengers wearing geta, screaming of boys wanting to sell Japanese newspapers and Kumamoto lemonade. Outside the barrier we waited for nearly five minutes. Then, pushed through the wicket by a police-sergeant, the prisoner appeared—a large, wild-looking man, with head bowed down, and arms fastened behind his back. Prisoner and guard both halted in the front of the wicket, and the people pressed forward to see, but in silence. Then the officer called out:

"Sugihara San! Sugihara O-Kibi! Is she present?"

A slight, small woman, standing near me, with a child on her back, answered, "Hai!" and advanced through the press. This was the widow of the murdered man; the child she carried was his son. At a wave of the officer's hand the crowd fell back, so as to leave a clear space about the prisoner and his escort. In that space the woman stood with the child facing the murderer. The hush was of death.

Not to the woman at all, but to the child only, did the officer speak. He spoke low, but so clearly that I could catch every syllable:

"Little one, this is the man who killed your father four years ago. You had not yet been born; you were in your mother's womb. That you have no father to love you now is the doing of this man. Look at him—(here the officer, putting a hand to the prisoner's chin, sternly forced him to lift his eyes)—look well at him, little boy! Do not be afraid. It is painful, but it is your duty. Look at him!"

Over the mother's shoulder the boy gazed with eyes widely open, as in fear; then he began to sob; then tears came; but, steadily and obediently, he still looked—looked—looked—straight into the cringing face.

The crowd seemed to have stopped breathing.

I saw the prisoner's features distort; I saw him suddenly dash himself down upon his knees, despite his fetters, and beat his face into the dust, crying out the while in a passion of hoarse remorse that made one's heart shake:

"Pardon, pardon, pardon me, little one! That I did, not for hate was it done, but in mad fear only, in my desire to escape. Very, very wicked I have been; great, unspeakable wrong have I done you, little one! But now, for my sin, I go to die. I wish to die. I am glad to die! Therefore, O, little one, be pitiful—forgive me!"

The child still cried silently. The officer raised the shaking criminal; the dumb crowd parted left and right to let them by. Then, quite suddenly, the whole multitude began to sob. And as the bronzed guardian passed, I saw what I had never seen before—what few men ever see, what I shall probably never see again—the tears of a Japanese policeman.

Man's great actions are performed in minor struggles.—*Victor Hugo*

No man can do the best work that is in him, without a certain amount of kindly sympathy.—*Beecher*

The Boiling Lake of Dominica

DOMINICA is a large Island, Leeward Group, West Indies, and it has a marvelous boiling lake which is little known. A resident of the island, Mr. F. Sterns-Fadelle, has written an interesting account of it. As to the fact that this wonder remained so long unknown, he says:

The most noteworthy fact, and one bearing witness to the chaotic ruggedness and inaccessibility of the region in question, is that in an island of less than 300 square miles, colonized by the Spaniards since the Seventeenth century, cultivated continuously by the French to the middle of the Eighteenth century, and progressively exploited by the French and English ever since, Nature secreted in her inmost wilds, far from the ken of the industrious colonist and the adventurous hunter, a striking and wonderful object of curiosity, a spectacle which now invests Dominica with a unique attraction among her sister islands, bringing travelers hitherward from distant lands, and which has been deemed worthy of a place among the wonders of the world. Thirty years ago no man suspected the presence of the Boiling Lake, now so well known to the tourist.

A description of the lake by an explorer contains these particulars:

Scrambling over the masses of sulphur, we attained the summit, and from thence beheld a most marvelous sight. We seemed to be upon the brink of an awful abyss, from whence were vomited up volumes of hot steam and suffocating vapors. Loud rumbling noises and a peculiar bubbling sound saluted our ears; noxious sulphurous gases filled our nostrils. Altogether, the sight was so strange, so unexpected, so wonderful, that many minutes elapsed before we were able to speak to each other. Stranger still, in the center was a mound of water, so to speak, several feet high, which did not remain stationary, but moved round in a circle of limited extent. The margin of the lake was indented in little bays, and miniature headlands jutted out here and there; along the shore was a beautiful line of a brilliant yellow color, due to the deposit of sulphur from the waters. The agitation of the water caused little waves to roll up, as it were, upon the beach, and from the position of the yellow line it was evident that at certain periods the lake was fuller than at others. It was only for a few seconds at a time that we could get a glimpse of the central mound, for as soon as the steam was blown aside its place was immediately supplied by other vapor. A small stream of water trickled into the lake at a little distance from the spot where we first stood and beheld the wonderful phenomenon. The outlet was at the other end, and we were unable at the time to explore it. We, however, distinctly saw a large gap in the cliffs which everywhere else surrounded the lake.

The lake is 2400 feet above sea-level, about 200 by 100 feet in extent, and of great depth. The water is sometimes dormant and at other times in violent ebullition as described. It is the focus of the area of volcanic action which recently displayed such terrible power in Martinique.

Tools Versus Machines

MUCH gratification is expressed by progressive people at the perfection now attained by American "farm machinery which seems to think," so exactly does it do its work. In this connection we wish to call attention to the radical difference between such implements and factory machinery, as regards the effect on the worker. In order to properly use a farm machine a man must understand its work. He must adjust, guide and control its action. He sees the work it is to do and the work it has done. He is its master; it is a labor-saving tool which he intelligently uses. The typical factory operative, on the contrary, is himself but a part of a machine which he does not adjust, control nor direct. The variations in his work are so slight as to seem non-existent to a stranger.

The operative is a piece of living machinery, which the factory inexorably uses, wears out and casts away. Which type of machine is most like to promote the growth of free, healthy minds and bodies, and to develop true craftsman skill? STUDENT

Show Them California

THE International Geographical Congress, which will be held at Washington next year, is likely to be widely representative and to have important educational results. At the close of the proceedings the members will be taken on a tour of inspection which will include the City of Mexico, the Grand Cañon, Yosemite Valley and the Yellowstone Park. We hope that California will not be omitted from the program. Its characteristic features are such as to render the State of special interest from the geographical point of view. X.

The Raja Yoga Edition

THE Special Raja Yoga Edition of THE NEW CENTURY contains 122 beautiful half-tone illustrations of school-life, home-life, and out-door-life among the pupils of the Raja Yoga School at Loma-land. It is the most richly illustrated edition of a weekly journal ever published. By letterpress as well as by its matchless collection of beautiful pictures it faithfully depicts every phase of life in the Raja Yoga School.

It is double the size of the usual issue, containing 32 pages of matter and pictures descriptive of the Raja Yoga School and its pupils. Those who believe in Katherine Tingley's work for the children will want to preserve a copy of this beautiful and unique publication.

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World's Headquarters UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, POINT LOMA, California
Meteorological Table for the week ending
August the 30th, 1903

AUG	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
24	29.610	70	61	64	62	.00	S	5
25	29.682	70	62	65	62	.00	SW	4
26	29.762	71	61	66	62	.00	W	6
27	29.678	72	62	68	65	.00	W	5
28	29.798	75	62	69	65	.00	W	8
29	29.826	72	62	67	65	.00	W	6
30	29.758	70	62	65	64	.00	W	4

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Anecdote of Gladstone

James Bryce relates this anecdote of Gladstone: Once, in the lobby of the House of Commons, seeing his countenance saddened by the troubles of Ireland, I told him, in order to divert his thoughts, how some one had recently discovered that Dante had in his last years been appointed at Ravenna to a lectureship which raised him above the pinch of want. Mr. Gladstone's face lit up at once, and he said, "How strange it is to think that these great souls, whose words are a beacon-light to all the generations that have come after them, should have had cares and anxieties to vex them in their daily life, just like the rest of us common mortals!" The phrase reminded me that a few days before I had heard Mr. Darwin, in dwelling upon the pleasure a visit paid by Mr. Gladstone had given him, say, "And he talked just as if he had been an ordinary person like one of ourselves." The two great men were alike unconscious of their greatness.—*Selected*

His Forenoons Began Early

When Philip D. Armour engaged a new secretary, he did not tell him at what hour in the morning to report. The young man appeared at 9, but found Mr. Armour at work. Nothing was said about the secretary being late.

The next day he presented himself at half past 8, only to find Mr. Armour ahead of him.

So on the day following he came at 8 o'clock with the same result.

Determined to be on hand before his boss, he came at 7:30 the next day, only to be greeted by Mr. Armour with the question:

"Young man, will you tell me what do you do with your forenoons?"—*Exchange*

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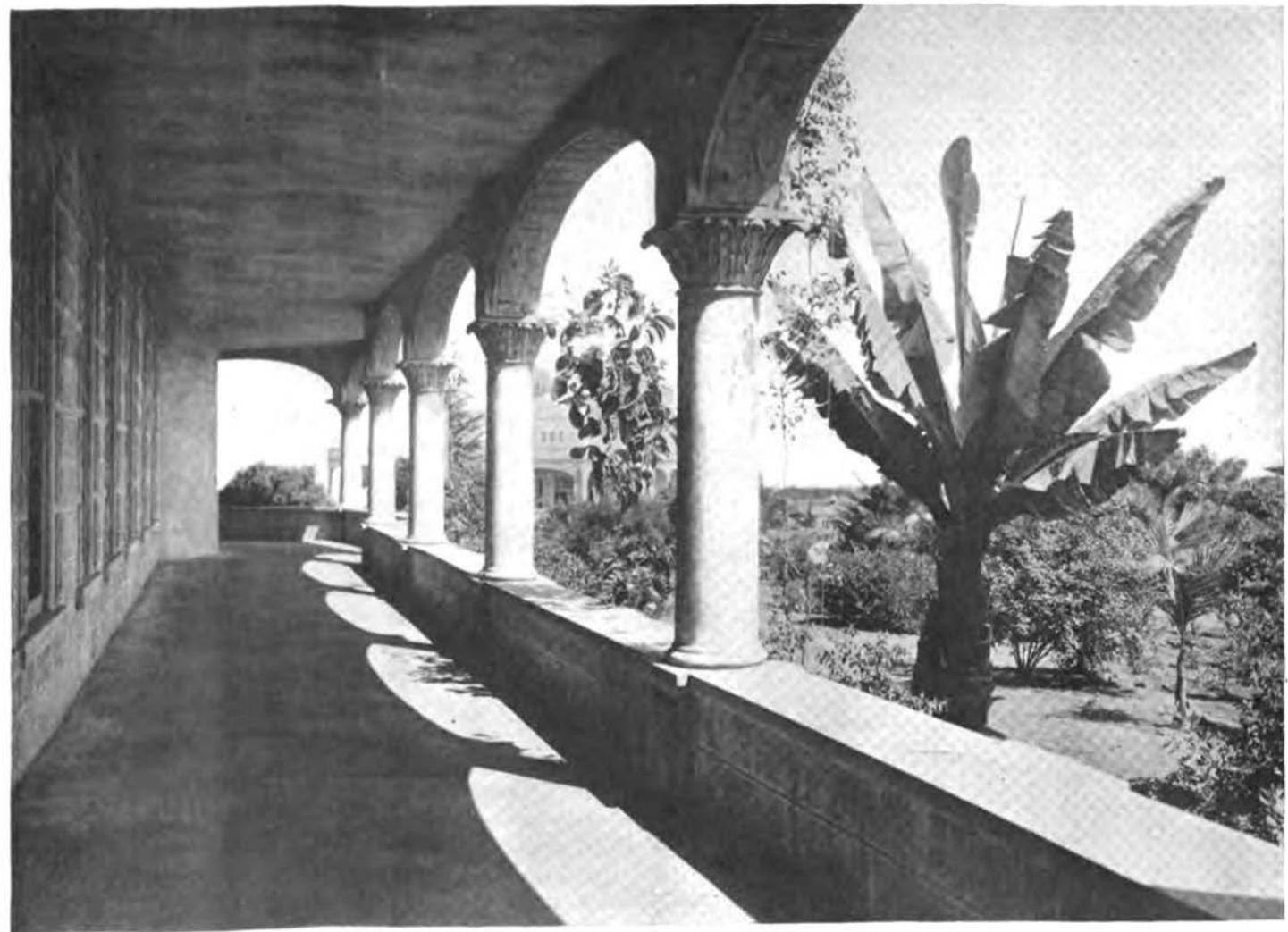
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Gratitude to Our Teachers

IT has been not unwisely said that gratitude is the most pleasing of human virtues, and as much an adornment to him who possesses it as its absence is a reproach and a disgrace. If gratitude is so beautiful a thing in the small affairs of life, in those affairs which concern only our physical and material prosperity, how much more beautiful is it when it is given to those who have endowed us with a knowledge which time itself cannot take from us, a wisdom which makes us triumphant over sorrow, and a power which opens for us the road to all progress and to all attainment. Gratitude is the mark of a noble mind. It is the soul's recognition of its debt to another, the soul's desire to give

even as it has received. Let us measure our advance along the sunlit mountain path by the gladness with which we receive and the joy with which we give. By gratitude toward our spiritual benefactors we entertain angels unawares, and in the cool of the day, in paradise regained, we walk and talk with God.

But gratitude brings its duties in its train, and at short perspective those duties may sometimes seem stern. Is there not a note of sternness in all work which it is worth our while to do? Is there not, at any rate, the underlying recourse to sternness wherever there is a worthy goal and a

Their Mes- sage Was a Sacred Trust

determination to reach it? Peculiarly is this so in our relations with H. P. Blavatsky and with W. Q. Judge. The message which they gave us was a trust, not for ourselves alone, but for all time. It was a light, not for our illumination alone, but for the illumination of all who will come after us. How great will be our condemnation if we allow that light to be poisoned, how greatly we shall be found wanting when we are weighed in the balance of the Law if we fail to protect the greatest of all charges, if we allow the names of the world's teachers to go down to posterity unescorted by the ringing vibrations of our defense. Are we not the guardians of generations yet unborn, and shall we allow the pure waters to be tainted as they flow onward into the future?

Our task, however, is nearly done, in so far as it can be done now and by this means. In defending the memory of H. P. Blavatsky and of W. Q. Judge we have not allowed ourselves to be dragged into the muddy byways of slander, knowing well, that with such enemies as ours, to confute a lie is but to call forth ten more, and that there is a certain class of malefactor who desires nothing more than to be noticed. We have chosen the more effective way of supplying our readers with a few main lines of motive which will explain all methods of attack, a few pass keys which will open many mysterious doors, disclosing many conspiracies whose many actors dread nothing so much as they dread and hate the light. There are, however, one or two points in connection with Mr. Judge which we may still with propriety advance

The Effort to Remove Mr. Judge

without infringing upon our intention to ignore those merely base details which are their own refutation. We have shown that the minds of Mr. Judge's enemies were absolutely obsessed by the one supreme necessity of removing from the headship of the Society the one man who stood between that Society and the ruinous dictatorship of an oriental priesthood. We have also shown that the tool selected for this nefarious purpose was an English woman whose ambition had seized upon a position in the Society which her merits would have denied to her, and who had become the entirely passive implement in the hands of a caste whose misuse of power has for centuries enslaved the eastern mind. Had she been able to reach the chief executive and official position in the Theosophical Society it would have been but as the puppet of those who had inflamed her ambition and who would have been well content to remain apparently in the background and to exercise a power none the less fatal because it would have been unseen. Her power nominally, would have been their power actually. But W. Q. Judge stood in the way. He was the one

The Society Was to Serve the World

man who saw the reality underneath the pretence. He was the one man who of his own knowledge could declare the authenticity of the letter which had been handed by H. P. Blavatsky to these very priests, the letter which had emanated from the highest source, and which had denounced their selfish indifference to the abuses which were degrading their country. He was the one man who knew that theirs was the power behind the throne and that their foothold within the Society, much more their control of that Society, would mean death to its aspirations and to its work, and its degradation to the level of selfish superstitions with which it was not intended to have part nor lot. The Theosophical Society was meant to be the servant of the world, and not of a caste, nor of a priesthood. It was intended to destroy abuses, not to foster them; to declare mental liberty, not mental shackles. Of all this, W. Q. Judge was aware, and there was at that time no other man with so clear a picture of Theosophical ideals upon the one hand, and upon the other of the concerted attack which superstition and pride and ambition and reaction had planned against them. His determination to defend his trust was his death warrant, but not until he had passed on

that trust into the hands of Katherine Tingley, who knew how to make of it a progressive memorial to the courage which had defended it.

Let us now look at one or two letters addressed to W. Q. Judge, which, short as they are, seem as though they were almost designed to disclose the secrets of the plot which they were intended to further. They were written by that very English woman whose good manners had certainly been corrupted by evil communications, and who thus disclosed what she was doubtless ordered to conceal.

The first one is dated January 11th, 1894, and it contains the following remarkable sentence:

» **The Plot That Did Not Carry** You must resign the headship held jointly with myself, and you must resign the position of President-elect. In other words W. Q. Judge is hereby ordered, by one who had no more rights than the youngest member,

to surrender the trust which he had received, and to hand over his stewardship at a word of command of which he well knew the real and treacherous source. How strangely they misread this man in supposing that the fortress of his loyalty would thus collapse before an arrogant shout.

The second letter is dated February 8th, 1894. We extract the following:

As you know, I refused the offer to nominate me as President. Since then I have been told "not to oppose," so I remain passive and wait.

By whom was she told "not to oppose"? Was it by the High Priest who proposed himself to be the real President while allowing his dupe to pose in that guise that his own power might be all the more actual? Subsequent events showed sufficiently clearly that neither her opposition nor her concurrence were factors in the disposition of a movement which she had neither created nor adorned, and which she certainly could not destroy. The third letter is dated February 14th, 1894, and is perhaps the most remarkable of all. Here is an extract:

» **Judas Was Named in the Letter** He . . . endorsed the idea that I should take sole charge. Indeed *be told me last summer* that it had to be so presently. Who is this who thus "endorsed the idea" for the control of an immense international society of which

the sheet anchor was in America? Who is this who thus disposes of that Society and of the allegiance of its free-born members as though they were his own personal chattels? There is no question at all about the matter, because the name of this would-be representative of omnipotence is given in the letter.

We represent that name by a blank, as there is nothing such people better like than to see themselves in print, but *the name in the letter is that of the oriental priest*, the chief of the little group of religious aristocrats who supposed that they could play upon the superstitions of Americans and Europeans as they could upon the credulity of their eastern dupes. It now seems that this Indian autocrat had determined "last summer" that W. Q. Judge was to be removed from his position and a creature of his own set up in his place; that he had graciously "endorsed the idea that I should take sole charge." But suppose W. Q. Judge in America should refuse also to "endorse the idea" which had thus fermented into activity under the Indian sun—what then? The answer is furnished by the tornado of persecution, of insult, and of slander which broke upon his head as soon as it was known by his enemies that he had refused to bow the knee to the Baal of ambition, that he had refused to betray his sacred mission at the bidding of an arrogant priest.

» **A Dreary Thread of Falsehood**

Of what avail then is it to trace the dreary threads of falsehood which were thrown around this man to destroy him? For error we have only sympathy, and for mistaken convictions such aid as we can give. If, however, there are any who have been deceived into condemnation where they should have hastened to revere, what we have said ought to be enough to show the motive and the malignity. More than this it is not at the moment our mission to do.

Yet, let it not be supposed that the last word has been said. There is in nature a law of compensation, which demands the ultimate production of the whole of every deed, and therein is included also the result. Nature will not allow a half presentation nor does she assent to a divorce between crime and punishment. The punishments of nature are but the dark halves of our acts, and they will not forever be separated. There

is no hidden thing which shall not be made known, no secret which shall not be disclosed, and those who place their hands upon the chariot of the law become the instruments of the law. The shuttles of that law flash unceasingly to and fro and although for a space they are beyond the sight of men, the splendor of their pattern will be shown to all the world because that pattern is perfect justice.

To those who have learned how to be steadfast in their devotion, there must come sometimes a vision of what shall be when the travail is at an end, the sorrowing of these many thousand years. The world shall awake as from a dream of death, and the marching millions of mankind shall be led onward into the promised land by the joy which is newly awakened in their hearts. They will overthrow the worthless idols of their ambitions and grind them into dust. The broods of hate shall no more be born amongst them, and human tears shall never again flow for human wrong. The stars above shall shed their tranquility into the hearts of men, and a new life shall throb through the soil with a wondrous rhythm like the rippling sea. Then we shall remember the deathless faces which shone with a love divine and the hearts of golden pity which enfolded us. Then we shall know how to crown with gratitude those who greatly loved and greatly dared. Until that new sun shall arise we pray the givers of all wisdom for strength of heart and hand that the shadows may pass away from the hearts of men and that loving deeds may be multiplied throughout the earth in the light of the law which is called compassion. There are today thousands upon thousands throughout the world who cry all honor to H. P. Blavatsky and to William Q. Judge.

STUDENT

There Is No Plague in Cuba

THE following cablegrams are self-explanatory:
 POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, September 3d, 1903
 DESIDERIO FAJARDE ORTIZ, Santiago de Cuba:
 You, with Doctors Grilio, Mayner, Salasar, cable authorized statement as to terrible disease in Santiago. I do not credit alarming report. If true, Mr. Hanson, president of the International Brotherhood League, and myself will come with nurses, instead of sending teachers now for Raja Yoga School.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, September 3d, 1903

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Point Loma, California:
 Absolutely no plague. Public health excellent. All is false.
 ORTIZ (Editor *El Cubano Libre*)
 BACARDI (Mayor Santiago de Cuba)

As substantiating the above assurances we may say that Dr. Findlay, the head of the health department at Havana, Cuba, also gives an unqualified denial to the report which has been circulated in the United States that bubonic plague, or a disease very much resembling it, had broken out in the province of Santiago. He says that there is not the slightest foundation for such a statement. It would be curious and instructive to trace the birth of such a report as this. It is typical of very many of a like nature and it is not easy to see how it could have originated except as an effort of sheer invention by some enemy of Cuba who has made it his journalistic mission to throw a shadow of uneasiness over everything pertaining to the new republic.

Sham Honors

LISBON newspaper announces that there is in that city a place where titles and orders are offered for sale and that these sham decorations command a ready market. It is not easy to understand the mental condition of those who can derive gratification from decorations of such a nature, which will, of course, be always available for cash so long as the demand exists for "honors" conferred upon folly.

The Homestead Veranda

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week is reproduced from a photograph of the north Veranda of Point Loma Homestead. The view is across the north gardens of the Homestead, looking toward Students' Home No. 1, and False Bay in the distance.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Depends on Definition of Religion

A RECENT statement made by W. T. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, to the effect that religious instruction should be widely separated from secular instruction has aroused more or less discussion among educators and laymen. Mr. Harris takes the ground that as religious truth is to be accepted on authority it is therefore out of place in educational institutions, owing to the "habit of thinking cultivated in secular instruction." He also states that "analytic understanding is necessarily hostile and skeptical in its attitude toward religious truth." Another reason for his contention is that "religious instruction should be surrounded by solemnity."

Now, it is evident that all judgment depends upon the point of view, and that in this instance it must rest upon our definition of religion.

But imagine a school in which not only was religion a part of the "regular work" but the basis of it—*religion*, not some system of theology. Pure religion, what is it? The blending of all the sweet and pure faculties of mind, heart and soul; the inspiration, the light of the upward growing life. It would be guiltless of any creed. Its precept would be that given by the One who never heard of a creed, "a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Infuse that spirit into a school, make its rule the guide of every act of every child, every student, and we would have an educational system that would not graduate candidates for our penitentiaries and our insane asylums.

Religion in its pure sense should no more be separated from any part of the child's life than should the sunlight be shut away from the tiny, budding plant. It has been shut away—this sunlight of pure Truth—away from humanity for ages, and men have taken refuge in intellectualisms. That is what ails the world today, and it was this condition that H. P. Blavatsky came to remedy. What she dared to dream of and hope for today exists in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. There the pure, true, helpful, ideally religious life is lived by the smallest child—for true religion is pure joy—and upon that life as a basis is reared the structure of intellectual knowledge. Let us, in dealing with these questions, make plainer use of words. Theology is one thing, true religion is quite another.

STUDENT

Civilization Decaying at the Center

IN Brownfield's book, *The Coming of the Colonist*, is expressed the disappointment and indignation of a colonist on visiting the mother-country which he had revered. His theme is *the decay at the center of things*. He comes from a life that is in touch with nature and expansive.

He lives and breathes the atmosphere of action and Empire, while the city man breathes but fog and street-strewn, study-stamped philosophies. He is on the land and sees it as a source of strength. His pride is in the open air. He apprehends a large horizon and the wind that blows from the hills. And it is with the consciousness of these forces behind him that he appeals against the arts and the literatures, and the tiredness and the complacency of the little street bred people at the heart of the empire. He sees in this London of ours nothing to covet, much to make him mourn; little of the traces of a mighty nation making for strength, much of an unhappy people merged in misery, and buried among the clinging ashes of an awry ambition, crushed by the converging forces of plenty and poverty.

The progress of scientific invention, made a slave to greed and selfishness, has landed the people in a blind alley from which there is no escape but by beginning again from a healthy nucleus such as is being founded in Loma-land. For all efforts to reform society made from within fall a prey to the universal decay that infests that society. The reform movements get into selfish and ignorant hands and their effect is neutralized.

Moreover, the people have become immune against exhortation and have acquired a dainty appetite for *reading* and *bearing* jeremiads. Their own decay is a source of interesting study for them.

Such a society, rotten at the center, cannot withstand the shocks that time's inevitable march must bring upon it sooner or later; and then, when the people are realizing at last the terrible nature of their position, they will be turning their eyes to where they can see a new order of society flourishing on a basis of mutual help and high ideals. X.

Hypnotism in Church Pulpits

IT is not perhaps too late to comment upon some suggestions which have recently emanated from religious sources in Chicago. It seems that a certain individual, who is described as a venerable Methodist, 97 years of age, has proposed to the ministers of his denomination to undertake the study of hypnotism as an aid in church work, and his recommendation was energetically endorsed by various ministers who, we are told, saw

Visions of crowded churches, and congregations pouring their wealth into the coffers of the church under the mysterious influence of the strange power.

He himself is reported to have said:

The time will come when every minister will be a student of hypnotism. There is nothing dishonorable in its use, because it is an agency which has been given to us for a good use.

How detestable is that phrase—"given to us for a good use"—and what abominations have been committed under its cloak. Fortunately we are not altogether without remedy against these clerical hypnotists. We should recommend the members of their churches, those members, if any, who are still in possession of free will, to protect their sanity and their property by absenting themselves from the ministrations of these "spiritual guides," until they have learned the meaning of the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." What a comment it is upon some aspects of latter-day clericalism.

STUDENT

And the Na- tion Gives Little Heed

EASTERN newspapers contain a report of an attempted murder by four boys whose ages are all between thirteen and fifteen years. Their intended victim was another boy, thirteen years of age, whom they intended to lure to the water's edge and to drown. The inducement was the sum of forty-seven cents. Three of the boys have confessed. The victim had already been stunned by a brick and would have been killed had not a watchman witnessed the attack and interfered. These are the bare facts and no amount of detail or comment could add to their horror. It is not an isolated story, but is rather a type of moral depravity which is becoming so common as hardly to excite attention. We are all too busy to ask the meaning of these things; too busy with our politics, our trade and our religion. It may be that we are also too indifferent to inquire why so many children are allowed to grow up without any vestige of moral feeling, entirely free from compunction or pity. Now and then these youthful fiends compel the attention of the law. In how many other cases do they reach manhood and womanhood with powers for evil a hundred times intensified, a hundred times more dangerous by their cunning intelligence. It is indeed surpassingly strange that a whole nation can become excited about a treaty or a tariff and remain absolutely unmoved in the presence of such social phenomena as these.

STUDENT

A Suicide Club for Children

WHAT are we to say of a suicide club consisting of small boys who come to the decision that life is not worth living and that it would therefore be better to end it by means of poison? That this was not mere bravado was shown by the fact that two of them actually swallowed the poison and their lives were saved only after great efforts. After all we are so well accustomed to the boy burglar and the boy highwayman that the boy suicide seems but a reasonable extension. Indeed, in some European countries child suicides are very numerous, but these have usually been caused by positive ill treatment and cruelty. In the case above mentioned the crime seems to have been prompted by sheer weariness of life, *ennui*. It is hard to overestimate the significance of such a tragedy, but may we not say that the supreme tragedy is in the placid apathy with which civilization is willing to contemplate these moral perversions. This story is not merely an account of the depravity of two boys. It is a type and a proof of the degradation of childhood which constitutes a blot upon the age and a sinister threat to generations yet to come.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

John Donoghue, Sculptor—His Disappointments

THE suicide of John Donoghue has called the attention of the public to one of that remarkable group of young sculptors who are doing for American art what a kindred virile group has already done for that of France. The loss at first sight seems irreparable. Those who have seen Donoghue's "Sophocles" need no assurance of the promise of his work. It is a complete departure from the stereotyped conception—representing the philosopher as a young man, joyously leading the chorus after the victory of Salamis. Lithe, magnificent and pure, there has rested upon it the hand of the genius.

Donoghue was born in Chicago of Irish parentage. When little more than a boy he studied in the *Ecole de Beaux Arts* and soon became a regular exhibit- or in the Salon, later opening a studio in New York. There was a curious fatality in his life which, apparently through no fault of his own, turned every one of his great hopes into ashes. To give but one example:

When the World's Fair was projected Donoghue was invited to contribute. His dream was to produce a colossal statue, "The Spirit of the Abyss."

In all Rome—where the work was done—he could not find a studio large enough to hold it, and finally, with the daring of which the merely talented person is forever incapable, he requested permission to use for the purpose the Roman baths of the Emperor Diocletian!

Permission was granted and here the statue was begun.

A ship was sent to carry the great statue to America. Difficulties innumerable arose, the result of which was that Donoghue could not complete the work in time, and when the date arrived for the ship to sail, it was incomplete and she sailed without it. Fin-

ishing it hurriedly, Donoghue sent it to Genoa, thence to America, but it arrived too late to be used. Under a tarpaulin on the Brooklyn docks it lay, buried like his hopes. Yet it was out of that severe disappointment that the joyous "Sophocles" was born.

Again and again were the sculptor's hopes disappointed by some apparently trivial cause, until he became completely disheartened and the result the world knows. A genius in his art, he had absolutely no business ability whatever. Excepting in the one world in which his genius soared he was at the mercy of every circumstance, or so it seemed. It is such cases as this that prove the sad need in this world of what might be termed poise, balance. Without it genius is but a superfluity and an extravagance, continually overleaping itself and falling into the abysses. With this rare foundational quality there is absolutely no limit to the light which the genius can pour upon life's pathway, no limit to the service he may render humanity. E. M.

[THE International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Engravers, was not long since organized in London in the interests of American artists.

Machell's Great Conception of the Prodigal Son

THE story of the Prodigal Son is the old, old story of humanity's betrayal of its trusts, its long wandering and the promise of its return. From the purity of its Father's dwelling wandered the soul to the earth, taking upon itself wrappings of matter—its many incarnations. Immersed in things that are leaden, not gold, the Soul, this Prodigal Son, forgot its own divinity, forgot its own power and its own inherent right to peace, and thinking to satisfy its longings, ate of the husks of life, husks fit only for swine. This is symbolized in the painting by the letter from which the spirit has taken its departure, mere intellectual knowledge. Many think to satisfy their hunger from mere learning, only to find it but the husks.

Those who have the true spark within their souls at last find strength to turn aside from it, and to choose the true which is the wisdom of the heart. "I will arise and go to my Father," that is the soul's resolve, and the way back to the Path is, by those words, if uttered in all purity and sincerity, again opened.

Thus with the Prodigal, thus with every wanderer away from life's true Path—at last the heart-hunger becomes so intense that better does death seem than a continuance in the old way of so-called life. The soul speaks then. It is well if the personality hears its voice. The ascent is once more begun, the ascent which shall end only upon the sun-kissed heights of the Pure Life. "The knowledge of it is a Divine Silence and the rest of all the senses." X.



"THE PRODIGAL" by R. W. MACHELL

Rose-Morals

by SIDNEY LANIER

WOULD that my songs might be
What roses make by day and night ---
Distillments of my clod of misery
Into delight.

Soul, couldst thou bare thy breast
As yon red rose, and dare the day,
All clean, and large, and calm with velvet rest?
Say yea --- say yea!

Ah, dear my Rose, good-bye;
The wind is up; so; drift away.
That songs from me as leaves from thee may fly,
I strive, I pray.

THE Science of Music brings orderliness where chaotic despotism seems to rule, and blesses the weary world by the harmonious educational science instead of tears, fretfulness and ill will. By its profound, though simple philosophy, all teachers may so develop their latent capacities that they may unlock the secret of educating the child happily and harmoniously, so that a serene manhood and womanhood shall be entered.

As the foundational qualities of character have all been properly awakened and nourished, the consequence is the battle of living has lost its bitterness, and the education so well begun goes on in a natural unfoldment, because the growth which reaches into eternity is begun while the "cutting off" and arresting phases so prevalent today have been avoided.

Let the teachers take courage in knowing that there never was such an outpouring of the mother gift of insight as today, fresh from the divine source in which it moves and has its being.—*Exchange*

RECENTLY in Dublin, the Royal Hibernian Academy stood sponsor for one of the finest collections of pictures ever seen in the United Kingdom. Many of the pictures were of historic interest, and some had never before been on exhibition. There were a number of Romneys. Other artists represented were Reynolds and Gainsborough, Lawrence, Gilbert Stuart, Chardin and Greuze.

WOMAN'S WORLD

WOULD YOU HAVE YOUR SONGS ENDURE?

BUILD ON THE HUMAN HEART

—Browning

An Ideal Home

IT is a foregone conclusion that woman should be the designer of the home, as she is the adjuster of the home life. And, therefore, in searching for the reasons why Students' Home No. 1 is such a dream of beauty and of utility, one rests partly at least upon the fact that a woman designed it.

When Katherine Tingley drew the plans for this ideal home, those who assisted her say that her face was fairly radiant. "It is the beginning," she said, "and a type of what the homes are to be, some day, throughout the world." And, although she referred rather to the inner ideal than to the outer expression of it, yet this outer expression, in wood and stone, is an inspiration.

The ancient home was not a mere place in which to eat and sleep. It was a temple, symbolic of that pure heart-center whence all that is best in the life must spring. It was the central ideal of ancient days and it is this which Katherine Tingley is today reviving in the home life of her students. From the central dome a lamp sends out its rays at night, while by day the glass, of purest aquamarine, is sun-kissed and gleaming.

The whole of this Students' Home is a marvel of utility. From the library, the music-room, the rotunda, the sleeping-rooms, to the bathroom with its conservatory window, or the simple breakfast-room which opens upon the palm court, every need has been met and beauty has clasped hands with service.

Every detail was planned by Katherine Tingley, even to the Pompeian colors upon some of the walls. Simplicity and luxury have united and an additional interest is given to the home by the fact that the two fortunate students who dwell here, collected many of the rugs, ivories and hangings during their trip to Europe several years ago. Recently a marvelous and completing touch has been given by the erection over the doorways of great arches, designed by Katherine Tingley and carved by the noted Machell. They are unique in being removable, the various parts being joined as if the whole were a mosaic, so that they could be placed in another home later, if desired. But to those who love the simple in textiles, nothing appeals more strongly than some of the hangings made by student workers in the Woman's Exchange and Mart, a department founded by Katherine Tingley some years ago in New York, for the purpose of assisting working women. It is part of her plan to revive in Loma-land the ancient arts, crafts and industries and this Students' Home witnesses the rare beauty of that revival. The home is unique as homes go, because of the general plan which has builded the rooms, circularly, as it were, about the large central rotunda. H.



STUDENTS' HOME NUMBER ONE
A glimpse of the Rotunda through the Sitting Room

A HOUSE is built of sticks and stones,
Of sills and posts and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds
That stand a thousand years.
The men of earth build houses, halls
And chambers, roofs and domes;
But the women of earth—God bless them—
The women build the homes.—Selected

Home Influence

HAVE you ever been in a home where the air was so pure and serene, that all the petty trials and cares of the world seemed to melt into nothingness at the door? Then it seemed pleasant just to live and life assumed a new aspect. New hope and strength arose in your heart, and you felt better able to assume the cares of your own life. The very air of such a home is charged with a power indescribable. It

is an inspiration to all who enter. It has been said that a woman's sphere is an atmosphere. Some people are always surrounded by an influence which has the same effect on the spirit as a tonic has upon the body. It is the atmosphere which makes the difference between a home and a mere domicile.

Women of to-day are to be found in every occupation and profession, but the home is the one sphere in which woman will always reign supreme—if she so chooses.

Home-making is an art, and it demands more accomplishments, more skill and patience than does any other art. It cannot be taught to her from books. To learn it, woman has to go to the very depths of her own nature.

Look back upon the home of your childhood and consider how your whole life has been affected by it. The lives of little children will be influenced just as strongly as our own have been by the home influence with which we surround them.

If women could realize it, the destiny of the coming race lies in their power. In so far as we do realize it, are we responsible for the future of the race.

While woman can make her way in any walk in life, in nothing will she so completely unfold her true nature, and have as much influence for good as in the home.
YOUNG STUDENT

THE wife of the Russian envoy at Sofia, Bulgaria, Madame Bakhmeteff, was formerly a Miss Mary Beale, daughter of General Beale of California. As a young woman she spent much time in Washington and there met M. Bakhmeteff, then an attache of the Russian legation. After their marriage he was transferred to London, then to Paris, then to Athens and recently to Bulgaria.

Madame Bakhmeteff has won him many a diplomatic victory by her charm and discretion. At present she is rendering invaluable services to American women traveling in Bulgaria, for the political unrest of the country renders traveling often difficult. She has been signally honored by the Sultan, by the Czar and by Prince Ferdinand himself.

MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, so well known in the world of fiction and of poetry, is at present in London. She is a near relative of the historian Prescott.

A Word to Women

WE are creatures of habit. All manifested life swings on the pendulum of habit. Individuality builds in grooves of tiniest habits—tracing and retracing, and intensifying, falling more easily into the deepest lines, weaving the pattern of today over the web and woof of the yesterdays. Today the average woman is purposeless—unthinking, drifting with the pressure of those about her, her whole life aimless of direction and fruitless of result. It is only necessary to watch the average man or woman a few short hours to notice a lack of method and the consequent break in the chain of their lives. These are missing links that leave a broken chain.

Going but little farther we realize that this has been an age of shiftlessness—an age of self-gratification, leading now to an age of hungry minds and empty hearts—due to the many gaps in the human life that throw woman back upon herself in terror of the emptiness of life, yet ever questioning its meaning. It is thus that we have a world of confusion and disorder, of discord and contention, a pulling on individual lines instead of unity, method and harmony. And in *all* the walks of life—in the circles of society, in the fields of political corruption, in the world of business, in homes of sense-gratification and in the field of religious dogma—mentally, morally, physically and spiritually we have dropped a stitch; here and there a thread is slack; there is a gap in this beautiful pattern.

Awake! one and all! of whatever caste or creed or color! Realize *your* place in this whole great plan! Leave not *your* corner of the wonderful tracery of life devoid of color and method and finish! Know that, be ye pagan or Christian, your part undone retards the whole. Break the shell of selfishness and purposelessness and open your eyes from their long blindness—and see your sister women all about you—hoping and fearing and struggling like you. Mayhap your arm is stronger or your foot more sure. Give of your all then freely; for the gaps in the wall must be filled and the blocks that just fit are love and work—work and love, utter compassion. A. W.

THE Agricultural Society of Saxony recommends the following method of testing eggs for their freshness: Plunge the eggs in water. A fresh egg remains horizontal, an egg from three to five days old makes an angle of 20° with the horizon, one eight days old an angle of 45°, fourteen days 60°, three weeks 70°, and three months, vertical.

This may sound like a very difficult and “scientific” method, but any housekeeper who possesses sufficient judgment to make good bread—and that requires a great deal of judgment, indeed—will find it easy to make these estimates with approximate correctness after one trial.

STUDENT

OUR marriage rite is our resolve that we will each be true to high allegiance, higher than our love.—GEORGE ELIOT

To Housekeepers

THE *bete noire* of every housekeeper is the spring cleaning. “House-cleaning!” The term suggests cold breakfasts, no lunches and bread and butter dinners; aching backs, strained tempers, and a period of misfitness generally. If that contingency could be avoided, many a household would run without serious friction from one year’s end to the other. But the inventor is coming to the rescue and it may be that within a very few years “house-cleaning” will be transformed from a terror into the reverse.

An English engineer has invented a machine which cleans houses by a process of drawing out the dust on the vacuum principle. An air-pump, which may be carried from house to house in a wagon, exhausts the air from a long tube which extends within the house, and by the suction thus created draws

out of carpets, curtains, mattresses, upholstery, etc., every particle of dust. Not a carpet need be taken up, not a portiere need be taken down. No dust is distributed, of course, and the quietness of the process is only equaled by its quickness. It is stated by those who have used this process that the amount of dust that will be removed from an ordinarily dirty carpet is amazing. From one theatre, not long ago, over four hundred pounds of dust was removed. It is said that a ten-room house can easily be cleaned in a day.

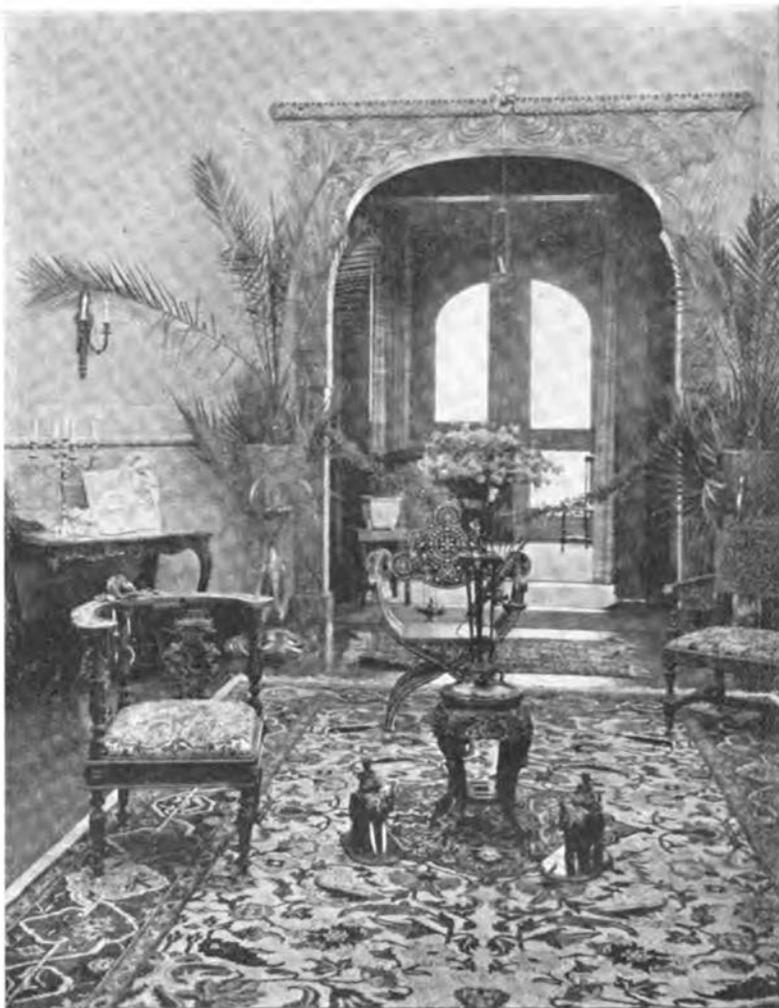
There is a hygienic as well as a labor-saving side to this problem, for dust is well known to be one of our chief sources of danger from infection. Never could be invented a more congenial play-ground for bacilli than the dark corners of a dirty carpet. The advantages of the vacuum process of cleaning are obvious enough. It is stated that the method is now being used in the royal palaces by order of King Edward. M.

Women as Federal Clerks

SINCE the recent renewal of effort to erect a memorial statue to General Francis E. Spinner, one recalls the fact that it was he who first opened the doors of the government departments to women. In 1862, when General Spinner was appointed Treasurer of the United States, it occurred to him that the men who were counting bank notes in his department

were needed in the war and that their places would better than not be filled with young women. He could not at first convert Secretary Chase to his way of thinking, but General Spinner was persistent, and at last was allowed to appoint one woman, just as an experiment. Her first day’s work decided the matter in favor of women. Soon seven were in his department, and so excellent was their work that it was not long before Congress made appropriations for the employment of women in all its departments. At first they were paid half as much as men, but General Spinner persuaded Congress that they ought to receive equal pay if they did equal work. That was the opening wedge to the employment of women in America, and out of gratitude to him, after his death, the Treasury women formed the Spinner Memorial Association. E. W.

THE twittering yellow bird rests on a corner of the monad. The Master said: “When it rests, it knows where to rest. Is it possible that a man should not be equal to this bird?”—Confucius



STUDENTS' HOME NUMBER ONE
The Rotunda, looking through the Library

NO SMALLEST corner of even the humblest life is purified without communicating its sweetness over the whole earth and no evil is entertained in any mind, without the circulating of a subtle poison throughout the whole of the human inner world. Every individual foe vanquished weakens the power of that foe collectively in the camp of human life; and every god entertained brings god-life nearer to the inhabitants of earth. GERTRUDE VAN PELT

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Prehistoric Rhinoceros Unearthed in London, England

DURING recent excavations under the *Daily Chronicle* office in Fleet street, the skull of a rhinoceros was found in the Pleistocene river-mud of the Thames basin. Some had supposed it might have been a menagerie specimen brought over by the Romans, or even later; but an examination of the skull shows it to have belonged to a kind of rhinoceros unknown in modern times, but of which entire specimens are met with in Siberia, preserved in the soil. As Dr. F. E. Beddard, F. R. S., says:

It will be noted that between the huge nasal openings there is a stout bony partition which completely divides the right from the left nostril, and forms a strong and solid wall for the support of the massive anterior horn. Not one of the five living species of rhinoceros, African or Asiatic, shows any such bony partition wall; in all of them the two nostrils are separated during life by stiff cartilage or gristle, which in course of time decays and leaves a vacuity. It is plain, therefore, that our rhinoceros belongs to a race which is now extinct, unless indeed some individuals still remain secluded in untraversed African forests, as did until the last year or so the famous Okapi.

A fragment of some unknown animal was found in Kent in the year 1688, and is now in the South Kensington museum. It is evidently a specimen of the same kind of rhinoceros as the one now found. The Seventeenth century discoverer says:

No man, we conceive, not willing to be censured of rashness, will be very forward to divine, much less to define or determine, what the creature was; and doubtless, dubious enough it is, whether of the twain, the sea or the land, may more rightly lay claim unto it.

Many peculiarities in the bones and teeth show the similarity of these two specimens and their difference from varieties now living. But the question is set at rest by the carcass of the rhinoceros that in 1771 was exposed in a frozen state in the soil of Siberia, just as the mammoths are still found. The skin of this beast was closely invested with a protective covering of long and even woolly hair.

How did the rhinoceros get there? For answer we must recollect that England was, in quite recent geological times, joined to the continent, the bed of the English channel being even now quite shallow. The Thames was probably an affluent of the Rhine. Hence the rhinoceros was able to extend his migrations to Britain, and there is abundant evidence of this in various parts of the island, as near as Oxford, in caves in Yorkshire and at Torquay. He was a cave animal, and his unusual occurrence in the mud of a river points to his having become bogged.

A strange mixture of animals roamed about Britain in those Pleistocene times—mammoth, hippopotamus, bears, hyena, lion, wild bulls—many which suggest the tropics seem to have been contemporaneous with arctic specimens. But, then, our rhinoceros was woolly like the Siberian mammoth, and the other animals, now only found in the tropics, may have been similarly adapted to the cold. E.

THE cave paintings found at Altamira, near Santander, in Spain, are similar to those found in France. The figures are of animals, but include neither the mammoth nor the reindeer. They are mostly in black.

Indian Quarries and Inscriptions Found in Oregon

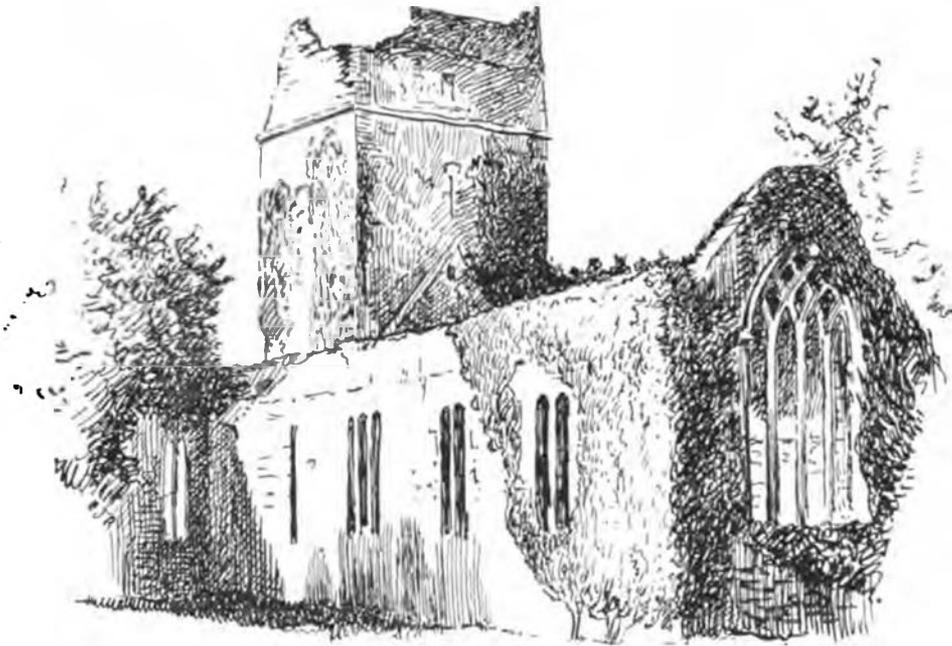
AN extraordinary discovery has been made in the Selah Cañon of the Natchez River, near North Yakima, Oregon. Professor Harlan J. Smith, the head of the American Museum expedition, has there found the actual flint quarry from which unnumbered generations of Red Indians procured the implements which have been found day by day over vast tracts of country. The discovery was practically accidental as these striking finds usually are. Professor Smith's object was to ascertain how far the coast Indians had penetrated into the interior, and upon this quest he had occasion to enter a cañon only to find that the walls were covered with inscriptions and pictures. Following up the clew he ascended the cañon to a considerable distance, and presently came upon an ancient flint quarry, as to the nature of which there

could be no possible question. Piles of rock were standing ready for transportation as they had been left, and a stone hammer still lay on the ground where it had last been used. Among the very numerous carvings and writings was an inscribed boulder standing within the cañon, bearing the words "Straight Ahead"—evidently a guidepost for the benefit of new comers on the quest for material.

Professor Smith is sanguine of the results which will accrue from his discovery. The extinct tribes of the Pacific Coast have for long past presented a problem which archeology has not yet solved. Along the whole coast as far north as Vancouver, we find their fortifications constructed with surprising skill and evidently intended for warfare of a serious nature, and suitable even to the

needs of today. What became of these people, and why did they disappear so suddenly that the evidences of their daily avocations abound upon every side? Probably other discoveries must be made before these questions can be satisfactorily answered. Probably we must learn to take a more comprehensive view of the discoveries already made, basing our theories upon the existence of a mighty civilization unnumbered ages back, a civilization which was destroyed and which sent its flying fragments in many directions. Maybe the real genius of that civilization incarnated in Egypt and elsewhere, once more to culminate and once more to fall, while other fragments gradually forgot their wisdom and became the mysterious races, of which we see the remains in the stone quarries and in the fortifications, which are upon every hand. STUDENT

AN order has been issued by the Italian government forbidding the export from Italy of any archeological or art treasures without the consent of the authorities or until the authorities have been given the option of their purchase. In this respect the American government might very well follow suit. While there may perhaps be no disposition to export American archeologic treasures there is a very marked disposition to destroy them, or to so neglect them that they disappear. When public sentiment and a higher public patriotism are once aroused no small measure of blame will be laid at the doors of those whose position and whose education should have taught them the value of ancient archives which are being so wantonly destroyed. STUDENT



MUCKROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY

This picturesque ruin is situated in the loveliest part of the famous Killarney region, close to the Torc or Middle Lake. It was erected about 1440, and like nearly all medieval Irish architecture, is simple in design and not notable for richness in detail; but in its lovely setting of wooded mountain and green sward, and with its ivy-clad walls and tower, it is a great attraction to all lovers of the beautiful.

Nature

Studies

WHEN I was a child the budding spring
Had the charm of the golden sheen,
Oh, the world was mad with blossoming,
Oh, the world was a rage of green.

When I was a child the new mown hay
Had a sweetness too fine for words,
Oh, rarer than lilac's scent in May
And sweeter than the songs of birds.

When I Was a Child

by H. C. WARNACK in *Los Angeles Herald*

When I was a child the rustling leaves
Wrought a spell like a music strain,
Like vagaries that dim fancy weaves
When listening to the falling rain.

When I was a child the sighing wind
Brought to my heart a yearning sad;
If a storm arose its deep unrest
Drove my child heart passion mad.

When I was a child a fairy light
Shone o'er whatever path I trod,
Radiant and glad as the stars at night
And every path led straight to God.

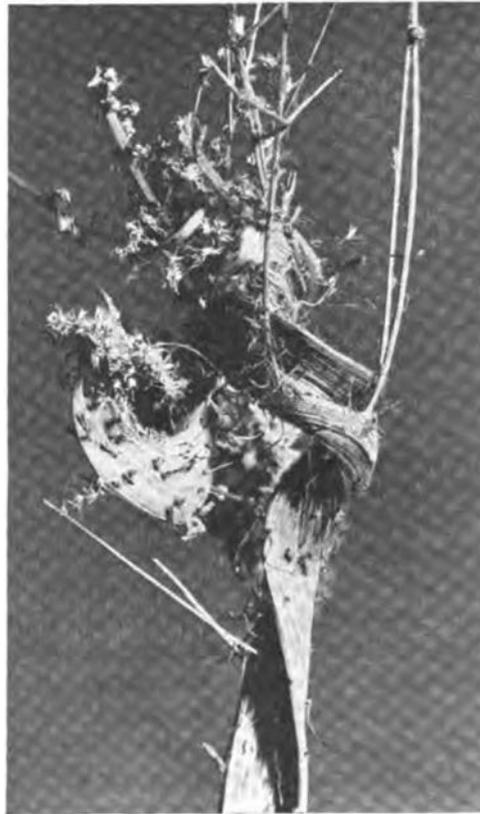
Do Plants Have Plans and Purposes?

THERE is something intensely fascinating about the growing tip of a plant, it seems to give such limitless promises for the future. Out of that continually renewed, yet unchanging, life comes such a succession of marvels. And what very different methods the plants have of revealing these marvels. Some fully form the leaves while still wrapped close about the center cone; others, like the ferns, start their leaves alone but closely coiled, and unfurl them with steady dignity.

Then others put them forth all perfect from the first, except in size, while others take a middle course by combining both, so that their leaves open and grow at the same time. The date-palm and fan-palm families send theirs up all folded like fans and bound along the edges with brown tape, and not until they are nearly full grown do they open to the sun. The fennel follows the plan of the grasses by thrusting each closely folded leaf up through the encircling stem of the last preceding. The yucca family has the central cone from which the fully grown leaves unfold, leaving their exact outline, even to the tip of every thorn, upon the back of the remaining ones. There is, however, one essential point upon which they all agree; they all produce, unfold, reveal, revolve, from within outward. No one has ever yet heard of a plant reversing the process, refolding its leaves, repacking its flowers, and reabsorbing into itself what had been put forth. Neither does the old wood or old growth ever equal the growing power of the living tip.

The old growth is the past, it was once the present and alive, but its office is to support the tip, its living present, now. True, if the tip is injured or removed, the old wood may evolve from some covered over latency a new growing tip, as men, defeated in their present plans, revert to those once laid aside. Many plants have the bad habit of forming many sprouts which drain the strength of the main stem, even as we human beings frequently let ourselves run off on side issues and fritter away our powers from our principal life purpose.

The pine family, by the way, seldom or never does act in that way. The growing tip of a plant is its will, its manifested purpose, which continually develops and unfolds itself by growth, as our plans and purposes do by actions. Perhaps this analogy is the basis of the old saying often applied to man, that "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Y.



STRANGE GROWTH OF WILD CHICORY



LOGGING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA—BEGINNING A SAWCUT

Curious Growth of Wild Chicory Plant

THE accompanying picture is a photograph of a wild chicory plant, which grows very plentifully in Loma-land. Its normal form is somewhat like that of the wild mustard plant, but the leaves are so small as to be scarcely noticeable. Its average height is about five feet, but it ranges from a few inches to eight feet, according to soil and environment. The branches usually spread to a width about equal to its height. The form is nearly conical, with the apex usually uppermost. When the limbs are broken there is a very copious flow of thick, white, milky substance, which has a bitter but to some not an unpleasant taste. The flowers are very small and very plentiful, but not very noticeable as they do not cluster, but grow on short stems at intervals all along the branches, about the size of a forget-me-not, with a light blue color, and when looked at closely are very beautiful.

There was nothing unusual about the surroundings of this curious specimen. The stem, which is normally round, in this case is flat like a ribbon, and twisted in a most fantastic spiral, which seems to be the result of four or five plants attempting to live in one body, the spiral being produced by a disagreement among the different centers of consciousness as to what should be the proper rate of growth, and the quarrel has caused the dwarfing of the whole, and given them a burlesque appearance.

STUDENT

A Serenade in the Cypress Hedge

ONE evening we resolved to discover the origin of the croaking and chirping which filled the air. One of the most insistent chirpers was located in the cypress hedge, and from the lowness of his note and the volume of sound it seemed certain that he must be a tree-frog. By getting first one side of the hedge and then the other, he was at last located in a certain bunch of twigs. Hasty matches were lit, but revealed nothing. After a moment of waiting, he sounded again from

the same place, and by putting the ear as close as possible it seemed that the vibration was felt as well as heard. More matches at last revealed, not a tree-frog, but a fly, with a butterfly's body, an inch long, with green wings which stood straight up in a triangular shape. Maybe he was a sort of "katy-did," though what he said was "g-o-n-e" with a long trill on the "o" and a falling scale. The little musician hastily concealed himself from the light and was left in peace. In a few minutes he was calling again, "g-o-n-e," "g-o-o-o-o-n-e."

NATURE-LOVER

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

ISIS THEATRE was once more crowded on Sunday evening in anticipation of a special orchestral and children's performance. The musical program, which was one of special excellence, was admirably carried through, and the Raja Yoga children were even more charming than usual in a number of new and graceful exercises, which gave great delight to the audience. We should much like to enter into a more extended appreciation of the music and also of the children's performance, but we must reserve all the space at our command to what was certainly the feature of the evening, the reading of a paper written by Mrs. Tingley on "The Landscape Gardening of San Diego." Mrs. Tingley had entrusted this paper to Thorley von Holst, the young Raja Yoga boy, who has so often and so effectively appeared on the Isis platform.

In the absence of Mrs. Tingley herself no other substitute could be more acceptable to an Isis assembly. The paper is as follows:

"What the future will bring to San Diego none can prophesy in detail, yet all who have watched the trend of recent affairs well know that great events are in the shaping. That it will become an international centre on many lines there can be no doubt. That it will become immensely large is equally certain. Will it grow, as most of our American cities have grown, square and prosaic and crowded, with one part dedicated to slums and all parts consecrated to formalism?

"It is our own fault if it does; yet it will if we do not early take just this problem into consideration. With the opening of the new railroad, the increase in the business of the port, the rise in value of real estate, a horde of speculators will rush in for the purpose of making money. This we shall not be able to prevent and, indeed, there will be strong temptation to invite them in the hope of 'building up' the city, that is, if our ideal of what 'builds up' a city is the conventional one. But do we want San Diego to become just a conventional city, a place of pavements and treeless roads, a place where the inhabitants of one quarter dress and dance, and the denizens of another starve and quarrel? I think not, yet that is just what a certain proportion of those who are coming here will make of our city if we do not prevent it.

"One who has traveled in many parts of the world cannot but feel that San Diegans do not appreciate the beauty of their city—or rather its possibilities in the way of beauty. For no city on the continent has nature done so much. For few cities, it must be confessed, has man done so little. Where in all Italy can you find such a water front? Where in all Renaissance Italy, at least, would you find people who had the conscience to neglect its possibilities? And the city itself in its rolling contour, its easy slopes, its terraces, its ravines, its winding bay road, its magnificent trees—where in the world can you find better material for the making of an ideal home spot?

"Those who have traveled afoot over Greece, on coming to Loma-land, invariably comment on the marked resemblance of its topography to that of Hellas itself. The same comment is not unfrequently made of San Diego. Its topography is more than beautiful, it is simply inspiring in its possibilities. Now, are you going to develop these, or are you going to crowd in the tenements and the factories and crowd out nature and the scenic beauty?

"It will not do to haggle over this problem as if it were a bargain, for the time is nearer than you realize when speculators will rush in, and unless you have built up an ideal of a City Beautiful and the clear intention that it shall be realized, you will be powerless to prevent their taking matters into their own hands to the city's ruin and to your own shame.

"San Diego is just now emerging from a period that has been as inartistic as it has been quiescent. The city bears every mark of it. You and your city life stand at the parting of the ways. Shall you guide its life into merely commercial channels, or into that very greatness which shall make it a world center of art, of music, of philosophy, of the pure life, of joy and of beauty itself?

"It is impossible, in looking upon San Diego's natural and neglected terraces, not to imagine their possibilities. Those marvelous Italian gardens of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries, were fashioned out of nature—spots which had but half of your natural advantages. Yet they perhaps did more to pull all Italy out of the clutches of the dark ages than any other one element, for they brought beauty into life again and to an extent bridged the awful gulf which had existed between man and nature. And one characteristic of them was the use of natural terraces, just such as lie in San Diego on every side. Why, our whole city might become a great nature garden, a unity, verily, of all that is best in art and all that is purest

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Address by Katherine Tingley
on Landscape Gardening for
San Diego --- Raja Yoga Songs

Reprinted from San Diego News

in Nature. This will cost! Yes, it will, and doubtless you haven't yet the money. More than that, it would be necessary for all citizens to work together and you will admit that you haven't yet the unity. What then can you do—what can each do? Each can begin at home. If you have a bit of God's green earth about your home, get ac-

quainted with it, study it, improve it, make it not a pot-pourri collection of flowers and shrubs, but a quiet restful work of art. If you have a back yard, transform it from an eyesore into a beauty spot, forthwith. It may be that your garden and lawn is large. If you have bestowed upon it loving care you will be slow to sell a strip or a lot off from it to the first speculator who comes along, and this alone will prevent the city from degenerating and hardening during its growth.

"This alone will keep God's green spots from being obliterated.

"I say there is no telling how far an apparently insignificant bit of good work may spread. It is like a stone thrown into the water, in the endless succession of its ripples. There is no telling how far the example of, say, one regenerated back yard, or one beautifully landscaped garden might influence your whole city. And this influence the simplest and poorest can wield.

"When I was asked, 'But what was the beginning of your work at Montauk for the sick and disabled soldiers, and your work for Cuba?' I replied, 'One needle, one thimble, one old garment and a spool of thread.' And who shall predict the end?

"Quite outside of the fact that it is the duty of every citizen to help build a moral life and a beauty life within the walls of his city for the sake of the children, there is another incentive.

"It rests with us whether we shall attract here an element that is desirable or otherwise. There are, all over the world, magnificent people, people who are honorable, generous, wealthy, artistic, pure, people who are seeking for some place where the ideal life may be lived, for some place where every sense will not be offended each time they go beyond their doorsteps. Would you like to have such people come here? Or do you prefer the opposite type, the man who, under pretense, perhaps, of great patriotism, yet bleeds your city's life and uses you in his personal interests? If the former, then build a city that will attract these, and you can do it if you will. Make a beginning! Make it now, if it is nothing more than laying out a walk in a curved line instead of straight, if it is nothing more than planting a shrub in your yard for the birds to nest in. If you do this, and keep the greater ideal before you, depend upon it all the rest shall be added. The success will come, a greater spirit of unity shall be born among you, the talent that shall fashion your ideal will gravitate here at the right time, and every dream shall be realized. Why, Greece itself might have envied you for what nature has done. If you do your share, verily, all that is best and most beautiful in ancient life shall be realized, and with it something rare and beautiful that even the purest ancient life did not hold, something marking this as a time of progress, something marking the Twentieth century in America."

Visit of Chief Forester Pinchot

LOS ANGELES and San Diego entertained last week a distinguished visitor in the person of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the Chief Forester of the United States. Mr. Pinchot's visit is of importance not only from his high position but from the stimulus which he gave to forest preservation and the general appreciation of the value of our timber reserves.

Mr. Pinchot entered with a hearty interest into the schemes for the beautification of the San Diego Park, which are now being carried out and to which he gave his warm approbation. A portion of his very limited time he spent at the Point Loma Homestead, as the guest of Katherine Tingley, and while there he had an opportunity of seeing some portions of the activities under her management. We hope to see Mr. Pinchot again at some time in the not too far away future, and to renew an acquaintance so pleasurably begun.

OBSERVER

Signs of the Times

Read at a meeting of the Watertown (Mass.) U. B. Lodge

AT the time when winter is merging into spring Nature pictures another phase of the paradox which makes life so contradictory upon the surface. Save for a few scattered patches of snow, the ground is bare; the air is raw, though the sun grows daily stronger. In the shade of trees and houses, or wherever

shadows fall, the earth is clean, firm and dry, while the ground upon which the sunshine rests is wet and muddy. Seemingly the shadows make the earth comfortable and comely, while a moist, disagreeable streak follows the path of the moving sun, apparently denying its power of warmth and comfort.

At first it is puzzling to see how light and heat can make the earth wet and dull, but one soon finds that the unsightly, muddy places mark the areas where the ground is losing its frost and cold. It is the interior thawing and change which render the surface wet and chill. The untouched places make the best showing and are more pleasant to travel, but spring cannot appear until winter's cold heart has melted and softened in response to the growing warmth of the sun.

Only a few brave blossoms of anemone and arbutus — like rare souls ahead of the times — give promise of the days when life shall start anew in hidden seed and root, presently changing the barren earth into springtide joyousness and beauty. The snow, which idealized the winter landscape, has gone, leaving exposed the faded grass and leafless branches; the air is raw and the ground depressingly damp in places.

Like all periods of transition it is a time of dissatisfaction, uncertainty and discomfort. Truly the first touches of awakening consciousness in mother earth have no surface charm, but the children of men feel the subtle stir at the heart of things. The cold,

wet ground and the raw air are forgotten as the mind leaps forward to dwell upon nature's yearly incarnation in fresh forms of beauty and strength and perfume.

The analogy holds good in human nature, with its greater consciousness hidden in bodies made from the dust of the ground. The present time is said to be the beginning of the Golden Age. As the spiritual sun in its larger orbit reaches the springtime cycle of awakening soul-life on earth the depravity, disease, skepticism and discontent of the world stand out in greater contrast. The pessimist sees in this state of things only evidence of degeneration, and points to epidemic selfishness to prove that the world is growing worse instead of better. To the deeper view of the optimist, however, the signs indicate a thawing in humanity's cold heart, hard and frozen throughout the world's long age of iron. The surface conditions are indeed unpromising, but they mark the places in living clay where seeds of truth and righteousness and beauty are blindly striving towards the light.

The vital warmth of the spiritual sun is melting and softening the cold, hardened coverings of incarnate souls. The sensitive or more favorably situated natures re-



Boys' Brotherhood Club No. 2, Groningen, Holland

Since the last report the Club has made good progress and the members are more enthusiastic than ever. Among the activities some of the boys are making objects for decoration or practical use. Their latest work has been a portrait frame to contain the different pictures which appeared in the Raja Yoga number of the *NEW CENTURY*. Twice a week three of the boys assemble to study flute playing with the help and accompaniment of a piano, and when they are sufficiently trained they will play marches, aided by a drum, during the drill, as well as assisting with music at Club meetings. The Club meets twice a week for drill and at the second meeting we always have some special music and songs. There is a good sized library, and English lessons are given to some of the boys by Brother Goud, so that they may be able read the *NEW CENTURY PATH*. At the Club meetings the boys have debates and are beginning to speak with more freedom and to show greater interest.

J. C. ONNES, Superintendent

spond, though the most visible effects in the physical clay and in the mental atmosphere seem to deny the underlying hopefulness. For with the awakening of the better natures of men the lower nature also starts into activity, and while there are those who respond to the new spiritual impulses, there are also other signs of activity apparent in the world in an increase of sensuality and depravity, of insanity, nervous diseases, and certain forms of malignancy, and in a pervading air of skepticism and uncertainty characteristic of transitory conditions.

The untouched natures, seemingly firm, settled and unresponsive, are often making the best showing in health, and measured by conventional standards, in happiness. Wrapt in the complex materialism of today and hard set in the mold of selfishness, they show the smooth exterior of the frost-bound, shaded places of the early spring. The prosaic intellectualist is puzzled with the superficial paradox, but the intuitive eye of Faith penetrates externals to find the vital soul-germ preparing to refresh the barren world with its own life and beauty.

Unquestionably the forces of life which operate through humanity are so increased as to stimulate activity in every department of human expression. That it is essentially a spiritual force which is urging on the souls, individually and collectively, to attain greater consciousness, appears logical enough upon reflection. That this increased spiritual force

has also aroused its opposite, which is expended mainly along selfish and sensual lines, is the natural result of a materialistic age, seeking to express added impetus along familiar lines. The discontent and uncertainty, the frequent changes in standards of work and belief, the disordered brains and nerves, the excesses and perversions of modern society, are superficial signs of a transition period.

The early blossoms of Brotherhood, which are today pushing their way through the mud of materiality and the chilling air of doubt, are rich in promise of the development of many other seeds of truth which shall refresh the earth at no far distant day. The change from the world's spiritual winter to its springtime may seem slow and discouraging; but the unfoldment of leaves and blossoms comes suddenly at last. The transforming power apparently requires but a few days to paint the earth in living green; but the spring's unfolding freshness and beauty is the visible returning tide in the vital stream of regeneration which has but gradually reached to outermost leaflet, and which long surged in silence through myriad seeds before they burst their bonds.

IN some of the Louisville factories, absolute silence among the operatives has hitherto been the rule. A saner policy now prevails, music is provided, and the work people are encouraged to sing. The result has of course been an increase of cheerfulness and a consequent gain in the amount of work. We have yet to learn to how great an extent music ought to be used as an aid to labor. The ancients knew this well and by it they unlocked many of the treasure houses where nature stores her greatest forces. In some of the old Egyptian pictures which represent the immense labors of Pyramid building, there is often the figure of a man who set the pace by music, probably a chant. Wherever united effort is necessary, music of some kind springs naturally from the lips.

STUDENT

AMONG the many things we could find it in our hearts to wish were different in our daily and weekly papers, I believe there is nothing we would so gladly see changed and done away with as the so-called comic supplements, with their often worse than vulgar suggestions, but whose bright colors have an irresistible attraction for the little folks. I have faith to believe that the time is not far distant when public sentiment will demand that they be done away with, and replaced by bright, uplifting pictures and pure, cheery fun. When that time comes, we may hope to see pointless jokes and inane jingles replaced by cheery bits of philosophy, given in the sunshine poet's best vein. [Speed the time! The evil is great!] — *Charlotte, Mich., Tribune*

SOME little time ago the astronomers of Flagstaff Observatory in Arizona, reported that they had seen a projection from the planet Mars, and that this remained visible for thirty-five minutes. It looked like an immense pole protruded from the side of the planet. It does not seem to have been observed elsewhere, and the suggestion is advanced that this projection is identical with a long snow strip which has been observed upon previous occasions after the bulk of the Martian snow had melted. It is not, however, easy to understand how a phenomenon such as that ascribed from Flagstaff Observatory, can be accounted for by a strip of snow, which could hardly seem to project from the planet.

STUDENT

THE skill with which the Orinoco Indians use the blow-pipe is very remarkable. The reed from which this weapon is made is found only on the Orinoco river, and with it an Indian will propel a dart for a distance of two hundred yards. The dart, of course, strikes with a comparatively slight force, and its efficacy lies in the poison with which its tip is smeared. A tiny groove or scratch is made in the dart for the purpose of holding the poison, and the point is so very sharp that the slightest impact produces a puncture. At a distance of one hundred and fifty yards an Indian can hit a mark only a few inches square, and in their hands the blow-pipe is therefore a most effective and dangerous weapon. If a dart should miss its aim every care is taken to find it for fear it should be accidentally stepped upon.

STUDENT

✿ ✿ ✿ "Keep to Middle Lines" ✿ ✿ ✿

If thou art told that to gain liberation thou hast to hate thy mother, and disregard thy son; to disavow thy father, for man and beast all pity to renounce—tell them their tongue is false.—*Voice of the Silence*



WELL, all I can say is, that I am not attracted by Theosophy according to Verrol Dymock," said Madge Marsdon to her chum Verrol. The two girls were spending the afternoon together. They were both teachers in a High School, had been life-long neighbors and friends, and had together joined the Society about a year before.

"But Madge, when one thinks of all the misery and wrong there is in the world, of the sin and oppression, of the terrible wars, of the hundreds of things that need to be righted, and ——"

"And only Verrol Dymock to do it all," laughed Madge. "My dear girl, you are looking at this present moment as if you had just made this terrible discovery, and that no one had thought of trying to set things to rights but yourself. No wonder you go about with such a solemn face."

"I cannot help it, Madge, it just gets a hold of me when I read such shocking things as one sees every day in the papers, of the poor little helpless children being treated as they are. Think of the lives, for instance, of those poor little fellows who work in that factory where they spend every hour of the day, stripped, wading about in a large tank of chemical liquid, till their poor little bodies are bleached and crinkled."

"Dear old girl, I know," said Madge, with a little choke in her voice, "but torturing oneself by constantly thinking of these things is not going to help much, and spending all one's spare time in reading abstruse and difficult books will not do much, neither will it do much good to puzzle and worry your poor brain over problems which you cannot understand, and which it does not matter one rap whether you do understand or not. This work for the children is a big thing, and dear, it may sound hard, but it is true, you are going the right way to hinder it. I have heard more than once people say, 'Well, if that is what Theosophy does for people I don't think much of it. Verrol Dymock used to be one of the jolliest, happiest of girls, and now she goes around like a funeral.'"

"I cannot help it," said Verrol, "it seems absolutely wrong to me to think of small matters when there are such big things, of so much more importance that one ought to devote every minute of one's life to."

After a few moments of silence—

"I went in to see your mother last Monday, when you were reading your paper on Symbolism and Ideographs at the Lodge," said Madge. "She was lying on her sofa quite in the dark—she said your father had not come home from town, and that Fred had gone out early in the afternoon, so there was no one to sit with her."

"But, I said, 'Why did you not ring for light, it's so dismal to lie hour after hour in the dark?'"

"You see," she said in her gentle, patient voice, "Verrol had to go off in a great hurry this evening, and she forgot to come in to put my bell and needlework handy; or to say good-by; so I could not help myself."

"I know," cried Verrol, "*darling* mother, I thought of it when I got to the Lodge, but they were waiting for the paper so I could not go back, but I felt horrid all the evening."

After dinner the girls put on their hats, and as they opened the hall door Madge called out, "Now don't forget, mother dear, you're not to touch that pile of stockings till I come back."

"Aren't you coming with me to the Lodge then?" asked Verrol.

"Oh no," said Madge, "I always go on Tuesday evenings to see old Mrs. Blake, you know I do!"

"Yes," said Verrol, "but I thought"—

"You thought the poor old dear wasn't so important as the meeting," Madge broke in rather sharply. "Well, that's another point where we differ. Why, the old lady would think the skies were going to fall if she did not have her regular dish of gossip about the week's news and the doings of everybody; and to-night is the night for her monthly letter to be written to her son. I think that is Lodge work, and the very best kind of Theosophy. It always seems to teach me more about Brotherhood than listening to arguments."

The girls parted, the one on her way to her old lady, and practical

Brotherhood work; the other to her meeting, her unrecognized duties at home lying unfulfilled, because there were no other hands to take them up.

One evening Verrol was sitting with her mother, slowly rocking to and fro, with a far away look in her eyes, when her brother Fred came in. He crossed the room to her, and ruffling her hair between both his hands he stooped down to give her a kiss. She gently but rather impatiently pushed him away with, "O Fred, I do wish"—

"You do wish I wouldn't interrupt the thoughts of wisdom that you are accumulating for your next meeting, I suppose. All right, old girl, I won't, but a few months ago you wouldn't have resented it," said Fred as he went over to his mother.

"Leave her to herself, Fred," said Mrs. Dymock. "I don't like the change that has come over 'our girl' either, but she'll find her balance soon, and learn what Theosophy really is."

"But mother, she never has five minutes to give to a fellow now. I've not had my violin out at home once for months, and as for tennis or golf, she cannot waste her time on such frivolous matters. She isn't half the jolly girl she used to be. I have to go to other men's houses or the club now if I want a chum."

Mrs. Dymock had been troubled to see that Fred was spending his evenings so much away from home and she knew the loss of Verrol's companionship had been the cause. But she was a wise mother and did not interfere. She knew that her girl was sterling metal, and that she would come out all right in the end and find that the splendid work for the children she had taken so strongly to heart could be carried on all the better for rightly doing the little things that were equally her duty.

Suddenly she put her hand to her head, and a white pinched look came into her face.

"Fred, dear, get me to my room," she gasped. "I feel another attack coming on."

Fred quickly and gently lifted her in his arms, and shouted to Verrol to ring the bell and send one of the servants for the doctor at once, and the startled girl was roused from her abstraction to see her brother carrying the apparently lifeless form of her mother out of the room. She rang peal after peal, sent off a servant, and rushed up stairs.

"Oh, what is it, what is it?" she whispered to Fred, who was rapidly and deftly doing the necessary things, loosening her dress and bathing her face with the gentle hands of a woman.

"Don't talk," said Fred sharply, as he rubbed the cold hands.

"Cannot I do anything?" she sobbed.

"No, only keep right out of the way and don't fuss," he said.

She watched him silently for a moment, then whispered again.

"How do you know what to do so well?"

"Because," he said, pausing for a moment, "because I happened to be at home each time she has been taken like this before."

"Each time," said Verrol, miserably, "but I did not know——"

"No, you did not know, how should you when you were hardly ever with her? And she, to spare your feelings, made us promise not to tell."

Verrol made no answer, but when the doctor came she crept to her own room and sat there in tearless, stony misery. Her precious mother was worse and she had been too engrossed to see it. Fred had done for her what surely should have been the work of the daughter. She felt she could never forgive herself. Fred found her there later.

"Old girl," he said, "don't blame yourself too much. You shunted too sharply, that's all. Shunt back again onto the middle track and stay there. The doctor says this attack is much slighter than the last, but we'll have to be very careful of our mother, you and me and the Dad."

The next morning Verrol had a long talk with her mother.

"And to think, mother, that all the time I was thinking I was doing so much for Theosophy our Lodge people were disapproving. Our president's wife came to ask after you this morning, and she brought a message from them which she tried to give without hurting my feelings, that they thought I was giving up too much time, and must be neglecting home duties; but I did not let her finish. I told her I had suddenly discovered that one can go just as far wrong in the right direction as in the wrong. And now for the future, it will be for me a steady pace on the middle track."

A. C.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Reason Is Not the Highest Power of Cognition

SOME of the scientists have been falling upon Lord Kelvin for his belief in a Creative Providence in the world. And they "have him," not because he went too far, but because he did not go far enough. In the first place, a man who should propose to himself to take up publicly such a position as that of Lord Kelvin, should throw away the attempt to prove it. Let him boldly state his beliefs in the fullest way, and leave them in his hearers' minds to do their own battling with their contraries. Reasoning only arouses reasoning, and truth is not born from the public conflict of men's reasoning machines. Men reach their beliefs by their own processes, deeper than mind.

Man's growth is a coming into the knowledge of his own knowledge. Your dog knows that you are conscious, but he does not know that he knows it, cannot word it to himself. It will not get into his limited sphere of ideas. Yet he knows it, and shows his knowledge in every act. Could he prove it? And if he could get some dimly clear idea of this fact which he knows, could he communicate it to another dog?

Men a little in front of the common ranks of humanity know deep things, and know that they know them. Yet they cannot say them, or if they do the words sound barren to those who have not yet the ideas. That *Nature moves to a great purpose*, and that *Nature is conscious*, are phrases filled with meaning in the world of ideas of some men. To others they convey nothing. Still less can they be proved. Nevertheless let them be asserted, for some will thereby find their awakening. The mind is only the little ante-chamber leading to the hall where real knowledge dwells. And it should not be allowed to apply its tests to the voices of that hall. The demand that the profounder truths of life shall carry with them their own "proof" is hardly wiser than to demand that they shall have a smell or a taste. No real world-teacher has ever tried to prove anything he taught. The mind is not the tribunal. Says Tenyson in *The Ancient Sage*:

Thou canst not prove the nameless
Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in,
Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one;
Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no
Nor yet that thou art mortal.
Thou canst not prove that I who speak with thee
Am not thyself in converse with thyself,
For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven: wherefore be thou wise

STUDENT

Living Electric Batteries Studied under the Microscope

PROFESSOR MCKENDRICK, of the English Royal Society, has been investigating the electric apparatus of the various electric fish. He finds that the batteries operated by these creatures are of two types. Microscopically, one sort is closely allied in structure to muscle—only, at the will of the fish, instead of a contraction occurring, the same amount of force is set free as electricity, a shock. The other sort is analogous to gland tissue. But the gland secretes electricity instead of saliva, bile, pepsin, or what not.

We have here a very instructive example of electricity under the control of the will of a living creature, and at that a creature low in the scale of evolution. Certain human phenomena may possibly find here their explanation. What is abnormal at one level of evolution often finds its explanation in something quite normal at another. There are sporadic reversions, and sporadic premature appearances, everywhere in organic nature and in man.

STUDENT

SOME of the fish discovered in the Pacific ocean during the recent exploratory voyage of the *Albatross* are certainly not beautiful. The Lion Fish, for example, seems to be a particularly frightful monster. At first glance it appears to be a huge sunfish, but on closer examination its head seems to have been carved in the dark with a hatchet. The eyes, which are enormous in size, are surmounted with a ragged projection of skin, which stands erect, and the nose carries several horns.

Some Observations on How Sounds Project Their Shadows

IT is well known that objects seen at a distance present an appearance known as perspective, that is a decrease in apparent size, a blurring of detail, etc. It is not, however, so well known that sound presents very similar phenomena, though the auditory sense knows it and instinctively allows for it. In the busy roar of the city no opportunity offers to study such things, but they are part of the hunter's skill, and the knowledge of them is necessarily developed, more or less, by every countryman. Different notes do not travel with equal speed nor to an equal distance; therefore a noise heard by a person a hundred yards away will lack some parts which were audible to a person fifty feet away from the sounding objects. High notes seldom have the volume of the low ones, therefore; though they are more piercing and easily heard near by they lose by distance until at last only the heavier low notes remain audible.

Thus the sound disintegrates, until, at last, it is reduced to such a skeleton of itself that only a practiced ear can recognize and identify it. This causes endless bewilderment to the novice who is often unable to distinguish between the fully heard adjacent sounds and the shadows of far-away ones. The rise and fall of his chest in breathing may rustle a paper in his pocket so as to sound like people walking some distance away. Or a trifling wheeziness in his air passages may seem like distant screams, etc.

But to him who has mastered this knowledge, the air is full of stories conveyed by sounds so faint the unaccustomed ear scarce perceives them. He can not only tell what the original sound was, and what caused it, but can often tell how far the sound has come, and from which direction; which latter is often the most difficult task of all.

Y.

The Food Problem—Science Has Not Solved It

THERE is probably no subject so little understood as that of food, because there is probably no other department of daily human life in which our likes and dislikes so largely enter. Science is beginning to understand that it is not possible to tabulate human food requirements, and that in this respect every man is indeed a law unto himself. We are, however, still a long way from understanding how immense is the selective power of the mind and the extent to which the mind can draw forth from the food its beneficent and its poisonous qualities, each to the exclusion of the other. We shall, at any rate, have advanced a long way towards health when all ranks of the community are disabused of the belief that the human health must be in exact proportion to the quantities of food consumed. The Roman soldiers, whose endurance and hardihood are among the wonders of history, rarely ate anything but brown bread. The diet of the laborious Spanish peasant is black bread, onion and watermelon, while the Turkish porter eats nothing but fruit, and very little of that, and carries with ease his loads which most other men could hardly raise from the ground.

The diet question will one day be found to be nearer to the root of many of our great social problems than is usually supposed. Dyspepsia is not the only ill which comes from overeating.

X.

EUROPEAN scientists are increasingly unkind to the most recent of announcements as to the discovery of the "final secrets of nature." In this case no less a feat than the spontaneous generation of life was the achievement which seems to have been secured by mixing a few common kitchen chemicals. Of course the sensational press hailed it in the usual manner and with the usual type which is becoming a little worn at the edges.

Dr. Berthelot, however, is so unkind as to call the experiment "a ridiculous mare's nest." He says, moreover, that the Professor's method "will never lead to anything," and Dr. Charrin, of the College of France, says that whatever results were obtained were due to carelessness. The microbes whose sudden wriggings were the death blow to God and the soul were not then and there generated, but simply wriggled in from outside, as microbes have a way of doing. Let Twentieth century creators wash their test tubes and try again.

STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World



ON THE MALECON, HAVANA, CUBA, SHOWING MORRO CASTLE

True Heroism of a Native Mexican Is IT not time that we cease to repeat the faded old aphorism that "self-preservation is the first law of nature"? Not only is it disproved by every hen with her chickens, every cat with her kittens, every mother with her infant, but by nearly every shipwreck, mine or railway calamity. We can only say that "self-preservation is the first law—with those to whom it *is* the first law," and there are multitudes with whom it is not. Such heroic actions, as that of a Mexican signal man, reported August 28th, are not very numerous in our journals, though they can never lose their glory. Philip Ortez and another man were interrupted in their work by the approach of a fast train. As they stepped aside to let it pass, Ortez observed that a heavy jack was lying across one rail and must certainly wreck the engine and cars. He instantly jumped back to certain death, seized the jack and flung it sideways just as the engine came upon him. Death was of course instant, as he must have foreseen it would be; but he had done what he wanted, namely, saved the passengers. Clearly self-preservation took a *second* place among *this* man's instincts. And that constitutes your hero and, when the moment comes, marks him out for the rest. But it is the little *unnoticed* sacrifice and *daily* heroisms that make the *conspicuous* great one possible.

Cancer Cured by Radium in Vienna A REPORT from Vienna as to the cure of cancer by radium supplements the similar report which has already come from London. It appears that twenty-two cases of cancer have been successfully treated in Vienna, and while it is true that in these cases the malady was more or less external and therefore accessible, there is every reason to hope that even where the disease is internal, some way may be found of reaching it with the healing application. We have only to remember how frightfully cancer is upon the increase, to realize the hope which must be aroused by the experiments which are now being so energetically carried out.

Japan Learning to Enslave Children How rapidly Japan is mounting the ladder of civilization! We learn that in one mill in Osaka no less than twenty-six thousand children under fifteen years of age are employed. There are, however, still some giddy commercial heights for Japanese attainment. These twenty-six thousand children operate only three thousand spindles which it would seem is a very small number compared with American mills. The Japanese have yet to learn the limit of child endurance and the full market price that is paid for the flesh and blood of babies.

Strasburg & Teeth of School Children THE public school authorities of Strasburg have taken a step which might be imitated elsewhere with great advantage. The teeth of all the children have been examined by a dentist whose services are paid for by the city, and this service will be continued. Out of over ten thousand children who were thus examined, only about one per cent were found to need no attention. The evils, mental and physical, which arise from unsound teeth are so numerous, that too much commendation can hardly be given to so practical a step.

Captured Bibles Returned to Africa DURING the Boer War a large number of family Bibles were either looted or found, and sent to England. Lord Roberts has issued an appeal to those in possession of these Bibles to return them to their owners, and thus to perform a graceful action which would be warmly appreciated. In response to this appeal about forty Bibles have been returned and will be duly conveyed to their owners. These volumes are of all sizes and conditions, some of them dating from the Seventeenth century. Many of them are magnificently bound, with heavy clasps, and containing upon their blank pages the records of many generations. One such book has been returned by Lord Chesham, who had written upon the fly-leaf:

This Bible was found on the veldt at Mohensfontein Farm, Orange Free State, South Africa, on Sunday, 8th April, 1900, and rescued from a Kaffir by me, to be taken care of until claimed by the proper owner, who is now on commando, some few miles away.

Another small Bible bears an inscription showing that it was presented by a young Boer to his sweetheart, and given back to him when he went away to fight.

French & American Air-Ship Inventions THE aerial achievements of Santos Dumont are not only in themselves a very marked success, but they have also acted as a stimulant to other endeavors of a like nature. The Lebaudy air-ship has just been on trial in Paris, and it seems to have done some remarkable things. A start was made during rain and wind, but the vessel seemed to be unembarrassed, traveling at a rapid pace and answering her helm magnificently. The distance covered in one hour and thirty-six minutes was thirty-seven kilometres. Santos Dumont's record was 11½ kilometres in thirty minutes, so that for the moment the palm rests with the Lebaudy ship.

America will hardly be left behind in the design and construction of air-ships and the French inventors must look to their laurels. Professor Langley is busily preparing for the launching of his vessel, having abandoned his intention of experimenting further with a model aerodrome. Mechanics have been busily employed in building a platform upon each side of the launching carriage and although they were interrupted by a storm we may expect speedy news of a trial voyage.

May Drink King's Health With Water AN ENGLISH naval officer recently wrote to the King asking him to issue an order that his Majesty did not consider it necessary that, when his health was given, it should be drunk in wine. The King's secretary replied that his Majesty thought the Lords of the Admiralty would not like his interference by issuing orders, but he would be glad if it were circulated privately that his Majesty considered that his health was as much honored by those who drank it in water as by those who drank it in wine.

Argentine President's Kindly Note PRESIDENT ROCA of Argentina has written an autograph letter to the King of England enclosing a special medal which has been struck in commemoration of the settlement of the boundary dispute between Argentina and Chili. President Roca speaks of the gratitude felt by the Argentine nation for an arbitration judgment, which was distinguished by equal wisdom and rectitude.



NEAR SHOAL WATER BAY ON THE COAST OF WASHINGTON

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Magic Knights

ROY looked up suddenly from the book he was reading and remarked,

"I think of all heroes, I like the Magic Knights best."

"But they don't live now," said Fergus, "so what is the use of thinking about them? We can become ordinary heroes, and it is best to think about the next thing you can become. You are always up in the skies, Roy, all the boys say so."

Roy flushed. "Well, I can't help being myself," he replied, "it isn't up in the skies to me. I don't see the logic of thinking that thoughts and feelings are real, if you are not going to believe what you think is true—"

"Thoughts and feelings are real," he added.

"But it doesn't do any good to talk about it?"

"No, not if you only talk; but it does if you live as if you knew it were true."

"Fergus," and Roy's dark eyes flashed, "Lohengrin was a Magic Knight. He was called the Knight of the Swan. He had many battles to fight before he reached the castle of the Grail. But he did reach it. He conquered all that tried to keep him back, and all these battles were within himself.

"Do you know what I think?"

"No."

"I think as Lohengrin conquered the thoughts and feelings he shouldn't have, with a determination to be true to what he thought right, that he rose within himself; and the feeling of power from self-control and overcoming, gradually took the form of a boat, which at last floated above all that is selfish and base, and he stepped into it at once as a glorious hero. And he glowed with radiant, splendid hope, because he knew that what he had done, others also could do, and that feeling of hope took the form of a swan!

"You know when Lohengrin came to help people, he always appeared in a golden boat drawn by a swan, and if they had faith and trust, he could kindle hope, even in hearts that were despairing."

Fergus remained silent, but his eyes reflected a gleam from the light that shone in Roy's.

A. P. D.

Higher & Lower Influences

by a pupil of the San Diego Lotus Group

INFLUENCE is power which one person has over another. Sometimes you can influence people to do right when they are in the wrong. That is the higher influence, but when you influence them to do wrong, it is the lower. You should do what is right, and not be influenced by any one or anything, for sometimes you can be influenced by things. For instance, if something is a temptation to you and you follow the temptation you are influenced by it. We are apt to be influenced by the actions of others. If we think bad about people, it is apt to have a bad influence over them and doesn't do us any good. We mustn't do it. If everybody would stop having bad thoughts for others every one would be better off. And they would be still better off if every one would change their bad thoughts to good ones. L. W.



A COLONIAL GENTLEMAN
Represented by one of the ELEVEN CUBAN CHILDREN who became famous through Katherine Tingley's persecution by the Gerry Society

Sunday in Loma-land

DEAR CHILDREN OF THE WORLD: Every Sunday the children of the Raja Yoga School in Loma-land take a long pleasure-walk over the hills and down the long, winding path to the sea. Often we wish you were with us, all of you. What a glorious day we would have! When I look out over the vast acres of flowers I feel as if there must be enough to "go 'round" among the Buds and Blossoms of the whole world. As you know, in the Raja Yoga School are children from many of the countries of the world, from England, Germany, Australia, Bohemia, South Africa, and from Cuba. The largest number are Cubans, and glorious little Crusaders they are! Three months ago they returned from Cuba where they went with Katherine Tingley on a great crusade. Think of little children going out into the world to teach people the Brotherhood way! Think of little warriors like these strewing all the highways and byways of life with the beautiful roses of love and helpfulness and unselfishness!

Sundays are always joy days in Loma-land. The day begins with song in the Aryan Temple, then come duties, and then the long stroll over the hills with a picnic-lunch among the flowers. The little rabbits are already quite like comrades, the birds fly so near to us at times that it seems as if they wanted to tell us something. But we have forgotten how to listen, you see, and so they fly beyond us and above us and don't stop, after all. The beautiful white gulls whirl in from the Pacific, circle about over our heads, and then whirl seaward

again. There is a mystery about our sea-birds, from the gulls to the albatross of the poets; from the timid little sea-dove to the marvelously courageous frigate bird which flies across great oceans. What is this mystery? What is the story these birds, and all birds, and flowers, too, would tell us? Will we ever learn how to listen? I feel very sure that some of my Raja Yoga children will learn how, for they are living the heart life, and you know it is to the heart that birds and flowers speak.

THEIR TEACHER IN LOMA-LAND

Higher and Lower Nature

by a pupil of the San Diego Lotus Group

THE lower nature is ruling us when we are cross and ugly and thinking only of ourselves; the higher nature, when we are bright and happy, always thinking of some one else, loving and kind. In slavery times the master of a plantation told the slaves they could have no Christmas unless the cotton was all picked, and gave each a portion to do. One boy kept crying: "Oh, oh! oh! I won't never git mine done! I can't have no Christmas!" There was a girl by his side whose name was Barbara Allen. She was a very fast picker and she had hers nearly done, but Little Guinea (for that was his name) was clumsy and could not pick fast. So his playmate made fun of him and called him names. After awhile Barbara took pity on him and helped him pick until they were all through. And every slave had a fine Christmas. R. P.

My Boy

by JOHANNA AMBROSIO

THE sons of many other mothers
Have pink and white cheeks just as fair,
And wealth of gold and brown locks waving;
But none can with my boy compare!
Oft in the distance with his comrades
I see him coming, while afar,
Among the whole group shining radiant
As when from gray clouds gleams a star!

When merry songs in neighboring woodlands
Ring forth like sweet bells, pure and clear,
I hear but one mid all the voices---
My son's alone doth reach my ear!
And when a ball in happy playtime
Flies upward to the very roof,
I know that my own boy's hand flung it,
Of his young strength a joyous proof.

When fifteen more brief years have fled,
The vision ye will see with me,
As slender as a green young fir-trunk
He stands beneath the apple-tree!
E'en now his bright, clear eyes uplifted
The radiant sunshine strive to bear;
Yes, there are sons of other mothers,
But none can with my boy compare!

Students'



Path

“No Surrender!”

by ERNEST HAWTHORN in *Lucifer*

I WILL not yield! although no aid be nigh,
Although my foes be many as the sand,
Although the echoes mock my desperate cry
As slips the sword-hilt from my nerveless hand,
I will not yield!

Disgraced, defeated, broken, shamed,
Besmeared with filth and blood, all maimed,
All crippled, wounded, thrust
Down to the very dust,
Faint unto death—
While I have breath
I will not yield!

I will not yield! The courage of despair
Thrills through me; from the wreck of youthful hope
Springs fierce resolve; now all seems lost I dare
As ne'er before; in ruin Will finds scope.
I will not yield!

Not dreaming now of vast renown,
Of laurel wreath and golden crown,
Of place among the Gods,
I face the fearful odds,
And for dear life
Maintain the strife.
I will not yield!

I will not yield! I cannot choose! For lo!
I, too, *have seen*—seen what the end might be,
The far-off sun-kissed pinnacles of snow,
The perfect life of selfless liberty.
I will not yield!

For, having seen, I can but seek
The highest, though the heavenly peak
Lies ages hence away
From this foul bed of clay,
It can be won!
Child of the Sun,
I will not yield!

I will not yield! The fault is all my own
That I have fallen; evil seeds bear fruit;
Loins girt for years with pleasure's silken zone
Have failed to stand the strain; but to the brute
I will not yield!

No! though the struggle be in vain;
No! though I rise to fall again;
Unto the utmost end,
Until the night descend,
I stand my ground;
Vanquished or crowned,
I will not yield!

Sacrifice versus Compassion

THE tendency to let the right hand know all about what the left hand doeth is one of the diseases of the modern time. Theosophists are by no means immune and one who observes closely will admit that, at some period or other, most of us pass through its stages. It is difficult to know what is sacrifice and what is not.

No one will contend that the mother who watches over a sick child—the true mother—considers her service a sacrifice. To a stranger it might be so, particularly if the stranger received pay for doing it. But to the mother? She could not call it joy, even; she could not name it at all—the word that would define this duty of hers—for she has so utterly forgotten herself in the doing of it. It becomes a part of her life,

her desire, if you choose, something too intimate to the Soul itself to be called “sacrifice” or anything akin to it, for she has been animated by pure compassion.

Yet many who, deep in their natures, desire to make the world better have a little hungering to glorify themselves in the doing of it. They may not be conscious of it but it is there and crops out, time and again, every time a great opportunity for service comes to them—and then! The opportunity is missed, lost. It is a little device of the personality to prevent the Soul from taking its proper place as guardian and leader in the affairs of their daily life.

It is among this class that we find the chronic complainers, those who so long to help humanity and who would do such wonders, were they only not held down by circumstances, or poverty, or too much occupation, or the persecution of relatives; or something else. Be sure they are somewhere failing the Law. Somewhere, on some line, is the lower nature leading them into a corner. They may never waken to it till the longed for opportunity arrives and they find their hands nerveless, too weak to grasp it. The opportunity passes. The horror of their failure dawns upon them. Will they awaken then? All the future depends upon their mental attitude at such a crisis. They stand at the parting of the ways. Then is it revealed to them that they have chosen the path for their own sake and not for humanity's sake. If there is that in the nature that rings true the way back to the right position remains open, but it is a lonely way, for by their attitude they have been, all unconsciously, isolating themselves from their old comrades, isolating themselves even from the help of the Law. They have been actuated by a sense of “having sacrificed so much” rather than by pure compassion. They have chosen to follow desire—perhaps only for the purest and highest, but desire, none the less—rather than renunciation. It is revealed to them as their weakness. Let them awaken, declare themselves to be souls, and turn this weakness into strength. Feared, temporized with, it will crush them as with a heavy weight. Faced bravely, fearlessly, it may be dominated, becoming but a stepping-stone to higher things. There is terror in such a position—there is also joy, for the Soul may be trusted to the end. The pity is not that the individual suffers from his mistakes, but that every one who yields to a weakness, consciously or unconsciously, becomes at once a wall between humanity and the light.

If each student realized his importance—not as a personality but *as a Soul*—self-glorification, self-pity, self-condemnation, self-everything would fall away from his life. Then he would no longer talk about sacrifice, because compassion would be the utterance in every act and thought of his very Self.

G. H.

“Is there but one day of judgment? Why, for us every day is a day of judgment—every day is a Dies Iræ, and writes its irrevocable verdict in the flame of its West. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses, it waits at the corners of your streets; we are in the midst of judgment, the insects that we crush are our judges, the moments we fret away are our judges, the elements that feed us judge as they minister, and the pleasures that deceive us judge as they indulge.—*John Ruskin*”

F R I E N D S I N C O U N S E L

DEAR COMRADES: Let us preach anew the old doctrine of forbearance, not alone in words but in every act. Unity—it is the sole condition by which we may stand as students. Our minds may be ten-thousand but the soul is forever one, and unless we recognize that fact—and live as though we recognized it—is it not idle for us to speak of ourselves as students?

What is it to forbear? Is it to merely close our eyes to the weakness of a fellow-student and say, “Yes, certainly,” to his every act, his every mood? I think not. It is our duty to him, our duty as Students of the Law, to be as quick to observe his faults as we are quick to observe and judge our own. And it is at this very point that we so often fail. Let us not feel, “I am holier than thou.” The very weaknesses which, in our brother, we condemn may be, at the next turning of the road, our own. By every act that is done contrary to this spirit of sweet forbearance do we take a step—perhaps a tremendous plunge, downwards. Let us realize, as we have never done before, that we are our brother's keeper.

A COMRADE

The Golden Mean

by HORACE

HE that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloud-capped eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question What is the relation between morality and knowledge? Many teach that the acquisition of knowledge should be the chief aim in life, and modern school systems all seem to follow in line with this, yet how many instances are there of men who are very clever but whose private lives are not examples of high morality and virtue.

Answer The relation between morality and knowledge should be one of balance. Both are indispensable to progress, and I think that upon due reflection we shall see that each is indispensable to the full attainment of the other. It is true that we find good people who have very little intellectual development, and clever people who are immoral, but in the one case the goodness is limited, and the knowledge in the other. In respect to the latter, especially, certain instances may not seem to bear out this statement, and certainly a great many people act as though there were no connection between morality and the acquisition of knowledge. But carry it to an extreme and we see that the grossly immoral man, however he may guard against it, finally finds his whole physical system and brain undermined and wrecked. And this must be true in degree of the more subtly immoral man for he, too, is working against the principles of nature. The only explanation of the fact that it has been thought possible to divorce knowledge from morality appears to be in the view generally held that nature and matter are without life or consciousness, and in the treatment of the universe as a mere piece of mechanism. But once we realize that the universe is a living, conscious and intelligent universe we can see that there is a deeper knowledge, a deeper science, which is possible only to him who can mirror this deeper life in his own.

The immoral man who seeks knowledge is like a man in a boat on a river, who sets out to seek its source, but instead of putting his energy into rowing he lets the boat drift, being content to argue about the theory of rowing and of the flow of rivers, etc. Also it is not enough to have simply goodness as our aim. In fact to be good and virtuous in the highest sense we must have knowledge, we must study ourselves, our own natures, and learn from all the life about us. As the writer of the *Proverbs* said, "With all thy getting, get understanding"—not knowledge merely, but wisdom, which includes and flows from action. What we need is a balance and harmony in our natures, and as we get this we shall find that the science and knowledge of today are only the fringe of the outermost garment of knowledge. A deeper knowledge awaits man as soon as he purifies his life—for, in the old saying, "Discipline must precede philosophy," and that knowledge or philosophy which we seek to acquire without discipline, we shall find to be but the husk; we need clear vision and clean hearts if we would truly learn.

The World Must Awake

THE people of the world today are asleep, they do not grasp their many opportunities and do not seem to give any real joy and happiness to others. How can we expect our children to lead pure and noble lives when our own are wasted on the mere social frivolities and shams of life? What a pity it is that such a life exists when we have all the beauties of nature to charm and fascinate us every minute. It is because the hearts of the people do not respond to the sunshine, they do not see the beautiful tints of the dainty wild-flowers, they do not hear

the ever-changing songs of our feathered friends, they do not know what it is to lead a pure, happy life, full of love and sunshine. Children see and know these things, and it is natural for them to be happy. They live with nature, love her, and are always awake to her changing moods. In a city a child's sunshine is cut out, the flowers do not grow nearly as beautifully as in the meadow, and the happiness of life begins to disappear. This accounts for the sad faces we so often see; hungry faces, looking for the good and pure, which in the emptiness of the world can find nothing. How strange it is, yet nearly all the really pure, noble people of the world have sometimes a touch of sadness, caused by the struggles and suffering which they see around them.

Some day the world will recognize the pure light of Brotherhood and the faces of our women and children will change. They will become happy, full of sunshine and of joy, and our men will stand straighter and both men and women will go ahead and help humanity to understand the right way of living. Then will our life be a complete round of happiness. We shall know what true comradeship means, each one helping the other to lead a pure, noble and happy life. YOUNG STUDENT

Dickens on the Sabbath

THE new biographical edition of Dickens is valuable not only as a most choice production, but as containing many of the great author's opinions upon men and manners which have not hitherto been generally known. Most interesting, perhaps, as a specimen of vigor, is the little pamphlet entitled "Sunday under Three Heads," which was written when Sir Andrew Agnew introduced his bill for the enforcement of a strict Sabbatarianism. Dickens' counterblast was an advocacy of the openings of museums and galleries upon Sunday, and the authorization of open air games and sports. He expresses his conclusions as follows:

The wise and beneficent Creator who places men upon earth, requires that they shall perform the duties of that station of life to which they are called, and he can never intend that the more a man strives to discharge those duties, the more he shall be debarred from happiness and enjoyment. Let those who have six days in the week for all the world's pleasures, appropriate the seventh to fasting and gloom, either for their own sins or those of other people, if they like to bewail them; but let those who employ their six days in a worthier manner, devote their seventh to a different purpose. Let divines set the example of true morality; preach it to their flocks in the morning, and dismiss them to enjoy true rest in the afternoon; and let them select for their text and let Sunday legislators take for their motto the words which fell from the lips of that Master whose precepts they misconstrue and whose lessons they pervert: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man to serve the Sabbath."

Translations of the Bible

IT seems that the American Bible Society is encountering a wave of unpopularity which proceeds from those very classes of the community from whom it is accustomed to receive the most active support. Its meetings are badly attended and the pecuniary contributions to its funds are dwindling to an embarrassing extent.

The cause is not far to seek. According to those who are most interested in the Society's welfare, its present decadence is caused by its unwillingness to publish the recent American Standard Revision, and its unreasonable adhesion to the translation of King James. It would be hard to find a better illustration of the "letter which killeth," very numerous as these illustrations have become. The object of translating the Bible at all is that those unacquainted with Hebrew and Greek may yet be placed in possession of the contents of the ancient Biblical documents. The Revisionists have now shown that to a certain extent the ordinary version does not faithfully represent these writings, and yet we are presented with the astounding spectacle of a Bible Society which presumably supposes that some sanctity is actually attached to an admitted error which sanctity is not attached to the admitted truth. We cannot understand how such an attitude can be supposed to be consistent with ordinary reverence. Assuming that the Revised Version contains in some cases corrected translations of the words of Christ, we cannot understand how any Christians can attach a greater sacredness to words which Christ did not say, than to words which it is now admitted from their own point of view that he did say. The *Sunday-school Times* may well ask, "Is it right to adhere to a wrong version of the Bible?" X.

STILL drags out its weary length the same old discussion as to whether or not religion shall be

taught in our schools. But recently, at a convention held to decide upon that momentous question, the most applauded speaker was a minister who declared that religion should not be taught in the schools of a nation, that it was a subject which belonged strictly to the Church and the home.

When H. P. Blavatsky swept, like a blazing meteor, into this western world, she declared that Religion and Science were one. That opened the door of the persecution that finally cost her her life, persecution carried on by those who were interested in keeping so-called religion and so-called science in quite separate grooves. She could not convince the world of the truth of her statement and the justice of her position, for the world refused to listen. That had to be left for her successor, Katharine Tingley, to accomplish.

The difficulty lay in the fact that H. P. Blavatsky defined Religion quite differently from those who chose to persecute. To her it was that consciousness of nearness to Truth itself, which makes of every man a warrior, which renders all who possess it unconquerable. It was not a mental world of this or that shape; it was not a set of "beliefs" or "rules;" it was a bathing in the great Ocean of Truth.

That the schools of the world should be debarred from teaching a child truth is absurd upon the surface. But that this or that creed be taught is equally absurd, because adherents quarrel and no two creeds agree. Yet, that the most important of all ingredients is and has been for ages lacking, in our systems of education, is apparent enough. Were this not so, our schools would not graduate selfish men, irresponsible men, men who swindle themselves into our penitentiaries and worry themselves into our insane asylums, for in these very institutions are many highly educated men and women. More than that, one who looks about over the world, can cite scores of instances in which the graduates of our schools have so lacked that finer moral balance that they have allowed themselves to be swept into situations which are nothing but prisons, into circumstances which fetter and crucify and deform them. There are many kinds of prison walls and the most terrible and hopeless are those of our own making. And we make them because the moral nature was not educated along with the intellectual.

Now, if true religion is that which spiritualizes the whole nature, what is that education of which it is not a part? And where can one draw

The Church and the School

the line? Shall we let the child run riot on moral lines for six days in the week and then call him to order for one or

two hours only on the seventh? Shall we forbid the teacher to insist on courtesy, truthfulness, reverence, unselfishness, virtue, purity, diligence, concentration? According to the Bible itself, these are the very foundation stones of the religious life.

It is not religion—in its true sense—that one-objects to having taught in the schools, but creeds and dogmas. Those who identify these with pure religion are destined to keep up indefinitely the old quarrel between church and school, between so-called "religious" and so-called "secular" education.

Is it not time that we outgrew this outworn notion? Is it not time that we began to understand the difference between creeds—which appeal only to the intellect—and true religion, which rises, like a pure flame, upon the altar of the human heart? And when we do, we will find it absurd to continue this old discussion, for the causes of it will have well-nigh ceased to exist.

Like a very child, doubting, fearing, the world has been waiting for an object lesson. And that it now has in the Raja Yoga system of Katharine Tingley. It is the children of the Raja Yoga School who will teach the world that creeds and dogmas have no place in anything worthy the name of education. It is they who will teach the world that it is as suicidal to separate intellectual and spiritual education as to separate soul from body. Such a process leads to death. It opens the door to eons of suffering, for it plants one's feet upon the age-worn pathway of mistakes.

In the Raja Yoga School every moment is blessed with the doing of some duty. Every obstacle is changed, in the instant, into a stepping-stone, every opportunity is seized.

Purity is an ideal, purity of mind, of heart, of body, of the home in which is sheltered that body. Unselfishness is in the air the children breathe, for their very teachers work not for salaries but for love of the children themselves. Honesty—who could be otherwise than honest? Verily, are the virtues of the Christ-life lived by these little ones, daily, hourly, the guidance and the goal, too, of their young lives. The result is that rare balance which is an almost unknown thing in the world, among adults. The Raja Yoga School stands today as the living proof that H. P. Blavatsky uttered truth when she said that Religion and Science (knowledge) are one.

E. W.

IT has now been calculated with fair accuracy that out of the four and a half million population of London, only

840,000 attend any kind of religious service on any Sunday. Making due allowances for the absenteeism of sickness, business, and other necessities, we have a dimly clear statistical picture of that "decay in godliness," of which the pulpits speak. One and another give their ideas of the reason for the "decay of religious feeling." But we do not hear so much discussion of the anterior question: Is there a decay of religious feeling? Or of the still more radical one: What is religious feeling?

In a recent book, Prof. Geo. A. Coe devotes a chapter to the changed attitude of the modern mind towards the doctrine of sin. He says:

From the days of Paul until now, the Christian conception of life has been to a remarkable extent dominated by the thought of deliverance from sin. . . . Under this view, the destiny of each man is simply escape, or failure to escape, from sin and its consequences . . . ; and personal religious culture, even the religious nurture of children, has been controlled by the all-pervading thought of sin.

In other words, religion was made to take its root in the consciousness of guilt. One immediately asks, was that religion? And may not the "decay of religious feeling" be merely the decay of *this* sort of feeling? Paul seems to have been the main source and teacher of it, and the main tendency seems to be to move back from Paul to Christ, and from a negative to a positive attitude.

Of the negative attitude—the religion of *not* doing—Benjamin Franklin gives us a curious example. He says: "I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at *moral perfection*." He accordingly catalogued thirteen virtues, of which he phrased the greater number as *dos*, rather than *dos*. Thus he says: (1) Temperance; eat *not* to dull-

✻ The New Religion ✻

ness; drink *not* to elevation. He might have said, Eat and drink so as to give clearest thought and best work. (2) Silence; speak *not* but what may benefit others. He might have said, Speak always helpfully or kindly. (9) Moderation: *avoid* extremes. (11) Tranquility: be *not* disturbed at trifles, etc. Of course he had to perform the positive in avoiding the negative, and he may have had the positives in mind. We only call attention to his method of putting the matter, and to his idea that moral *perfection* could be got as it were in fragments.

We think that the religion which is coming will not root itself in the consciousness of guilt or even imperfection. Nor will it neglect or under-rate any of the Franklin virtues, but it will find them all comprehended, with much more, under a vaster virtue. Consciousness will forget its imperfection, and even its limited selfhood, through grasping and becoming permeated with a grander conception. And the very pressure and actuality of that indwelling conception will make *Thou shalt not*, give place to (and yet be included in) the supreamer command *Thus shalt thou*. *Do* will consume *Do not*. And the *Do* will not be a command spoken from without, but the enacting in deed the new feeling born within.

Take, for example, the feeling and conception of Brotherhood. Whoever has it will perform the Franklin virtues. He will not be intemperate, or disorderly, or luxuriously wasteful, or idle, or insincere, or impure, or unjust, or unclean; because these things are either directly unbrotherly or hinder his power of work on the path of Brotherhood.

And in its turn, Brotherhood is included in the heart consciousness of relation to the Divine Presence that breathes throughout the universe and actuates it upward from eon to eon, toward the far off gates through which flash gleams of the perfect day. That consciousness carries with it all virtues and the "charity" without which all other gifts are vain. c.

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31	29.736	70	61	66	64	.00	SW	3
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2	29.686	71	63	66	66	.00	NW	10
3	29.684	73	68	67	66	.00	NW	10
4	29.626	72	68	65	64	.00	NW	7
5	29.676	72	63	65	64	.00	S	4
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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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➤ Gathered in One Vast Church ➤

TEN years have passed since the Chicago World's Fair Parliament of Religions was opened, and it might almost seem as though that event was the dawn of a day of triumphant progress for the work which Theosophy is successfully doing for the world. What effect did that Parliament of Religions have upon the thought of today? Such influences are, necessarily, hard to estimate. This particular influence would be hard to over-estimate. For the first time in history, the great world religions were introduced to each other, and worthily introduced. For the first time, the world was able to look upon these great forces, which so mightily sway the fate of humanity, without the colored

and distorting glasses of human spite and bigotry. At Chicago, ten years ago, the human race was gathered together as in one vast church, and men of all races and of all faiths recognized the unity of the great God of which all were alike in search. These men learned to know each other, and therefore to love each other, and there was not one faithful, aspiring mind which did not recognize and accept the light as it shone forth from other lamps which had burned so beautifully in other lands.

And as to Theosophy itself? There are two ways in which we can look upon the success of which the Parliament of Religions was the outward mark and sign. First, we can recall the magnitude of those triumphant meetings and the many thousands who heard the eternal message of Theosophy from the lips of William Q. Judge. We can remind ourselves that his wise and weighty words fell deep into unnumbered minds, to be carried by them into every quarter of the world. Seed-time and harvest shall not fail us any more, and the green oases in the desolations of human thought shall for ages be a fertile record of his devotion, and an inspiration to those who follow him.

But there is a larger view and one which we must not forget. The Parliament of Religions, as a whole, was itself the vastest Theosophical gathering which the world has perhaps ever known. It was a sublime expression of the yearning which lies deep in the heart of humanity, the yearning of men to draw close to one another and, amid the countless scattered sparks of aspiration, to find the eternal quenchless flame of God.

It has been our duty as Theosophists to fight many a fight and to wage many a war, but we have at no time forgotten that it is our supreme mission to reconcile the religions of the world and to proclaim peace and not a sword. Which of us shall say to how great an extent the Parliament of Religions was the direct result of the ringing challenge which Theosophy made upon the world's thought, the force with which its

➤ A Grand Unity of ➤ Religions

message of concord was sent victoriously to every quarter of the world? Would the Parliament of Religions have been possible had it not been for Theosophy? Was it not the acceptance by the world of a philosophy of concord? And so we are justified in looking upon the great event of ten years ago as not only an immeasurable triumph for the Theosophical Society, but also for the Theosophic principles of religious unity for which the Society had contended. For the first time in the history of mankind the great world faiths met together in order that they might magnify their points of agreement and minimize their points of disagreement. It was the dawn of a new day of religious sympathy, it was a recognition of the eternal spiritual truths upon which all faiths are based.

A fact such as this is more than a mere event. It is a prophecy and a promise of a new era when the aspirations of men will be unfettered by dogma and when all nations upon earth will walk toward the goal of spiritual liberation upon the road which they love the best. That such an end might be achieved, that the face of the true spiritual sun might be unveiled and that all peoples might walk in paternal love toward the sacred seat of the God who gives light to the universe, was and is the mission of Theosophy and the ideal of its followers. STUDENT

"Revolution in Cuba"

UPON various occasions we have commented upon inaccurate reports—and we use an almost unjustifiably mild term—which have been circulated through the United States press, as to affairs in Cuba. One of the most recent was an account of what was called a revolution in the Republic, an account which almost immediately narrowed itself nearly to the vanishing point. The actual facts received by mail, now give the final *coup de grace* to this absurd story. It seems that four thieves resisted capture by the police and a little skirmish was the result. Such is the mole-hill of fact which was magnified into a mountain. We wonder what would be said by the American press if the Cuban newspapers were to report that California was in a blaze of rebellion because a few convicts had escaped from Folsom prison. It would be quite as justifiable.

One day we shall wake up to a fuller realization of the international mischief which may be done by a journalistic search for sensationalism. Such an awakening will be for the well-being of the world. X.

Perfect Comradeship

IT has been said that Raja Yoga teaches how to attain perfect balance of the faculties and that perfect comradeship is the only condition of the attainment of this balance.

This saying is full of condensed wisdom. It shows the connection between self-culture and self-forgetfulness. It declares there is no antithesis between self-reliance and comradeship, and that care for others does not mean self-neglect. It shows that personal perfection comes as a consequence of unselfish living, and that he who seeks it as a direct object will not gain it.

It is important to remember that Raja Yoga insists on true comradeship as a prime condition, and makes everything else secondary thereto. There are so many societies and people who misuse sacred words and titles, using them as a cloak for mercenary and selfish purposes.

Raja Yoga does not tack on the teachings of Brotherhood, as a kind of religious ornamentation to ordinary life; it makes Brotherhood the solid substance of life. It declares there can be no healthiness, no happiness, or success in any undertaking or in any phase of life, unless comradeship is made the foundation-stone.

In the world at large many children are left by their parents and guardians unprotected against the rebellious forces in their own nature; and they grow up victims to these forces, as a drunkard is a victim to alcohol. And in after life they learn to their sorrow what a hard taskmaster "self" is. The only way to freedom is to dethrone this usurper from the throne of our heart; but he has so intimately grown up with us that he is knit fiber to fiber with our better nature, and to dethrone him seems like suicide. Hence it costs much suffering before we find out how much of our so-called "self" is spurious, and how much better we can do without it. It is long before our personal cranks and virtues and foibles look as silly and ungainly to us as they do to our friends and as our friends' do to us.

All this comes of beginning life on wrong principles: being trained at home to think of self first, and at school to push self ahead. Raja Yoga would have given us a right start and a sound foundation for all future development. It would have trained us early in true comradeship and so have enabled us, instead of growing warped and unlovely, to maintain a balance of faculties.

H. T. E.

Humanity's Lost Knowledge

CIVILIZATION may pride itself upon the great power over nature and circumstance which modern science and invention have given it; but, now as ever, the greater portion of human life continues to be ruled by those unknown and incalculable agencies which are loosely catalogued as "chance" or "accident." Yet there can be no such thing in the universe as a stray effect without a cause, and every event which we in our ignorance are obliged to call casual or accidental must have some definite cause and be subject to ascertainable laws.

The limited field of knowledge covered by modern science is as nothing in the vast domain of the unknown. When we consider how very small a part of the world is its outer crust, and how very inconsiderable a part material science plays in our lives, we may get some idea of the vast extent of our ignorance; and how much of this may be *forgotten* wisdom—wisdom lost by humanity amid buried cities, and never regained by the barbarian hordes from which we have sprung. Of the science of life and character, of the knowledge which can calculate moral forces and trace the exact relations between the worlds—spiritual, mental, physical—we know nothing.

For this reason our life is a prey to "chance"—that is, to misunderstood and uncontrolled influences; and we have consoled ourselves for the loss of the Sun of divine wisdom by the "rushlight of modern science." Once trumpeted as the dawn of day, this science has proved to be but the lighting of candles for the night.

And now, how is this sunlight of true wisdom to be made once more visible to the earth? By blowing away the heavy mists that exhale from our sodden civilization as we slumber uneasily in the night.

Wisdom cannot penetrate into a debauched or degenerate brain, nor into a community that is divided into hostile classes and is fermenting with complicated strife. First humanity must learn how to live, and study nature's great law of harmony.

STUDENT

Mysterious Vegetable Epidemics

THE news that the potato blight or rot is becoming serious in the Eastern States suggests the general question as to the cause and nature of those mysterious vegetable epidemics which afflict huge areas and cause such destruction and famine.

Science can trace some of the less superficial manifestations of the disease, such as the prevalence and rapacity of some bug; and it may thus devise, as it has often done, effectual means to combat the disease.

But one would like to trace the chain of causes further back and find an explanation more satisfactory and complete.

If it is a bug that causes the disease, then what causes the bug, and why does it abound at one time rather than another? Or can we not say that the bug itself *is* the disease?

But this will never be possible to modern science as such, because science stops short at the boundary between the universe perceived and the universe conceived. A plant is a living conscious being, and the causes of its growth and decay, health and disease, are to be sought in its psychic, not in its physical nature. But what can science tell us about this?

Ancient nations, and some modern ones, would offer sacrifices or perform some ceremony; and such ceremonies, even though in many cases their meaning may have been forgotten, are based on a knowledge of interior nature which we do not possess.

We do not know how to control the invisible powers of nature and direct the events now deemed fortuitous and casual. It is part of the much knowledge we have lost, and we shall regain it when our reformed lives have taken the scales from our eyes, and our integrity and purity have rendered us trustworthy guardians of the knowledge.

E.

American Culture

PROFESSOR WHEELER discourses in *The Atlantic Monthly* on "The American Type of Culture." It is a good paper, but rather talks around the subject than of it. The type, he says truly, will not be provincial but universal. A new race will arise here, and its culture will therefore be new. Whitman saw the coming splendor, and he dwelt on that, not on the obstacles to it. And there is no need for the greater spirits in American life, those whose souls have seen an ideal, to let their thought dwell much on obstacles.

Minds may blend from all over the earth, and the blended mind thus arising, may fashion a more splendid ideal of life and man than has ever yet haunted and stimulated and illuminated human consciousness. In America the ideal will come to realization, but not till America is impersonal. America must so think her ideals that the best minds of other peoples shall concur, shall help, shall welcome. So the new culture consists in the arising of a new ideal, in the thinking out of the form and mind and feeling and proportion of a new man, a man who shall breathe the air, the ether, of a new life. When that man, great-natured, an eagle that knows not that it is an eagle, all-helpful, strong, compassionate, comes to be, America will lead the world upon an untrodden and most glorious up-going path.

K.

A Bull-fight

A BULL-FIGHT was held at Oxnard a few days ago. It is said to have been somewhat like the much-advertised affairs nearer home. The bulls, having more intelligence than the spectators, refused to fight, perhaps realizing that they had nothing particular to fight for. The spectators were not, however, wholly disappointed. The falling of a platform seems to have slightly injured several people, so that after all there was a little bloodshed, and we may congratulate ourselves that an accident which might have injured a valuable bull had such comparatively unimportant results.

STUDENT

Municipal Palaces of Venice

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows the old Venetian palaces of Loredan and Faretto—now the seat of the municipal government of Venice. Both of these buildings architecturally show to a marked degree the influence of the Moor, which is particularly apparent in the stilted arches of the first and second stories.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Dangers of Modern Education

IN the more progressive countries, and in America especially, great improvements in educational methods have been made. The intelligence of the pupil is appealed to and he is induced to think for himself; knowledge is rather elicited from him than imparted to him, and the subjects in which he is trained have a more direct bearing upon the practical needs of life. The "inductive method" of teaching has largely replaced the old method of giving information to be learned by heart. We have now only to take care that we do not make the too common error of going to extremes, of carrying the new methods beyond the point of their greatest efficiency, and of rejecting with the old methods much that is good as well as what is bad. But it is not likely that the strong common sense of our educators will allow this to happen. So long, at all events, as educational reformers are moved solely by a sense of the need for improvement, and exercise a wise discrimination as to what is valuable and what is not, the danger above alluded to is small. But there is in modern civilization a certain strong tendency which is certainly not wholesome and which might, if not guarded against, be unintentionally allowed to influence the reform work. This is the tendency to too much haste and superficiality.

It is scarcely superfluous to sound a note of warning against a propensity which we see exercising its injurious effects in every direction. Impatience, hurry and superficiality may be described as constituting our besetting sin. In all undertakings we are eager to achieve immediate results and intolerant of the patience and time needed for slower and surer work. One amiable, but trenchant, foreign critic has even declared that it is not energy that the Americans have so much as a wonderful skill in inventing short cuts and labor-saving contrivances. Is there danger that this impatience and lack of solidity may find its way into some of the reforms, otherwise so excellent, which we introduce into our educational system? Let us consider a few points in this connection. Memorizing

Importance of Memory Training

was no doubt carried to excess in the old methods and much information thereby imparted in an undigested form. Long lists of rules, dates, rivers, etc., were learned by rote without the intelligent explanation and appeal to reason which should have accompanied them. But it will not do to drop the culture of memorizing altogether, and one is prompted to ask whether the adoption of inductive methods is not sometimes due to an unconscious wish to avoid the toil of solid, hard work in learning. Certain it is that good memories are rare among modern people, and even passable memories are getting scarcer. A good memory is a rich mine of wealth to its possessor, and a person with a poor memory is, after all, rather a helpless and pitiable object. And it is perhaps a consciousness of this latter fact that impels the victim to cloak his weakness with half-boasting, half-deprecatory jests at his own expense. "I have such a poor memory, don't you know!" or, "I never could learn things by heart!"

Without doubt we all need memory-training badly, and should get rid of any notion that a bad memory is unimportant or even rather fashionable, and should try to be a bit ashamed of it. Therefore in education we need have no fear of assigning tasks of sheer memorizing, and the opportunity for this is afforded by the many things which cannot be learned in any other way.

A good instance of the solidity of some of the ancients is afforded by the failure of attempts to replace the work of Euclid in geometry. Books which begin valiantly in defiance of Euclid's sure order and sequence, are obliged to awkwardly insert in the middle what they left out at the beginning. Euclid may be translated into more modern language, and that is about all; even attempts to shorten his careful sentences are risky in the extreme. No advocacy is intended here of either old or new methods of teaching. It is only that The Universal Brotherhood, or Theosophical, view-point enables one to see that every process is a *growth* and must follow nature's universal laws of growth, unless we want to make a mushroom or a jerry-built house. And the educational process, among others, must be a growth, not a mechanical process.

Music for and by the People

FOR some years, philanthropic and moneyed persons have been founding "people's institutes" in the poorer parts of our great cities. In these, many excellent activities are afoot; classes for study, gymnasiums, musical tuition and so forth. We would especially call attention to the last. Musical instruments fit for solo work, are not very accessible to the poor; and still less the necessary time and opportunity to learn them. But the most beautiful of all instruments, the choir, is perfectly accessible. Let the utmost be made of that, and the problem of "keeping the young people from the streets," is well on the way to solution.

We appeal for the providing in these institutions of a higher musical education. Give the utmost opportunity for the training of the voice of the individual, and the choir. Furnish the very best teachers, and the very best music, the very highest. The effect will be marked and beneficent. If there be opportunity for chorus practice every evening, not once a week, it will be found that no few will attend every evening. And to the extent that this work is pushed will the whole district brighten.

Music is the first and most direct means for getting at, purifying, ennobling human consciousness. It gives the foundation on which you can build a superstructure of pure thought and idea. The *collective* singing will give the people a new and purer link and basis of comradeship. And in the domain of *health*, no small work will be done. The singers will sing away from their lungs and minds the physical and mental microbes of disease and wrong. Not a few, pale, anæmic and about to begin the path leading to consumption, will be saved. K.

While Human Children Starve

WHAT is the proper and adequate comment upon people who pay \$3,000 for a gorilla, eight months old, and who do this not for the purpose of scientific observation, but in order that they may adopt it and bring it up as a child. This it seems has been done, and the baby gorilla is to be treated in all respects as a human being. We are told that it is impossible to conjecture what his intelligence will be after a few years of this treatment. Unless the facts of the case have been misrepresented, we should expect his intelligence to be considerably in advance of that of his purchasers. Should there be others who are inclined to spend \$3,000 on the purchase of a pet, we would suggest that in the slums of our large cities there are many thousands of babies, human babies, not gorilla babies. Many of these babies can be had for the asking; others there are who can be had without even asking, as they belong to absolutely no one, and there is absolutely no one on all God's earth who cares one cent whether they live or die. Had they been so fortunate as to be born as gorillas, they would have found some useless persons to care for them, to pet them and to pamper them, but being only human babies with God's stamp upon their faces and God's ineffable glory around them, they interest no one, not even the nation to which they are about to become a curse. STUDENT

Cremation Is Gaining Headway

A NEW crematorium has just been opened in London and the opener, Sir Henry Thompson, the celebrated physician, gave some account of the progress of cremation. The Cremation Society of England was formed in 1873 with distinguished membership. It had to struggle against much prejudice and opposition. A Home Secretary forbade cremation, and the interdict was not removed until a judge laid it down that the practice was not illegal so long as it caused no nuisance. In 1885 there were only three cremations at the Woking Crematorium, but last year there were over three hundred. Crematoria have been built at six large towns.

The United States has twenty-five establishments, where 3,613 human bodies were reduced to ashes last year. In Paris all the dead from prisons and hospitals are cremated. In Japan and India cremation is the rule. An act enabling public authorities in England to erect crematoria is coming into force in 1903. H. T. E.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Sidney Lanier—He Lived Close to His Ideal

"I AM more than all perplexed by this fact, that the prime inclination, that is, natural bent (which I have checked, though) of my nature, is to music; and for that I have the greatest talent; indeed, not boasting, for God gave it to me, I have an extraordinary musical talent, and feel it within me plainly that I could rise as high as any composer. But I cannot bring myself to believe that I was intended for a musician, because it seems so small a business in comparison with other things which, it seems to me, I might do. Question here, 'What is the province of music in the economy of the world?'" This, in the college note-book of a boy of eighteen!

The record of Sidney Lanier's life is the record of a soul caged and bound by an environment which, at one pole, wrote itself in terms of actual material need, and the other in terms of the wrong ideals of his time. Through discouraging circumstance after circumstance he fought his way, never once losing faith in himself nor faith in the actual existence of the sun-kissed goal of his dreams. Music was the passion of his life; and one wonders what part heredity could have played when one reads of his ancestor, Jerome Lanier, who was a musician at the Court of Queen Elizabeth; whose son occupied the same position under Charles I, and whose grandson, Nicholas, still the same, under Charles II, and was first presiding officer of the Society of Musicians.

So many great ideas of art are born to me each day, I am swept away into the land of All Delight by their strenuous, sweet whirlwind.

This Lanier wrote to his wife, at a time when ill-health had settled itself upon him, and the future looked dark because of complete uncertainty as to how he was to provide for his family. Assured income he had none at that time, and consumption had already begun to do its work.

Sidney Lanier's dream was to realize a union of the arts, particularly of the arts of poetry and music. Through him flowed a ceaseless melody, yearning to find expression. Denied by his father the chance to learn the violin, which he wished to do, half apologetic because of his passion for his flute—for his flute never left his side, even during his four years of military service—distrusting music's high mission, the best of his heart-life flowed outward not through that channel, but through poetry, poetry which is itself but music translated.

Without his serene high self-trust, his deep enthusiasm, Sidney Lanier would have accomplished nothing, for his whole life was a struggle with illness and almost poverty. An inventor, he ought to have become wealthy. Had he chosen to write what the public demanded, his income would have been large. But close to his ideal he lived always, and the result is that he has left behind him not a line that his own best self could not endorse. As to the part played in these years of struggle by the wife of his youth, what shall we say of her? Mary Lanier was one of those rare souls whose faith in the Comrade Beloved was as boundless as space. His confidant always, it is in his letters to her that we find many of the deepest notes of his genius. Caring for him as would a mother during the last painful years of his life, while little hands were tugging at her heart-strings and pulling at her skirts, she stands as a figure heroic.

So much accomplished by this great soul—in so short a time, and under such cruel pressure! What might not have been given to the world had his genius been understood, had he been freed from ceaseless worry as to how he was to live, had he early learned to know music, not as "so small a business in comparison to other things," but as a thing divine, the soul's own voice and opportunity.

A. N. H.

A Mechanical Sculptor Invented by an Italian

THE sculptor and the artist will doubtless look askance at a new invention which has just been made by an Italian, and which, it is said, will revolutionize sculpture. It is a cumbersome machine, which is worked by hydraulic pressure. But its appearance of clumsiness is in proportion to the extreme delicacy of its mechanism. It is capable of carving two statues, or busts, simultaneously from the solid marble, and it is said by those who have seen it that its most surprising characteristic is its extreme sensitiveness. The finest and most subtle modelings are accurately produced by drills which are controlled by the operator.

All this sounds very iconoclastic to art lovers, and to those who believe (as the inventor claims) that this will take the place of the artist himself. Save in the matter of original work, it must open the way to a curious field of speculation. The idea of turning out pieces of sculpture by the dozen, as cloth is turned out from our looms by the bolt, is one which affronts all our ideas of what art is.

There is, however, another side to the matter. It is ordinarily believed that the entire work of carving out a statue from the marble block is done by the sculptor himself. This is a mistake. The work is always done by assistants, usually Italians, who from heredity appear to make the best studio helpers. These, aided by a few simple mechanical devices, cut the marble, copying the plaster model, almost to its completion, leaving only the final touches to be made by the sculptor himself. If that were all that were expected or demanded of the machine, art lovers need have no fear of wholesale and inane statuary. If every piece after passing through the hands, so to speak, of the machine were then to pass into the sculptor's

hands to be given the real touch which only the human mind can bestow, the machine would prove a blessing rather than the reverse. But no machine on earth can give to its products that which is given by human care and the human, loving touch.

It is not likely, however, that this will be the case, for a machine which in twelve hours can turn out as much in the way of "highly finished works of art" as a sculptor can in six months, will prove too much of a temptation to those who love money. We may look, in all probability, for an output of "sculpture" which will be "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." It will imitate the old Greek and the best modern work, but in spite of all the subtle, indefinable something that only the human mind can give will be lacking.

AMONG the younger etchers who will exhibit work at the St. Louis Exposition are M. Zimmerman, Otto Sandreczki and Ernest D. Roth. They are examples of industry as well as ability. Zimmerman recently won first prize in etching under the Baldwin fund, and the second Hallgarten prize in the painting class of the New York Academy. A native of Russia, he for some time studied with Bonnat in Paris, later coming to America.

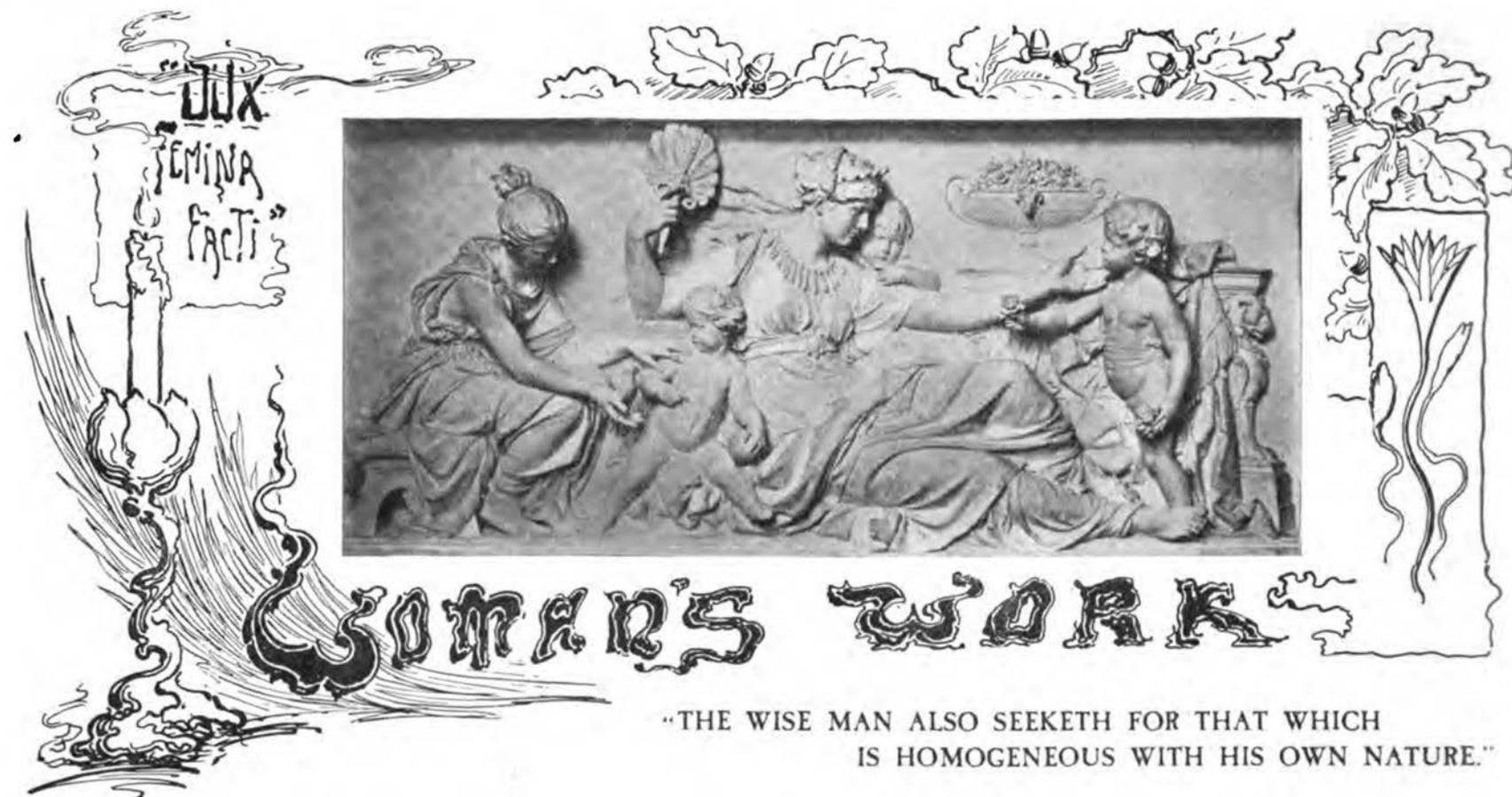
Sandreczki is a Pole, who is known among his classmates as "The Sailor," because he works part of every year on a trading steamer in order to earn money for his art study during the remaining months. His work is unusually excellent.

Roth, who won a medal in the men's painting class, is another who has made great sacrifices in order to study art. For some years he worked in a bakery from one until eight o'clock every morning. Recently, however, the income from the sale of his work has made it possible for him to open a modest studio.

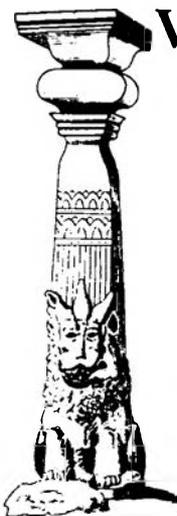
STUDENT



SIDNEY LANIER



The Child-Wives of India



WITHIN the last month or two an American woman—a physician—has lifted her voice in defense of the child-marriage custom which prevails in India. Horror of horrors! One wonders if she belongs to the Besant so-called school of Theosophy. She takes the "position" that the custom is a beneficial and even virtuous one, quotes the cases of a few women of the upper classes whose childhood marriages proved to be fortunate exceptions to the general rule and, to cap the climax, quotes from the Hindoo Scriptures to show how exalted is the woman ideal. As to the words of *Manu*, the great lawgiver, one needs but to travel in India to become aware that the spirit of his words has long departed from the hearts of the Indian people, if, indeed, it ever filled their hearts at all.

The letter alone remaineth. That fact, at least so far as the position of woman is concerned, is demonstrated daily to one who looks at the position of Indian women from a rational point of view.

The country has, or seems to have, many a curse hanging over it, but the greatest of all is that of the custom of child-marriage. According to the latest census report there are in Bengal alone, 535 widows under one year of age; 574 under two years; 651 under three years; 3861 under five years! Relegated to oblivion after the death of their "husbands," treated with contempt, becoming, as they grow up, no more than household drudges, denied education, denied social intercourse, denied that joy which does something to soften the sadness of the most neglected woman's heart, the joy of later home comfort, denied every privilege but the one which they would, with rare exceptions, so willingly relinquish—the privilege of living; this is the usual lot of the child-widow. There are exceptions, of course, for a great rift has been made in the clouds during the last quarter of a century by a few noble Indian women, who have clasped hands with Americans in service to their sisters. But it is only a rift; the clouds still hang dark and the land is still in shadow.

LET us make the poor hearts of our fellows throughout the world, those in doubt, those in the shadows, those in the darkness of their lower natures, the immured criminals, the human outcasts, feel the great purpose of our lives, our trust in the Higher Law, our belief in the divinity of man, our knowledge that there are great compassionate Souls waiting to give them in the deeper sense the right hand of fellowship. Can there be a greater joy than that of making all humanity feel the grandeur of that life of which we have glimpses?

—KATHERINE TINGLEY

And yet, compared with some of the child-wives of India, even a child-widow is fortunate. Married, many of them while mere babes, often to men old enough to be their grandfathers, still oftener to men already in possession (note the word) of several wives, what is their life, what their future? It is useless for the defenders of this custom to talk about a "spiritual marriage." There are in India, it is to be presumed, men who are kind and honorable, just as such may be found in any country in the world. The child-wives of such men are probably allowed to live out a natural childhood before being burdened with the duties of motherhood. But that is by no means the case with all. Such fortunate wives are the exception rather than the rule. Those who run across India, tourist fashion, know little of the real conditions, but those who know the home-life of the people, those who are able to win the confidence of the women themselves, tell a very different tale. No one will ever know how many suffering little paralytics exist today in secluded places, thrown aside as useless after having had their health and their happiness utterly ruined by the monsters to whom they were married—mere babies, six, eight and ten years of age.

But such exist and are numbered by hundreds, although the houses in which they drag out their wretched and ruined lives wear no sign to that effect, nor do the "husbands" of these children discuss the situation with the casual tourist. One woman, who probably knows more about the conditions in India than any other woman living, said but recently, "And this is but half the picture. The other half is too terrible to be told."

Marriage is far from being an ideal institution in any country in the world, if one judges by the news items in our daily papers, by the records of the divorce courts, or even by the domestic situation in almost any neighborhood. If fully seventy-five per cent of marriages in this land, where women are so free and, in one sense, so protected, are not what they should be, what proportion of "spiritual" marriages will you find in a land where babies are led to the altar?

The subject of marriage is one which has been much discussed. Carmen Sylva was not far from right when she said that there would have been no "woman question" if the question of marriage had been differ-

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Engineering and Architecture in Ancient Crete

AN official report of Cretan explorations has now been issued and while it is, of course, incomplete, an immense mass of information has been made available. The work has been done with the most painstaking care, while the drawings and reproductions are in every way admirable, reflecting the greatest credit, not only upon Mr. Evans, under whose care the work is progressing, but upon every one who has been engaged upon one of the most important archeological investigations of the period.

Although an immense amount of work has still to be done, a summary of conclusions is not out of place. There can be little doubt that the remains are at least six thousand years old and that they point to a civilization of very high development possessing magnificent buildings, a highly organized social life, a definite symbolized religion and an art of a very high order. Many of the houses have three stories with a comprehensive water supply which indicates very great engineering skill.

Among the religious symbols which have been found, the dove and the double ax are prominent. A triplet of terra cotta pillars was brought to light, each pillar bearing a dove as a sign of the descent of God. Within the palace itself, a little shrine was found measuring about five feet square. Within were three female figures, fashioned from terra cotta, and upon the head of one of them was a dove. There were also double axes and horns.

Among the art treasures may be mentioned the extraordinarily beautiful specimens of pottery. Some ivory figures were also found of which the hair was made of fine gold wire and these figures were exquisitely carved; every separate muscle is said to indicate violent movement. Not the least interesting feature of the report is the papers contributed by Professor Conway and by Mr. Hall on the traces which they have found of communication between Crete and Egypt about 1500 B. C. H.

A Complete Skeleton of the Oldest Mammal

A COMPLETE skeleton of the oldest mammal in existence is now on exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. It is the *pantolambda*, small, and not calculated to attract the attention of the unscientific observer. Three million years has been estimated as its approximate age. It was unearthed in New Mexico. The entire exhibition of fossils includes the finds of thirty-three years of exploration. The groups are so arranged as to show the evolution of the horse, the elephant, the rhinoceros and the mastodon. Among them is the only known specimen of the skeleton of the prehistoric tortoise armadillo, *glyptodon petaliferus*, the ancestor of the living armadillos. It was found near the "Staked Plains" of Texas by explorers who were searching for specimens of the fossil horse. A large part of the collection has been gathered by expeditions sent out at the expense of William C. Whitney.

STUDENT

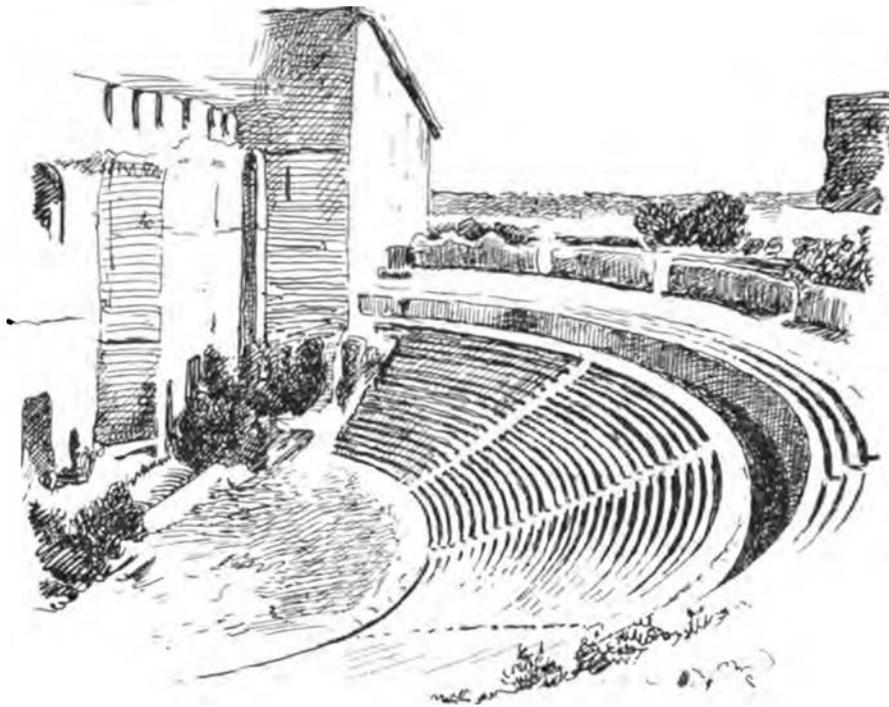
Two Sacred Relics Preserved by the Creek Indians

THE two most sacred relics of the Creek Indians in the Indian Territory, says an exchange, are in the keeping of the To-ka-par-chiee tribe, and Charles Gibson, a citizen of the tribe, thus describes them: "One of them reaches back to the time of George II of England. The relic has been handed down to the present time. The ruling clan of the To-ka-par-chiee was honored with being the custodian of this relic. It is said to be the treaty between the Creeks and Great Britain; it is on genuine sheepskin, and was wrapped up in six layers of dressed deerskin unsmoked. A long time before the rebellion, the noted chief, Hopathle Yohola, was custodian of this relic. He married a To-ka-par-chiee woman. When the custodian of this relic was dying, it was his will to confer this honor on a safe man of his clan, to take charge of the relic and to keep it a lifetime, turning it over to some one like the first one did. About the close of the civil war this noted old chief died, and conferred the honors on Captain John Goodfellow. This man also became very ill after a long time, and he consulted some of the old men of his clan and they decided on a man, and the relic was delivered to him. Today the Indians look upon this relic as next in value to the brass or copper plates of the To-ka-par-chiee. These plates are hard to describe, as they are kept in a very sacred vault where none is allowed to enter except the medicine man or some old chief. The history of these plates is as follows:

"One old medicine man, who had been noted for being the greatest among the Creeks, before dying told some of the other medicine men that so many days after the day of his death, if they would meet him on the highest mountain peak—naming the mountain—he would bring them some-

thing very sacred and it would strengthen their medicine and add to their happiness. The medicine men then appointed a day and waited. When the last stick was thrown away, each wended his way to the top of the mountain. They waited long and well. When the sun became low in the west a great snake came from the west and darkened the country around about the mountain. The medicine men were frightened, but stood their ground. Then came claps of thunder and flashes of lightning that almost blinded the old men. Then a dark cloud appeared and out of the dark cloud a bundle which was handed to the old men. The hands holding the bundle were all that could be seen, and resembled the hands of the old medicine man who had died.

"As soon as the package containing the plates was delivered the cloud moved away and there was a clear sky. The old men took their charge back to their square house and hid it until the time of their annual celebration or green corn dance, when the plates were introduced into their festivities. That was some 1,000 years ago, and they are still in the possession of the town of the Creeks. The custodians of these plates are what are called the Wild clan. There are a great many of these plates and the largest ones have characters of some kind on them."



ANCIENT ROMAN THEATRE AT NIMES, FRANCE

The company of the Theatre Francais of Paris is engaged in a remarkable enterprise and one which must certainly stir the dead bones of ancient and buried France. The company is touring through the southern provinces, but instead of playing in the ordinary modern theatres of the towns, it is using the excavated remains of old Roman amphitheatres. Our illustration represents the ancient theatre, which is still standing, at Nimes. In this venerable structure the "King Oedipus" of Sophocles was recently performed in the presence of an immense and enthusiastic audience. The French nation is rightfully proud of a glorious past, of which it worthily preserves the memory in ways such as this.



Elements of Comfort in Sleeping Outdoors

A GREAT deal of enthusiastic poetry, by inexperienced young authors, is annually devoted to the praise of "Reclining on a Mossy Bank," or "Slumbering 'Midst the Daisies," or "On the Fragrant Carpet of the Pines," and, although mossy banks are usually wet, and pine leaves are unpleasantly like needles, a considerable amount of pleasure and benefit is to be derived from outdoor sleeping. It is not necessary to take a bedstead, nor even a mattress. Nature can lodge its guests. To avoid the petty annoyances it is better to take along a piece of canvas about six by eight feet, and a piece of cheese-cloth, four by seven, with a three-foot border of fly-gauze. Equipped with these the pleasure-seeker is master of the situation, even if there is no other shade.

A depression of eight or ten feet wide and six inches deep conforms comfortably to the shape of the reclining body, or a little scooping and gathering will fit a place on level ground, giving the head, shoulders and feet a little elevation. The feet should be on a level with the shoulders, to be comfortable. Then spread the canvas and hang the canopy over it on a few upright sticks, get under it and be happily secure from insects, tickling grass leaves and the too ardent sunlight. For sleeping at night or in the winter, a few blankets are an acceptable addition, but it is warmer to sleep on the ground, unless the earth is actually frozen.

To the unaccustomed it will be astonishing to find how very slightly softness contributes to the comfort of a bed. The whole matter depends upon its shape and a little practice will enable one to so dispose himself upon a pile of sand, a heap of stones, or even a level floor, so that he will be as comfortable as on a mattress and springs. Moreover, a hard bed gives more vigor and life to a person, more actual rest, than a soft one.

There is also a magnetic energy derived from sleeping on the ground which cannot be otherwise obtained. N. L.

Giant Sunflowers in Loma-land

THE sunflower in its wild condition is the abhorrence of farmers throughout the northern Mississippi and Missouri river valleys. Its hardiness and adaptability enable it to survive almost any conditions and a cultivated field is its delight.

But while the wild ones have blossoms from one to four inches across, the cultivated ones are twelve to fifteen inches in diameter. The outer petals do not increase proportionately, so the smaller flowers are much more beautiful than the larger ones. Although the flower is built exactly like a daisy the seeds lack the "feathers" so common among *compositæ* and consequently do not fly at all. The kernels are very rich in oil and are much used for poultry food. The heads are hung so that the fowls are obliged to jump to get the seeds and thereby get the exercise needed by confined poultry. In some parts the great seed heads are used for fuel, being fully equal for that purpose to good wood. The sunflower is especially interesting, however, because of its great degree of "plant sense" and power to adapt its growth to very diverse conditions. G. W.



A BUNCH OF LOMA-LAND SUNFLOWERS

At the End

by ARTHUR KETCHUM in *Ainslie's*

THE road dips down thro' the dusty wood---
To cross a bridge and skirt the pond---
Then glimmers away to village roofs
And the shadowy hills beyond.

And so the end of the quest is reached---
The open door and the welcome light---
And the wood and wind keep their tryst alone,
And the river whispers across the night.

Some Plants and Their Close Resemblances

IN the arithmetical processes of addition and subtraction, it is an axiom that numbers are related by their amounts; that is, four is more nearly related to six than it is to ten; but in the operations of multiplication and division numbers are related according to their common factors. Thus eighteen, which contains the factors three and two, is more closely related to twelve, which contains the same factors, than it is to its own immediately adjacent numbers, seventeen and nineteen, which do not contain those

factors. It would be absurd to limit the relationship between numbers to the possession of a single factor, say for instance the factor thirteen, and to cast out as unrelated those which do not contain it. On the contrary, we would say that those numbers which contain the greatest proportion of common factors, are the more nearly related. This truth is acknowledged by students of animal forms, and their classifications are very largely guided by it. But with botany it is different. Although any plant is necessarily composed of many structural factors, such as root, stem, leaves, sap, fruit, form, etc., etc., botanists have agreed to consider the flower as the one all-essential factor, and ignore all the others. In consequence we find that they regard an apple-tree as resembling a strawberry vine more closely than it does an oak-tree; while a violet plant is more nearly akin to a plum-tree than to a daisy. Of course the trifling differences between a plum, a violet seedpod, an apple, an almond and a strawberry are not worthy of notice, because the fruit is another factor; one not worth attention. However, we have hopes that even botanists will soon awaken to the fact that there are other parts to a plant besides the flower. Possibly when they give us a system of botany based upon the idea of the closest agreement of common factors, we may (who knows?) find that it is intelligible even to common people, as well as being immeasurably more explicit and accurate. Y.

Varieties of Light-Giving Insects

THE Philadelphia *Ledger* gives some curious information about the beetles which are found in the Southern States, and which signal to one another by means of lights. That the light is indeed intended as a signal is easily proved by capturing one of these small animals and holding him at a window during the night-time. The signal is immediately returned by some comrade who displays his own light and hovers around the captive as though in sympathy. We learn that there are over fourteen different kinds of light-giving insects and they are mainly found in the Southern States and the islands of Cuba and Jamaica. In some cases the light is permanent while in others it is intermittent, the light in many instances being very powerful indeed. The color of the light is also variable. In one variety that is known as the *Photinus l'ericolor* the light seems to begin as a tiny spot, gradually increasing until it becomes a most brilliant green. Sometimes the larvæ of these insects have no less than three lights separate and distinct from each other, the head, one at the tail and between the head and the prothorax. STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

FOLLOWING the musical program, which was rendered with the usual efficiency, the large audience, which assembled on Sunday evening at Isis Theatre, listened with attention to two papers read by Miss Ethel Wood, the head teacher of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, and Dr. Herbert Coryn, a member of the Point Loma medical staff. We understand that Miss Wood is about to proceed to Cuba to undertake corresponding duties in the large Raja Yoga Schools which have just been opened in the Island, and her presence Sunday night was therefore of special interest. Her paper was entitled "The Optimistic and the Pessimistic Aspects of Human Life," of which the following is a brief resume:

"It is easy to become pessimistic unless we will to be otherwise. Look where you may you will find discord, tyranny, selfishness, vice and unbrotherliness expressing itself in a thousand hideous forms that we do not even know.

"One might write a volume and not tell all the story. Where lies the hope? One stands in awe before the magnitude of this problem of reform. One wonders how the world, how humanity can ever swing back to its proper place, so far has it slipped away from its orbit and so far has it wandered in the wrong direction.

"And yet, looking out upon life as we do, from the summit of a great enthusiasm and a yet greater joy, we see that there is sunshine here and there. We see that life has its optimistic aspects as well, for there are the children. In them lies the hope of the future. It is the children that carry today in the world the few scattered torches of truth that are still burning. It is the children to whom we must look for the enthusiasm and joy that alone can match our own.

"Take the single problem of child study and education. When you consider the light that Theosophy throws upon the problems, and when you consider that educators all over the world are now turning to this philosophy, studying it, seeing that the Raja Yoga system contains the great and final secret, the key that will unlock hitherto closed doors—when you consider these things, I ask you if there are not optimistic aspects in life, and to spare?

"And when you see that Theosophy itself is not a theory but a living reality, capable of being actually lived out in its highest and divinest aspects, is there any measure to the joy that floods the heart, and one's confidence in the future of humanity? It was Epictetus who said—this philosopher who was dragged from his home in chains and sold into slavery in the Roman streets—it was he who spoke truly when he said, 'For whatever may come to pass, it lies with me to have it serve the right. Whatever it may be it shall lie with me to use it nobly. That no man can prevent.'"

Dr. Coryn's paper was on the subject of "Miracles," and contained among others, the following remarks:

"Most of us have agreed that we do not believe in miracles, but do we know why we do not? Now, just for the sake of argument let us assume that all pretences at miracle working are humbug. We then have this picture. From the earliest dawn of human history we find mankind universally believing in a fraud, in an illusion with no foundation in fact; for all peoples whatsoever believed in miracles or magic. Legends record the miracles, hieroglyphs and sculpturings depict them. Coming along down the ages, through civilization after civilization, Indian, Persian, Chaldean, Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, Roman, some of them apparently the equals of our own in culture and intellect, we find the same story. Every great teacher and prophet ever known in antiquity, with hardly an exception, is credited with miraculous powers, with something supernormal. No one doubted it. Thousands would be witnesses of some of these fraudulent phenomena; hundreds would record what they had seen. Such records gathered about every founder of a religion, all such records being, according to our hypothesis, nonsense, or merely descriptions of fraud. Well; the uninterrupted stream of testimony goes on; it reaches our own era. A great religious teacher appears, Jesus Christ; and of him also the unvarying story is told, magic or miracles. The stream goes on, on through the early Christian centuries, on through the middle ages. Thousands upon thousands are witnesses, all deluded by fraud and credulity.

"Are we not beginning to suspect that it is time to give up the word fraud, the word humbug, and to suppose that there is something in it all? Think; all times, all peoples; peoples savage, peoples cultured, peoples of all creeds. Can all have been the victims of a set of gigantic and monotonous frauds beginning when the world was young and going on to this very Sunday? No one ever doubted of

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Address by Miss Wood Prior to Her Departure for Cuba---
Dr. Herbert Coryn on the Subject of "Miracles"---Crowded House---Fine Music

Reprinted from San Diego News

miracles and magic till our own day, and when you ask a doubter why he doubts, he cannot tell you. He has absolutely nothing to put against this gigantic range of human testimony, except that he never saw a miracle and wouldn't believe in it anyhow if he did see one. It was practically reserved for our own time to doubt about the matter at all.

"How came the doubt to arise? Let us put aside that question a single moment and ask ourselves what is a miracle or feat

of magic? It is an interference with the ordinary course of natural phenomena, effected by the will of a man without the employment of the ordinary instruments of action.

"So it implies an unusual potency or development of the will. Those who doubt miracles doubt that any such potency lies concealed in the human will. Is this humility? Our age is not noted for humility. One would think men would rejoice at the idea that any such powers lay within them, especially when the idea was supported by such Alpine ranges of evidence as this one. But they deny it and without evidence save that they never saw a miracle. It is like a witness in a law court, who should swear the defendant innocent because he did not see him do it.

"So, again: why this humble disbelief in the powers of the will in an age noted for its arrogance? Those who still believe in miracles hold, in defiance of all history, that during the three years of Christ's teaching life were done the only miracles that the ages of human existence on this planet have witnessed. Some others think that though a few have happened since, it is only within the borders of their own particular church of the several churches that make up the Christian world. Belief in miracles gets fainter as belief in the soul gets fainter, as belief in man's dignity gets fainter, as religion gets fainter. And yet the vast evidence for miracles remains unchanged.

"The revolt from religion meant a revolt from all that religion taught and a steady degradation in man's whole conception of himself. And at last we have come to the modern scientific conception of man. Will is as much an illusion as the soul. We are conscious machines, merely bits of nature's animated machinery. Will is incapable of imposing itself on nature, of interesting itself in the flow of nature.

"The inner life of each man, like the inner life of nations and whole civilizations, is a continuous spiritual war. If men believe that a great Light, a great Power, is within them, by the power of that belief they will struggle with their sensual lower nature. So the lower nature knows that its whole chance of being permitted free play lies in robbing the man of that belief. It may have him think that the intervention of other men is necessary and may at last make him think that that intervention is all that is necessary. At last it stands victor all along the line. Man thinks he has neither soul, nor will, nor intelligence, nor destiny, nor past. Now, are we going to take courage and burst our way into freedom from this hypnotic current, this psychologic disease stream that trickles its poison into every mind?"

Raja Yoga School in Cuba

OPENING OF THE SCHOOL IN SANTIAGO WITH OVER TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY CHILDREN IN ATTENDANCE
A GRAND BEGINNING

ACABLE message received from Cuba notifies us that the Raja Yoga Schools situated at St. Felix St., Santiago, have been opened for the reception of the two hundred and fifty children registered upon the books. The Cuban Raja Yoga Schools are an accomplished fact, and a new chapter has been thus magnificently opened in the history of the Republic. OBSERVER

Theosophy Explains Christianity

ONE of the stated objects of The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood, founded by H. P. Blavatsky, is to study and compare the various great religious and sacred literatures of the world. And this object, like all the others, is subsidiary to the great purpose of promoting universal brotherhood. So long as the adherents of any particular religion believe themselves to be the sole possessors of the truth, and speak of other religions as false, there can be no brotherhood. Neither can there be any knowledge of the truth, for truth is not to be won by disputations, but by friendly comparison and tolerant inquiry in all direc-



A Class
of the Raja
Yoga Choir of
Loma-land at
Practise

Led by
the Veteran
Vocal Instructor
Mr. E. A.
Neresheimer

tions. H. P. Blavatsky taught that true religion is *one*, and men have made it *many*. Great Teachers, appearing in the world from time to time, have taught mankind the way to dominate his nature and win for himself enlightenment and freedom. This message of Truth, Light, and Liberation, is always the same, though the form of its presentation to humanity has been different, in accordance with the differing characters and customs and different lands and times.

Each and all of these various proclaimings of the way of truth have been subsequently converted by ignorant laymen and designing priesthoods into dogmatic religion with prescribed articles of faith and rules of ceremonial. There is no religion but has suffered in this way, and the consequence is that today we find ourselves bound, in the name of Christ and Christianity, to many dogmas and superstitions invented by man at different times during the last two thousand years.

Theosophy gives the clue by which we can discern what is true in religions and distinguish it from what is added and false. What is true proclaims itself as such to the reason and common sense and needs no advocacy; and if Theosophy can enable people to understand their religion and the meaning of their Master's words as they have never understood them before, then Theosophy proves its own worth. The truth in religions is that which is found in all of them, the differences being due to misinterpretations and additions.

All religions show man as a feeling and thinking mind, placed midway between contrary forces, one of which is downward and destructive, the other upward and liberating. They show him as endowed with the power of choice, able to follow which path he will. They declare that the true savior is the Soul, which is the divine spark in man, placed in his heart by the divine creative act. This Soul is the real Self of man; it knows; it is free and above sorrow. This Soul of man is called in our religion the Christos, and in other religions by corresponding names. But ignorance and priestcraft have turned it into an idol and denied to man his divinity, making him a helpless sinner, dependent for salvation, not on the divine might of his own soul, but on the supposed intercession of some deity.

And so it has been in other religions. We find everywhere men believing that they can be saved only by professing some creed and performing certain rites and sacrifices, instead of relying on the wisdom and might from within, as originally taught in their religions. And this has been the cause of human subserviency and degradation.

Now comes Theosophy with its message of freedom and self-respect for man, pointing out to him what traps have been laid for his soul by the tinkers of religion, and reinstating Christ and Christianity once more in the position they have lost.

It comes to resurrect a buried Christ.

H. T. E.

BY his three volumes on *Unknown Mexico* Mr. Carl Lumholz has rendered a service to Mexico

and to ethnological research. He shows how to study native races, and how to apply to that study the touchstone of confidence, of sympathy, of appreciation. In his own case, the result is a book which is far more than a mere narration of fact. It is a human document which introduces us to aboriginal human nature as it actually is. The author knows how to observe and to record the results of his observations without pedantry and without prejudice, and this alone gives to his writings a very peculiar value. His competency to speak of such tribes as the Tarahumaras and the Huichols is sufficiently shown by the following extracts. He says:

Soon I found that my best companions were the so-called civilized Indians, or even Indians in their aboriginal state, who not only helped me by their mere presence to win the confidence of their tribesmen, but also served me as objects of observation. As before I stopped for months with a tribe, discharging all alien attendants and roughing it with the Indians. In this way I spent in all a year and a half among the Tarahumaras, and ten months among the Coras and Huichols. At first the natives persistently opposed me; they are very distrustful of the white man, and no wonder, since he has left them little to lose. But I managed to make my entry, and gradually to gain their confidence and friendship, mainly through my ability to sing their native songs, and by always treating them justly.

Unknown Mexico

If Mr. Lumholz intended to write understandingly of his subject, he adopted the only way in which this can possibly be done, by loving it. The knowledge of native races obtained at the end of the rifle, or by chasing them through the woods, is not worth having, but it is almost the only kind at our disposal.

Mr. Lumholz tells us that the Tarahumaras are the best runners in the world, hardly seeming to know the meaning of fatigue. He tells us also, and this we would commend to very general attention, that "the Tarahumara in his native condition is many times better off mentally, morally and economically, than his so-called civilized brother," who, however, "will not let him alone as long as he has anything worth taking away."

In the school of the white man, the aborigine learns quickly, but the lessons are those of moral and physical death. Thus we read:

Taking it all in all, the advantages the Indian derives from the advent of the white man are doubtful. The Huichol's standard of life has not, on the whole, been raised. The few who are well off and could afford better things, have no better than the others; they eat their tortillas and beans, and sleep on the floor, as they always did, and know no better. On the other hand, the disadvantages are very manifest. Since the acquisition of domestic animals the people have begun to realize that there are rich and poor in the world, and those who own little are filled with envy of their more opulent relatives.

Mercy Holden's Burglar



OW, Mercy, I know you'll attend to everything all right, and do see that Belle doesn't get tired or worried over anything," said Mrs. Holden.

"And don't be silly enough to be afraid of anything," added Mr. Holden, as his wife settled herself in the buggy beside him. "I'll be back early in the morning anyway, and mother'll come with me, unless your grannie is worse than usual; so take care of yourself and everything else."

"I will, father; good-bye, mother;" cried Mercy, cheerfully, as she watched her parents drive away to visit grannie, who had sent for them, having one of her periodical "bad spells."

Mercy Holden was a bright, healthy girl of eighteen, innocent, kind-hearted and fearless of evil. Belle, two years older, had met with an accident twelve months before, from the effects of which she was still an invalid, and it was Mercy's duty as well as pleasure, to guard and amuse her sister.

It was nearly five, and Mercy hastened into the cool, clean kitchen, with the well at the door shaded by the gnarled old apple tree, to prepare the early supper, while Belle rested on the lounge watching operations. Even her weak appetite was tempted by the fragrant tea, light, white biscuits, new laid eggs and fresh butter and cream. Then the colts must be watered and the poultry attended to, the eggs gathered and yeast set, for tomorrow was baking day. By this time it was dark, and Belle was nearly asleep in the big chair in the front room. "Now," said Mercy, coming in with a lamp, "I'll read to you, Belle, for the U. B. Magazine came this afternoon."

"Oh, yes," replied Belle, "I do so want to hear the rest of that article on 'True Compassion.'"

"Yes, and here's one on 'Practical Brotherhood.'" So the girls settled themselves to enjoy the evening, Mercy pausing frequently that they might discuss some ideas evoked by the reading. In this way, in their plain, simple language, they touched on many of the fundamental truths of Theosophy, the fact of Brotherhood, real compassion instead of sentimentalism and mere emotion; the great universal law of rebirth and reaping, from life to life, the effects of former thoughts and deeds.

"But you are tired, Belle dear," said Mercy at last, "and you must go to bed;" and taking her sister's arm she assisted her up stairs. After seeing her comfortably settled, Mercy ran lightly down stairs again to extinguish the lamp and see that everything was in order. Placing a candle on the kitchen table, she went out to the well for a pitcher of cool water to take up stairs. The moon was at the quarter and shed a soft light over the fields and meadows, and the girl drew in a long breath of the cool fragrant summer air. Lifting her pitcher from the well-curb she crossed the porch but stopped in the doorway, paralyzed by the sight that confronted her!

It was a man, tall and strongly built, and though Mercy had never seen anything like it before, she knew the meaning of the ugly suit with its horizontal stripes. He was an escaped convict, and she and her invalid sister were alone and at his mercy. The thought of Belle nerved her for anything. Placing the pitcher upon the table she looked him unflinchingly in the face.

Yes, he was coarse and hard and brutal in appearance and expression, yet Mercy thought there was something of the human, too; and perchance even a smoldering spark of the divine yet left. "What do you want?" she asked, trying to make her voice calm and even.

"What do I want?" he repeated harshly; "everything. But first food—I'm famished. And look at this—pointing to his prison garb—I want clothes and money to get away."

"I'll do what I can for you," replied the girl, "but please don't speak so loud—my sister is ill and you will frighten her. First you must have food. Sit down here at the table."

The convict strode to the door and closed it and then pulled down the window blinds. Then turning suddenly upon Mercy, he said suspiciously:

"You don't expect any men folks home tonight, do you? You ain't settin' no trap for me, are you?"

"No," returned Mercy, quietly, "I've no wish to give you up. But how did you get in?"

"I came in at the window while you were at supper and hid in the parlor closet. I heard you reading and talking, and I thought I'd give you a chance to show a poor devil like me some of your compassion and brotherhood. I meant before to rob the house and take anything I wanted, and if you'd tried to stop me you might 'a' got hurt."

"I'm glad you changed your plan," said Mercy. "Now, come and eat and then I'll find some of my brother's clothes for you, and I have a little money of my own."

Tears came into the girl's eyes when she saw how ravenously the man fell upon

the food which she had placed upon the table. For a week he had been hiding in the woods and swamps, without food, except what he could at night purloin from field and orchard.

While he was eating, Mercy had looked into Belle's room and found her soundly sleeping. Then she had gone to her absent brother's room and hastily selected such partly worn garments as she deemed most suitable. These she carried into the wash-house, and providing appliances for a bath, ushered the convict in; nor had she forgotten her father's shaving case.

She sat waiting in the kitchen, and when the man again entered the room she was amazed at the transformation. The clothes fitted him, the shaven face showed strong, firm lines of jaw and chin, and the wolfish look of extreme hunger was gone. With the good meal and decent garb an approach toward self-respect and manliness had already crept into his manners and speech.

"Here is all the money I have," said Mercy, putting a small purse into his hand. "I am sorry I have no more."

"It will take me to where I can find friends," answered the fugitive. "Now, young lady, I want to thank you for what you have done for me. You will not believe me most likely, but I am not guilty of the crime for which I was imprisoned, though God knows I've been bad enough. But I'm going to quit this sort of life now, go back to the poor old mother I've nearly killed, and take care of her the rest of her days. I believe a lot of the things you read and said tonight are true, and I'm going to make a new start from tonight. I'll send you back this money, and pay for the clothes when I can safely do it. Now, I want you to promise me one thing—that you will never tell any one of my visit here tonight. Will you?"

"What! not even my father?"

"No, no one. I can't trust any one but you."

"I will, if you will promise to let me hear from you, some time."

"You shall hear from me; and now good-bye. Would you mind shaking hands? Your religion is the right kind."

Mercy held out her hand. The man clasped it firmly for a moment, looking straight into her eyes. Then he stepped over the threshold and was swallowed up in the shadows of the night.

Mercy removed all traces of the presence of the convict and then crept silently to bed. In the morning her parents returned and in a few days her brother. When he missed a part of his wardrobe she was obliged to admit that she had given it to a tramp. But she faithfully kept the secret of that night. She wondered if her father would blame her if he knew the part she had taken. They learned from the papers that the escaped convict had never been retaken, and the girl was very glad. She believed his words and hoped that he would reform, waiting patiently for some sign or token. But months glided into years and the silence was not broken.

Belle had regained her health and was settled in a home of her own. Mercy's own wedding was to take place in a few days. One evening the mail was brought in and among the letters was one addressed to Mercy in a firm, strong hand. Her mother was puzzled, and Frank said:

"Why, who is your new correspondent, Sis?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, "let me open it and see."

Unfolding the sheet, she read:

DEAR AND HONORED YOUNG LADY: You may remember the unfortunate being whom you fed and clothed one night when he was in sore distress. I promised you that I would reform and I have kept my word. I now hold a good position and my mother is proud of her son. I owe it all to your goodness, for on that night I was desperate enough to have done almost anything. I can never express my gratitude; but I am sure you will rejoice to know that you have saved a fellow being from the fate that must have overtaken me. Inclosed find the loan you made me and a sum to pay for the clothes. From one who most always be your most earnest and grateful

FRIEND

"O, father," cried Mercy, with shining eyes, "now I can tell you," and she poured out the tale of that summer night four years ago.

"Whew!" whistled Frank. "That's where my clothes went. Well, young lady, dear and honored, hand over that check. The largest share is mine."

"You poor child!" said her mother. "How brave you were."

"Don't you think I did right, father?" asked the girl, appealing to him.

"You did well, my dear," he replied, "but I remember now that my razor was very dull afterward."

O. P. Q.

SOME of the most important astronomical discoveries that have been made in recent years are due to the use of photography. It is now announced that the astronomers of Yale University have received photographs showing that Bovelli's comet has three tails instead of two and that there are indications even of a fourth.

LOUIS BETTS, a Chicago boy, recently won the three-thousand dollar prize offered by the Philadelphia Academy of Arts. This includes the three-years scholarship abroad. He is the son of E. D. Betts, an artist, who is one of the pioneers in The Universal Brotherhood movement. The young artist has already left for Europe.

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

A Quotation from H. P. Blavatsky on True Science

THEOSOPHY claims to be both Religion and Science, for Theosophy is the essence of both. It is for the sake and love of the two divine abstractions—*i. e.*, Theosophical religion and science, that its Society has become the volunteer scavenger of both orthodox religion and modern science; as also the relentless Nemesis of those who have degraded the two noble truths to their own ends and purposes, and then divorced each violently from the other, though the two are and *must be one*.

The modern [1888] Materialist insists on an impassable chasm between the two, pointing out that the "Conflict between Religion and Science" has ended in the triumph of the latter and the defeat of the first. The modern Theosophist refuses to see, on the contrary, any such chasm at all. If it is claimed by both Church and Science that each of them pursues the truth and *nothing but the truth*, then either one of them is mistaken and accepts falsehood for truth, or both. Any other impediment to their reconciliation must be set down as purely *fictitious*. Truth is one, even if sought for or pursued at two different ends. Therefore, Theosophy claims to reconcile the two foes. It premises by saying that the true spiritual and primitive Christian religion is, as much as the other great and still older philosophies that preceded it, *the light of Truth*, "the life and the light of men."

But so is the *true* light of Science. Therefore, darkened as the former is now by dogmas examined through glasses smoked with the superstitions artificially produced by the Churches, this light can hardly penetrate and meet its sister ray in a science equally as cobwebbed by paradoxes and the materialistic sophistries of the age.

They can be reconciled on the condition that both shall clean their houses, one from the human dross of the ages, the other from the hideous excrescence of modern materialism and atheism.—*H. P. Blavatsky*

The above quotation needs but little comment. It justifies us in speaking of religion in our science columns—thus does an invidious conventional usage remind us at the very first step of the barrier we erect in our minds between two such vital interests.

And what does science need to bring her back from her straying, into the path where she may meet and unite with an enlightened religion? Surely it is a zealous devotion to the *true* interests of humanity—and not as now, to its material luxury, to inventions for destruction, and to morbid curiosity.

For such, alas, is the main trend of modern science, in spite of a few worthier aims and a few purer and nobler votaries at her shrine.

Science should include every true human interest in its intellectual aspect, as religion should in its moral aspect. An enlightened and broad-minded study of human history and character; an investigation into the laws of health, moral as well as physical; an intelligent study of sociological problems, based on a recognition of the divinity of man—these are some of the subjects that come within the province of true science.

And humanity can do with less new foods and drugs and machines; less of the thousands of inventions patented purely for money and not to supply a real demand; and less of the morbid prying into the mysteries of the human body, of the kind which contributes no useful knowledge to hygiene or surgery.

WE note with satisfaction the invention (by Mr. Hewitt of New York City) of an electric lamp, whose light is pleasant to the eye; the reason being that it contains all the rays of the spectrum except the red. Yet with the same amount of power, it produces eight times as much light as the Edison lamp. Its one drawback is the slight greenish pallor that it imparts to the complexion. A further improvement would seem possible. For purposes of illumination we no more want the chemical, or ultra-violet, rays than the red. If these were cut off, the lamp would perhaps be perfect, and its light probably quite uninjurious to the eyes in any length of time. It is noteworthy that Mr. Hewitt's lamp burns at a less cost than kerosene, and its light is therefore the cheapest known.

K.

The "College of Science" Hypnotic Fraud.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, the well-known author, has been contributing to *T. P.'s Weekly*, the result of his investigations into the so-called gospel of "self-hypnotism," of which we read so much in the advertisement pages of our press. As his final conclusions are eminently sane, they may be quoted, as showing that there are some people, at any rate, who have no use for the bogus "occultism" and similar fakes now so rampant.

It is inevitable that some amongst a people so eager to accept the cruder forms of truth as representing whole and finished schemes of thought should be willing to turn the nimble ninpence at the expense of the general credulity. The means by which the whole doctrine of hypnotism has been preached are frankly infamous. It happened a year and a half ago that I became the recipient of the confidences of some hundreds of people who had answered the advertisements which at that time were so thickly sown over the pages of English journals and magazines by these needy adventurers. I had at one time a pile of mimeographed letters which stood quite a foot high, and every one of these pretended, in the most shameless and flagrant fashion, to be a private and confidential communication. Hundreds of them couched from beginning to end in identical terms began: "This is a purely personal communication. It is addressed to you alone, and we rely upon your honor to respect our confidence." The advertisements explicitly set forth the statement that a benevolent person had somewhere or other "donated" a sum of money to provide for the free issue of a work of incalculable value to mankind, which revealed "strange mental powers," and promised assured "success in life." The letters ran to the effect that the gratis issue had been exhausted, and offered for twenty-five dollars a book which would have been dear at half-a-crown, even if it had not been the compound of ignorance and chicane it really was. Everybody could practise hypnotism, so its gospel ran.

These were the lines on which the crusade in favor of a popular practice of hypnotism was inaugurated in England, and these are the lines on which the later idea of self-hypnotism is being run by some of the unscrupulous pretenders to science who are engaged in its exploitation. The same nauseating cant, which combines the will of God with your personal seizure of the dollar, is present in the one case as in the other.

It is a regrettable fact that a nation so sane as ours should be acquiring unenviable reputation as a purveyor of this kind of rubbish to the annoyance of other countries.

STUDENT

Vivisection Adds Nothing to Real Knowledge

VIVISECTION has established its grim law in every school of physiology in England. To our own mind it has completely failed to demonstrate that efficacy which alone can justify its adoption. The experiments performed on dumb animals cannot possibly be of benefit to the human race. At best they can only teach an inferior kind of brain a most inferior kind of knowledge. Why should a wretched rabbit be tortured out of his little life in order to show a glabrous savant that the pancreatic secretion is increased by due injection of duodenum? Why should a dog be cut and opened in nameless and barbarous ways in order that he may be injected with a serum derived from the cerebrospinal fluid of a human idiot? Why should a frog, a creature generally known as "God's gift to physiologists," be cut up, tetanized, injected, de-cerebrated or burnt in various acids merely to show that there is truth in some dusty theory about "reflex action"? What possible good can result from inquiry so bestial and so inhumane? How can truth be perceived among the bloody offals of a shambles? At its best vivisection can only lead to vivisection, to a bloodier revel in experiment, a more grimy and ghastly classification of torture. By present methods physiologists can only hope to swell their sickening index of barbarities. The "glorious" triumphs of modern science are little more than the discovery, and parrot-learning, of trite and nasty medical facts. With all the science, and the glory, and the triumph, the world grows sicker, and less manly, and more beastlike daily. This cannot possibly be contradicted. And it behooves physiologists, therefore, to cease meddling with the healthy and beautiful bodies of God's creatures and to give their care and their skill to the bettering of the sickly bodies of their kin.—*Daily News*

Here and There Throughout the World

✧ **Endurance of an Alpine Guide** ✧ ✧ A MAGNIFICENT story of endurance is reported from the Alps. An Englishman, accompanied by two guides named Alner, father and son, were descending from Monte Rosa. The three were, of course, roped together, and at a turn of the road the Englishman slipped and fell over a precipice fifteen hundred feet deep, carrying with him the younger guide. The elder guide, however, planted himself firmly and sustained the shock, supporting the weight of his two companions as they dangled at the end of the rope. The younger Alner, who was at the end of the rope, managed to climb up the rocky face of the precipice and rejoin his father, but the Englishman could do nothing to help himself as his leg was broken, nor could the two guides draw him into safety. It was finally decided that the younger Alner should descend alone for help, leaving his father to support the rope. For *seven hours* the heroic Alner, with his feet braced against the rocks, sustained that fearful weight until aid arrived, and then refused all help on the way down the mountain.

✧ **The Total Number of Books in World** ✧ A FRENCH literary review estimates the total number of books now existing in the world to be as follows: United States, 700,000,000; Western Europe, 1,800,000,000; Eastern Europe, 460,000,000; other countries, 240,000,000. To these enormous figures, the writer in the French review believes that we must add one new book per second to cover the current issues. These estimates are, of course, largely guesses, but they probably approximate to the truth. We wish it were possible to arrange these books under the three heads of those which are morally beneficial to humanity, of those which are morally hurtful, and of those which are merely negative, such as books of reference, dictionaries and the like. The same authority tells us that Germany publishes 25,000 new books every year, France 13,000, Italy 10,000 and England 7000, while Dr. Van Dyke estimates at between 4000 and 5000 the new books published every year in the United States, of which one-third are novels.

✧ **Japan Has Oldest Royal Family** ✧ ✧ A JAPANESE newspaper, the *Niroku Shinpo*, reminds us that the Mikado "is of the long and unbroken line of one hundred and twenty ancestors who sat before him on the throne which was set up six hundred and sixty years before the Christian era. Just think of it! The oldest royal family in Europe is that of Capet, which, however, is comparatively young, as it dates no further back than to the Ninth century. And it remains now in the Parisian society as a rare relic of a bygone royal family. The Savoy, the Brunswick, the Baden, and so forth go back only to the Eleventh century. But our Imperial line, as already mentioned, started long before the battle of Marathon was recorded, long before the songs of Homer were recited. Since then, no foreign conqueror ever set foot on the soil of Japan."

✧ **Zangwill on the Zion Movement** ✧ ✧ ISRAEL ZANGWILL has recently made a speech on the Zion Movement. He considers that the importance of a choice of location is small compared with the fact that the movement has received the official recognition of both Russia and England. It will be remembered that the Zionist Congress has lately held a convention at Basle in Switzerland, and the occasion of Mr. Zangwill's speech was the reception of the English delegates.

✧ **Marriages & Religion in Austria** ✧ ✧ WHAT are we to think of this? It has been decreed by the Austrian Supreme Court that all marriages are invalid which are contracted between parties, one of whom professes no particular religious creed while the other is a Christian. Jews and Christians are also forbidden to marry. To those interested in the spread of religious freedom, this Austrian phenomenon will doubtless be carefully noted.

✧ **Pauper Insane in England & Wales** ✧ ✧ LAST year nearly 23,000 persons became insane in England and Wales, and this surpasses all previous records. The increase over the year before was over 3000. The statistics show that the greater part of this increase was among paupers and it is therefore argued that the classes who are most exposed to the worries of modern life are not correspondingly driven to insanity. Probably the truth of the matter is that while every pauper lunatic is registered as such, a number of well-to-do lunatics are cared for in their own homes, and the fact of their insanity never reaches the official reports at all. Who can question that there is a large number of lunatics outside the asylums? We meet them constantly.

✧ **Terrors of the Famine in China** ✧ ✧ AN AMERICAN gentleman now in China writes a graphic description of the distress in that country caused by the famine now prevailing. He says: "All through the winter and thus far in the summer there has been no moisture; no snow, no rain, no dew. The spring crops have failed and famine is already upon many districts. Wives, sons and daughters are being sold to those who can afford to buy, at a few dollars, in some districts being sold by the pound, the price being less than that of rice." Whatever may happen in China in the immediate future, may the recollection of these pitiful sufferings be thrown into the scales of our judgment.

✧ **French System for Learning Language** ✧ ✧ AN INCREASED attention is now being given in Europe to the acquisition of foreign languages. A French schoolmaster has organized a system for the international exchange of children, so that they may properly learn the languages of the countries to which they are sent. The system ought to have satisfactory results if it is worked with the care which it demands, and it should certainly tend to a better understanding between nations. It was once well said that "he who has a new language has a new soul" and to acquire a foreign tongue is to travel into a new mental country and to enlarge the mind with experiences which can never be otherwise gained.

✧ **California's Capacity for Timber** ✧ ✧ CALIFORNIA is likely to make a wonderful record for its timber at the St. Louis Exposition. A forestry official is reported as saying, "We shall prove that every tree grown between the Equator and the Pole can be cultivated in California." And, also, that the California forestry display at the Exposition will be finer than that furnished by the whole of Europe. This, of course, is good. We must at the same time remember that timber reserves are easily exhausted, and that without some system of replanting, our glory is likely to become an affair of the past.

✧ **The Russian Church and the Jews** ✧ ✧ ✧ A DEPUTATION to the Russian Government of Jewish citizens from Odessa has been threatened with wholesale expulsion from the empire. M. de Plehve is represented as having said: "We shall be obliged to get rid of you. For that purpose we shall facilitate your emigration, and exclude the Jews from all our schools and render their lives in Russia impossible." Judging from past experience the threat is neither empty nor idle. Nevertheless, it is unprecedented. Was Galileo right when he said the world moves?

✧ **Austrian Towns Want Crematories** ✧ ✧ THERE are no crematories in Austria, and it has hitherto been necessary to send bodies for cremation to Germany or Italy, and this of course has been a matter of great expense. Resolutions have now been passed in sixty-nine Austrian towns in favor of cremation and demanding authorization from the national government to erect suitable buildings. This is an evidence of how the forces of reform grow steadily, although for a long time they may have no exterior manifestation.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Legend of Ireland

DEAR CHILDREN: There is a legend of ancient Ireland that relates the deeds of Conchobar, a Warrior-Hero. Once upon a time this warrior and his companions were entertaining the chieftains of Ulster at a great feast, when they saw a most beautiful flock of birds alight upon the plains before them. Soon they soared upward, and Conchobar ordered his nine chariots, for he desired to follow them. And the legend reads:

Most beautiful birds they were, and they kept singing in their flight. There were nine flocks of them and twenty birds in each flock. They were linked together two by two by a chain of silver, and the two birds that flew at the head of each flock were united by a yoke of silver.

So, as rapidly as chariots could travel, Conchobar followed these birds over the plains. At last night came on. A thick snow was falling and Conchobar ordered his Warriors to stop the chase and seek some house where they might spend the night.

So the Warriors went ahead, and at last discovered a little hut in which lived a man and his wife. Going to Conchobar they said, "We have found a house but it is not worthy of you."

"Nevertheless, I shall be entertained in that house tonight, I and my men," and Conchobar pushed on. It was such a poor little house, hardly large enough to afford comfort for the two people who lived in it. Yet—here is the miracle—when Conchobar entered it began to grow larger and larger. His Warriors also entered and found they were in a magnificent palace, with beautiful flowers and a banquet table ready for them. Children, is there not a wonderful lesson in this story? If we are true, brave Warriors as was Conchobar, every house that we enter becomes a palace, everything that we touch becomes transformed and everything that we do becomes a great loving deed.

AUNT ESTHER

A Baby Moose

DEAR CHILDREN: One often wonders why wild animals are so shy, and, instinctively, so afraid of human beings. Of course it must be because men have been so cruel to them. But last week I heard about a baby moose that had none of this strange fear. I must tell you about it.

It seems that some hunters were roaming through the woods in one part of Canada, when one of them, who got separated from the rest of the party, came across a baby moose. It was only a few days old, a queer, long-legged little creature, and it was crying for its mother.

First, the hunter, who had a camera, took its picture; but when he started to return to camp the baby moose began to follow him. It went down the bank and into the water to the very edge of the canoe. The hunter did not know just what to do, for if the little creature had followed him home he could not have given it proper care, and then, too, he knew that way up in the woods the mother moose would soon be along, looking for her baby. So he finally coaxed it up the bank, and, pouring some condensed milk upon a piece of birch-bark, he left the little creature feeding.

I wonder what its mother thought when she came. UNCLE FRED.

Nancy and the Bee

NANCY and Cousin Willie sat on their little wooden stools outside the cottage door, peacefully eating bread and jam. The old-fashioned garden was gay with blossoms, the busy bees hummed contentedly as they went from flower to flower in search of honey, and every now and then bright-winged butterflies flitted past.

"Go away," said Nancy, imperatively, to a bee who approached, expressing a desire for jam, "Go away, and gather your own honey. Naughty, greedy bee, go away."

"Baa-a-a!" she screamed, "nasty, cruel bee. Baa-a-a."

"What is the matter?" cried an agitated voice, and Nancy's mother came hurrying out. "Did it sting you?"

"Yes, nasty, horrid bee. A-a."

"Hush! dear, we will make it well," and she went quickly into the house and returned carrying a small bottle. "There, now, this will take away the pain and make it quite well. But what were you doing? You must have made the bee angry."

"Lazy thing, wanted my jam, and it has its own honey in all the flowers," replied Nancy.

Cousin Willie stood silent, looking at Nancy, and quite neglecting his bread and jam. His blue eyes regarded meditatively the pretty wild rose face peeping out from under the large sun-bonnet.

"Perhaps," said he slowly, "the little bee thought you were a flower, only, Nancy, you weren't as sweet to it as real flowers are. You were cross, and so it got angry at making a mistake, and it stung you."

"Yes, Willie, I expect that was the reason," agreed Nancy's mother. "You know bees are very, very wise, and they know quite well that little girls whom they think are flowers should not be selfish or afraid."

"And if they are, they think it quite just to punish them. Another time when a little bee comes and wishes to taste your jam, let it have some, and give freely, and then the little bee will fly away, knowing you are a sweet, generous little blossom."

A. P. D.

A Raja Yoga Cat

DEAR CHILDREN: In Wickford, England, there lives a cat who lost her kittens and grieved for them very, very much. What to do she did not know until, as it happened, one of the boys of the family brought home a nest of two young jackdaws. That night, to save them from the cat, he put them into a basket and put the basket in his bedroom. Pussy soon found them, took them carefully out, carried them, one by one, down stairs to her own basket.

Did she eat them? By no means. She adopted them as her very own and the frightened boy finally found them there beside her. She was purring contentedly and both little jackdaws were fast asleep. She protects them as carefully as if they were her own kittens, often lying for a long time with her paws around them. They will soon begin to fly. Then what will the mother-cat do?

AN ENGLISH WORKER

"THE misfortunes hardest to bear," says the poet Lowell, "are those that never happen, but are always expected."



AILEEN
The youngest member of the Lotus Group
in Dublin, Ireland

Maid Marion

by ELIZABETH BELLAMY

SHE was ironing her dolly's new gown,
Maid Marion, four years old,
With her brows puckered down,
In a painstaking frown
Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse, coming in,
Exclaimed in a tone of surprise,
"Don't you know it's a sin
Any work to begin,
On the day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then, lifting her face like a rose
Thus answered this wise little tot,
"Now, don't you suppose
The dear Lord knows
That this little iron ain't hot?"

Students'



Path

Lines by Emily Bronte

[The following are the last lines my sister Emily ever wrote.—CHARLOTTE BRONTE.]

NO coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God, within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life---that in me has rest,
As I---andying Life---have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts; snutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infamy;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou---Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

The Moment of Choice

Love thou the gods and withstand them, lest thy fame shall fail in the end,
And thou be but their slave and bondman who wert born for their very friend.

THERE come times when all affairs seem to be at flood-tide, and there is placed within one's grasp the great opportunity. A whole life's course may depend upon whether that single chance is grasped. Every moment of one's past life, freighted as it may be with evil or with good, appears to be marshaled up at that critical moment, each to have its own weight in the fine tense balance. If the good preponderates—and the deed is not the test but the motive—then is the opportunity seized and the whole life swings upward into a sphere undreamed of in its beauty and its extent. If some weakness makes the man hesitate at that critical moment, all may be lost, or worse than lost. Better would it have been had not the attempt been made. Under the wheel one goes, the tide swings back leaving one stranded.

There is a saying among the ancients that he whom the gods counsel is destined either to be great or to be greatly plagued. There is truth in the statement, for they whom the gods do counsel are few and the meaning of such counsel must be mighty. Perchance they extend the helping hand at just the saving moment, when the one whom they seek to save may be all unaware of his own danger. Well is it for him if the hand be grasped. Woe to him if the help be lightly regarded, or refused, or hesitatingly accepted. He will enter upon a cycle of bitter pain, pain which there is absolutely no possibility of avoiding and for which there exists no anodyne. There is nothing to be done but bear it, or give up trying. He who will not up and take his place by the side of the gods when they call him must be content to be their "thrall and bondman," perhaps during all his life. There is no choice between, no other way.

The soul's urge cannot be lightly disregarded, for there are times when

the soul speaks plainly, times when the brain-mind is just transparent enough to allow the light to filter through, when the personality has become just enough purified to be porous to the real insights. Such times are sacred and should not be boasted of nor even spoken about to another. Even so much may suffice to plant the personality back again upon the throne and shut away all help. But when such times come, let us make tenfold certain our vow of eternal vigilance. Let us strive as we have never striven to retain our footing upon the heights, not that we may be great, but that we may the better help those who are below. So little a thing, a careless word, even a thought, may at such a time be sufficient to send us headlong into the darkness below.

Shall we, then, look for these times? Shall we, then, lie in wait for the great opportunity? No; if that is our mental attitude be sure we will not be able to recognize it when it comes. The only safety, the only way, lies in the simple, patient doing of daily duty, shutting out the past from our minds, thinking not of the future, paying attention only to the present. That is the training that makes soldiers. Are we all capable of living up to its every discipline? No, *but we are all capable of trying.*

ECHO

Habit of Mind

THERE is probably nothing in the world so fatal to all one's aspirations to lead the truly spiritual life as this or that "habit of mind." Out of the past we have brought a tendency to set up and worship the mind as the arbiter of all our destinies. It is nothing more nor less than a bad habit.

Students—those who are truly striving to become such under the guidance of their higher selves—early discover that this bad habit, whatever its particular manifestation, simply must be overcome or they will face failure. There is in some a tendency to find fault with little things. If not overcome it develops into a miserable and fault finding attitude with regard to big things. Sooner or later those who allow this tendency to grow, withdraw from the Society on the ground that they "do not approve of the Leader's methods!" It is an old story, and one which the older students have read many times.

Then there is the habit of argument, the fatal habit of objecting to this and objecting to that—just on principle, you know. Not a step can be taken until everything is thought out according to the prescription of the brain-mind. What is the result? A perpetual behindhandedness, naturally, a fatal facility for always doing everything at the wrong time, or in the wrong way, or too late.

The Theosophical movement is peculiar in its sweep and scope. Today, it is so swiftly pressing ahead that those who stop to figure things out on lines of the brain-mind will shortly find themselves hopelessly in the rear. The brain-mind is quite all right in its place, but its place is that of servant, not master. Probably not a single student but can trace every one of the serious mistakes of his life to a fatal habit of following the brain-mind plea instead of the intuition. In matters where the soul's freedom is at stake it is simply suicidal to follow out the old-fashioned lines of reasoning. They leave one stranded, for today is a peculiar time. It marks a turning-point, not only in the lives of individuals but in the world's life. Everything is being overturned, uprooted. To those who have faith belongs that clearer vision that perceives the turmoil to be but the passing away of the old order of things.

Those who long to help the world, those who long to shed something of the true light upon humanity's path, must one day realize that the brain-mind is not competent to guide. They must get behind it, rise above it, master it—for their own soul's sake, for humanity's sake, for the sake of the ideals in which they profess to believe. Opportunities greater, far greater than we realize are at our very hands, almost within our very grasp. If we listen to the brain-mind, depend upon it we shall hopelessly flounder, lose our way in the labyrinth of argument, and miss all our chances.

Let us still the restless mind, harness it, subdue it, use it as it would so like to use us. At least, let us make a brave attempt to do so. The battle may be, doubtless will be, a difficult one. But, if we try, if we fight on, struggle, aspire, persevere, depend upon it the saving help will come. It may not come when we wish, or in the way we would prefer, but *if we do our part*, willing to bear the result of all our blunders, willing to die in the battle rather than not battle at all, *help will come.* E.W.

The Soul to Its Higher Self

by EVANGELINE RYVES

AM I thy Shadow --- thou my Sun or Star?
Am I thy word, and thou the Thought unsuspect?
Vainly I seek to ask thee what we are:
Thou art: I feel thee, and must be content.

I am the Question, thou the Answer whole,
Thou the swift lightning, I the restless thunder,
Thou keep'st the key and seal of all my soul,
No force in Heaven could set our lives asunder.

Thou art my Music, I the broken lyre;
And though so faint thy spheric whisper blows,
It drowns my soul in limitless desire,
It wafts me upward to the Self that knows.

Thou knowest my Daemon, and thou speakest ever,
Crying through all the winds, "Awake! awake!"
Giving to dreams the glory of endeavor
Till shadows flee, and till the day shall break.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question How is it that as soon as one makes an effort to correct his faults and to live a better life, his difficulties become ten times greater and his faults more glaring? Christ said, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light," but it seems to me it is then the real burden of life begins. What explanation can you offer? So far as my experience and knowledge go, the churches leave the question untouched, being so often satisfied with lip-service, which certainly is an easy yoke and a light burden until one's conscience awakes one to the insincerity of it.

Answer Perhaps, after all, both statements are true, and if we could only look at our lives from the right standpoint we might find that in the true sense the yoke of the Christos is easy and that in spite of the seeming contradictions the way of the transgressor is hard. But it is none the less true that life is a warfare and a strife and requires the active exercise of all man's noblest qualities—fortitude, heroism, patience, endurance. That which is easily obtained is lightly valued, and perhaps this is one reason why the religious systems which say to a man, "only believe," have so little hold on the world. That which we really value we are willing to make sacrifices and to pay dearly for, *i. e.* from the world's standpoint. But no one counts his difficulties or obstacles or his "sacrifices" as such when his heart is in his work. They are his joy and his pleasure. What a joy it is to the young student of music or of art to have earned the right to attempt some difficult piece of work! Does the soldier sit down and bemoan his fate and bewail because the enemy occupies a strong position? What sort of a soldier would we think him? And what sort of warriors must those men and women appear who are afraid to face themselves and attack their faults? Oh, yes, it is true that one's difficulties hardly begin until one turns and faces his own lower nature with the determination to conquer it; but is not this because these difficulties are brought to the surface and instead of a hidden poison subtly destroying our whole being unawares, its presence is recognized and its effects stand out clearly. Instead of drifting we have determined to travel in a certain direction, we have taken ourselves in hand and resolved to rule the lower nature instead of being its slave. Of course, the lower nature kicks and rebels; we have for so long given way to it that not only our thoughts but the very molecules and cells of our bodies have been set in a certain direction and it is not an easy matter to change this or get them out of the rut of self-seeking and self-gratification.

But we can change our attitude of mind, and once we do this and rely on the divine power that is at the foundation of each man's being, though the conflict will still continue until we have gained complete victory, yet the very stress of it will be a joy, and our burden will be light because our heart is in the work. The fact that concurrent with and consequent upon our efforts to live nobler, purer lives, a thousand obstacles arise should simply nerve us to greater effort. They at least show us what are the lower tendencies and the urgent necessity for such effort, and if we face them we can and shall conquer them because we are working on the side of the Higher Law, the law of eternal progression.

Destruction of Newgate Prison

DORA GREENWELL M'CHESNEY writes in *The Pilot* of the demolition of Newgate Prison. She says:

Newgate street, these days, is full of debris, for the walls alike of the great prison and of Christ's Hospital are crumbling before the workmen. It is full of dust, too, when a sudden gust of freakish wind blows across the ruined structures, and for those who will see, it is full of crowding and incongruous ghosts. . . . A tragic and grotesque medley they make, those fugitive specters from the old gaol; from the luckless Jews who were among the first recorded captives, on through a thousand imprisoned years. There the knight of the road who cracked jests across his nosegay on the road to Tyburn elbows the Fifth Monarchy zealot who went the same way "with a sweet smiling countenance." Murderers and coiners are there, and there, too, are the Quakers who have troubled the world by preaching peace to it, and the Jacobite gentlemen who thronged the gaol after the '15 and '45—roystering prisoners these, often enough, drinking their smuggled wine to a toast of the king over the water, and making the sullen walls ring to their treasonable songs. Bright, disheveled ghosts, with their tarnished trappings and untarnished loyalties, they pass in the eddying dust, "Where winds of old defeat yet batter them."

Would that the great grim walls of legal cruelty and folly might also crumble away. How much have we really learned from the pitiful stories of which such buildings as this are the record and the epitome? How much are we ashamed of the wickedness by which we have repaid wickedness, and of the wickedness by which we have so often repaid virtue and the public heroism which builds nations? Not much, it is to be feared, judging from recent prison disclosures and from the love of cruelty which yet holds its fortress within the human heart. X.

Precepts of Chiron, the Centaur

It is a saying among the herds that "Service in summer is worth shelter in winter." How then shall a man be called honest who holdeth his beast to labor when the grass is green and sendeth him forth "in freedom" when the tempest rages? Such a man is no better than a thief.

HEAREST thou a man say to his beast: Come brother and draw the plow with thy strength, while I guide it with my understanding, that when the harvest is ripe we may partake together, and give also to those that are destitute? Know thou that such a man is beloved of the gods.

KNOW then, young Greeks, that in such degree as you reverence and obey the gods, so do the animals reverence and obey you; for they accept you as being sent by the gods to teach and govern them. But beware lest thy remissness compels them to appeal to the gods against you.

Freedom

by RICHARD LOVELACE

STONE walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: "Behold the mellow light that floods the eastern sky! In signs of praises both heaven and earth unite, and from the four-fold manifested Power a chant of love ariseth, both from the flaming Fire and flowing Water, and from sweet smelling Earth and rushing Wind. Hark! . . . from the deep, unfathomable vortex of that golden light in which the Victor bathes, all Nature's wordless voice in thousand tones ariseth to proclaim Joy unto ye, O Men of Earth!" What a benediction of love do these words shed upon each morning of life. Surely the day entered upon with this for the first thought must be filled with deeds of kindness toward all. With this Song of Joy in our hearts everyday duties will be transfigured. Who can tell how short the time when all those who now toil so wearily along the mistaken way will turn and then behold the truth and make it once again the inspiration of each day's work.

Let us help forward that time.

H. C. S.

Is the English Language Dying?

IN a previous note we maintained that our language showed a notable indication of vigorous life, namely the power to accept into its ranks and to naturalize any word from any other speech which it needed to fill up its gaps. And this we think is the case to a greater degree than in any language known. It is sometimes objected that this is a mark not of vigor, but of debility. The language has to use foreign words to do the duty of words which it should get out of its own stores. But a language is like a nation. When the evolutionary law proposes to itself to make a new people to stand in the front of the ages, to hold in their nerves and their blood the new life-energy that is about to be poured into the midst of mankind, what does it do? Does it take any one people and from that, unmixed, raise up the new race it wants? Surely no. Does it not rather flood that people with throngs of many other peoples, and from the mixture raise up the new? Of course, the new is never wholly new. It is that one, among the many elements, that can assimilate whilst being modified by all the rest.

Is not the American people thus made? The Anglo-Saxon has assimilated the Dutch and the German, and the Irish and French, and Italian and Swede; and the new is the old thus enriched and invigorated. Will not the language show the same phenomena, and does it therefore pass into a stage of exhaustion? Assuredly it will thus show its very life, for it modifies the new-comers into its own forms, stamps them with its own stamp. In a little time it even imperiously alters their meaning and sometimes produces from itself a word to cover that meaning for which the foreigner was imported. Take for example the word "phenomenon." This was imported for philosophical purposes, to mean the veil of appearance that covers reality, as nature (the phenomenon) is said to be the garment hiding the *noumenon*, the divine reality. Now, "phenomena" means any set of visible changes going on anywhere, without reference to any underlying, unchanging reality or essence. And the adjective phenomenal is more and more used in the sense of strange or extraordinary or excessive. And in more than one philosophical work we have found the word "show" (Anglo-Saxon) alone used to bear the original meaning of "phenomenon."

And again, the language is said to be losing its vitality because it is no longer very inflexional. Its verbs are quite simple and becoming uniform, and it has no inflected dative or accusative in the nouns. Adjectives do not vary, and so forth.

But this process of simplification is equally, and we think more truly, referable to vigor than senility. It has cast off the useless, yet retained every essential. It has refused to crystallize in profuse complexity.

Languages pass through three stages, the monosyllabic, the agglutinative, in which the monosyllables are stuck together to express relation (somewhat in the same way as when, in shorthand, we express "of the" by writing two words close together), the inflective in which the last word shrinks to a syllable, as when the affixed word "like" becomes the adverbial termination "ly."

We are inclined to think that the English language, having gone through the inflexive stage and retained only what was useful of it (for example, 's for possession) will develop a new form of agglutinative. Our instinct is to express our idea fully, but with the utmost brevity. We say fellow-feeling, steam-engine, soft-hearted, pain-drawn, side-track, and even the participle side-tracked, well-intentioned, and so on, compressing a whole phrase into one double word. Of course, the gain is immense. Translate blood-red, be-all, end-all into their phrases, and see how much vigor or poetry remains.

We must note that the tendency of these double words is to lose their hyphen and become single. For example, childlike, bloodthirsty, time-honored; and multitudes of others. A new word is born; sometimes, as for example, in watchword, we have already almost forgotten that it was a compound.

So we think this language of ours will develop into more and more of life and richness to fit the consciousness of the new race that will hereafter use it. Nothing will be impossible for it. And it will become more and more musical, acquire greater and greater reserve of sound-grandeur exactly as the demand is made, exactly as people chatter less, feel more, regain the lost power to reverence, are again touched with the profound mystery of their own being and the being of the world. K.

Educationists Without Ideals

THE Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, has made a speech on the relative merits of classical and scientific secondary education. This speech reaches no conclusion and is interlarded with doubts, denials, and qualified phrases; it is only too obvious that the speaker had in his mind no idea whatever as to the purpose of education, and that his careful phrases but ill concealed this total want of a belief or theory or conviction. He says:

I have never been able to make a theory satisfactory to myself as to what is or is not the best kind of education to be given. . . .

I cannot profess myself to be satisfied with the old classical ideal of secondary education; and yet I am not satisfied—perhaps I ought to put it more strongly and say I am still less satisfied—with any substitute I have seen for it. . . .

I am not quite sure, but I think

I have never been able to see

Impressing moral and intellectual characteristics on those committed to his charge. . . .

The above are some of the vague and feeble remarks and phrases used by the speaker. And he regards classical learning as a means

which enables them to enjoy those great works with their foot on the hearth, which is the only way to enjoy any work of literature.

And of the ancients he says:

If we could imitate their disinterested passion for knowing and for extending the bounds of knowledge, surely we might accomplish things as yet undreamed of.

It is evident that this orator regards education as a means of imparting elegant culture to be enjoyed at the fireside, and of acquiring intellectual and moral "characteristics." With the exception of the vague aspiration quoted last, there is no sign of any more definite or lofty conception of the purpose of education.

What then is the conception of education which the NEW CENTURY PATH would uphold? It has already been made sufficiently clear to our readers that education is regarded as a means towards acquiring *self-mastery*.

The whole purpose and aim and destiny of the human Soul on earth is to acquire mastery over the elements and forces placed at its disposal—to learn how to control them and not be controlled by them. Human welfare and happiness depends on this. To lose control means misery, and, if persisted in, eventual destruction.

We do not need to look too far ahead, and practical people do not waste time, like arm-chair philosophers, in probing into ultimate mysteries. It is enough to know that human character stands in urgent need of strengthening and purifying; and that humanity, both collectively and individually, is suffering badly from the want of it. This gives object enough for education. What there may be in store for humanity, when it has got itself in hand, we shall know in good time.

But is there not need for strong, courageous, hopeful, positive people at the helm—men of faith and light; instead of despondent doubters whose vitality has ebbed away and whose fires have died down! And why are they not at the helm? Because they are not forthcoming; if they existed, they would soon rise to places of power. The whole body of the people must be elevated and inspired until the existence of these weak doubters at the helm will no longer be tolerated and allowed as at present it is.

STUDENT

The Masonic Ideal

IN an address recently given before one of the Michigan Masonic Lodges, William R. Payne of Chicago said among other things,

The highest possible service on the part of the creature toward the Creator is to keep one's self free from every influence the tendency of which is to tear down and destroy; to ever look within for his guide, and not without, and that to do so would enable us to see the true light which the Supreme Ruler of the universe has furnished to each. When the creature is in harmony with his Creator he will ever be duly circumscribed and within due bounds. The light of Masonry is ever bright and tends towards a higher plane. Every Mason should see to it that each day finds him on a higher and better plane than the preceding day. Masonry being a progressive science, we learn to know the right, but to do it is a more difficult task, yet if we follow the teachings of our institution we ever follow the light as God gives us to see the light. It is not so much that we do not know the right as it is the determination to do it that elevates and makes us strong.

The Raja Yoga Edition

THE Special Raja Yoga Edition of THE NEW CENTURY contains 122 beautiful half-tone illustrations of school-life, home-life, and out-door-life among the pupils of the Raja Yoga School at Loma-land. It is the most richly illustrated edition of a weekly journal ever published. By letterpress as well as by its matchless collection of beautiful pictures it faithfully depicts every phase of life in the Raja Yoga School.

It is double the size of the usual issue, containing 32 pages of matter and pictures descriptive of the Raja Yoga School and its pupils. Those who believe in Katherine Tingley's work for the children will want to preserve a copy of this beautiful and unique publication.

Ten thousand extra copies of this edition were printed, and though they are being sold very rapidly, there are still enough left to fill all orders. Some friends have ordered them by the hundred, sending them broadcast. The price is 20 cents a copy. If you send the names and addresses with the cash to THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, Cal., the papers will be mailed for you without extra charge.

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World's Headquarters UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, POINT LOMA, California
Meteorological Table for the week ending
September the 20th, 1903

SEPT	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
14	29.800	71	60	65	60	.00	S	4
15	29.816	72	58	66	64	.00	NW	7
16	29.842	71	60	66	65	.00	N	7
17	29.848	75	61	64	64	.00	W	2
18	29.836	73	62	66	63	.00	S	2
19	29.828	72	61	65	62	.00	NW	4
20	29.778	72	61	65	62	.00	NW	light

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Irrigation

The Government is earnestly engaging in the recovering and utilization of waste lands by irrigation. To this end extensive works are to be constructed in Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, Nevada and Arizona. Six hundred thousand acres of arid land will thus be reclaimed and rendered fit for cultivation at a cost of \$7,000,000. This is, however, merely a beginning, and there can be but little doubt that further authorizations will be speedily announced.

Describing a Dog

According to Mr. G. R. Sims, two little girls were trying to explain what sort of a dog a dachshund was. Said one little girl, "It was one of those funny ones—you know, the ones that are a dog and a half long and half a dog high!" Said the other: "You must know the sort. It's a dog that only has four legs, but looks as if it ought to have six."

A correspondent reminds us that the anecdote of the two ribald undergraduates who accosted Dr. Wesley with the news that the devil was dead, is usually fathered upon Dean Ramsay, who retorted by laying a hand on the head of each, and solemnly exclaiming: "The Lord ha' mercy upon twa fatherless bairns!" — *T. P's Weekly*

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CONDENSED STATEMENT
AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS, SEPTEMBER 9, 1903

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$509,080 77
Overdrafts	921 64
U. S. bonds and premiums	93,125 00
Other stocks and bonds	46,007 17
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	66,500 00
Other real estate owned	45,933 90
Redemption fund	1,875 00
Cash and exchange	514,560 50
	\$1,278,003 98
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$150,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits	67,299 68
Circulation	37,500 00
Deposits	1,023,204 30
	\$1,278,003 98
Deposits Sept. 9, 1901	\$545,733 44
Deposits Sept. 9, 1902	\$760,690 44
Deposits Sept. 9, 1903	\$1,023,204 30
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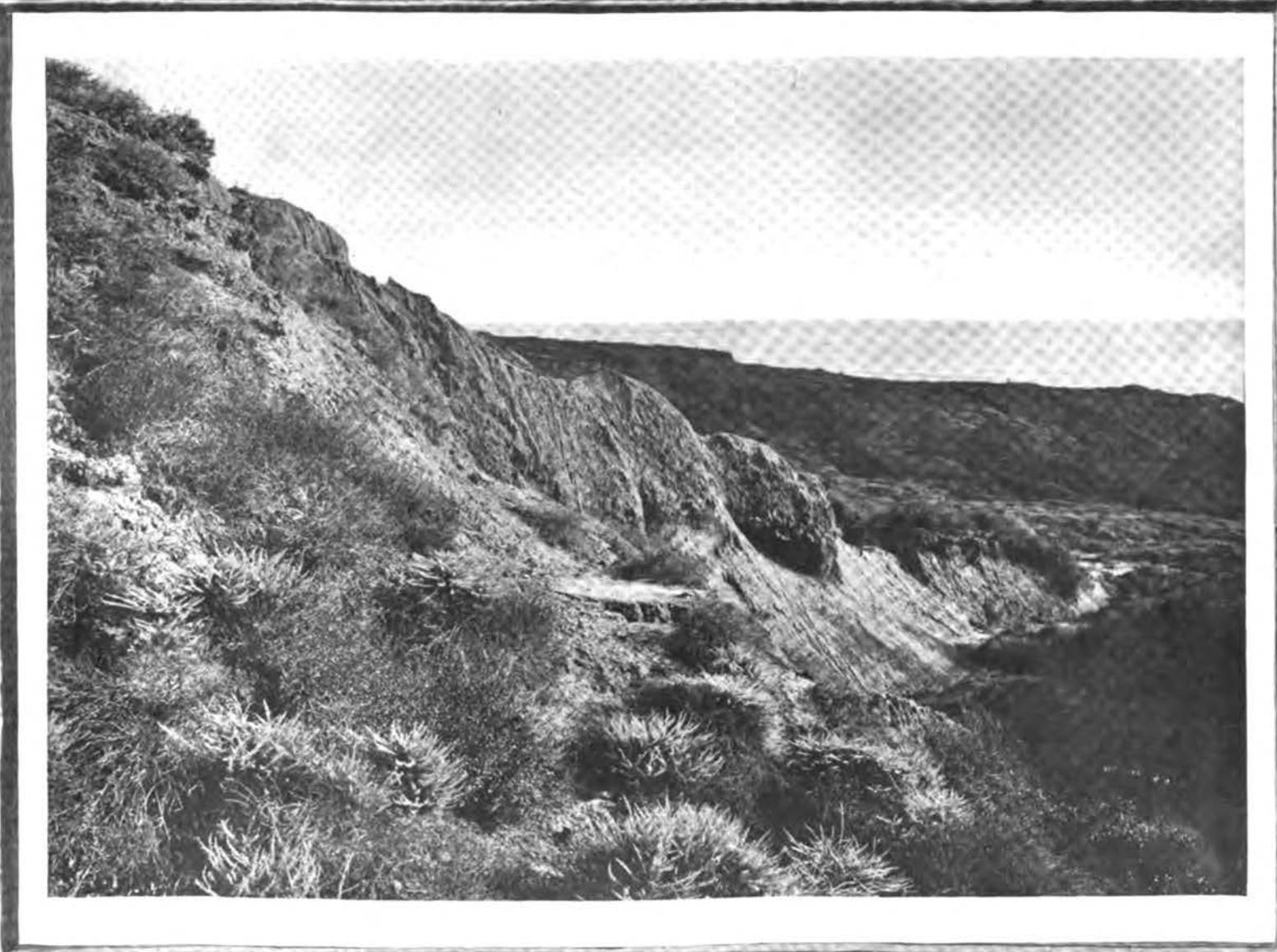
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Horrors of Macedonian Situation

DAY after day in ever increasing ratio spreads the awful wave of devastation and fiendish cruelty which is sweeping over the south-east of Europe, and affording one of the Law's severe object-lessons on the negligence and criminal laxity that can tolerate such a hell in the community of progressive races. Our daily press has this time laid bare before the world details that the powers have in vain attempted to suppress, to discredit, or to laugh and sneer away. Everybody knows that the atrocities, the burnings, and the wholesale exterminations are actual facts, and no mere alarmist reports or exaggerations concocted in the interests of factions.

How much longer will the nations of Europe (and other continents) permit such despotism to fester within their boundaries, spreading corruption and blood and death on all sides?

No plea of weakness and inability can stand for a moment where many powerful nations are opposed to one weak one. There is no single one of the great powers which could not in a moment end the intolerable situation, if it were willing to act, and if the jealousy and imagined interests of its neighbors would allow it to act.

The Aryan nations are unfaithful to their traditions. We read of the great despotisms that in past times swept successively over Asia, that the ruling principle upon which they were conducted was *not the benefit of the governed*, but was merely the consolidation of the despotism, the complete subjection of the tributary races, and the enforced obedience of every subject to the creed and customs of the dominating power.

The Aim of Eastern Despotism

The aim of such despotism is clearly seen to be that of reducing all within their reach to a common level of un aspiring subjection, to an abject uniformity of belief and custom. Science, literature, art, and all that makes for freedom of thought and independence and enlightenment are ruthlessly suppressed. The existence of the despotism depends on the ignorance of the people, and on their stolid adherence to worm-eaten custom and moldy tradition.

Such a state of affairs might, with some show of excuse, be suffered to exist in Asia or the wilds of Africa, where Aryan civilization does not claim the dominant influence.

The Sultan is an absolute despot, both in politics and religion, and not being a Cyrus or a Charlemagne, this means that all his dominions are at the mercy of the corrupt cliques that rule him by the arts of misinformation and flattery. The empire is not only a despotism, but a thoroughly corrupt one, and the corruption spreads through the entire nation, official plundering official, and all living on the common people.

Duty of Denouncing Apathy

Outside, there is the all-powerful money interest to be considered. Holders of securities whose value depends on the integrity of a corrupt government will do all they can to keep up the credit of that government. And so the horrors continue and the Christian nations become implicated in the perpetration by their own shortcomings.

And one final word to nations whose distance and independence renders them spectators rather than actors in the drama. The part of audience is a most influential part, and if they fail in this duty, they also become conspirators in the plot of assassination. It is their duty to denounce the attitude of inaction on the part of the European powers, and to champion every attempt at reform made by any power. H. T. E.

President Palma and Cuban Veterans

PRESIDENT PALMA did well to choose the battle-field of El Caney for his exhortation to his people to guard well the ideals which they had already so manfully defended, and in peace to show the heroism of patience, as they had already shown the heroism of combat. He believed there was not one veteran in a thousand who would not cheerfully sacrifice the pay that was due to him, rather than imperil the honor and the integrity of his native land. It will be remembered that some few marauders have used the non-payment of the army as a cloak for their misdeeds. No one could be more anxious than President Palma to discharge all such obligations, and no one knows better than he does how every event, however trivial, is distorted and magnified by those enemies of the Republic who are none the less dangerous because they wear the garb of peace. No patriot Cuban can do himself greater honor nor more effectively defend his country than by preserving the patient dignity which has already so richly ornamented the reputation of the Cuban nation. STUDENT

Cliff, Canyon & Brush, Point Loma

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows a characteristic bit of the cliff, cañon and brush scenery that stretches for a considerable distance on the ocean side of Point Loma, and which is overlooked from the heights of the Homestead grounds and the neighboring buildings.

The Unitarian Conference

THE Unitarian Conference at Atlantic City seems to be a notable undertaking, and the proceedings, so far as we can judge from a meager report, were worthy of so important a body. The presidential speech is usually an index of the subsequent discussions, and we note with interest that the speech upon this occasion was upon those broad humanitarian lines which the world is beginning to recognize as "religion undefiled." The point of view from which the president spoke may be inferred from the fact that his conception of religion seems to be the observance of conscience, and certainly no attitude could be more conducive to that liberal and fraternal toleration which is one of the great needs of the church world. With some of Mr. Carroll Wright's deductions we shall naturally disagree, but for the brotherly and practical spirit which animated his address, we have much sincere admiration. Throughout the whole of his speech there was no suggestion of creed, nothing indeed but an incitement to better the condition of the world and to spiritualize it by the infusion of unselfish love into all corporate action. From a consideration of conscience and its increasing hold upon humanity, Mr. Wright passed on to the problems of crime; to the alcohol question, to the new patriotism, which he defined as devotion to a high principle, and to arbitration. That there should be today a church so powerful as the Unitarian, of which such questions as these are the planks of its religious platform, is a gratifying and hopeful sign. If all churches were to preach the supremacy of conscience and the brotherhood of man we need no longer pray, "Thy kingdom come upon earth." The kingdom of Christ would have already come and the struggles against gigantic evils would be but as the memory of a victory.

STUDENT

The Pleasures of "Society"

WHAT is a "Society Man" and why do we usually hear of him in connection with some inanity or some brutality? What, indeed, does "society" comprise? the "society" which finds its way into popular newspapers as being guilty of some outrage against human intelligence or human decency. If there is still such a thing as a "society" of culture, of refinement and of high influence, we wonder that they do not protest against possible confusion with a number of persons who remain only by some inscrutable providence outside instead of inside our criminal lunatic asylums.

We regret to see that California is the scene of the latest exploit on the part of "society." We do not wish to describe their disgusting amusements in detail, but we may say that in this instance the day's occupation consisted of a kind of polo upon donkeys, the poor brutes being stimulated to frantic exertions by the expedient of tying rattlesnakes to their tails. The donkey holds the rattlesnake in peculiar dread, and while the reptiles were, of course, enclosed in boxes, the terror of the donkeys was extreme and pitiful. There were many variations of this elevating sport but they seem all to have been at the cost of animal pain. It is unfortunate that the community as a whole does not express in very audible language the disgust which it must certainly feel at the discreditable antics of a number of weak-minded young men.

I.

The Royal Visit to Ireland

THAT the recent visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra to Ireland will be productive of the greatest good there can be no possible doubt. With characteristic directness and simplicity they came into touch with all phases of Irish life, particularly Irish peasant life. Connemara was not alone in receiving within its clay cabins, and among its pigs and chickens, a visit from royalty.

A correspondent states that Queen Alexandra was particularly interested in the condition of the poorer classes of Irish women, to many of whom Lady Dudley has long been a ministering angel. At Glenagimla she recently set up weaving looms in some of the cottages, and these Queen Alexandra visited, expressing herself as being both interested in and hopeful for the future industrial life of the Irish people. She also received the trained nurses sent by Lady Dudley to some of the poorer districts in the west of Ireland, nurses whose duty consists not so much in bringing health back to the stricken families among whom they work, but in showing them how to keep it. The Queen's quick subscription to the fund for their maintenance was an evidence of her interest.

E.M.

An Abominable Story

WE reproduce the following news item from the public press:

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—By order of Recorder Lazarus, sitting at Bayonne, N. J., Katie Canter, 9 years old, has been publicly whipped in court by her father. The latter laid his offspring across his knees and applied fifty lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails, while an audience, which included fifty women, looked on. The victim confessed having stolen eggs from the grocery and taught her playmates in Bayonne stores to help themselves to all sorts of trinkets.

If such a proceeding as this is lawful it is none the less shameful. We will not now stop to inquire who is responsible for the thieving proclivities of a child of 9, and therefore to whom those fifty lashes should have been administered. Unfortunately, neither adult idiocy nor juvenile depravity can be cured at all by such means, but we will ask if public morality has no voice to raise against such an outrage as this? Is judicial ferocity to be allowed to complete a ruin so successfully begun by parental neglect, and are courts of "justice" to be permitted to brand with life-long shame and terror a little girl of 9? And the fifty women who looked on, apparently without protest, what of them? Was humanity quite unrepresented in that court? It is an abominable story and we hope the country will not be again disgraced by its repetition.

STUDENT

Population Statistics

WE have before given figures showing the Italianization of America, but a recent issue of the *Outlook* compresses them into a very striking form. In 1882 there immigrated into the United States from Greater Britain 276,000 persons; from Italy 32,000 persons. Last year, from Greater Britain 69,000; from Italy 230,000. In the same period Austria's contribution to us mounted from 29,000 to 206,000. Germany's contribution has sunk like Great Britain's, namely from 251,000 to 40,000. Scandinavia's has also gone down from 105,000 to 78,000. Italy and Austria are, then, our main contributors. It will be interesting to study the change in national characteristics, religious and other, which this great volume of immigrants may bring about. But what causes keep the Briton and the German so much more at home, or do they go elsewhere? The Russian, like the Italian, comes in increasing numbers, from 21,000 to 136,000, which looks as though the Austrian increase was mainly from her slavonic rather than her teutonic element.

STUDENT

Literary Style

THE Countess of Malmesbury has been discussing styles, how to and how not to acquire them: among other styles the literary one. Young writers often put themselves to a good deal of thought about the acquirement of style, and they nearly always go through a period of imitating some one. A writer ought to have a style, but it should be no imitation.

You cannot blow your own tune from another man's trumpet.

In a perfect literary style the words in their flow have a cadence, a rhythm, a music, that is not sought after, but is the expression in word-sound of the mood and topic of the writer. To appreciate this it must be heard with the mind's ear. And so the reading aloud of great prose, going to many writers, reading so as to give the utmost expression to meaning and cadence, is of the extremest value. Take only masters of style for this, Carlyle, Macaulay, Emerson, Milton (prose and poetry), Washington Irving, Ruskin, Stevenson, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Hear and feel and taste the style of all. But imitate none and make no attempt to acquire a style or to write in any particular manner. Only say what you have to; and if, in writing, your mood rises, the utterance will shape itself. Style is written oratory. But oratory is not rhetoric, nor declamation, and has no necessary relation to "peroration." It is merely the perfect expression of feeling, whatever the feeling.

STUDENT

IT is satisfactory to note that the New York Metropolitan Museum has purchased for \$100,000 the ancient bronze chariot which was recently discovered near Rome, and which is the most perfect of its kind ever found. It is believed to be 2600 years old. Both English and German museums were anxious to secure this relic, but they were outbid by the Metropolitan Museum.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Search for Truth Its Trend

A NEW movement for religious education has been set on foot. Its object is partly to serve "as a clearing house for ideas and activities, unifying, stimulating and developing all those forces which, together, can secure to religion and morality their true place and their proper influence." Published objects are now-a-days a small and an uncertain indication of real scope and purpose. An organization such as this, properly supported, could have an almost immeasurable power for good. It could, upon the other hand, sink at once to the level of those feeble associations whose only endeavor seems to be to stem the tide of human mental progress.

It all depends upon whether the minds of its promoters are open or closed, and very few of us realize how difficult a thing it is to open the doors of the mind. Even if we do succeed in forcing the doors a little bit ajar, we all too often spread nets across the opening in order that only those ideas may enter which are of a stated shape and size. If such an organization as we have mentioned has no other intention than to act as a special pleader for certain prearranged dogmas, to search earth and heaven for little scraps of evidence in support of certain creeds and to reject, ignore or discount every fact which seems to militate against those creeds, then, in that case, its days are already numbered. The world no longer needs such work and would rather be without it. If, upon the other hand, it intends to search for truth and to accept it in whatever guise it may come, paying to God the reverence of rightly and freely using the gifts of intelligence and discrimination and powers of unfettered judgment, then indeed there is room for such an association, and for many of them. No other phrase has been so outraged and insulted as has the "search for truth." By the search for truth we usually mean the search for facts which appear to fit into the mold of our preconceived theories, or the distortion of those facts in order that they may be made to fit. To search for truth, honestly, bravely, sincerely is still a problem of the Twentieth century.

STUDENT

Poverty and the Alcohol Question

WE are favored with the opinion of two eminent authorities upon the great alcohol question. Number One tells us that intemperance is caused by poverty, and Number Two tells us that poverty is caused by intemperance. Which is right, or are both right, or is neither of them right? We are inclined to believe that both are right, and to see in this conflict of opinion a further support to our own contention that no greater mistake can be made than to enclose our social troubles in water-tight compartments, each one with its own set of specialists, working along his own line.

Specialization is, of course, the order of the day, and however advantageous it may seem to be in material pursuits, in affairs of morality it is largely the result of selfishness. To the question, "Am I my brother's keeper, and is his crime, or is his misery, his poverty and his degradation the result of my selfish life?" we return a somewhat indignant negative, either holding ourselves altogether aloof from him, or extending to him what we are pleased to call charity.

The fact is that the life of the community is a selfish life, which shows itself in definite individuals, here as crime, and there as alcoholism, and there again as poverty. In whatever shape it may show itself it reacts upon the whole community as suffering. The community has sinned and the community must pay the remedial penalty.

By all means let us have our economists and our philanthropists of every grade and kind. All honor to them in proportion to their altruism, which is often so great. But let us remember that all crimes, all our social sorrows, are but the fruits of the tree of selfishness, that they all spring from the same stem, and that while we must in no way relax the concentration of our practical and personal philanthropic efforts, we must at the same time remember the urgent need for a new national ideal of life which is not only for the criminal, not only for the pauper, but for every one who is strong enough to accept a great responsibility, for every one who is compassionate enough to be his brother's keeper.

STUDENT

Another Elixir of Life

WE observe that the elixir of life has been once more discovered. This time it has been run to earth in Chicago, the home of many wonderful things, and the old familiar headlines are again to the front. Brown-Sequard, and others of his stamp, have made us familiar with the injection of animal matter into the human body. In their case the serum was extracted from dead animals. It now seems that this was a mistake. It should have been taken from living animals, the Rocky Mountain goat by preference, because he is so agile. A dog was the first animal to be thus rejuvenated by having a little goat added to him. One of his legs was then cut off and the bone was found to have undergone a change. More goat was injected and another leg was cut off with the same result. All four legs were finally amputated, and the dog was found to have been successfully made young again. Various human beings have now been experimented upon, and the results are said to have been remarkable. They will probably be still more remarkable after the lapse of a short time.

It is said that these injections will not only rejuvenate but that they will also cure dementia. There is no such dementia as the craze for physical life, and this is not to be cured by injections. With its victims there is usually no profit in discussion, but we would suggest that before allowing themselves to be fatally misled they make themselves acquainted with the results obtained by previous experiments along the same line. Even rejuvenescence may be dearly purchased if the price to be paid is—insanity.

STUDENT

How to Fill the Empty Churches

THE problem of persuading sinners to go to church is still perplexing the minds of those who fear that the sight of empty benches is awaiting them in the not distant future. Stereoscopic illustrations of prize-fights and sensational features of all kinds have not proved to be the success that was anticipated, and the offer of cash prizes for regular attendance has the obvious disadvantage that some richer church around the corner is almost sure to compete by raising the pay. The question is indeed a serious one for those who have neither the ability nor the sympathy by the exercise of which so many great spiritual preachers have filled their churches.

It may seem almost paradoxical to say that people want to go to church, if they can but get there what they need. We believe that there has never been so great a hunger for spiritual teaching as there is today, but by spiritual teaching we mean only the teaching which is born of sympathy and which has the effect of awaking sympathy and compassion in those who receive it. There is no empty church anywhere without a solid and sufficient reason for its condition, and in no case is that condition due to the apathy of the people or to the absence of a demand for the truth that maketh free.

Italy's Sur- plus Popu- lation

AT a time when the subject of immigration restrictions is so much in the air it may be worth noting that while some European governments are unwilling to see their populations depart there are others who facilitate that departure in every possible way. Thus an Italian editor recently said: "Italy is glad to get rid of much of this population. She has established schools in some of the ports where these emigrants are gathered. There they are taught enough to enable them to pass through the bars at Ellis Island."

It is, moreover, stated that the Italian premier has sanctioned a plan for devoting \$200,000 per annum to the education of Italians who intend to emigrate in order that they may comply with the education requirement of the United States government.

It may not unfairly be assumed that the human material which is regarded as valueless in the place of its birth is not likely to acquire a value by reason of its transportation, and that these who are not an ornament to their native land will not prove a decoration to the country of their choice.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Did Paganini See the Pictures Created by His Melodies?



S for me, you already know my musical second sight, my gift of seeing at each tone a figure equivalent to the sound, and so Paganini, with each stroke of the bow, brought visible forms and situations before my eyes. . . . O, what melodies were those! Like the nightingale's notes, when the fragrance of the rose intoxicated her yearning heart with desire, they floated in the evening twilight. The sounds kissed each other, then fled away pouting and then, laughing, clasped hands and became one and died away in intoxicated harmony. . . ."

Thus wrote Heine many years ago, Heine, the "only one," *my simpatico*, a Cuban would say, and no one could say more. Realizing at the instant, by means of his own exquisitely refined senses what our scientists are still vainly hoping to demonstrate and realize by means of their machines, Heine's witness to the marvelous playing of this misjudged man, Paganini, is of unique interest.

Paganini, tall, cadaverous, silent, moody; gambler, spendthrift and miser, upon whose face "sorrow, genius and hell had engraved their indestructible lines," probably not one of his contemporaries understood or loved him. There was a current tale that he had sold himself to the devil to escape the galleys—the galleys to which he had been sentenced when he was chapel-master at Lucca, for having stabbed, as Italians sometimes do, a faithless sweetheart. And all the torture of that experience he translated into melody. Sometimes melody divine, oftentimes melodies that seemed to come from the very pit, appealing as they did to the lower nature, to the passions and the fears of those who heard them. As Heine has testified, Heine, who drank of so many nectar-cups that are forever beyond reach of the ordinary mortal:

"When Paganini began to play again, a gleam came before my eyes. The sounds were not transformed into bright forms and colors; the master's form was clothed in gloomy shades, out of the darkness of which his music moaned in the most piercing tones of lamentation. Only at times, when a little lamp that hung above cast its sorrowful light over him, could I catch a glimpse of his pale countenance, on which the youth was not yet extinguished. His costume was singular, yellow and red.

"Heavy chains weighed upon his feet. Behind him moved a face whose physiognomy indicated a lusty goat nature. And I saw at times long, hairy hands seize assistingly the strings of the violin on which Paganini was playing.

"They often guided the hand which held the bow, and then a bleating laugh of applause accompanied the melody, which gushed from the violin ever more full of sorrow and anguish. They were melodies which were like the song of the fallen angels who had loved the daughters of earth and, being exiled from the kingdoms of the blessed, sank into the underworld with faces red with shame.

"They were melodies in whose bottomless shallowness glimmered neither consolation nor hope. When the saints in heaven hear such melodies, the praise of God dies upon their paled lips, and they cover their heads, weeping. At times, when the obligato goat's laugh bleated in among the melodious pangs, I caught a glimpse in the background of a crowd of small women figures who nodded their odious heads with wicked wantonness.

"Then a rush of agonizing sounds came from the violin, and a fearful

groan and a sob, such as was never heard upon earth before, nor will be perhaps heard upon earth again, unless in the valley of Jehoshaphat, when the colossal trumpets of doom shall ring out, and the naked corpses shall crawl forth from the grave to abide their fate.

"But the agonized violinist suddenly made one stroke of the bow, such a mad, despairing stroke, that his chains fell rattling from him, and his mysterious assistant and the other foul mocking forms vanished."

In the light of Heine's witnessing, do we not read a new meaning in the Teacher's statement, "There is a science of consciousness, and into that science music enters to a greater extent than is commonly supposed"? And does it not become a bit less difficult to understand this when she declares that music is dual in its nature, in its higher expression appealing to all that is best and noblest in man, appealing with direct inspiration to soul growth, in its lower aspect feeding the lower nature? Music has been made the very basis of Raja Yoga training, and in that fact lies the greater reason for the marvelous mental and spiritual poise of Raja Yoga children.

Music is not the alpha and omega of education, of course, but it is a more important factor, *for good or for evil*, than educators, as the world goes, dream.

STUDENT

Paganini

by LEIGH HUNT

His hand.

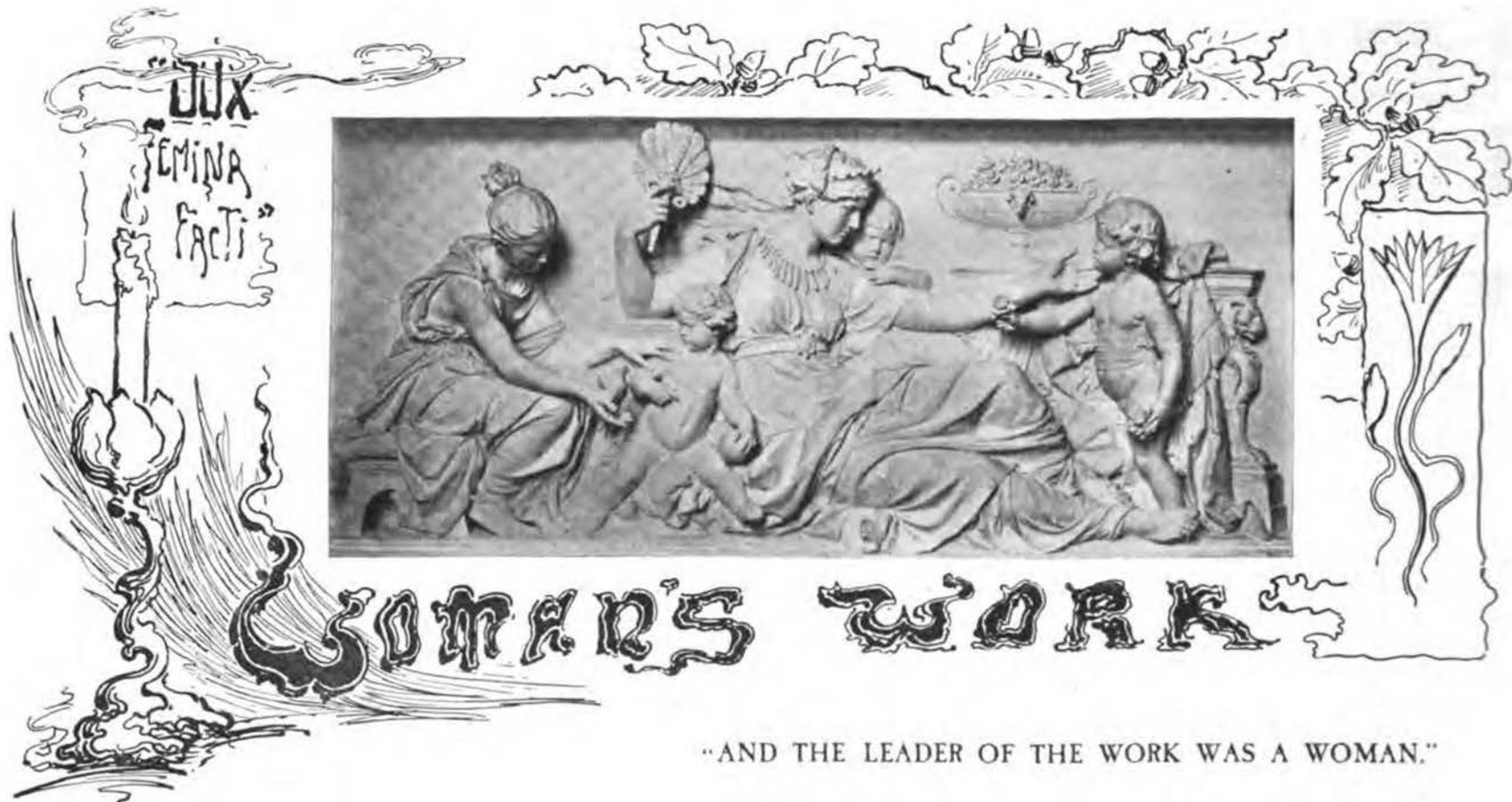
Loading the air with dumb expectancy,
Suspending ere it fell a nation's breath,
He smote, and clinging to the serious chords,
With Godlike ravishment drew forth a breath
So deep, so strong, so fervid-thick with love,
Blissful yet laden as with twenty prayers,
That Juno yearned with no diviner soul
To the first burthen of the lips of Jove:
Th' exceeding mystery of the loneliness
Saddened delight, and with his mournful look,
Dreary and gaunt, hanging his pallid face
Twixt his dark flowing locks, he almost seem'd
To feeble, or to melancholy eyes
One that has parted with his soul for pride,
And in the sable secret lived forlorn!

seen the light, and a discovery of this magnitude ought to be an incentive to a far more minute examination than has yet been made into the old collections which have been consigned to the unseen places of our museums. Michelangelo's eminence as an artist sometimes obscures his position as a philosopher and reformer. There are not wanting indications that the world will soon be made better acquainted with a man whose genius and whose ideals were wider and more lofty than is generally known.

STUDENT

NO art treasures acquired by this government in many years are more valuable than the Bosco Reale frescos recently placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Arts. They were taken from the Bosco Reale Villa in Italy, a place which, from its dampness and the exposure to which its belongings are subject, would have insured their ultimate ruin. Their removal became necessary, and through the efforts of Mr. Rhineland, of New York, the Metropolitan museum secured them.

These frescos are pronounced by experts to be the finest products of ancient painting that have yet been found, surpassing in the brilliancy of their color even the mural paintings of Pompeii. Among them are some of the best examples of the Alexandrine school of painting before its decline. They were painted before the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D.



"AND THE LEADER OF THE WORK WAS A WOMAN."

Queen Dido, Builder

ROMANCE clings to the bare debris of old Carthage, and will cling as long as one stone is piled upon another. Why? Because it was builded by that marvelous woman, Dido. It has been declared that Queen Dido belongs less to history than to tradition. She had many followers, and by them was believed in with an enthusiasm that was boundless. It was they who believed her inspired and divine, and it is the light of their devotion that has illumined her memory down the ages. To them she was more than a woman; she was a Goddess, Teacher and the Builder with them, of the city which they loved.

Yet, that Dido was not some supernatural being, but a woman of wisdom and unusual ability, there is no doubt. She suffered—as women suffer. She was persecuted by those who were jealous of her ability. She fought down persecution, she rose above the petty tyrannies of her time, she became Builder and Queen of a new city. And then the great blow came, the sorrow which has come to women since time began. The faithlessness of the comrade whom she loved broke her heart. That, she did not survive. Was Dido weak?

As one sees his own countenance only by looking at its reflection in a mirror, so there are present problems which refuse to reveal themselves to us while we stand and gaze squarely at them, because they are so completely hidden beneath our own personal anxieties, our own likes and dislikes. To understand even our own hearts it is necessary to know something of the hearts of others and to understand the present processes of the Great Law in our own lives, it is often necessary to view its workings in the lives of others. If the past did not cast a light upon the present, we could not be forgiven for dwelling upon it. But the fact is that we, as women, today suffer and faint under the pressure of the same old sorrow,

and this only proves that we have not profited by the sufferings and the failures of others.

Queen Dido was one of the greatest women of antiquity. Her chief persecutor was her brother, jealous of her wealth, jealous of her beauty, jealous of the fact that she was honored and beloved. At last the day came when she set sail from Tyre, the city of her birth, across an almost unknown sea to a desolate shore. With her went a band of devoted followers and these, under her guidance, builded Carthage.

Think you Dido was not a wonderful woman? She was an architect of positive genius. She was a lawgiver. Her executive ability was an

inspiration, and her knowledge of human nature must have been profound and marvelous or she could not have held her followers so close to a comparatively selfless ideal.

But hers was the woman's heart. Over and about and beneath her marvelous intellectual ability was the love which expressed itself in a twofold way—in personal affection and in a Divine and Universal Compassion, for all qualities are dual. "It is the world's eternal ways."

There is nothing more beautiful than Queen Dido's welcome to the Trojan hero, Æneas, who with his mariners was shipwrecked upon her coast. She welcomes him as is a Queen's right. "The city which I am building shall be yours." It is as if she recognized in him some old comrade and co-worker. His response is, apparently, as sincere as her invitation. He remains in Carthage, becoming her ally in the work that goes on from day today. For the city was not

meager; there were walls and towers, many homes, places for courts of justice, halls for the Magistrates and rooms for the meeting of that revered institution of the Senate, great theatres, granite-columned and stone-hewn. But one fine day Æneas announces his intention of going back to Troy. He has made Queen Dido his wife, in the meantime, and has won her love, facts which appear to weigh little in the balance against his quick caprice. Dido is heart-broken, knowing it to be but the outer evidence of his faithlessness to her. She pleads; he is obdurate; and at last all her devotion expresses itself in the petition sent to him by her sister

Love

by CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

IT takes great love to stir a human heart,
 To live beyond the others and apart.
 A love that is not shallow, is not small,
 Is not for one, or two, but for them all.
 Love that can wound love, for its higher need:
 Love that can leave love, tho' the heart may bleed:
 Love that can lose love, family, and friend,
 Yet steadfastly live, loving to the end.
 A love that knows no answer, that can live
 Moved by one burning, deathless force—to give
 Love, strength and courage—courage, strength
 and love:
 The heroes of all time are built thereof.

Anna: "Let him grant but one last favor, for I plead no longer for the promise which he has already betrayed. I fear for his safety. Let him, at least, delay going until the winds blow fair."

Such was the character of her love. Warrior and hero though he may have been, there was nothing in Æneas to equal this from the standpoint of selflessness and compassion. Queen Dido met greatly all the demands of a life of leadership and active public service. E. M.

The Tragedy of King Lear

THE tragedy of King Lear may be interpreted as retribution, consummation, victory, when the candidate for higher degrees—degrees beyond the dark veil of matter—is forced to realize all the malignant crime, deceit, hatred and folly of his slow and selfish evolution towards the spiritual. By tortuous paths, misled by the will-o'-the-wisp of the selfish desire principle, through the bogs, briars and thorns of self-gratification, blinded by self-will, the human draws to this vortex of passion and desire, the aggregate of the slough of his many existences.

Not until spiritual consciousness had been so far attained that a Cordelia could incarnate and blossom upon the family tree, was the great king prepared to face himself. Yet face to face with the fruitage of his lower nature, he banished the spiritual forces and left himself a weak prey to be goaded and stung by these children of his own kind. We forget him as a great monarch; the particular is lost sight of in the universal. As, maddened, he wandered on the desolate heath in the midnight in the storm, crazed, distraught by his own abuse of God-power, King Lear symbolized the universal action of man, who seizes the plastic god-stuff and the potencies of his co-creatorship with God, and creates, creates, creates.

The thought-stuff of the universe is plastic God-force and holds potencies undreamed of by ignorance and selfishness. Extremes here meet and we may, through this tragedy, study the law and process of evolution; Nature's method for regeneration of matter by the soul.

Cordelia typifies the famished soul. How tenderly she keeps watch and ward through the long banishment; how softly sheds soul-light and warmth into the worn and weary heart of her father, wooing him back to life, and flooding that life with the perfect joy of the spirit. The great king, conquered on the material plane, a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, clasping his daughter in his arms once more, says:

Come, let's away to prison.
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness; so we'll live
And pray and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them, too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in? who's out?
And talk upon the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sets of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

With what joy and exultation we realize the meaning of things through the light of spiritual knowledge. How vast, how mighty is this

divine plan! With what earnest zeal the true disciple becomes receptive and gathers, digests, assimilates. With what renewed vigor such disciple applies his knowledge to so relate himself to the divine plan, that the responsibility devolving upon one instrument of God may be so far restored and maintained, and so much of Nature's heavy burden be lifted.

In contemplating the mighty law of rebirth, it is slowly that one can realize the expansive power of this law. It is by degrees that the potency of cause and effect impresses itself, and the force and majesty of the divine order at last rolls in upon the mind as sweeps the resistless tide at flood, submerging all that would obstruct its swelling, spreading, all-embracing flow.

When we contemplate any one state of consciousness, any part of the great whole of man's evolution, we are first overawed with the dignity of existence, and the relation of all men to the one-soul.

We know that could we penetrate beyond the veil that temporarily obscures the *real* from its shadow, be that shadow fallen how deep soever into the dregs of vice and sin, before that *real*, our heads would bow in awe. All sense of separateness is forever lost to one who thus deeply contemplates, and through such meditations he realizes himself as part of all that is.

Through discipline, experience and resistance, the God-man slowly becomes God! Creator! Preserver! Destroyer! Formation! Cohesion! Disintegration!

The laws of the universe execute themselves. Rocks and cliffs, ocean-bed and mountain-deeps and heights, bear silent testimony to the universal law.

Man does not and cannot conceal himself. "The tree is known by its fruit,"

and a family tree is rooted in the family heart, and bears its fruit in a testimony true to the soil from whence it sprung.

You cannot gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles.

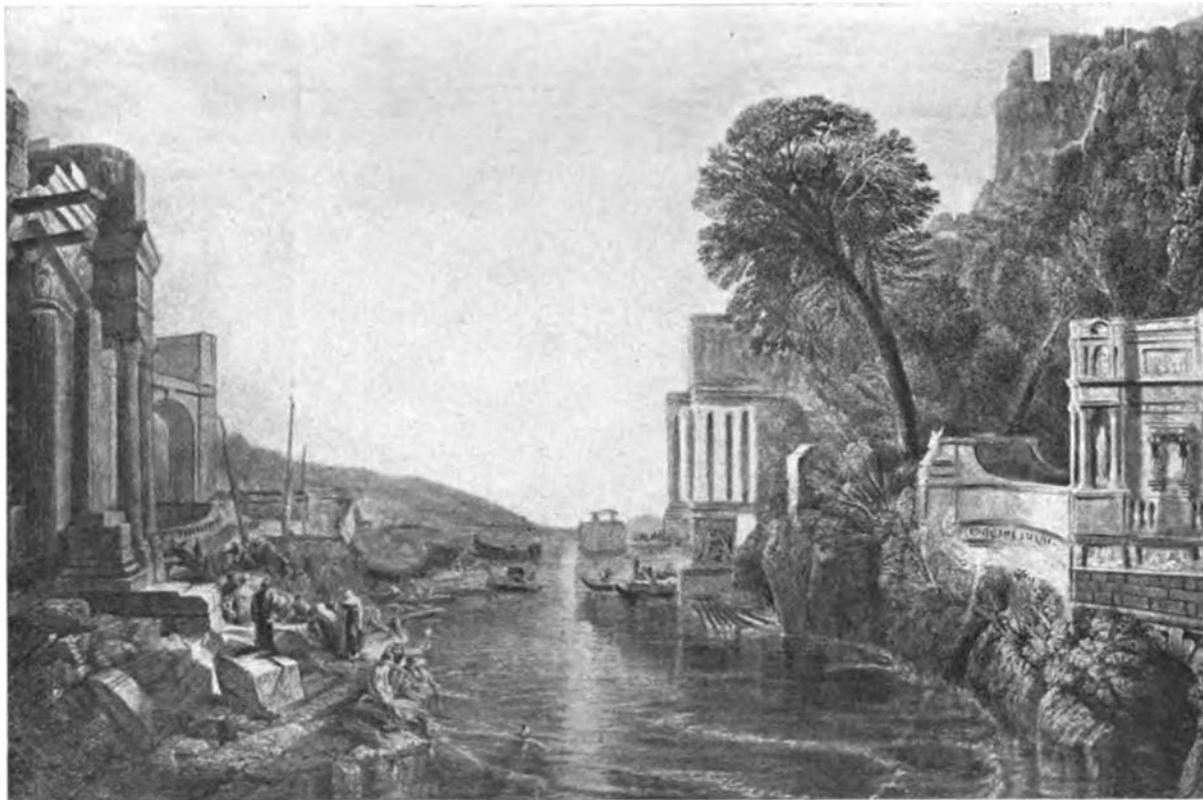
As the universe is plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it should be in the hand of man, who is part and parcel of God. Thought-force is God-force, and man uses and abuses somewhere, sometime in his evolution, the freedom of his co-creatorship and creates from such abuse of power, monsters that gather to themselves the cast-off slough of many existences, and as fruit upon the family tree bear their awful testimony.

The same family tree may put forth good fruit. If this good fruit is allowed to grow and expand, the family tree, drawing its vitality from purer sources, flourishes and, blossoming, bears even more perfect fruit.

Hold in your hand a perfect flower, stand with uplifted vision under the blossoming stars, and dwell in silence upon the power and wisdom of God. The mind can grasp something of the grandeur of man's co-creatorship, and scarcely needs to ask, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" since as part of God he may claim his inheritance and by the power of God within and without, selfishness shall be supplanted by selflessness, the corruptible by the incorruptible, error and folly by wisdom and law.

KATHERINE RICHMOND-GREEN

A MOVEMENT is on foot which has for its object the admission of women to the French Academy. Worthy candidates are not lacking.



DIDO BUILDING, CARTHAGE
Fragment of the picture by the great English artist, Turner

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

The Greco-Egyptian Civilization — New Discoveries

THE fall of Egypt's greatness is marked by its subjection to the Babylonians and afterwards to the Persians. Later, in 333 B. C., the Macedonian power overcame Persia and then Egypt became subject to the Greeks. From this time until the Roman annexation in B. C. 30, a period of Græco-Egyptian civilization sets in under the line of kings known as Ptolemies, and Egypt becomes the seat of learning for the world.

New light has been thrown on the history of this era in a way that is curiously unexpected and undesigned. Three years ago mummified crocodiles were unearthed in the Fayoom, and the pious votaries who performed the embalment used as wrappings many rolls of manuscript from the waste-papyrus basket. These papyri have been deciphered and the results given in *The Tebtunis Papyri, Part I*, by Dr. Bernard P. Grenfell and others, to which admirable work we have already referred. This account is valuable in several ways. It illustrates the social and political life in Egypt, now that its ancient largeness and stiffness had become so modified by the versatile and ingenious Greek spirit; and we discover means and methods of administration, and also, one must add, ways of oiling the axles of administrative machinery and extracting therefrom in return a certain tainted quality of palm oil which remind us of our own times.

Incidentally the much-slandered memory of Euergetes II is vindicated. This monarch has been represented by Diodorus, Josephus, and Justin as a monster of wickedness, incredibly bad; but the stories told of his doings do not agree with the obvious evidence of prosperity and good administration prevalent in his time.

Now, the present writings contain records kept by one Menches, a government scribe, which give a minute account of careful details of administration, including royal decrees, official correspondence, tax surveys, etc. These show good and skilled government, provisions against corruption, and also evidence of surreptitious perquisite-taking. We give some extracts from a review in *The Nation*:

The collection of royal revenues involved a system of minute supervision, a great multiplication of officials, and a pervasive bureaucracy. Some vivid glimpses of the operation of this machinery are shown in a letter from a tax-farmer (B. C. 111). He wishes to retain his privilege, but is outbid by a rival; he has obtained a view of his competitor's offer by bribing the notary. "To avoid a storm at the audit," he proposes to abstract this memorandum and make away with it, by the aid of a further bribe. All this has a very modern sound, and the counterpart may be found in a long message of the same date from the king's "cousin," the dicecetes, to a delinquent named Hermias. He is sharply reminded that he has already failed to give satisfaction, and has employed corrupt and worthless subordinates; he is warned for the last time to mend his ways, and to send a list of persons "from the army and from his neighborhood, of conspicuous honesty and steadiness," who are to take charge of the inspection of crops and the collection of taxes.

Another extremely interesting and valuable discovery is the papyrus containing a marriage contract practically complete, dated 92 B. C. The only Ptolemaic example hitherto known belonged to the Second century B. C., and contained lacunæ which the present document satisfactorily supplies. In this contract the husband acknowledges the receipt of a dowry from the bride's mother, and binds himself to remain faithful to his wife, to marry no other while she lives, to keep no separate establishment, to maintain her as well as his means permit, and to abstain from ill-treating her or from alienating her property.

Memorial to the Venerable Bede at Monkwearmouth

IT is proposed to erect at Monkwearmouth, in the north of England, a memorial cross to the Venerable Bede, the great Saxon writer of the Seventh and Eighth centuries, whose *Ecclesiastical History of England*, in Latin, was one of the earliest literary productions of England.

The illustration is drawn from one in the *London Daily News*, from which also the following particulars are taken:

The cross will be twenty-five feet high, of a style suitable to the period of Bede himself, and will be placed on Roker Cliff, near his birthplace, where it will be within view of the crowds of holiday-makers who from Wear and Tyne visit the district.

The cross will be actually on the land given by Egfrid, the King of Northumbria, to Benedict Biscop, for the founding of the monasteries of Monkwearmouth and Jarrow.

The cross will be Anglian in form, the shaft on the west side ornamented with scroll patterns from the Lindisfarne Gospel and from the stones at Monkwearmouth, and containing, within a twisted loop of the duck-billed serpent seen on the Monkwearmouth doorway, pictorial subjects from the life of Bede.

On the east side will be Roman lettering giving two extracts from Bede's works—one from the *Ecclesiastical History*, one from his *Life of St. Cuthbert*—both extracts speaking of the accuracy and care with which he worked.

On the south side, within a vine scroll, will be carved in alto and bas relief the heads and busts of the friends and associates of Bede.

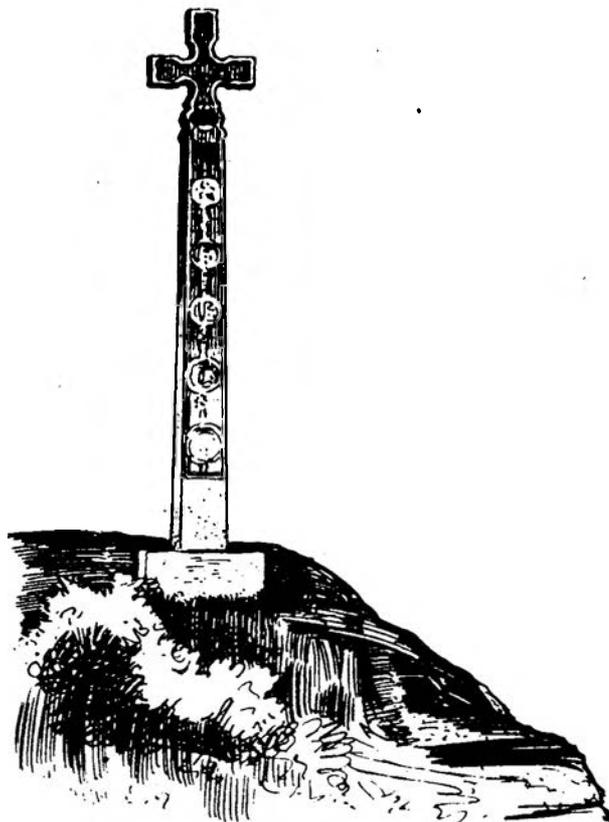
On the north side, a scroll introducing birds and animals, springing from a harp emblematic of his poetic gifts, will show Bede's love of Nature.

Beneath these four sculptured sides will run in a band the little verse which was written by Bede on his deathbed, beginning, "Fore there nedfarae," in Latin, in Rune, in Minuscule, and in English.

And on the block out of which the cross rises, will be carved a short inscription "to the glory of God and in memory of His servant Bede — 673-735."

Altogether the cross will be an appropriate monument to one who was a great scholar at a time when our country had hardly begun to emerge from barbarism, and who has given us

almost all that is known of the early history of our land.



PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO THE VENERABLE BEDE

Another Prehistoric Village Discovered in Arizona

A RECENT discovery made in Arizona, about thirty miles west of Cos, bids fair to attract much attention, both from historians and archeologists. Not long since a mining man of Sonora, Mexico, was told by a peon of a legend among his people that, in a certain wild and desolate spot, there were the ruins of ancient buildings, that at one time a great massacre had taken place there, and also that the place contained great treasure. But half credulous, Mr. Milton went to the spot and found the half torn down walls of a great building. It had evidently been the principal building of an ancient, possibly a prehistoric village, and all about were abundant evidences of some bitterly waged battle. Milton and his companion, a fellow prospector, at once began removing the debris from the top of the walls, which they discovered to be double and of great thickness. Digging between the walls they came upon hundreds of skulls, together with other bones, jewelry, glass beads and chains of gold. Many toys of little children and also the skulls and bones of children were unearthed. The most remarkable find, however, was that of two beautiful bells, tarnished but still perfect. Upon them was imprinted the date, 1770, A. D.

STUDENT

Loma-land Shells—More about the Abalone

THE shell-life of the coast of Southern California at times speaks to the visitor of a world finer than the physical. It is a singular fact that of all the tints purple predominates. From the great abalone to the tiniest olives, purple gleams out from their transparent surfaces as if it had been born from the flame of some great purple sun.

The abalone is, of course, the most magnificent. Its rough, gray, epidermis frequently bears a colony or two of minute abalones, wee brothers just beginning life. To the artist eye, much of the shell's beauty disappears with the disappearance of this roughened, encrusted outer coat, and Loma-land students invariably leave it as nature decreed. Ah! but the glorious iridescence of the na-cre! Pearly white, violet, translucent, almost transparent, a fleck of bronze here and there, a hint of aquamarine, pink, such a glory of color waves as is nowhere else found.

Shimmering and blending, the colors float, not lie, upon the shell, as if Mother Nature were mingling into one shade all the colors of her palette.

Clinging as it does to the rocks, gray with the rock-like grayness that deceives all but the expert, there is little in its

rough exterior to even suggest the glorious beauty of the within. Whence the glory of its color, whence the wonder of its rich life? Is nature guilty of waste? Never! Then for some purpose must be conserved this beauty and harmony; or, rather, is it not but one phase of that beauty and harmony that would exist everywhere had the soul of nature a chance to blossom into pure and unhindered expression? We harry nature with our discords and our plans. What would not speak from out her heart if we worked in harmony with her? There are several varieties of abalone: the blue abalone, (*Haliotis splendens*); the deep sea variety, (*Haliotis assimilis*); the red abalone, (*Haliotis refuscus*). All are glorious, big in their beauty, splendid in the generosity of their outline, pure in their simple form.

The *olive* is a curious whorled univalve, ribboned with purple and gray, and, occasionally, light brown. It is found in the sand, a pretty foil to the sand's simple dun color.

Then there are its comrades, the castle shells and the chiton, which boasts of imbricated and slightly movable scales; and the lion heart—what a mass of gold its surface presents! Nothing in the student life at Loma-land brings one a richer peace than a walk upon the beach at low-tide, there is so much that at other times is hidden beneath the tides, there is such an inexpressible elasticity in the "feel" of the wet sand beneath one's feet, there is such inspiration in the ozone-laden salty sea air. And who shall persuade us that there is not something diviner than we know overshadowing the whole place, beach and cliff, cañon and hillside and winding ravine?

STUDENT

How We Visit Nature: and How We Should

THE real joy and benefit of "camping out" is the getting away, for a time, from the superfluities and conventionalities of life and living in sweet simplicity for a time. It is a visit to Nature, and we should pay it the same respect due to a human host, by trusting the bounty of natural resources to be sufficient for the guests. Instead, however, we take an oil stove and lose the keen charm of a campfire, which

cannot be complete unless used to cook by. We take beds, springs, and quantities of bedding, and thus deprive ourselves of the knowledge of how very many ways Nature can lodge us comfortably. We take matches because we have lost the skill to get fire from stones or sticks. We take tools, spades, axes, etc., because we will not spend the effort to use those that Nature furnishes. We take tents to shield us from the light and dew, and no end of appliances for other uses.

We even take with us on our camping trips food and drink fermented, analyzed, compounded and concentrated in laboratories until every trace of life is gone from them, and which by right belong in the artificiality of the city whence they came. We even take

weapons with us wherewith to do as much damage as possible to our younger brothers, the wild creatures. We intrude upon the quiet of the forest or plain with shout and tumult of discordant sound.

And then, because our outraged host does not instantly yield up to us the uttermost secrets of existence, we consider ourselves very much ill used that the wild things hide themselves or flee at our approach. Nothing do we see of their daily life; nothing do we hear of their

conversations, and so we hie us back to the brick walls and stone streets whence we have crowded nature out. But let us go quietly, simply and inoffensively to blend ourselves into the stream of life—then we shall hear and see and know things of which the blatant crowd have never dreamed. It is from men who have so gone that we have received all our accounts of what wild life is like. N.

THE facts of animal mimicry are well established and extensively recorded and classified, but we have yet to understand the process by which an animal

assumes a color or a general appearance which means for it immunity from danger. There are, for instance, some moths which carry upon the hinder ends of their bodies sundry black marks in very fair imitation of the markings of the head. An enemy, in a hurry and intending to seize the head of his victim, is just as likely to be deceived and to grasp the tail, which is cheerfully relinquished without leaving the former owner very much the worse. In any case, he is willing, of two evils, to choose the least. It is not uncommon to find a moth so mutilated. Y.



A POOL ON LOMA SHORE WHEN THE TIDE IS OUT

To a Cherokee Rose

by WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

THY one white leaf is open to the sky,
And o'er thy heart swift lights and shadows pass;
The wooing winds seem loath to wander by,
Jealous of sunshine and the summer grass.

Thy sylvan loveliness is pure and strong,
For thou art bright and yet not overbold---
Like a young maid apart from Fashion's throng---
A virgin dowered with a heart of gold.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

ONLY one paper was presented to the audience at Isis Theatre on Sunday night. It was prepared by Mr. J. H. Fussell, and was, in part, as follows:

THE TWO SILENCES—LIFE AND DEATH

"It is no strange thing to speak of the Silence of Death when all voices are stilled. But Life, is it silent, too? Is it not rather song, a chant of effort and striving? The moaning of pain, such as one hears on the battle-field, the angry clamor of strife, the jostling and pushing of a great city, the din of machinery, the muttering and the unrest of a multitude, all these proclaim that we do not live the true life. Yes, death is silence, and peace, and serenity. How beautiful are the faces of the dead, when the heartache is stilled and the pain is ended. And as the soul leaves the body there comes on the face a smile as though even mortal eyes had beheld some blessed vision of that land beyond and mortal ears had caught the strain of heavenly music. But life! How often is it even a song except from the lips of children? Would to God that this inharmony might cease that we mistakenly call life. But after all, that is only one aspect, one-sided and pessimistic at best and very far from the reality. The Two Silences—Life and Death—it is a new thought and it makes us pause. Is it not a fact that we know as little about life as we do about death? Have we not been fighting to keep hold of the shadows of a false life just as we have to hold back that other shadow of death which is, however, but a gateway into the sunlight? The tempest lashes the waves of the ocean into a fury, but the storm does not reach beneath the surface, the limitless depths feel not even a tremor. The sky is overcast with clouds, the thunder deepens, the mighty trees of the forest are uprooted and man fears to leave the shelter of his home. Yet the storm belongs only to the earth and to its atmosphere. Above the clouds is the clear shining of the stars, the calm of the peaceful night.

"Does he who has experienced only the storm know the majestic calm of the ocean depths, the beauty of nature, the serenity of the starlit heavens? What do we mean by silence? We may refrain from speech, so keeping outward silence,

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Address by Mr. J. H. Fussell
on "The Two Silences, Life and
Death"---A Good Attendance

Reprinted from San Diego News

and yet be full of turbulence in mind and heart. There must surely be a silence of the mind and heart as well as of the lips. One of the greatest powers that man has is silence, it is the great reservoir of potential energy from which is born all speech, all song, out of which comes the word of power as well as the simply kindly greeting, out of which too come all other perversions, slander, idle talk and malicious falsehood. And such is man's power that he can bring either of these to birth by his will. But the will acts according to the mind and heart, and if the speech of these be not pure, how can the lip speech ring true? What a sermon in silence are the words of Jesus, 'Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth.' What does true silence mean? Does it not mean first self-control and therefore a nearer approach to power and strength? All our speech falls short of perfect harmony, for it is an attempt to make manifest the ideal. And as said, speech is not only of the lips, the whole universe has been called the spoken word of God. The vast interstellar spaces to us are filled with an eternal silence, and yet we feel that the ancient philosopher uttered truth when he spoke of the voice of the silence and the music of the spheres.

"How near akin are harmony and silence, and life and death! Each passes into the other and gives birth to the other. And if we can thus find life a silence, so death is eloquent with the promise of life and brings a message not of parting, but of reunion.

"The world is full of unrest and turbulence and discord. In the history of man there has never been such need as now for men and women of self-control, who can hold firmly to the soul's ideals, who can be silent, who know when to speak and when to refrain, who can bring into their lives the sublimity and the dignity of silence.

"It is in the silence attained through the faithful performance of every duty that at last we shall stand face to face with the divinity of our own souls, in the 'silence, the great empire of silence, higher than the stars, deeper than the kingdom of death.'"

AS you all know right action I am not going to tell you what it is, though I am going to talk about it. I have never yet heard it contended that right action did not benefit others, but I have heard many people strongly maintain, and know of thousands of people, even millions of people, who live on the idea that right action does not always benefit ourselves.

Until we reheard of Theosophy, the reasons given for right action were not ones that would convince say, a man or woman with a business mind, one of practical common sense; that is, when we pay a certain price, what value and profit do we get? It is a mistake to think a man must be merely selfish who raises this question. For it is a question of equity and progress, and need not necessarily be entirely selfish. It is only the credulous, ignorant or foolish who act blindly. If I am to lead a certain life, it is quite right and proper that I should see it is worth my while to do so. Such intelligent questions from this point of view should be reasonably answered; otherwise the practical mind will occupy itself with something that is or appears to be of the best value, for the time and energy expended upon it, even if the returns are small.

Now, the only value given for right action, until we heard of Theosophy, was that it was good to be moral, for one would be respected and would retain one's self-respect. Even though we should not get on very well in this world, we might get a future result in heaven, but as all religious creeds denied the possibility of reaching heaven except by a belief in their creed, a mere moral man without a creed seemed to have a poor chance of future profit. So right action had little or no encouragement, either in this life or the future state, and those who did right, did so because 'they felt that way.' But there was much preaching by many that others should do right, and a great deal of good advice given, which apparently had no other object than that the preacher and adviser should benefit by the softness and meekness of the good. Therefore I think it is easy to understand why there is so much wrong action in the world, for right action has been made out to have no practical value for the *doer*, and is looked upon as *only a sentiment*.

Now Theosophy appears on the scene and sweeps all this sentimental idea into the bottomless pit, where it originally came from, and puts quite a different light on right action, clearing away the dust of the dark ages and showing the true practical

RIGHT ACTION

Read at a public meeting of U. B. Lodge No. 1,
Sydney N. S. W.

common sense value of it. Giving all powerful reasons why right action should be performed and proving that all benefits are the result of right action, and that it is not only beneficial to those who practise it, but absolutely necessary for their mental and physical as well as moral health. All diseases and misery spring from wrong action, which is actual suicide. Right action is our true business and purpose in life for our own happiness and progress, the happiness and progress of others and of all creatures.

The way Theosophy proves this is so complete and exhaustive, so minute and so universal, that it is impossible to raise one intelligent argument against it, and no one yet has ever put forward a reasonable objection that could not be replied to. Theosophy goes into the whole construction of man and nature, particular and universal, and one of our Great Teachers said, it is 'Knowledge of the laws that govern the physical, the psychical, and the intellectual constituents of nature and man,' the 'Science of sciences.' We may say it is the actual, profound and simple truth of Life itself. Theosophy shows that right action is in harmony with all the laws of nature, is scientific cooperation with nature, and in no other way can we reach true happiness or accurate knowledge of life, and in no other possible way can we receive the blessings of Divinity or association with Divine beings in any state or place, on or beyond the earth and this universe. All benefits we have received and will receive come from right action, and all harm and all injury we receive comes from wrong action. It is not true that we have only this one life on earth. We now, in all our different degrees of character and environment, from the smallest and most insignificant to the greatest and most powerful, are all the result in the most perfect way of our past actions. Every effect has a cause and every action has a reaction or total result, and returns back to *the center from which it originally started*. So that each man and each woman is exactly the result of their former lives, looked at in a broad aspect. What a glorious hope this is for us, for what we have made, so we can unmake. We can, if we will, be masters of our own destiny by right action; and we can become strong to help others.

Every act we do affects others as well as ourselves, for we are not separated beings, but are all parts of one Great Life. So in human hands rests human progress, both individual and universal.

T. W. WILLIAMS

Religious Tests for Teachers

THE educational difficulty in England is still acute, and the effort to capture the schools in the interest of a particular religious section is still producing a lively controversy. The following powerful letter on the subject, from Mr. Page of the Charterhouse, Godalming, has appeared in the *London Times*:

He (the Archbishop) considers that "religious tests" are "an anachronism, a positive wrong . . . in the case of all Civil servants" except those engaged in the public work of education, with regard to whom he speaks of a "test" as a "qualification." He adds that "we are entitled to say that, if a man is to give religious teaching, it shall be ascertained that he is qualified to give that teaching in a proper, straightforward, honest way."

That all work should be done "in a proper, straightforward, honest way" is obvious; but the difficulty arises when we come to close quarters with fact, and ask how the "qualification" of teachers to thus give religious instruction can be "ascertained."

Clearly there are only two ways of doing so—(1) by examining teachers in theology; and (2) by questioning them as to their belief in certain doctrinal statements. But the first method is not a test at all, at least in the Archbishop's sense, for clearly a great knowledge of theology may be combined with almost any form of belief or unbelief, while the value of the second method may often approximate to zero for two reasons:

First, the expression of belief in many doctrinal statements cannot reasonably be called a "qualification" in a teacher, for the less any one knows the easier it is. Undergraduates were at one time required to assent to the Thirty-nine Articles, but surely, their readiness to do so was rather a measure of their ignorance than of their knowledge. That episcopacy is a divine institution and that strict Apostolic succession is essential to a Church, are statements which can be made with whole-hearted simplicity, only so long as all the complex difficulties of the questions at issue are completely ignored. So, too, the words "all Scripture is written by inspiration of God" are plain and decisive to every one who is happily unacquainted with Greek; and a hundred other instances might easily be given to show that, if you once begin examining men as to their assent to certain theological propositions, those will undoubtedly pass best who know least.

Secondly, for a test to be of any value it must admit at least of some verification, and the expression of belief in certain doctrines admits of none. Its value, indeed, depends entirely on the mental and moral condition of the person who expresses the belief. Assent, for instance to the Articles may mean a hundred different things to as many men. Or take the Athanasian Creed. To even speak respectfully of it is to some religious men very hard. Yet Dr. Arnold (letter of 22d June, 1838) asserts his willingness "to read it and subscribe the Article about it," although he "did not believe the damnatory clauses under any qualification of them;" and the example he set has been followed by many "head teachers" since his day, while other men have had to die obscure because they could not reconcile their consciences to such splendid inconsistency. In fact, the same doctrinal test will affect men of similar religious views in very different ways according to their varying accuracy, clearness, and directness of thought; and it will certainly affect those least who possess these valuable qualities in scantiest measure.

But religious tests favor not only mental but moral weakness. When the award of the prizes of a profession is made dependent on their acceptance, it is certain that they will at times be accepted dishonestly. To offer 15,000 or 16,000 prizes in the scholastic calling to those who will subscribe certain religious formulæ is in fact, however the fact may be disguised, to hold out to those engaged in teaching a perpetual and immoral bribe. "All tests," says a distinguished writer, "act as sieves, sifting honesty and dishonesty and throwing the honesty aside." The policy of the Church of England is at present to keep this sieve hard at work in the world of education.

Some weeks back the Archbishop referred publicly to the time when no book could be published without the Lambeth *imprimatur*, and spoke with just contempt of such a requirement. But with all respect I submit that the policy he now advocates is exactly similar. His predecessors "licensed" that teaching which is conveyed by the printed page; he desires to license teaching when conveyed by the living voice. Yet surely by comparison with this the licensing of books is a thing wise and rational. On printed matter a definite judgment may be formed, but on the thoughts of another man's heart no mortal can pass true sentence. Every test that can be applied must be futile, and may be mischievous. Whatever precautions be taken, no real guarantee of religious honesty is in this world obtainable. Certainly in universal history tests have never been known to secure it. It is trust alone that begets trustworthiness; and, so long as men prefer to rely on worthless tests, so long the true interest of education will continue to suffer.

ARISTIDES was made general receiver of Greece, to collect the tribute which each state was to furnish against the barbarian. "Poor," says Plutarch, "when he set about it; poorer when he had finished it."



A BIT OF THE HOMESTEAD VERANDA, POINT LOMA

The Vikings in America

ANCIENT Viking ships are from time to time discovered, usually buried in marshy grounds where they were probably stranded ages ago. One such ship has just been found near Toensberg in Sweden, and it will be excavated next spring when the conditions are more favorable than they are at present.

But few people know how intimate is the connection between the ancient Vikings and America. A thousand years ago, Erik the Red sailed from Iceland in one of these Viking ships and discovered Greenland, persuading some of his friends to form with him a colony upon those northern shores. Next year Bjorni started from his European home for Greenland in order to join his father who was already there with Erik. Navigation in those days contained a large element of guesswork and so Bjorni sailed too far south, reaching what are now the Connecticut shores. He sailed again northward, skirting Massachusetts and Nova Scotia and eventually found the Scandinavian Colony in Greenland of which he was in search. Then Erik's son, Leif, purchased the ship which had already done so well and sailed south on a voyage of discovery, and many other Viking expeditions sailed from Europe, and America was "discovered," again and again.

For more than five hundred years did the Greenland Colony exist and the Viking ships passed to and fro. Of their vicissitudes and their successes and their perils, we know nothing, only that in 1448 word reached Europe that the settlement had been destroyed by savages. B.

IN view of what the NEW CENTURY PATH says about the need for threefold education—of body, mind and soul—one is glad to notice a paragraph in the *London Daily News*, headed "A Threefold Training," and reporting a speech to volunteers by a General of the Army, in which he said that "A man must be trained through the head, the hands, and the heart. For the man to have full power over the mind he must be able to take the physical action his mind tells him is necessary."

"Let There Be Light"



WHAT shall I do, what *shall* I do!"

The words were spoken in a sobbing whisper. Little Esther Faulkner was sitting on the floor of her bedroom in her white night dress, rocking to and fro. Her little hands were tightly locked together, her face was white and her big, deep gray eyes had a frightened look in them.

Esther was an only child, and her parents were church people of the strictest kind, good and conscientious according to their views, but those views were about as wide as two fingers. Her mother had been brought up in a very different atmosphere. Her own home had been a happy, careless, "Liberty Hall" kind of place, every one acting and thinking for himself, and with hearts big enough to take in the whole world, regardless of sect or creed. And when Horace Faulkner asked Dorothy Lee to marry him, her girl chums laughingly declared that she only accepted him because she did not like to wound his feelings by a refusal. He was grave almost to austerity, and the very antithesis of Dorothy, or Dot, as she was called, when he first married her; but she was not a very strong-minded little individual, and gradually she imbibed and assimilated his gloomy and narrow-minded religion, taking his word for law, although her own common sense rebelled at first. She carried a great grief by day and night—a grief which was stamped on her face, and looked at one out of her sad eyes. The first child, a lovely boy, had died suddenly, before the rites of baptism could be administered, and therefore, according to her husband's (and consequently her own) belief, the little mite had wandered out into the darkness and the everlasting hereafter a lost soul; and the thought of the tiny grave in unconsecrated ground was at times more than the poor, tortured mother heart could bear. She went to her own people for help which they could not give her. They could only cry over her and sympathize with her and say it was not so, but could not break her faith in her husband's "I know." She turned to him, and he, in his endeavor to be faithful, did not give her the loving words and assurances that she craved; he could not, for he honestly believed that his little son was a "lost soul." So he stamped out his natural longing to give comfort to his wife, and told her she must be brave, that she must take up this burden which the Lord, in his loving kindness, had seen fit to lay upon them both, and to remember that always, always God "knew best"—and then he would go away and pray that comfort might be given her, praying far into the night, until he was utterly exhausted in body and spirit; and she would again go through all the terrors of the time when the clergyman arrived too late. Oh! if she could but believe still as she had when at home, that God *is*, and God *is good*, and that because of that everything must be all right.

Mercifully for her, her little daughter was born soon after, and as she lay watching the wonderful baby fingers and the dark eyes which held such a "world of wonder," she solemnly determined that, cost what it might to herself, this new little soul should be saved alive. And a fragile little body it was, that held a very beautiful soul together with a wonderfully vivid imagination, one that could picture with the most brilliant coloring the "God of wrath," that was preached so often by her father and her old nurse, and the torture of those who "did not believe and were cast into hell fire forever," as she was taught from the pulpit. Over the mantel piece in her bedroom there was a large illuminated card, with the words, "Thou God seest me," and underneath the words was a large, unwinking eye. And the God of Esther's imagination was a colossal human figure with a perpetual scowl, and one eye which flamed with anger at all times; and a very real and awful creation this was to the poor sensitive little child, a very real and near Presence—one that was ever on the watch for not only wrong deeds, but, dreadful idea, for wrong thoughts even, a God one could never get away from.

As she sat on the floor, casting quick, frightened glances into the corners of her severely clean, tidy and unchildlike looking bedroom, with an occasional unwilling look at the great eye always watching her, she heard a jolly, man's laugh, and a voice saying, "I'm just going to run upstairs to see the girlie first," and then the door opened, and with a cry of delight and relief, the child leaped into the arms of a big, happy looking young fellow of about twenty-seven years.

"O Uncle Perc, Uncle Perc, now I'm not one bit afraid."

"Why, girlie," said he, "what is the matter?" and as he held her tight, he could feel her heart thud, thudding in her delicate little body.

"Why, your face is all wet. Have you been crying, little woman?"

"No," she said, still clinging tightly to him, "that's only 'preparation,' my face often gets wet with preparation if I wake up in the night and think about God," and she shuddered a little.

Percy Lee was Mr. Faulkner's youngest brother and was adored by his little niece. At her last words he whispered "By Jove," below his breath, and then asked:

"What were you doing on the floor, little woman?"

The child shuddered again and the heart beats came thicker and faster.

"Oh, I was so frightened, Uncle Perc," in a low voice, "they were *both* there."

"Who were, girlie?"

"Why," she whispered, "God and the Devil, and that was why I had to sit on the floor, because the Devil was just there," pointing to a corner, "and I could not lie in my bed when he was so close." Then as she saw the pitiful smile on her uncle's lips, "It's true indeed, Uncle Perc. Father says that God is always watching to see if I'm a good girl, and nurse says if I'm naughty the Devil comes because he likes to see little girls being naughty, and I'm a bad girl," she sobbed, "a real bad girl, I tell you. The other Sunday I had a cough, and a kind lady who sits next to me in church, gave me a lozenge, and it was so good. Father does not let me have sweets, 'cos he says it's pandering to the animal appetite," speaking the long words in a quaint, little grown-up fashion, "but it was so nice, and I thought about it till the next Sunday, and 'cos I hadn't got a really cough then I coughed a made-up one, and the lady gave me another lozenge, and," the tears coming now, "God is angry with me, and he stands there and frowns, and the Devil is glad 'cos I acted a lie, but," and she sat up excitedly in her uncle's arms, "I do think it's mean of a person to be always looking out for only the naughty things I do, and never be pleased when I do good things, and I don't care, now you are here, if he can hear me. You wouldn't be so unkind, Uncle Perc?"

"You should talk to mother and tell her all about it, girlie. There is no such God as the God you tell me about," he said.

"But I did one time," she said. "I asked her if it was true that little children went to the 'bad place,' and if God didn't want them all in heaven with him; but she went all white and shivered, and nurse sent me away and told me not to talk to her about it any more. But father told me lots of little boys and girls went there, and he looked sorry, too, and, oh, Uncle Perc, what will I do? I am not good, 'cos I can't love God, and I'll go there all alone."

"I tell you what it is, girlie," he said, "if you go to the 'bad place,' then Uncle Perc will go, too, so you shan't be alone," and, with a big sigh of relief, the child ceased sobbing and began to fall asleep in his arms. She roused up to say:

"Uncle Perc, living is always so heavy until you come, and then it gets so comfy and light."

Percy Lee went down sad at heart for the child brought up in such a religious atmosphere. The trouble was that her father was teaching and training the child strictly according to his own honest conviction, convictions that were more to him than his very life, or the life of his dear ones.

As she grew up, the terrors of her childish days grew less, but her life was circumscribed and narrow, and her soul was hungry for bigger things. She would ask at times to be allowed to attend the lectures that were given in the town on Shakespeare or Theosophy, or the great thinkers and writers of the day, but she was refused. It was always with the same kind of answer: "The Devil tempts us, child, in divers ways. Some through their warm hearts, some through their selfish nature, some through their intellect; and it is by this last he would tempt you. Stick to your Bible, child, you need no better book."

Esther would sigh and turn away, knowing how fruitless it would be to urge her desire. She did read, she studied the Bible closer than ever, but she needed more light, the real light to read it by, and how could she get it? She knew intuitively that her father's religion was not the true thing, and she would lie awake at nights thinking, longing for she knew not what, only something bigger, tenderer, more *just* than the religion of her childhood.

She went to the clergyman of her church and asked him did he believe all the terrible things he preached, and compelled by her truth-hungry eyes, he was forced to own that he did not.

"My dear," he said, "I should not dare to preach from the pulpit all that I really believe or disbelieve."

And Esther went home, realizing for the first time since her gentle mother died, how absolutely alone one must of necessity stand in the search for Truth and Light, and how much of simple, "patient waiting" is often entailed in that search. That was where she had arrived now, and she determined to live her life as brightly and as strongly as possible, taking for her motto, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," and the years that followed, although they were lived on much the same restricted lines, and seemed so unproductive and bare, yet showed such results; the very monotony of her life taken up so cheerfully had been food and nourishment to the strong soul of her, and it had grown and broadened, brightened and strengthened, till now, having eyes, she could see for herself the truth, which in after years she knew to be Theosophy, that once having been seen is seen and known forever.

Esther stayed with her father till he no longer had need of her, neglecting no little duty, caring for him, loving him, and making a stream of brightness for him in his gloomy life. Then she took up the work among the little children to which she devoted herself, determined that she would do all in her power to save those little innocents from the nights of terror, and the days haunted by a God of Anger, the terrors she had endured in her own childhood. She knew now, in the light of Theosophy, that "God is Love." A. C.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

How the Blind See—Searching for a Sixth Sense

MANKIND is on the search for a sixth sense, and M. Lavarune, in *Cosmos*, seems to suggest that we have a possible indication of such a sense in the power of the perfectly blind to distinguish objects. It is of course admitted that the loss of sight, or its congenital absence, is usually accompanied, and partly compensated for, by an abnormal intensity of the remaining senses, but there is something more than this, something altogether independent of the senses. Thus it is pointed out that numbers of perfectly blind persons are able to guide themselves and to avoid obstacles; to know, for example, whether a door is open or shut, and that blind children can move about a playground without striking the trees.

M. Lavarune quotes from the observations of Dr. Saval, who has given to the subject an extended study. Dr. Saval cites the case of a professor of history in the National Institution of Paris who lost his sight when four years of age. He has, however, a "sense of obstacles" by which he can avoid with certainty such objects as trees and lamp-posts and even heaps of stones upon the road. He can recognize the presence of a wall at a distance of over six feet, and in Dr. Saval's presence he indicated the presence of a large piece of furniture, and correctly named it as a billiard table. A vital point in the study of this strange power is the fact that the vision is effected by the mass of the object perceived. Thus, in the case under consideration, a piece of paper was not sensed with the same clearness as was a thick book of the same superficial area.

The professor also stated to Mr. Saval that his sense of obstacles is far more acute in the dark than it is in the light, and that noise is nearly fatal to it. The sense of hearing, however, seems to be in no way a factor, as certain persons who were examined declared that their perceptions were even keener when the ears were stopped.

The investigation is a very interesting one and a very important one. If there is indeed some faculty corresponding to that of sight and which dimly shows itself in the blind, there must be some way of stimulating and increasing that faculty to the great amelioration of an afflicting disability. Nor can it be supposed that it is only the blind who possess this power. That it develops in them is evidence that it lies potentially in all men and it may be that we have here an indication of supersensuous faculties which it would be of importance and interest to understand.

STUDENT

Flying Machines to Be Utilized in Warfare

REPORTS of new flying machines reach us from every side. Probably many of them will never survive their trial trips, if they get even so far as that, but so determined an effort to storm the fortress of the air must certainly be attended with increasing success. In the meantime we notice that negotiations have been opened between the French government and a celebrated airship inventor for the utilization of his machine for purposes of war. This seems to have become the final and supreme standard of value. The people whom all nations delight to honor are those who show the greatest proficiency in death-dealing devices, and the gauge of greatness is the power to kill. The man who lifts a little of the misery from human life, who smoothes the road of human progress, may go upon his way unnoticed. His reward and his encouragement will not be the less great because they are from within.

STUDENT

ENERGETIC experiments are still being made in order to demonstrate the action of radium upon the blind, and while the results are by no means conclusive they are decidedly hopeful. The latest report has reference to a little girl, eleven years of age, now in New York. The first application seemed to be fruitless, but a continuation for three days so modified the total blindness that the little patient was able to discern moving objects and also electric lights at night time. The physicians in charge of the case are naturally reticent and hesitate to predict that sight will be fully restored. They say, however, that this is the first successful use of radium for the relief of blindness.

A Glass-Bottomed Boat for Scientific Research

A GLASS-BOTTOMED boat, through which the investigator can peer into the depths of the sea, is being used for research in tropical waters. The strange craft is part of the equipment of the Geographical Society of Baltimore, thirty or forty of whose members are now engaged in scientific investigations of the Bahama Islands.

This curious deep-sea observatory resembles a large dory, is about twenty feet in length, and very wide of beam to give it steadiness. Amidships a square centre-board well, built several feet below the bottom of the boat, and also running up into it, has been constructed. The interior of this well is painted black so as to minimize reflection and light, while the end of the well is covered with two heavy plates of perfectly clear glass. An observer looking down into this well, with the light shut out by means of a rubber-coated cloth over the head, can see great depths into the clear, quiet waters of the tropics.

The boat will be anchored in some spot where it is considered desirable to make studies, and the observer will proceed to adjust himself at the top of the well, watching the passing piscatorial show, the lazy jelly-fish, the countless creatures of the deep and the strange formations of vegetable life. On other occasions the glass-bottomed boat will be set adrift with its knowledge-seeking occupant and allowed to float about whither it will, the scientists trusting to the tide to take it into the zone of some activity where nature is working out one of its mysteries.—*Exchange*.

The Boundary Line Between Plant and Animal

THE boundary line between plant and animal; if it has not already disappeared, is becoming very attenuated. We now hear of a South American orchid which takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty. This orchid possesses a tube which is ordinarily coiled on the top of the plant. When its owner feels thirsty the tube is uncoiled and let down into the water, returning to its usual position after use. The tendency of modern research is to deprive scientific classifications of the "water-tight compartment" element which has hitherto characterized them. It is a movement in the direction of unity, and away from the old theologic conception of special acts and days of creation.

Science has, however, yet to recognize the unifying principle of life which underlies all visible forms, which is indeed the reality behind the phenomena and the cause of the phenomena. The reality of the homogeneous life principle which shines through a multiplicity of forms is not only the basis for material science, but also for moral science, which we call ethics. By it fraternity becomes not merely a pious injunction, but it steps proudly before human minds as a fact in life, as worthy of recognition as the law of gravity. When the individual learns to think of himself as an expression of the universal life and therefore as one with all humanity and with all nature instead of being merely an isolated and selfish fragment, then indeed he will be on the path of wisdom and of real knowledge. Then will he be a scientist in the true sense of the word.

STUDENT

Radium to Be Used as a Cure for Consumption

ENCOURAGED by the action of radium upon cancer, Professor Soddy of University College is anxious to try it upon consumption. The manner of application is of course the difficulty, but he points out that both radium and thorium give off an emanation of gas which can be stored, and that this gas possesses the property of leaving a film upon objects with which it comes in contact. The Professor suggests, therefore, that by inhaling the gas of radium or thorium, it would be conveyed directly to the seat of the disease and would leave behind it a radio-active film which would continue whatever healing powers it might possess. He says,

Indeed, if nature had designed these phenomena for the purpose proposed, it is difficult to see in what way they could be improved upon.

The experiment will be an interesting one and we hope it will be successfully tried without delay.

STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World



ON THE PLAZA DOLORES, SANTIAGO DE CUBA

Many Deaths & Accidents in Alps THE Alps are claiming and receiving their full measure of victims this year. Three hundred accidents have already occurred and one hundred and fifty lives have been lost. Alpine mountaineering is sufficiently hazardous even under the most favorable circumstances. Sympathy and admiration are naturally and rightly extended to the hardy climber who succumbs to dangers which he could neither overcome nor avoid, but it is not so easy to be sympathetic when catastrophes are caused by unadulterated folly, and it is to just such folly that a large proportion of these misadventures are due. Many tourists cannot be persuaded that it is almost certain death to ascend without a guide. The very height and grandeur of the mountains conceal their perils, and it sometimes happens that to ascend is relatively easy, and to descend impossible. Another category of the foolish is composed of women who insist upon climbing in fashionable costumes and dainty, dangerous shoes. Two ladies have been recently killed, one upon Mount Pilatus and the other upon Mount Seposoir, who thus recklessly threw away their lives rather than part with their pretty conventionalities.

Effects of Civilization on Japan WE have already commented upon the uneasiness which is felt by the Japanese authorities not only at the almost unchecked spread of disease among the people, but also at their deteriorating physique. This deterioration is well shown by the recruiting returns, the average weight of the conscripts having decreased to the extent of five pounds within the past ten years. A very eminent Japanese surgeon has recently stated that out of every ten recruits eight or nine are practically unfit for military service. It is the old story. No sooner do we congratulate ourselves upon the advance of civilization in any quarter of the world than the bill of penalties immediately becomes due and is inexorably presented by nature. Either civilization is itself a disease, as a very eminent writer once suggested, or we have not yet learned the secret of plucking its flowers without being wounded by its thorns. The truth is that we have not yet perceived that true civilization must proceed along three parallel lines—moral, intellectual and material, and not upon the last two only.

Finland a Little-Known Country FINLAND is almost an unknown country and for this there can be no other reason than its relative inaccessibility. Certainly there are few countries in the world inhabited by a people more intelligent or more progressive. The public school system is one of the best in Europe. The great university contains over 2,500 students, of whom 400 are women. Among technical institutions there are 27 agricultural schools, 28 dairy schools, 14 schools for cattle managers, and 9 schools for gardeners. Two hundred newspapers are printed in Finland, while the material prosperity of the country is very considerable. Every one who knows Finland and her capable and energetic people must certainly combine in very sincerely and heartily wishing her a happy deliverance from her present trouble.

A Monument to the Mayflower AT THE instigation of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Association arrangements are being made for the erection of a monument to commemorate the arrival of the *Mayflower*. It has been decided to build a column of stone, two hundred feet high, which will be visible at sea from a distance of thirty miles. A monument, such as this, should do something more than commemorate a historical fact. It should also remind us of the spirit which prompted and animated the *Mayflower* expedition, and the determination to attain to Civil and Religious Liberty, which was the foundation of the American nation. The *Mayflower* and all similar memorials should be not only a reminder. To an even greater extent they should be an incentive and an inspiration.

Prevent Cruelty to Animals in Italy THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has invited the cooperation of tourists in Italy in the suppression of the ill treatment of animals, which is so painful a feature in that and some other countries in the south of Europe. It is suggested that travelers decline to eat song birds when such diet is offered to them at the hotels, and that they refuse to hire horses which bear any marks whatever of ill treatment. A request such as this cannot be too widely known. Italy draws pleasure seekers from all parts of the world, and it is but just that the morally uneducated portion of her community—and it is not a large portion—should be reminded that cruelty to animals is an offense to the conscience of mankind.

Question of Prison Food in Germany THERE is more than one sign of a general awakening of the sense of responsibility toward prisoners. At no distant day we shall cease to look upon them as human beings possessing no rights, but rather as those who have been unjustly deprived of their rights, and who have thus been allowed to enter the path of criminality. From Germany we learn that the question of prison food has come prominently to the front and that a commission has been appointed to decide whether the ordinary prison diet is a rational and proper one. These uneasy stirrings of national conscience are instructive. We hope that they are also infectious, for there is great need of a similar inquiry in many other parts of the world.

Filipinos Have Intense Love of Music MR. T. THOMAS FORTUNE tells us that the Filipinos have an intense love of music, which is displayed upon almost every occasion, and chiefly at funerals and theatres. He says:

The Filipino voice, like the Filipino people, is very small and thin; but what it lacks in force it makes up in shrillness, and can easily be heard in the vast flat bamboo theatre, the roof of which is seldom more than ten feet high in the center.

Wherever there is a sincere love of music, there, too, is the possibility of very high attainment, a possibility which we certainly expect to see fulfilled in the case of the Filipino. STUDENT



KANGAROO GARDEN AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Starting Point in a Boy's Life

A paper read by one of the young students of the Raja Yoga School, at Isis Theatre, San Diego

THE starting point in life—the way we Raja Yoga boys are taught—begins very early, and I think that if I had started at that time, which means the first year of a baby's life, that I should be able to make my ideas plainer to you, and that I would be a better specimen of a boy. It's common sense, this idea that as soon as a child can raise its hand to strike, or pull or grab, that it should be taught to help itself, no matter how little.

I once saw a little fellow in the Raja Yoga School, about a year old, that was being helped in this way. He could cry lustily, and often showed his temper, too, when he wanted his own way. He could pull a person's hair, and look at a thing long enough when he wanted it, to show how his mind was directed. Where this little child got his selfishness I am not prepared to say now, but it was there. Under the direction of one of the patient teachers he was given a spoon instead of the thing he wanted to grab, and immediately his mind was diverted from what he had tried to get, and his little questioning eyes showed at once that his thoughts had been changed into a more pleasant condition.

Then his teacher began to show him how to hold his spoon. He would throw it down and pick it up, and throw it down and pick it up, and one could see that he was finding something new in this—a new strength. The interest in the spoon increased, and then the teacher began to direct the hand that held the spoon to his mouth, and the wonderment in those little eyes, of what it meant, showed a disposition to inquire.

After awhile its food came, and then it sat down expecting to be fed as usual, but the teacher, putting the spoon in the child's hand, began to show it how it could feed itself. When the child got through there was more food on his face and dress than had gone into his mouth, but he had discovered the use of the spoon, and in a few weeks he learned to use it well. This opened my eyes to what it meant to start aright.

That child has been at Point Loma for two years and the improvement that has taken place in it is wonderful.

It is from experiences like this that I have found out how much depends upon the smallest beginning, and the early time of beginning in life. Think of what it would mean to the human family if little children could be started aright. I venture to say that it would mean a million times more than even you or I could tell. It would make a big change in the family life. There would not be so many tired mothers and anxious fathers, and I am certain there would not be so many tears nor so much suffering; and more than that, I know that there would be little sickness, for the child who begins right, not only is taught how to eat right, and what not to eat, but it is taught how to do everything in a thoughtful and proper way.

It is easy to see in the child that I have been telling you about, that the seed of self-reliance began to grow even before it could walk, and if little children could be taught to do the right thing for themselves in the beginning, no end of splendid results would follow, for self-reliance sort of opens the door for other good qualities to come out in a young life. It is certain that the child who begins to learn self-reliance when it is very young has a better start in life than one who does not.

It stands more erect and looks higher tomorrow than it did today. The truth is that when a good thing begins to grow in one's nature a lot of other good follows, and it is just as true that if an evil thing begins to grow that a lot of evil follows, and the boy who makes a wrong start goes on the wrong line, and after a while gets careless and discouraged, loses confidence in himself, has no self-reliance, and then loses confidence in his fellows.

My opinion is that you can't start too early with children. I have a way of thinking that a little child knows a great deal more than most people think it does, and that it is calling for help, even in its little cries, calling for that kind of help which is seldom given to a child. It makes my heart ache to think how many thousands of little children are born every day with so few chances in life.

A Young Hero

DEAR BOYS: I read the other day of a real hero. His name is Sam Davey, and he lives close to the shore of Silver Lake, near Chicago. One day a sudden storm came up and a boat containing seven men was capsized. There was a high wind and a driving rain, and although the men clung to the sides of the overturned boat, they knew they could not hold out long. Sam, who is only thirteen years old, by the way, saw the accident. Without waiting a moment to think the matter over or to tell any one, he ran to his own little boat and pushed it out into the lake, rowing to the struggling men. Four of them climbed into the boat, and the others clung to the gunwales and were towed ashore. Without Sam's help they would have been drowned.

I wonder how many boys could be so heroic! And yet the boy who conquers his own temper or pride, or selfishness, may be ten times more so. It was Jesus who told men that he who conquered his spirit was greater than he that taketh a city. That is because it is harder to do. It is the daily battles that we fight with the selfish part of ourselves that makes us heroes if we win, and cowards if we don't make a good fight. When we win these battles within our own hearts then it is very easy to do heroic things outside. And I know that Sam Davey must have fought many Raja Yoga battles in his own

heart or he would not so quickly have played the hero's part in rescuing these men.

Some boys would have said, "Oh, I'm afraid I will be drowned!" Being afraid is just what Sam had conquered.

UNCLE FRED



A MACON, GA., LOTUS BUD

Two Little Boys

A BAD little boy, with a cross little face,
Came slowly downstairs in the morning.
Of fun or good nature he showed not a trace.
He fretted and cried without warning.
He'd touch not his breakfast, he would not play.
If you spoke, he just answered by snarling;
He teased his pet kitty, and all the long day
He really was "nobody's darling."

A good little boy, with a bright little face,
Came down in the morning-time singing.
And indoors and out, and all over the place,
His music and laughter went ringing.
He ran grandpa's errands, his orange he shared
With Sue; and he found mama's thimble.
To do what was asked he seemed always prepared,
And in doing it equally nimble.

These two little boys who were wholly unlike,
Though they live in one house are not brothers.
That good little boy and that bad little tyke
Have not two kind fathers and mothers.
But there are two tempers, and only one boy.
And one is indeed such a sad one,
That when with the good one he brings us all joy,
We ask: "Was he really the bad one?"

—*Woman's Life*

Students'



Path

Egypt

by GERALD MASSEY

EGYPT! how I have dwelt with you in dreams.
 So long, so intimately that it seems
 As if you had borne me; though I couldn't know
 It was so many thousand years ago:
 And in my groping darkly underground
 The long-lost memory at last is found
 Of motherhood---you mother of us all:
 And to my fellowmen I must recall
 The memory too; that common motherhood
 May help to make the common brotherhood.
 Egypt! it lies there in the far-off past,
 Opening with depth profound and growth as vast
 As the great valley of Yosemite;
 The birthplace out of darkness into day;
 The shaping matrix of the human mind;
 The cradle and the nursery of our kind.
 This was the land created from the flood,
 The land of Antum made of the red mud,
 Where Num sat in his Teba throned on high,
 And saw the deluge once a year go by,
 Each brimming with the blessing that it brought,
 And by that water-way, in Egypt's thought,
 The gods descended; but they never halted
 The Deluge that should desolate the world.
 There the vast hewers of the early time
 Built, as if that way they would surely climb
 The humans, and left their labors without name---
 Colossal as their carelessness of fame---
 Sole likeness of themselves---that heavenward
 Forever look with statuesque regard,
 As if some vision of the Eternal grown
 Petrific was forever fixed in stone;
 They watched the moon re-orb, the stars go round,
 And drew the circle, Thought primordial bound.
 The Heavens looked into them with living eyes
 To kindle starry thoughts in the skies.
 For us reflected in the image-scroll,
 That night by night the stars for aye unroll.
 The Royal Heads of Language bow them down
 To lay in Egypt's lap each borrowed crown.
 The glory of Greece was but the after-glow
 Of her forgotten greatness lying low;
 His hieroglyphics buried dark as night,
 Or coal-deposits filled with future light,
 Are mines of meaning; by their light we see
 Thro' many an overshadowing mystery
 The nursing Nile is living Egypt still,
 And as her lowlands with its freshness fill,
 And heave with double-breathed bounteousness,
 So doth the old Hidden Source of mind yet bless
 The nations secretly she brought to birth,
 And Egypt still enriches all the earth.

Rational Prophecy

SUPPOSE one of the old prophets, as he pushed his prophetic consciousness forward to the (even yet) future days of "the new Heaven and the new Earth," had let it dwell a moment on the Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries. Would he not have been so fascinated, so bewildered, as to have been unable to carry his view further? It is an old saying that human nature is ever the same. Is it? Can it be? Can the consciousness of today be anything like that of the past?

The mark of today is surely a unity that never before prevailed. And this notwithstanding that we all live a hundred times more than in the past. We are coming more and more to share a common fund of consciousness and experience. For instance: Our attention is all over the

earth at once. We read newspapers, of which there are 22,000 in the United States. We read books of travel and descriptive journals which tell us minutely about the life everywhere. We multiply our lives by a hundred in reading novels. For the reading of novels is a sort of pale copying in ourselves of the experiences, inner and outer, of the characters of which we read. Public and lending libraries increase on every hand, so that all read and go through the same experiences.

We all attend musical performances, and more and more so, so that large bodies of us are continually being thrown at once into the same states of feeling. And we are always attending theatres and public meetings together. The learning of languages is common. Easy means of travel bring us among other peoples and other peoples to us. We write and telegraph anywhere. And the ever-growing use of the telephone gives us a continual sense of the near presence of all other places and peoples. Now, all this is exactly similar to what takes place in the lower kingdoms of nature when in some little organism nerve-fibers begin to connect the cells into conscious relationship with each other; when in the blood and lymph channels they begin to move about freely; when by means of the brain, they begin to make their experiences one instead of as many as there are cells.

Then only does the whole organism begin to *think* as one, to enter upon an utterly new life and power. So what all this means is that humanity is beginning upon a wholly new level of being. Assuredly none of us will lose anything, as individuals, of our individual life. But to all that we are as individuals will be added a crowning power and light. The growing unity will also ultimately mean a disappearance of all pain from life. The old prophets may have seen something of the light of the future. But did they see the whole possibility as we without the real prophetic gift may see it?

C.

Even in the Slums

A VERY well-known clergyman contributes an article to a contemporary on the subject of "Saints in Slums." He says, that here and there, "*even in the slums*," the observant eye may detect the outward signs of saintliness. We fail to see anything remarkable in this fact, not having yet attained to the placid assumption that saintliness requires a definite income for its support. There have indeed been those to whom true sympathy has given a true wisdom, and who have said that it is precisely to the slums that they would go in search of such saintliness as the world can furnish.

A large income is not necessarily the mark of inward holiness, nor even its preliminary, and we are reminded that an illustrious example of saintship was himself born in a manger and that it was said of him that he "had not where to lay his head." We have, of course, changed all that with the invention of slums, but it may be that the spirit of saintship is still somewhat at variance with great personal possessions as of yore and may therefore sometimes be found "*even in the slums*." I.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: There are traditions among every people of a secure and secret place that somewhere exists, in which are the sweet waters of the Fountain of Life. It is the Golden Spot---though where it is no man knows. It is the searched-for place---though not yet has the search been rewarded. But may not this tradition be merely symbolic of that sacred, inner golden place within the heart of each, where floweth the true fountain, the Fountain of Life? The ancient alchemists, to protect themselves from persecution and even from being killed by those whose mission in life it was to prevent humanity from learning the truth, wrote in symbol. To transmute the baser metals into gold---that was merely a protecting cloak for their doctrine of the spiritual life, by which all that was base in the character should be transmuted into gold by the heat of aspiration. They dared not openly preach the truth, nor give to men the secret of the pure life. They clothed their thought in symbol, deceiving the vultures but leaving it plain to be read by all those who had eyes to see. Is it not possible that the Golden Spot, the place where flow the Waters of Eternal Youth may be but the name, in symbol, of that sacred place within one's own heart, wherein is peace and life and eternal beauty?

STUDENT

From "The Holy Grail"

by COLIN STARR

THERE is a song my heart is ever singing.
 A low sweet song;
 'Tis like the distant choir of heaven ringing
 The stars among.
 It turns the discords of our life to sweetness,
 And fills the lack of earth with heaven's completeness
 And rights all wrong.
 Sing on, O, song of life, forever sing!
 And lead me to the palace of my King.
 There is a star that in my heart is burning.
 Across the night;
 It flames to Him from whose bright home returning
 It drew its light.
 It touches all the hidden life with glory,
 And opens up the page of sacred story
 With inward sight.
 Shine on, O Star of Truth, forever shine!
 And lift my life unto the life Divine.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



Question I see it stated that the Universal Brotherhood organization is non-political, but surely if the world is to be reformed, then politics, which wields such influence and which is such a powerful instrument in municipal and national life, must be made use of, transformed, elevated and made a means of helping towards the attainment of Brotherhood. Why, then, does not your organization avail itself of this means, among the others it does use, to change the life of the people?

Answer The best answer to this question is given in the words of H. P. Blavatsky in *The Key to Theosophy*, from which the following extracts have been taken:

Enquirer. Do you take any part in politics?

Theosophist. As a Society, we carefully avoid them, for the reasons given below. To seek to achieve political reforms before we have effected a reform in *human nature, is like putting new wine in old bottles.* Make men feel and recognize in their innermost hearts what is their real true duty to all men, and every old abuse of power, every iniquitous law in the national policy, based on human, social or political selfishness, will disappear of itself. Foolish is the gardener who seeks to weed his flower-bed of poisonous plants by cutting them off from the surface of the soil, instead of tearing them out by the roots. No lasting political reform can be ever achieved with the same selfish men at the head of affairs as of old.

Enquirer. The Theosophical Society is not, then, a political organization?

Theosophist. Certainly not. It is international in the highest sense, in that its members comprise men and women of all races, creeds and forms of thought, who work together for one object, the improvement of humanity; but as a society it takes absolutely no part in any national or party politics.

Enquirer. Why is this?

Theosophist. Just for the reasons I have mentioned. Moreover, political action must necessarily vary with the circumstances of the time and with the idiosyncrasies of individuals. While from the very nature of their position as Theosophists, the members of the Theosophical Society are agreed on the principles of Theosophy, or they would not belong to the Society at all, it does not thereby follow that they agree on every other subject. As a Society, they can only act together in matters which are common to all—that is, in Theosophy itself; as individuals, each is left perfectly free to follow out his or her particular line of political thought and action, so long as this does not conflict with Theosophical principles or hurt the Theosophical Society.

It will be seen from the above that the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which is now the full name of the organization, (the Theosophical Society becoming merged into the Universal Brotherhood in 1898, adopting the constitution and becoming a department of the latter) goes to the root in this as in all other questions of this complex life of ours. The nation or state or city is made up of individual units, and municipal and national politics can be purified only as the citizen's individual and family life is purified. It is to this end that Theosophy and The Universal Brotherhood work, and thus they have ultimately a far greater influence on politics than by taking any direct part therein. In this way politics and every other department of human activity will become a means of helping towards the attainment of Brotherhood.

The Decay of the Hero

THE two following contrasted statements are from an article on the degeneration of the hero (by G. K. Chesterton in *The Critic*):

In the great early epics a hero means a hero, a being, human indeed, but of so vast and towering a humanity that he is stronger than the circumstances which debase or limit human life. The victory of the divine part of man (for the hero was commonly partly of the blood of the gods) over the merely brutal part of the Cosmos is, of course, the central conception of all the fairy tales.

The typical intellectual romance of our day is always concerned with the frustration or defeat of a human spirit by the savage irony of facts.

In the article quoted from the writer deplors the gradual decline of grandeur and loftiness in the conception of the hero, culminating with the debased production of the modern psychological novel, a "hero" who has not even the sympathy of his creator, who mercilessly lays bare his weakness and meanness. The writer ends by calling for

The work of genius which shall give us a psychological Hercules and shall show that there is potentially a rejection for every temptation, a mastery for every mischance.

This is one more instance of the way in which ideals and standards have degenerated. The modern novelist, as cited above, would probably defend himself by saying that the lofty old ideals were mere grandiose romance and that we must come down to the facts and motives of real life—a line of argument usual with defenders of sordid "realism." But what is it that has so cheapened ideality and sublimity? The reason seems to be that grandeur, in its fall, passes first through a stage of empty inflation and grandiloquence, and that this stage is succeeded by one in which the vanity and pomposity is derided and makes way for practical, but disillusioned and unambitious common sense. Then people, in mocking at the shadow, think they are depreciating the substance. It was thus that Cervantes laughed down the tinsel remains of a departed chivalry; but there had been a time when chivalry was real and worthy.

Without trying to burnish and furbish up the hero of the past, we certainly might try to infuse into our portraiture of human life a little of the ancient spirit that scorned the "miserable aims that end in self" and "urge men's search to vaster issues."

The triumph of the Soul over the conditions imposed upon it is an eternal theme, and needs but to be sung in the language of the times to stir the same enthusiasm as of old.

STUDENT

THE forging of earthly chains is the occupation of the indifferent; the awful duty of unloosening them through the sorrows of the heart is also their occupation.—*Selected*

Theosophy Illumines History

IN reading a page from a history, the attention of a Theosophist was arrested by some reflections on the vanity of human hopes and the shortness of life, as illustrated by the case of the Emperor Charles V, who in his youth entered proud and buoyant into the possession of vast domains, and, after a life of ambitious effort, abdicated and retired to voluntary exile, to end his days in religious austerity.

What a difference of outlook Reincarnation will produce, when this grand truth comes to be once more recognized by the progressive half of humanity! Then we shall look upon a life-time as we now look upon a day's work, and no more think of repining at the weariness of its close than we lament over the weariness of an evening. Such a life as was here depicted by the historian will then seem but an episode, a scene in a drama. That particular part has been enacted, and, after an interval of retirement from the field of earth-life, the soul will reappear, to continue its career either in the same or in some other line.

Numerous and familiar are the problems and paradoxes created by our absurd beliefs about life and death—beliefs fastened upon the world by bigotry and by ignorance that ever plays into its hands. Difficult theories about the will and purpose of God have to be resorted to, in order to explain such anomalies which people feel to be incompatible with divine justice and mercy.

"Life's little day" would be vain and fruitless indeed, stranded like an infinitesimal island in the midst of an ocean of time.

Theosophy illumines the pages of history and makes a harmonious pattern of what else must seem chaos.

STUDENT

The City's Strife

HARK in the City, street on street,
A roaring reach of death and life,
Of vortices that clash and fleet
And ruin in appointed strife.
Hark to it calling, calling clear,
Calling until you cannot stay,
From dearer things than your own most dear,
Over the hills and far away.

Out of the sound of the cbb and flow,
Out of the sight of lamp and star,
It calls you where the good winds blow,
And the unchanging meadows arc:
From faded hopes and hopes a gleam
It calls you, calls you night and day
Beyond the dark into the dream,
Over the hills and far away—*Selected*

The Tradition of Masonry

THE March number of *The Trestle Board*, a singularly well conducted Masonic monthly, contains an excellent article on the history of Masonry, by the Past Grand Master of Montana. Eloquently written, it contains as much fact and thought as many an essay of much greater length.

The Grand Master takes the view that Masonry in one or another form, has always been in the world.

As regards its underlying principles, its symbolic teachings, and its ritualistic practices, it is as old as society itself. . . . As the theme in complicated music heard here and there, and often when least expected, connects variation after variation into one harmonious whole, so do we recognize at long intervals and among different peoples the unity of thought and similarity of rites, which associate Freemasonry, as we understand it, with the remotest times.

And in this way he implies, in this continual re-emergence upon the world's stage of the undying spirit of Masonry,

Through the whole course of time is seen the guiding hand of an overruling, intelligent first principle.

Holding this view Grand Master Day has naturally no new light to throw upon the *origin* of something "as old as society itself." And he says very justly:

From the very fact of the secrecy surrounding its rites and ceremonies, it is natural that the origin and growth of Masonry, using the term in a broad sense, should rest upon legend and tradition, rather than the written tablets of history.

Among the many traditions, then, relating to the origin of Masonry, the Grand Master says:

The one best known and most widely accepted may be termed the Solomonic legend,

And he selects this one for description. Dealing thus with traditional Jewish Masonry in connection with the building of the Temple and with the ultimate scattering far and wide among other peoples of the members of that craft, as given in tradition, he goes on:

But from a remote and less pure source flows another stream. [One might stay a moment to ask in what respect "less pure," but we have no desire to take up small points of criticism.] Learned research has thrown open the rock-hewn temples of India, the caverns of the Thebais and the enclosures of Eleusis. Records handed down from the very earliest ages show that there were in existence in the far Orient, organizations teaching the nature of the Deity, the immortality of the soul and the relations of man.

He then mentions the convergence of these many streams of mysticism (which, quite correctly we think, he seems to regard as roots of what we know as Masonry), Greek, Indian, Jewish, Persian and Egyptian, towards and into the civilization of Rome. And there this conjoint stream reappears as the famous "colleges." These, as the Grand Master says:

Partook of a religious character, preserving their individuality by rites known only to the initiated.

If this picture be correct, these rites stand related on the one side to the ancient mysticisms, and on the other to Masonry through the link of the medieval "guilds," called Hutten or Bauhütten. The symbolic rit-

ual of the Bauhütten was very elaborate, though in their *public* relations they were mechanics, builders, architects. The apprentice took the oath of secrecy on Bible, compass and square, and drank the *Willkommen*. They had the interlaced cords, the three great lights, the gold, azure and white colors, the sacred numbers. Finally these *operative* Masons added unto themselves *speculative*, and the era of modern Masonry proper commenced.

The practical feature of the order was abandoned altogether. It became speculative in character. While its material side had ceased to be of value, it found a greater scope in transmitting the great moral teachings of which its material side had been the symbol.

But we cannot deal with this sketch as its merit deserves. We can only refer the reader to it and to such researches as he may make for himself.

STUDENT

Irish Folklore

ALL eyes have been turned upon Ireland lately. The visit of King Edward VII, and the rising prospects of amelioration have brought the character and the condition of the Irish people prominently to the front. There is, also, a rapid awakening of interest in the poetical legends of the past, and an increasing number of intelligent people in many countries are becoming familiar with the great part the "Fair Island of Inisfail" has played in the intellectual and moral history of early Europe. Numerous French, German and Scandinavian scholars, as well as Irish and British students, are working hard at the almost untilled field of Irish folklore.

But in spite of the mass of literary and artistic wealth now being rescued from oblivion, few, if any, of the researchers have appreciated the full import of what they have got. It has hardly dawned upon them that there is anything to uplift the soul, to help us in daily life, to be found in these tales. They tell us, truly, that Celtic mythology closely resembles the Greek and the Indian Vedic, but even when un mutilated by dishonest translations, these folk-stories have not been allowed to have living importance. They have been treated like dusty specimens on forgotten museum shelves, labeled and neglected.

Yet there is a change coming. Like iron filings under the control of a magnet, so the scattered records, studied in the light of Theosophy become clear and of value to us in character-building. The most striking legend of the past which has come down to us from Ireland, in common with India, Palestine, Mexico, Egypt, etc., is the universal tradition of the Golden Age. In Ireland we find the essential features of the story. The race of the Tuatha-de-Danaan were the Godlike ancestors who gradually withdrew into invisibility as the age of strife commenced, until now, alas, their influence is hardly felt. The legend is touching and beautiful, but to the student of Theosophy its meaning is clear. The Godlike race, whose presence is now so dim, is the Higher self, which, though driven back by our materialism, still speaks in the voice of conscience. In time, as we listen to that voice and live the life of Brotherhood, the heroes will walk the earth again and the land shall be purified.

We can rise out of the ashes of our dead past, and by a true system of education can break the bonds and let the prisoned soul act. The Irish people have never forgotten their great past, and under a right system of education will again be a light to lighten the dark places.

IDRONE

German Emperor's Discipline

THE German Emperor, speaking recently at a banquet, made some references to his capacity for hard and sustained work and attributed this faculty to the discipline to which he was subjected in his youth. There can be no question that discipline not only develops a capacity for work but other and even more desirable qualities. Individual freedom grows richly from the soil of discipline, and it is an evil day for any nation which allows false conceptions of liberty to endanger the discipline of law. As an agent for moral reform a rigid discipline has perhaps no equal, but it must be the discipline of justice and not of tyranny.

☞ Persistency makes a probability of a possibility.

☞ The effort that is made and fails is of more value than the unexecuted plans that might have been successful.

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Meteorological Table for the week ending
September the 27th, 1903

SEPT	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
21	29.780	72	60	64	62	.00	W	8
22	29.804	72	59	64	63	.00	W	12
23	29.792	71	62	68	67	.03	SW	2
24	29.740	74	64	66	66	.00	S	5
25	29.696	71	62	64	64	.00	SE	5
26	29.684	68	61	67	65	trace	E	1
27	29.696	73	63	67	67	.00	W	4

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Left to Die

It was after dinner in the little cafe beloved by literary bohemia, and the diners at the end of the table were swapping stories of their most startling experiences. Each had told a thriller, and all eyes were turned to the long-haired poet who wrote only martial lays.

"I had a terrible experience once," he said. "The memory of it haunts me still. I inflicted the most awful fate possible to imagine upon a fellow-creature. It was in Germany. I didn't know the language very well, and I suppose I must have made some blunder in addressing a fiery-looking chap at a hotel there. What it was I don't know, but at any rate he declared he had been insulted and demanded a duel on the spot.

"One of us," he cried, in tones of fearful wrath, "shall never leave this room alive."

"I knew him to be an expert swordsman. But was I afraid? No! 'So let it be,' I said. And then rushed out of the room, locked the door behind me and left him there to die."—Chicago Journal

Every lover of Dickens remembers the house where Mr. Krook lived, the house with the garret window where little Miss Flite kept her birds. The actual house stands in Chichester Rento, Chancery Lane, London, but it will soon stand there no more as the hand of the reformer has marked it for destruction and it must make room for something more modern. There will be one pilgrimage the less for Dickens's worshippers.

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Other stocks and bonds	46,007 17
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Redemption fund	1,875 00
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	\$1,278,003 98
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Surplus and undivided profits	67,299 68
Circulation	37,500 00
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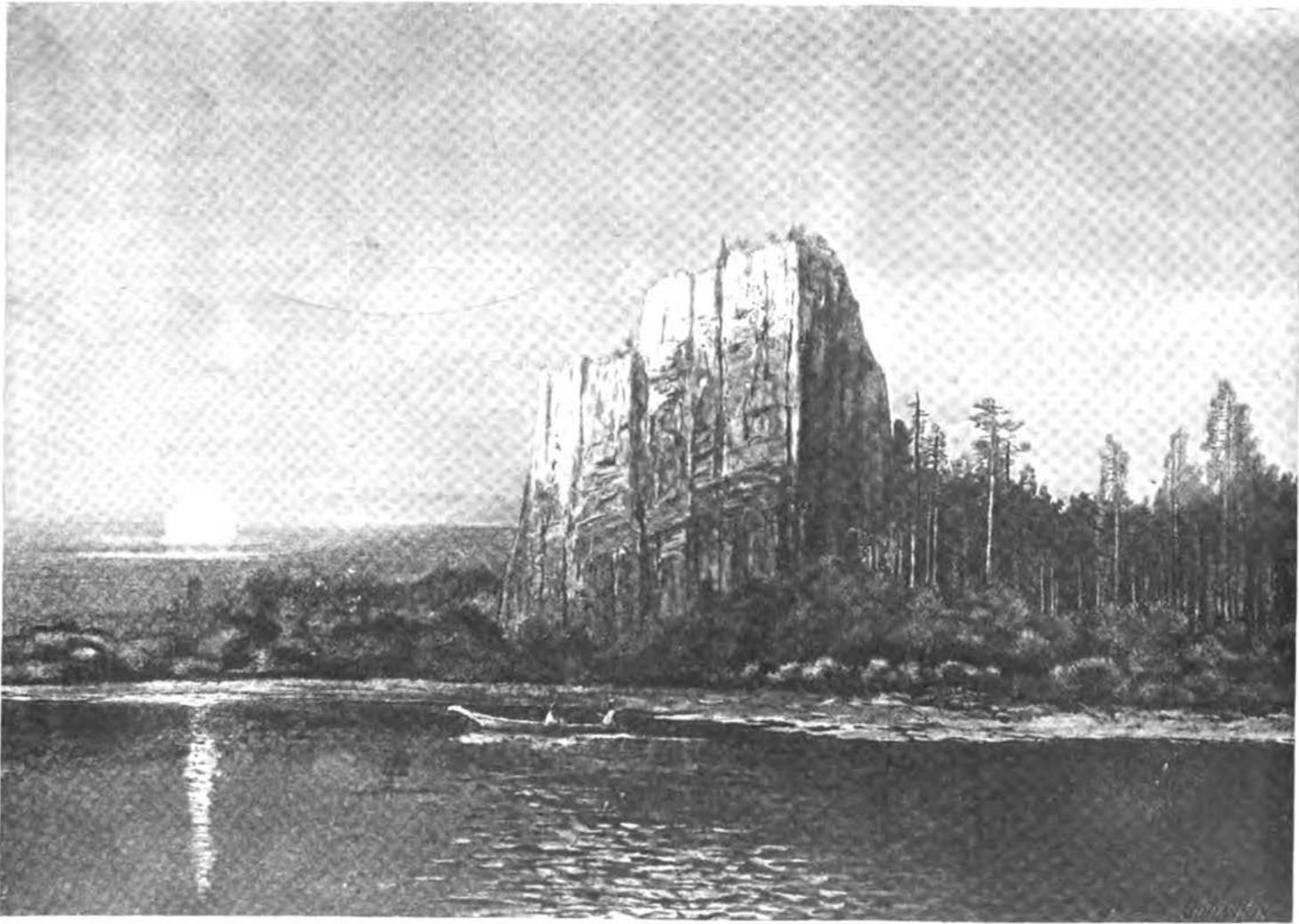
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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► The Depth of Human Unity ►►►

"HUMANITY is one:" this is the first axiom in Theosophy. What does it mean? It means that the currents of human feeling rise and fall in great waves that involve at once many peoples. We speak of an *age of materialism* (now passing); of an *age of belief*, of unbelief, of progress, of retrogression. In so speaking, we recognize in the very words the unity of human life. Where the war fever arises in one place, it is also arising in another. We tire of war in companies of nations. Spiritual movements, reform movements, pass at once across great areas of men.

Examples and instances each can think out for himself. There is—

there can be—no other meaning in them than that the life of humanity is common. The place in each man's life where it touches and unites with that of the whole may not be known to him; but it exists. In each man's heart is a deep preparation for that which is at hand in the world, out of sight, not appearing in daily life or in casual consciousness, but real. And so when the word is said, when the reformer comes, when the war is declared, when the spiritual message is uttered, all are inwardly ready.

And in our smaller groups the same phenomenon prevails. What one is thinking about, that also is occupying the thoughts of another. In family life, and in the intercourse of friends, these coincidences of thought are often very marked.

►► All Feel the Common Life ►►►

The run of men, feeling but not recognizing this common life, are at the mercy of its tides, are in no case its guides or helpers. It can only be recognized, worked with and upon, by those who have to some extent got beyond the usual intense preoccupation of ordinary men with their private affairs, have in fact to some extent got over selfishness.

There must be—there are—men who have done so; who, to goodness, to virtue, add conscious cooperation with the inner life of humanity, conscious guidance of the general current of feeling. Possibly they may not be able to do much; possibly they do more than has ever been suspected; but how few of us can do anything!

He who would find this common life must often retreat inward to his own heart. And in thus seeking the soul, he will become more and more sensitive to the currents of general feeling that play in the consciousness of humanity. For a little while, he may even tend to be more fully their victim. He will feel more than ever before, and now recognizingly, the gloom, the depression, the elation, of large bodies of people, of a nation, or nations; or their tension and relief as they watch

►► To Be a Conscious Instrument

some to-be-historic death-bed. Upon his heart will break with more and more force the waves of their triumphs and lamentations. He is fully in the current which is deeper than that of purely personal life. Then, deeper yet, he will come upon the spiritual fountain of all life, a fountain whose waters—once they have emerged into consciousness, become turbid with human passion. And it is by holding to *that*, that he can help to guide the whole life of man, to sweeten and uplift it. Whatever his outer duties, he can be continuously upon this highest of all occupations. To be a *conscious* instrument of the divine Law—that is a possibility for man.

K.

A Crude Libel

IN the current issue of a magazine devoted to physical culture, we note, over a well-known signature, this remark:

I want to say here that the medical, legal, and clerical professions are the crutches on which diseased, discordant and disputant humanity hobbles through the world. One takes away some of your body, another of the contents of your pocket, and the other of your soul. Pay is what *all* doctors worry most about.

The not small proportion of doctors, one-fourth of whose work is gratuitous and done from pure humanity; the surgeons, who notwithstanding all their mistakes, do yet with their knives yearly add thousands of years to the sum of life; those occupants of the bench who, with fixed salaries, some of them with nothing further to gain in position, toil by night and day at the apportionment of justice; those of the clergy who in the humblest positions, free of all ambition, utterly unselfish, are the friends, comforters and counselors of the poorest of their parishes—all these are included with the black sheep of their several professions in the quoted sentences above. The word *all* in the second quotation was italicized by us. And there are plenty of people who will find the sentences smart and knowing.

STUDENT

Castle Rock, Columbia River

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week is reproduced from a painting of Castle Rock, Columbia River, by Mr. Julian Rix. Castle Rock is one of the most noted scenic effects on the Columbia River in Oregon, the whole basin of which is a panorama of scenery unsurpassed on the American Continent for beauty and grandeur.

America's First Grecian Amphitheatre Built at Point Loma California November 1901

San Francisco, September 28th, 1903

Mrs. KATHERINE TINGLEY, Editor NEW-CENTURY PATH

MADAM: I have read with very considerable surprise the articles which have appeared in the press descriptive of the opening of the amphitheatre at the University of California, in which the statement is repeatedly made that this is the first amphitheatre built upon American soil. My mind naturally reverted to the winter of 1901—November, was it not?—when I had the pleasure of witnessing the inauguration of the beautiful Amphitheatre built under your direction at Point Loma. This is now nearly two years ago, but I am not likely soon to forget an occasion so rich in promise for the revival of what is best in the classic drama. I remind myself also of the performance of the *Eumenides*, which was so faultlessly given by your students, and I am confident that the large numbers who shared my enjoyment upon these occasions, must also now share my astonishment that our newspapers should award to the University authorities the priority which so obviously belongs to yourself. The error, of course, needs only to be indicated to be corrected, and I sincerely trust that this will be at once done. I enclose my card, and remain, very faithfully yours, G. C. DURAND

Editor's Note. We thank our esteemed correspondent for his letter. Similar expressions have reached us from many quarters.

In matters of art, of literature and of the drama, there should be no such anomaly as competition or as rivalry, except that rightful emulation which has for its ideal the well-being of humanity and the indication of the spiritual laws which lead us away from all miseries and from all despairs. Every form of art, whether it be that of the painter or of the literateur, has today allowed itself to fall somewhat under the spell of the age, an age of perverted ideals, of aspirations which are unworthy, of sorrows rather than of joys. That there should now be a discernible tendency to redeem the drama from its fall, and to once more enlist it as a force of the spiritual life must be a gratification to an ever widening audience.

The work upon the Point Loma Amphitheatre was begun upon June 20th, 1901, and was pushed forward so rapidly that November of the same year witnessed its completion. It is situated south of the main Homestead buildings, at the upper end of a cañon, where the finest acoustic properties are combined with a natural outlook upon cañon and ocean, of which we can hardly believe the beauty to be anywhere surpassed. The edge of the ocean cliff is but fifteen hundred feet from the arena stage, which is at an elevation of 342 feet above sea level, the angle of view outward and downward being therefore well-nigh perfect for the display of the scenic beauty which the site affords. The Amphitheatre itself is two hundred feet in diameter, the stage diameter being one hundred feet, while for the audience eleven tiers of broad seats provide accommodations for over three thousand persons. From the conformation of the surrounding land, these seats can be added to almost indefinitely, the acoustic properties being so admirable as to impose no practical check upon the extension of the Amphitheatre.

A description of the stage fittings, the scenery and the dressing rooms would necessarily require a more extended space than is now at our command. Let us, however, say that they are in every way worthy of their purpose, and of a scope sufficiently extended to meet all requirements of the highest forms of the Greek drama.

That this wonderful structure has not been allowed to remain as a body without a soul, is sufficiently proved by the fact that the *Eumenides* of *Æschylus* was publicly performed at Point Loma more than two years ago by a highly trained dramatic company, under the direction of Katherine Tingley, the performance being as remarkable for its intelligent execution as for the perfection and accuracy of the detail which accompanied it.

As further evidence of the vigor with which the restoration of the Greek drama has been undertaken by The Universal Brotherhood Organization, we may say that a public performance had already been given in New York, and that within a few weeks of the presentation of the

Eumenides at Point Loma, the same play under the same management was presented at one of the oldest and most important halls in England, to an audience whose critical culture did not diminish their appreciation and delight.

Let us take this opportunity to say that the University of California has deserved well of posterity for its enlightened efforts in very many directions. It is one of the few bright spots of the intelligent archeological research, while its energy in other scientific directions makes of it an ornament to the pioneer State and a credit to America.

Along the line of the pure and reformed drama its endeavor is no less commendable. It has not indeed fallen to its lot to pioneer the restoration of the Greek drama or to fill the role of originator, which has been ascribed to it by an exuberant and possibly a sensation-loving press. It has, however, been no less speedy to follow in the footsteps which were initially taken upon the American Continent by Katherine Tingley and The Universal Brotherhood Organization in the erection of the splendid Greek Amphitheatre at Point Loma, and the beautiful structure which the University has built will doubtless worthily continue the work which was inaugurated at Point Loma, and which will, we doubt not, spread throughout the country and throughout the world, to be alike the creator and the stimulus of a new and advanced culture. Questions of priority in the ordinary affairs of life are usually unimportant and often sordid. That we put forward and establish such a claim of priority on behalf of the Amphitheatre at Point Loma is due entirely to the magnitude of the work which was begun there. We have a sense, in which doubtless the University authorities fully concur, that the dawning revival of the Greek drama will be a historical event of the first importance, and that no small part of the duty which we owe to present and to future recorders and historians, is to furnish them with a chronology as accurate as care and attention can make it. No event is too great to have had the smallest beginnings, and we have a certainty that the details of the present Greek dramatic revival will presently be a matter of close and interested research. That this may be facilitated as much as possible is our object in presenting to our readers these facts in connection with the inauguration of the Point Loma Amphitheatre, the first building of its kind ever constructed upon the American Continent.

As we have said, there can of course be no rivalry in a work so exalted and of such magnitude. It speaks well for the future of American classical education that the movement for the sake of a higher art, which has been started by Katherine Tingley, has been taken up and imitated by institutions such as the University of California. The work thus begun in California will be a vital factor in the rescue of the drama and its restoration to its rightful and dignified position in directing and elevating public thought. Certainly no other ideal has ever presented itself to Katherine Tingley and to those who worked under her direction in the inauguration at Point Loma of the first Amphitheatre upon American soil for the presentation of the Greek drama.

STUDENT

A Wasted Half Hour

OF ALL ways of beginning the reading day, ours is surely the worst, we of cities. In a sense, the mind is new-born every day. The first impressions of the day are those that persist. At breakfast, or on the way "down town," we read the journals! Need one say more? By the time we get to business we have read a long succession of horrors and maybe some nauseous advertisements of medical quacks.

We do that, let us say, on 300 days a year. We think it important to "keep up with the day." Well, if it is so, we can, with the aid of any newspaper, post ourselves thoroughly in news, home and foreign, in from 2 to 4 minutes. Why not begin the day by tuning the mind up instead of down; by reading a page of Emerson, something definitely spiritual, a great poem, a sermon of Beecher or Haweis; or even a volume of political economy or science, something that will at least excite thought if no higher faculty? Thus those 300 days, whatever their contents of work, will be days of growth; and the mind will become sweeter and stronger from year to year.

H. C.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

News and Newspaper News

A WRITER in a popular magazine discusses the meaning of the word "news" from the journalistic point of view. He seems to suppose that it has various significations according to the tone of the journal which uses it. As to the legitimate scope of "news" from the standpoint of the yellow journalist he tells us that it is constituted of

Whatever is of concern to the masses of the people in their daily life. Is there a murder? If it is a commonplace affair among commonplace people, it is not "news." If it has some element of appeal to the imagination or to the universal human feelings then it is "news." And the extent to which these elements enter in determines whether it shall be given a column or two pages.

We have no objection whatever to the communication of legitimate facts whether those facts be a murder or a Sunday-school meeting. Yellow journalism, however, does not consist in the mere nature of the news selection offered to the public, although the careful choice of the debasing and the corrupt is a feature of some yellow journals. We do, however, object to the parade of malicious inventions disguised as facts, and we object to the publication of actual facts if the object of that publication is merely to give pain or to extort blackmail.

Let us take the writer's own illustration for a comparison between legitimate and illegitimate journalism. He says: "Is there a murder?" and he sketches for us the considerations which the yellow journalist will bring to bear upon that admitted fact. Now, legitimate journalism will record that murder with such details and circumstances as a sane and morally balanced reader wishes to know or ought to know. The sensational writer, however, will not stop there. Far from it. He will omit no filthy nor disgusting concomitant. He will draw for us a picture which will make the morbid reader still more morbid, a picture which will haunt the mind which before was free and clean, a picture which will obsess the vicious and fill them with hideous suggestions and nameless temptations. There is no intelligent newspaper reader who does not know that these things are done, and are done in just this way, and to defend such journalism on the ground that it answers a public demand is merely a frivolous insult. There are debased sections of every community which "demand" every conceivable iniquity. Is that an excuse for hawking through the streets the means for the performance of these iniquities? The plea of the sensationalist that he is part of an automatic machine of supply and demand is even more impudent than his original offense, and may have an application unfortunate to himself. If a machine is found to be filled with a mischievous activity instead of a useful activity it is broken up and thrown away. What cannot be mended must be ended, and purveyors of this kind of poison have no one but themselves to thank if the community takes them at their word and treats them as mere conscienceless engines of moral destruction. X.

The Bible in the Public Schools

THE QUESTION of admission of the Bible to public schools is still somewhat hotly debated. Some authorities argue that the Bible should simply be read without comment, but in opposition to this expedient it is very correctly pointed out that even here we are trenching upon sectarian ground. The New Testament, for example, is rejected altogether by a large section of the community whose rights have an entirely full validity, while even Christians are by no means agreed among themselves as to the authority which is to be attached to various versions of the Bible as a whole.

The question is a difficult one, and while we should be sorry to see our children deprived of the literary education which can be furnished by no other book so well as the Bible, we are quite clear in our opinion that school teachers should not impart any other religious instruction than can be furnished by their moral precepts and preeminently by the example of their own lives. When we shall have at last reached a sane conclusion as to the true nature of religion, we shall forever reject the idea that it can be taught by reading a book.

STUDENT

Mr. Sargent on Immigration Laws

MR. SARGENT, the Commissioner-General of Immigration, has expressed a strong opinion as to the laxity with which the immigration laws have been administered in the past. He believes that remedial legislation is urgently called for in order to control the stream of arrivals in this country, and which threatens to overwhelm it.

It seems that of the immigrants who landed last year at Ellis Island no less than six hundred are now inmates of penal and charitable institutions, and the large total of eight thousand persons were returned to Europe as belonging to an undesirable class.

It is certainly gratifying to find that so strong a hand as that of Mr. Sargent is to be laid upon the levers. United States territory is so vast that statistics assume an undue insignificance in comparison, but there is no territory in the world which can for very long absorb the vast human army which day by day pours through the portals of the east.

Of the six hundred immigrants previously mentioned as now being inmates of penal and charitable institutions, it would be interesting to know the relative proportion of paupers and criminals. It is sufficiently serious that this country should be used as a European pauper asylum, but that other countries should unload upon us their criminals is not to be endured. We have, moreover, to remember that there are some offenses which are serious crimes under United States laws, but which are little more than misdemeanors in the South and East of Europe. J.

Original Sin and Original Divinity

THE ILLINOIS State's Attorney has been expressing his views on the subject of juvenile criminality. He says: "Criminality is born in every child. The tendency to lie and steal is as naturally inherent as breathing capacity." While we are for the moment a little confused at this display of knowledge, which is always so much more gratifying than mere opinion, we pass on to another statement which is profoundly and deplorably true. He says: "The young highwayman is infinitely more dangerous than the one of mature years. It is he who commits murders, who becomes nervous and shoots when an older criminal would be more regardful of consequences."

It may be that a more extended report of what must certainly have been an interesting speech, would have disclosed to us the State's Attorney's remedy for a prevalence of the juvenile crime which is a discredit to civilization. We presume that his tersely expressed doctrine of original sin was hardly made the excuse either for a policy of *laissez faire*, or for a stiffening of the penal code, which is already one of the failures of the age. We are a little uncertain as to the meaning and scope of the dictum that "criminality is born in every child." If the State's Attorney means that every child is born with a lower or passionate nature, we are in hearty agreement therewith. If vice were impossible, virtue would be equally impossible. Self-conquest, growth, evolution, all imply obstacles to be overcome, temptations to be conquered, victories to be won over an enemy. If this be the meaning, it is obviously true, we might even say gloriously true. But why does the State's Attorney express only half of the facts? Why does he not complete his analysis of child nature? Why does he not tell us that if criminality is born in every child, so also is divinity born in every child, and that there is a period in child life, all too short, and all too deplorably neglected, when that divinity is ready to lay its hand forever upon the helm of life if it be but recognized and aided? The State's Attorney must be aware of this, and will doubtless say so upon some future occasion. He might take the same opportunity to urge all parents within reach of his weighty counsel to recognize this dual nature in their children, and to refrain from allying themselves with the lower, and repulsing and rebuffing the higher. If they will so refrain, if they will remodel their educational methods upon some better ideal than "success in life" we shall hear less often of young highwaymen who commit murders, and we shall hear less often, too, of gray hairs brought to the very dust in shame and sorrow. There will then be fewer fathers and fewer mothers who, in their agony, wish that their children had never been born.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Quarrel Over the Production of Parsifal

THE quarrel over the production of Wagner's *Parsifal* is still going on. Whatever may be the merits of either party to this controversy there can be but one opinion as to its shamefulness, because of what is involved. Thanks to the daily papers the public must have already lost sight of what should be the spiritual significance of such a production as this, and must be thoroughly psychologized with the idea that it is simply another scheme to make money. What the chief disputants have so well begun the daily papers and the ticket speculators will finish. The public will, of course, see *Parsifal* but what will the public get? What does the psychologized person usually get? Never, depend upon it, the right impression; never the real truth. To see *Parsifal* after having mentally witnessed this sordid and ill-natured quarrel—for certainly one of the quarrellers must be in the wrong—and after having purchased a ticket from some speculator at four times its usual price, are processes not conducive to opening one's mind to the spiritual uplift of this marvelous drama, no matter how adequately it may be staged. It is as if one who wished to take an electric treatment carefully slipped on rubber gloves before grasping the poles of the battery.

The theme of the drama of *Parsifal* is the purest and highest known to us yet, in either sacred or profane literature. It is a picture of the age-old, age-long struggle and conquest of the Soul. It is the apotheosis of compassion as an ideal. The future may give us—undoubtedly will, sometime—a greater interpreter of this ideal than Wagner. There will sometime be given to the world—there must yet be if we believe in evolution—a diviner interpretation, but today *Parsifal* stands unrivalled. It is the crown and jewel of the entire cycle of Wagnerian music-drama. Its keynote is compassion—the real meaning of the mystic bread and wine contained within the sacred chalice.

In working out this theme Wagner first intended to use as the central figure Buddha, then Jesus of Nazareth. At last, feeling the limitation that would be inevitable in either case, he blended the purity, the heroism, and the divine compassion of all World Saviors into the symbolic figure of Parsifal. It stands as his testimony to a belief in the essential unity of all the world-religions. Imagine what would be the effect of an ideal presentation of so pure and perfect a theme, if those who witnessed it could come before it with the child-heart and the open mind, not, as must be the case at present, absolutely hypnotized into irreverence and disrespect through having seen this ideal dragged in the mud by those who claim to be its exponents. And now the ministers have begun because, forsooth, they find in the drama John and Jesus and Mary Magdalene, a bit done over and renamed! Already certain of the clergy have entered a protest because their rights as interpreters of religious doctrine are being encroached upon!

Oh, what a mockery! Isn't it plain enough that humanity not only wouldn't know what to do with the truth if it had it, but that *humanity doesn't want the truth?* And isn't it easy to understand, in the light of



THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

WHAT serves it us, that Shakespeare, like a second Creator, has opened for us the endless realm of human nature? What serves it, that Beethoven has lent to Music the manly, independent strength of Poetry? Ask the threadbare caricatures of your theatres, ask the street-minstrel common-places of your operas: and ye have the answer!

—RICHARD WAGNER

he thundered forth against the hypocritical Pharisees who fawned upon the power of Rome; this Great Teacher who preached the reign of universal human love." E.

THE drama, as the world goes, has lost the high function it once held in Greece and Egypt. While there are those who, like the dramatists of old, have fire and genius, public taste has lost its purity and our greatest artists are forced by popular demand to give what, in their own hearts, often they do not approve.

Yet the true drama shall be restored. Already the true philosophy of life is to a degree again in the world and humanity is waiting to receive it; already is come the Great Teacher who shall do for America what Æschylus would have done for Greece had the people permitted. Already the soul of humanity has sent forth its challenge. The symbolic dramas of Loma-land but pre-*sa*ge the grander, fuller art which is yet to come. They sound the keynote of a new philosophy and a pure ideal. They are the pledge that the pure life, as yet unrealized save by the few, will come to be lived by the many. For they speak not to the mind, but to the soul, and when humanity once listens and receives, the glory and the joy of ancient days will burst upon the hearts of men like a flood of light. . . . It is significant that conditions today closely parallel those which existed in old Greece, during that critical time when Socrates was given the poison cup, when even Æschylus was charged with profanation of the mysteries. An unusual interest in the symbolic drama is one of the signs of the times.—*Mysteries of Heart Doctrine*

the conditions revealed by this *Parsifal* controversy, why those who keep the greater mysteries and the deeper truths away from a world that would only pollute and desecrate them, are called the *Wise Ones?* ECHO

When the Drama Was a Religious Teacher

IN his prose writings, many of which were produced "in the feverish excitement of 1849," Wagner draws a marvelous picture of the ancient days when the drama was the real religious teacher of the masses, the days when twenty, even thirty, thousand people assembled to witness "that most pregnant of all tragedies, the *Prometheus*, in this titanic masterpiece to see the image of themselves, to read the riddle of their own actions and to fuse their own being and their own communion with that of their God."

And then he tells us how the drama became degenerate and why the Light failed: "As this Spirit of Community split itself along a thousand lines of egoistic cleavage, so was the great united work of tragedy disintegrated into its individual factors."

Apropos the present controversy and the terror of a few clergymen because of "What might happen in the religious field should *Parsifal* be presented," it is interesting to know something of Wagner's opinion of Christ. He speaks of him with the utmost reverence as a Teacher "Who, looking on the misery of his fellow men, proclaimed that he had not come to bring peace, but a sword unto the world; whom we must love for the reproof which



"NOTHING IS SO INSATIABLE AS THE HUMAN HEART"

—JOHANNA AMBROSIUS

"I CANNOT stop my work without you send me your positive command, in such full and express terms as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ." Thus wrote Susannah Wesley to her husband on one occasion. Forthwith the command was sent, and the woman was appropriately silenced.

The incident is an interesting one. The Rev. Samuel Wesley was pastor of a small congregation, and while on one of his many trips to the Convocations, he left his people in charge of another curate. But the latter was a poor sort of minister, and utterly failed to keep up the interest. Family after family ceased to attend services, and as the curate's chagrin grew apace, so grew the solicitude of Susannah Wesley for these souls who were, to her mind, drifting farther and farther from fellowship with Christ. What could she do with a houseful of children to care for—she was the mother of nineteen in all—and with means so meager that every waking hour demanded of her the heaviest drudgery? What could she do, a woman, and just because of that fact, hemmed in by the social standards of Eighteenth century England?

While brooding over this, she read an account of some attempt to carry the gospel to the "heathen," and there rose in her heart a deep longing to bring to those about her some glimpse of the peace that she felt had come into her own life. I fancy that her heart must have grown heavy as she looked about at clothes to be washed and ironed and mended, at the dozen little ones at her skirts, at the cooking pans and wash-tubs that horizoned her daily life. "Nevertheless," she is recorded to have said, "if I am inspired with true zeal, and really desire the salvation of souls, I might do much more."

So she began by gathering about her on Sunday afternoons just her own family—and it made quite a congregation. She read to her children from the Bible, interpreting the texts in a simple way. Finally, the young boy who helped with the work about the farm, asked to be added to her "congregation." Then he asked permission to bring his parents. They asked leave to bring this neighbor and that, and so this little assembly grew until more than two hundred people came, Sunday after Sunday. Plainly, this was a grievance not to be borne, for the curate saw his con-

Susannah Wesley

gregation growing more and more insignificant, while Mrs. Wesley—unauthorized to preach the word of God and

a woman to boot—could not accommodate the number who came to her house.

There were divers ways by which this matter might have been remedied. The curate might have become Mrs. Wesley's comrade and helper in this work, or he might have so improved his own life and thought that simple Susannah Wesley would no longer have been a dangerous rival. He chose to do neither. He wrote to the Rev. Samuel Wesley, imploring him, in Heaven's name, to stop these unauthorized proceedings of his wife's, giving as his principal reason that Mrs. Wesley's congregation was getting to be many times larger than his own!

The Rev. Samuel Wesley had his own idea of what constituted "woman's sphere," and he wrote at once to his wife requesting her to desist. Her protest is quoted above, but it availed nothing, subject as she was, very properly, to her husband's authority. This is but one of many instances with which history is tragically crowded—of a great soul kept resolutely imprisoned by those who should have been the first to aid its liberation.

It is easy to say "She should have persisted and protested, not for her own sake, but for the larger hope she was carrying to other women who had not her insight nor her courage, and for the larger life she was thus giving her children." But that was two hundred years ago, and when one thinks of Su-

sannah Wesley's life, one wonders that she did so much. "Strictly speaking, your Grace," she once said to the Archbishop of York, to whom she was forced to look for help, "I own that we have never wanted bread. But I have had so much care to get it and then so much care to pay for it afterwards, that to my mind bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all." Her husband's income was but 130 pounds a year. Her own health must have been perpetually precarious, for each year brought added cares. But thirteen years married, Susannah Wesley was the mother of sixteen children, and three others were born later. Of these John Wesley was the sixteenth and Charles was the eighteenth.

It is not strange to see why Susannah Wesley regarded life as a discipline, why she stood so serenely above all concern for any happiness in

WISDOM comes not from the multiplication of spoken or written word. Wisdom comes from the performance of duty, and in the Silence.

—KATHERINE TINGLEY

this world save the privilege of doing her full duty, why all her heart's hope was builded upon the vision of a better world hereafter. To whom do her two sons owe their intellectual ability, their devotion to what they believed to be true, their perseverance, their strong desire to see what they considered to be justice established upon the earth? There is much, of course, both in their lives and in their interpretations of Christ's teachings that those who are earnestly searching for the truth today cannot endorse. But no one who is able to read this riddle called "heredity," and who is familiar with the hereditary influences that molded the lives of John and Charles Wesley, can fail to see that all that was best and truest in their lives was inherited from their mother.

From their father, well, to judge by many incidents in his life, it is apparent that his head usually ruled him rather than his heart. "It is my great unhappiness," once wrote Susannah Wesley, "that your father and I never think alike." How welcome might have been the burdens of her life, had this woman known the sympathy of a true comrade, and a comrade's help in bearing them!

One must be forgiven for speculating just a bit upon what might have happened had Susannah Wesley been allowed to live a free life. One cannot believe that it is a part of the divine plan that a woman so gifted and sensitive should best serve humanity by being compelled to bring up a family of nineteen children on an entirely too slender stock of money or assistance or health. Balance and proportion are evidences of one inviolable law, and it is probable that such a lack of balance and harmony in the conditions of her life was devised by Mr. Wesley rather than by God.

When one reflects upon the number of children who are born, grow to maturity and die, leaving the world no better, and sometimes worse, for their having lived in it, one cannot deny that Katherine Tingley's views as to "fewer children and better ones," has a basis of sound common sense. And one cannot believe that Mr. Wesley was following his conscience in forbidding this woman to give of that peace and light of which—strange as it must seem to those who live in ease—her own heart was full to overflowing. But Mr. Wesley probably did as well as he could, faithful to convention and to the requirements of those who paid his salary.

A significant fact is that Susannah Wesley's interpretation of the Scriptures did not agree with her husband's, nor with his brother curate's. But it *did* bring new light into the lives of the simple people about her, people who cared nothing for doctrines but who did care for teachings which lightened their daily trials and brought them closer to the true and living Christ. To the extent that she touched and filled their hearts with the glow of hope and of a higher resolve, was Susannah Wesley a revealer of the Christ message, and this she was able to do. Fancy what uplift might have been given these hundreds, and, through them, thousands, by her simple words, had she been encouraged by her husband, and aided to continue her work. No one of her family duties would have been neglected, for the larger duty, when entered upon by the right woman, at the right time and in the right way, includes the lesser, surrounds and illumines it, as a Universe includes a world.

Susannah Wesley, out of her suffering, had found that deep, rich, inner part of her nature which is a sealed book to the comfortable and the unconscientious and the merely intellectual. The very privations of her life had kept her mind unspoiled, and it reflected and transmitted the serene light of her heart. Had she been allowed to continue her work of interpreting the Bible according to her own intuition, it is easy to believe that a truer revelation and a larger hope would have been given to the world than was given by this jealous curate, or by Mr. Wesley himself, or by her sons.

ECHO

Emain Macha

MOTHERHOOD is beginning to be understood in a new light, and we can see that gracious influence growing in majesty, radiating in ever-widening spheres, from the loving mother in our homes to the woman whom a nation may honor and claim as the true mother of her warrior sons—a woman who fosters and inspires those inborn qualities which give birth to the soul.

In Queen Macha, wife of one of the kings of Ulster, we find such a woman, whose love, whose motherhood, recognized and cherished the best and noblest in a people. Some hundred years before the Christian era, Queen Macha built the palace of Emania or Emain Macha, a royal residence, the home that kept the fire of heroism burning bright in the hearts of Erin's sons for many generations. It was the military training school of the Red Branch Knights, Erin's renowned heroes, unrivalled in courage, honor, and kingly courtesy.

A description of the palace is given relating to the time of Cuchulain, when King Conchubar was High King of Ulster, in the beginning of the Christian era:

A fine palace it was, having three houses in it, the Royal House, and the Speckled House, and the House of the Red Branch. In the Royal House there were three times fifty rooms, and the walls were made of red yew, with copper rivets. And Conchubar's own room was on the ground, and the walls of it faced with bronze, and silver up above, with gold birds on it, and their heads set with shining carbuncles; and there were

nine partitions from the fire to the wall, and thirty feet the height of each partition. And there was a silver rod before Conchubar with three golden apples on it, and when he shook the rod or struck it, all in the house would be silent.

It was in the House of the Red Branch were kept the heads and the weapons of beaten enemies, and in the Speckled House were kept the swords and the shields and the spears of the heroes of Ulster. And it was called the Speckled House because of the brightness and the colors of the hilts of the swords, and the bright spears, green or gray, with rings and bands of silver and gold about them, and the gold and silver that were on the rims and the bosses of the shields, and the brightness of the drinking cups and the horns. Fosterage, which was the closest tie between families, was subject to strict regulations, which were carefully set forth.

It was also to Emain Macha that Cuchulain brought the beautiful Emer, where King Conchubar and all the chief knights in Ulster welcomed her as a bride worthy of their beloved champion. ANNIE P. DICK

Marriage and John Wesley

ACURRENT magazine discusses John Wesley's marriage with considerable criticism of his wife and a hint that his mother did not bring him up quite as she might have done, being, therefore, to an extent, responsible for his unwisdom in making an unhappy marriage. Wesley's wife may not have been above reproach in the matter of her temper, but perhaps her husband's views of what constituted a wife's "sphere" had something to do with it. In a tract on "Marriage," written in mature life, Wesley declared that the only duties of a wife are: "1 That she must recognize herself as the inferior of her husband; and 2 That she must behave as such!" To the average Twentieth century woman it appears very much as if Wesley's views of the woman question, and what is recorded by some of his biographers to be his not wholly impersonal interest in occasional women of his flock, might have had something to do with his wife's and his own unhappiness. To make his mother, poor, conscientious, Susannah Wesley, responsible for his fate means to make her equally responsible for the lot of his brother Charles, who married a beautiful and highly educated woman, and for forty years lived with her an ideal home life. We are used to hearing men say, "The woman did it, Lord," but when the biographers of these men sing the same old song, it is time to draw up a protest and call a halt. Let us be just, even in dealing with the woman question. E. M.



NAVAN'S RING, ARMAGH, IRELAND
Ruins of Emain Macha

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

The Restoration of Delphi by the French Government

THE excavation by the French Government of the ancient city of Delphi in Greece, is now an accomplished fact, and the world is once more in possession of one of its greatest treasures. The work has been well done, probably as well done as human skill can do it, but it ought to have been done by Americans and that it was not so done, should be felt as something of a national reproach. Permission was accorded to the American school at Athens to undertake this important excavation but they were actually unable to carry it out through lack of funds. Quick to seize an unexpected opportunity the French Government communicated with the French school at Athens, and offered them an absolutely unlimited financial support if they would carry through a work so truly international in its scope and interest.

The French took the matter in hand in 1891. They found that the ground was covered with modern Greek villages, and all of these had to be removed to ground specially purchased for the purpose. Many millions of francs were spent in preliminaries alone, but the money was well spent and will be repaid by the appreciation of the world.

The wealth of America is of course beyond computation, but there was no money in America for the restoration of Delphi. There is many an individual in America who could have done this work and never have known himself to be the poorer, but there was no money available for the earnest American scientists in Athens who were so willing to devote their knowledge and energy to an undertaking which would have been an American monument for ages to come. Perhaps, however, we can hardly be surprised. America herself is full of archeological treasures, as great as those of Delphi, and appears to be nearly as indifferent to them as she is to those of ancient Greece.

Valuable Assyrian Tablets at the Stanford University

MR. THOMAS WELTON STANFORD of Australia, has presented to the Stanford University a very valuable collection of Assyrian tablets which are now on view in the Egyptian room of the Museum. The inscriptions consist of letters, greetings, religious texts, talismans, etc., some of them being of a very remarkable interest and importance. Upon one of them is an impression of three seals and a letter of introduction which reads:

FROM PHARAOH, THE KING OF EGYPT, TO HIS FRIENDS, MIGHTY LORDS OF BABYLON: By the hand of the scribe my wishes make I known with my messengers' many presents. The mighty lords, lovers of the just Ommon Rah, unto the mighty King.

A terra-cotta tablet bears an inscription which seems to be some sort of magical formula and which has been translated as follows:

Deliver us and preserve. Let them not enter in the night season when drowsiness cometh upon them. Mullil giveth them the sacred words and the young children and those that grow old and the strength of youth and such as gaze and mutter.

Another one is of a religious nature:

The great Lord said unto me: "Send forth messengers." He spake and commanded, and I obeyed. In the month Marchessvon, in the temple Merodock, a great convocation; the gods assembled, their servants obeyed Adduromlech.

Eloquent Records of Early Rome--- Temple of Castor

THE discovery of the base of the statue of Domitian, to which we have already referred, has drawn renewed attention to the very interesting excavations which have been carried out in the Roman Forum and to the work which is still in progress. These excavations were practically inaugurated in 1898 upon the appointment of a committee to reconstruct the original arrangements of the Forum. It was almost immediately found that a rich harvest of archeological treasures was waiting to be gathered. Inscriptions and remains of various kinds followed each other in rapid succession, and among these was the famous Black Stone so familiar to students of Roman tradition. Soon after this the Via Sacra was fully uncovered, and yet a little later the Basilica Æmilia was examined.

The following year was particularly rich in important discoveries, including that of the Temple of Castor. The work has since then progressed steadily, and perhaps the most interesting of all results are the private houses and tombs which have been unearthed. These structures date from the early days of the Roman Republic, and their contents have thrown a valued and unexpected light upon the life of archaic Rome.

At the present time the explorers are working behind the Temple of Castor and it is evident that the operations are being carried out with the minute and scrupulous care which they deserve. Every spadeful of earth is sifted and every stone is examined for inscriptions, and so rich and varied are the results that a special store-room has been secured for the reception of these eloquent records of early Rome. It will probably be many years before the work is finished.

Every inch of a very considerable area must be scrutinized, and in many places the excavations will be carried to a depth of forty feet. But the time and the effort will be well expended, and future historians will have a mass of material at their disposal from which the life of the most ancient Rome can be reconstructed. STUDENT



SAN MIGUEL CHURCH AT SANTA FE

The church of San Miguel at Santa Fe is said to be the oldest church in the United States. It was built by the first Indian converts, under the direction of the Spanish priests, probably as long ago as 1545. The woodwork of the gallery still bears traces of the Indian decorative painting, similar to the figures which we see to-day upon their Indian pottery. Old as is the church, its bell is certainly far older still. It was originally brought from Spain, and tradition has it that it was made from gold and silver thank-offerings for a Spanish victory over the Moors. It has a wonderful clear and musical note, although its external appearance is well in keeping with the condition of the church itself, which seems as though it must soon crumble in the dust.

STUDENT

The Roman Town of Silchester in England

OF all the Roman works which have been uncovered within recent years, those at Silchester are certainly among the most remarkable. Silchester is near Reading, in England, and is a part of the estate of the Duke of Wellington. It has been known for a great many years that some remarkable ruins must be underneath the soil, from the various shades of color in the vegetation, it being quite easy in this way to trace the direction and extent of the ancient streets. When excavations were finally undertaken a remarkably well-preserved Roman city was discovered. The site extends over a hundred acres, and the walls, streets, baths and private houses have now been laid bare. In addition to this, almost innumerable specimens of pottery, implements, coins and tools have been found. Among the tools is a carpenter's plane and many other edged tools, some of them being still sufficiently keen to work with. A piece of tile bears the mark of a baby's foot, which must have been set upon it while still wet, while another tile has the imprint of a shoe or a sandal, with springs in the sole. Work at Silchester is by no means finished, and probably many other discoveries of value await to be made. STUDENT

VICTORIES for the truth by the true alone are won.



THE SECRET OUT

by HENRY C. WARNACK

O H, say, did you know wild cherries were ripe
 Back in old Tennessee?
 The red bird told it to Robin Red Breast
 Passing his red haw tree.
 And Sir Robin ae'er rested his wings until
 He piped the news to me.

And did you know alderberries were ripe
 In the fields of Tennessee?
 Did you know the sumac berries were red
 As an autumn flame may be?
 'T was not to be told, but Robin Red Breast
 Gave it away to me.

Did you know the leaves were radiant now
 In the woods of Tennessee?
 That the ants were all but ready to fall
 And the squirrels were full of glee?
 That foolish red bird told Robin Red Breast
 Who whispered it all to me.—Selected

A "Missing Link" Tree Received at Point Loma.

A BLACKWOOD ACACIA, which recently arrived at Point Loma, furnishes another curious example of diversity of leaves on the same plant. The one with the frond-like leaflet growing out of the edge is the pioneer form, and the more commonly occurs on large twigs where another twig is to soon put forth. There are all degrees of joining together, from an even form with only one or two tiny leaflets on its very edge, to those which usually seem more like twigs themselves than like leaves.



There is another variety of acacia which has all its leaves of this fern-like pattern, though more compact, and another sort which has its leaves very plain and simple, so that the Blackwood species is plainly a transitory form, yet the reason for the change is to be explained. S.

A Remarkable Beaver Dam in Pennsylvania.

NEAR Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, is a beaver dam that may be the largest in the world. It runs a zigzag around the edge of a swamp, whose waters are thus detained from draining away. It is about 125 feet in length, from one to two in breadth, and strong enough to walk upon. In depth, it appears to be about four feet. The little animals had felled large trees for this purpose, some being eight inches in diameter. These were mixed with twigs and smaller branches, and the whole filled in with mud.

The incisor teeth of beavers, with which they do their gnawing, are worth looking at. They are chisel-shaped, and so sharp and hard as often to have been used, fixed in sticks, by Indians, for cutting purposes. The enamel enclosing, or rather fronting, the tooth, is very hard, and behind it is the tooth substance, considerably softer. The gnawing performed by the animal wears this latter away more than it does the scale of enamel, which thus always projects beyond as a cutting edge. The whole tooth grows steadily and the little creature is thus compelled to gnaw.

The dams the beavers make are of course to retain a pleasant depth

of water against their houses. If, as above, they are dealing with a marsh, they encircle part of it in most cases. If a slow stream, they throw a straight dam out into it. If a quick one, they arch the dam convex towards the current, and make it of great strength. In felling trees, it has been noticed that they gnaw most deeply on the side toward the dam, and then carry the circle round. STUDENT

Some Joys of Which Civilization Deprives Us

AMONG the arts which civilized people are discarding is that of building a fire. The person who has always depended upon a steam radiator, a gas stove or an electric heater, finds himself almost helpless when it is necessary to get back to first principles and build a camp-fire. Having never been called upon to consider drafts and flues he is unable to go a step beyond and build a fire without them. It is remarkable how few people know how to use matches out doors and how very few can make fire from flint and steel. As to getting fire from two pieces of wood, as the savages do, we don't even know how to try.

If these city dwellers would sometimes get out in the country, collect a few twigs and boughs, light a fire, put a pot of some sort on to boil, and gather around, they would find what a wealth of poetry, companionship and comfort the mere word "fire" has for those who have often enjoyed such pleasures. There is nothing that will mellow the heart, clear the brain, loosen the tongue to cheerful talk, or silence it to reverent awe, more thoroughly than a companionable little camp-fire on some clear,



RETURNING FROM PASTURE

frosty night. To get its best effects it should be in the open near a curving bank, against which the company can sit, and which will, by reflection, keep them warm all around.

Too large a fire compels one to remain at a frigid distance, but if the fuel is green a large fire constantly fed with small quantities is best. The



HOME AWAITING ADMISSION

open fire is the heart of the camp, even in daytime, but if much used to cook by it should be between two large stones or sticks to keep it compact. One cannot build a fire this way automatically; it must be thought of, must be consciously willed into life, and this is perhaps one of its greatest charms. N. L.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

A GOOD audience assembled at Isis Theatre on Sunday evening to hear the musical program, which was of the usual excellence, and the paper by Miss Bonn on "The Prisons We Make for Ourselves."

The latter was in part, as follows:

"The love of freedom is innate in every one. Every one wants it, and wants it consciously, and yet it often seems to me as if a large part of human energy were expended in simply making prisons—as if men were building walls around themselves, making barriers, hedging themselves in with limitations, until the ground they occupy seems hardly worth the trouble of cultivation. This would not seem so strange if it were not something that every one abhors, that every one's soul rises up against. It is verily true, as Paul says, 'that which I would not, that I do.'

"There are many ways in which men interfere with their own freedom, but I am thinking especially tonight of that which comes from following dead customs and conventionalities. How much this is done I suppose we shall never fully know until we break away from the bondage of conventions, and step out as free souls. But the chains are heavy. More or less all are entangled in them, and it will take force of character to shake them off. Men are so accustomed to the weight that they do not realize what they are carrying. But once let them awaken to the true situation and the soul will step forward equal to it.

"Consider how many things people believe, simply because their fathers have; how many stupid things they do, simply because they always have; how many mysteries they pass without even a query, simply because they have always seen them.

"It is pitiful to think how restricted life is, only because men will not assert their divinity and lift their eyes, and look out upon the world as it really is.

"And when it is so miserable to be restricted, it does seem strange that men submit to it. For all have within them a something which can see clearly and act boldly, but it is easier to take things as they are until they begin to hurt too much, or at least it seems easier. And the whole world is drugged by the selfish love of ease. To be lost in the litter of things is to walk round and round in a path some one else has made, because it is too much trouble to do anything else, or because one is afraid to do otherwise. This path may have served a good purpose the day it was made, but it was intended to pass through and not to lie down in, because we may happen to fancy it. All this amounts to nothing. It might be easier if it did not finally lead into a desert, or into a hell, but it is no path for us. Each man must make his own, must be his own path. There is no illumination in the path of another. For what is this Path about which we hear so much, which all religions and all true myths have described? Surely it is a record of the methods by which

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Address by Miss Bonn on
"The Prisons We Make for
Ourselves" Fine Music

Reprinted from San Diego News

and the experiences through which the soul in each one reveals itself. The soul is pure and free, but it is obscured and obstructed by the personal nature it is gradually transmuting. We have in every case to walk through our own personal natures, as it were, to clear away the obstructions there, in order to come out into the light.

"Sometimes people stay walking back and forth in the path they have made themselves. We often see those who have made a sudden push and show the signs of real progress, and who then are either so pleased with the results, they continue their lives repeating the same thing, or are so lazy, they are willing to convert what should have been a free and easy path, into a rut into which they are content to sink. What was good yesterday, is not necessarily good today, when it pertains to methods. The eternal truths and the eternal right remain unchanged. But people are forever confounding the method of reaching the truth, with the truth itself, and so they lose the spirit in the letter. Nothing fine, or helpful or beautiful, can be produced in this way. And this is not only for ourselves. We will be certain to wreck many another passenger who may chance to cross our path.

"Were it not for the few who have so determined, all art and grace and charm would have died out of the earth, and it would be but a pool of stagnant water. The conventional spirit has, in spite of these, done what it could to crush out art, in the worlds of painting, music and the drama. So much energy is expended on *how* to express, that it is really often thought of little importance *what* is expressed. And yet these arts are but avenues through which the soul expresses itself. If they are not this, they are nothing. The true poets, masters in art, geniuses, are those who have swept away from their path conventions and literal interpretations, and stepped out beyond them; who have felt the deeper currents and have come in touch with the Law in those realms where it acts untrammelled.

"We must cease to live by the letter. Our Souls plead for it, demand it. All must learn to think for themselves, naturally and freely; to utilize their own experiences, so that they need not be repeated, and so that life may grow richer and fuller. Nothing else will satisfy. The prisons we have made may be very neat and orderly; the little walks we have cut within them may be very straight and clean, they may even be ornamented, or fitted up with various little personal comforts—but after all, they are only prisons, and the air within is stifling. They shut out the sun of life and they wall us off from each other.

"Let us find the key which will open the doors for us, and let us leave these prison bars forever and move out into the sunlight, where the air is pure and sweet, and where it will be so natural to do right, that we shall scarcely even need to be told 'Little children, love one another,' for we shall breathe it in and out like the flowers."

What Does Brotherhood Mean?

WITHIN ourselves exists, as a germ, all evil, all good. We are the race in miniature, the microcosm. Now, is our conception of this fact, for it is such, a mere intellectual acceptance, or is it a living, vital realization? If the former, then are we on one of the byways which branch out from the true Path and lead to the abyss. If the latter, then we are Students of Life in very truth, though we may never have heard of Theosophy, even though our brain-minds have never had the chance to learn one sentence from the book of a true philosophy of life.

It has been said again and again by our Teachers that the first and most subtle of the temptations that one meets upon the Path is the temptation to feel that one is a bit holier than his brother. "I am holier than thou!" It is the cardinal sin, the sin of the Pharisee, the sign and mark of him who has let the hypocrisy of his nature guide his thoughts. It is the greatest sin in the world because it is a direct assault upon the greatest truth in the world, the truth that all men are brothers, that all are *one*, that unity is the law of laws, that a man can no more separate himself from the race to which he belongs and *live* than the body can separate itself from the atmosphere and continue to breathe.

There are sweet souls in the world who by their very compassion, are true Theosophists. There are others who call themselves by that name whose lives are a mockery because of their utter disregard of the great principle of brotherhood. They find fault, they criticize, they lie in wait for the mistakes of a brother while all oblivious of the existence of their own, until, just when the victory is gained and they are about to step into great opportunity and a greater peace, this one fatal

weakness looms up as a stumbling-block. They trip and fall to the foot of the long ascent.

Let us discriminate. That is a faculty of the soul itself, in its pure uses. It is the Soul's right, nay, its special prerogative. But let us be very sure that the discriminative faculty does not lend itself to a harsh and unkind criticism of others. Too often it does that, destroying the sweetness of life, prostituting every ideal of true brotherliness, producing jars, even a breaking of the chain that binds soul to soul in this great work.

Let us not say behind a brother's back what we would not say willingly to his face. Let us do unto others as we would have them do unto us. Let us not walk into every temptation that comes our way without pause or thought. Let us stop. A grain of forethought will save a world of after regrets. To tear down another is but to destroy one's self. Every failure in the ranks of this movement is a proof of this truth, and if we would profit a little more, as students of life, by the failures of others we would not make so many of our own. The real test of our sincerity is brotherliness, compassion, unselfishness. If we do not yet realize it, it is time we were finding it out, and those who will not learn the lesson by the light of their own hearts will be forced to learn it sooner or later, under the lash of circumstances and outer events. The battle is before every one of us and the lesson is to be learned. Shall we achieve the conquest in the silence and within our own hearts, or shall we wait until we make a spectacle of ourselves before all the world? We do not belong to a Personal Purity Society, nor a Culture Club, nor an Order of Pharisees, but to a Universal Brotherhood. E. M.

✻ ✻ **Religion and Athletics---To Bridge the Great Chasm Now Between Them** ✻ ✻

WE see in the press that a professor of the University of Chicago, which is practically a Baptist institution, has declared in favor of "baseball games and other athletic sports on Sunday after the usual religious exercises of the day," on the theory that it would tend to keep youths and boys away from worse places. It is considered that, as boys are full of energy and will make for themselves active amusement of some sort, it is better to find it for them under the auspices of their church than to leave them to find vent in discredited forms of recreation.

With the spirit that prompts this suggestion we entirely agree, for we believe that a man's faith should dominate and guide every department of his life, and not be confined to sedentary forms of devotion, or to any particular building or day in the week. If certain times, places, and occupations are reserved for religion, then others are inevitably left outside, and so there arises a distinction between sacred and secular.

As has several times been pointed out in the *NEW CENTURY PATH*, the ancient Greek games were religious in the highest sense of the word. Could the same feeling be evoked in our sportsmen and associated with our games, athleticism would be saved from the low associations it so often acquires, like the prize-ring, bookmaker's stand, and "professionalism" (where the spectators are non-players, and players are paid.)

Churches are being blamed by various classes of people interested in social reform for leaving so many human interests out in the cold, and leaving them to be cared for by non-religious enterprise, and it is every day becoming clearer that the churches are, through this behavior, becoming more and more unimportant and useless. The churches, if they are to live up to the claims they make in the name of religion, should most certainly be found at the head of every reform movement, and on guard over every established human institution. If they have not the power to assert such supremacy, lack of fitness can be the only reason.

Athleticism is one of these vital human interests which the churches—or at any rate, whatever institution embodies the religious spirit—should control and inspire. We have often spoken of the great human trinity of body, mind, and soul, and how true health and happiness depend on the preservation of a due proportion between the three and an equal development of them. Now, our authorized religious institutions do not cater for either the mind or the body, a circumstance which not only leaves the mind and body out, but also prevents even the soul from being properly cared for, so closely are the three interwoven. The soul, thus separated, becomes an abstraction, and the religious life artificial.

But we question whether organized religion in its present state of weakness and disunion is strong enough to lift the worldly interests of humanity, and will not rather be itself dragged down by them. A combination of church and course would probably eventuate in vulgarizing religion instead of elevating athletics, and a school of "muscular Christianity" or some kind of "pious" young men's club result.

The fact is, there is not enough life and soul to go round, and more of the true spirit of manhood needs to be infused into church and home and street and school and mart, into all alike. Life needs invigorating and unifying. And it is a marked sign of the times that on every hand men's eyes are seeking the essential truths of life, trying to throw off the husks of conventional usage and get down to the vital human interest in everything. We are finding out, that however many isms and ologies there may be, the proper study of mankind is Man, and there is a sure hope that with the potent aid of The Universal Brotherhood movement, society will rapidly reorganize itself on new lines. Then we shall see another age of faith, and men will do all that their hands find to do, be it athletics or what not, with all their might and as a tribute of joyful veneration to the divine life within them.

H. T. E.



A VIEW OF LOMA HOMESTEAD, ARYAN TEMPLE, AND STUDENTS' HOME NO. 1, FROM THE CANYON TO THE NORTH

The Red Man

THE American Indian has long had a powerful champion in Hamlin Garland, who recently lectured at the University of Chicago on "The Red Man's Changing Heart." The lecturer declared that the white men have never understood the Indian, and he further electrified his audience by declaring that the Anglo-Saxon civilization is not the only civilization. He said:

It is about time for the American people to understand the Indian. I am not so sure as I was twenty years ago that the Anglo-Saxon way is the only right way. I am not so sure the Great Spirit intended for all people to live precisely the same way. I do not believe there will be any great improvement when all men are wearing derby hats and machine-made shoes. The essentials of right living are to be found in many peoples under the broad skies. The essentials of right living are to be found in many of the Indian tribes.

The history of the "civilizing march" of the white man from the Atlantic to the Pacific has never been written from the red man's point of view. When it is written, most of the "massacres" will appear as fair pitched battles, and the "outrages" will be found to never to have happened at all. Reports of nine-tenths of all the Indian outrages in the Southwest were absolutely without foundation.

It is in the essential of human nature and not in the veneer that the binding forces of Brotherhood will be found.

Y.

Indian Masonry

NOW we know that native tribes are not primitive men on the upward curve of evolution, but remnants (on the way to extinction) of once mighty races, it is only consistent to regard the customs and ceremonies of those tribes as likewise survivals of something that was potent, sacred and full of meaning.

This view is strengthened by an account of an Indian ceremony given by Dr. Dorsey of Chicago in the *Los Angeles Herald*: We notice that this "sun dance of the plains" is not called by the Indians themselves a sun dance, "nor is there any evidence of the sun in the dance itself." We therefore infer that the sun dance is not a sun dance. It continues eight days, and it "illustrates the creation or the rejuvenation of the world."

The full import and original meaning of this ceremony is doubtless lost in the process of degeneration of the race. But one can trace its derivation from a solemn observance in which the people, in the days of their knowledge and greatness, united in invoking the potencies of nature to their aid and protection. They knew that creation was an eternal process; they knew that man was himself a creator, and they had learnt how to imitate the methods of nature and to work with her. From all lands have antiquarians collected evidences of the existence in past ages of some knowledge and power unknown the present civilization. I.

What Happened in a Lonely Mountain Cabin



SHORE'S you live, Ed Sayles, if I can help to put you behind prison bars I'll do it! 'Fore God I will."

The speaker stood before the cowering form of the man she had loved and married two years before, holding their three-months-old baby in her arms. Her tall, shapely figure was held defiantly erect, her face was pale with anger, and her eyes, large and dark, blazed beneath level brows.

"I'll go, Lucinda," said Ed, turning slowly toward the door. "I didn't mean to do you no harm. I—I didn't suppose she'd ever turn up again, no how; but if you say so I'll go and you won't see me no more."

"Go!" said Lucinda, and turning abruptly, she passed into the shed-room at the back of the log cabin.

Only two years ago Lucinda Hedden had been considered the prettiest girl in the mountains and could have made her choice from among the young men for miles around. Her father dying suddenly, she was left entirely alone, and soon after accepted as a husband, Ed Sayles, a stranger from "below," who had only been in the neighborhood a few months.

Two happy years had gone by, when one day a woman presented herself claiming to be the wife of Ed Sayles. He was absent, and a stormy interview took place between the two women, the latter of whom at length departed, with loud threats of having him arrested. On his return Lucinda had confronted him with the charge and he had made no attempt to deny it. The scene was brief and they had parted with the words already recorded.

So Ed Sayles vanished from among the rugged mountaineers and 'Cindy, as she was known among them, lived alone except for the little one. Her days were one monotonous round of homely toil, for she and her little child must be clothed and fed. Therefore there must be a garden, the two cows must be milked and the hens well looked after. She was proud and high-spirited, and she could ill bear either the pity or supposed contempt of her neighbors, and often their kindly little advances were ungraciously repelled.

Her work and the care of the child kept the days fully employed, but in the long evenings, in the silence and loneliness of the cabin, nestled against the mountain side and surrounded by scattered clumps of firs, pines and manzanita, there was time for thought. The desolation, the ruin of her life, wrought by this man whom she had loved and trusted, filled her with a sense of bitter shame and anger almost unendurable. Her fierce, untamed nature panted for revenge. If she could make him suffer, if she could help to bring him to punishment she thought she would be happier, or rather, less miserable.

Night after night she brooded over this question, but how was it to be done? Since the day she had turned from him with the threat of vengeance, she had seen nor heard no more of him. Still she believed he would some time return, so she nursed her hatred and anger and waited.

Lucinda had learned to read with considerable fluency and was fond of perusing any books or papers which came in her way. The keeper of the little postoffice half a dozen miles down the mountain knew this, and kindly sent her odd numbers of magazines and papers, which she found thrown into a tin can nailed to a tree by the side of the road which served as her mail box. It was the custom for any one who had been down the mountain to bring up the mail for the neighborhood and distribute it in this manner.

One night Lucinda found a large bundle and among them a "Brotherhood Magazine" with two or three copies of the NEW CENTURY PATH. The articles in these were strange and puzzling. At first she was startled, amazed, angry. But there was an attraction about them which she could not resist, so she read them over and over again, until at last the ideas of universal brotherhood, Reincarnation and the law of reaping as one has sown, seemed to her to be things familiar and well known.

But how about her revenge? Lucinda did not feel yet that she could forego that, and yet, every time she read one of those articles, so clear and simple and convincing, she felt that she ought to relinquish it; that unless she did so she would be going against a law that must inevitably bruise and crush her unless she went with instead of against it.

It was nearly three years since Ed had gone, and Lucinda sat one night before the blazing fire listening to the rain splashing against the window panes. Suddenly a strange feeling crept over her, as if she were watched by some one unseen. She glanced at the bed where the boy lay asleep, then going to the door, cautiously opened it a little way. A dark figure stood beside it, huddled against the wall. A shaking hand was stretched out imploringly toward her and a hoarse voice whispered:

"'Cindy, for God's sake, 'Cindy, don't give me up!"

"Ed!" she cried, "Why—what—come in an' tell me what you mean."

"No, 'Cindy, I dursum't come in—the sheriff—they're after me—right behind now. Where can I go? You won't help 'em, will you?"

"D'ye say they're comin' now—tonight?"

"Sure, they'll be here right away."

"Go round the house," said Lucinda, closing the door, and seizing a shawl she ran out through the back room and met Ed. "Come on," she whispered hurriedly, "you must hide in the old tunnel. I found a new openin', one day, an' nobody else'll ever find it."

Pushing through a cluster of shrubs, she swung aside a mat of vines and led the man into a narrow tunnel cut off from the main one by a fall of stones and earth. It was cold and damp and in utter darkness.

"It's safe here," said Lucinda, "an' when they've gone by, I'll come back."

There was an old mine, tunnelled far into the mountain side, which had not been worked for thirty years. Lucinda had accidentally discovered this opening into a short tunnel a long distance from the entrance to the main one, and here she felt Ed would be safe.

Running swiftly back to the house, she quickly changed her wet shoes and dragged skirt and sat down again with a paper in her hand. In a few minutes she heard the tramp of feet and a loud shout of "Halloo!"

Lucinda rose, holding her paper, and flung the door wide open. Three men came up on the narrow porch, and the sheriff said: "I s'pose you don't happen to have any company tonight, do you?"

"No, sir," replied Lucinda, "I never have much."

"Well, we're after a man we thought might stop here. Mebby he's hid around an' you not know it."

"Mebby so," said Lucinda indifferently. "Want to look around any? What's he done, anyhow?"

"Killed a man down to Summerville—least looks like he's the one 'at done it."

Lucinda gave the men a lantern and they went to all the outbuildings to make a fruitless search. When they returned the sheriff looked at her sharply, saying, "You're shore he ain't hid in the old mine, are you?"

"Course I ain't shore," returned Lucinda. "How'd I know anything about it? Mebbe you better go an' look."

They did, with no better success, and then hurried on up the mountain. For more than a week Ed remained hid in the tunnel, while the whole mountain was searched. Lucinda had supplied his wants as far as possible, but they had exchanged few words. One morning when she came with hot coffee and biscuits, she found him too ill to rise, burning with fever and slightly delirious. What was she to do now?

She returned to the house filled with fear and consternation, and torn by a thousand contending emotions. While she stood at the door, wringing her hands and crying inwardly, "what is to be done?" she caught sight of "uncle Eph," an old miner who had been a friend of her father, jogging along on his old brown mule. Here was the friend in need. In a few moments the whole story was poured out with her fears and misgivings.

"Hush!" said uncle Eph, "there hain't no danger now. Them fellers all gone, and 'sides the real murderer's give hisself up down to Summerville, who'd ever b'lieve Ed 'd kill anybody?"

"I didn't b'lieve it!" cried Lucinda.

Another fortnight had gone by and Ed sat up feebly in bed propped with cushions and pillows. The doctor from below sat beside him and a lawyer from Summerville stood at the foot of the bed beside Lucinda, who was pale with watching and constant toil. But the expression of moody bitterness had given place to one of peace and chastened happiness.

"Yes," the lawyer was saying, "everything is all right and always has been. She did get a divorce and was married again before you were. But Harris soon left her and I suppose she just called on Mrs. Sayles that day to try to spoil her happiness a little. As for the other matter—why there's nothing to it—the other man has confessed and is in jail. So all you've got to do, Mr. Sayles, is to get well and take care of your wife and this fine little chap, who looks so much like you."

That evening Ed watched Lucinda preparing the evening meal with grateful contented eyes. Sitting down beside him she said: "Ed, you ought to 'a' told me 'bout bein' married before."

"I thought it was all right, 'Cindy," he replied earnestly; "an' I didn't want to mention the likes of her to a woman as good as you are."

And the subject was never mentioned by either husband or wife again.

O. P. Q.

AT the Hohenzollern Museum at Berlin the visitor sees two common playing dice, of which one is broken into two fragments. They are called the "death dice." In the time of the Great Elector a young girl of great beauty was murdered, and two soldiers were arrested. They were tortured, but would not confess. The Elector finally made them cast dice to decide their guilt. The first, with the first throw, made a double six. The second, who was innocent, prayed heaven to help him, and then threw the dice. One broke in two fragments, which showed a double six and an ace. In the face of this extraordinary fact the first soldier confessed his guilt.—*Midland Herald*.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The "Unknown Source"—A Suggestion from Edison

AS to radium, a most pregnant suggestion comes from Edison. To others he leaves the proof and working out. Humbly accepting the task—in part—and leaving proof to others, we offer a further suggestion as to the working out. We do not see the emanations of radium. They *excite light* in such substances as tungstate of lime, and it is *that* which we see. The shining of radium is, so to speak, in too high an octave for our sense. The other substances translate it downward into visibility. Edison carries the same idea yet higher, and assumes that radium shines (though to us invisibly) by the incitement of a source of light higher than itself; just as the tungstate screen shines by the incitement of radium. In that view radium is not disintegrating, any more than is a magnet. It is giving off what it has received, after translating it into lower terms.

"I believe it probable," says Mr. Edison, "that there are rays or vibrations in ether . . . set in motion from some unknown source, . . . and that these rays make their presence known by their action in causing radium . . . to emit light and heat."

The suggestion that arises in one's mind is that that "unknown source," radiating light which only becomes visible two stages downward, is a *center of consciousness*. And that besides radiating *light* into darkness "which knoweth it not," it radiates a (to us) inaudible *sound* or harmony, capable (as experiments show) of producing all the forms about us. And that the third aspect of this threefold radiation, a tri-unity, is *life*.

That, at any rate, is the teaching of Theosophy. According to that, there is such a center of life and consciousness and light and force in every atom and every heart; all these centers collectively composing the "unknown source."

Says a very old poem, translated from Sanskrit by Arnold:

I know that holy fire, and how it springs.
The splendor of it shineth through all worlds,
Possessing them! The strength of it upholds
The Universe! Its spark is hidden close
Inside the inmost man, in the hollow heart.

. Smaller than subtleties
Of things minutest; last of ultimates,
Sits in the hollow heart of all that lives.

It is in fact the soul, its light shining invisibly in the body of man. By its subjective light we think, though it is higher than thought. By its life the body lives, just as the screen shines with the light of radium; and, as the *source* of life, it is itself beyond death.

To this ancient conception, science is slowly coming. And Theosophy adds to the scientific side the practical one, that it can be found and known by him who will. K.

Second Visit of Professor Heilprin to Mount Pelee

PROFESSOR HEILPRIN contributes to *The Nation* a long and interesting letter descriptive of his second visit to Mount Pelee. The grumbling volcano is, he says, now "corked" by the mighty column of lava to which we have already referred. This is now about 900 feet high, and is still rising at the rate of about 5 feet per day. He describes its appearance as "one of overwhelming grandeur," and of inconceivably terrorizing aspect, and he asserts that "nothing of this kind has ever been known to science before." We hope that nature, in blocking this safety valve in her monstrous way is not preparing some unparalleled catastrophe in another place, but volcanoes may not be plugged with impunity.

The Professor met with one of the most remarkable coincidences that literature records. Seeing the edge of some burned papers projecting from a pile of ashes amid the ruins of Saint Pierre, he pulled them out and found them to be a manuscript lesson on volcanoes, Vesuvius, Cotopaxi and Etna. Moreover, "the fragment of one of the few books recovered from Saint Pierre deals likewise with volcanic phenomena," and contains an account of the destruction of Pompeii. It would almost seem as though Mount Pelee in grim mockery had purposely preserved these poor tattered records of human speculation and intellectual knowledge. Y.

Why Do All Vertebrate Animals Move the Lower Jaw?

WHEN a single factor of construction appears in a number of animal forms otherwise different, it is reasonable to suppose that there is some strong reason for its use. Now, there is one factor of structure which is used in all the vertebrate forms which now live or of which any remains have been found. Although they differ in every other possible way from humming-birds to whales, and from turtles to greyhounds; though some live in their skeletons and most outside of them, though some have four legs, some two, and some none, yet every one of them when it opens its mouth moves the lower jaw and not the upper. It is idle to protest that it is a natural law; the question is "why?" A clever mechanic could easily construct a neck and skull with the lower jaw stationary and the upper moveable, but nature, with all its infinite resourcefulness, never has. Even though the shark must turn on its back to seize its prey, and the barracuda's lower jaw must be made longer and heavier than the upper; even though the pelican carries its food in its lower jaw; yet it is the lower jaw which moves, and not the upper. Even those abnormal creatures which move on their sides like the flounders, or upside down like the sloths, even they move the jaw that is the lower when they are placed upright.

With all its researches science has never even attempted to explain why this law of structure is so universal. We seem to have wholly failed as yet to find the world of causes and to be still groping in the world of effects. Y.

The Strange Curative Properties of the River Ganges

THE writer has met with a curious theory anent the remarkable power possessed by the Ganges waters of destroying bacteria. We understand that a government analyst emptied into a receptacle full of Ganges water a small quantity of Benares sewage water, charged with cholera germs. In six hours they were all dead. This test was tried repeatedly. At Benares may be seen the spectacle of thousands of pilgrims, afflicted with all kinds of maladies, bathing in the Ganges, throwing into it half cremated corpses, offal of all kinds, and *drinking from it!* Yet Benares is no worse in respect of disease than other Indian cities, and in respect of cholera it is better than many of them. But it ought to be the vilest plague spot in India or even the world. What is there in the water? Mark Twain once remarked: "The cleansing properties of the river have been an article of faith from the beginning of history. How did they find out the water's secret, thousands of years ago? Is bacteriology but a revived science?"

For the waters of the Ganges have for ages been credited with curative and healing powers. No such reputation, hoary with years, can rest on nothing. The theory to which we refer above is that the bacteria, innumerable and of every possible species, *destroy each other*. Their multitudinous presence causes the water to become charged with complex chemical products of their life, forming a solution which rapidly kills any of them. It does not seem impossible. K.

A Living Aepyornis Egg Discovered in Madagascar

WE are inclined to receive with some reservation the story which is reported from Madagascar to the effect that a recently laid egg of the Aepyornis has been discovered. It seems that Dr. Krause of the Berlin University has reported this amazing discovery and has been promptly authorized to go in search of the parent birds, and if necessary to spend \$100,000 in the search. The egg is said to be twelve inches in diameter and twenty inches in length, which would indicate a bird at least fifteen feet in height. That the Aepyornis did once exist is, of course, unquestioned, as both fossil eggs and fossil bones have been often found. It is by no means impossible that some animals supposed to be entirely extinct do actually exist in inaccessible parts of the world. There are Indian stories to the effect that mastodons are still to be found alive in the far north, and the interior of Madagascar is still far from being fully explored. STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World



SPANISH & CUBAN SOLDIERS BEFORE THE WAR, NEAR SANTIAGO

La Souffriere Victims Need Help "EASILY come and easily go" might almost be taken as a motto for the popular sympathy which is aroused by natural catastrophes. Or is it that these disasters follow each other in such rapid succession that we have no room in our minds for their prolonged sojourn? The distress wrought by La Souffriere is a case in point. Assistance flowed in rapidly and then the need for it was forgotten. Pitiful stories now reach us of continued misery, but we have no time to continue our contributions, no time to see that they are properly used. We have now other things to think about, other disasters, wars and rumors of wars and the cauldrons of hell seething and boiling over.

The Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands IT SEEMS that there are seven thousand Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands, and these have now organized themselves into a society for the purpose of mutual self-help, and for the settlement of labor difficulties in which Japanese are involved. Hospitals and schools will be established and efforts will be made to counteract a tendency to idleness, which is a characteristic of some sections of the Japanese population. The objects seem to be admirable in every way, and that Consul Saito has been appointed as President should be a guarantee of business-like and prudent management.

Birds Exterminated by French Milliners THERE was once a belief that birds brought good fortune to households and to communities. Perhaps it was only superstition, but it was a humane and beautiful superstition. To those who are made happy by exquisite singing and beautiful form and color, birds do indeed bring good fortune, and it is therefore the more lamentable that such lovers of the beautiful as the French should have allowed the demands of milliners to exterminate both swallows and goldfinches. It is indeed fortunate that there are still some natural beauties which cannot be destroyed by cruel greed.

Cruelty in the German Army A GERMAN non-commissioned officer has been court-martialed on a charge of cruelty to private soldiers. No less than five hundred and seventy-six accusations were made against him, of which three hundred and sixty-six were adjudged as proved. He was ultimately sentenced to two-and-a-half years imprisonment and degradation to the ranks. As an isolated instance, this would hardly be worth notice, as ruffians are to be found everywhere. It is however typical of a very great deal of cruelty in the German Army, which the authorities are now determined to suppress.

The Founder of Yale University ELIHU YALE, the founder of the world-famous Yale University, lies buried in Wrexham churchyard, England. Inquiries have recently been made by a traveling American to ascertain if any relatives of the historic Elihu are still living. He found a family of the same name in the village of Plasyn-Yale, but they were quite unaware of the fame which had been attained by their distinguished ancestor. The authorities of Yale University recently contributed to the restoration of the church under whose shadow lie the remains of its founder.

King of Spain Has Presence of Mind THE King of Spain recently met with a small adventure which seems to indicate courage and presence of mind, both of them royal attributes, but not always possessed by royalty. While walking on the *prado* His Majesty encountered a runaway bullock whose threatening appearance had produced something like a panic among the people. Drawing a revolver, the king settled the disturbance with a well-directed shot, to the great enthusiasm of those who witnessed the incident.

Good Bricks in the Ancient Campanile THE fall of the Italian Campanile has drawn attention to the quality of the bricks used in its building and has also given an opportunity for their examination by analysis. Experiments, which have been made in Milan, have now shown that these ancient bricks were better made and had a greater power of resistance than any one of twenty-four different kinds in general use at the present day. Modern buildings are therefore not likely to be such wonders to posterity as was the Campanile to the present generation.

A Methodist Bishop in California THE following extract from a speech reported as having been made by the Bishop at the recent Methodist Conference in California will be read with interest and delight: "I am glad the laymen have come into such close fellowship and will now be satisfied with any preacher sent to serve them. Now I feel sure the Bishop will not be bothered by any committees of laymen, and that they will all accept the work of the Cabinet *as the will of the Lord*." Our space will not permit of adequate comment, nor is it necessary.

Absinthe Drinking in French Republic A FRENCH Society which is at present waging a determined war against the practice of absinthe drinking, has expressed the hope that in the near future there may be a greater number of European rulers who will set an example along these lines. There are, at present, but two European potentates who avoid all alcoholic beverages, and these two are the Queen of Holland and the Sultan of Turkey. The former abstains from conviction, and the latter because he is a Mohammedan.



LOGGING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA — SPLASH OF LOG AT THE CHUTE

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

O THE simple childlike trust!
O the faith that could believe
What the harnessed, iron-mailed
Knights of Christendom had failed,
By their prowess, to achieve,
They, the children, could and must!

—Longfellow, *Children's Crusade*



"THIS IS THE WAY WE LOOKED IN THE PLAY AT LOMA-LAND"

Two Lotus Buds

WHEN the Raja Yoga School was in its infancy, Jeffrey and Frances were two of its pupils. Frances was then but a baby, the youngest of four beautiful sisters whose father and mother had come to Loma-land to live. Frances is American and Jeffrey is a little Bohemian. Every day they have spent, as happily as Raja Yoga children always do, doing their little duties, learning their lessons, studying music and growing as strong and beautiful as flowers.

Not long ago Mrs. Tingley gave a great entertainment in the Isis Theatre. It was an historical drama, representing the great characters in history. Two of them were given by the little Lotus Buds I have been telling you about. Frances was "Lady Washington" and Jeffrey was "George Washington."

I wish you could have seen them in their pretty Colonial costumes. They were as stately and as dignified as if they were really governing a nation themselves. And I really think they are, in one sense. For one's own nature is very much like a nation, and sometimes it is just a little bit hard for us to govern it right.

Raja Yoga teaches us to be true kings and queens, governing the whole nature wisely and well.

AUNT ESTHER

The Children's Play

DEAR CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD: Over at the Colony, at Point Loma, where some little children are living the true, joyful, out-of-door life, there was given a play the other day. The children gave it, and to me it seemed so remarkable that I have written it down, believing that Buds and Blossoms everywhere might like to play being Bards, too.

E. O.

AT THE COLONY

George—O children, let us play we are *bards*!

Bessie—Bards! O, you mean one of us be a bard like the one who sang songs to the people in the "Coming of the King?"

George—Yes, only I mean *all of us* be bards and *all* sing songs to the people. We can play that we are singing to *all the people in the world*.

Bessie—Yes, let's do it! And play we really could sing songs they loved to hear.

Maud—Why was it they loved to hear him sing better than any one else? I don't remember.

Harry—I know. It was because he touched their *hearts*.

Georgie—How did he do it?

George—Well, I suppose he sang about something they loved.

Maud—Yes, and he loved just the same things as they did.

Herman—He knew more about the things than the people did, I think.

George—Of course he did, or he couldn't sing about them.

Bessie—The King knew more than they did, too.

Herman—No he didn't! He just thought he did because he could write a big book.

George—He couldn't sing a song! You have to be growing to sing.

Bessie—What makes us grow, do you suppose? I wish I knew so I could grow faster.

Harry—Don't think about it, Bessie. If you love something beautiful you will grow just like it.

Bessie—Yes, Harry, I know it and helping somebody makes us grow.

Maud—Because we can't really help anybody unless we love their souls, and we know the soul is the fairy inside that is as beautiful as a star.

Georgie—Why don't you begin the play?

Herman—If we are going to be real Bards we must be loving and good first or else nobody will like to hear us sing.

Maud—Yes, if anybody even *feels* like crying that spoils it.

George—All ready then. We'll march to the King's Castle and sing as we go.

[They sing "Happy Little Sunbeams," while they march.]

George—Play this is the King's Castle.

Bessie—Now let's play he has opened the gate and let us in.

George—Let us sing "Tiny Buds," and you begin, Bessie.

Maud—And let us sing our Bird song and show them how to sing like birds.

[They sing, "We Birds, We Are a Merry Set." Frank singing one verse alone.]

Bessie—[to Frank] You can sing like a little bird.

Harry—You sing that pretty song that you know about the fairies, Herman.

[Herman sings "When All the World is Fast Asleep."]

Herman—Now you sing, Harry.

[Harry sings "The Sun Has Gone From the Shining Skies."]

Bessie—We ought to sing "The Merry Brown Thrush." That's a pretty song.

[She arranges four children facing each other who sing.]

Bessie—Everybody would like to hear our "Tiny Bud" sing. Come Katherine, baby, sing "Brothers We."

[Katherine sings]

George—Now, lets go to some other Castle and be Bards there!

Students'



Path

THE SOWER

by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

"I HAD much seed to sow," said one. "I planned
To fill broad furrows and to watch it spring,
And water it with care. But now the hand
Of Him to whom I sought great sheaves to bring
Is laid upon his laborer and I wait,
Weak, helpless, at His palace gate.

"Now I have nothing, only day by day
Grace to sustain me till the day is done;
And some sweet passing glimpses by the way
Of Him, the altogether lovely One,
And some strange things to learn, unlearned before,
That make the suffering light, if it but teach me more."

Yet, from the hush of that secluded room,
Forth floated winged seeds of thought and prayer;
Those, reaching many a desert place to bloom,
And pleasant fruit an hundredfold to bear,
Those, wafted heavenward with song and sigh,
To fall again with showers of blessings from on high.

A Word to Students

LET us look within. But what shall we look at? Shall we fix our gaze upon the lower nature, our miseries, our despairs? Shall we sit right down in the same house with our weaknesses, and refuse to make any other acquaintances outside of their gruesome circle? Is that self-examination in its true sense? And what is the penalty of doing this? It is a fearful one, and it is that we so identify ourselves with the lower nature that we actually become one in consciousness with it. We become worms of the dust and of course, as a consequence, miserable sinners. We feel that we *are* that hideous thing, those hideous weaknesses that we condemn. What an insult to the soul!

There come times to every student when he faces the Karma of some great blunder, perhaps one inadvertent, perhaps one due to sheer perversity. It is at such times that he sees the lower nature in its true light, in all its horror, all its fearful subtlety and great strength. But how about the Soul? Is that not stronger, greater, is that not infinite, unconquerable? Is it not better to let the soul's voice pour into our consciousness than the voice of the lower nature? If we do this, then we may battle on unwearied. Then will we be able to handle anything that comes. Then we can safely and bravely meet the penalties of past mistakes for the Soul is infinite in its resources.

But too many lose heart at the critical time and brood over their weaknesses. They go back over the weary past—a fatal thing to do as every failure in the ranks of the Theosophical Movement today bears witness—reliving the old blunders, deciding just what they might have done to save the situation at this or that crisis—only they didn't—and they plant themselves by that very method on the direct road to insanity.

It is well to recognize and acknowledge to ourselves all our blunders, all our sins. Then drop the matter. Regret nothing. "Regret is productive only of error." How often have we been told that. The only salvation is to throw regret absolutely aside, to step out of the low-vaulted house into which the brain-mind would chain us, harnessed to the lower nature, and step into that sunlit place where dwells the Soul. *We are souls.* Let us think of ourselves, therefore, as souls. There may be in our nature a trace of hypocrisy, a trace of ingratitude, a trace of insincerity. That is not impossible. There exist in every nature germs of both good and evil. Shall we sit right down then and water the seeds of evil by saying, "I am a hypocrite, I am insincere, etc., etc."? To do so but accentuates our weakness, to do so is to turn our backs upon the

Soul itself and to unclasp hands with the Wise Ones who are yearning to lift us out of this mire that our sins have built about us.

Above all, let us not talk our weaknesses over with others. We but accentuate them for we have the burden of their thought added to the burden of our own. It is vain to imagine that any other person can help us in this battle. We must win it alone—or fail. We must stand in our own strength—or fall. The sooner we realize this, the better for us. If we selfishly postpone the realization of it, depend upon it when the test comes we shall find that we have more on our hands than we can manage. Self-reliance we must acquire and the only way to do so is to think of ourselves as infinite in strength, resourceful in all things, glorious in power—which we are when judged by all the standards of that part of ourselves which is Eternal and True—the Soul. To open the doorway into its realms is to let flood into our consciousness a power and a peace that shall, verily, make us Godlike in every act. To open the doorway into that realm where the lower forces play is to invite them to make havoc of our consciousness. It is always possible not to open that doorway. It is always exceedingly difficult to close it when once it has been opened. But close it we must if we do not want to become the easy victims of forces that obsess and destroy. A. H. W.

Immortality

SEVERAL books about immortality have appeared lately, some of them attempting to enter upon lines of sure and certain proof. What Plato could not do, they cannot. We may say, from such or another consideration we may think immortality likely; but there will not be compelling proof. Compelling proof could only lie in the production of a man who *had already been* immortal through time to come. Yet there may be assured certainty without proof, beyond the senses, beyond changes of reasoning. Only each must get it for himself. It cannot be shown on a blackboard, or imprisoned within the covers of a book. The soul must for itself learn the art of communion with that fixed Power that supports all life—life of the soul and the world.

Change is everywhere, and death is but the most marked of all the changes we know.

There is an eastern fable of a lotus, or lily, whose roots covered the bottom of a lagoon, and one of the blooms lamented to another of the death certain to both of them, referring in particular to a bloom that but yesterday was beside them on the still lake surface and to-day was gone.

"Not so," said the other. "Thou hast opened thine heart to the sun and the moon and the warm winds. These influences but touch that of thy being which lieth out upon the water's surface. Look deeper. Beneath that shining surface thou hast thy real life, unfelt by thee. Thy stem springeth forth from the imperishable root, and death is but the change returning thee to that root from whence thou camest; a root that is not dark and lifeless as thou thinkest, but filled with a life and light so glorious—albeit hidden—that thy spark, thy joy, and those of countless others past and to come, exhaust it not. Let thy thought sink back to it, and thou wilt know that thou art immortal with its immortality."

There is a "place," to be gained by thought, meditation and prayer, from whence death can be seen and contemplated, but to which it has no application or relevancy. He who reaches it is willing, when the hour shall come, to let go his hold on body, for he has entered in his own heart the imperishable root of his own being. H.

Religious Wars

IT is more than a little nauseating to read constant reports from the east of Europe of "religious" riots, "religious" wars and "religious" hatred between nations which have every reason in nature to love each other except this one reason of "religion." What is religion which thus seems to act as the reservoir of evil, or as the key which unlocks the very gates of hell? If the tornado of horrors, the welter of blood and shame which is now devastating eastern Europe is indeed a "religious" effort, what may we not expect should an *irreligious* war break out amongst these pious people? How incomprehensible it will all seem to posterity!

STUDENT

The Lord helps those who help themselves, but He doesn't forget those who help others.—*Selected*

BUILDERS OF THE STATE

by RICHARD WATSON GILDER

WHO builds the state? Not he whose power,
Rooted in wrong, in gold entrenched,
Makes him the regent of the hour;
The eternal light cannot be quenched.

This shall outlive his little span;
Shine fierce upon each tainted scheme;
Shall show where shame blots all the plan,
The treachery in the dazzling dream.

He builds the state who builds on truth,
Not he who, crashing toward his aim,
Strikes conscience from the throne and ruth
To win a dark, unpepited fame.

Not he, though master among men---
Empire and ages all his thought---
Though like an eagle be his ken;
Down to the ground shall all be brought.

For this I hold and shall for aye,
Till heaven sends death, that they who sow
Hate and the blood of brothers, they
Shall harvest hate and want and woe.

The curse of earth's dread agonies
Whereto they added in their hour,
And all the unheeded tears and cries
They caused in lust of lawless power.

He builds the state who to that task
Brings strong, clean hands and purpose pure,
Who wears not virtue as a mask;
He builds the state that shall endure---

The state wherein each loyal son
Holds as a birthright from true sires
Treasures of honor nobly won
And freedom's never dying fires.—*Selected*

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question How is it that as soon as one makes an effort to correct his faults and live a better life, his difficulties become ten times greater, etc.? [Question answered in issue of September 27.]

Answer On reading the answer given to the above question in the NEW CENTURY PATH of September 27th, an illustration occurred to me that perhaps will help others as much as it has me in understanding more clearly this fact of the increase of difficulty so soon as one makes an effort at self-conquest. One morning I had been moving and dusting books in my study and had just settled down to write, having pulled down the window shades to keep out the glare of the hot, July sun, when my two children, aged 5 and 7, respectively, came to make some little request of me. One of them, the younger, exclaimed, "Oh, see the sunbeam!" which came streaming through at the side of the window shade. But the other little fellow, a little philosopher, said, "I like the sunshine, but why does all the dust get into it? If you go into the sunbeam you have to breathe all that dust." So I reached out a little hand looking-glass and by reflecting the light showed him that the little dust motes were in all parts of the room, but that we only saw them in the sunbeam as the light was reflected here and there. And then I told him how careful we always ought to be to breathe through the nose and keep the lips closed, because then none of the little dust motes can get into the lungs.

On reading the above question and the answer given, it at once occurred to me to recount this little incident which so aptly illustrates our experience in life. When a beam of light streams through the darkness of our life, while it gives hope and courage it also reveals to us our imperfections, but the difficulties are no more created by it than the motes are by the sunbeam; we have simply had our attention called to them and have been given the opportunity of facing them. And is not the advice to breathe through the nose and keep the lips closed a good illustration of what should be our attitude in times of difficulty? To keep the lips

closed and breathe through the nose is a mark of physical self-control and of the conservation of physical energy, and is furthermore a necessity if we would keep foreign bodies out of our system and maintain health. So, too, the first requisite of true progress, and especially in times of difficulty, when the sunbeam of the soul's light reveals our faults, is self-control, conservation of energy, balance. That silence, which outwardly is maintained by keeping the lips closed, must be maintained inwardly by controlling the mind and heart. And I know that if we can acquire this inner self-control we shall find that we can overcome our difficulties and pass through them not only not harmed, but strengthened and purified.

H. R.

The Care of Parents

THE annual report of the San Francisco Board of Health draws attention to a growing disinclination on the part of certain people to support their aged parents. The report says:

For to their lasting disgrace let it be said that not only once but many times, the superintendent of the alms house has found well-to-do persons, one of whose parents was a public charge, of which his contemptible child refused to relieve the city.

The tendency of the day is to allow nothing whatever to stand in the way of material prosperity. The neglect of parents is this same tendency carried to an extreme by conscienceless persons.

X.

America, England and France

M. D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT is an enthusiast in the cause of international arbitration, and has once more allowed himself to be interviewed on his recent diplomatic mission between France and England. He believes that the visit of French politicians to England will have far-reaching and beneficial results, and he even discloses the fact that England is willing to reduce her maritime preparations as soon as France and Russia follow suit. It is said that a body of American parliamentarians will soon visit Paris and that the effect of this also will be very important.

X.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING

by ROBERT WHITAKER in S. F. Star

LIVE for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view,
Drifting like a helmsless vessel
Thou canst ne'er to life be true;
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have now been riding safely---
But they drifted with the tide.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

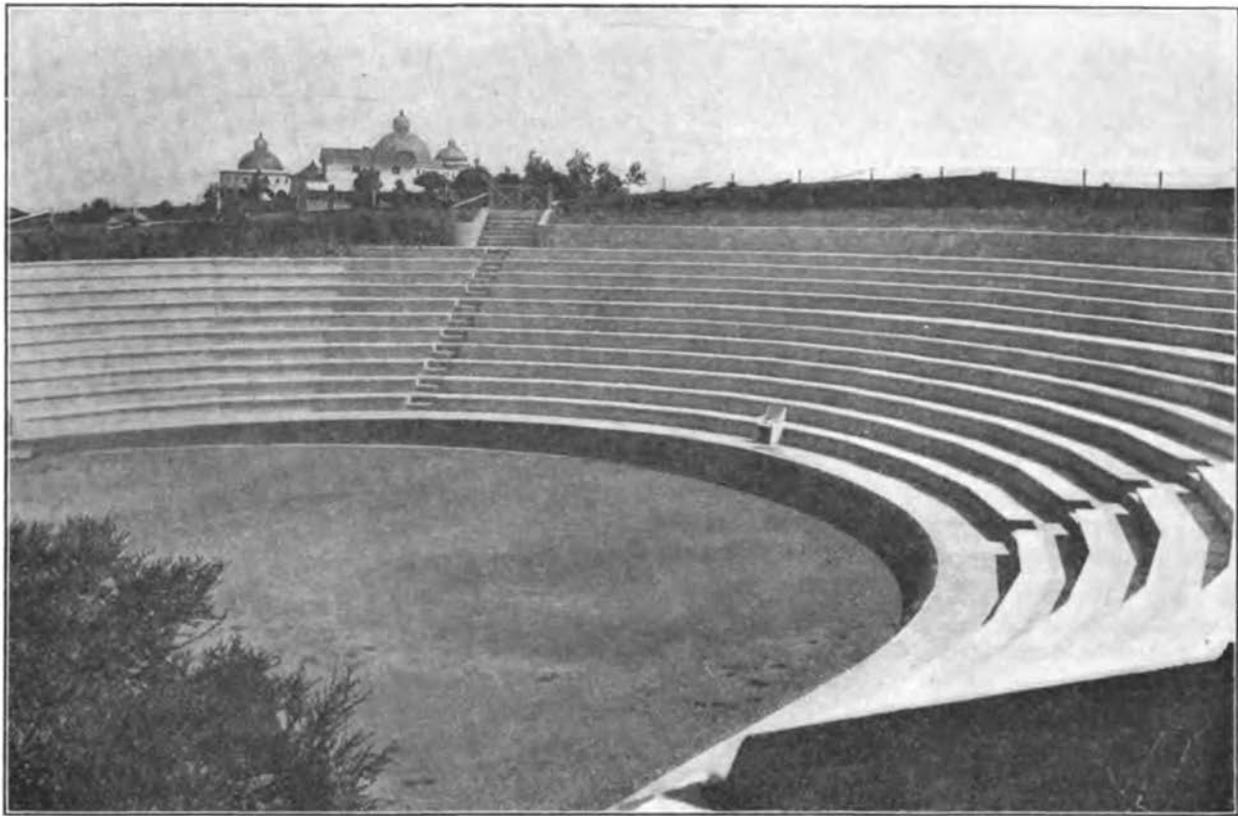
DEAR COMRADES: Life's lost opportunities! Verily, if we stopped to think of them we might spend twenty hours out of the twenty-four in absolute grief. To look backward is an unending recipe for making one miserable. No diversion—for it is really that, a kind of mental debauchery—so weakens the will, so impedes the carrying out of the purposes, so insults the Soul. For the Soul is a Warrior, ever looking forward, ever with its attention upon the present duty, but with its face toward the sunlight and the future.

There are people, here and there, who are absolutely psychologized by their own Past. "What I might have done at this time, or that, or at another time!" And so they whine on, turning over and over in their minds the details of this dead and gone Past as if that were earth's crowning occupation. It is as if one should spend his time in poking over and weeping over the ashes of a fire that he had carelessly allowed to go out. Of what avail? In heaven's name, if one needs a fire as seriously as this grief would indicate, why not leave the ashes to themselves and find material from which to build another fire? It would seem to be the saner method, and why we do not oftener try it is indeed a mystery.

There must be a species of selfish comfort in this, or it would not be done. It is a habit of mind inherited from a disorderly and selfish past. Shall we help it to grow or kill it out? Let us look ahead. Of course, there are mistakes all along our pathway. But to selfishly grieve over them is but to add the cardinal mistake to the number.

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A New State History

A BULLETIN issued by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction notifies us that a new History of the United States for the use of Schools is now in course of publication. It is an important and interesting announcement, although the progress of educational wisdom is hardly such as to produce the most sanguine hopes of an improvement in history instruction such as we would like to see.

In the absence of the volume in question we continue to fear that the true historian is still awaiting birth, although our ideal may be unqualifiedly high. We want to see history raised from the mere narration of facts, and if that be for the moment impossible we want to see those facts selected with some more rational conception of their relative importance. We want to see them so chosen as to reflect the minds of the people responsible for them and concerned in them. We want to be translated for the moment into the times in which those facts occurred, and we therefore do not want to see a "History of the United States" concern itself exclusively with the deeds and even the personal peculiarities of a few individuals but rather that it shall be a reflection of the hopes and of the accomplished will of the nation. We want to have it broad and not narrow, humanitarian and not selfish.

The qualifications of the true historian are vast and his duties are sacred. He is to give to our children the spectacles through which they will look out upon the world, and according to those spectacles they will look out upon it with a liberal and a humane generosity, or with an inhumane envy and jealousy and spite. Who can question that most of the histories now in vogue are likely to produce in the minds of those who read them a feeling akin to dislike or to contempt for some other portion of the human race. So far as they do this they are false because the truth inspires reverence for humanity, fraternity, and never contempt. This ill effect is produced by historians because, while they profess to deal with nations, they are actually dealing with individuals.

It has been well said that no one can write a history of any one country unless he is almost equally familiar with the history of all other countries. It is a hard saying, but it is worthy of all acceptance. How, for example, can a history of the United States be written without a knowledge of the countries in which the people of the United States originated, without a knowledge of their inherited and transplanted fears and hopes, their prejudices and their limitations? We can, it is true, compile a catalogue of the sayings and doings of certain individuals, we can select those sayings and doings with a single eye to their dramatic nature, but to call that history is a misnomer. Let us call it a chronological table and await with such patience as we can command the appearance of the true historian who will solve this Twentieth century problem. S.

'Less Work for Doctors'

AN excellent weekly contemporary has an article with the above optimistic heading. We are sorry to have to call almost every word of this article in sharp question. It is good to be optimistic, but the optimism must have a fair foundation. There may be less work for the individual doctor, but that is only because there are yearly more and more of these individuals. How can there be absolutely less work with a growing death-rate (infants apart)?

The writer bases his conclusion (which is expressed in his heading) on two symptoms. One of these is the increase in the number of advertisements of physical culture systems and health foods. The other is a lessening reliance in drugs. Now, as to the latter, we call as witnesses to its falsity any newspaper published in any town, and any druggist. The newspaper will be filled with the advertisements of every species of quack, of elixirs, specifics, powders, pills, wafers and magnetic belts. The druggist will tell you that competition in his trade is keener every day, and that every week he has to store more and more kinds of drugs, patent and otherwise.

As to the former, we maintain that the ever-growing use of health foods and the whole tribe of predigested cereals shows that the public digestion is wearing out, and knows it, and that the physical culture systems are a like signal of the general awareness of our poor physique. But they only touch the veriest fringe of the *causes* of that physical poverty. The sources of a man's life are two—mother nature without, and his spiritual center within. From the first, our cities cut us off. The second is only attained by thought, meditation, aspiration—arts which we are almost forgetting. And when attained to, its light is only translated into health of mind and body by constant attempt at right, noble, and unselfish action, and at a flow of happiness not dependent on persons, things, or events. K.

More Bull-Fighting

WE observe with very great regret that fifty thousand dollars have been expended on a new bull-ring at Juarez, close to the Mexican border. It is a matter for still greater regret, a regret in which shame largely predominates, that of the ten thousand persons present at the opening, the majority were Americans. The report says that "six bulls were tortured and put to death, and several horses were slain." The Americans who were present do not of course represent their country, but we wish they could be persuaded to adopt some other nationality upon whose reputation for humanity their brutal instincts would not leave so visible a stain. X.

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2	29.890	65	56	58	58	.03	SE	8	
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Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

How the Patent Office Was Saved

When in the war of 1812 the British, who had taken Washington, trained their guns upon the patent office, Dr. Thornton, throwing himself directly before the guns, cried:

"Are you Englishmen, or Goths and Vandals? This is the patent office—a depository of the ingenuity and inventions of the American nation, in which the whole civilized world is interested. Would you destroy it? Then let the charge pass through my body."

And the building was spared. Twenty-four years afterward, however, it was destroyed by fire, together with everything in it.—Selected

Palmerston and Wilberforce

I hope I may be pardoned for raking out of its gray embers a clerical chestnut, says a paragraphist in *T. P.'s Weekly*, a wit combat between Palmerston and Bishop Wilberforce. Being fellow-guests in the same country house on a certain Sunday, they attended church together. By the host's advice the Bishop walked to the church, while Palmerston rode; and "Soapy Sam" was overtaken simultaneously by Palmerston and a downpour of rain. Pam shouted from the carriage to the drenched and dripping Sam the first couplet of Tate and Brady's version of the first psalm:

How blest is he who ne'er consents by ill advice to walk,
whereupon Sam shouted back to Pam the rebuke of the succeeding couplet:

Nor stands in sinner's ways, nor sits where men profanely talk.

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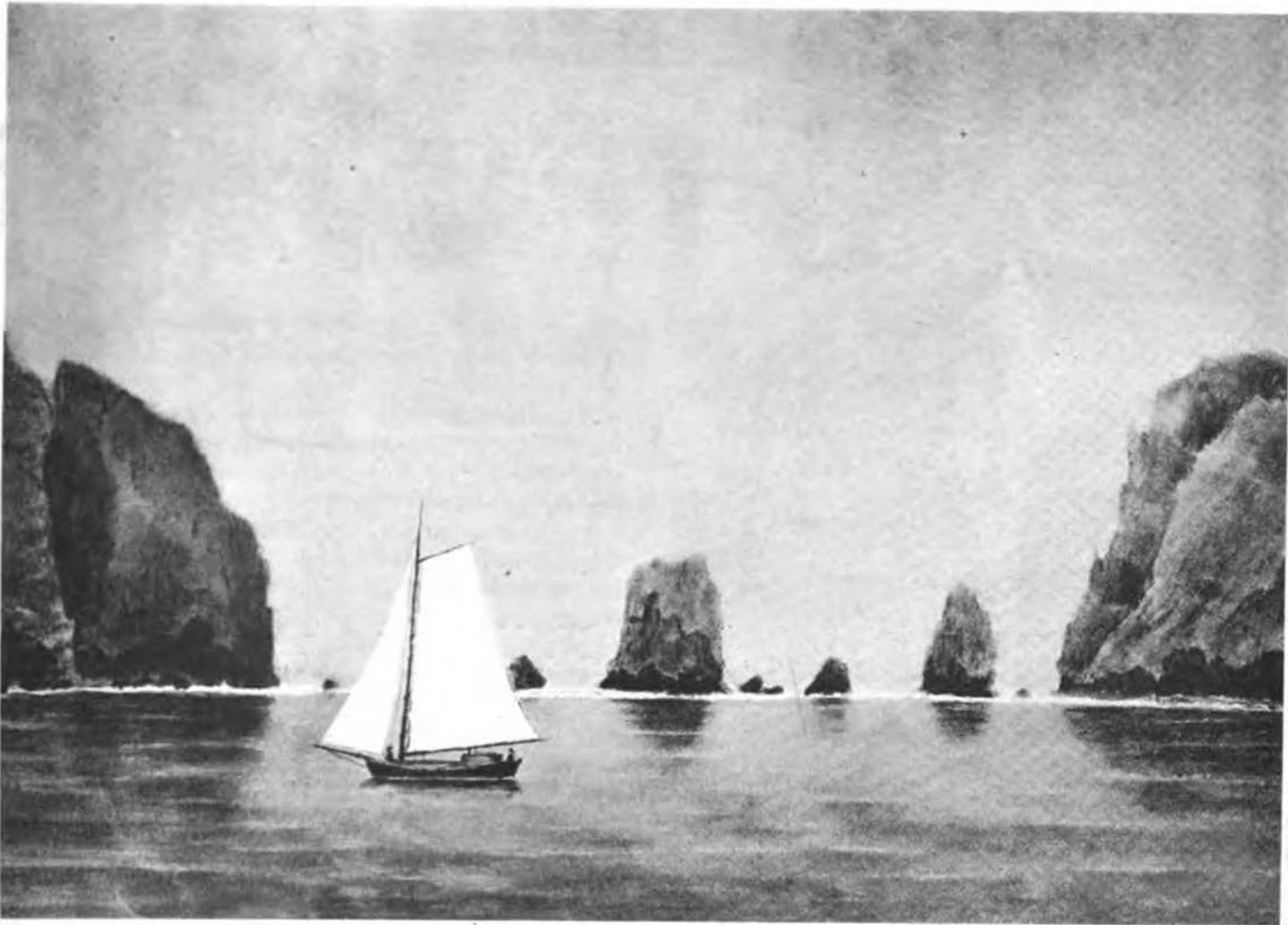
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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Throw Away the Old Bottles

WE glibly concede that new wine cannot be put into old bottles, but when it comes to the practical test we are very apt to hesitate about throwing our old bottles aside. "They may be more perfect than the old bottles of other folks," whispers the imp that perches (when he can) on our shoulders. Perhaps we believe him, and try to pour the Wine of a New Life into the bottles that held the old. The result is, of course, disappointment. The wine spilled, lost—the bottles are broken—and then we wonder why.

If there is anything more like a prison existence than the life of the average person in the world, it would be difficult to imagine it. Hemmed

in by environment, confined by ceaseless care, ceaseless worry, prisoned by that cruellest of jailors, a false habit of mind, actually like worms of the dust, because we believe ourselves to be such—those who do not languish or rebel in such bondage are those who have had no glimpses of anything better. Those who have once glimpsed the free life, a life of mental and spiritual freedom, yearn with all the intensity of their natures to step out into that free life. If they persist they will in no long time be able to do so. What then?

When Orpheus lost Eurydice by his single glance backward, he set the race an example which most of us diligently follow. We are absolutely psychologized by our own past, by the past of the race, by almost anything that, logically, is dead enough to be buried and forgotten.

We sit down and long for the flesh pots of Egypt, when of all things those are what the soul urges us to get away from. We trace the past in its details, see where we might have saved the situation in this place or that place by doing something other than we did do, and all the time the moments are flying by, making more past, and a past yet heavier laden with mistakes. What is the result? Failure, of course. All the Wine of our hopes is poured into these riven, mouldering bottles.

Those who would step with freedom must be willing to step out of prison. How many are there who want the prison and the freedom too! It seems like an impossible and absurd statement but it is a statement of fact, none the less. Thousands are today in mental and spiritual bondage because they have not the courage to step out, to turn their backs resolutely upon the Old, and to dare and challenge the New. It is the passing through the Dark Valley, though there exists no darkness, except to those who look down. The light shines eternally overhead. It is the crossing of the Dark River, the river in whose currents so many are lost. They need not have been had they looked beyond and ahead to the gleaming heights that crown the shores of Freedom. Let us resolutely strip ourselves of everything that would encumber us in the upward march. Let us not sit down and whine over the ashes of fires that our carelessness has allowed to go out, let us set about gathering fagots to build other fires. Let us not turn around, looking backward and downward, just as we are almost past the precipice edge at the mountain's top. We shall tumble headlong into the gulf if we do. Let us smash the old bottles and pour the wine of our larger trust, our greater aspiration, into those fashioned for us by the Great Law, and which are new. For the law does not desert those who work with it. It is we who desert the law. The Teacher never forgets us. It is we who forget. STUDENT

Self-consciousness

IT was said of Goldsmith that "he wrote like an angel and talked like a poor poll."

There are plenty of men whose writing is not like that of angels nor whose talking like that of parrots, who yet do write better than they talk. For they are thinking of something else all the while. And that something is—how their expressions, dress, mode of thought, and so on, will strike their interlocutor. There is no steady line of consciousness occupied with the matter in hand. Their thought, if pictured, would look like messages in the Morse alphabet, spatters of dots and dashes, not a line.

These are the "negative" men, or one brand of them. The "positive" talker, courteous as he may and should be, is emanating something, his ideas. He receives the ideas of his friend *positively*, that he may taste them, try them, accept or reject according to his judgment. But your negative—your "self-conscious"—man, in nervously trying to feel what is thought of him, is, in that very act, trying also to adjust himself to win approval. And with that attempt his mind is so much occupied that it cannot create ideas. It is also apt to be suddenly and completely pulled off the topic. He sees his friend's eye resting on his nose or his necktie, and is instantly struck with fear lest the one should have a smut on it, and the other be awry. So his thought and his talk are spotted with silence. He who, when alone, may be a strong, subtle and choice thinker, in company is shy and silent and without access even to his own opinions. There is no real remedy save the finding of that deeper self in the heart, by whose light we become indifferent alike to the approval and disapproval of others, the self whose witness in the mind is the sense of duty, of manhood, of kindness. C.

Protecting Birds by Treaty

IT is interesting, and would till recently have been incredible, that birds should become the subject of international treaty. But there is little doubt that that will shortly be the case. Birds have their uses and their beauties. They destroy injurious insects, mosquitoes, grubs, grasshoppers. They fill the country air with song in the morning, noon and evening. And often they adorn whole woods and fields with flashing color and life.

For these reasons, and even on general humanitarian grounds, many countries are affording stringent legal protection to their bird populace. But in the case of the vast number that migrate, no good is thus attained unless the same protection is afforded at both ends of the line.

The study of the yet unsolved mystery of bird migration has at least revealed this: that when birds return after a migration, they return to the same locality, field and even tree, which they left for their other residence. And if the individuals of a locality or field happen to be killed when at the other end of their migrating line, that place will not, as a rule, be occupied by other returning birds, but remain vacant. A district or whole country may therefore be depopulated of its birds by their slaughter 5000 miles away. For example, the upland plover of the United States is being destroyed in Argentina. It is therefore not enough that each country protect its birds while resident there. They must be protected by treaty with those countries that make the other end of their migrating line. In his comprehensive article on this matter in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. Bolce remarks:

The wings of beautiful birds that flit during spring time and summer through the fields and forests of the United States, may the next winter be consigned by the ton from South American ports to European milliners.

For it is the women who are answerable for this vast destruction of beautiful bird-life. The article in question enumerates a number of exquisite birds whose plumage is inviting and causing their destruction at the South American end of their migrating line. He says:

If treaties would close Old World ports to shipments of our birds killed in South America, a great incentive would be removed from hunting on that continent.

And the matter would be closed if the South American republics would extend protection to the birds visiting their shores. We earnestly hope that these two needs may be satisfied. Surely the resources of the dyer and milliner are equal to the production of any form and color without this vast annual destruction of beautiful, musical, and useful bird-life.

BIRD-LOVER

A Chinese Curiosity

THE Boston Museum is reported to be in possession of the famous jeweled tree, which for centuries has been one of the most cherished possessions of the Chinese Imperial Court. It is two and a half feet high, and is made entirely of precious stones which emit a most wonderful harmony of color. This priceless curiosity disappeared from China several years ago and it is now said to have arrived at the museum through an unknown channel.

It is not easy to understand how the method of its acquisition can be actually unknown. The museum authorities acted, of course, in good faith, but that does not affect the necessity for its immediate return. There seems to be no question that it belongs to the Chinese Imperial family, who were much disturbed at its loss, and back to China it ought to go without delay.

During the recent Chinese troubles the looting, which was done by white men, some of them highly placed, was nothing less than an international scandal. Probably the respective governments had but little control over private persons, missionaries and the like, and it is to the credit of the American authorities that they did their utmost to discover stolen property at the ports of landing with a view to its return. An extraordinary story is told of the wife of a diplomatist attached to a European government, who was presented to the Chinese Ambassador at an evening party, and whose dress was recognized by him to have been taken from the Imperial wardrobe at Peking. The combined effect of diplomatists, soldiers and missionaries upon the Chinese mind must be a strange one, and must lead to curious reflections on western morals and religion.

STUDENT

A Suggestion for a Club

IN America and in England, clubs are now being founded for every conceivable purpose and on every possible basis. Into clubs, people of the least possible common factor now bind themselves. We should be almost sorry to do anything to add to the number. But yet there is a basis on which we should really like to see one established. How about a club whose chief rule was that there should be *no conversation about persons* permitted within its walls.

The cynic will say that such a club would necessarily be the temple of perfect silence. We should feel inclined to agree, if to this rule were added another—that there should be also no talk on food or drink; and we think that under these conditions it would be safe to allow religion and politics as topics.

But if a club on such a basis would be impracticable, what about the home? Suppose that in a home the children grew up without acquiring the habit of talking about personalities, about people's failings and peculiarities. It may be offered as a general rule that he who is talking about the failings and weaknesses of another, is, in the back of his mind, thinking (in comparison) of his own strengths and virtues.

Mind must be occupied with something, and if it is not occupied with personalities then it will have a chance to think of things, events and principles. The habit of talking about the personal peculiarities of people grows, and at last absorbs almost the whole of the mind left available from business. It blinds faculties that would otherwise open; it belittles character; it stops the voice of the soul. The man who resisted the tendency all his life would be really resisting senility, for the first mark of senility is that consciousness can no more occupy itself with principles or with anything general. We would fain hope that every family will resolve itself into such a club. And we predict that in any family where this is done, the children will have a manner, a walk, a general carriage, that will in a moment betray a loftier breeding. C.

Newspaper Ideals

A GREAT daily newspaper has tried a fine experiment, and is at last able to give us the results of it. The idea of the proprietors was to make their paper reflect everything *worthy* in the national life, and to exclude all baser elements. The paper in question contains no turf or betting news, and no prize-fight accounts, nor are there any advertisements of a questionable nature. The experiment was at first of doubtful issue, and had the paper fallen short in any other respect, there would have been only failure to record. But it has been completely successful, and it is now clear that there is a large public with an elevated ideal of national life—readers who are interested in more elevating and enlightened matters than those which make up the greater part of the news columns of the average daily newspaper.

Equal success would of course attend a like effort elsewhere. It may be immediately cheaper to fill the columns of papers with reports of murders, fights, divorce cases, and matter of that kind—and being so filled they will be read—but there is no doubt that matter of a much higher order would immediately command its public in such numbers as more than to pay back the increased outlay. There are few newspaper men who would question that the duty of a journal is not only to record and reflect at random, but to *educate*.

STUDENT

The Farallon Islands

THE illustration on the cover page of the *NEW CENTURY PATH* this week is reproduced from Mr. Julian Rix's fine painting of the Farallon Islands, a group of huge bare rocks that rise out of the sea within the range of vision, on a clear day, of the city of San Francisco, almost due west of Golden Gate. There is a lighthouse on the largest of the islands, and beyond the lighthouse-keeper and his family the entire group is uninhabited save by multitudes of gulls and other sea fowl that nest in the barren crags, and the many seals that roost or sun themselves along the rocky shores. In certain seasons boat load after boat load of gulls' eggs are taken from the nests and sold in San Francisco, yet the number of birds does not seem to diminish. The scene shown in the illustration is the offing between the two largest islands, a favorite roadstead for the daring pilot boats that ply these waters in all kinds of weather, one of which is shown in the picture.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Insanity Increases with Civilization

THAT insanity looms grim on our civilization as the speedy consequence of the drug-taking and other malpractices that are so rife, is a fact of which proof is always forthcoming. Let no one dare to say the message of The Universal Brotherhood, with its sane and practical teachings as to the way of life, is not needed—needed as a life-buoy is needed by a drowning man. With nervous diseases multiplying in variety and increasing in number, and insane asylums adding extensions, it is evident that the sanity and vital stamina of the race is on the rapid decline, and the causes which are leading to this result are themselves on the increase. And there is nothing tangible with which to counteract them except that broad, all-embracing movement, as old as mankind, active in some form in all ages—The Universal Brotherhood. The following press dispatch from Boise, Idaho, gives an account of one of these forms of insanity, more insidious because the patients were not openly bad enough to be strait-waist-coated:

Boise has a fully organized suicide club. That it is ready for business and has already transacted some is shown by the fact that at least three of its members have "passed off" by the suicide route within a period of as many months.

The fact of the existence of the organization became known to the police during the investigation into the death of Grace Ashton, its latest victim. She went by the "morphine route" on a third attempt, both of the previous attempts having been frustrated through seasonable discovery by friends.

During the investigation into the cause of the death of Miss Ashton it was discovered that another young woman, a friend of Miss Ashton, had attempted suicide by taking antiseptic, but had recovered, and it was through her that the existence of the club was made known.

The club seems to be regularly organized, with a good strong membership, all young women, and holding meetings at regular intervals. It transpires that at each meeting a new victim is chosen by lot, who is to "pass off" before the time for the next meeting by one of the usual methods adopted in such cases, the particular mode being optional with the candidate.

It is known that three members have committed suicide, while one or two other suicides are suspected of having been members of the club. The police are investigating with a view of breaking up the club if possible.

Hypnotism for Little Children

WE have received a copy of a magazine which seems to be conducted in the interests of the medical profession and of trained nurses. This periodical contains a number of articles on the use of hypnotism, of which the headings are sufficient to show the nature. Thus we find, "Professor—Urges Trained Nurses to learn to Use It;" "Hypnotism on Children Used to Improve Memories, Correct Defects and Cure Nightmare;" "Strange Effect on Children;" "Hypnotism an Educator," etc., etc.

We fear it will be largely useless to sound a note of warning and yet there may still be some parents who can be persuaded to reflect before they allow their children to be subjected to treatment such as this. Nature has herself provided a means by which children can be helped to overcome the troubles sometimes incidental to their youth, and that means is by the development of their own will. By the exercise of the will it becomes stronger, and only in this way can children grow into splendid manhood and womanhood. To resort to hypnotism is to destroy the will, to transform a human being into an automaton and to plant the seed of almost certain idiocy. It is to use a power of which we know little upon a mind of which we know less. The mischief once done may not show itself for years, and when it does show itself, it will be incurable.

The physical care of children is already veering into right lines. All intelligent parents have abjured the use of alcohol for children, of drugs of all kinds, of the unholy brood of soothing syrups and sleeping powders. Hypnotism is a hundred times worse than any of them. Must we wait until the lunatic asylums tell their horrible story, even more clearly than they do now, before we learn to save our children from a fate at the sight of which we shall wish that they were dead?

STUDENT

Naval Battles of the Future

WILL naval battles be fought henceforth by night? By a recent invention torches are attached to shells so that in the dark their line of flight and striking point are made visible. There is no need to find the range or elevate the sights, for four one-pound shells per second can be fired—a practically steady fire-stream which can be directed as if it were water from a hose. Very beautiful and ingenious, but what of that? Since all nations will immediately sink more of their finances in equipping their ships with the invention, the situation remains relatively the same as before. And so with future ones; surely nothing is gained by adding to both sides of an equation. There is merely a general rise of expense; another step, however, nearer to the (now not far) limit of bearable outlay.

K.

Perversity of the Peace Makers

EVERY now and then some scientist loses his life in the search for an explosive so devastating in its effects that war will become henceforth impossible. Mr. Filippoff, the director of the *Scientific Review*, is the latest victim of this strange delusion. He had been reading a *History of Civilization* and had become so haunted by the horrors of warfare that he set to work in this strange way to end them. During his experiments certain poisonous fumes were generated by which he was overcome and killed.

In its way, this is almost typical of much of the thought of the day. A certain perversity urges us to do everything in the wrong way. Warfare is usually caused by greed and cupidity on the part of rulers, and the love of fighting which, so far, is inherent in the human mind. There can be no other way of ending warfare than by minimizing the vices which cause it, and eradicating the pugnacity which is part of our animal heritage. So long as hates exist, so long will they show themselves either by the recognized methods of warfare or in other ways still more terrible and destructive.

STUDENT

Causes of Crime and Alcoholism

DR. SAMUEL J. BARROWS, the United States Commissioner to the International Prison Congress at Brussels, has issued his report. It is interesting and educative to those who are able to open their minds to real issues. There are nine sub-reports on "alcoholism and crime," by the representatives of nine different countries. These sub-reports contain estimates of the influence of drink upon crime, and they vary from fifty-five to sixty-six per cent.

This of course is very important in its way, but unless we view it with our eyes very wide open it is likely to be more mischievous than beneficial. It will be mischievous if we suppose that by tracing crime one link back to alcoholism, we have therefore reached the end of the chain. Such a supposition is a great temptation to those who are not the victims of alcohol, because in this way they are able to look upon the alcoholic criminal as a being quite apart from themselves, for whom they have no responsibility except that of "charity." We must, however, follow up the chain by still another link. If alcohol is the cause of crime what, we must ask, is the cause of alcohol, and here we feel that we have spread a net from which very few can escape. The dock is enlarged; the "criminal" no longer stands alone but is now surrounded by respectabilities of all kinds, the shams and the selfishnesses of the whole nation. It is the social system which has produced the alcoholism, which has produced the crime; it is the selfishness of which the law neither knows nor cares, which has saturated the community with misery, and alcoholism is one of the many children of misery.

Philanthropy is a noble and beautiful thing. It will be still more noble, still more beautiful when it throws away from itself all idea that we can help the criminal or the outcast from above. In the perspectives of spiritual nature the above and the below are nearly invisible, and the selfishness which breaks no human law is quite upon a level with the selfishness which we call crime. The sentiment which prompts us to thank God that we are not as others, is a bad beginning to philanthropy. S.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

American Etchings to be Shown at St. Louis Exposition

JAMES D. SMILLIE of New York is now engaged in preparing a comprehensive exhibit of American etchings for display at the St. Louis Exposition of 1903. Mr. Smillie was one of that early group of etchers—among whom were Thomas Moran, R. Swain Gifford, Frank Duveneck, Pennell, Whistler and others—but unlike most of these has never resigned the etching needle for the brush or the draughtsman's pen. At present he is instructing a class of young students in etching, in the National Academy of Design in New York, and among his pupils are several whose work is to be on exhibition. It is Mr. Smillie's purpose to have the collection include many painter-etchings and also the best reproductive work in mezzotint, aquatint, dry-point, etc.

The cheap reproductions which have flooded the market during recent years under the name of "etchings," have almost made of the rare art a travesty. As artists well know, an etched copperplate will yield but few perfect impressions. By a hardening process, however, it has been rendered capable of yielding hundreds. Artists who had more commercial than artistic genius etched and etched and etched—for the market. The public has purchased indiscriminately, and the result is that not until a veritable heap of "etched" rubbish is cleared out of the homes of this country, will it be possible for true etching to take its place in the public mind.

Considering the cheap prices at which this rubbish has been sold, and considering the fact that only a small part of the public is able to tell the good from the hopelessly bad, it is not strange that our best etchers often found it impossible to sell their work, and that they finally relinquished it for other and more lucrative branches of their art.

It was in 1881 that the London Society of Painter-Etchers held its first exhibition and invited American etchers to contribute. So excellent were the plates contributed that the English Society elected ten of our etchers as members, adding one print from the hand of each to its permanent collection. Among those so honored were Mrs. Mary Nimmo Moran, Thomas Moran, F. S. Church, Frank Duveneck and Mr. Smillie himself.

AMERICANS may be congratulated upon Mr. Pierpont Morgan's offer to present his entire collection of art treasures to the American National Art Gallery. Among other valuable paintings the collection includes one of Raphael's masterpieces, a rare Hobbema, and Benjamin West's "Raising of Lazarus." There is also an enormous and immensely valuable collection of Chinese porcelain, the entire Gutmann collection of old silver cups, chalices, etc., of the Sixteenth century, some rare Fifteenth century bronzes, porcelains and miniatures. Mr. Morgan, it will be remembered by art lovers, has been active in his efforts to secure the admittance of paintings and works of art duty free.

"Death and the Sculptor," by Daniel C. French

THOSE who saw the exhibition of American Sculpture at the Chicago Exposition in 1902 and who looked at it from the standpoint of that which promised most for the future, must have been singularly impressed by two examples—the "Sophocles" of John Donoghue and "Death and the Sculptor," by Daniel C. French. They contained all that was best in the French modern sculpture, and something more. Beside them the heroic figures outside looked, in some instances, as if they might be the work of schoolboys. Not that they were not excellent—notably the groups by Lorado Taft—but one felt, somehow, that many of them had been "done to order."

Nothing in modern American Sculpture has excelled this conception of Daniel C. French. It was designed as a memorial to a young Boston sculptor of great promise who died just at the beginning of his career. The serene, yet inexorable majesty of the Death-Angel, the startled half-protect of the young lithe sculptor who yearns to go on with his work, the mystery-touch given by the outlined Sphinx—the whole thing, in conception and execution, is a masterpiece.

As Mr. French is one of the advisory board which has charge of all the colossal figures and groups for the St. Louis Exposition, it goes without saying that this line of work will be markedly in advance of that shown at some previous expositions.

Symbolical Art by Machell

THE following are extracts from some of the writings of R. Machell, many of whose symbolic paintings are in Katherine Tingley's private collection in Loma-land:

I believe every form in Nature, including human nature, is an outward and visible symbol of inward and spiritual forces. Thus all Nature is symbolical, and ourselves and our lives are symbolical representatives of the Eternal Drama of the Soul. In its material development the human race has for some centuries been engaged in scientific study of material things,

and seems to have almost come to believe that the outward and visible forms of things and beings are the realities, instead of being, as I believe, but the outward expression of the as yet unseen inward force or soul which is the reality behind or within the outer appearance of things. It is the attempt to return to this deeper view of life that gives rise to symbolical art.

The human form, being probably the most highly evolved form with which we are as yet acquainted, naturally offers the best means for expressing the varied play of the complex forces that move beneath the surface of life. Hence, the artist tends naturally to symbolize the spiritual powers of Nature under the form of human beings. And in doing this he is but following Nature, for the great Drama of the Soul is eternally being acted out in the lives of every one of us, no matter how humble the life may be.

Seeing Nature in this light it is easy to understand how to the artist nothing is in itself "common or unclean," though some things and some lives are distorted by misuse and abuse, and all are at different stages in their growth; yet in the great Drama of Life they all have their place and their meaning, and all are progressing consciously or unconsciously to higher forms, higher ranges of consciousness and life.

ALL we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist:
Not its semblance but itself: no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose will has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky.
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard:
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

— Browning



"DEATH AND THE SCULPTOR" by DANIEL C. FRENCH



The Greater Courage

IT must be impossible for present humanity, a very part as it is of present conditions, to realize how much help is needed, because there is no ideal life in existence for purposes of comparison. Only a master of life can know just what life might be. But there is a consciousness in general that the need is great. In spite of the sleepers of the race, who think we are working out our salvation as fast as it is worth while, there are so-called reformers in abundance. There is a great deal of desire to improve if it can only be intelligently used. The students at Point Loma know that this is a time of special opportunity which can only be seized by the exercise of courage, a true courage, born of a true love. For there are many motives which engender this quality, though it must always be of the same nature and origin. "I am the seed of all existing things, and there is not anything, animate or inanimate, which is without me," says Krishna. But that courage which is permanent, unailing, can be the outgrowth only of absolute sincerity in pure motive. It is also written in one of the ancient scriptures:

Those who long for the accomplishment of desires, obtain a happiness which comes and goes. But for those who, thinking of me as identical with all, constantly worship me, I bear the burden of the responsibility of their happiness.

So a courage which is born of a desire which is in any way related to self-development cannot endure. The real courage which is going to help the world must be aroused by thinking of the world and its needs, and just as one can walk steadily over a narrow bridge if the eyes are not turned downward, and can reach a goal, if the gaze is fixed upon it, so if there is a real love for one's fellow beings, personal timidity and self-distrust will drop away. Each one may be absolute master in his own dominion. He has his own kingdom which no one but himself can rule, and the courageous effort which is required is the courageous effort to meet and command these forces. If each could or would do this, humanity would be saved

at once. It would not be fully developed at once; nor have all knowledge, nor all power, but it would be saved from further misery and pain.

In the journey of life, as man descends from the heights of spirit into the clouds of matter, and loses all memory of the past, a lethargy of ages settles over him. He is ignorant in the new situation, but little by little adapts himself to it, and learns to fashion out of the gross material with which he is working that which can please and give him comfort for the time being. Certain difficulties have to be met, courage is evolved which is equal to them. They are overcome and the old intense interest in them passes. As a child casts aside an old toy for a new, they are supplanted by mental desires which arise to be gratified. Physical courage will not surmount the difficulties which appear in the way of satisfying these, and a new kind is evolved of a higher order.

When the mental field is entered and, sooner or later, according to the individual, found to be unsatisfactory as a goal, spiritual longings are awakened. Most deceptive of all and hardest to be freed from are these, for they are more like the real thing than any of the other, and at the same time more different. It is possible to go so far off the track here as to lose the way entirely and be forced to begin the long journey all over again.

But if truth is learned in time and all these stages have been passed into and left behind, and the discovery is actually made that nothing which is sought for oneself is worth the while; when it is literally realized that no man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself, and when the situation in which the soul finds itself, linked to all the ties and tendencies of the past, is honestly faced—that is the time when true courage of the highest order is needed. These periods of illumination come not only to individuals, but also to the race-soul from time to time, and they bring with them certain conditions. As there is no light without its darkness, so there are no mountains without their valleys. With the illumination comes also the temptation to be overwhelmed; to look at one's weakness instead of one's strength; to let despair shut out the light that has entered, the despair that has been called a giant in the myths and which



MISS EDITH WHITE

every soul at some time meets. The present is such a period of illumination, and the Giant Despair is so great in the race-mind that only a still greater courage can withstand him. No doubt he has grown so large because the opportunity of today is so glorious. The devils grow to meet opportunities as well as the gods, and the appearance of either on the field of battle foreshadows a coming crisis. All through history can be traced these periods of quickening when life is more intense. Sometimes this is only felt locally, and at others it is more general. It almost seems at such times as if the race of souls came to a spot on their spiral journey that nearly touched the next turn above them, and as if at such a time they might by a special effort reach this round through a short, quick road, instead of taking the long, long circle, if only they had the courage to span a little chasm. A step perhaps no greater than they often take in the beaten path. It is for this higher impersonal courage which carries with it a purified, clear atmosphere, which brings new life, that the earth is waiting. And the compassionate love hovering over the world, the essence of the light which is ready to stream from every quarter so soon as men have burst their barriers, seems to call upon the children of earth with clarion voice—Dare!

GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT

A Loma-land Artist

L OMA-LAND will some day be the artist's Mecca.

Beauty itself is not more beautiful than this rare place with its sweep of sky and sea, its mountains, hillsides, cañons and marvelous land-locked bay. "The Greater Acropolis," it has long been called by tourists, and there have been many who say that its topography bears a marvelous resemblance to that of Greece. But Loma-land has a largeness and a certain wholeness in its beauty that even Greece had not, and to the artist speaks, verily, of ideals yet to be realized, and of the greater art that is to be.

Already a number of artists have opened studios in Loma-land, the latest among them being Miss Edith White. Miss White's studio in Pasadena, no less than the work which has gone out from it, is known all over the State. No one paints landscapes better, nor flowers as well. She is specially known for her paintings of roses—such roses as only California produces, glorious, all pink and gold and sunshine.

Miss White comes from good old New England stock, her ancestors having been among the original settlers of Massachusetts. On her mother's side she is related to Secretary Stanton of Civil War fame. When she was but a child her father brought the family westward by ox-teams across the great plains to Nevada county, California. The trip was exciting and often hazardous, for mountains had to be traversed and dangerous streams forded. The entire trip occupied four months, and Miss White's memory of it has its shadows as well as its high-lights.

Miss White, from her childhood, cherished one great ambition—to become an artist. She began very early to sketch and paint, without, at first, any tuition. She studied art at Mills' Academy where she graduated, at the School of Design in San Francisco, and later finished her studies at the Art Students' League in New York.

In 1893 she opened her studio in Pasadena. Ten years later she came to Loma-land, where, she asserts, she is entering upon a new life in her art. In addition to her usual work in the studio, Miss White gives instruction in drawing, oil and water-colors, to several classes at Point Loma. Miss White has for many years been a devoted student under Katherine Tingley, and the privilege that has been hers to enter the student life in Loma-land, appears to have given her work a higher quality. Those who know her best declare that she is entering upon a new era. A.V.W.

"Having Eyes We See Not"

Alas, alas, that all men should possess Alaya, be one with the Great Soul, and that, possessing it, Alaya should so little avail them!

WE pass through countless lives before we become awakened to the fact that we are souls. For the soul is not a thing apart, yet using us; it is the real self, awaiting the opportunity to claim its sovereignty and put into execution its great plans. But we have built a wall out of our personal loves and hates, and even out of our indifference; we have made a barrier out of the seeming needs of the body and pleasures of the mind. We have given them the right of possession, and they tyrannize over us even though we are perfectly versed in the theory of their worthlessness, and have learned by heart the beautiful story of the "Silent Watcher," who waits to guide and redeem us.

"Having eyes we see not; having ears we hear not."

Why is this so? We think we are awake and on the alert, eager to help and to attain, and yet when we least expect it, we find that we have failed somewhere; some pit-fall has swallowed us up for the time, though we thought we knew its location and would surely avoid it.

Great opportunities pass before our eyes and yet we are blind to their existence; we are in danger and we do not perceive it; others stand where the waters are slowly and stealthily rising to engulf them, and we do not see their danger in time to offer the saving help, for sentimentality and conventional habits of thought hide from us the real truth of conditions.

We are here to learn the truth, to study our own natures, to find out what those obstructions are which keep us from rising to the

point at which we shall be able to respond to every call with instant courage. We are here to overcome that negative condition of mind which invents plausible excuses when the call is sounded.

Think what a power for good, what a magnificent instrument of righteousness we might be in the hands of our Teacher if we could rise to the greatness of our possibilities, if we could drop our fears and our sensitiveness, if we could bear to look upon the picture of our own personality without flinching. Then would dawn a new day in our history, and we could go forth as one body in unity and strength. This would be the drama of the Higher Life, wherein the souls would be the actors.

Loma-land, 1903

EDITH WHITE



ROSES by Miss EDITH WHITE

Woman in the Vedas

From the precepts of Manu, the great Lawgiver of India

THE mouth of a woman is always pure, V, 130.

Women must be honored and adorned by their fathers, husbands, brothers, and their brothers-in-law, who desire their own welfare, III, 55.

Where women are honored, there the Devas (gods) are pleased; but where they are dishonored, no sacred rite yields rewards, III, 56.

Where female relatives live in grief, the family soon wholly perishes; but that family where they are not unhappy ever prospers, III, 57.

A BERLIN correspondent says in one of our exchanges: "A beginning has been made with a class in connection with the Berlin University for the Training of Young Ladies as Librarians. None but academically educated persons are admitted to the class, which has already a membership of eleven. Several public libraries have already expressed their willingness to employ properly qualified ladies as librarians." A step of this kind would have small significance in America, but in conservative Germany it has certain and special emphasis.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Alleged Discovery of Homer's Troy Near the Dardanelles

WHETHER Homer's story of the siege of Troy is allegoric or historic, we will not trouble ourselves to question. Our minds, unlike those of some controversialists, are large enough to accommodate both views, and we are content to regard *all* history as symbolical, since the causes which lead to the events are necessarily linked with the entire scheme of cause and effect in the universe. A great master like Homer would narrate history, not as a mere catalogue of events, not even as a mere study of human interests and ideas, but with a still higher appreciation of the meaning and purpose of history. He would grasp all the symbolical meaning of the drama he depicted, and fashion it into a grand book of instruction for his time and future time. Hence his history would, to a severely "practical" and academic age, look like "romance" (horrid word).

However, recent press reports allege that Homer's Troy has actually been unearthed and the locations and dispositions mentioned by him identified. Prof. E. B. Clapp of the University of California, speaking of the investigation of Professor Doerpfeld, says:

The site of King Priam's Troy was established beyond a doubt as being on the mound of Hissarlik, three miles from the Dardanelles. There are seven strata of settlements, and the sixth of these from the bottom Doerpfeld identified as the Homeric Troy.

There is no doubt about the matter at all. All the topographic details of Homer's story of the siege of Troy were identified to the last point. The massive walls around which Achilles dragged the dead body of Hector were there, and the Scenae and Dardanarian gates, beside which the divinities appeared. Surmounting the whole Acropolis was the palace of King Priam, from which Helen and Andromache watched the heroes struggle on the plain. There were unmistakable evidences that the city had been destroyed as if by an invading force, which would further carry out the Greek epic, and the period of the catastrophe would seem to be 1200 to 1500 B. C. The mound of Hissarlik lies near the junction of Scamander and Simois rivers, which Homer mentions, and where the united streams flow into the Dardanelles there is a little sheltered harbor, around which the Greek host must have camped for their ten-years siege.

Troy was not a large city and scholars are somewhat disappointed at this, but it must be always remembered that the city surrounding the fortified Acropolis, which is left, must have been entirely swept away by the Greek armies.

Now "Ulysses, the wise counselor," Homer tells us in the *Odyssey*, lived in Ithaca. There is an island in the Ægean today known as Ithaca, but it does not correspond at all to the minute descriptions in the *Odyssey*, which has been hitherto explained by considering Homer's description purely imaginative. With the growing belief in the reality of the Homeric poems came a desire to find the true Ithaca.

Professor Doerpfeld believes that he has found it in the Island of Leucas, twenty miles north of the present Ithaca. There is situated a harbor in the south of the island which is similar to the one in which Ulysses was left by the Phenicians on his return from fallen Troy, and in the interior is a plain which closely corresponds to that on which Ithaca was built. South of Leucas is another small island exactly like the Homeric Asteris, on which the suitors lay in ambush for Telemachus on his return from Sparta. There is no such island near the modern Ithaca.

All this is already a hotly disputed question, and the most conservative scholars do not agree with Professor Doerpfeld's startling assumption. But he is convinced he has discovered the real home of Ulysses and Penelope, and this summer is digging with the firm hope of revealing the palace of the king. Already he has reached Greek walls below the surface, and soon hopes to find the great Mycenæan ruins.

From the evidence at hand, the press dispatches and the opinion of Professor Clapp, it seems reasonable to suppose that another "fable" is about to be superseded by a fact.

STUDENT

A Lesson from San Miguel—Secrets of the Past

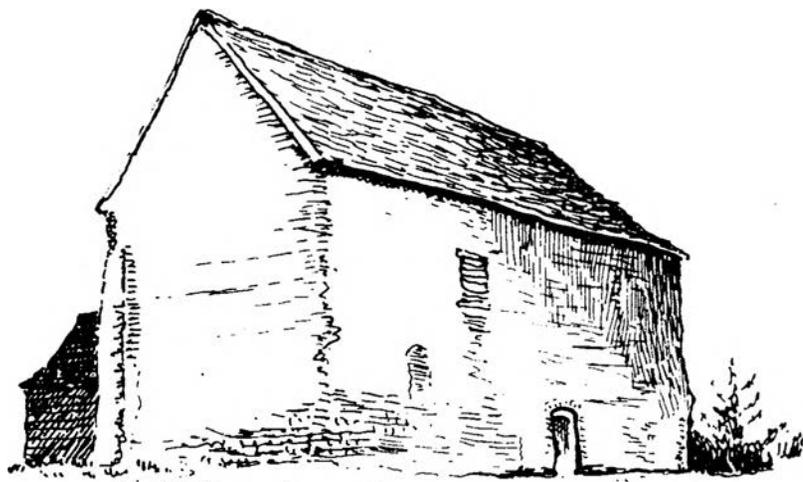
NO insignificant lesson can be learned from the destruction of that unhappy Mexican town, San Miguel. It is reported that save for some ruins of an old church, not a vestige remains. A hurricane descended upon it and swept it into the sea. If we consider nature's many methods of destruction, the hurricane, the cyclone, the earthquake, landslides, glaciers, volcanoes, land subsidences and upheavals, atmospheric corrosion of wood, iron and even stone, and consider, too, how many of these even one single year only of our own experience offers us, the surprising thing is that any ruins remain anywhere to tell us anything of the past.

We can make some sort of rough calculation. Think of the known disasters of the last year; and of those of the last hundred years which, because of their magnitude, have got into history—a small proportion. Then carry the view through great stretches of time. We can easily see that, as age after age went by, each, as it passed, may have obliterated every trace of the insignia of its characteristic civilization. So we can

readily understand that much of the past which research is unveiling, in South America, Greece, Egypt, Rome, Asia and elsewhere is but a small fraction of what once existed. Most of this past would seem beyond any line of research now open to us. We cannot dig the sea-floor for the remains of hurricane-swept cities or demand that ocean shall display the secrets of submerged continents. Nor, on land, will the deep scars of earthquakes re-open for our convenience.

Nevertheless, the past is yielding something of its story, and from that which comes to hand year by year, we can construct some dim picture, which, as a bone reveals to the naturalist the whole animal, will in time lead us perhaps to the truth.

K.



ANCIENT CHURCH AT ESSEX, ENGLAND

Remarkably Ancient Church at Essex, England

THE building of which we present our readers with a sketch is by no means a beautiful structure. It is, nevertheless, one of the most interesting in England, and forms one of those links with the past for the destruction of which the world would be the poorer. The uninstructed native of Essex, where this building is situated, would say that it is a barn. It is indeed a barn, for to such humble use has it descended. None the less, the grandfathers of the men who built it might have seen Christ, for it was a part of the fortifications of Othona, which is mentioned in the military survey of the Roman Empire. A thousand years before America was discovered, this building was used as a church, being adapted to that purpose by the Saxon missionary, Bishop Cedd. After that it became a beacon house, and from a beacon house it became a barn. Local tradition tells us that from its vicinity have been dug up vast quantities of golden cups and the like, and a wealth of golden coin, and that a calf of pure gold yet awaits to be unearthed. Certain it is, that weapons and Roman coins have been found within the castrum. S.

A PREHISTORIC burial ground has been discovered close to Hopkinsville, Ky. The finder is Professor Warren Morehead, the curator of the department of archeology of Phillips Academy. Ten skeletons have been unearthed, and these are pronounced by Prof. Morehead to be the remains of an extinct race of mound builders. The bones were in rough stone coffins and with them various implements were brought to light.

Nature

Studies

Skill of the Trailer Depends Upon Experience

WHEN we read of the marvelous feats of "tracking" or "trailing" by frontiersmen or savages, we are apt to consider their ability due to some sort of a sixth sense, unattainable by ordinary persons. While it is true that there are some whose skill in this line reaches to positive genius, and is, like that of similar men in other vocations, brought over from past lives and is beyond the possibility of attainment in one life, yet the ordinarily skilled trailer does his work by trained observation such as we all use more or less. A trailer is most successful in a country with which he is most familiar, because he knows its possibilities, its resources and its dangers. He knows by long experience the needs of travelers in such country, and what indications there are to guide them in securing supplies of food, water, fuel, etc. He knows the practical routes of travel for persons with any given sort of equipment. Therefore he knows in advance what a party will be obliged to do and where to go, and knowing this he has little need to actually track their footsteps, in ordinary cases. But a trailer is baffled in unfamiliar country, unless he can follow the steps.

In the same way a trailer is often more troubled to follow the track of novices in his own country, than that of more experienced persons, because the novices, being unacquainted with the region, are liable to do anything and go anywhere. Of course if they take the wrong road in the desert they will probably be found dead, but in well-watered country the result is not so swift nor certain.

In any case it is experience which enables him to tell, by very slight signs, the wants, the purposes, the resources and the knowledge of the party he is following and to determine from these facts the course they will follow and what they will do.

Animal Intelligence

A FRENCH biologist, M. Giard, writes to the *Revue Scientifique* communicating an extraordinary example of insect intelligence. There is, he says,

An ant of the East Indies, that builds shelters of leaves whose edges are fastened together with silk fibres. The origin of this silk has long puzzled entomologists. The ant has no spinning glands of any kind at adult age. But W. D. Holland, of Balangoda, and Ernest Green, of Paradeniya, Ceylon, verifying old and incomplete observations made in India, have proved that the working ants, in order to spin the thread that fastens the edges of the leaves, *make use of the larvæ of their own species*, which they hold in their jaws, moving them about with skill in all directions, and afterwards returning them to the nest when they have finished.

The larvæ, of course, have a silk spinning apparatus, used for cocoon making. Is this an example of reasoning intelligence, or are we to believe that it is only a case of mechanical automatism?

THE ROSE

by W. E. HENLEY

O GATHER me the rose, the rose,
While yet in flower we find it,
For summer smiles, but summer goes,
And winter waits behind it.

For with the dream foregone, foregone,
The deed foreborne forever,
The worm regret will canker on,
And time will turn him never.

So well it were to love, to love,
And cheat of any laughter
The fate beneath us and above,
The dark before and after.

The myrtle and the rose, the rose,
The sunshine and the swallow,
The dream that comes, the wish that goes,
The memories that follow.

Rare Effects of de Chavannes Suggested

THE mural paintings of Puvis de Chavannes give one new glimpses into the world of color and of form. Strange seem the shades and the colors that he uses. His skies are like velvet, his water is placid and opaque, his greens are a curious mingling of many tones. One wonders where he could have discovered these trees in nature. Yet the sunrise of the other morning suggested them. The sky at first was gray, becoming slowly luminous as the sun rose, though not yet visible over the horizon. One could almost feel pulsate the great Nature's heart, one could feel the earth stir with Nature's breath. The roadway was almost purple, one felt in looking upon it as one feels when a minor third sounds in the ears.

Beyond it were the cypress rows, leaden and dark, with a flatness that made them seem like the paintings upon some distant proscenium.

Across, beyond the cypress rows, lay the bay, beautiful San Diego bay, still, restful, but its waters carrying a singular opacity as if they were made of velvet. Sharp and cut-in were the shore's capricious lines, color against color, the whole mass so toned that it seemed not like nature, but like some artist's commentary upon it. Then, as the sun rose, there came the clearer vision. Little by little the half-light rose and blended into daylight. Little by little the sharp lines changed into softness and strange hues melted into daylight shades. The sky's color deepened, then faded into blue. The sun appeared over the horizon—and it was day!

STUDENT



ONE OF THE MANY LOMA-LAND ROSE GARDENS

Eucalyptus Trees

AN enthusiasm for growing eucalyptus trees is everywhere taking fire. And indeed it is a marvelous tree. There are 150 species, and between them all the genus can grow anywhere.

Some do well at an altitude of 6000 feet; some in the bottom of deep valleys. Some need the water of a marsh, which they will drain and keep drained.

Others flourish in almost rainless deserts where the ground water is 100 feet below the surface. Their uses

are multitudinous. They make windbreaks, improve climate, oust mosquitoes, yield a fine source of honey.

Their wood is splendid timber and fuel; their shoots and leaves are dried and compressed with crude oil into burning cakes giving out great heat.

They yield one or two fine medicines, and the oil is a perfect antiseptic. The growing foliage turns the oxygen of the air into ozone.

About once in three years they can be cut to the ground without injury to their life. It is no wonder that they are accounted the most useful of all trees known to man.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE Isis Theatre was well filled on Sunday night to hear an address by Mrs. Grace Bohn on "Defenders of Principle." The address was preceded by some admirably executed music by the members of the Point Loma Orchestra, which was well received by the audience.

Mrs. Bohn, who spoke without notes, paid a tribute to the scenic beauties of San Diego, as seen from Point Loma. "The picture by night," she said, "is symbolic of the world's life, wrapped in spiritual darkness, yet here and there the lights are gleaming above the darkness, and the bearers of them are those who have been Defenders of Principle. There have always been those who loved the world and from among them have come the Great Helpers, the Great Teachers, and there have been others who have had the courage to clasp hands with those Great Ones. They, too, were Defenders of Principle. They were unselfish. They did not quarrel and they would not drift. It is these light-bringers who have kept the nations alive. The Bibles of the world are one long record of their services.

"Truth has had many warriors in many lands. Age after age have these great souls come to the world, to make things a little easier, to bring something like order into life.

"How did humanity like their coming? There have always been some who loved the light more than the darkness, but only a few, and these few became students of the Great Teachers. But the majority did not want things made easier. They liked the disorder and the pain, they liked the darkness best. And that is why the few have been reviled and slandered and crucified. The result has been that hitherto the light has been swallowed up in darkness. The Teachers have been driven away and the victory has been to the hypocrites.

"The multitude have never understood why the Christ, who could save humanity, could not save himself. They have not known the law that those who carry

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Address by Mrs. Grace Bohn on "The Defenders of Principle" Fine Music

Reprinted from San Diego News

the sword of power must never use it their own defence. Thus the Great Teachers could only be saved by the loyalty of those who stood around them as a guardian wall, and because of the lack of loyalty the Teachers have been persecuted and crucified. While there is every inspiration in the thought of the Great Teachers to those of us who are

timid, there is perhaps an even greater inspiration in the memory of the humble men and women who have defended truth, with no drums beating nor banners flying. We too can do this, more than we dream of. Perhaps you have felt the emptiness of the world's life, and because you are too honest to shirk your plain duty you will do your part in defending the truth when you see it. You have your choice, to defend the truth, or to shut it from your heart. The moment of that choice, if you choose rightly, is your first step upon the path. And you will not have very far to go before you will understand the lives of the Great Teachers better than ever before, because, in the rigid defense of principle, you will find that you have raised a kind of moral cyclone in your neighborhood and perhaps in your home. You will have entered upon the great warfare, not only with the world but with the selfish part of your own nature. Take refuge in the soul then, for the soul can transmute every selfish desire that we have into the pure gold of spiritual aspiration. What would you then exchange for the peace which has come to you when you realize that you have cut a path for others who can follow, but who are not strong enough to lead? What will be the end of it all? The lights of your city disappear, but they disappear in the dawn of a new day. The very discords which we see around us are but the darkness before the dawn. It is near at hand, and those who keep the light burning in their hearts will find that it is a part of the great light that is to be. Then persecution will be unknown. Then the many will be the defenders of principle, rather than the few. Then will come unto all the world the peace which now belongs only to the few."

Splendid Success of the Raja Yoga System in Cuba

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, October 7, 1903

THE topic of the hour is the children; and no one will dispute the fact that much needed is every thought for their welfare and progress, individually and collectively, if civilization is to ascend to the higher point of perfection.

The world is blessed by many thinking people who realize the pressing needs of reorganization; and everywhere the crying evils of child labor, wrong education, physical degeneration, and all the penalties attending physical and moral neglect, are evident. As with the individual so with the nation. The heart-strings of a nation may be wrung by oppression, war, pestilence and famine, and her children victimized almost beyond the power of resuscitation.

Such has been the case with the infant Republic Cuba. Although but four years since her martyred and famine-stricken people lay prostrate upon its soil, the beautiful Isle now presents an appearance of hopefulness and pride that would inspire the least interested being to stretch out a helping hand. Work is the keynote to progress, happiness and success. The "slough of despond" might well be the abiding place of any nation of people tyrannized over for centuries, but, when a beacon is held aloft and they, eagerly hailing the approaching light, step forth into its pathway, the efforts of those more fortunate should be extended in their help.

Katherine Tingley, appreciating the needs of this afflicted nation, came to Cuba after the late war with a relief corps. Her work did not end with the culmination of that expedition. Yielding to their urgent petitions, she extended to a few Cuban children the benefits of free education at the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, Cal., and after several years of exceptional training, mentally, morally and physically, some were granted the pleasure of visiting their native land and their families, last February, when Katherine Tingley, attended by the members of her cabinet, teachers, and a number of American and English children of the Raja Yoga School, visited Cuba for the purpose of establishing a branch of the Raja Yoga School and the Isis Conservatory of Music. And it is mildly expressed, to say that the families and friends of the Cuban children not only greeted them with delight but noted with intense satisfaction and gratitude the progress they had made in English, music and general studies, surpassing all expectations. And, needless to say, the news of the proposed establishment of a Cuban branch of the Raja Yoga School was hailed with applause. Many aching hearts were made glad because Katherine

Tingley had again come among them, and this time to work for the children.

While educators are discussing the need of various reforms in the present systems of education, Katherine Tingley is practically demonstrating her new methods of training the child so that he may be equally balanced, mentally, morally and physically. The Raja Yoga system neither sacrifices the physical to the mental; the mental to the physical; nor the moral to either.

That the Cuban people had learned of the benefits of the Raja Yoga training, and stood ready to avail themselves of any opportunity, was demonstrated by the unusual demand for admission, when Katherine Tingley announced the opening of a Raja Yoga School in Santiago de Cuba. The several departments were duly opened and three or four hundred children were enrolled, with a waiting list equally large. From the first day of school until the term ended, the interest and enthusiasm of every child was unabated. They attended punctually and regularly, and the parents were often heard to say, "There must be something wonderfully interesting about the Raja Yoga School, for my children cannot wait for the school hour to come, while they count with impatience the hours between Friday night and Monday morning."

The Cuban children seem to express the pathos of their lives in an emotional and poetic temperament, at times languid because of long subjection to oppression and tyranny, yet remarkably receptive and keen.

A new era has dawned and, although dazed by the sudden burst of light and freedom, the people eagerly grasp with unexpected discrimination the opportunities which insure the advancement of their children and the nation.

Their appreciation of justice is also remarkably keen, and their determination to take a firm grip and swing themselves onto the high-road of activity, enterprise and cooperation is worthy of commendation, to say the least.

A little incident recently noted gives a fitting example of their inherent determination to push forward to the road to progress: Several young boys of the Raja Yoga School, who took much interest in their studies (especially English), were met by one of the teachers, who was greatly surprised to find them speaking English. "Where are you practising your English?" was asked.

"O," replied one of the boys, "we go every day to the wharves and try to talk with the English and American people who come in on the boats; we hope to speak much English by the time the fall term begins."

They had even formed a little company among themselves, each one agreeing to "collect" each day as many English words as possible, and then to make an exchange with the other members of the company. Think of it! Surely such methods denote ambition, and give great inspiration to all who would place stepping-stones for the young traveler on life's long path.

A casual glance at the work already established by Katherine Tingley for the benefit of the children of Cuba, will enable the onlooker to see the prospects.

In one of the most airy and sanitary houses in Cuba, known as the Headquarters of the International Brotherhood League, flooded by sunshine and the fragrance of flowers pouring forth from the beautiful court-yard, around which encircles the rooms, are adequate appointments for school work. Touches of color are given by flags, illuminated proverbs, interspersed with artistic photographs and other simple decorations. Music, the keynote of life, harmonizes all in a cadence of poetry and song.

The songs of the Raja Yoga School have spread broadcast, and not only are they to be heard everywhere, but even in the stores everything to be popularized is named "Raja Yoga," (hats, belts, fans, etc.) Here the school was reopened several weeks ago with an average attendance of 275 pupils.

Another building known as the "Raja Yoga Academy," already opened for the autumn term, offers unlimited facilities for school work. It is one of the largest houses in Cuba, palatial in appearance and in all its appointments. A broad piazza with marble steps, floor and railings, makes the approach imposing. Upon entering the house one is carried back, in mind, to the centuries of the past when halls and palaces were built true to some legitimate style of architecture.

The first room is of an immense size, divided lengthwise by huge columns from which are formed arches of Moorish design. These are artistically carved and decorated in white and gold. The floor is of white marble while the massive doors and blinds are of highly polished mahogany. This room opens into a broad veranda with mosaic tiles and swinging shutters and doors, which open into a beautiful courtyard which is filled with tropical plants, palms, rose vines, jasmine, and many varieties of potted plants. In the center of the court is a well of most picturesque design, built of white tiles with wrought-iron frame from which suspend a chain and iron bucket enameled in white.

Opening upon the veranda, from three sides, are many spacious and lofty rooms. A broad staircase of solid mahogany leads to a second floor balcony from which opens a dining-room resembling in size a small hall. Its panelled and decorated ceiling and marble floor bear the marks of grandeur and pomp; and again one is forced to recall the days when political, social and religious situations were discussed "over the cups." And the story is told that in this house many persons of foreign birth and noble rank have been entertained; and perchance if the history of this young republic were fully revealed, we might discover that many plans of political and religious importance may have had their origin within these very walls.

From the balcony one glances over tiled roofs of various colors and styles, all bearing the mark of age—moss-covered and crumbling with decay. Hanging balconies of a peculiarly graceful style of architecture enhance the picturesqueness of this old Spanish city. But the eye catches more in its glance, for in the distance the beautiful green hills and mountains loom up against the blue sky which is ever hung with soft, fleecy clouds, seeming in their white purity to challenge the divinity in man to assert its own purity and greatness. For this alone harmonizes

with the greatness and fullness of the divine laws manifested in the glories of nature's life, expressed through mountain and sea, birds and flowers.

A short distance from Santiago, at a place called Guabitas, is the site of another Raja Yoga School. The land adjoins that of Mayor Emilio Bacardi, and was generously given to the International Brotherhood League by the Mayor and Mrs. Bacardi. It commands a delightful view of the mountains and is a most picturesque spot with its sloping hillsides, the luxuriant verdure of which is now, under the summer sun, turning to a golden yellow, contrasting in exquisite harmony with the blue sky which affords a background to the towering hillsides. Upon this spot will soon be erected artistic and commodious buildings for the Raja Yoga School.

The work in Cuba is planned to reach the demands of all, and besides the school work there is also established a branch of the Isis Conservatory of Music and Drama. Classes for piano, violin and singing were formed last spring and have been remarkably well attended; in fact, all who applied for admission could not be accommodated, while the English and dramatic classes, attended by many of the most promising daughters of Cuba, are already making astonishing progress.

The completeness of Katherine Tingley's methods is again demonstrated by the establishment of the Lotus Groups, which are held every Sunday morning, and here again is the evidence of the spiritual and moral training combined with the mental. The attendance at these Sunday morning meetings is very large, and an increasing membership proves to the observer that the light of spiritual and moral guidance is sought by these children, who intuitively realize that a well-rounded education will prove, not only an advantage to themselves but a great help in the advancement of this infant Republic—their Fatherland.

The patience with which the children and people bear the inconveniences attending the primitive modes of living, not to mention the privations they suffer, is indeed heroic. Having lived so many centuries under a tyrannical rule to which they were unwillingly submissive, some of the people have, in consequence, little idea of how to acquire the plainest necessities of life. For instance, during the rainy season the streets, and oftentimes the houses, become flooded, the rains lasting many hours and sometimes for days. Storm-clothes and shoes are never seen, not even at the stores of the merchants. It is a sad and pitiable sight to see on a rainy day the little children wading through the mud and water in thin shoes and scanty clothes, fearing to be absent from school lest their progress be thereby retarded. And needless it is to say, that such exposure is very injurious to these little lives, however hardy they may seem. How many are there who would gladly give of their abundance were they acquainted with these real needs! One's thoughts run wild in anticipation of a visit from "Old Santa" to these children whose lives are yet full of the memories of the past with all its attending horrors of tyranny, war, pestilence and death.

Well may any well-defined and ably-supervised work for the children prosper when it tends to brighten their tender years with the sunshine and happiness which comes from the heart and soul of a people whose hopes lie in the advancement of the children. Truly has Katherine Tingley said:

"The children! The children! Surely they are the Torch-bearers, the Light-bringers. Let their lives be so molded that they will be better citizens than you or I. Let us cultivate a higher spirit of patriotism, a deeper spirituality, a greater spirit of brotherly love." SECRETARY RAJA YOGA SCHOOL IN CUBA

Who Are These Readers?

THE Toronto *Star* thus puts into words something that many sensible people on this side of the line have often thought: "The big newspapers of New York, which boast of daily circulations away up in the hundreds of thousands, are worth seeing now and then, if but to excite one's wonder that such journals can find support. They are amazing in their lavish expenditure of money and insincerity. They amuse and alarm and attract their readers with all kinds of jack-in-the-box tricks, with the shaking of rattles, shouting 'Boo!' telling fairy tales, and by using all the arts of the nursery on their readers.

"The readers are children intellectually, and are supplied with Punch and Judy journalism. Who are these hundreds of thousands—these millions all told—of readers who daily crave the farce and bathos, the kindergarten philosophizing, the cheap rant, and the vulgar illustrating that marks yellow journalism? Are they the money-chasers of the day, worn out and incapable of consecutive thinking, and finding mental relaxation in these vagabond compilations and conglomerations of odds and ends? Or are they the ignorant foreigners who herd in the large cities, and can be appealed to only by pictures and big type and crude, rude, raw news and views? Whoever they may be they exist in great numbers, and yellow journalists serve them intellectually as in earlier days unscrupulous traders commercially served the aborigines by catering to their crass taste for glittering beads and the flaming primary colors in cloths and trinkets."

Latent Craftsmanship

PRACTICALLY every one is, somewhere in his nature, an artist on some line. To tempt the unknown artist-craftsman on to that line is the object of the Hingham Society of Arts and Crafts. Its idea is to create a buying public for the productions of hitherto latent talent. The prospect of such a public stimulates the talent, and the work of the talent attracts the buying public.

The society recently gave an exhibition at the little town of Hingham from which it gets its name. A very wealth of unsurpassed buried craftsmanship and artistry was unearthed. Says a report:

The well filled rooms of the old schoolhouse were a surprise and a discovery. Here were men and women, friends and neighbors, who were artists in wood, in fine needlework, weaving, rugmaking, bead work, copper work, basket making, in the chemistry of vegetable dyes, in toy making, cabinet-work, ironwork, and, most curious of all, candle making.

The candles were pale green, bayberry, with aromatic flame, a charming notion. We should like to see such an affair imitated and placed on a permanent basis in many and many a town and village throughout the country. It would mean a new interest in life for thousands of people, calling forth their self-respect, their sense of usefulness and their hidden faculties. Vacant hours would be filled, and unworthy or silly and time-wasting occupations worthily supplanted. The revival in craftsmanship is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. C.

A FRAGMENT

by SIDNEY LANIER

OH, what if a sound should be made!
 Oh, what if a bow should be laid
 To this bow-and-string tension of beauty and si-
 lence a-spring---

To the bend of beauty the bow, or the hold of silence the
 string!

I fear me, I fear me you dome of diaphanous gleam
 Will break as a bubble o'er-blown in a dream---
 You dome of too-tenuous tissues of space and of night,
 Over-weighted with stars, over-freighted with light,
 Over-sated with beauty and silence, will seem
 But a bubble that broke in a dream,
 If a bound of degree to this grace be laid,
 Or a sound or a motion made.

SONG OF STEAM

From the Armenian of D. M. ARSNAG

IN the soft lap of the devouring fire
 The water sings its love with warm desire,
 Until its liquid life doth quite expire.

And yet this song, although as light as wind,
 Has all the strength of love suppressed behind,
 By which it land and sea doth rule and bind.

His Duty



HERE was once a boy who had some "good stuff" in him, but who had overlaid it so carefully with recklessness that it was pretty well buried. He lived at home, that is, he ate and slept in a place called home, a place made miserable by his mother's scolding and his father's frown. The home was wealthy. His parents were well known and respected. The mother was an advocate of each new reform in its turn, and her household duties were systematically neglected in favor of clubs and societies. Nervous, she was a fair example of that type of woman which does exist, women who are kept at white heat and the highest tension constantly by the complexity of their lives. Her life need not have been so complex, but it was. She chose to make it so, working off her nervousness on the other members of the family in ceaseless nagging, very much as an engine works off steam. The result was that the boy remained in the house as little as possible. But boys must have places to stay and this boy found one—several in fact. One day he was arrested as "a drunk." The next day the mother came over, and with some severity, begged him to tell her how in the world it ever happened. The boy said nothing. He was sitting on the edge of his cot, sobbing. How he longed for a kind word, a word that would give him a bit of hope, a little encouragement, a word that would make him feel that he had, after all, something in him that was good. He was heart hungry, though he did not know it. He was starving for affection, and it was this undefined yearning in his heart that had led him into places where people, at least, didn't scold and worry. Then all the other things happened and there he was—"a drunk!"

Well, his father bailed him out. Things got worse at home instead of better. His mother was more fretful, more exacting. His father became more harsh. First, the boy found his allowance cut down to half. Then he found himself obliged to submit to a moral lecture every night before he retired, and it hurt, for the boy felt instinctively shut out and deprived. What would not an encouraging word have been to him then?

One fine day the boy was missing. The next day his father found that two hundred dollars had been taken from the safe. Then the mother became even more fretful and the father said, "That ends it. Let him go to the bad if he wants to. He shall never enter my house again."

Well, the boy did take the money—no chance of denying it. He was sick of the whole thing, sick of being fretted at, sick of having his father adopt the Pharisee attitude night after night; sick, almost, of life itself.

He went to another city and began to look for work. He had no trade. He had some schooling and could keep books, after a fashion. He did anything "after a fashion," for accuracy was something in which he had never received the first lesson. He should have been an artist. He was a dreamer—so said his father who had been harder on him than ever after making that discovery.

Well, the days passed—hot, tired, miserable days, days when the pavements seemed like long avenues leading to Hades, days when he almost wished himself back home again. But he persevered. The first day's work in a pickle-factory blistered his hands. Then he tried a printing office, and in the midst of the second day's work he "pied" a form and was discharged. Then he went on the

same old weary search, and finally found himself out of money and out of a position as well.

The boy had grit. He boarded a freight train that night, riding "on the bumpers." The brakeman saw him, but—well, there was a *camaraderie* about that boy that always tided him over. They let him ride until morning and then told him to go. "Sorry," said Mike, "but it won't do, partner. I'd get broke myself for 'lowing it."

There was a circus in the city. The boy "hired out" to it. For a week he worked hard, and helped in the refectory, so called. Then, when it came time to pick up and move, the boy found his real usefulness. He was "handy," and before the first night's work was over, the "boss" offered him a permanent place. The boy was in that "permanent place" for more than a year. They liked him. He drank something once in awhile, but the recklessness seemed to be wearing off, little by little. His generosity and good humor made him useful where other boys would have been in the way. For there are heartaches and griefs behind tent-cloth doors as well as in the world. They said of him that he was "straight." He knew his own people had not that opinion of him, and it was no struggle for him to keep down homesickness. He never intended to go home, though he did intend to find something better than a "circus job" after awhile.

One day, the boy's eyes rested on a little paragraph in the corner of the *Times*, his home paper. Some friend had sent it to him:

"Last evening, in a street fight, Wesley Knight was killed by a blow upon the forehead. Ellis Smith was seen to strike him with the butt of a revolver. Both men were intoxicated at the time. Smith gave himself up and is at present in jail awaiting trial."

The boy sat very still. He seemed to himself to be paralyzed. Ellis Smith—it was his brother's name. How long he sat there he did not know. The paper fell from his hand to the floor, unheeded. He rose to go, staggered and then fell on his knees before the old chest on which he had been sitting, sobbing, sobbing, "O Ellis, Ellis!"

The next morning the boy went away. His pay was sufficient to carry him nearly home, and he could ride on the bumpers the rest of the way.

Yes, it was true. Ellis was in jail. First he went home. His mother was weeping, his father was walking the floor. Such a feeling of revulsion came over the boy that he could not stay in the house. He left them and went to the jail.

"Strange how unsympathetic George is!" said his mother.

"Gone to the bad, too," said his father.

"Ellis!"

"Oh, George! Is that you?"

The two boys looked at each other, and then about at the meager furnishings of the cell.

"Ellis," said the boy, "I know how this all happened, and I am going to have my say over to the house."

"Don't, George, mother is heartbroken now." Ellis knew what his brother meant. "I'll be sent up for life, of course. It can't be helped now. I got to running around, as you did. I ought to have stayed at home, as father wanted me."

"Home!" said the boy, with emphasis. Then he put his arms around the man, who sat weeping at his side. "Brace up, old man, don't grieve. I wish I could take it out for you, Ellis. God knows I do. It's awful. But, Ellis, I've learned a few things while I've been banging around. There is something in your heart, Ellis, that will give you strength to bear it. Don't look down, look up! Hang it, anyway. What can a man say? Ellis, father and mother are more to blame than you, and I shall tell them so."

When the boy left the cell that night he left behind him an atmosphere of almost peace. He went straight to his father's house, and there the boy did the most heroic thing of his life.

"Mother—you and father! I want to talk to you. Ellis is done for, you know that as well as I do. And you are shedding tears over it, too, but they are more for your own disgrace than for his trouble. I must talk plainly, for I went to the bad, too, and I went there because I couldn't stand it in the home. There was no love, there was no sympathy; you know how it was. We boys were always wrong, always wrong. No one cared except to find fault. I stayed away as much as I could and drifted. So did Ellis. This is the result. Do you realize that it is *you* who are more responsible for this murder than poor Ellis is? We looked to you for guidance and we were only scolded. We looked to you for help, and what did you give us? With all your comforts and all your wealth, our home was a nightmare. You can't bring up boys that way, I'll tell you, and I'm telling you this tonight because you don't realize what you've done. It is my duty to tell you. It's too late to save Ellis now, but what were you thinking of all those years when he might have been helped? No, I can't stay to dinner."

The boy walked out of the house. He had grown taller, or so it seemed, and in his eyes was the hero-light. He had done his duty. E. H.

KINDNESS has two parts: 1 Unwillingness to cause needless pain, either of body or of mind; this is the negative part. 2 Wish and effort to add to the sum of joy; this is the positive part.—*J. V. Blake*

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

A Remarkable Instance of Animal Surgery

THE whole trend of modern investigation into animal life is to bridge the gulf which exists between the human and the animal kingdoms. That gulf is artificial. It has been dug by human ignorance and by its twin sister, human cruelty. Its disappearance marks the dawn of our perception that there is only one consciousness in nature and that its apparent variations are but differences in the machinery through which it manifests. A light in a room, viewed from the outside, may assume very different appearances according to the texture and the color of the particular window through which we look at it. The light, however, is the same, and the consciousness in nature is the same whether it shine through the mineral, the more translucent brain of the animal, or the still more perfect system of man himself.

The cause of the animal world has rarely had more successful advocacy than that of William J. Long in a recent number of *Outlook*. Mr. Long writes most fascinatingly on "Animal Surgery" and with a knowledge which can come only from sympathy. We are, of course, already aware that animals resort to vegetable medicines when needed. Mr. Long shows that surgery as well as medicine is a part of animal knowledge. We wish that we could reproduce many of the illustrations which he gives. We must, however confine ourselves to one or two only, referring those interested to the article itself.

It seems that the beaver and the muskrat and the bear treat their wounds in a thoroughly scientific manner by thickly smearing them with vegetable gum. A bear, shot by Mr. Long himself, was found to have been previously wounded. The bullet hole had been plugged with clay to stop the bleeding, and the whole wound had then received a plaster of clay. Bears use either gum or clay, while the beaver and the muskrat use gum only as being less soluble in water.

Curiously enough the art of surgery seems to be better developed among birds than among quadrupeds. One marvelous illustration is given by Mr. Long which he supports by highly satisfactory evidence from other observers. He noticed a woodcock acting in a curious manner upon the banks of a stream. The bird apparently had been wounded, and creeping nearer, this is what Mr. Long saw:

At first he took soft clay in his bill from the edge of the water and seemed to be smearing it on one leg near the knee. Then he fluttered away on one foot for a distance and seemed to be pulling tiny roots and fibers of grass which he worked into the clay that he had already smeared on his leg. Again he took more clay and plastered it over the fibers, putting on more and more until I could plainly see the enlargement. . . . Then he stood perfectly still for a full hour under an overhanging sod, where the eye could with difficulty find him, his only motion meanwhile being an occasional rubbing and smoothing of the clay bandage with his bill, until it hardened enough to suit him, whereupon he fluttered away from the brook and disappeared in the thick woods.

Our space will not allow us to speak of the evidence which confirmed Mr. Long's own view that the bird was actually putting a clay cast upon a broken leg, which would doubtless be washed away when the bones had united. There is something of the pathetic in this picture of the bird skilfully and patiently repairing an injury inflicted doubtless by human thoughtlessness or cruelty. May they both disappear as sympathy draws us nearer to everything which is capable of suffering. X.

CAPTAIN COLEBECK of the *Morning* acting as tender to the *Discovery*, which is now in the region of the South Pole, has called at San Francisco on his way to London to report. He says that the *Discovery* has located between 400 and 500 miles of new coast line and has penetrated to latitude 77.59 minutes south. By means of sledges the exploring party has reached even further.

A quantity of new marine fauna has been found and some very low types of marine plants. Seals were abundant, but neither bears nor walrus were observed. The cold, he says, is much more severe than in the Arctic where summer brings a temperature of 50 or 60 degrees above zero. In the Antarctic, however, the temperature never rises above zero. Captain Colebeck reports valuable geologic and meteorologic data.

Dark Stars—Remarkable Astronomical Achievements

THE discovery of numerous dark and invisible stars in the depths of space has been one of the most remarkable and unexpected achievements of modern astronomy. Such bodies are found in association with the luminous stars, but their presence would not be known if it were not for the apparently anomalous motion of their bright companions, a motion made apparent to us in many cases by the spectroscope. Some of the dark stars may properly be called planets, *i. e.*, minor opaque orbs revolving round a large central sun and reflecting its rays though the vast distance prevents such comparatively feeble illumination reaching us. Algol, a bright star in the constellation Perseus, appears to have such a planet traveling round it in less than three days, for during that time a remarkable series of changes in its degree of light can be traced even by the naked eye. From being a brilliant star of the second magnitude it suddenly fades until it is only a star of the fourth magnitude. It quickly returns to its original brightness. It is supposed that the light is cut off by a large planet passing between us and Algol as it travels regularly round that sun.

But the majority of the dark stars cannot properly be called planets, for their great mass compels us to look upon them as companion stars, *i. e.*, suns, although they do not give light capable of affecting our eyes. Each pair, the visible star and its invisible associate, revolves round a common center of gravity, and the problem is very curious, why, of two nearly equal stars so intimately connected, one should shine brightly while the other remains absolutely invisible, even in the most powerful telescopes. The favorite hypothesis at the present moment is that the dark stars are burnt out suns, whose energies have been dissipated into space. But it may be that they are giving out rays which are merely invisible to our limited vision. Or is it possible that many of them are unfinished, so to speak, and that in time they will shine? H. P. Blavatsky mentions that numbers of the visible stars even, especially those in clusters, are not yet akin to our sun or the planets, but are celestial "bricks" preparing to be used in building such bodies. Perhaps fluorescent screens, such as render the x-rays visible, may be applied to the radiations of the invisible stars. If successful our knowledge would be enlarged considerably.

R.

TO judge from the number of serums which are now upon the medical market it is surprising that human ailments persist at all. We now learn from a French paper that a serum for the eradication of the alcohol habit has been discovered and we are in daily expectation of hearing that procrastination and backsliding can now be cured in the same way. So great is the energy now displayed in curative and preventive directions that we are surprised that a certain infallible remedy for the cure of all bad habits, alcoholism included, should for so long be overlooked. We refer to the human will, which has never yet been known to fail in the eradication of evil tendencies, wherever it has been applied with persistence and energy.

Ancients Knew Secret of Making Malleable Glass

IT is well known that the ancients discovered and made use of a process of manufacturing malleable glass. H. P. Blavatsky says:

The fabrication of a cup of glass which was brought by an exile to Rome in the reign of Tiberius—a cup "which he dashed upon the marble pavement, and it was not crushed nor broken by the fall," and which, as it got "dented some," was easily brought into shape again with a hammer, is a historical fact. . . .

In Samarkand and some monasteries of Thibet, such cups and glassware may be found to this day.—*Isis Unveiled*

The *Scientific American* gives some account of the discovery, or rather rediscovery, by Louis Kauffeld, of Matthews, Ind., of a malleable glass. The process is secret, but its importance lies chiefly in the choice of ingredients, which do not include lead or lime. The inventor gives tests, such as placing a lamp chimney in ice-water and then on a lamp turned up to flaring point, boiling water in a lamp chimney over a fire, and using a chimney as a hammer to drive nails. H. T. E.

Here and There Throughout the World



SUNLIGHT ON THE IRISH SEA



PEAK CAVERN, DERBYSHIRE, ENG.



AFTER THE RAIN, POINT LOMA

Mr. Choate's Speech in London INDEPENDENCE DAY seems to have been celebrated in London with all due honors. The speech made by Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, contained a suggestion worthy of some consideration. It was to the effect that two statues be erected, to show that all this talk of union and affection was also something more than talk—a statue of George Washington in London and a statue of Queen Victoria in Washington. There is much to be said in favor of so tangible an expression of international good feeling. Every one who is at all acquainted with England knows that the character of George Washington is as highly esteemed there as in his own country and that he has become one of the ideals of English youth, while the late Queen Victoria occupies a position in American affection which is almost unique. We hope that Mr. Choate's suggestion will be acted upon.

Religious Colony in Switzerland SOME Americans have purchased a plot of land in Switzerland for a social and religious colony which they are about to form. Members surrender the whole of their property, which is however returnable if they wish to leave. The main purpose of the colony is to await the coming of Christ, who is expected at Easter, 1904. There may of course be reasons of which we are unaware, but we should have supposed America to be as suitable for this purpose as Switzerland. The members of this community seem to be not unprovided with this world's possessions, and we would therefore suggest that the slums of some of the big American cities might be worthy objects of their attention. They might, therefore, do something to establish the Kingdom of Heaven where it is urgently needed, and we think then that Christ would come and dwell amongst them at once, instead of at Easter, 1904.

German Soldiers & Cruelty of Officers THE discontent in the German army recently took a very concrete form. A party of private soldiers have been arrested for throwing stones at their officers in the public street, and they will, of course, be tried by court-martial. Various causes are given for the discontent and the usual agility is shown in avoiding the real reason. The favorite theory is to ascribe it to political unrest, but in view of the recent disclosures of official cruelty it appears needless to enquire further. There seems to be no force so potent as cruelty for arousing passionate resentment in the human mind. Than cruelty there can truly be nothing more hateful to God and man, and yet the opportunity to be cruel is rarely lost.

Plot to Kill Young King of Spain KING ALFONSO is soon called to face the perils of royalty. A telegram from Genoa reports that a plot to assassinate the King of Spain has been discovered, and that an anarchist named Bartelone has been arrested for complicity therein.

Sensible Methods in French Prisons

A NOVEL experiment is being tried at one of the great Paris prisons. At regular intervals the prisoners are assembled to hear a lecture upon the effects of alcohol, and especially of absinthe, on the human mind and body. Competent lecturers are chosen and the subject is illustrated by diagrams and models. It is said that much good has already been done in this way and it is at any rate a welcome step in the humanizing of prisons. Why not lectures upon other subjects also? In fact, why not break away forever from the nervous dread of doing anything which is likely to persuade the criminal to be no more a criminal?

Statue to Renan in Brittany Disdained

VIOLENT scenes attended the recent unveiling of the memorial to Renan at the great historian's native town of Tréguier in Brittany. The ceremony was performed amid incessant interruptions and M. Combes, the Prime Minister of France, who was accompanied by M. Chaumie, the Minister of Public Instruction, had great difficulty in making himself heard. Troops were ultimately called out to suppress the disorder and to prevent a conflict between the opposing parties. The memorial was in the form of a bronze statue of Renan while Minerva from behind holds up a spray of laurel.

A Royal Residence in Ireland

THERE seems to be at last a reasonable probability that the King of England will have a royal residence in Ireland. Various existing houses have been suggested but a final choice has not yet been made. There is no doubt that such a step would have the happiest influence upon Irish affairs, not of course from the mere display of wealth and the stimulus to luxury, which can never be anything but hurtful, but from the sympathy and interest of which it would be the sign.

The Strange Burial Customs of Siam

THE burial customs of Siam are not perhaps such as to commend themselves to other civilizations, but they are none the less defended by Siamese physicians as being eminently sanitary and far preferable to burial in the moist ground of that country. In one of the large temples a hundred vultures are kept and the bodies are given to them as food, the skeletons being afterwards burned. The skeleton is said to be ready for cremation in a few minutes, but why not cremate the whole body?

China to Learn Modern Warfare

THE Chinese government has requested the German government to admit eight Chinese officers to the German army for the purpose of study. China is evidently determined to become civilized, to abandon its obsolete methods of destroying human life, and to adopt the far more effective ways of Christendom. And yet there are those who say that the world does not advance!

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Beautiful Part

SUSIE had been silent and thoughtful for some time. "Meg," said she suddenly, "I can't understand."

"Understand what, dearie?"

"I can't think why we don't live in the beautiful part of ourselves, when we want to."

"Some day we will, when we do something else besides wanting and thinking," replied Meg with a smile. "You see, every part of our nature has a life of its own, and its own atmosphere, where it can breathe.

"Our bodies can't breathe in water, nor in fire, nor under earth. They require pure fresh air and light, and if they don't get these they can't live; they die. But the beautiful part of our nature has a different kind of body and breathes quite a different atmosphere. And it can't live in any other.

"It requires light, too. But our beautiful nature never dies, so it requires a light that never fades.

"And its atmosphere is above clouds—not the clouds we see with our eyes—but above and free from mists that rise from selfish thoughts and naughty unkind feelings.

"So, before we can altogether be our beautiful nature, we must make an atmosphere where it can breathe. Isn't that a great and wonderful thing to do?" said Meg. "And every one can do it. We know the way, if we but remember that loving, unselfish thoughts and feelings *shine*—for they make the light that never fades, and that light is the atmosphere our nature breathes." A.P.D.

Loma-land Rains

THE rains are at last coming to Loma-land and the children of the Raja Yoga School are having a rejoicing time. The birds share it with them; that is so plain to us, for we are getting just a bit closer to bird lives than we ever thought possible when we lived out in the world. And, speaking of birds, a beautiful brown bird flew into Loma-land Homestead last evening and this morning we found it perched contentedly upon Mr. Thurston's big desk. It chirruped its little message gaily, then out of the open door it flew.

Already the sage bushes are beginning to wear brighter green, the yerba santa has taken on a new life, and soon the hills of Loma-land will be covered with a great nature carpet of beautiful flowers, sea dahlias, wild heliotrope, violets, daisies, great golden California poppies, and ever so many kinds more.

And above them the yerba santa will soon unfold its rare purple blossoms, the fairies' temple bells, I do really believe.

There are no sad faces in Loma-land when the clouds gather overhead, and big drops splash down, and Raja Yoga boys and girls have to stay indoors during play-time.

They know that every drop is like a beautiful promise, speaking of green fields and flowers, and, later, warm, sunshiny, blue skies again. Why, if the rain-drops themselves were blossoms, we couldn't be any happier than we are now to see them come.

THE Sultan of Turkey has a library of nearly three thousand volumes. Just what they are no one outside of the Sultan's officers really knows, because no outsider is allowed to enter the rooms where they are kept.

A Story of Two Owls

DEAR CHILDREN: Here is a true story about two owls. They were called Romeo and Juliet, and lived in the Bronx in New York. Last March an old tree near the Bronx Park was blown down, and some passing boys were attracted by a curious movement among its branches. They discovered a big owl, blinking vacantly over the wreck of its home, and evidently wondering what in the world it should ever do with its two big-eyed babies. The two little owlets were half hidden in a lot of debris, their nest a wreck. So the boys took them to their home, gave them the best of care and soon the owlets developed into big fine birds.

The most beautiful thing about these birds was their affection for each other. If food were placed in the cage Romeo would invariably share it with Juliet, giving her the largest and daintiest portion always. There was never a bit of quarrelling. No two Raja Yoga children ever lived happier lives than these brother and sister owls.

But one sad day Juliet died. Romeo was heart-broken. He sat on his perch gazing at her in the greatest distress, refusing to eat, refusing to pay attention to anything that was going on about him.

Finally he flew down to Juliet's side. She lay on the bottom of the cage, which was strewn with sand. With his beak and feet he threw sand over her until she was covered. Then he went back to his perch, still refusing to eat or drink. On the second day his master found him dead beside his little mate.

Children, what was that in the hearts of these birds that made them so tender in their affection? Why did poor little Romeo grieve so? Why did they live out such happiness, day after day in their little lives? It only shows—does it not—that there is something in the heart which knows about Raja Yoga, and in the case of these birds it shone out in all their acts. How much we can learn from them! And how much better we ought to be, we, who know so much more. Are we—always? AUNT EDYTHE



OSCAR WILLIAM
A Lotus Bud of Stockholm, Sweden

THE RAIN

IT isn't raining rain to me.
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.
It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.—*Selected*

AUNT EDYTHE

A Cuban Letter

The following is a translation of a letter recently received by Mrs. Tingley from the mother of one of the famous "Eleven Cuban Children," for whose sake Mrs. Tingley endured so much persecution.

Santiago de Cuba, September 27th, 1903

MRS. KATHERINE TINGLEY, BELOVED AND HONORED MADAM:

I WRITE you this letter with the greatest possible pleasure, to express my gratitude for the tenderness and the substantial benefits which you lavish upon my children. They write me frequently, and in all their letters tell me of the progress they are making in their studies, and of your kindness to them in every way.

Beloved friend, I can offer you in return only my heart's gratitude, but God, who knows your philanthropy and your generous heart, will compensate you for the benefits you confer upon poor humanity. I pray that God may keep you in health, and beg you to

M. N. VDA. DE C.

accept the grateful wishes of

THE King of England is very fond of dogs and owns a number. One of them usually goes with him on his walks, and the one chosen recently is a beautiful Irish setter. For many years the king's favorite was a tiny French dog, as black as could be, and which always wore a white collar. His name was Peter.

Students'



Path

THE LAGGARD ONES

by HENRY C. WARNACK

WE need not fret for those
Who seem to fail,
For they shall every one
In time prevail.

Our tears are vain for those
Of low estate,
For they shall every one
In time be great.

Aye, they shall all emerge
From low degree,
Unto the mountain heights
Of Victory.

It is a little thing
That they should wait
To touch the master key
Of human fate.

The universal law
For great and small,
Proclaims unfailingly
The good of all.—*Selected*

The Directness of Life

“THE laws of the Soul are very simple, very direct”—an ancient precept, but one which declares the mystery of heaven and of earth in a single sentence. It is the brain-mind that is intricate and complex. It is the desires that lead us hither and yon, the very winding course of their leadings being clear proof that they are working contrary to the laws of life. The soul is simplicity itself, pure, of the child likeness that is so rarely seen excepting among children.

There is no thought in the world so inspiring as the thought of one standing *as a soul*, stripped of all that belongs to the personality, the mind not fettering but serving the desires transmuted into pure energy and harnessed to the chariot of the gods. It is the Picture Infinite, the picture that H. P. Blavatsky painted for us and bade us hold up as an ideal. It is the Picture Glorious, the colors mingled in the heart's crucible, the outlines yet floating and tender, and misty as with the eternal promise.

There is no battle, as the world goes, so intense in its struggle as the battle that is waged by the soul when it finally makes a determined effort to free itself. The personality has ruled so long! Ten, twenty times greater is its strength than we dreamed when we—when the soul—challenged it. Terrible is the struggle. Few are able to bear it till its close. Many essay it and then, wearied, lacking faith, let the personality rule. It hurts so—it hurts so!

And yet, it is of the Law that we should bring the Soul to its release. It is part of evolution that the soul should, sooner or later, step into its true place as Ruler, as Teacher. Why, then, the pain? Is it not because we make such hard work of it? If the laws of life are simple and direct, then equally simple, equally direct must be the process of their unfolding. The pain is the pain of a birth, yet the intensity of our suffering under that pain depends entirely upon our mental attitude toward it. If we could go out to meet every agony in a true Warrior-attitude, its intensity would be minimized. To shrink means but to be crushed beneath it, crushed, bruised, forsaken—yes, even forsaken by the Law. For those who have called upon the Law to make this readjustment in their lives—this complete turning upside down and inside out—have no business to complain when the agony of it takes the courage away and almost paralyzes the will. It is the passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death and no one, it is likely, ever yet passed through it

without a complaint. Yet one *must* pass through—or betray the soul itself. There is no turning backward on this path though it is always possible to fall, even from the heights, into destruction.

The soul's methods are simple and direct. It is fond of short cuts. The mind hates the direct way. It does not show off to good advantage so. It loves to analyze, to chop up and then piece together again, to travel round and round some little spot or some little circle, to repeat and interweave and fix over and fuss and worry and squirm. Trust the brain-mind to make you wretched when there is no cause for wretchedness, or self-satisfied when you should be quite the reverse; for, in those states and problems which depend for their understanding upon soul-wisdom, the brain-mind may always be trusted to mislead one. It never fails.

It will be a great step upward when humanity rises above sense-pleasures, with passion at the lower pole, to the plane of the mind. But it will be a greater step when humanity rises out of bondage to the brain-mind into that secure place where dwells the soul. No student has ever felt the sting of the agony that comes from lost opportunities who has not, usually, been able to trace the losses to some mental crotchet or illusion that came up just at the critical moment—just in time to tip everything over. *If* we could have avoided that byway—*if* we could only have trusted the Soul's voice, simply, directly, unquestioningly, short indeed would have been our pathway from one conquest to the next, agonizingly long is it always by the brain-mind route.

Why not try the simple, the direct way? If we have made a blunder, give the brain-mind a little vacation instead of its usual task of thinking over the past and worrying this or that detail into place and explaining just how it all happened, all the time wasting precious moments, destroying—decaying rather—when it should be building. No, if we have made a blunder, let's accept the Karma of it as if we were mentally honest; and few of us are; and then drop it out of the mind completely. To do anything else is to take one step, perhaps several, toward insanity. Let us try the soul's way, keeping as quiet as possible under the pain—and just not giving up. ECHO

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: There is no monotony in the lives of those who are trying to tread rapidly the path of human progress. First they develop along one line, pushing just a little farther than they have ever done before, then, as if to make the most of their time, their attention is turned to another point and the push there begins. Today they are treated as infants, everything is done for them until they are put on their feet and taught to walk; tomorrow they are left severely alone, to ask, and seek, and knock, before the way opens up.

At one time they may be so near the gateway to the life of power and yet so stupidly wandering round and round, that they have to be hedged in and compelled to face themselves. The poor, bewildered grown-up person learns then to become like a little child, grateful for the stern yet compassionate hand that forced him into the narrow path, glad to be commanded and finding it easy to obey without asking why. Having attained something of the childlike spirit, the pilgrim cannot stay there forever; for it soon becomes time for the strong, earnest, manly qualities to come to the fore. Has the time come for us to begin and do a little more for ourselves—to use a little more intelligence in working with our newly acquired knowledge?

Some of us are caught in a net of personal feelings, ambition, envy, jealousy, etc. We cannot live side by side with our comrades, who have failings as we have, and not be involved in occasional irritation. It is *childish* to blame the cause which presents the occasion, and we would leave childish things behind. Cannot we use some ingenuity and extricate ourselves from these clogging things? It was the little mouse that gnawed through the cord and set the captive lion free. Even so, a little point on which we can produce some impression may surprise us into a new freedom.

When we think of the mighty powers of the soul waiting for us to claim them, and all those people in the world waiting for us to help to show them the way, it is enough to stun us with its mighty import. Let us hasten, then, to leave our personalities behind and step forward into the pure air where we can ask and seek, to some purpose. E. L. W.

THE BELL UNDER THE OCEAN

FAR down with once fair altar,
And a dome that reached the skies,
Beneath the shining water.

A ruined temple lies.
The spring may come with its daisies
The summer bring the rose,
And the autumn mists and hazes,
Give place to the winter snows;
But the old bell goes chiming, chiming,
Underneath the sea;
And 'tis only heard by those
Whose hearts are pure and free.

Sometimes the bell is ringing
With a muffled sound and slow;
They say 'tis the old choir singing
Far back in the long ago.
For never music that telleth
Of souls that seek the sky
Can be lost, but ever swelleth
The song of humanity.
And the old bell goes chiming, chiming,
Underneath the sea;
And 'tis only heard by those
Whose hearts are pure and free.

So the ancient legend teaches
A lesson old, yet new;
The hidden music teaches
The loving and the true.
The selfish come not near it,
The cruel catch no sound.
But to those who love and hear it,
The earth is holy ground.
And the old bell goes chiming, chiming,
Underneath the sea,
And 'tis only heard by those
Whose hearts are pure and free.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question In the issue of October 4th, of the *NEW CENTURY PATH*, the question is discussed regarding the relation of the Universal Brotherhood Organization to politics. Will you not also take up the question of its relation to the social questions of the day, for here surely is one of the tests of the ability of Theosophy to satisfy the needs of Humanity?

Answer As in the question relating to politics we will again refer to H. P. Blavatsky's statement on the present subject in the *Key to Theosophy*:

Enquirer—But surely the Theosophical Society does not stand aloof from the social questions which are now so fast coming to the front?

Theosophist—The very principles of the Society are a proof that it does not—or, rather, that most of its members do not—so stand aloof. [One of the departments of The Universal Brotherhood, viz., The International Brotherhood League, founded by Katherine Tingley, is designed especially to provide a solution to the social questions of the day.] If humanity can only be developed mentally and spiritually by the enforcement, first of all, of the soundest and most scientific physiological laws, it is the bounden duty of all who strive for this development to do their utmost to see that those laws shall be generally carried out. All Theosophists are only too sadly aware that in occidental countries especially, the social conditions of large masses of the people renders it impossible for either their bodies or their spirits to be properly trained, so that the development of both is thereby arrested. As this training and development is one of the express objects of Theosophy, the Society is in thorough sympathy and harmony with all true efforts in this direction.

Enquirer—What do you mean by "true efforts"? Each social reformer has his own panacea, and each believes his to be the one and only thing which can improve and save humanity.

Theosophist—Perfectly true, and this is the real reason why so little satisfactory social work is accomplished. In most of these panaceas there is no really guiding principle, and there is certainly no one principle which connects to them all. Valuable time and energy are thus wasted; for men, instead of cooperating, strive one against the other, often, it is to be feared, for the sake of fame and reward rather than for the great cause which they profess to have at heart, and which should be supreme in their lives.

Enquirer—How then should Theosophical principles be applied so that social cooperation may be promoted and true efforts for social amelioration be carried on?

Theosophist—Let me briefly remind you what these principles are—universal Unity and Causation; Human Solidarity; the Law of Karma; Reincarnation. These are the four links of the golden chain which should bind humanity into one family, one Universal Brotherhood.

Enquirer—How?

Theosophist—In the present state of society, especially in so-called civilized countries, we are continually brought face to face with the fact that large numbers of people are suffering from misery, poverty and disease. Their physical condition is wretched, and their mental and spiritual faculties are often almost dormant. On the other hand, many persons at the opposite end of the social scale are leading lives of careless indifference, material luxury, and selfish indulgence. Neither of these forms of existence is mere chance. Both are the effects of the conditions which surround those who are subject to them, and the neglect of social duty on the one side is most closely connected with the stunted and arrested development on the other. In sociology, as in all branches of true science, the law of universal causation holds good. But this causation necessarily implies, as its logical outcome, that human solidarity on which Theosophy so strongly insists. If the action of one reacts on the lives of all, and this is the true scientific idea, then it is only by all men becoming brothers and all women sisters, and by all practising in their daily lives true brotherhood and true sisterhood, that the real human solidarity, which lies at the root of the elevation of the race, can ever be attained. It is this action and interaction, this true brotherhood and sisterhood, in which each shall live for all and all for each, which is one of the fundamental Theosophical principles that every Theosophist should be bound, not only to teach, but to carry out in his or her individual life.

We will take up this question further in a future issue, but it will be seen that Theosophy goes to the root of this as of all other questions and does not remain content with a mere surface treatment. And, as stated in the last sentence quoted, it requires that every Theosophist shall begin in his own life and in his own individual relations with those with whom he comes in direct contact, the exercise and practical application of those principles which underly all true progress and which alone can solve the great social questions of the day.

Ancient Rome

EVERY one is more or less familiar with the history of ancient Rome, and the vast power exercised by the Roman Empire in the world of its day. As to the actual size of the city of Rome, however, there seems to have been but little speculation, and this interesting question is cleverly discussed in a recent issue of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The writer professes to have carefully examined all existing data, together with the statements of ancient writers, and he comes to the conclusion that the population of the ancient city of Rome was not less than four millions, and may have been considerably in excess of that number.

He points out that De Quincy, a most accurate and painstaking writer, formed the same estimate, and he indicates one of the many methods by which this computation is made. The great Circus Maximus, he says, was built to accommodate 250,000 persons, or as a later authority says, 385,000 persons. If we accept the smaller number and assume that the population of Rome was 4,000,000, this circus would seat one in sixteen of the total inhabitants. One-half of the population, however, were slaves, for whose accommodation there would be presumably no provision. This would reduce the figure to one in eight. Again, lowering the number to one-half by omitting the women—for which, however, the reason is not apparent—the figures are reduced to one in four, and if we now omit the young children, the sick and the very old, we may assume that the circus was intended to accommodate the whole population. The calculation is certainly ingenious, if not wholly convincing. The construction of a circus which there was no probability of filling is, of course, unlikely. At the same time it might have been thought advisable to provide accommodations for special occasions, when large numbers of provincial visitors might flock to Imperial Rome. STUDENT

SAYEST thou to thy ox, "Plow my field and I will intercede with Zeus to show thee favor"? Then he will answer thee, saying: "If thou hadst no field to plow what concern wouldst thou have for me? And indeed thy intercession is useless, for Zeus knew me before I came into thy hand, and from him I received my strength."—*Chiron the Centaur*

HAND AND HEART

by ROBERT WHITAKER in *S. F. Star*

GIVE me the man who loves his work,
 However hard it be,
 Who only thinks it mean to shirk,
 And hates the hireling's plea;
 Though hands and face be hard and brown,
 That is a trivial thing,
 Who wears his duty like a crown
 Is every inch a king.

The Strain of Education

DR. ERNEST W. WHITE is one of the most distinguished living authorities on mental diseases, holding the position of President of Psychological Medicine at King's College, London. His opinion that chronic insanity is largely on the increase, is therefore entitled to very serious consideration. The reasons which Dr. White gives for this alarming condition are perhaps nearly as startling as the fact itself, prominent among them being the "strain of education."

It would indeed be hard to find a grimmer comment upon the educational methods of the day. It seems that the training of the mind destroys the mind. The food that should nourish is shown to be a poison, and we are now so caught up in the maelstrom of competition that reform appears almost impossible. We must acquire facts or be left behind, and we must acquire facts in such a manner and to such an extent, that the mental strength of a nation is endangered. It is a race upon the road to lunacy.

How strange a phrase—the strain of education! It is as though one were to attach the chains of a steam windlass to a flower to make it grow. And it is to reach what we call success in life, that we resort to this unnatural process. If we were not so blinded by the psychology of the age, we should know that in the pursuit of even so low an ideal as "success," it is character that tells and not the acquisition of facts. The young man or woman who has all the knowledge of the universities is mentally and morally a beggar without character, and he who has character has the ball of life at his foot. Unto such an one all other things shall be added, and all fortresses of attainment fall before him. The proof of this lies not only upon every page of history, but it is to be found in every phase of the daily life around us. The dominant man is the man of character, the man who, of all others, is most conscious of the restraining hand of conscience and of principle, the man who can the most unflinchingly say no to himself. True education is the development of character, not the acquisition of facts. This is the open sesame to all doors, the magic sword of all combats. All along the line, the triumphant figures in the world have been the men of character, and it will never be otherwise. Upon this road no strain is needed, nor does insanity threaten at any time.

It is in the development of character, in its easy normal and beautiful growth, that the success of the Raja Yoga system of training consists. The mind of a child grows as a flower grows, naturally, gracefully, rapidly. It grows because it is the law of its own being that it shall grow. No more than a flower can it need to be twisted and strained and tortured into unnatural shapes at unnatural speeds. Like a flower, it will snap in our hands just at the moment when we are acclaiming some distorted success, and then we talk about insanity, melancholia and the "strain of education."

There is a divine energy behind the mind, into whose guidance we can safely place the education of our children. It is in the liberation of that energy, the soul energy, that the mystery of education must ever lie. That our modern systems are so disastrously failing, is because we will not recognize the soul, the true master of the mind, which will legitimately spur it on to all valiant effort. By our methods of education we divorce mind and soul in the child and then we suppose that we can ourselves dragoon the mind into the road of knowledge. It cannot be done without insanity. The ship cannot dispense with the pilot. The mind must have the eternal soul background. Irradiated by that divine light it need fear no darkneses, no dangers, no insanities. X.

☞ An enemy in the heart is more dangerous than one in the household.

☞ Stop singing the old refrain, "No light had we," but go and strike one at once.

Tree Life in Our Cities

THOSE who are most interested in bettering the conditions of life in our large cities, particularly in the congested districts, find themselves face to face with the problem of how to provide some kind of adequate substitute for impure air. The small park is the nearest approach yet made to a solution, but even small parks with only a few streets between them are but a partial answer to the question. What our cities need to-day is a more even distribution of tree life. There should be trees on either side of every street, but the difficulty is that saplings do not grow well if planted in the streets of a town which already has a large population.

Planting trees must be done simultaneously with the growth of a district, if it is to be done successfully.

Few realize the effect that trees have upon the public health. It is well known that the death-rate of our cities is greater than that of the rural districts, in spite of the fact that in very many cases the sanitary conditions that exist in country places are worse than those of reasonably well-governed cities. The chief element which contributes to the city's high death-rate, is carbonic acid gas, of which, in the air of rural districts there exists but a trace. This gas trees absorb and thrive upon, while they throw off the one element which foul city air so vastly needs, oxygen. And while it is true that at night the process is reversed, the amount of carbonic acid gas exuded during the night has but a very small ratio to the oxygen exuded by the leaves during the day.

And not alone is the material side, that pertaining to physical health, to be considered. There is the esthetic, so to speak, the spiritual side of the problem; who shall say that the sight of a beautiful tree does not bring something into the heart of even the most neglected, most deprived, that was not there before? And if that is true of those who are beset with their own anxieties, possibly hardened with their own despairs and sins, how much truer must it be in the cases of little children! E. M.

The Deadly Isthmus

ONE would be glad to know what provision, should the long delayed Panama project ever come to fruit, would be made for the health of the men who would have to work there. Those who know the climate and conditions of the canal site give us a horrible picture of them. Underneath its verdant beauty it appears to be a veritable death trap. It is constantly subject to the invasion of a deadly fog, known among the Americans there as "Creeping Johnny." The atmosphere is so damp that great iron chains rot to powder in a few years. The soil is deep with damp decaying vegetation whose emanations breed fevers and undermine the strongest health; emanations provoked ten-fold by any disturbance of the soil.

Notwithstanding all this, much could be done to protect our workers. Their diet, habits, and residences could be carefully supervised, and medical attention made readily procurable. Probably it would be found that excessive and faulty diet, and drunkenness, were answerable for very much of that tremendous mortality that marked the previous attempt to work the canal. A good system of drainage could be rapidly introduced, together with modern appliances for dealing with the mosquito. No work should be brought in sight till all such preliminaries have been most carefully thought out.

Incidentally one might note the possibility of the truth of the local tradition—that there was once (in prehistoric, or at any rate, forgotten times) a canal through the Isthmus some few miles from the present site. The damp, the swift and profligate vegetation and its decay, would soon make an end not only of the disused trench, but of all traces of human habitation and work, except such as were of stone, if any, and these might be well-nigh lost in the impenetrable foliage or have sunk into the yielding soil. K.

☞ When a dark closet is cleaned out things which had been forgotten come to light; when the heart is searched things are found in it whose existence was unsuspected.

☞ The same fire which was once needed to scorch and consume the powers of oppression will be necessary in the future to purify the national life and to burn away the dross of selfishness which sometimes comes from national prosperity. The flame of Cuban patriotism must never be allowed to die away after it has once been so gloriously kindled.

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October the 11th, 1903

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		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
5	29.738	69	57	66	61	.00	SE	4
6	29.680	71	56	61	60	.00	S	4
7	29.702	70	58	61	60	.00	SE	5
8	29.806	67	59	62	61	.00	W	1
9	29.882	69	59	65	63	.00	SE	6
10	29.906	72	60	64	63	.00	NW	12
11	29.714	68	56	62	61	.00	NE	gentle

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"Yes," said Mr. Cumrox, "my daughter's commencement essay was very fine."

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"I should say so. I wish I could write something like it."

"You regret not having applied yourself to literary pursuits?"

"No. If I had I probably couldn't have afforded to give Ethelinda the education which enabled her to produce this masterpiece."—*Washington Star*

Huge Meteorites

In a catalogue of Mexican meteorites prepared by M. Antonio del Castillo, one mass is mentioned which exploded in the air and fell in widely dispersed fragments, portions of it being found in three places at the angles of a triangle, whose two longer sides were some fifty-five and thirty-five miles in length. In one of these places two plates of stone were discovered, lying about 250 yards apart, which had evidently once formed one huge block. Measurements and estimations place the combined weight of the two blocks at eighty tons. In this one shower of "moon stones," according to M. del Castillo's paper, not less than 3,000 tons of rocks fell.—*Coast Advocate-Pennant*

Little Jim—Your gran'pa is awful old, ain't he?

Little Bob—Yes-sire! Why he's so old that he can't remember the time when he wasn't living.—*Puck*

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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

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It Is Well With the World Now

THE world is certainly strangely out of joint. We are growing accustomed to a perpetual atmosphere of apprehension, and tragic events which a score of years ago would have staggered humanity now pass almost unnoticed, or are forgotten in a day, in the expectation of occurrences still more startling and still more disastrous. From these constant alarms no department of human life is exempt. International relations are not more volcanic than the strange forces which move to and fro in the darkness of our social systems, while upon countless individual minds has settled a great unrest which is sometimes a foreboding and sometimes a fever which insatiably demands assuagement.

A long cycle of the deification of greed has not clarified our spiritual vision, nor has it given to us the knowledge by which we might read aright the signs of the times. We have persuaded ourselves that the law of self-love is the only law in nature and that there are no ideals other than those given to us by the passions. We have made our own night time, we have ourselves hidden the sun, and now for the first time we are perplexed and even terrified as we stand upon the deck of a ship which carries us forwards, onwards, over unknown waters. We hear strange

Nature Will Reassert Its Equilibrium

sounds over the tumbling waves, all too suggestive of strange sights which must be very near at hand. What shall be the end of it? Are there forces in human nature of which we have not known? Are there laws which we have flouted and denied? Is mankind in conflict with powers which it has deflected from their course and which now seek their equilibrium in storm and stress?

These things may well be and their recognition will be the beginning of wisdom. Nor need we look long for their comprehension, for they too are a part of ourselves. We cannot abolish the sun and extinguish the stars by gazing, however obstinately, upon the ground, nor can we at once destroy the God in man by a worship of the demon. Although for these many years we have attuned our natures to greed and selfishness, although we have polarized the atoms of our being toward the darkness and away from the light, the divinity in man has not been silenced. Its light is a strong insistent light and the turmoil of the world is but the persuading power from a godhood which wrestles with us and will not let us go. It is an insurgent spirituality against which we either fiercely fight, or follow blindly, incomprehendingly and stupidly.

And so it must be well with the world, not in spite of the conflict but because of the conflict. Battle is better than surrender. It is better to struggle than to sleep. Mankind is ranging itself into camps, and even

Battle Is Better Than Surrender

though we do not always recognize the leaders, and though issues be doubtful and confused there shall be an order arising out of chaos and good and evil shall be known for what they are. It is the growing forces of good which have sent out their challenge to the world and we shall recognize that those forces are militant forces, facts in nature and with the eternal, uplifting forces of nature behind them. Small wonder that the evil things of the world sway to and fro in confusion, in fiercest conflict. Had we more light we should understand the issues. We should know who is on the Lord's side.

There is no such revolutionary power in Nature as an ideal, and an ideal in the guise of a little child has been born amongst us. Once more an infant redeemer is the hope of the world and we know that it is well with the child. There is an unknown prophetic power in the minds of men and fitfully, doubtfully, we see a humanity fashioned after that new image. A ray has surely pierced the night of our despair and from afar off we have seen another earth with a light upon it which we knew long since but had forgotten. What wonder if our feet have stumbled in the darkness? what wonder if we have misread the promise of the ages, and if there is the fever of unrest and the errors of ignorance where there should be only the joy of the battle which is the prelude to the day?

STUDENT

The Trend of Empire

WE recently gave some figures showing the tendency of American manufacturing industries to develop westward more and more.

This transference of the force of activity from east to west is strikingly shown in the matter of exports. The *Scientific American* thus summarizes the figures:

As compared with the year 1901, the figures for the fiscal year just ended show a reduction of exports for Boston of fifty-five millions; for New York, of twenty-four millions; for Philadelphia, six millions; Baltimore, twenty-five millions; Newport News, of seven millions, and for Norfolk a reduction of nearly two millions. As we continue southward down the coast, we find there is an increase in exportations at Savannah of about eight millions; at Wilmington, N. C., of over two millions; and at Galveston, an increase of three millions. Combining all the Atlantic ports, the total exports of 1903, compared with those of 1901, show a falling off of ninety-eight millions, while the figures for the Gulf ports are about the same in 1903 as in 1901. The exports of the Mexican border ports have increased nearly five millions, and of the Pacific ports about ten millions; while the northern border and lake ports show an increase of eighteen millions.

Mind-Wandering and Mind-Guiding

AS I sat down to rest, my hand instinctively went out for a newspaper. There would be an interval of half an hour before dinner, and, of course, I could not do nothing. So *thinking* would be *doing nothing*, would it? Certainly not, but should I be *thinking* merely because my mind was not vacant nor asleep? Can a man be said to be taking a dog somewhere when he follows the dog whithersoever it goes, up alleys, to the water's edge, fifty times across the street? Yet when the mind takes us for that kind of a walk we call it our thinking. The process is not usually pleasant to it; it prefers to follow the variegated track constituted by the columns of a newspaper, or the more highly colored but narrow pathway of the pages of a novel. Neither are those *thinking*. Thinking is an active production of consecutive ideas.

On the whole, perhaps, one might say that our civilization is, in general, not one that can think, but that it has attained so far that it likes to be introduced to thoughts, provided they are not too complicated. For example, it likes the popular science columns of its Sunday paper. The ordinary novel has of course no connection with thought at all; it is a description of a set of experiences.

But we are sometimes so near to thinking that the power is not hard to acquire. And there are very many people who would really like to think. To develop the power and gratify the liking there are and have been innumerable debating societies, young men's improvement societies, and so forth, all of which seem open to important objections. They do not require daily work on the part of each member, they often merely encourage disputatiousness, and they almost always are nursery grounds for vanity and small ambition. And to the extent of any mind's vanity, ambition, or occupation in that way with itself, is its perception of truth dimmed and its owner's character belittled.

We imagine that the way to acquire the power to think, to make the mind a steady instrument for reaching to truth and to great ideas on its own account, is to take a book containing great ideas—Emerson, Ruskin, Plato, Carlyle, or what not, any book that is felt to stimulate—to read some, and then to go over, recapitulating in memory the ideas that have been read, phrasing them mentally in good terms and order; to repeat once or twice at that or another sitting till one has them; and then to try to go on upon them with further ideas of one's own, also clearly put. A few weeks of that daily work, holding as a fixed background the idea of doing it simply that the mind may become a worthier instrument capable of seeing the truth, will do wonders both for mind and character. But vanity and ambition stand ever behind one's shoulders. K.

The Higher Criticism

IT seems that a "Bible League" has been formed for the purpose of "driving out destructive higher criticism." Its president is a bishop, and it is hoped that branches will be formed all through the country. It is an amusing announcement and yet pitiable. For conscientious error, even for conscientious stupidity, it is not easy to withhold respect, but what must be our attitude toward a league which frankly acknowledges its hostility to the search for truth?

What is called the "Higher Criticism" has doubtless made mistakes, and it will doubtless make more mistakes. Otherwise it would not be human. Its object, however, is to ascertain the *truth* about the Bible, not to pervert, to alter or to mislead, but to discover what the sacred writings really contained, what those contents really mean. We should have supposed that no duty could be more reverent nor more absolute, but the Bible League and the bishop are opposed to it. Do they suppose that any sanctity can be attached to error, however old the error may be? Do they suppose that divine truth is so feeble that it can be injured by the application to it of inquiry and intelligence? It has been said, "prove all things; hold fast to that which is true." The league and the bishop will have us prove nothing and hold fast to that which is false, so it be ancient enough. To the league and the bishop we would recommend more reverence for sacred things, and then other gifts may be added unto them—even intelligence, who knows? In the meantime, these remarks have no argumentative bearing, although they may persuade some that the higher criticism is not an irreligious effort, but rather a well meant, a reverent, a scholarly and an often successful attempt to ascertain the truth, and this must ever be a work well pleasing to the God of Truth.

To Develop the Arid Region

FROM the list of topics announced at the Irrigation Congress, which met at Ogden, Utah, in September, it is easy to see that there is a general awakening to the importance of forests as rain-makers for the benefit of arid lands which may be miles away.

But the control of a system of water-works composed of forests, mountain ranges, river systems, etc., covering hundreds of thousands of square miles in many different States, is a matter beyond the capacity of any private organization. As the necessities of such work unfold it is more and more clearly seen that it must be wholly removed from any outside influence, and that special irrigation laws must be enacted which will permit the Government to grasp the problem as a whole and so regulate the use of water that no section of the country nor group of persons shall be able to secure more than their just proportion. Indeed it is easy to foresee that in order to make the system successful, it will be necessary to reserve large areas of mountains and to place such reservations under the charge of skilled foresters. There will also be required a thoroughly organized system of water supervisors to have jurisdiction over the entire region west of the Mississippi River, and work in unison with the foresters to supply the arid regions with the maximum quantity of water. When this is accomplished we may see the restoration of the mighty civilization which once, by similar methods, transformed the southwestern deserts into gardens.

Even the sources of artesian water may be found to be subject to such control when geological arrangements are understood. When this is accomplished there will be no occasion to fear a food famine in the world for ages to come.

STUDENT

Education and Police

THE amount annually spent upon elementary education in the United States is about \$227,000,000 while the annual expenditure in Europe is about \$246,000,000. It must, however, be remembered that the children provided for in Europe number 45,000,000 while the number in the United States is only about 16,000,000. Some interesting comparisons have recently been made between the amounts expended in American cities upon the police and upon education respectively. Into these we need not now enter, but we may allow to ourselves the general reflection that if the education was in all cases of the right sort we should find that every dollar expended upon teaching was a dollar saved from police necessities. The police estimates are the most effective possible criticism upon our school methods. S.

Industrial Statistics

AMONG the signs of the times is a fact for which various people will have various explanations. This fact is the diminishing returns of manufactured product yielded to employed capital. The census of 1880 reported an aggregate capital at work in this country of two and three-quarter billion dollars (the French billion), yielding a product return valued at five and one-third billion dollars. By 1900 the capital had risen to ten billion, but the product return, instead of now being nearly twenty billions, was but thirteen. In 1880 the capital turned itself over twice; in 1900 only once and a quarter times. These general figures can be followed down into the individual industries, for most of them help to paint the gloom of the general picture. S.

New Novels

IT is estimated that nearly ten thousand new novels are published every year. We wonder of how many even the names will be known a century hence. Unfortunately the effects of many of them will not pass away so quickly as the memory of them. The former will, we fear, be handed on to many generations, the heritage of the folly which called them forth. S.

Turner's Picture of Venice

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week is a reproduction of Turner's famous picture of Venice, from the canal of the Gindecca. This is one of the great English artist's most beautiful canvases, and it is treasured as one of his very best. It now hangs in the National Gallery at London, England.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Terrible Increase of Suicide

SOME suicide statistics which have been compiled by that eminent statistician Frederick L. Hoffman are worthy of a consideration far more extended than that which we can give to them. We are hardly so sanguine as to hope that they will force themselves upon the attention of governments who are naturally too fully occupied with commercial treaties, measures for the extinction of religious liberty and other matters of real moment and importance.

Mr. Hoffman's statistics may be grimly summarized by the statement that suicide in the United States increased last year to the extent of four-tenths of one per cent of the ratio to each 100,000 persons. If these figures are a little perplexing let us say that in fifty enumerated cities, 2,500 persons committed suicide. The ratios are as follows: French, 22.0; Slavs and Germans, 19.3; Native Americans, 6.8; Irish, 6.1.

It is shown that the suicide rate has increased from 12.0 per 100,000 of population in 1890 to 17.0 in 1900. *The table would warrant the assumption that a further increase in the rate may be looked for.*

The italics are ours, although a typographical emphasis is hardly needed for so dire a prophecy. Here is another and no less significant quotation from Mr. Hoffman. He says:

The suicide rate of males, ages thirty-five and over, increased from 4.8 per 10,000 of population in 1881 to 6.2 in 1901.

The increase then is mainly with males who have reached a point in life when mental stability should be at the best and who yet have determined that the death of the suicide is better than life. Little they know!

It has been shown that the suicide rate is highest in cities which contain a very large proportion of German population or of allied nationalities such as Bohemians, Russians, etc.

We are of course well aware of the danger that serious error may creep into conclusions based upon statistics. Figures may appear as convincing proofs of what is entirely untrue and the utmost caution is needed in their consideration. That is, however, no reason for not considering them. Dr. Claude Muirhead, medical officer of the Scottish Widow's Fund furnishes suicide statistics which appear to surpass all others in horror and pathos:

Take Their Lives to Save Others

But there is one remarkable feature with regard to those suicidal deaths which is worthy of observation, and that is the extraordinary large number which took place in the early years of assurance. No less than 7.087 per cent of the total deaths by suicide occurred in the very first year and 3.175 per cent in the second year.

Perhaps, at a first glance, we hardly realize what this means. It means, or so it appears to us, *that ten per cent of the total number of suicides assured their lives for the purpose of destroying their lives, and thus making for their families the only provision in their power.*

We are a little weary of the stereotyped formula which ascribes an unsound mind to every suicide. It is one of the miserable terms which society uses to cover up its own responsibility, or rather to move a fellow creature outside the bounds of that responsibility.

We shall not advance very far in the general treatment of suicide until we recognize that it is produced by causes which are operative throughout the whole community. A fearful strain has been placed by a false civilization upon the whole human chain. Here and there are links too weak to resist and those links snap. Other links there are which do not actually reach the snapping point. Increase the strain a little and they too will snap. Actual suicide is but a part of the horror of the thing. The real tragedy is the strain upon heart and mind which sometimes culminates in suicide. Let us not confuse the symptom with the disease.

It is our religion to be invincibly optimistic and to be certain that the sun is in the sky. Otherwise compassion itself might almost persuade us to drink from the cup of despair which the world has no longer the strength to push away. May the strength of all who love their fellowmen be intensified a hundredfold, may the sunlight enter into their hearts that even as they have received, so may they also give. S.

Human Vivisection in Russia

AN ugly story of human vivisection reaches us from Russia. It is said that prisoners in the fortress of the Schlussenberg are placed at the disposal of certain scientists for the purpose of experiment, and that one of the methods adopted is to keep the victim constantly exposed to a violet light, both day and night. The result is mental irritation and a condition bordering upon insanity. Russian scientists are as humane and as inhumane as those of any other nation, and what can be done in Russia in this direction can be done elsewhere. Indeed we have only to examine the published records of research to find that experiments upon human beings, even more cruel than the ones in question, have been carried out and in other countries than Russia. Even in America we are growing accustomed to loud claims for human subjects, and although such demands are usually ascribed to a desire for notoriety, it might be well to observe that such claims are growing more frequent, that they are exciting less surprise, and that human vivisection is an inevitable corollary to animal vivisection. We believe that the medical is the most humane of all professions and that it is only a mistaken *esprit de corps* which prevents physicians in general from joining in the anti-vivisection crusade. It is therefore little to be wondered at if an increasing number of the general public are beginning to feel that their own lives and the lives of their wives and children are unsafe in the hands of the vivisectioning physician whose distorted craving for knowledge may not always be restrained by the nebulous boundary between the animal and the human. STUDENT

The Foreign Tongues in America

AN entire ignorance of the English language is rapidly ceasing to be any disadvantage in the United States, and the number of those who cannot speak the language and who have no intention whatever of learning it, is increasing day by day. In Chicago alone there are 75,000 persons who are practically unacquainted with English. In the State of New York there are nearly 227,000 of such persons, and in Texas there are over 100,000.

To refuse admission to all immigrants unable to speak the language of the country would perhaps be too drastic a measure. It ought, however, to be assumed that new arrivals will learn it as rapidly as possible. So far, however, from this being the case it is becoming in many instances a matter of national pride *not* to learn English and to preserve the native language with the same determination and tenacity as the native customs. To what extent the latter are either useful or decorative is in some cases a matter of opinion. In other cases it is not a matter of opinion. That the authorities are arousing themselves to a sense of danger which may arise from the vast marching army of foreigners which is entering the country is a hopeful sign. That danger is more real than may appear upon the surface, and we hope that it will be checked before it is too late. STUDENT

The Early Voyagers to America

IT now seems clear that, as the old saga says, the hardy Northmen of Iceland did in the Tenth century "discover America." They landed a colony on the southwest shore of Greenland, which after five centuries was destroyed by the Esquimos. It is only lately that the grass-hidden remains of this settlement have been discovered by a Dane, Captain Bruun. From the midst of the little colony, which appears to have developed a very vivid life of its own, traders sailed forth far and wide. Perhaps if one called them buccaneers their ghosts would not have much right to put in a protest. How far they went we do not know. Possibly to Newfoundland, Labrador, and Baffin Land; conceivably even into Hudson Bay. Some came back, some not. But it is fairly certain that in their own way they did make a "discovery of America." On their own little settlement they had churches, and a whole staff of church dignitaries. And in time they evolved poets and a literature. But there is much yet left to discover, not only about them, but Greenland as a whole and its people's history. X.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Greater Architectural Ideal—Unity of Function and Form

WE have before us a copy of the *Milwaukee Free Press* with a report of a lecture by Frank Lloyd Wright of Chicago to a society of architects. It contains several ideas which we have frequently discussed in these pages, and constitutes a welcome advance on most of the current notions of art. Following are some extracts with comments:

Revolt from architecture which is merely an indiscriminate and unreasonable preservation of the traditions of other generations and peoples, in which the function of the building itself has apparently no weight in determining its form, was the gospel preached yesterday afternoon.

Form always was determined by function until civilization stepped in and brought confusion with its singular system of jumping at conclusions called education. If it were now, we should not have Venetian palaces for grocery stores.

The relation of form to function is radical, as is evident to the student of nature; and, while man continues to be a part of nature he should work in accordance with natural law. Otherwise he will perpetuate ugliness and discomfort. It is true that the spirit of the age is ugly and debased in certain aspects, and that a truthful artistic expression thereof would consequently be equally sinister and gloomy; but it would at least be truthful and appropriate, and could not be nearly so distressing as tawdry finery and borrowed plumes which only enhance that which they are meant to dissemble. A village general store is more beautiful than one of those palatial groceries, even though (that is, *because*) its fittings are as homely as the cheese and calico on its counter.

Our public buildings would not be compound differentiated symposiums of temples, enduring witnesses of what we don't know and do, or what we know and don't do at home.

The house and furniture should be an entity.

It is useless to try to secure beauty when we leave out the prime requisite—unity. A collection of things, each of which is beautiful alone, does not necessarily, nor even probably, make a beautiful whole. Still less so, when, instead of beautiful things, we take fragments of beautiful things, and piece them together.

This is true of architecture, where buildings are dwarfed and deformed heaps of classical fragments; of interior furnishing, where a room is turned into a curiosity store; of a concert, where snatches of music of every shade of feeling are jumbled together; and of our modern method of expression generally. Tolstoi, though he seems to miss the real purpose of art, says very truly of our modern concerts that they demand from a susceptible listener that he shall put himself through the whole gamut of emotions in one hour. The writer continues:

Story-telling pictures appeal to moods, and to be compelled to look at them constantly is as wearisome as listening to unending music. They should be kept in a portfolio and sought, as a piano is sought, in answer to moods.

Good buildings should grow from their sites as trees grow. An architect should study the site well before drawing a line.

Is not this admirably illustrated, both in the breach in the world at

large, and in the observance in Loma-land? The world builds a house on an office table, sends it off by rail to wherever it is ordered from, and dumps it down. Then perhaps the site may be altered to fit the house, or the two, more probably, will add another to the world's many misfits. But adaptation to site is not all.

If possible, he (the architect) should visit his client in his home, in order to study his character, as to the architect is entrusted the expression of the individuality of a human soul, the making of a portrait of what is best in it as seen by what is best in him. . . . In these homes no varnish ever vulgarizes the wood. I think we have learned a respect for wood from the Japanese. The walls are seldom painted; never papered. They are stained in beautiful, reposeful hues. Buildings should never stand on their hind legs and paw the air. . . . The business of the architect is functionally that of the poet, and the fundamental principle of architecture, as the fundamental principle of life, is music. H. T. E.

Lo, the architect

Built his great heart into these sculptured stones
And with him toiled his children, and their hearts
Are builded like his own into these walls
As offerings unto God.

—*The Golden Legend*



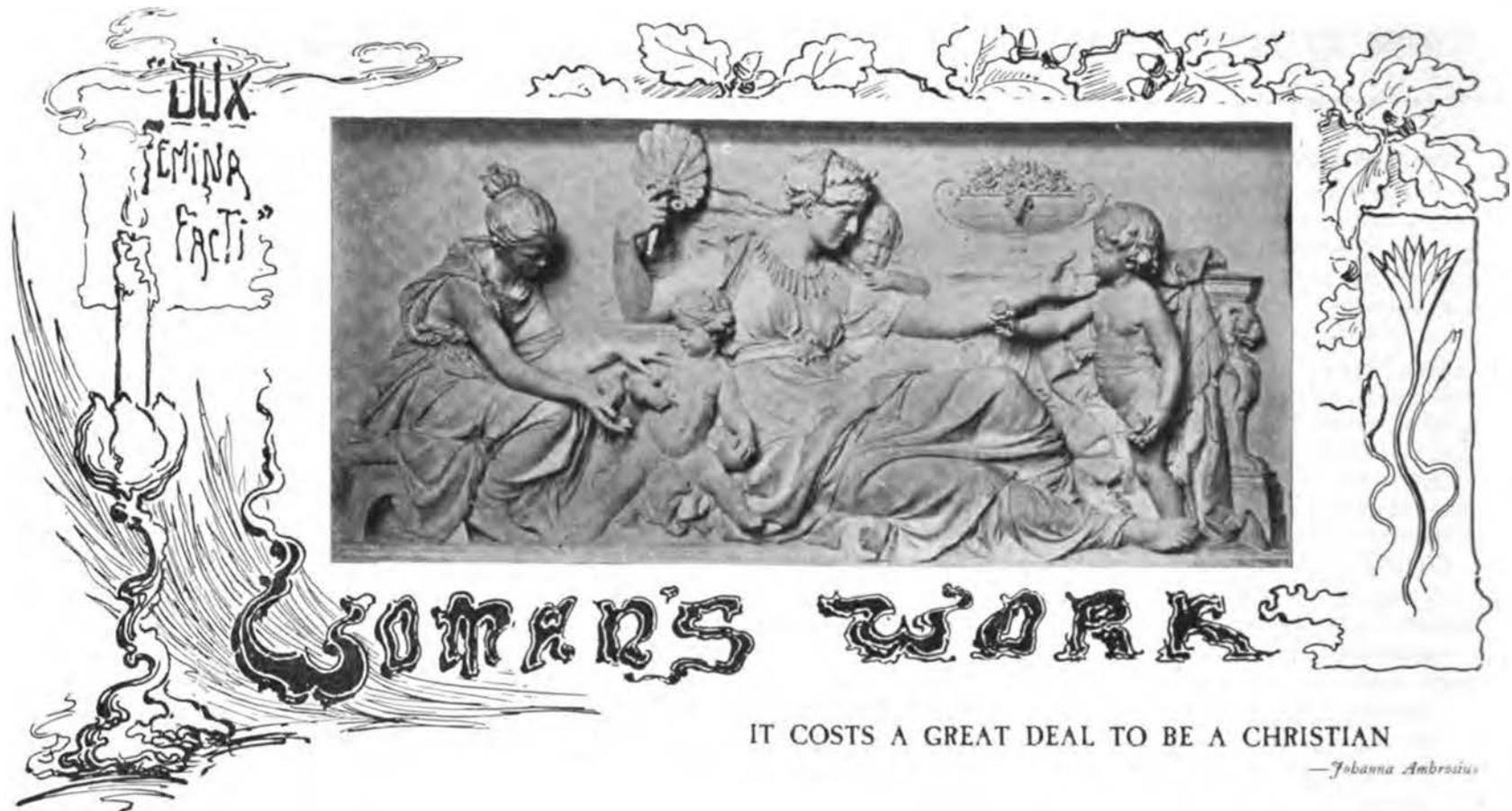
A GLIMPSE OF LOMA HOMESTEAD, POINT LOMA

an unclean dog; killed Keats; cracked jokes on Glück, Schubert, Beethoven, Berlioz and Wagner, and committed so many other impious follies and stupidities, that a thousand letters like this could not suffice even to catalogue them.—*Sidney Lanier*

THE death of Frederick Blum is a serious loss to the art world. He was president of the Painters in Pastel, and a member of the National Academy of Design, the Water Color Society and the Society of American Artists. The general public is familiar with his work through Scribners' and also through his illustrations for Sir Edwin Arnold's "Japonica." At the Paris Exposition of 1889, his canvas, "The Lacemakers," was awarded a gold medal. Among his best known, though less ambitious works, are sketches made in Venice and in Japan.

DELAYS are dangerous and may be in their results, greater crimes against the law of progress than the positive work of enemies. The following may, or may not, be a case in point, for there is no means of knowing whether or not Paris needs another art school. But however that may be, the opportunity is now lost. It was proposed by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt to establish in the beautiful Chateau de la Muette, an art school that was to be the finest in Paris, though exclusively American. The owners, instead of accepting his offer, which was liberal, procrastinated, and as Mr. Vanderbilt was obliged to leave France suddenly, the whole matter had to be dropped. The chateau was once the residence of Marie Antoinette, and there is a park in connection with it.

THE artist shall put forth, humbly and lovingly, and without bitterness against opposition, the very best and highest that is within him, utterly regardless of contemporary criticism. What possible claim can contemporary criticism set up to respect, that criticism which crucified Jesus Christ, stoned Stephen, hooted Paul for a madman, tried Luther for a criminal, tortured Galileo, bound Columbus in chains, drove Dante into a hell of exile, made Shakespeare write the sonnet, "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes;" gave Milton five pounds for *Paradise Lost*; kept Samuel Johnson cooling his heels on Lord Chesterfield's doorstep; reviled Shelley as



IT COSTS A GREAT DEAL TO BE A CHRISTIAN

—Johanna Ambrosius

Pre-natal Influence



FEW pictures in history are more tragic than that of the life of Francisco Cenci, the father of Beatrice. He cared for no man's rights, regarded the law but little and public opinion less. Son of a Cardinal, he was financial minister under Pius V, and used the many opportunities that come to a knave in such a position to amass a great fortune. A man of unbridled passion, his sensuality was only equalled by his cruelty and vindictiveness. Several times he was accused of crimes, but always managed to escape punishment by the payment of bribes, and by those who at that time were in a position to pardon him, he was looked upon as a very profitable criminal.

The strangest of his characteristics was his intense hatred for his own children. His sons he kept for years penniless and starving. His daughters, particularly the beautiful Beatrice, he beat and imprisoned.

His own death, naturally, was a violent one. History tells us that he was born during the sack of Rome. How much that fact may stand in explanation of his career, it is impossible to say, but those who know something of this mystery called heredity, are aware that it is important. One may imagine what were the conditions of his pre-natal life, what was the mental state of his mother during that terrible time of rapine and burning and horror. How tossed and torn must she have been with a constant fear, with a wild horror, with bitterest of rebellion, with feelings of revenge! It is sometimes difficult to be calm under the most favorable circumstances. It is not probable that the mother of Cenci knew a single calm moment, a single hour even, during his entire pre-natal life, when there was peace either without her or within. What was the result? We know.

The world is waiting for a new gospel, a gospel that shall be spoken unto mothers. It has not yet been uttered, but the time is coming when it must and will be, if the race is to pass out of the shadows and up into the light of the sun. To bear children thoughtlessly, carelessly, rebelliously, to overshadow all a child's pre-natal life with the twin demons of worry and regret—what is this but a crime—the crime against the Holy Ghost? Yet do mothers commit it, again and again, because they do not rise to the fulness of their responsibilities, because they do not understand

the meaning of life, because they will not step outside the little circle that bounds their personal comfort into that larger circle which includes the whole of humanity. One has but to contrast the picture of Cenci's life with that of any child which is blessed in being well-born, to see the tremendous truth that, denied and disregarded, leads the race directly to the doorway of destruction.

Take, for example, the case of the young musician, Florizel Reuter, who, though but ten years of age, is already hailed as "the new Paganini." Healthy, happy, strong and sunny-tempered, he plays Vieuxtemps, Bach, Wieniawski, in a manner that has silenced the critics. Says a current journal:

Florizel's recent tour of fifteen concerts in Switzerland, Norway and Sweden has created a furore, the like of which has not been known in the memory of man or the annals of music.

THE TEST

by EMILY DICKINSON

I CAN wade grief,
Whole pools of it---
I'm used to that,
But the least push of joy
Breaks up my feet,
And I tip---drunken.
Let no pebble smile,
'Twas the new liquor---
That was all!

Power is only pain,
Stranded, through discipline,
Till weights will hang,
Give balm to giants,
And they'll wilt like me,
Give Himmalech---
They'll carry him!

What were the conditions of his pre-natal life? Fortunately, the information is accessible. From the first moment that the child's mother knew that the great benediction was to be hers, she resolved that this, her child to be, should have every opportunity. She was herself a musician; music was her passion, the violin being her favorite instrument. During the entire period of her child's pre-natal life she attended concerts and operas when possible, read the lives of the great composers and studied violin. Her friends smiled, but she merely said, "My child shall be a great musician."

Today we know the result, not alone on the life of the child, but on that of the mother, as well, for the patience, the perseverance, the will-power required to adhere to so great a purpose during a trying time, must have borne rich fruit in character.

Those who rely upon the Law cannot feel that any mother has the right to say "My child shall be so, or so, or so." It is not ours to decide whether the child to be shall paint pictures or produce music or sweep the streets. To form any definite, set, personal resolve, on such lines, is, consciously or unconsciously, taking a liberty with the greater Law which is far wiser and more just than we are. Far better is it to make the life serene, to fill it with art, music and love, to bathe in that truer compassion that finds the highest joy in service to humanity and to the future. The definite, the particular, will find its own expression. It must be borne in mind that the mother is not the creator of the child's soul, the real self, which comes, "trailing clouds of glory," from an infi-

nite past. She but draws the soul to her, great and pure or mean and ignoble, according to the environment she makes; she fashions the body, builds into body and brain tendencies toward evil or towards good, stamps it with her own aspirations or her own despairs, as she pleases. Therein lies her great responsibility. Therein may she find her opportunity.

STUDENT

Another Word

LET us, as women, look within rather than without, for not until the secret of our own weaknesses is revealed to us can we dare to sit in judgment on the weaknesses of others. Let us spend more time searching for the causes of things and less time whining and rebelling under the pressure of effects. Let us recognize and do our own duties first and sit in judgment upon others afterwards. Let us realize that within our own hearts is the key.

This does not mean that we are to put on a mistaken resignation and sit with folded hands. Never. Let us protest as we have never protested before against all that is unjust, all that holds back the womanhood of the world from its heritage.

Let us work, strive and plead.

Let us do our full share to bring about justice, not because ourselves or other women will be benefited, but because it is right that justice should again be established.

Let us above all things purify our natures.

Let us find within our hearts a fuller trust in that Higher Law which bringeth all things in the fullness of time to those who know how to wait.

Let us find that secure place upon which to stand, that center within our own souls which nothing can ever shake; truly, the light that we long for can never come into the world until it first dawns within our own hearts.

Let us, then, dare to do our whole duty, regardless of public opinion, regardless of what the relatives may think or the neighbors say. Let us dare to be honest with ourselves.

Then we shall inherit something of that power that belongs to the soul.

Let us realize that we are souls, souls divine, and we shall find it within our power to actually make over the world.

It is in our power to actually build "a new heaven and a new earth."

Could we by a wish

Have what we will and get the future now,

Would we wish aught done undone in the past?

So, let us wait God's instant men call years;

Meanwhile, hold hard by truth and all great souls.

Do out the duty! Through such souls alone

God, stooping, shows sufficient of his light

For us in the dark to rise by—

Truth is the strong thing. Let thy life be true!

E.

FOR the first time in its history, the University of Heidelberg has conferred a degree upon a woman, or rather two women, Mrs. Margaret Gibson and Mrs. Agnes Lewis. They are sisters and twins, and have been thus signally honored because of important discoveries made by them on Mount Sinai, as well as for their work in Biblical study. And this in conservative Germany! Verily, time passes and traditions change.

CHENTUNG LIANG CHENG has brought with him to Washington, where he has entered upon his duties as Chinese minister, his young daughter, Whun Mui, and her two brothers. All three will be educated in our American schools and it is their father's intention that they shall later carry back to their own land something of what is best and most progressive in the hearts of the American people.

Beatrice Cenci

"IT is the very saddest picture ever painted or conceived." Such are the words voiced by many who have seen the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, a Roman maiden of rare beauty.

From her sad young life a cry seems to rise and linger, a cry appealing for greater compassion in the hearts of men and women, urging a stronger and readier response in the defense of love and justice. It directs the mind to the deepest problems of life, and unless we accept the broad expansive view of rebirth, of the soul's pilgrimage in a succession of lives on earth, there is nothing to justify or explain the sufferings and tragic death of such a lovely and innocent child.

When she was fourteen years old her father, "the cruel Count Cenci," confined her in a lonely castle, and starved and beat her almost to death. Her friends, indignant and furious, made efforts to free the little captive, but unfortunately their attempts resulted in the assassination of the Count. The deed was discovered and all were arrested and condemned to death. Beatrice, under torture, beseechingly pleaded her innocence,

but no mercy was given and with the others she was pitilessly condemned to die. Dickens has described the painting:

The portrait of Beatrice Cenci is a picture almost impossible to be forgotten. Through the transcendent sweetness and beauty of the face there is something shining out that haunts me. The head is loosely draped in white, the light hair falling down below the linen folds. Some stories say that Guido painted it the night before the execution; others that he painted it from memory after having seen her on the way to the scaffold. I am willing to believe that, as you see her on his canvas, so she turned toward him in the crowd, from the first sight of the axe, and stamped upon his mind a look which he has stamped on mine as though I had stood beside him in the concourse. ANNIE P. DICK

The Peace of Life

THERE is a prevalent idea that in order to possess the inner peace some terrible and unnatural exertion is required. It is as if a bud, in order to unfold, had to use dynamite to force the calyx open. There is necessity for effort, but it should expend itself rather upon the firm putting away of one's doubts and discontents than in a violent dragging forth of the inner peace. For peace lies always within our heart of hearts; we have only to find it. We have but to live

naturally and along lines of least resistance, simply and unselfishly. The mere forgetting of envy and jealousy, of ambition and of fear, will place us on the instant within the borders of that peace.

There is in Loma-land a band of women who are students, not of books alone, but of life, which includes books. Their aspirations are higher than material wealth or self-advancement, and their object in life is to help humanity, not to secure cheap pleasures for themselves. They are steadily unfettering themselves from conventionality, for the soul will have no bonds. In the performance of their duties, even the simplest, new avenues of thought are traversed, new worlds opened to view. Little by little a habit of sustained effort is formed; little by little the breaks and gaps in their lives become less and less frequent; little by little spasmodic effort is replaced by system and continuity. And life is bounded by a serene peace that only those who have known the joy of helping others can fully realize. J. L. H.

MISS BUDDEN, for many years a resident in India, has been spending some time in this country, and is stirred to the depths by the ignominy and horror of child-marriage. She says that she prays to God that the crying wrongs against Hindu girls may in some way be relieved, "and that the age of consent may be raised from twelve to sixteen. Legislation," she adds, "of course is not everything, but without it all other efforts are unavailing."



BEATRICE CENCI

From the portrait by Guido Reni

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Pedestal of the Emperor Flavian in the Roman Forum

IN 1873 the late Professor P. Rosa, while excavating the Forum, thought he had identified a mass of rather degenerate masonry as the pedestal of the once splendid equestrian statue of Domitian, an Emperor who enriched Rome architecturally in a truly magnificent manner. The fact was officially announced; but later criticism has refused to admit that the construction dates earlier than the Fourth century and a far more appropriate suggestion was soon forthcoming—namely, that it was the *Caballas Constantini*, to which reference is found in the *Einseidlen Itinerary*, and the inscription on the plinth of which we possess. It has been reserved for Commendatore Boni to identify and bring to light that more important one of the third Flavian Emperor. He has found it, and it is on a becoming scale—namely, eleven metres in length and six in breadth; and is situated, according to the description of Stratus, the singer of its exceptional merits, facing the Temple of Julius, having the Basilica Julia on its right hand and the Æmilia on its left. “*Terga pater blandoque videt Concordia vultu*” is his description of the shrine he had raised west of it, next to the Temple of Concord, in honor of the deified Vespasian.

The *Memoria Damnatæ*, which followed the Emperor's assassination on the Palatine, no doubt involved the destruction of his statue, though it is quite probable the horse may have been preserved for other Imperial riders. North of this, a huge block of the architrave of the Basilica Æmilia, with its Doric mouldings (*gutta*), has now come to light, belonging to the same Augustan restoration as the blocks of its frieze and cornice, so long misattributed to a colossal legendary temple of Janus Quadrifrons, which never existed, either on this site or any other. Moreover, this block, when in its original position above the fluted pentelic columns then flanking the Sacra Via, looked across that memorable road, and faced the equestrian Domitian standing between itself and the rival Basilica Julia, while the black-haired, white-robed folk were thronging and admiring it below. The *Cunicoli Cesarei* or longitudinal and transverse galleries beneath the Forum, the discovery of which was described two years ago, have now been cleared out and rendered secure from ordinary flooding.

There is naturally so little of Cæsar's constructive work remaining in Rome that these fine underground passages, with their lift-chambers and remains of lifts (for hoisting the scenic apparatus on to the surface for the Games), constitute a most important monument. The much-disputed Rostra of Cæsar is certainly of identical constructive style, and is scarcely any longer denied to be what its discoverer from the first considered. The simple arches of *opus incertum*, stuccoed with *opus Signinum*, seemed to many archeologists incompatible with the grandeur of the Great Dictator; and they forget to measure his scale of construction, not by the magnificent ideas which gave rise to them, but by the scale used by his predecessors. To this Rostra, verily, were nailed the head and the hands of Cicero, in order to manifest that the political vendetta was at last accomplished.—*London Globe*

A GIGANTIC turtle has been captured by some fishermen at Wildwood, Cal. It weighs over one thousand pounds and measures ten feet, three inches in length, and six feet, seven inches across the back. It is now on exhibition on the pier, no less than twenty-eight men being needed to place it in the tank. Its captors say that this monster is 700 years old, but the report does not mention the process of calculation.

Archeological Researches in the Dowth Tumulus

THE archeological remains which have been found at Dowth in Ireland present a puzzling problem to the student not only from the natural obscurity of their origin, but also from the loose manner in which the work of excavation has unfortunately been carried out. The Dowth Tumulus is 47 feet high and 280 feet in diameter and around the base is a circle of large stones. Instead of sinking a shaft into the tumulus, the explorers resorted to the expedient of making a cutting from the base towards the center. During this work a cruciform chamber was discovered containing a rough sarcophagus which latter had been very much broken although all the pieces were easily found. Animal bones came to light in considerable numbers together with a bronze pin and two small iron knives. That iron implements should be discovered in so ancient a structure may be accounted for by the fact that in the year 862 the tumulus was opened and ransacked by the Northmen of Dublin, who doubtless suspected the presence of treasure. The *Annals of Ulster* says this was done “upon one occasion that the three kings, Amlaff, Imar and Ainsle were plundering the territory of Flann, the son of Coaing.”

Running west from the chamber a passage was discovered leading to other sets of chambers. The carvings represented in our illustration were found upon a stone nine feet high and eight feet broad between the north and east recesses. Some authorities think that these inscriptions bear a resemblance to the Ogam writings found in other parts of the island and to which we may draw some attention in a subsequent issue.

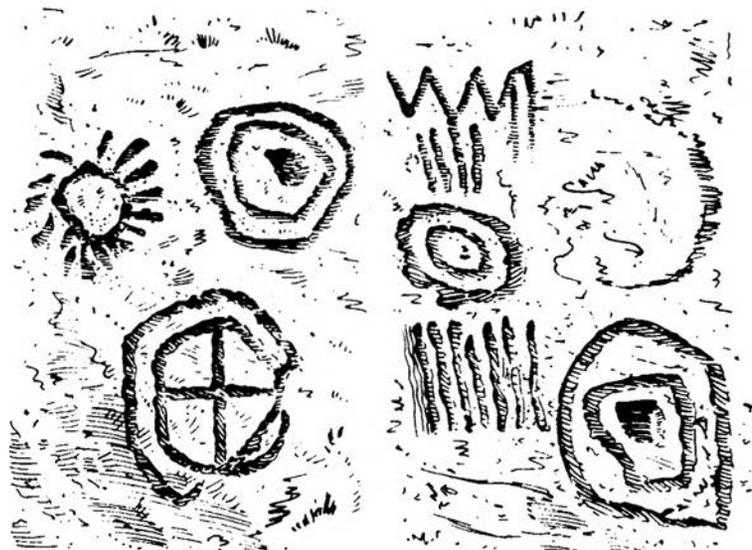
Carvings were also found in another sepulchral chamber, including the cross which, Mr. John Cooke says, “neither in the old nor the new world can be considered as peculiar to Christianity.” Here too great quantities of bones were discovered, some of them being human, together with a stone amulet, a jet ring, beads and pins. There are other smaller tumuli close at hand and also the well preserved remains of a military encampment.

STUDENT

CAPTAIN OTTO SVERDRUP, the head of the second Polar Expedition of the *Fram*, publishes an illustrated article in the *Geographical Journal* of the discoveries of that journey.

In some respects the most interesting thing seen in that far north within the Arctic Circle, were two of those mysterious stone towers, of which Ireland affords so many examples; but which are also dotted throughout the world. The discovery will mean more to Theosophists than to others. They will suspect that these towers may owe their origin to a race much further back in time than science now thinks possible for human life to have existed. The Parry archipelago antedates Lemuria, and belongs to the remains of the “Second Continent.” Says H. P. Blavatsky: “Suffice, then, for us the strong probability that during the Miocene period of modern science, at a time when Greenland was an almost tropical land, there lived a people now unknown to history.” K.

CALIFORNIA is not only destined to become, but in some respects it has become, the chief educational center of the world. As an instance of this we may cite the announcement which has recently been made from the California University. It seems that the paleontological authorities have collected more fossil saurians this year than in any previous year, and that the University now possesses the finest collection of these fossils in the United States.



CURIOUS CARVINGS ON A STONE AT DOWTH, IRELAND

SPIDER-WEB

by JAMES HERBERT MORSE in *Atlantic Monthly*

A SLENDER filament is yon
Bright bit of gossamer whereon
The sunlit spider swings--- what if he fall?
A couch of grass is all.

A daring architect, he lays
His skillful courses on my ways---
But see how idly! For with one light blow
I lay his rafters low.

Yet he'll go building still, as I,
Whose castles oft in ruins lie,
Begin and spin anew my filament
By some vast Being rent.

Mayhap, because I choose to lay
My daring rafters on His way,
He sweeps His vexed forehead with a frown
And strikes my castle down!

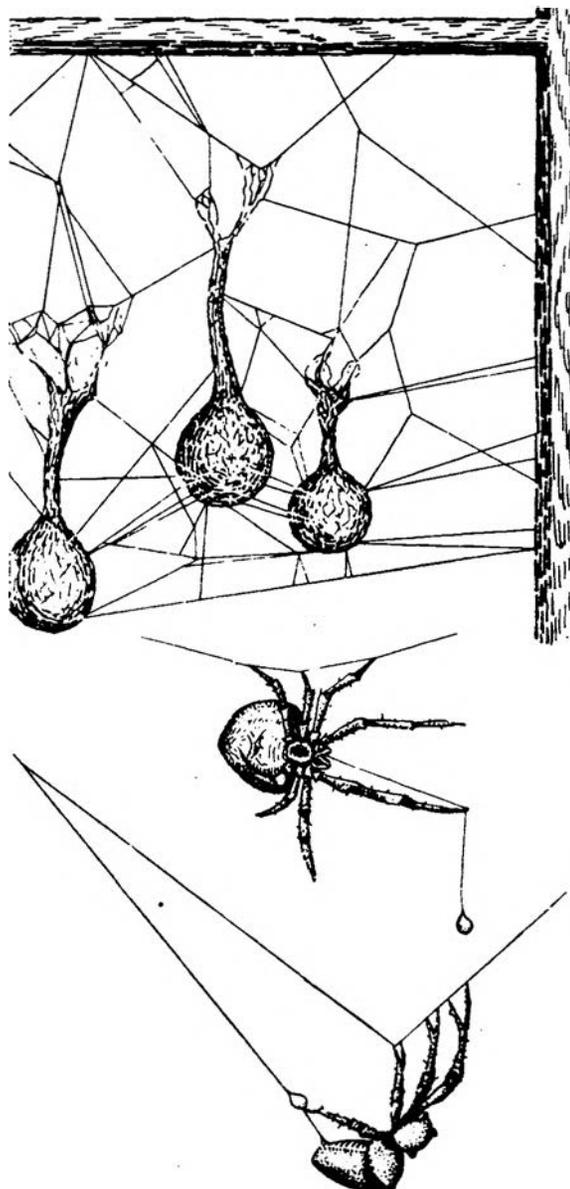
The Bolaa-Throwing Spider

A DESCRIPTION appears in the *Scientific American* of the spider known as *Ordgarius cornigerus* Hentz, which is spread very widely over the United States, but has been little studied. It captures its prey, moths and other small insects, by swinging at them a ball of viscid spider-thread dangling at the end of a line. The sticky ball adheres to the victim and the spider runs down and kills it and wraps it up for future use.

This spider remains secreted under a leaf or rail, and can scarcely be found until it reaches maturity, when its egg cocoons are seen, hung up in the sun. At nightfall predatory operations begin. The spider, having chosen a post on some branch exudes its sticky thread and rolls it into a small ball which is carefully lowered until a pendulum is formed; the beast waits until its prey comes within reach, and the cast is made. Since more moths appear than would be expected from the character of the location chosen by the spider, it is supposed that he has some way of attracting them, by an alluring odor perhaps.

A Plucky Sort of Thing for a Plant to Do

ABOUT three years ago, when the golf grounds were first cleared, a large quantity of cactus was dumped in piles to decay. Instead of doing so, however, it is growing, or rather it is trying to grow. The soil beneath is too hard and dry to afford a root-hold, so they are growing without roots. Withered and thin, but still vigorous, many of the stalks have this year put forth branches all complete, though the material therefor had to be taken from their own tissues. There is no possibility of their securing any water except from the air, and yet so perfect a protection is that thin, transparent skin which the cactus has, no thicker than tissue-paper, that after three years of exposure to the sun the pulp below is still moist and green. It is said by some that the cactus' skin admits water inward like a valve, and if this is true it only increases the wonder to think that so perfect a valvular system can exist in so thin a covering. And then what a perfectly intelligent system of circulation there must be in the plant, and what a self-sacrificing purpose, to decrease



A CLUSTER OF EGG COCOONS
WAITING FOR A MOTH
MAKING THE GLOBULE

its own size equally in all parts and put the material thus gathered into new branches, themselves true and perfect, except withered. A man, with all his mental power could not do that to his own body even to replace a lost limb. Maybe his intelligence prevents him from doing it. The cactus family is a very interesting one, although not usually very showy. They have many intelligent, sturdy traits of which these are only samples. Y.

The Valley Quail of Loma-land

ONE fine spring morning the new arrival in Loma-land is surprised by a loud, resonant call that seems to fill the sky. Coo-coo-coo, coo-coo-coo, comes sounding over the hills and echoing up the cañons. It is the call-note of the valley quail, a bird about the size of a partridge, who is beginning to feel the influence of reviving life-currents of nature, and to turn his mind to the pleasant thoughts of nesting. It is not every year, however, that he takes on the responsibilities of rearing a family. He looks far ahead into the coming season, and if he foresees drought and scarcity, he prudently abstains from family life, passing through the summer months as an unincumbered bachelor.

This power of predicting the weather is possessed by many of the wild creatures. Mankind, accustomed to give the rein to its selfish, personal desires, is out of tune with nature; but the birds who live so close to the mighty mother-heart and walk so dutifully in the easy paths of instinct, know the purposes and plans of nature and guide their lives accordingly.

In favorable years they raise two, and often three broods of chicks in a simple nest on the ground, and all the summer through the wanderer over the hills will meet these family parties searching for insect life and scratching the surface for creeping things. They also visit the vineyards and devour great quantities of grapes. They run with surprising swiftness, but should you suddenly surprise a bevy of quail, they take wing and sail away over the rounded slopes with a strong, confident flight.

It is a very curious fact that the family to which the quail belongs, loses all scent during the nesting season. The characteristic odor by which the dogs and foxes discover their prey is entirely suppressed, so that a dog may pass within a few inches of a sitting bird in the twilight and yet never suspect her presence. This has always seemed to the writer one of the most surprising facts in the whole province of natural history, but without such a provision it is difficult to see how birds which lay their eggs on the ground could possibly survive the attacks of foes prowling in all directions.

STUDENT

TAKE hold with God in His steady work for lifting up the world: and you shall daily forget that there are these grasshoppers and crickets screaming and chirping and asking questions around you, even if they aspire so far, in their wrangling disputations, as to doubt whether there be any world, be any heaven, be any God, or any life worth living. Let your vine blossom and bear fruit, let the fruit ripen and hang in fragrant and luscious bunches heavy upon the bough, and you do not put the knife to the bark to see if the vine is alive. — *The Standard*

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

A CONSIDERABLE audience assembled at the Isis Theatre on Sunday night and listened with attention to the two papers which were presented by Mrs. Isabelle Butler and Thorley von Holst, the Raja Yoga School boy, whose papers have so often been remarkably alike for their intelligence and for their delivery. The

proceedings were interspersed with an admirable orchestral program, which included the overture from Beethoven's *Coriolanus*, and the complete performance for the first time in San Diego of Jadassohn's sextet op. 100. One movement—*Adagio Serioso*—of this celebrated work was rendered a few weeks ago by the Isis Conservatory students and was greatly enjoyed by all music lovers. The other movements of the sextet are: *Sortenuto, Allegro, Adagio Serioso, Allegretto Grazioso*, for piano, two violins, viola and 'cello.

Mrs. Butler's paper was entitled "Does Education Educate?" The basis of her remarks was a letter recently received by one of the Raja Yoga School teachers from one of the great centers of American civilization. The writer had visited one of the great schools of her city, and had been horrified at the science object lesson which she had witnessed, and which was provided for the instruction of children who had come "from homes in which the brutal and the disgusting was their daily diet. Many of them worked in the blood and horrors of the stock-yards, week after week, living in the districts where the streets were made hideous by the revels of drunken men and unfortunate women." The science object lesson provided for these little unfortunates consisted of a glass globe containing a snake and a frog, "the latter frightened and making desperate efforts to escape, the former sailing around in evident anticipation." The letter concluded by asking, "How are vacation schools or any other schools to remedy matters if they teach inhumanity? I may be old-fashioned, but I would rather have my child grow up ignorant of every letter of the alphabet, but generous, truthful and humane, than with a university education if inhumanity and vivisection had to be thrown in. What solution does the Raja Yoga system offer?"

The answer to that question was the subject matter of Mrs. Butler's very able paper. The Raja Yoga method of teaching children was to show them that they are souls and how to live the soul life. Even the tiniest children were made to see that they are more than bodies and more than souls. Theoretically this has always been held up as an ideal, but practically it has never before been done.

In such an atmosphere cruelty could not exist. The writer of the letter was in no way "old-fashioned," but new-fashioned in her abhorrence at what she had seen. With our penitentiaries and asylums full of educated men, small wonder that a few are beginning to ask if what the world calls education really educates. In

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Address to the Boys by the
Young Raja Yoga Orator ■
■ Address by Mrs. Butler

Reprinted from San Diego News

many of our public schools vivisection is actually practised. In every medical college in America it is required of every student who aspires to obtain a degree. How can we expect a child to realize the sacredness of life who has been taught to look upon it as something to be tortured at his whim? There is in what we are pleased to term the "lower animals"—though many a physiologist and all who practise vivisection belong to a lower order still—qualities that we might do well to imitate. Shall our educators continue to multiply cruelties and classify tortures, or shall they give the virtues a chance? Shall we fill the child's head with the catechisms of barbarity, or with the simple creed of love? Scarcely anything has so irritated the enemies of the Raja Yoga work as the fact that the children of the Raja Yoga School are taught to be kind to animals. It was quite remarkable not so much as an exalted fact as because of other facts to which it points. It is clear proof to those who can see that in the thought world a great battle is being waged between those who love life and those who love power.

Thorley von Holst's paper was entitled, "What a Boy Can Do for San Diego." "Boys," he said, "do not realize that they have the responsibility for the future resting upon them. The Raja Yoga training shows us how we can work for it in our school or in our homes or wherever we may be. And working for this ideal leads us to make our surroundings bright and clean and beautiful. The way to attain to this ideal is to strive constantly to build up character, and the boy who tries every day and does not get discouraged or selfish will succeed.

"The boys of the present day need more self-respect. They will be much more useful when they have a polite and manly bearing, and a good personal appearance. Every boy who tries to do his duty and to be self-respecting, is helping to build up a higher order of boyhood and that means a higher order of manhood in the future. Boys, let us stop being selfish and disrespectful. Let us face our faults and conquer them. Let us stop demanding so much from our parents, and begin to help them now and not wait until we are men. It is by helping others that we can fit ourselves for the great work that will rest on us in the future. How much use can a boy expect to be to his nation if he spends his boyhood running the streets, playing truant from school, smoking cigarettes and being disrespectful and disobedient to his parents?

"I would not feel all this so deeply if I had not had the advantages of Raja Yoga. And while all boys cannot have these advantages, all have opportunities to do their best every day, and that will build character. Boys do not realize how much our nation needs them now and how much it will need them in the future. If they did, they would try harder to be self-respecting and pure."

WHAT most impresses one at first are the buildings. They are beautifully situated, beautifully

built, although wholly different to what one is accustomed to. Yet there is not a line, not a form, not an ornament which is not appropriate, and the proportions observed are perfect. As to the distribution of the halls, rooms, etc., each seems to answer its purpose and there appears to be not one square foot which is not used to its full extent. How large a proportion of our public and private buildings is waste space, much of it being used perhaps once a year. Not so at Point Loma, for there the work is so intense and active that all the available space is continuously occupied. Wherever you go you find somebody, not idle, but busy.

I shall not speak about the sea, the bay, the grand view, the uniform temperature, etc., because these things were there before the Theosophists came, but the good judgment of Mrs. Tingley in having chosen this marvelous spot upon which to establish the center of the Theosophical movement, is worthy of mention. The water used on the hill is carried through pipes from the mountains. It is said, however, that great climatic changes affecting the rainfall are very near at hand, and that irrigation will become unnecessary within a few years. If this really comes to pass one may truly say that kind nature helped the Theosophical movement with its bounty when the time came for the establishment of The Universal Brotherhood for the benefit of mankind. A little water now and everything grows, and the beautiful flowers and plants at Point Loma form a lovely frame to the buildings. How different the buildings look framed thus by nature! Look at the churches in a large city; very often there is hardly space around them to enable the spectator to get a good look. When there is space it is often paved and used for the crowd, the street cars,

POINT LOMA---A FEW IMPRESSIONS

etc., while the common herd of miserable sinners are huddled in small houses having but little light and air. Contrast some of the big buildings in America, almost as high as the medieval cathedrals, with the buildings at Point Loma which are full of light and brightness, and are not built for show. There the human body, the living temple of the true God, can live in joy.

What next impresses one at the Point Loma institution is the character of the people living there. There is a complete absence of invalids; every one is happy, every one is busy; every one is devoted to a high and unselfish ideal. You wonder what may be the occupation of this or that student. If you but consider one moment that there are no hired helpers, excepting three Japanese servants, and that all the work not done by them is done by members of the institution; and if you then consider the scope of the work classified under different heads, the keeping, bringing up and teaching of all the children, the Lotus work throughout the world, the work of the Isis Conservatory of Music, the music, art and drama, which are developed on quite different lines than heretofore; the physical exercises for keeping the body in health, the handling of daily supplies for all—several hundred adults and children, not to mention the cooking and serving of food—if you take all this into consideration it is wonderful to observe how the people on the Hill get through their work.

The NEW CENTURY PATH appears every week; all the articles have to be written, for all matter is original. There are, beside, printing and the illustrations to be taken care of. The whole correspondence with all the Lodges has to be answered and advice has to be given everywhere. And all the time new buildings are continually put up; there is continually need of room, as many people are waiting to

come. And perhaps a word should be said about the wonderful propaganda work carried on by those at the Point Loma Center. Few, even among the students, realize the immense scope of the correspondence which Mrs. Tingley personally directs. Not only does she keep in constant and personal touch with all the Lodges and members-at-large throughout the world, but with many hundreds who, from all countries, are looking to the Theosophical movement for light and help. An immense propaganda work is not only being carried on in America and other nations, but in Cuba the establishment of three immense Raja Yoga Schools has brought a new hope to that island. Within a very short time similar work will be begun in France and in Spain. Add to this the fact that Point Loma is visited daily by hundreds of tourists, many of them people of wide experience, who invariably inquire for Theosophical literature, and one may gain some idea of the way in which this work for humanity is finding its way into the hearts of men.

How is it that all these people work like that? Are they paid? No; most of them pay their board and all expenses. Do they expect to enter into a happy personal paradise? No; they prefer to work for humanity. Do they expect some reward in the shape of psychic developments and powers? Indeed not. Are they ambitious? No. They even do not put their names to the articles they publish in the *NEW CENTURY PATH*. Many of them simply sign "Student." But why on earth do they do all this? Out of pure love for humanity! That is the secret of the whole of this great movement, and that is the tie which keeps all students indissolubly united in their devotion to the Leader, Katherine Tingley. And their devotion has no less impregnable a foundation than the daily example of her own life, marvelous in its tireless industry, boundless in its selflessness and compassionate service. From the Leader come all new ideas and new methods for increasing the work and extending it.

All the architecture, so new and wonderful, is her conception, and many are the plans which she intends to carry out. How is it that all these people



STUDENTS' GROUP HOME NO. 1, POINT LOMA
as seen from the Homestead, looking toward False Bay

on the Hill so gladly follow her suggestions? Are they all hypnotized into passive obedience? Indeed not. There is no coercion neither physical nor mental, and there is no psychism whatever. They live the life, and naturally trust the Teacher who has taught them how to live. This is the way disciples used to learn in olden times from their Master, and it is the only basis for real learning. Obedience becomes natural through the recognition by the disciple of the great knowledge, the high moral value and the entire devotion of the Teacher. The disciple recognizes that whenever his ideas are in contradiction with the welfare of others he has to look for the difficulty in his own lower nature; that first of all he has to dominate his own lower tendencies. Some can master themselves, others who cannot would finally have to go. Yet it is a fact that up to the present time no accepted student has ever yet left the Hill.

One of the most striking features at Point Loma is the Raja Yoga School. The moral and mental development of the children is most astonishing and at the same time appears so natural. There is no coercion and the children love their duties, their studies and their work; they love to be good, and how can they behave badly if they love goodness? Each child at the Point is a marvel in itself; a marvel for us who have not been brought up on the lines of right education. Had we been so brought up we should be like the children who are so great a lesson to us and to all with whom they come in contact, even to their own parents. Every-

thing that was bad in their nature has been transmuted into good, and the good has grown and developed. Naturally such a child feels intensely happy and is a benediction wherever he goes.

The public at large begins to realize that something great and wonderful is growing in Point Loma. Our enemies are those who represent the dark side of humanity, whose past and present natures are to tear down, to keep the light away, and who prefer darkness in order that the light may not shine upon their own selfishness and their own sins.

M. A. OPPERMANN

The Magic of Speech

If any stumble not in word, the same is a perfect man, able to bridle the whole body also.

PEOPLE who complain of the difficulty of controlling their minds should think over that prescription of James'. He does not, like Pythagoras, urge the claims of silence, but of right and wise speech. If thought is the parent of speech, speech is in its turn the parent of future thought. For whilst we speak we also listen to ourselves. A part of the mind is registering what is said, and the mental pictures that the words call up. And these thoughts and pictures, impressed by sound, go on blending and developing under the floor of our consciousness. This is an automatic proceeding. Then, later, they come back, strengthened, multiplied, and fill the mind with suggestions, thoughts and pictures that may be man's undoing. Or, if the speech was right and kindly, all these will be a help.

Our own words do indeed haunt us like the strains of music heard yesterday. It is so, whether we know it and attend to it or not. And the words thus echoing through the body are no more mere sound than is the air of music. As the latter is sound in the form that makes it music, so is the former sound in the forms (words) that make it thought. As the latter subtly molds our feelings for days, and indeed forever, so does the former leave eternal trace upon the thought. For speech is a magic weapon, and the first victim, for good or evil, of that magic, is the man himself, who is thus his own creator or undoer, his own destiny, his own promise and its fulfilment. Say pure and helpful and kindly things; read aloud great writings; and we do far more than we know. The man of 60 is the child of the speech of the man of all preceding years. In our day the best corrective of evil and slanderous and sensual speech is not so much silence as right speech. Such speech will in time change the voice, the countenance, the body, the mind. The soul will ultimately give to words and voice its own richness and dignity and power and harmony.

STUDENT

Value of Breadth in Culture

IT is scarcely possible to dwell too much on the importance of breadth in study. It is a tendency of the times to specialize too much; but what a subject may gain in precision by specialization, it certainly loses in breadth and richness. No subject can be properly studied and known without a good deal of collateral knowledge and acquaintance with those subjects which border upon it on every side. A great historian has said that no one can study the history of one country without knowing that of all other countries. This remark is equally true of other subjects; it is impossible to define lines marking off one subject strictly from another.

There is much specialization in modern education, and the result of it is a class of minds trained in narrow grooves greatly lacking in scope and richness, and prone to take extreme views through want of that sense of proportion which a wide range would have given. It is not interesting to talk to a product of the over-specialization system; he will either bore you with the narrowness and exclusiveness of his knowledge on the specialty, or else display a shallowness and lack of interest on topics in general. But a person of wide culture, who can illumine any subject with innumerable side-lights from a variety of sources, is a pleasure and a profit to converse with.

Many writers have urged the importance of width of culture on the ground both of its advantage to society and of its advantage to the possessor. But apart from the pleasure and profit to be derived from it as an elegant accomplishment, width of culture lies in the direct line of human progress and improvement held in view by The Universal Brotherhood. A well-proportioned all-round man or woman is the ideal before us, whereas the evil tendency of the times is rather to produce machines, that is, organisms trained to do each only one kind of work very accurately. This means lack of balance, and lack of balance is a sin of the age, physically and morally as well as intellectually.

X.

The Big Ending of a Little Beginning



UT of course, children, ye don't undershtan'," went on the rich musical voice of little Norah Malone. "How should ye whin ye niver had a King or Quane of yer own, but only Prisidents, an' people loike that." She was sitting on an overturned orange box, slightly raised above her audience, as became her position of *reconteur*, and was thrilling them with a description of the glories and magnificence of the "Ould Country," which she herself only had at second hand from her parents who had emigrated from Ireland to America when Norah was quite a baby.

"Oi'll tell ye what, bhoys an' girls," she exclaimed, her brogue becoming thicker as it always did when she got excited, "Oi'll jist shew ye what a rale Quane is loike in moy country. Our Quane—only she's a King now—gives a party ivery year, which she calls a 'Dhrawin' Room,' an' there's millions of diamonds an' pearls an' jools, an' the Quane she has on her best crownd, an' the ladies has to take off their bodices an' only wear bits of ribbon an' feathers on their shoulders. An' the jintlemin has on knickerbockers an' lovely silk shrockin's, an' they're all Lords, an' Duchesses an' things—ye don't know about *thim* neither? Now, wouldn't ye loike that I show ye what is a 'Dhrawin' Room' loike?" and she looked around at the dozen or so pale, dirty, but interested little faces.

"Don't know as I care much for yer old Kings an' Queens, any way," said Piggy—so-called because he was rather fat—"ain't worth a continental any way."

"Poor bhoy," said Norah magnanimously, "that's 'cos ye've niver know any—wait a bit till Oi shew ye; only we won't call it a 'Dhrawin' Room,' we'll have it a Dinin' Room, an' end up with a rale faste," patting her flat little stomach, wherein reposed an apple core or two and a piece of dirty orange peel she had picked up from the street. "Now," she cried, jumping up, "you, Flo Dilling, go an' see if your mother has got any old bits of things she can lind us for dhressin' up in, an' you go, too, to your people"—to two or three other girls—"an' me an' the bhoys will go back of the catin' house to find things for the faste. Oi don't want to dishturb my mother, 'cos she felt faint this mornin' an' had to have some whisky, an' that makes her feel a bit dizzy loike, an' then she's easy angered," and indeed her poor little shoulders could show that the drunken mother was "angered" pretty often.

The children soon had collected a heterogenous mass of material for the facsimile reproduction of a "Quane's Dhrawin' Room" as seen in the "Ould Country."

The pieces of colored paper from the fruit shops were twisted into flowers for the "Duchesses" to wear in their hair—they were ordered to take off their ragged little bodices, so as to get the proper *decolete* effect, and pieces of old curtains, or worn out bed-spreads were used for the train—the Queen reserving for herself an old black skirt which, although very worn and covered with stains, was a real train skirt and, as Norah said, it was "all the better, bein' black, 'cos the Quane was a widdy." A real treasure was discovered among the rubbish in the shape of a crumpled piece of gold paper, which Norah's clever little fingers smoothed out and formed into a "crownd" for her head. The boys had pieces of wood tied by a string around their waists for Court swords, and all of them had "crownds" of colored paper. They did not make such a glittering show as the ladies, the silk stockings and diamonds having to be left to the imagination, but in the eyes of the Queen the effect was magnificent.

"Now," commanded Norah, "ye must all of ye shtand in a row along each side of the door-shteps, an' whin Oi come around the corner an' walk up the shteps to me throun, ye must all call out, 'hip, hip, hooray!' all the time till Oi'm sittin' down; an' thin ye must all say, very solemn, an' kneelin' down, 'Three cheers for the Quane of England an' Oireland and Shcotland, an' for the Impriss of Injer!'"

"Come along, Piggy," commanded Her Majesty, "ye've got to be me Prime Praste."

"Yer how much?" said Piggy.

"Don't ye know *thim* either?" said she. "'Spose if ye had 'em ye'd call thim Prime Clergymen in your country."

"Well, w'ot are they w'en they're at 'ome, any way?" he demanded. "W'y are they called 'prime'?"

"Ain't ye never seen 'prime' beef an' 'prime' mutton in the butcher shops, silly? course it means the fattest an' best, an' don't the quality always buy the best? An' the Quane's above all the quality that ever was, an' so she has even the primest Praste of 'em all to wait on 'er and advise 'er. That's whoi I chose you, Piggy darlin', 'cos you're the fattest."

Presently Her Majesty appeared in sight, her train of black, greasy, stained alpaca being held by the 'Prime Praste,' and in spite of the grotesqueness and comicality of the whole thing, the child had managed to put on an air of dignity, one might almost say a "presence" that showed her in a new light. The gold paper "crownd" contrasted deliciously with the heavy soft black hair hanging in masses around her dead white face, which looked almost beautiful, in spite of the saucy

little tilted nose and rather straight upper lip. The large Irish blue eyes, with their upper and lower lids both heavily lashed, contrasting with the white skin and black hair, held enough beauty in themselves to satisfy the heart of any beauty lover. She sailed along and "procheshed" up the steps to her throne, Piggy following, and immediately a chorus of ear-splitting yells rent the air, which she gravely acknowledged by bowing and waving her hand. She seated herself on the top step, and Piggy proceeded to do the same, but was prevented by a prod of Her Majesty's sharp little elbow.

"No one niver sits down," she said, "when the Quane is there, an' if ye want ter speak ter me ye must crawl on yer 'ands an' knees up the shteps of me throun. Now flop."

And down they all went on their bony little knees, and in solemn voices chanted "Three cheers for the Quane of England, an' Oireland an' Scotland," etc.

"Now all shtand up an' sing, 'God save the Quane,'" was the next order, and she started the air familiar to them all, of "My country," singing the words, "God save our gracious Queen."

"My country 'tis of thee" shouted out Piggy. "I'm not jolly well goin' to sing about your old Queen to our tune."

"Tisn't your tune, it belonged to moy country hundreds an' hundreds an' millions of years ago."

"Didn't any how, an' I ain't going to sing it like you say."

Then up sprang the Queen, "Lords an' Duchesses take 'im away an' cut off 'is 'ead, 'e's a thraiter to 'is cuntry, an'—"

At that moment the door of the tenement house was sharply opened and a bare, grimy arm appeared, and as a hand dragged the "Queen" roughly into the house, a voice with a strain of the same rich quality as in Norah's was heard saying, "Come and do yer worruk, ye dhirty little shpalpeen, or oi'll lick the shkin off ye," and the door closed with a bang.

Opening again as suddenly, however, Norah's head appeared—"Er Roil 'Ighness 'ad to go suddin to Injer, comin' back in a minute," she said in a loud stage whisper.

When Her Majesty returned she announced she was going to give them a feed. "We've got big poys an' turkeys for ye. Now we'll go, an' the Prime Praste will 'old me, an' ye must all walk backwards behoid me, like they do at Court."

A carriage with a pair of high-stepping horses was coming at a smart pace down the alley, as this strange procession began their march across the road, and as Norah suddenly caught sight of them she screamed, "Run, run, or ye'll git run over," and dropping her dignity she started; but alas for poor little Norah. The robe of state fell from her hands, got tangled under her feet and she fell right under the hoofs of the frightened horses.

When she opened her eyes she saw a lovely face bending over her with tears in the dark blue eyes. "Nivir moind, woman dhear," she said faintly, "oi'm all right."

"O Dennis, darlin', she's Irish, too," said a voice with rather more than a trace of the brogue in it. "What *will* we do? we must see she is cared for, and, O Dennis, couldn't we take her home and have her nursed there, at our own home?" * * *

A dozen years or so later the whole of the civilized world was ringing with the praises of the wonderful young operatic singer who charmed not only the senses, but the hearts of her vast audiences, by her rich voice and clever, sympathetic acting. She did not appear under her own name, but any one who had been present at the first public appearance of little Norah Malone, of Paradise Row, could not fail to recognize the Irish beauty of the big blue eyes and black hair.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Golatley had been given by Norah, soon after the accident, a reproduction of the "Quane's Dhrawin' Room," and they had been struck by the possibilities shown by the child's clever acting and lovely rich voice, and had finally adopted her and put her under the best masters money could provide, with this great result. Little beginnings have indeed great endings sometimes, and Norah has determined to bring within the reach of some of the children of the poor at least, the possibility of gratifying the natural love that all children have for the beautiful in color and sound, pretty clothes and graceful movements. She has already built one large hall, which is to be one of many, called the "Queen's Drawing Room," and there the children go in the evenings and are provided with numberless remnants of dainty materials of bright and artistic coloring, which they are allowed to use for play acting, and it is wonderful to see the artistic taste and ingenuity that is displayed by some in the arrangement of colors, etc. They are taught pretty, graceful dances and little songs, which are *real* poetry and *real* music. There are rules which have to be kept, of course; one is, that "Every child must come clean," and "Carefulness" is another.

This is only the first step of the big plans in Norah's head, but it is a real step, for the children at once put on with the pretty draperies a distinct refinement of manner, the voices are softened, actions are not so rough, and everything takes a higher tone.

Good luck to ye, "Quane Norah!"

A. C.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Man's Place in the Universe—Movement of the Sun

DR. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE is well disposed to defend the faith that is in him. He contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* a reply to some of the criticisms directed against him, and of this reply one special paragraph is peculiarly worthy of reproduction and memory. He says:

We are situated in a vast universe and are products of it. We cannot detach ourselves from it and say, "We do not want the rest of the Universe; the stars are no good to us; so long as we have our sun, all the rest may go." The universe is a mighty organism; its whole aspect and structure assure us of the fact. We are a portion of it and owe our position, our surroundings, our very existence to it. Looking at it as an evolutionist, I believe that it is only by tracing it back to some necessary earlier state that we shall be able to form some rational conception of how it has evolved, how it has come to be what it is, and we have what we are.

What higher mission can science set itself than to reestablish man's place in nature, to annul the divorce, to break down the barriers which separate nature and humanity? Our self-centered thought has cut us off from participation in the life ocean around us, and although physically we are warmed by the sun there are perhaps other solar forces, mental and spiritual, from which we are debarred because our thoughts of isolation, even of antagonism, have sealed up the channels through which they might otherwise flow. Is not all worthy thought the melting of a crust, the opening of a door through which natural power may flow into minds now so starving and so stunted for want of it? In most forms of mental disease the progress of the patient toward recovery is marked by a returning sympathy for and interest in his fellowmen. May there not also be a collective sanity which will cause, or which will be caused by a conscious approach to nature, a conscious invitation to her powers to wrap us too in the law which makes for physical, mental and moral well-being.

Apart, however, from the general reflections which Dr. Wallace's theories may arouse, it must be admitted that those theories in their more concrete aspect have received a crushing and indeed an obvious rejoinder from Professor Tarrida del Marmol who points out that if the earth now occupies a central position in the Universe it did not occupy such a position yesterday nor will it do so tomorrow.

Dr. Wallace seems to have overlooked the fact that the sun is not a stationary body, but is himself moving through space at a very great speed, drawing his whole galaxy of planets with him. This motion has, of course, been going on for an incalculable period of time and during those unnumbered ages we must have left behind us a vast concourse of stars. If there is a limit, a boundary, to the universe—and the necessities of the human intellect compel us to believe that there is—

we must have enormously changed our relative position to that boundary, and we must be still changing it day by day and moment by moment. This is, of course, fatal to Dr. Wallace's theory, and it is surprising that it should have apparently escaped him.

There is perhaps no more sublime fact in astronomy than this movement of the sun. When we think that we are familiar with the motions of the planets, of their moons, of planetoids, comets, asteroids; when we have to some extent mastered these complex revolutions, then we have this further majestic factor of the sun's own motion along a course so inconceivably vast that the mind is staggered at its contemplation. Here upon our little world we see day following day, and year following year, and we imagine a repetition of unchanging causes, producing a repetition of unchanging results. And yet at each moment the sun, and therefore the earth also, is occupying a position in space which it has either never occupied before, or which it has occupied at a period so remote as to baffle the imagination. In the light of such a fact how futile are our efforts to generalize about the laws of the universe. As well might a butterfly theorize about the world from his observation of one summer day. In these unsounded profundities of space into which we are following our

sun what changes may not await us, what terrific phenomena may not depend upon the dial face of time whose each recorded second is an eternity. Truly there is neither rest nor repetition in visible nature and her vastest movements are but the tiny parts of movements yet more vast.

To permit ourselves to revel for a time in the glories of astronomy is to snatch ourselves from all personality, from all selfishness. For a moment we raise our eyes from the analysis of a grain of sand, and we hear the waves' thunder upon the shores of time. We gaze out over an ocean of mystery and there is no horizon.

STUDENT

The Planet Jupiter and His Light and Dark Spots

AT the present time the planet Jupiter is shining brilliantly during the whole night, and his aspect, as seen through a telescope of adequate power, is full of interest. The great red spot, which has been visible for over twenty years, is still in sight, moving slowly in the direction opposite to that of the planet's rotation. Many other smaller spots, both dark and light, are also to be seen drifting over the surface. The problem presented by their changes in position is a very curious one, and with its solution the secret of Jupiter's physical condition may be revealed. Many observers are busily collecting facts from which to draw satisfactory conclusions. It is very probable that the new spots are produced by an uprush of eruptive material from a denser nucleus. Coming from a place where the speed of rotation is less than that near the surface of Jupiter's atmosphere, they would necessarily be unable to keep up with the upper atmosphere in its rotation, and so would lag behind.

Owing to the great thickness of his atmosphere, a very curious phenomenon has been observed on several occasions, which indicates an extraordinary state of things on the planet. The shape of Jupiter's visible disc is well known to be markedly oval, the proportions of the polar and equatorial diameters being 16 to 17. But several times a remarkable flattening of the "limb" or circumference has been observed, called, aptly enough, the "square-shouldered" aspect. Saturn has been seen, on a few occasions, similarly distorted, but never Venus or Mars. The flattenings are always square with the belts, and it is difficult to explain them by any effect of the earth's atmosphere. It is certain that we rarely, if ever, see the surface of either Jupiter or Saturn, but if this "square-shouldered aspect" is caused by actual movements in their atmospheres, to what an enormous depth their gaseous envelope must extend, for the protuberance of the "shoulders" exceeds three thousand miles in height, and appears and disappears in a few hours. This is one of the most fascinating problems in

modern astronomy, and so far has received no solution.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that matter is in an entirely different state in the giant planets from any terrestrial condition? H. P. Blavatsky teaches that upon no other planet are the limitations of matter the same as upon earth, and certainly the great size of Jupiter and Saturn, their enormous distance from the sun, their numerous moons, etc., are entirely strange factors, permitting the imagination a healthy play.

ORION



JUPITER — Showing the great red spot



JUPITER — Under square shoulder aspect

THAT a picture of the surrounding landscape has often been found upon the bodies of those struck by lightning is well authenticated, and is probably only denied by those whose "scientific" principles compel them to deny everything which they cannot explain. A story of this kind is reported from the east. A lineman had occasion to climb to the top of a telegraph pole during a severe thunder storm. He was struck by lightning and fell to the ground, severely burned on various parts of his body. Upon surgical examination it was found that on the flesh of the thigh a very accurate picture of the surrounding landscape had been burned. The upper part of the pole up which he had climbed was especially clear, while in the background other poles were represented. X.

Here and There Throughout the World



ON THE MARGIN OF SAN DIEGO BAY, POINT LOMA TO RIGHT



AT THE HEAD OF BEAUTIFUL LAKE WINDERMERE, ENGLAND

Ancient Fires Still Burning in India SOME of the ancient sacred fires are still burning in India. One such fire in the village of Oodwada has been burning for twelve hundred years, and is still carefully fed with sandal wood five times every day. This is one of the oriental practices to which we give the name of superstition without pausing to inquire what superstition really is. No religious ceremony is in itself superstition, but it may readily become so from the mental attitude in which we approach it. If the sacred fires of India are intended to typify the undying life in man and nature, the symbol is both beautiful and worthy. As soon as the meaning is forgotten or perverted the preservation of the fires becomes a superstition, and this might with advantage be remembered elsewhere than in India.

The Russian Language in Finland THE population of Finland is 2,700,000 persons and of these only 8,000 speak Russian. Nevertheless the authorities have decreed that Russian is the official language of the country and it must be used upon all official occasions and in all official documents. How great is such a hardship upon a freedom loving people may be imagined. Adversity, taken aright, is the preparatory school to greatness. "He upon whom the hand of the Lord is laid, hath the Lord at his right hand." Those who know the Finnish people have confidence in their self-restraint and their dignity, and with these characteristics there can be little doubt that they will triumphantly emerge from their troubles.

German Magistrate and Jew-Baiting THE gentle art of Jew-baiting is likely to become unpopular in Germany if there are to be found many magistrates as firm as the one who has just sentenced to three-months imprisonment the author of a pamphlet accusing Jews of sacrificing children in their religious ceremonials. That such a degradingly superstitious belief should still flourish in some parts of eastern Europe is not perhaps to be wondered at, but that it should be found in such a center of civilization as Berlin is evidently as distasteful to the German authorities as it is to the world at large. Let us hope that we shall hear no more of it in Germany.

Geneva Calvinists' Strange Ceremony GENEVA, in Switzerland, is about to witness an extraordinary ceremony. This is no less than the erection of a monument to Michael Servetus, who was burned at the stake three hundred and fifty years ago by John Calvin. The extraordinary feature, however, is that this recognition is to be carried out by the Calvinists, as the following inscription sufficiently shows:

Erected in memory of Michael Servetus—victim of the religious intolerance of his time and burned for his convictions, at Champel, October 27th, 1553—by followers of John Calvin, three hundred and fifty years later, as expiation for that act and to repudiate all coercion in matters of faith.

Abuse of French Convicts in Guiana A SIDE light upon the Dreyfus case is thrown by Mr. Laird Courtois' article in *La Revue* on the treatment of French convicts in Guiana. Since 1852 more than twenty-six thousand convicts have been sent to these penal establishments, of whom over eighty-four per cent have died from disease and insufficient food. These figures are very terrible, and while there are few nations that ought to think of their own prison systems without a blush, we may hope that a revelation of this nature will not be lost upon a people whose progress and humanity have placed them in the vanguard of civilization.

Germany Punishes Cruelty in Army IT is not often that a man has to face twelve hundred legal charges and be found guilty of them all. This fate has befallen Sergeant Breidenbach of the German army and he is thus numerously accused of ill-treating recruits. He admitted that he flogged them "like cattle," for the purpose, it is reported, of "making them lean," which seems to be a new hygienic method. During his eight-years imprisonment he will have leisure to reflect upon the fact that even recruits have rights. In the meanwhile we congratulate the German army authorities upon their vigorous action in the matter.

French Diplomacy German Artillery "THEY cry peace, peace, but there is no peace." Two contiguous paragraphs in a daily newspaper arrest our attention. The first is to the effect that the French Minister of Commerce has expressed the pride which his country feels to be at the head of the peace movement and his hope that the time is near when the vast sums devoted to war shall be spent in the service of humanity. The second paragraph is from Germany and is to the effect that it has been decided to rearm the artillery at an enormous cost, and that orders for the new guns have already been placed.

To Preserve the Walls of Manila THE preservation of the walls of Manila has become an object of interest in Chicago. Various important clubs and organizations have associated themselves for this purpose, including the Society for the Preservation of Historical Monuments, and representations have been made to Secretary Root. These have been so far effective that a message has been sent to Manila to stop the destruction of the walls pending a final decision.

Boer Colony at Chihuahua, Mex. GENERAL SNYMAN who so distinguished himself during the Boer war has started a colony of his country people at Chihuahua, and is confident that it will be a great success. He evidently does not despise the day of small things for he has made a beginning with seven families only. He expects large reinforcements, however, as arrangements have been made for a ship-load of Boers who are soon to set sail in charge of General Viljoen.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Visit to the Raja Yoga School

NOT long ago a little girl came to Loma-land on a visit. Her papa and mama came with her, and one day she went to visit the Raja Yoga School. Never had she seen such dear little circular homes, never such order and neatness, never such happy children. First of all she saw the "Eleven Cubans," who have become so famous, as you remember, because of Mr. Gerry's efforts to prevent them from coming to the Raja Yoga School. They were learning English. "This is a rose," said the teacher, holding up an exquisite white bud which she had taken from the vase. "Una rosa!" said the youngest little "Cubano," and then they spelled the word and pronounced it, and so much English was learned. Other words followed, and I wish you might have seen the eagerness of these children! They need to be told but once and—there was the lesson—learned!

Then the singing! How this little girl enjoyed their singing, for no children sing as do the Raja Yoga children. She went with them to their little Music Temple and there heard them receive their daily lesson. But the greatest fun was getting up early in the morning, and joining them in their regular calisthenic drill. It always takes place before breakfast, and is the finest possible way to begin the day's duties. For duties there are, every hour, in the Raja Yoga School, and that is why life there is such a joy.

In the afternoon this little girl attended school. It is held, as many Lotus Buds know, in the Temple, and she heard recitations in arithmetic and geography and history and—oh all the boys and girls everywhere love. But to the little girl it was fascinating because everything was studied in a way quite different from the way out in the world.

There was music, too. One little seven-year-old girl played a selection on the piano, six splendid Raja Yoga boys played mandolins and then all sang "I love the Merry, Merry Sunshine." Even the dome seemed to grow larger with the echoes of their sweet young voices, and when this little girl climbed on her mama's knee that night to kiss her "Good night," she said, "Mama, let me go to the Raja Yoga School, too," and her mama said, "We'll see, dear. There isn't room for you now, but later they have promised to take you." And one little girl is happy as a lark all day long because mama has promised to let her go to the Raja Yoga School just as soon as the teacher can make room. And all this beautiful thing happened just because she came on a visit to Loma-land.

Let us make the daily conquests over our own lower natures, boys. Many opportunities for heroism on outer lines will come to us when that is accomplished, and until we have succeeded in doing that we would not be able to seize the opportunities if they came to us. Real heroes command opportunity; not wait for it.

UNCLE FRED



A LOTUS BUD
Raja Yoga School, Point Loma

Meg's Story

"O MEG, won't you read us a story—a story about warriors?" said Harold.

"Well," began Meg with a smile, as she looked down on the bright, happy faces, "Under a shady tree sat an old man with white hair and long, snowy beard. He was watching his little grandson at play, and sometimes a sadness would come into his eyes, but swiftly a smile like a ray of sunshine always chased it away. You see he felt sad when he thought of the many battles little Roy would have to fight, for he was a brave little Warrior, but the smile that had the power to banish the sadness came from a secret he knew, quite unknown to most people—not because they can't know, but because they don't care enough.

"But the old man was wise, and he cared very much indeed, as he knew of a magic mantle which Mother Nature is always ready to weave for the Warriors who will give her the material. And she is so patient she waits and waits until she sees a little girl or boy growing so strong and true that they go on doing what they should do even when they are not praised or recognized for doing it, then, in silence, from this sweetness and courage she begins to weave around them the strange and wonderful mantle. And when it is finished it is a dazzling, radiant garment, with every

kind and beautiful thought and feeling they have ever had, woven into it. And into the hearts of the little Warriors these woven thoughts and feelings reflect the honor and greatness and glory of a noble life, and then they are safe from all evil temptations.

"You see Mother Nature knows that no little boy or girl is really quite safe unless they have weapons of defense within the heart, in their very own nature, so she is always on the alert. And the old man, as he sat under the tree was pretty sure Roy would give Mother Nature the materials to begin with, so he smiled and was happy." A. P. D.

A Brave Mother Bird

DEAR CHILDREN: Have you ever watched a bird build its nest? And didn't it seem to you just a pretty summer home, not strong enough to stand much strain or many storms? Recently two robins built their nests in a tree not far from my veranda. One was very near the top where it was but little sheltered by the branches. One day a terrible hailstorm broke. Quickly the mother bird came flying home to protect her tiny eggs. She brooded them until the storm had passed, although

it seemed as if she would be killed by the hailstones which struck her body again and again. Even the edges of the nest were cut and torn, and you know a robin's nest is much stronger than it appears to be. But her babies were saved. Are humans always as brave? After the storm had passed the sun came out and the little sunbeams peeped through the leaves and between the branches, even to the nest. And then the brave mother bird was so happy! I wish you could have seen her.

AUNT EDYTHE

CHILDREN

by LONGFELLOW

AH! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood---

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunk below.

Students' 



Path

BE LENIENT

by TENNYSON

DELIVER not the tasks of night
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girth with doubtful light.

Make Knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds!

Watch what main-currents draw the years;
Can Prejudice against the grain;
But (gentle words are always gain)
Regard the weakness of thy peers!

Maori Tanewha

As told by NAKORA TE MANU KARIOI, with notes and translation by J. ST. CLAIR

THE hour was midnight, the tribe camped on the banks of the Whanganui river, were wrapt in slumber. Nakora sat silently smoking by the fireside, when, having finished business, it occurred to me to ask the aged chief if there were no Tanewhas in the Whanganui river. (A Tanewha is a monster of the subjective world which sometimes takes objective form and is a demon of good or evil; it is supposed to take the form of a dragon, or huge fish, though sometimes it inhabits a stone or fallen tree.)

"There are many," said the aged Maori, "but only one worth you and I talking about. See," said he, pointing to a whirlpool near the bridge, "there was the head of the fish, and he extended to yon point about five hundred yards up the river. That was the abode of the monster my ancestor slew. The Waiata song is most sacred, but if you listen I will chant it:

Aokehu was my ancestor,
Whom the Tanewha Tutae-Poroporo swallowed.
He took him down into his capacious maw and there he was.
When he had remained there for a time
Aokehu began to think and to ponder over the situation.
As he meditated his mind opened to receive a thought from ancient days.
He then remembered he had with him a magic staff,
Tai-Timu-roa (literally the long ebb tide.)
He grasped the life-giving staff in his hand and clung tightly to it
For he now knew that he was immortal and by aid of
Tai-Timu-Roa he could accomplish his liberation.
The Tanewha recognized his discovery also and was aroused.
He became uneasy; he lashed his tail in fury,
Causing the mud and water to be thrown over the land upon which Whanganui town is now built.

Aokehu, holding on firmly to the magic staff, began to work to cut a hole through the thick walls of flesh.

He plied his staff with all his might at the side of the monster, for the wall of flesh was thick.

The monster struggled hard as he felt the blows, but the Tohunga sang the sacred incantation.

Rage great fish
In vain.
Know you not
That within your walls
You have an all-powerful Tohunga
Seeking liberation and to save his people?

At last the monster was overcome. He became quiet, and my ancestor cut the hole in his side through which he crept. He made it large enough to crawl through, and as he did so he plunged his trusty staff, Tai-Timu-Roa, into the monster's vitals and slew him, so that the people might live in safety.

Before this the Tanewha had often swallowed up whole canoe loads of people

while crossing the river. Since the feat of Aokehu the people have lived in safety.

So much for the exoteric version as told by Nakora. The ordinary Maori scholar, with his literal translation, might say that such a word as Tutae-Poroporo will not bear translation. It may be so, but that is the letter that killeth. Let us rather look to the spirit that giveth life. Tutae-Poroporo is not to be taken literally, but in its esoteric meaning. It is the flesh, or the body, with its animal passions reformed through many lives. Poroporo is the sign of distinct incarnations strung like beads in a chain. Aokehu is the type of the advanced soul ripe for its return journey to the All-soul. Ao is literally the world, and Kehu or Kewa is to come forth, or he who is ready to come forth from the world of senses and flesh.

The ancestors of Aokehu were Hine-waitai, his mother, and Kowa, or Keha, his father, or he who came forth. Hine-waitai is literally the sea goddess or Aphrodite, and with the initiate Maori is the type of rebirth. Aokehu, the soul ripe for return, is swallowed up by the Tanewha (literally, four men), and like many more, "there he was" doomed to remain in the prison house of flesh till we begin to think and recall the memory of our magic staff Tai-Timu-Roa, the long flow and ebb of the tide of life upon which the soul is borne on its pilgrimage through matter. Aokehu grasps the life-giving staff; the now conscious adept recognizes that he is a soul and immortal. Like Krishna, he recognizes that he has passed through many lives; his past lives become known to him; he perceives the perils, dangers and temptations through which he has come, and benefits by the experience. He uses this staff or knowledge to overcome the monster of flesh and passions, and the Tanewha becomes uneasy. The Dwellers on the threshold are roused and he has to ply his staff vigorously and use his best incantations to overcome them. The monster or dragon is overcome. Aokehu makes his way out and is free. His people are saved if they follow his example, for he has made a path through the monster's side for them.

The Theosophical Life

THE true Theosophical life insists on two things: First, that its officials shall receive no material remuneration for their services. Second, that the "Great Sifter" shall most drastically sift the chaff from the pure kernel. These two principles stand as the actualized urge and expression of each soul! Hence, no deception is possible: for individual ceaseless transmuting of the lower into the higher, sharpens the uplifting appetite, quickens the perception and increases reflexly the purity and self-reliance, from the humblest even to the Official Head. Nor shall the soul, in the slightest, demean itself to the shadow of even apparently just criticism.

Awakened soul intelligence demands to be not alone nobly but purely represented, and it brooks no subterfuge. These are the great safeguards of Theosophy! Are their parallels to be found operative in Ecclesiastical Churchianity?
F. M. P.

Alcohol and Disease

SOME recent investigations in France have shown that two-thirds of the inmates of insane asylums have been excessive drinkers and also that the increase of tuberculosis in its various forms, is due to the same cause. Such statistics are very useful if kept strictly in their right place. In this instance they lead us one link backward along the chain of cause and effects. Hitherto we have asked ourselves the causes of insanity and tuberculosis. To this question the alcohol habit seems to be a partial reply. We have now to ask ourselves what are the causes of the alcohol habit.

STUDENT

A New Complaint

THE minister of a fashionable eastern seaside church has vigorously denounced the practise of ladies in appearing at service without their hats. This is a variation of the almost universal complaint that the public do not come to church at all, either with hats or without them. We would suggest that if preachers were to pay more attention to the inside of their worshipers' heads than to the outside the congregations would be larger and the costumes would be appropriate. S.

EGotism and intellectualism are equally insufferable; and the non-egotistical, though he has never opened a book, is wise.

THE CENTURIES' BOOK

by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

GOD is not dumb that he should speak no more;
 If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
 And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
 There towers the Mountain of the Voice no less,
 Which whoso seeks shall find; but he who beads,
 Intent on manna still and mortal eads,
 Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
 And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
 Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it,
 Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
 While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
 While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
 Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



Question I cannot understand the teaching of Theosophy that man can be master of his own fate. How can this be? Can one escape from or change his duty? And in the case of one dependent on another, or a confirmed invalid, or a prisoner—it seems to me that such a one is bound by his fate and is not free. Can you explain this?

Answer In considering "fate," there are two elements which demand our attention, (a) the fact that what is done, is done, that the past is irrevocable; and (b) the other fact that there is a divine side to our natures which is essentially free and which, in proportion as we permit it to guide our lives will give us power to mold our destiny and become masters of our fate.

"It is no good crying over spilled milk," and it is no good deploring the past, or spending our strength in remorse or self-pity, whatever may be our present condition. On the contrary, if we will only make them so, our past mistakes, crimes even, may become for us stepping-stones, lessons from which we may learn some of the great truths of life. As Tennyson has it:

I hold it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp in diverse tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.

But while the past is, in one sense, irrevocable, yet are we not bound by it unless we so choose. For just in proportion as we permit our better natures to rule us do we rise above the past and conquer it, so that it has no hold upon us. Who or what was it that committed the crimes and mistakes of the past—our better natures or our lower natures? Well, then, if we let our better natures rule us now, so that in time we become one with our better natures, the past will cease to have any power over us.

Have we not been making a big mistake about "fate," making of it a veritable bug-bear, a great phantom of darkness, letting ourselves become enwrapped by it so that it shuts out all the sweet light of heaven? But if we step but one step outside of it, it disappears, it can only last so long as we permit ourselves to be its center. It would do us good if occasionally we would only remember Mark Tapley in Charles Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit* who, when taken sick, exclaimed in reply to the condolences of Martin: "Floored for the present, sir, but jolly," and who, when too far gone to speak, wrote feebly on a slate, "Jolly." That is philosophy! That is being master of one's fate! Try and see how it works! But, if you try it, do it whole-heartedly! The man who can say that is free, even if in prison or on a sick-bed, or in whatever outward surroundings.

But we should indeed be in error if we imagined that to be master of our fate it was necessary to escape from or change our duty. No, freedom comes only through the performance of duty, and if we are perfectly honest with ourselves, we know that in our hearts our greatest wish is to do our duty. Duty is disagreeable only if we have a wrong attitude of mind, it is not disagreeable in itself, and therefore if we change our attitude of mind, which we can, we change the whole aspect of duty and our life becomes free because we work with the Law. So long as we are doing what we desire to do we feel free, and it therefore rests

with us to desire to fulfil the Law, and this depends primarily on our attitude of mind. And even if in prison or a confirmed invalid, we may cultivate the cheerfulness of Mark Tapley or the serenity of the slave philosopher, Epictetus.

Life For Evermore

Ah, whose hand that day through heaven guided
 Man's new spirit, since it was not we?
 Ah, who swayed our choice, and who decided
 What our gifts, and what our wants should be?

For, alas! he left us each retaining
 Shreds of gifts which he refused in full;
 Still these waste us with their hopeless straining,
 Still the attempt to use them proves them null.

And on earth we wander, groping, reeling;
 Powers stir in us, stir and disappear.
 Ah, and he who placed our master-feeling,
 Failed to place that master-feeling clear.

WHEN Matthew Arnold wrote these most beautiful words he expressed the pathos of the ages, the longing of humanity for a light which he thought to be unattainable. Yet we may take to ourselves the assurance that every yearning for knowledge is the promise of its own fulfilment, is indeed prompted by the divine power within man, which alone can give knowledge and wisdom. Above the storm of our doubts and our fears we hear the Christ who knocks upon the door, and that sound from without the mind we misinterpret. We translate its whispered possibilities into human inabilities, and we know not that the mountain tops shine through the mists in order that we may climb and not that we may despair.

In the mind of the poet how great a revolution would have been wrought had he been able to realize even the meaning of Life for Evermore. How much greater the revolution had he been able to add a knowledge of Reincarnation to that of the eternity of life. Logically the two must stand or fall together. Only our prejudices divorce them. The life of three score years and ten falls like a blight upon every aspiration, and who can blame the pessimism of those who are under that fatal spell? Under it our aspirations become a misery to us, and our holiest visions are the very tortures of Tantalus. Its fetters hang so heavily upon the feet that would climb, and the terrors of cessation ring us round with helplessness.

It is perhaps well for us that Matthew Arnold has thus voiced the almost unutterable sadness of human ignorance, that we may the fuller realize the needlessness of it all, that we may the more triumphantly recognize the glad and solemn glory of going on. In the light of that Life for Evermore we know that there shall be no break whatever, nor any uncertainties in the laws that govern it. For us the "shreds of gifts" are the beginnings of gifts, and not one of them is refused in a fulness which passes all understanding. The Path lies in front of us, ascending, unending, and nowhere can the voice of destiny stay our steps though for a time we may rest and dream glad dreams of a past upon which there is no more the touch of sorrow and of a future filled with the glories of success. Surely no greater gift could be given unto men than this knowledge of Life for Evermore. If the Christ should walk again visibly among us, what greater thing could he say? How more effectually could our ambitions be broken into pieces, foolish things of a day, how better could we be crowned with a dignity worthy of our unmeasurable past and of the suns that shall never set? That mighty knowledge would stand ever before us as a gauge whereby to try and to test every thought and every deed, whether they be worthy or unworthy, whether they be great or small. It is because we have cut off our lives from the murmuring ocean of time that "we wander, groping, reeling," and the powers within us "stir and disappear" because we take our eyes from the steady, eternal stars and fix them upon the ghosts of death which mock us in our sorrow. It is after all a perspective that we need, a time perspective, that thereby we may measure our sorrows and find them to be so pitifully small; a time perspective that we may measure our powers and find them to be grand and great. The barrier of death is but a line drawn upon the ground, and because our faces, too, are pressed upon the ground we give to it all false dimensions. Let us now rise upon our feet in the beauty of a consciousness that knows naught of death, in the dignity of a life which fills all space and all time. So shall the wisdom and the memory of a thousand ages rest upon our heads, and we shall be crowned already with the glories which do not fade away.

STUDENT

✿ ✿ The Revival of the Greek Drama ✿ ✿



IN old Greece, whenever the powers at Athens believed the people to be growing chill and careless of their civic obligations, whenever they felt that the spirit of the higher patriotism was growing cold, they arranged for the production of one of the Mystery-Dramas of Æschylus. And it is related that when the Athenians had witnessed one of these marvelous dramas of the soul, they went forth as those to whom had come a deep and certain awakening. Some were silent, many were in tears, others thronged the Temple crying, "Athens! Athens! Have I forgotten thee? Athens! Athens!" Can we wonder at the glorious civic pride of that old city? Is it possible to imagine political and moral corruption as having a very unhindered or a very peaceable growth among citizens such as these?

Those who have kept some mental record of the general trend taken by the higher thought of the day during the last twenty-five or, say, forty years, know that there has been a constant turning toward the Greek ideal. To bring into our almost sordid life the spirit of old Greece—that has been the desire of many, among them our poets, our philosophers, our educators, our artists. And with an enthusiasm that is born only of conviction, they have written books and delivered lectures and—the spirit of old Greece remained as serenely distant as before.

In 1896 the Isis League of Music and Drama was founded by Katherine Tingley, foundress also of the Raja Yoga School, of the School of Antiquity, and of the first Amphitheatre ever constructed upon American soil. With characteristic directness the foundress spent no time in longing for the Greek spirit to become an active factor in modern life, no time in merely talking about it. She proceeded, simply and directly, to bring it back, in other words to create an atmosphere in which it could live, and the first step was the presentation by her students of the greatest of the Mystery-Dramas of Æschylus, the *Eumenides*.

On November 19th, 1898, the *Eumenides* was presented for the first time in the Carnegie Lyceum, New York City, by students and members of the Isis League of Music and Drama. From the program published on that occasion, we quote:

It is known that among the people of ancient Greece a higher general culture existed than has since been reached in Europe. This expressed itself in many ways, and among others in a dramatic literature of wide range and immense power. Their drama reflected, less than does ours, the common life of the people; but it dealt much more than ours with great philosophical and mystical tenets, and with esoteric teachings concerning the origin and destiny of man, that appear to have been at that time matters of deep interest and discussion. These teachings were unfolded majestically, imparting the simple truths of life to the multitude, and at the same time revealing the deep secrets of nature to those who had eyes to see. They were presented in the form of magnificent tragedies and spectacular performances, wherein the persons and events, half historical, half mythical, served in part to embody and illustrate the profound philosophy that the great Grecian dramatists often desired to convey. The tragedies were works of art of the highest character, and have never since been surpassed in power and grandeur.

Whatever is of value, whatever is noble and elevating in the drama that flowered in the civilization and thought of earlier nations, should be still accessible, and should be more and more so as the general consciousness and dramatic taste of today rise to the level of the past.

A few of the best dramas of Egypt and Greece have been selected and will be reproduced in such a form as shall make evident their profound beauty and inner meaning, and enable them once more to manifest their ancient power and life which time has, to a degree, obscured. The first of these works selected for this purpose is the *Eumenides*, the famous drama of Æschylus.

Those who witnessed this dramatic presentation understood on the instant what a thousand lectures and ten thousand books, of themselves, could never have enabled them to perceive—the real spirit of that ancient Greek life which is and always will be, an inspiration to all that is best in man. Those who saw it could well understand why the Greeks considered Æschylus one of their greatest benefactors, why they would spend whole days watching the presentation of his dramas, ten, twenty, even thirty thousand assembled upon the tiers of the vast amphitheatre.

The *Eumenides* was staged under the personal direction of the foundress of the Isis League of Music and Drama. Not a single "modern"

accessory added to the whole an incongruous note. The scenery, representing in one scene the exterior of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, with the summit of Parnassus in the distance, and in the other the interior of the Temple, was painted by Albert Operti, an artist in Greek art. The music was archaic throughout, one number being the "Hymn to Apollo" (written in 5-4 time), which was discovered in May, 1893, by the French Archeological School at Athens. It was found at Delphi, engraved on marble and, according to the text, was composed about 278 B. C.

Press comments upon the performance, both in New York and in Buffalo where the *Eumenides* was later presented, showed, no less than the crowded audiences which witnessed the drama, that the public mind was ready for this new and higher step. And the slight change made, whereby the Furies were, at the close of the drama, transformed into beneficent bringers of light and peace, was a distinct advance, a symbolic expression of the fact—not theory—that the soul has the power to transmute all that is base into purest gold, the power to transform even the disintegrating forces in human life into the forces which benefit and upbuild.

In Buffalo the drama was highly endorsed by Supt. Henry O. Emerson of the Buffalo Public Schools, and special provision was made for the attendance of school children.

The following letters are self-explanatory:

The production of a Greek play is the event of a lifetime, for with the exception of Mr. Riddle's and Miss Cayvan's notable performance of *Ædipus* in the old Booth's Theatre, at 23rd St. and 6th Ave., there has been nothing of the kind for the people of New York. To the "Isis League" belongs the credit of an equally artistic series of performances during the last week in Carnegie Theatre, of the *Eumenides* and these will be remembered with Mr. Riddle's, as among the most impressive representations ever seen. These also were with music especially prepared and most appropriate to the play, and which added the effect of an admirably trained chorus. Indeed, it is impossible to speak too highly of the work of this chorus, and with such a representation before us, it required no knowledge of Greek to understand the overwhelming influence on the Athenians. It is a great pity that such revivals do not at once awaken the interest and anxious expectancy of all people of cultivation, for the opportunity may never come again.

The parts of Orestes, Apollo and Athena were admirably taken, and with the stage settings and dances, no time or trouble was spared to make this one of the most perfect and impressive productions.

C. G. MARSHALL

I think the *Eumenides* of Æschylus one of the grandest dramas of all times, which will probably never lose its enormous power of stirring the very depths of the human soul. One must, therefore, feel very grateful to the Isis League of Music and Drama for bringing out this wonderful work in such a manner as to captivate and hold the audience from beginning to end. It is surprising how these ladies and gentlemen made the audience forget to think of the individual, but only saw the play as a whole, which I believe is the highest enjoyment of any dramatic work and the ideal every creative artist strives for.

The music greatly heightened the effect of the performance, adding much characteristic color to it, and taking one back to the amphitheatre of ancient Greece, when thousands were swayed by the lofty lines chanted by the Chorus of Orestes' awful pursuers, the *Eumenides*.

GEORGE FALKENSTEIN

Columbia Institute, New York, Nov. 21st, 1898.

MY DEAR MRS. TINGLEY: Permit me to offer you my warm congratulations upon the gratifying and merited success of the *Eumenides* as produced in the Isis League under your guidance and inspiration.

I witnessed it with more than ordinary pleasure, because for me it clothed in flesh and blood, in a very charming and convincing manner, what has before been but a classical abstraction, and translated into light and beauty a sort of cryptogram which nevertheless contained the key to one of the gloomiest and most baffling enigmas of life.

I am assured that such revivals of ancient wisdom must be elevating and instructive to all cultured and thoughtful minds. As an educationalist of many years' experience I strongly endorse them as an adjunct to academic reading of classics, which a student cannot miss without losing valuable opportunities.

The costumes, tableaux and stage settings were appropriate and impressive, the music in harmony with the spirit of the drama, and the whole presentation as simple and dignified as a Greek statue.

Sincerely trusting that the public may be favored with other productions as conscientious, earnest and scholarly, I am,
Very faithfully yours,

EDWIN FOWLER

From *Musical America* of Nov. 19, 1898, we quote the following:

Revivals of Greek dramas, whether in their native unintelligibility or in the modified obscurity of English translations, have become so common of late years as to have lost much of the charm of novelty. The average citizen who goes to see such performances half expects to find out what element of entertainment in these famous works was potent to make the ancient Athenians spend whole days together watching them, at the rate of three a day, and he generally ends with the conclusion that the ancients enjoyed these things because they were ancient and cultured, which he is not.

The Isis League of Music and Drama, in providing the *Eumenides* at the Carnegie Lyceum, last Tuesday, appears to have aimed not so much at classical exactness as at developing a certain esoteric meaning which it believes to be latent in this and other Greek plays. The belief in a hidden signification in *Æschylus*, which few, if any, moderns can fathom, is despairingly shared with the Isis League by many who are not members of it.

That the League is in deep earnest cannot be doubted by any one who was at last Tuesday's performance. The mere work of memorizing the lines of Miss Anna Swanwick's translation must have called for mental exertion in which only the best of will could have persevered to the very satisfactory result shown on the stage. Then there was complicated business and intricate choric figure-dancing, and this, too, was brought to a perfection, on which the League is to be congratulated. And all this had to be done without the stimulus of personal vanity, for not one name of all the players was printed on the program.

(The foregoing is a point to which I would respectfully call the attention of professionals who care for Art and Art alone.)

So carefully had the play been rehearsed that, in spite of its archaic peculiarities, and in spite of the inevitable lack of dramatic fire in the dozen young ladies who played the Furies, it never once seemed to drag. Dialogues and choruses went smoothly from first to last.

If I may be allowed, however, to carp a little, I would say that the beauty of the *Eumenides*, so far as my own ancient memories serve me, is a beauty of terror. If I am not mistaken, the original tragedy opened with or, at least, contained a scene in the interior of Apollo's Temple—Orestes, away back in the gloom, under the flicker of a lamp, desperately clutching the bay garlands that hung on the altar; Furies, in the likeness of foul and hideous hags, with serpent hair, asleep on the benches, growling in their sleep and barking, "Labé! Labé!" in a sullen chorus,

a scene, which for theatric effectiveness, it would be hard to beat.

This was not rendered last Tuesday; the Furies were quite evidently a lot of pretty girls, eclipsed in black, and they had no snakes in their hair, and Orestes was not in the least afraid of them. Then, although the monotone chant of the choric strophes had a very Athenian sound about it, and some of the dancing a fairly Athenian look, I am afraid the ancients would have resented the intrusion of that *pas seul* of the gay première in red on the Areopogus. And, lastly, Pallas, played by an extremely pretty girl, had dark hair.

My education being deficient in music and archeology, I am unable to criticize the ancient music. If I tried, I should hardly know whether to describe the choric odes as in two-quarter or three-quarter time, or in trochees and anapests. The "Hymn to Apollo," sung behind the scenes by some one with a very good, light baritone, was particularly interesting, because Mr. Spanuth tells me that some learned person disinterred the music of it quite recently in Paris. This may be so, but it has nothing French about it; it reminded me rather of some of those ecclesiastical chants without any rhythm, which are said to have been handed down from the times of the Apostles. Is it possible that the early Christians appropriated the religious music of the Heathen?

At any rate it was an interesting performance and, in some parts, very beautiful. The most exoteric person, if only fair-minded, must recognize that the aim of the Isis League, to utilize the ancient drama as an elevating and purifying influence in modern life, is a noble one, and its efforts both disinterested and strenuous.

The *Eumenides* was also presented before a large audience at Brighton, England, but perhaps the most impressive performance was that given at Point Loma in April, 1900. Here, under a sky as blue as that which domes the *Ægean*, upon a soil whose cañoned foothills almost persuade one that he is walking in Greece itself, in a mental and spiritual atmosphere more truly consecrated to the service of a selfless and high ideal than existed even in the palmiest days of Greece, this Mystery-Drama was given. It sounded the keynote of the Drama of the Future, a drama not based upon brain-mind follies and passional experiences, nor upon the despairs and intrigues and injustice which characterize the majority of our modern dramatic productions, but a drama which pictures the soul's experience and final liberation—a drama not of sorrow but of hope. And when the masses once are thrilled by the spirit of old Greece, as they will be by these great Mystery-Dramas, here for the first time revived in their real glory, in that day we will have a more selfless citizenship and a purer home life.

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		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL	
12	29.732	71	58	70	66	.00	E	4	
13	29.760	80	62	68	63	.00	E	4	
14	29.724	79	57	60	60	.00	S	5	
15	29.750	67	57	59	59	.00	N	1	
16	29.724	65	57	60	60	.00	N	6	
17	29.724	65	58	57	57	.00	N	12	
18	29.812	66	55	59	59	.00		calm	

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

The other day the cook was away, and Louis, who was busy writing, took his meals in his room. Knowing there was no one to cook his lunch, he told Sosimo to bring him some bread and cheese. To his surprise he was served with an excellent dish—an omelet, a good salad and perfect coffee.

"Who cooked this?" asked Louis, in Samoan.

"I did," said Sosimo.

"Well," said Louis, "great is your wisdom."

Sosimo bowed and corrected him—"Great is my love!"—*From a recent Life of Stevenson*

It is never worth while arguing about the religion you haven't got, nor about the religion you have got.

Teacher (remonstrating with Billy for birds'-nesting: "Think how the poor mother will feel!")

Billy: "Ho, ho; you've got the mother-bird in your hat! I 'spect she won't feel very bad!"

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The Return of National Saviors

WHENCE comes the belief in the return of national heroes and saviors, a belief which education has in no way weakened and which is now more current than ever? It appears in myth and legend and tradition, in the sacred writings of every nation, and it flourishes as greenly in the hearts of the people today as ever it did before science set its ban upon "superstition." Popular beliefs are as much the product of intuition as they are of experience, and the intuition which seems to be dead in the individual may yet exist strongly as a national sentiment. There is an undercurrent of collective consciousness in a community which recognizes a law of evolution and progress which may be quite un-

perceived and even denied by the individual intellect. But experience also does its part and the intellect which refuses to recognize a law which it cannot understand, is unable to remain blind to the historical events which are the outcome of that law.

The historical events in question are simple and matters of common knowledge. They show that at every period in the world's history, in the story of all nations, there has never been a lack of great men, of heroes and of saviors whenever these tremendous figures have been needed.

As the Tides & the Seasons Return

Is there, then, a spiritual law of supply and demand, of need and its fulfilment? While the unspiritual, and therefore unilluminated intellect is willing to consider events only, what wonder that the masses of the people, upon whom the burden of the world's affairs is painfully laid, should knit those events into a law of hope and expectation? What wonder that they should give a peculiar credence to the traditional promises that the Great ones who helped them once shall help them again, and that there is a Divine Law and Intelligence which is not indifferent to the needs of those who sit in tears and darkness? A full comprehension of the Spiritual Laws which sweep through universes with such tremendous intention, is doubtless yet a long way off. Yet we shall have done much if we can recognize that those laws do exist, and that they are never altogether without their instruments and witnesses in the world. We may even learn something by an inquiry as to what constitutes a world hero, whether he becomes such by effort of his own, and if so of what nature is that effort? Such an inquiry is, of course, far beyond our present scope, yet there are some considerations which may prove indicative of a fruitful line of thought. Let us suggest, then, that the national hero or savior is not self-made in the ordinary sense of that term, but is rather a vehicle through which the divine intention forces its will upon mankind. There is no recognized school for greatness. The hero does

The Law That Molds Men & Affairs

not become a hero by any mental process, by line upon line, or precept upon precept. He does not become great by any labored mental effort having greatness for its object. There is indeed a process, but it is spiritual and different to all the ways of the world, inasmuch as it may be accomplished in a second, or it may occupy whole eternities. To understand that process we must perceive something of the divine law which grasps and molds the affairs of men; we must at any rate recognize its existence, and we must also recognize that it works through human agencies. May we not then say that the national hero is one who makes himself transparent to the divine will, who surrenders himself as a focus point for that will, who has removed from his nature everything of self-love and self-will which can at all divert or destroy the spiritual force and intention to which he gives expression on the earth? Is he not a focus and a radiating point, a window to the world?

The hero force is different to all these forces to which we are accustomed to pay deference. We have exalted the power of money; the world heroes have ordinarily been poor. We have learned to worship intellect; the world heroes have not usually been called from the ranks of the intellectual. We have made a fetish of social position and power; the world heroes have been often drawn from those classes at which social position looks askance. All that humanity thinks necessary to suc-

Upon Earth as It Is in Heaven

cess, essential to success, the world heroes have not possessed at all. They have had neither wealth nor social position, nor intellectual training. Yet have they stamped their commands indelibly upon the mind of the world; they have steered great nations by their thought. It is a strange truth, a sublime truth, that every human unit may become such a focus and radiating point for the divine force which decrees the fate of worlds and of men. We stand so near to that force we almost hear its message, we almost feel the eternal surge of its resistless will. Nothing intervenes but the self-love which makes us so pitifully weak when we might be filled with the divine power which no human mind can measure; the power which makes a daisy grow, which shakes down thrones and exalts even the lowliest who have the wisdom to commit themselves unto its ways. In the approaching hour of the world's great need may she find many of her sons and many of her daughters who shall be so purified by love that through them the supreme will shall be known of men, and done upon earth even as it is done in heaven.

STUDENT

A Religious Trust

A WELL-KNOWN Chicago clergyman recommends the religious world to imitate the commercial world and to form "a trust of religious forces and resources." We have no objection to the churches unitedly imitating whatever they think will be advantageous, if they can, which we doubt.

The commercial combinations are composed of a number of persons who are united in pursuit of a common object. The worthiness of that object is not at the moment our concern, but only the fact that there is unison. Upon what point are the churches to unite? What have they in common? If they are willing to abandon their superstitions and miserable dogmas and combine for the practical well-being of humanity there will be no difficulty whatever because they will have the forces of nature with them. The stars in their courses will fight for them and not against them.

We must, however, join issue with this Chicago clergyman upon a more serious ground. Let us quote. He says:

We build so many churches among the *comparatively good people* that we have no money left to preach the gospel to the poor . . . our usefulness and efficiency and influence would be magnified many fold if we would cease multiplying churches *where they are needed the least*, and use the money for building churches *where they are needed the most*.

In our ignorance we had supposed that by the Biblical reference to the division between the sheep and the goats, was meant a division between good people and bad people. We now see that this means a division between good people—or rather "comparatively" good people—and poor people. The expressions "comparatively good people" and "respectable communities" are very charming. With what delight we look forward to the day when, with increasing wealth, the moneyed classes have become so pious that they can do without churches altogether, and the "religious trust" can devote its energies exclusively to the "poor."

How disgusting is this tranquil assumption of an identity between wealth and piety, and poverty and vice. Have we entirely forgotten Him who said, "Blessed are the poor," and who was himself so poor that he had not where to lay his head? If this is to be the tone of the new religious trust we cheerfully predict for it the failure which it merits.

STUDENT

Names, Old and New

WHEN shall we begin to take in hand the urgent task of renaming a number of places in this country? It must certainly be done sometime. We cannot let Tomkynsville, Smithville, Jones County and similar names go down to posterity. So we might as well stop their career at once. In this country of America we have a unique source of beautiful names, and shall justly deserve the criticism of all coming ages if we do not draw upon it.

No blame attaches to the early settlers for attaching their own names to the sites and surroundings of their hard-won homes. But they have had immortality enough. There are plenty of most beautiful Indian names ready to hand, names full of music, flowing on soft vowels, names of most poetic meaning, names that are perhaps the very words which made part of the languages of those prehistoric American civilizations of which we are just beginning to know something. Why not give new currency to words of such stately lineage and close our relation to this ancient continent of ours?

Youngstown, Ohio, is now "up against" this very point. The idea is to purchase a place called "Dry Run," and make it into a park. What should be the name of that park? "Dry Run Park"? Has Youngstown no more imagination than that? Some of its citizens have, and they propose "Montgomery Park," which is better. But another group, considering that in this park is a great rock called by the Indians "Nea-To-Ka," propose the name "Neatoka Park." This is not as melodious as some of the Indian names, but to us it appears infinitely preferable—even for archeological and associational reasons only—to Dry Run or Montgomery.

But there are some very beautiful Indian names connected with that vicinity. There is Mahoning, Shawnee, Shenango, Massasanga, Nesolala and others. Dry Run was called Senisco Leto by the Delawares. Surely among these a melodious name could be selected. K.

Memorial to Dr. Parker

IT is unfortunate that those responsible for the memorial window to Dr. Joseph Parker have not made a better selection of subject and one which would be more illustrative of the life and the hopes of a true Christian. The text which has been chosen for illumination is, "Sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more." There is here no suggestion of the eternity of life, nothing but the blank despair which we are accustomed to call Pagan, but which is so peculiarly absent from Pagan religions. It is indeed strange that from such a storehouse of good things as the Bible, a text should be twisted from its original meaning into a shape so entirely pessimistic, and we might very truly say, so entirely irreligious. The memorial sentence itself is no less unfortunately worded. Could no other thing have been found to say of a great preacher than that "He was mighty in the Scriptures?" Were there no widows and orphans whom he had comforted, no reforms which he had advanced, no cups of cold water given in the name of Christ? The record of any one of these things, the record that he had ever upon any one occasion wiped a tear from a human eye would have been a more lasting claim to human memory and love and gratitude than the most profound Biblical scholarship that the world has known.

We are reminded of another memorial many thousands of years old, which has recently come to light in Egypt, and which was inscribed at a time when, we are foolishly told, the world was wrapped in spiritual darkness. Upon this ancient memorial stone we read only the name of the deceased and the statement that he was beloved of his fellow men. In spite of all our science and our knowledge the ethics of the world have not advanced beyond that point and virtue still knows no higher guerdon than to win the love of our fellows.

Dr. Parker has not been well served by those who doubtless sought to do him honor.

STUDENT

"The House of the Dead"

A WRITER in a French Review gives us an interesting account of the people of Brittany in France, and especially of their views regarding death. He says that Brittany has remained curiously medieval, and from what he tells us it would be hardly possible to pass a more sweeping condemnation upon the theologic system of the middle ages, which has produced a habit of thought so morbid and so unwholesome. It seems that in many Breton villages the church is commonly called the "House of the Dead," and it not unfrequently happens that a second church is built for the special benefit of the dead. These churches are covered with sinister inscriptions of which some few are quoted. Here for example is one, the sentiment of which is still forceful, not only throughout Brittany, but very much nearer home:

Death, judgment and hell; when mankind thinks on these things it should tremble. He who does not think of death is surely lacking in mind.

Imagine the life, imagine the child life, fed upon such horrors as this. It says much for the saving good sense which, after all, is so hard to destroy, that any laughter and joyousness remain in the world, survivors from what are rightly called "the Dark Ages."

And yet much of this detestable and pernicious pessimism remains to us as a heritage, and there are still many so-called teachers who recognize that popular fear is their own sheet-anchor to power. Fear produces submission, it produces credulity, it saps the intelligence, alike destroying hope and free-will, aspiration and endurance. All these things are the enemies of tyranny, as fear is its friend, and the fear of death is a blight and a shadow upon life.

STUDENT

A Pretty Spot in North Wales

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week is a charming rural scene in North Wales. It shows a very characteristic country home on a canal near Llangollen, in a neighborhood that is famous for its scenery, and which is visited by landscape artists from all parts of the world.

IT SAYS much for the excellence of Californian dried fruits, that all orders for them with exception of a portion of the orders for dried apples, for use in Indian agencies and schools, have been placed with Californian dealers. Before 1902 California received about one-third of this business.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

On National Self-Complacency

AN able writer in a contemporary magazine expresses an ideal of government from which we are still a long way removed. He says:

The first aim of government should be to develop the vast stores of energy and intelligence which, under existing conditions, run to waste for want of anything to call them forth, or are distorted into perverse or noxious forms through failure to find their natural outlet.

To what extent an aim so desirable can be attained by legislation is of course a matter of opinion. Suppressed energy and misdirected energy are maladies of which the roots lie very deep in our social systems, and governments can do little more than express the national sentiments which have become so far developed as to be tangible. Self-dissatisfaction is the parent of reform, and self-complacency is its enemy. It is national self-complacency with which we have to contend, and this is even more noxious than apathy.

It is none the less deplorably true that the titanic power and energy of the nation lies either entirely dormant or else spends itself unworthily. It is either unrecognized or misused. Civilization, it is true, has done wonderful things, but it has done them largely in spite of itself. The world has indeed moved forward; it has produced saints and sages and singers, it has evolved great thoughts, it has made music and it has painted pictures. It has done all these in spite of our elaborate social systems which seem so cunningly designed to prevent all progress, all ascension from the ruts and from the mire. But our attitude toward our achievements should be one not of congratulation, but rather of a profound self-reproach, that having done so much we have not done a thousandfold more. We have proved the capacity of humanity and to so great an extent we have neglected it. We have seen the light and we have sought the darkness.

It is not more government that we want, it is more philosophy, more spirituality, more of the religion that recognizes and knows. We want more perception of the unity of humanity and of the potentialities of men. We need the spiritual vision which sees the divinity of man, the holy light which is the heritage of all, in whose glories lie all genius, all music and the magic of the beautiful. It is more reverence that we need, more reverence for the eternal, and less veneration for the transient and the unworthy. Then the opportunities will come into our national life, and we shall look kindly, hopefully upon our fellow man with a God-speed to the growth of which we know him to be all capable. S.

Congresses of Peace & Rumors of War

THE International Peace Congresses now happily so active throughout the world, continue to pass resolutions calling for amity between the various nations which suppose themselves to have causes for enmity. Meanwhile international armaments continue to increase by leaps and bounds; but so far from this being a justification of the light esteem in which organized peace efforts are sometimes held, it is rather an additional reason that they be made more strenuous than ever. It is, after all, more international common sense that is chiefly needed, more freedom from the psychology of a disordered patriotism than which no country possesses a more dangerous enemy. It is the man in the street who makes war and not the government, and the man in the street is psychologized sometimes by a perverted sense of honor, sometimes by revenge, more often by greed, and usually by ignorance. To prevent wars we must influence the man in the street. We must persuade him to think and to recognize his grave responsibilities. We must awake in him a more enlightened self-interest as a first stepping-stone to better things. We must try to show him that fraternity is the law of life, not one of the leisurely sentiments of life, but the divinely given law which is not turned aside by artificial frontiers, nor has it any respect for armed sentries nor custom-houses. None of these are divine things, nor will our reverence make them so, although they may be divinely used, like all else.

STUDENT

There is only one lunatic asylum in Egypt among a population of ten millions.

Aborigines and Civilization

THE Indian Agent of the Mojave Reservation is pessimistic as to the future of the natives under his charge. He says:

As far as my observation goes, I believe the Government's efforts to elevate and educate the Indian have failed.

This is a dreary outlook, and we wonder whether the fault lies with the Indian or with the efforts. Further, says the agent:

I am opposed to constantly helping the Indian. My observation is that in the majority of cases his sole aim in life is to work on the credulity and charity of the white man, doing as little as possible and getting full measure for what little he does.

That the Indian tries to get "full measure for what little he does" would tend rather to show that he has imitated the white man a little too fully.

Among the Mojaves five die where three are born, and owing to the increase of disease among them, this rate is more likely to increase than to decrease.

We should like to have an explanation of this. It is to be inferred that this heavy mortality is due to the attempts at civilization, and it seems therefore evident that the civilization which it is sought to impose is of the wrong kind. There are two requisites to a successful handling of the Indian problem, a problem difficult enough at all times. One requisite is sympathy and the other is intelligence. We have to remember that the red man's nature is different from the white man's nature, and difference does not necessarily mean inferiority. We make no reflection upon the many able men who are concerned in this question, when we say that there is too great a tendency to "elevate" the Indian by forcing him into mere imitation instead of developing him along his own lines.

A very different report reaches us from the Creek Nation. Their educational system is in many respects better than that of the white population. It is said that "the part of the Territory occupied by the civilized tribes is a land of schools, academies and colleges." The Indian high schools teach agriculture, horticulture and the technical arts, and a striking feature of the system is that the disinclination to work has been largely eradicated. This is very encouraging as an evidence of good work well done.

STUDENT

Motives Selfish and Unselfish

EVERYBODY knows the difference between a selfish and an unselfish motive. But people with more subtlety than sense, who go about looking for the goddess Truth with a microscope, have sometimes tried to argue that all motives are selfish. This may serve them as an excuse for not doing things they don't want to do. "Since I must be selfish," they will argue, "let me be selfish in my own way." But the fallacy is too obvious to impose on other people. The answer, in the language of philosophy, is given in the following extract from the *Story of Thought and Feeling*, by Frederick Ryland:

Remember that all purposive action is not selfish merely because it is the outcome of a self. All your actions are the outcome of your present self, but they are not all intended to procure selfish ends. You may as well say that all your ideas are about yourself, because they are all your ideas, determined by the nature of your own mind and by its contents.

Among your own desires and determinations two great groups can be distinguished. One has for its immediate and direct object the increase of your own happiness; the other has not. You may determine to do a certain thing because it will add to your own happiness, . . . or because it will add to the happiness of some one else, or advance some cause or ideal in which you are interested.

"Ah," you say, "that is where self comes in! I must be interested in it; that is, I must know that if it succeeds it will give me pleasure, and if it fails it will give me pain."

Quite true. But there is all the difference in the world between desiring what will give you pleasure simply because it gives you pleasure, and desiring what will give you pleasure because you have recognized that it belongs to a particular group of things which you believe to be right and good for everybody. . . . Your thoughts and hopes are your own . . . but whereas some of those thoughts and hopes have self for an object, others have something else.

Art Music Literature and the Drama



"The Light of the Coming Day"—Symbolic Painting by R. Machell

THE central figure stands as the symbol of the coming race, the humanity that is to be, piloted from out of the past's darkness by the New-old Wisdom of the East. On one side sensuous pleasures call her away from the Path, on the other, the sad ascetics of religious formalism warn her of the dangers that she will encounter on the way. About them hang mists, not yet dissipated by the light that shines from above. Yet is the blossoming woman soul not moved. Out, out into the unknown future she looks, hearing not the Siren voices on one side nor the warning deceits on the other—recking not if she hears them. It is the soul's joy that shines in her eyes; the flush of an Eternal Youth is on her cheek; the hope that has guided unto their very greatness all who have hesitated not to dare, pulsates within her breast. She dares to stand, unafraid. Though storm-clouds gather and mists overhang the pathway, on, on rides her little craft, for the helmsman is named Trust.

In giving symbolic expression to the great truths of life, destiny and the wisdom of the soul, Machell is doing what the world has long waited to have done. There are symbolic pictures and symbolic pictures. But too many of them speak of mere intellectualisms. Few touch the deeper currents of life and of the soul's opportunities. They interest one but for a time, for intellectualism holds sway over any mind but for a time—a time which may be incarnations long, to be sure, yet which endeth in its turn. Machell, in speaking of truths which lie deeper, has rendered to the world, and particularly to students of the philosophy of life, a distinct service. This, with other of his paintings, at present hangs in the Rotunda of Loma Homestead. M.

VENICE has, during the last ten years, given every alternate year an art festival. The standard is high and only those artists contribute who are invited to do so. Venice was at one time not only a center of art and literature, but one of the few places in Europe whence something of the true light shone forth. There are those who declare that it shall again rise into its ancient greatness, and it may be that the awakening of an art interest among its people is one of the signs pointing toward this fulfilment.

STUDENT

Rhythm and Harmony at the Base of Music

MUSICAL fantasy does not begin with tone color and tone volume, for in these no art is possible; idea does not come to expression through these means alone, but mainly in rhythmic, melodic and harmonic expression. Design is at the foundation of musical fancy; just as the decorative artist produces original effects by means of patterns, sequences and contrasts, so the musician creates a musical entity, or piece, which is first of all a production, an individuality, consisting of musical effects as such. These effects consist of rhythmic, melodic and harmonic designs, sequences, contrasted and developed with complete forms, which at last embody the three great elements of art forms, having unity, variety and symmetry.

The key-notes of musical idea are two-fold, rhythm and harmony. These are the two elements out of which everything grows, and according to which the piece justifies itself or fails to do so. Melody is an outgrowth of harmony. . . . Music is full of the play of material arabesques of sound, the inner-working of motives, . . . and the farther our art develops, the larger and larger place these creations of music as such hold in the heart.—*W. S. B. Mathews*

When Nature Yields Her Secrets to the Artist

WHEN the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanile, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairy-land is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand as they have ceased to see; and Nature, who for once has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her. To him her secrets are unfolded, to him her lessons have become gradually clear. He looks at her flower, not with an enlarging lens, that he may gather facts for the botanist, but with the light of the one who sees in her choice selection of brilliant tones and delicate hints suggestions of future harmonies.—*Whistler*

THE old *Castello* of the Sforzas at Milan is to be restored, according to ancient sketches which depict it as first built. It is to be converted into an Art Museum. The collection to be placed in it contains pictures by Leonardo da Vinci and Perugino, as well as the ancient tapestries designed by Raphael D'Urbino which were, after many vicissitudes, given by St. Charles Borromeo to the Milan Cathedral. In one of the halls the walls and ceiling were decorated by Leonardo and their restoration has been undertaken with remarkable success. The castle itself was built in 1368, and later remodelled by the Duke Francesco Sforza. The reawakening of an art interest and an art life, either in nations or individuals, is one sign that the soul is reaching outward for expression; and at this time, when everything so hangs in the balance, a step of this kind has more significance than we at first recognize.

THE city council of St. Petersburg has recently passed laws which have for their object the beautifying of the city. Those who erect beautiful and artistic buildings are to be exempt for a number of years from taxation. Each architect who distinguishes himself by the erection of a specially artistic building will be given a gold medal. A marble tablet will be placed upon the best facades, to be removed later in case the facades are spoiled by reconstruction or by the posting of advertisements. American cities might follow the example with profit.

A SOCIETY for the Encouragement of Art in South Africa has recently been organized. Its purpose is ultimately to found an Academy of Arts in Johannesburg. Among those who are supporters of the plan are Josef Israels, George F. Watts and Sir Edward Poynter. The first step will be a loan exhibition in Johannesburg of Dutch and English pictures.

ALL travelers are familiar with the great lion of Belgium on the battle-field of Waterloo. Another, by the painter-sculptor, Geromé, is soon to be placed there, on the spot made historic by the last square of the Old French Guard, on June 18, 1815.



WE HEAR THE VOICE PROPHEPIC AND ARE NOT ALONE

—Long fellow

THE law is commonly considered prosaic, as professions go, yet from time immemorial a romantic interest has ever attached itself to the idea of woman as the law's interpreter. From that ancient day when Deborah was judge and lawgiver among the children of Israel until the present, here and there women have been students of the law and have given it, often, a new and purer interpretation. Both Hortensia and Calphurnia plead causes in the Roman forum and in the days when all Europe was in darkness women occupied professor's chairs in many of the Spanish and Italian Universities as lecturers upon the law. Portia is not wholly fictional. Her quick judgment is a picture of what has been and a promise of what shall be.

We may need new laws, but what we more urgently need is a new and more adequate interpretation of those which already exist. They wait to be formulated anew into language that will contain the living spirit of the Higher Law. In so far as the written *dicta* of our legislatures express that Higher Law, are these written forms entitled to our respect and confidence. And those alone who have within their own souls a steadfast knowledge of their own divinity and an unshaken trust in the Higher Law can interpret our written laws aright.

More and more are we coming to realize to what extent the character of the judicial officer enters into his judgments and becomes a powerful, even though unrecognized, factor for evil or for good. If he be narrow, selfish, impure, so will be his interpretation of the law. If he be honorable, sincere, progressive and pure, then, in his work as interpreter of the law, does he become an actual benefactor of the race.

In the legal profession too much has always been demanded of the head and too little of the heart; too much stress has been laid upon mere form and too little upon the law's inner meaning and deeper purpose. When the real and underlying purpose of our written laws is revealed a great step will have been taken toward the solution of the wearying problems of sadness and of sin.

Porous to the pain and the despairs of the world's life as a few women are in every generation, it is not strange that the study of law should appeal to some of these as a means of real service to humanity. Let such as these give to the study of it the heart-touch, let them pour upon its

Woman and the Law

IN every act which partakes of a divine and infinite compassion lies concealed the potency of all the spheres. All Nature obeys the command of one whose heart beats constantly for others.

—KATHERINE TINGLEY

wilderness of intellectual detail the light and the inspiration of the heart life. Yet not all, of course, are unselfish enough to do this. Very many women study law "as a profession," just as do many of their brothers, regarding it as the probable path to competence and the possible path to fame. But there are a few whose hearts go out to the world's sorrow and who, because of their very compassion, are able to study our body of written law in the light of the Divine Law.

The world needs women such as these for two reasons; to bring about needed legislative reforms and to offset the doubtful influence of the "woman question" agitator. For the statute-books of almost any nation make interesting reading, when examined from the standpoint of the woman question, and the one who searches them for the purpose of proving that women have been unjustly discriminated against by legislators the world over can make out a strong case. From the civil law of Seventeenth century England (sanctioned by the church by the way) which permitted the husband to chastise his wife with whips and cudgels, "*cum flagellis et fustibus verberare uxorem*," to the present day constitution of South Carolina which absolutely prohibits divorce, the story is an interesting one, and the agitator exploits every detail which can serve her theory.

The half-truth often does more harm than the lie and the agitator deals in half-truths, partly from an unwise and disintegrating habit of mind, sometimes miscalled enthusiasm, and partly from sheer ignorance. To give a case in point: A certain lecturer—a woman—recently condemned vigorously the injustice of a statute which prohibited the wife from disposing, by will or otherwise, of her dotal effects, "if she does not reserve the life use of them to her husband."

The lecturer quite omitted to mention the fact that the very same prohibition rested upon the husband, nor did she throw a true light upon this subject by showing the descent, so to speak, of this statute, for it claims descent from those early Roman days when husband, as well as wife, brought an offering of value at marriage, *not* in the mercenary spirit that characterizes the custom today, but simply as a loving gift made freely by each to the other.

No less is the influence of just and wise women needed to bring about legislative reforms. Our statutes must be inadequate or we would not

have so much child labor, nor would we have so many hasty and unwise marriages. Statutes cannot do all. It may be that, at best, they cannot do even a great deal. The real reform can only come when the public conscience is aroused and when the hearts of all people are touched with compassion. But wiser laws, and such shall be, and a wiser interpretation of those that now exist, can do much to bring about that very awakening.

The time has gone by when the agitator or the layman can seriously affect the public mind. The world demands knowledge. Women can no longer afford to peruse our statute-books and pick out what strikes their fancy just to prove some special theory. One cannot afford, these days, to make so fatal an exposure of one's own ignorance. The time has come for trained minds and quickened hearts to step into the field of the law, not for money nor for fame but for humanity's sake. Only those who know their ground can hope to command respect, when they discuss matters of law. *The time is now.* It rests with the women of the world, to a greater extent than they realize, to bring order out of this chaos called the world's life.

It is not probable that the study of law will appeal to more than the few. But those to whom it does appeal, those who study it in the light of their own hearts and in the service of Compassion, will one day find themselves equipped to help humanity, not only enthusiastically, but wisely.

STUDENT

Recent Utah Decision

ACCORDING to a decision reported to have been recently handed down by the Supreme Court of Utah, a man who has plural wives is under moral but not legal obligations to support these wives and their children. While Utah was still a territory, the children of plural wives were considered to be legitimate, and as long as the old territorial customs were in operation, the husband probably could have been compelled to support them. But, as Utah has so recently become a state, the legislature has probably not yet passed a statute on the subject, and, as reported, the courts have evidently determined that the common law is still in force.

The common law does not allow more than one wife, nor is a husband obliged to maintain other than the one. The status of the husband with the others is considered meretricious, and on such relationships the common law frowns. Nor is a man required, by the common law, to maintain any other than his legitimate children, inflicting upon the illegitimate other hardships as well, such as lack of inheritable blood.

However, the English acts, as well as those in force in most of the United States, have made radical changes. Under the provisions of some of these acts the mother may force the putative father of her child to maintain his offspring and may even have him imprisoned as a means of collecting the allowance—an exception to the general rule that no one can be imprisoned for debt.

The United States government never authorized polygamy but merely permitted it, and Congress would not admit Utah as a state into the Union until an inhibition against polygamy was made one of the provisions of its constitution. This, of course, brings to an issue the question as to whether any except the woman first married are wives, or whether they are not. The Supreme Court seems to have decided this matter by declaring that they are not.

However positive and intense may be one's convictions as to the evils of polygamy, there are two sides to this recent question, one, a very sad side. Those who became plural wives under the customs of the Mormon church acted in good faith and believed themselves to be entering

into a relationship both sacred and lawful. To find this relationship now degraded, and the marriage tie summarily—as they feel—severed, by the highest judicial tribunal of their state, must mean to them a horrible awakening. While statutes alone can never bring about a perfect adjustment of this state of affairs, they can at least be framed so as to become merciful factors in the solution.

STUDENT

Women and the Law in England

IN the United States, and also in France, women have been successful in breaking down the barriers that stand between them and the study and practise of the law; but not yet in England. The Benchers, who constitute the governing body of Gray's Inn, have recently considered the application of a young woman who desired to become a student of law. Her application was refused, the reason given being that "the Benchers have no powers to admit women," and as the Benchers have

given no reason other than that stated the public is left to speculate as to the real status of the case.

If the Benchers are acting as directors of a corporation or trustees of a trust estate, it is quite possible that they have no power. In the former case they would be governed by the charter and by-laws of the corporation; in the latter, by the terms made by the donor who created the trust estate. Such donor would have power to provide for the education of men only, or even to expressly exclude women, and trustees who violated the terms of the instrument, or of the law under which they acted, might be removed from office, or might even become personally liable for misappropriation of funds.

If neither of these conditions exist, then there is some excuse for believing that the old prejudice against "women in the professions" was a factor in the Benchers' decision, particularly when one recalls that in England to open the bar to women would be equivalent to opening the Bench to them also, as the judges are usually appointed from the "King's Counsel," a rank of barristers who are especially learned.

It is not impossible that this question will find a partial solution by means of the law courses in the universities. When one considers the large number of cultured English women, many of them belonging to the nobility, who are interested in political and social problems, it is not illogical that some should seek to gain, from a study of the law, knowledge which they believe will throw light upon these problems. Should women succeed, however, in their efforts to become equipped for practise of the law or for service on the Bench, there would still be the barrier of traditional usage to break down before they could hope to be admitted to membership in the "Profession of the Law." England may be conservative, but even conservatism yields in time to the demands of justice. S.

IT is within the limits of conservatism to say that the legal status resulting from marriage is in a state of more confusion than any other topic of the law. The judicial life history of those statutes commonly known as "Married Women's Acts," is as interesting as it is complex. Most of our states started with the common law as a basis, and the earlier "Married Women's Acts" bear at least a family resemblance to each other. By the time, however, that the whole law, common as well as statutory, has been subjected to judicial interpretation, the outcome is generally an almost hopeless conflict between the decisions rendered by the Appellate Courts of the several states. This alone shows to what extent the interpretation of our laws depends upon the mental caliber and moral complexion of our legislators and judges.



SUNSET ON KILLARY BAY, COUNTY GALWAY, IRELAND

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Further Light on the Ancient Civilization of Peru

THERE is a very wide stretch between what we do, and what we did know of archaic Peruvian civilization. And yet we are but a little way from the beginnings of investigation. Up till about yesterday, so to speak, it was thought that when the Incas arrived in Peru, about 1100 A. D. (from whence?) they found and conquered an entirely savage people. We got that bit of misinformation from the Spanish conquerors, who got it from the people themselves, with whom it was a tradition. The Spanish found a rich civilization, a perfect system of State government, great cities with statuary, temples and palaces. They found the arts and crafts and commerce in full swing, and a swift and intellectual life. It seemed an enormous development from savagery for four centuries to have accomplished. But these Peruvians do not seem to have kept a calendar that we can decipher. There was a parallel civilization in Mexico, that of the Aztecs; and there is a decipherable calendar showing great and age-long astronomical calculations.

It is owing to two special archeological expeditions to South America, now at once to be followed by a third, that the tradition-painted background of savagery in the picture of Peruvian civilization has disappeared. There is no discoverable trace of any such savage season. Period after period of civilization opens up in the backward vista, and the earliest of them, of unknown time ago, does not appear inferior in its culture to the last. A study of the archaic relics of Peru, amassed in the various museums, shows at any rate five successive epochs of civilization, that of the Incas being the last. We have little or no knowledge of the duration of any of the earlier ones. So old are some of the monuments that, as Mr. Max Uhle of California University says, they are self-buried in the ground in spite of the utter absence of vegetation, and have to be dug out for exploration purposes. The decay of some of them, of clay manufacture, "dates back to such

remote ages that even before the period of the Incas, these mounds, remains of palaces and temples, had served as burial grounds like the natural hills." And of the earliest of these five layers of civilization, a layer differing somewhat in its northern and southern parts, he says:

The southern form is especially notable for the perfection of shape and decoration of its pottery, the freedom and breadth of its style; the northern form is more distinguished by the harmony and greatness of its development. The unmatched pottery of this period in its decorations furnishes us with figures and types from the life of their period, and introduces us to highly developed religious conceptions.

Gold, silver, and copper abounded, and were wrought into manifold forms. The finest techniques were known to the early craftsman.

There is plenty of room for the working of rational imagination when we reflect that the evidences of civilization that remain, are but evidences; and that they stand to that which they evidence somewhat as a torn fragment of a page of the index of a great work would stand to the volumes themselves. We shall have to make new conceptions of the stretches of human life on this planet when to these South American remains have been devoted as much pains and time as have been spent on Egypt and even India. And we shall have reason to think less boastfully of our own little epoch. In a thousand years we, too, and all our works, may have vanished like these others, leaving perhaps some buildings, perhaps some bits of carving, or what not, as our sole representatives. K.

An Ancient Roman Camp Found at Kilsyth, Scotland

A VERY perfect specimen of ancient Roman fortification has been discovered in Scotland near Kilsyth. The ground upon which it stands has been in use for arable purposes, but the proprietor is now excavating with great care. The camp was evidently a part of the long line of fortifications erected in order to exclude the irrepressible Caledonians. Although the work is by no means finished a number of foundations have been exposed, including those of several circular towers; also admirably constructed streets have been found, which led from one part of the camp to another.

The most interesting discovery, however, is the well. It is forty-three feet deep and about three feet in diameter. It is lined throughout with masonry which is in as good condition today as when it was first built. This well, had, of course, been filled in and covered with several feet of soil, but the rubbish was carefully removed and it was then discovered that the well had been used as a receptacle for a large number of ornamented pillars and carved stones. The bucket was found at the bottom of the well and also a portion of the windlass. There can be little doubt that the carvings were placed in the well for the purpose of concealment, and they tell their own tale of sudden retreat. As soon as the

contents of the well had been removed it at once filled with water and its overflow called attention to the existence of a beautifully built conduit which conducted the water to all parts of the fortification.

S.



KING CALLAN'S GRAVE, ARMAGH, IRELAND

Some Egyptian Costumes

PROFESSOR GAYET has delivered a most interesting lecture at the Musée Guimet in Paris. It was based upon his discoveries in the Necropolis of Antinous, where he has succeeded in unearthing no less than four thousand fully dressed skeletons of persons evidently belonging to the aristocracy of their day. His lecture was intended to intro-

duce his Parisian audience to the dress fashions of early Egypt. He certainly succeeded in astonishing his hearers. He not only described these dresses, but actually displayed them, and those who heard him were forced to admit that these handmade fabrics were practically equal in texture and quality to the best products of modern looms.

Indeed, we are becoming almost satiated with our discoveries of ancient knowledge and skill. Hardly a week passes without its demonstration that our systems of today are not at the high-water mark of human progress, but rather that we are ascending a well-worn road and that we have yet to pass many and many a footstep of those who have preceded, who have climbed higher. Sooner or later the self-conceit of our age must give way and then we shall see that even in the tombs of Egypt, in the ancient wonders of our own country, we may lay hold of a thread of knowledge that will lead us to a solution of the mysteries of evolution and of the great spiritual laws which govern human destiny. Some little will have been done if we can but gain a truer perspective of history and of our own place therein.

STUDENT

VALUABLE finds are reported from the vicinity of Silver City, New Mexico. While excavating for the foundations of a building workmen unearthed what appeared to be an ancient Indian burying ground. A large number of skeletons were found, many of them in a good state of preservation, but the most valuable relics were specimens of pottery. Some were as perfect as when buried centuries ago.

Nature

Studies

Beneficence of the Apple-Tree

RUSKIN says that he is not sure but the loveliest thing which graces the world of to-day is a blossoming apple-tree. Civilization has inherited from wild life nothing finer than the apple-blossom; it has improved wild nature in nothing else more grandly than in creating our desert fruit from the thorn apple of the thicket. If there were no apples for table or for market, the apple would still be counted the most glorious of ornamental trees. It has a homely spread to it, not reaching up and aloft as if it scorned or were thoughtless of humanity, but leaning over and hanging down its arms full of blossoms and fruit, where maid and child and mother can gather as they will. All those who have been born in the country will surely link their memories with happy thoughts of apple-blossoms and apple-trees—how they climbed their sloping trunks in childhood, to sit near the robins in the perches of the limbs. We could

make even more extensive use of the apple-tree than we are yet doing. It should be planted up and down our highways, for it is as grand for shade as it is for fruit. John Burroughs speaks of it as being a peculiarly comfortable "tree." . . . There is nothing in the world to exceed the beauty of the apple blossom: while the air is laden with an exquisite perfume that has charmed a hundred generations, has added to the poesy, the love and the comfort of Greek, of Roman and of Briton. But if there be anything more beautiful than the apple in blossom, it is the same tree loaded down with crimson and golden fruit. . . .

Country life is fortunately winning its way into the affections of all classes. The longing for fresh air and sweet odors and fresh fruit and a simpler life will go together.—*The Independent*. The cultivated apple was introduced into Britain

by the Romans, who had grown it extensively for centuries. The wild apple or crab-apple, which is undoubtedly the parent of the cultivated apple, is a native of all countries of the north temperate zone. All over the world, except in a few favored regions where the orange grows to perfection, the apple-tree is held as man's closest friend among trees.

A CURIOUS belief is extant in many parts of the world to the effect that bees will die upon the death of their owner. A correspondent writes to the *Field*:

I have been to the sale of the effects of a gentleman who died about a fortnight since. In the catalogue three stocks of bees were entered for sale, but when the man went to move them out they were all dead. This is the third time I have personally known such an occurrence.

An old book on *Gypsy Folklore* mentions this belief, and remarks that the death of the bees can be prevented by duly informing them of the demise of their owner. The bee-keeper is also warned that the birth of a child should be similarly communicated to the inmates of the hives.

THE SEA WIND

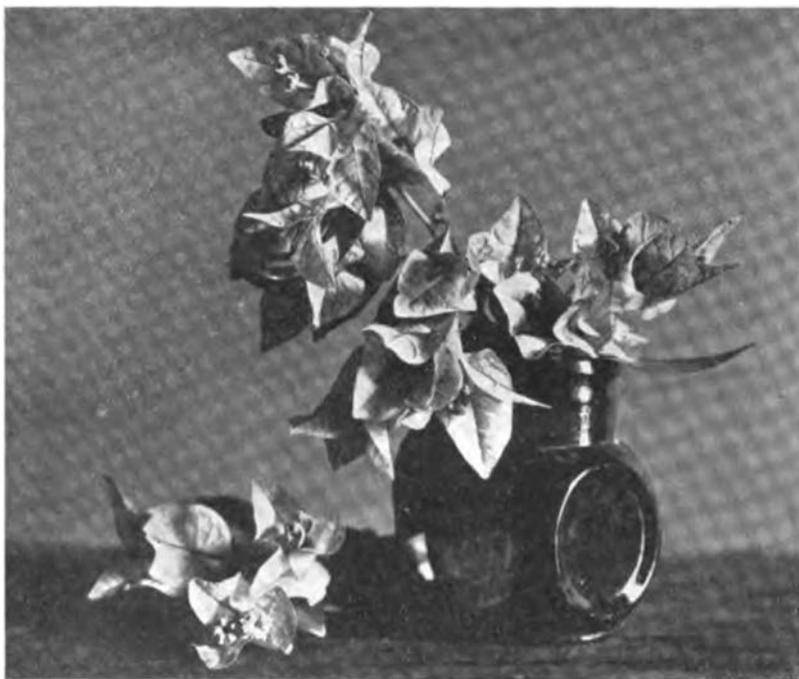
by ARTHUR KETCHAM

SPEED through the closing gates of day.
Winnow me through with thy keen clean breath.
Wind with the tang of the sea!
Find me and fold me; have thy way
And take thy will of me!

Use my soul as you used the sky—
Gray sky of this sullen day!
Clear its doubt as you sped its wrack
Of storm cloud bringing its splendor back.
Giving it gold for gray!

Bring me word of the moving ships,
Halyards and straining spars;
Come to me clean from the sea's wide breast
While the last lights die in the yellow west
Under the first white stars!

Batter the closed doors of my heart
And set my spirit free!
For I stife here in this crowded place
Sick for the tenantless fields of space.
Wind with the tang of the sea!—*Atlantic*



A GOOD SPECIMEN OF THE BOUGAINVILLE

Evolution Not Always by Heredity

IN the usual system of comparing extreme types of vegetation we only too frequently overlook the fact that there are many convergent types which blend into the perfected form. The *Compositæ* afford an example of this habit nature has of making what an artist would call "detail studies" of each factor before it is embodied in the completed type. There is the panicle style of arrangement of flowers, like the yuccas; then there are clusters like the geraniums, then the clustered clusters, like the tansy; a step further gives the *Umbelifers* in solid, level heads. So much for the form, but the combined flower needs larger outer petals.

To begin with the *Poinsettia* we find that the flowers are very small and inconspicuous, but each is provided with a leaf, like all the leaves of the tree, except that it is a brilliant red instead of green. The tiny flowers with gorgeous leaves form themselves in flat clusters with the leaves in an orderly circle outside so that at a little distance the cluster looks like a single great blossom. Then comes such types as the *Bougainville*, shown in the illustration.

Each tiny flower grows from the midrib of a regular leaf brightly colored, and the three cluster together into what seems at first glance to be a large three-petaled bloom. And so by regular steps the factor of mutual helpfulness is worked to completion, is united and bound up with the factor of arrangement, and behold the combined unity of the many petaled *Compositæ* and the many flowered, but single petaled callas, which are really composite flowers. Y.

WE have all read how Livingstone, when a lion which had knocked him down and torn his arm to pieces, stood over him and critically inspected him, felt neither pain nor fear. The same

would appear to be the case with mice which have fallen into the hands (or rather claws) of a cat. A contributor to *Nature Notes* reports as follows:

Many are distressed by the way in which a cat "plays" with a mouse before killing it. That the mouse does not suffer so much as might be expected is proved by certain facts told me by a friend a short time ago. Her cat, after catching a mouse and "playing" with it for some time, left it to go and eat some meat on a plate on the floor. To my friend's surprise, the mouse followed, in spite of a broken leg, and fed for awhile out of the same dish, the cat occasionally pushing the mouse aside when it came too close. When both had finished, the cat ate up its companion, who evidently feared death as little as the condemned murderers who, we are often told, "ate a hearty breakfast on the morning of their execution."

There are states of hysteria and insanity in which there is a disconnection with the nerves of pain; and the same is common during the excitement of battle. Nature, "red in tooth and claw," may be more merciful than she seems. Indeed, it will yet be found, upon closer acquaintance with Nature, that she is never cruel. STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

A SPLENDID audience assembled on Sunday evening at the Isis Theatre to hear papers prepared by Mrs. Hanson and her little daughter, Margaret Hanson, one of the most promising pupils of the Raja Yoga School. The papers were as usual, interspersed by a musical program, the numbers of which, on this occasion, were

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Addresses by Mrs. Hanson
and Her Young Daughter of
Raja Yoga School --- Singing

Reprinted from San Diego News

given by a group of children of the Raja Yoga Choir from Loma-land, by members of the Point Loma Orchestra, and by Students of Isis Conservatory of Music.

The subject of Mrs. Hanson's paper was the "Need of Self-Knowledge," from which we present our readers with some extracts: "When we look out over the world — this world which is so beautiful — what do we see? We see the soul's sunlight shut away by the creeds and dogma, which men have built up as screens about their fellows; we breathe an air that is foul with the miasma of men's mistakes, and we ask ourselves why? Why is there so little real happiness in the world? Why is there so much downright misery? Why are our asylums and penitentiaries crowded, although we build more and more every year? Why are the majority of children born under conditions that make life for them one long miserable struggle, tainted by heredity, with tendencies to vice or crime or immorality? Why, in short, isn't this beautiful world, the Paradise it was intended to be?"

"We who are students at Loma-land have learned that to arrive at the truth we must look below the surface of things, we must look below effects to causes. And looking beneath the world's sadness and humanity's mistakes we find the cause, and that cause is selfishness. Men have forgotten the fact that they are brothers, which is very strange, for from every pulpit in the land they are told every week that God is our Father and that we are all his children. They have forgotten the truth, nevertheless, or else they do not believe it, for everywhere are those who try to climb up by pulling others down. Everywhere we see rivals; almost nowhere do we see comrades. And on all sides do we see those who are not so successful in their selfishness as they would like to be, pushed into criminal courts or into insane asylums. When Katherine Tingley said 'Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age,' she uttered one of the greatest of truths. It was a note of warning, an appeal to us and all humanity to pause and consider, and then to work to prevent the growth of this awful disease.

"The great need of the world today is self-knowledge — a knowledge of one's own nature. Think what a different world this would be if every human being

would ask himself once a day, 'What am I here for, and what am I?' Think how soon some of our false conditions would become changed into true conditions if all people realized that they were souls, and that the body was merely the soul's garment, an instrument through which it was to do its work. Very few would waste time in gathering riches

and accumulating honors, just to gratify those bodies. Isn't it probable that most of us would make some effort to acquire the things that gratify the soul, some of the virtues, for example, and a little more unselfishness, and wouldn't we be apt to bring into our lives some of nature's own beauty? That beauty that the soul of humanity has so long been starving for."

Margaret Hanson's paper was entitled "Some of the Things that I Believe Will Make Little Girls Grow." This delightful child who has so often appeared on the Isis platform, charmed her audience not only by her appearance but by her admirable delivery. She said:

"I believe that little girls would grow healthy and beautiful faster if they were more like birds and flowers. Birds and flowers get up early. We get up early at the Raja Yoga School. And we always sing before breakfast. Birds sing too. Birds are never selfish and cross. Flowers are never cross either. That is why they have so many pretty colors. Getting up early makes little girls catch God's words in nature and being good makes little girls happy and true. We try always to be good at the Raja Yoga School because we are always happy. When little girls are selfish and cross it makes them like ugly weeds. Flowers are never cross. They always look at the sun — this does not mean that we must worship it — and then the sunbeams can get down into their hearts and that is what makes them grow. Little girls grow the same way by standing up straight and by letting God's sunlight get into their hearts. That is what makes heart-light.

"And by not being afraid. At the Raja Yoga School we are taught not to be afraid of anything. We drill every morning and that makes us grow.

"I believe music makes little girls grow. We have music now every morning after breakfast. We sing to make all children happy. I believe we little Raja Yoga girls can give our secret to all.

"When we have a duty we are never cross because we love our duties just as much as easy things. We like hard things. Flowers like rain just as much as they like sunshine. Little girls ought to be like flowers."

Boys' Brotherhood Club, No. 2, Liverpool, Eng.

The Boys' Brotherhood Club is a junior branch of what is known as the International Brotherhood League; the Leader and Commander-in-Chief is Mrs. Katherine Tingley, and the Headquarters are at Point Loma, California. The Movement is not confined to any one or two countries, for there are branches all over the world. The principal object of this Club is Brotherhood; no matter what a person's nationality or creed may be, we are all brothers, so therefore all boys are made welcome at the meetings. Next, the members are trained in public debate and parliamentary law, the subjects of which are chosen by the members themselves. The only restriction being that the subjects must not be sectarian or political. The members are further trained to a course of physical exercise which, when taken regularly, could have no other than beneficial results. The meetings take place in these rooms every Wednesday at 8 o'clock, at which any young person is heartily welcomed. Further particulars will be given by several of the members tonight, but if any further information is desired the secretary will be pleased to oblige at the close of this meeting. — *President's Report*

U. B. Lodge, No. 6, England

Report for July — Members' meetings every Thursday. Study of *Buckle's History of Civilization*, Dramatic study, "Hypatia." Public meeting, July 26th; papers — "Theosophy, a Song of Joy," "When Art and Religion are United." I. B. L. representative read paper on "How to Help Prisoners." There was a beautiful nature touch given to the meeting by grasses and flowers, etc.

J. F. C., Secretary

U. B. Lodge, No. 4, Liverpool, England

Report for July — Public meeting July 5th. "The Prison System." Members' Sunday meetings, Subjects: "Washington and American Independence," "Ideals in Daily Life." Thursday meetings, study of *The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine*.

J. S., President

Boys' Brotherhood Club No. 24, Liverpool, Eng.

Brother Chairman, Comrades and Friends:

Tonight we hold the 200th weekly meeting of the Boys' Brotherhood Club, and on looking back at what we have done we have every reason to be proud of our endeavors.

To my mind, one of the chief things we have to be proud of, is the fact that for four years, continually, there has been a Boys' Brotherhood Club meeting every Wednesday, thus showing the steadfastness and earnestness of both Governors and members.

An interesting and instructive feature has been instituted in the reading weekly of sections of *Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Law*, thus carrying out one of the Club's objects, viz.: the training of the members in public speaking and parliamentary practise. The *Manual* has been finished now, and for the next syllabus the members will consider a method of going over the *Manual* in detail. The syllabi are splendid things as they are formed entirely by the members, the Club going into committee for the purpose. We are proud of the fact that for a real Boys' Club our syllabi are perhaps unequalled throughout the country. Brother Littlewood, an energetic Governor, and several other Governors have, at different times, given the Club "Talks on Health," "Mechanics," etc., etc. All of which have proved most interesting. During the winter months we have lantern lectures, the members choosing subjects themselves, and these are greatly enjoyed. One of the most pleasing things that has been introduced has been the outings. These, as you will gather from the report read tonight, take the form of monthly outings to the country, and many enjoyable hours have the members spent in each other's company. Annually we have a public entertainment, and the last was a great success, consisting as it did chiefly of Shakespearian recitals. In these the members show great interest, and are most painstaking in their efforts to learn the parts allotted to them. We have had several Curio Evenings, the members bringing all their curios to the Club and explaining the interest attached to



LOMA HOMESTEAD AND ARYAN TEMPLE AS VIEWED FROM THE NORTH—POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

each. Items that show the originality of the members are those in which a member undertakes the writing of an original subject, the paper being read out to the Club, after which the members discuss it. Another is that in which a member has undertaken to draft a *resume* of a certain book; both the *Eternal City*, by Hall Caine, and *Ships That Pass in the Night*, by Beatrice Harraden, have been treated in this way. We have had several reading and writing lessons, thus showing that elementary principles are not left unheeded. But perhaps the chief feature of the Club has been the debates, discussions and parliamentary evenings. These are indeed surprisingly interesting, and the keenness of the members can perhaps be judged when we have debates of the following class: "Is Public Money Wasted?" "Is a Counsel Justified in Defending a Prisoner of Whose Guilt He Is Cognizant?" etc., and we have members bringing in real parliamentary bills on "Taxation of Land Values," "Protection of Ancient Monuments and Castles."

This very brief report by no means exhausts all that we have done, but I think it will suffice to make you agree with me that it is a splendid record, and we have only to glance around and see the effect on the members to be assured of its good results. In a few years' time a Boys' Brotherhood Club boy will be picked out from a crowd by reason of his marked sensibleness and apparent superior intellectual state over the average boy, and therefore, I say, that it behooves all of us to attach ourselves to the Boys' Brotherhood Club and make the demand for not only one but two or three Clubs in a large town like Liverpool, where the boys can foster the splendid principle laid down by this organization. — *Secretary's Report*

The Ideals of Youth

A paper prepared for a group of College Students

THERE are some who think that they emphasize their own adult wisdom by speaking slightly of the dreams and the enthusiasms of youth as of things which must and ought to pass away before the sterner knowledge of maturity. There is somewhere a prophecy in the Bible of what we may call a Golden Age, when hate and greed shall have disappeared from the world and the law of love at last shall rule over men. One of the signs of that age is that a little child shall lead. So that if there is any truth in that prophecy, and all tradition supports it, the world must pass away from the leadership of what we now call maturity and experience, and must range itself under that kind of guidance which is typified by the character of a child. Then again we may remind ourselves of the words of the Founder of Christianity, who said that the kingdom of heaven was opened only to those who had become as little children.

In this "year of our Lord" we have become a little ashamed of Christianity. We put it carefully away with our Sunday clothes, and men look at us a little askance if we bring either of them into the work-a-day world. Yet the day is not far off when men will be no longer ashamed of religion. Stripped of its dross it will be seen to be actually the true manliness and the true womanliness.

Let us, however, confine ourselves to the point that these ancient writers, not only the Christian writers, but those of many other faiths, considered that the condition of youth brought with it a wisdom peculiarly its own, a wisdom to be admired and to be aimed at. May we not also point out that those who speak thus slightly of the ideals of youth would be better advised to hold their peace? For a very long time, indeed so far back as history goes, the world has been governed by those who claim to have the wisdom of maturity and to have put away the enthusiasms of youth. Well, what have they made of it? Indeed it would be hard

to imagine a more hopeless failure; it would be hard to imagine more want, more misery, more despair than there is in the world today. It would be hard to imagine more wars and rumors of wars. It would be hard to believe that humanity can be pushed any nearer to the precipice of despair without going over forever into the darkness of extinction. And yet when we speak of a hopeless failure, it would be well to modify that term. The failure would be hopeless were it not for the children, and for the young men and women, and for the possibility of persuading them to treasure and preserve the ideals which are now theirs. There is no sight so tragic as that of a young man who is trying to forget his ideals, trying to imitate the great world into which he is stepping, throwing away the wings of poetry and imagination and putting on the chains of what is falsely called the practical life.

Need we already remind ourselves of those ideals? Surely we have not already forgotten them, nor need we blush for them. They were not dreams, they were God-given; they were not foolish, they were divinely wise. We saw ourselves going out into the world like modern Sir Lancelots. We would right all wrongs, and defend the weak, and do battle with the cruel and the tyrannical. We would be like the knights of old, strong and unafraid. Our strength was as the strength of ten, because our hearts were pure. No, we have not forgotten those dreams. Even though we live long years in the world of men, though we live long lives of unworthy effort and though every bright spot of compassion seem to be extinguished, even then we shall not forget those dreams.

Into every life there come many seasons of choice, perhaps none more momentous than the choice of the attitude which we will take towards the world. Unfortunately in so many cases it seems hardly a matter of choice at all. We are caught by the maelstrom into which we have stepped, and in a moment we are hurried along, bewildered and delighted by the motion and by the glitter, the flash of the foam and the thunder of the waves. We had not strength to hesitate or to resist. It may be almost from our infancy we were saturated with the idea of one day stepping into the world, to be like the world, and to fight for the "success" which the world can give, so saturated with the false that the divine ideals of youth could hardly at any time gain admission. Then, too, we have weaknesses and also strengths, which have been given to us by heredity, and which have come down to us from other lives. The whole nature becomes a battle-ground and the world beckons to us enticingly to come out and be like it.

All too often the whole power of education is devoted to wean us from our first pure ideals and to set up other ideals which in our hearts we know to be less worthy and less beautiful. Truly it is a momentous time when those first ideals grow dim and recede, to be superseded by the phantom which will grow more ugly as year by year we lose the power to throw it off. The world smiles a welcome upon those whom it can persuade to lead its life, but the smile will only last until the enslavement is complete.

And so the choice is actually one between the world and our ideals, and if we could stand apart and look at both as they actually are, there would be little doubt of the result. Let us realize that there is nothing so hard as to free the will from the power of persuasion, let us call it the psychology of persuasion and of example. There is nothing so hard as to resist the magnetism of the multitude, to refrain from doing what others are doing not because our reason impels us, but simply because others are doing it. But only to the extent of the freedom of our wills are we men and women at all, only to the extent of our power to judge dispassionately, to withhold our adhesion to mere numbers. We know that our ideals are in vivid contrast to the ways of the world. Have we the power to judge between them?

What Is Mine Will Come to Me



MRS. LODER walked quietly down the street which was leading her into the worst part of the city. Though dressed in plain black and wearing a heavy mourning veil, the quality and make of her garments proclaimed the abundant means at her command. But she did not notice the envious glances cast at her by the denizens of this poverty-stricken quarter; for perhaps no sadder heart than hers beat among the throngs of ragged, ill-treated and half-starved creatures who crowded every window and doorway, and brushed against her on the dirty and broken sidewalks.

Before her marriage she had tried to do something among this class; but since then the requirements of society and the ever increasing unhappiness of her domestic relations had entirely absorbed her time and attention. On the previous day, a woman whom she had once aided had come to her home to entreat Mrs. Loder not to allow the little dead child to be carried to the unmarked pauper grave which is the utmost the city accords to its poor.

The naturally kind heart of Mrs. Loder was deeply touched. Only three months before her own idolized child had been taken away, and now the tears flowed at this tale of suffering and squalid misery. She provided all that was necessary, promising to attend the funeral and bring a clergyman with her. To her surprise the services of the minister were refused.

"No," said the weary, patient mother, "there's a good man who has been talking at little meetings down among our people, of late, and it's comforting, the things he says. I b'lieve I'd rather have him."

Mrs. Loder found the sidewalk before the wretched tenement house, the hall and stairways crowded with a throng of rough, unkempt men, tired looking, slatternly women and sickly, ill-clad children. It was with some difficulty that she forced her way up to the rooms occupied by the bereaved family.

The little satin-covered coffin was placed on a pine table in the middle of the room, and upon it Mrs. Loder laid the fragrant white blossoms which she had brought. One tiny cluster she placed beside the innocent baby face. The tears which would not come when she had looked at her own dead child, came into her eyes as she bent over the coffin of this little stranger.

Some one, she did not notice whom, brought her a chair and she sat down, for she seemed to be fainting. Such a poignant sense of her own loss, of her utter isolation from human sympathy, rushed upon her that she was well-nigh overwhelmed, and she strove in vain to check her tears.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a sweet, sympathetic voice. A woman was reading from the *Bhagavad-Gita*:

"Those who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead nor for the living. I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be. As the Lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, youth and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same."

Mrs. Loder sat still with something of the feeling of a shock. She did not remember any words like these; but, as Mrs. Bidwell had said, they were comforting. And who needed comfort more than she? But were they true? Oh! if they only were! so eagerly had her consciousness been seizing upon all new ideas concerning death and rebirth. How the real truth would change so many things that were perplexing and revolting! Lost in thought she forgot to listen to the reading. At last she pushed aside her veil and looked up at the woman beside the casket:

"As a man throweth away old garments and putteth on new, even so the dweller in this body, having quitted its old, mortal frame, entereth into others which are new. The weapon divideth it not, the fire burneth it not, the water corrupteth it not; it is eternal, universal, permanent, immovable; therefore, knowing it to be thus, thou shouldst not grieve."

As the woman sat down, a man arose. Mrs. Loder recognized him with a feeling of amazement. This was the man who was holding meetings in the slums and saying "comforting things" to these wretched, ignorant, poverty-pinched creatures; why this was a rising young lawyer, of whose invincible honor and integrity she had often heard, and whom she had more than once met in the best society.

She looked around and noted how the worn, haggard faces of the women were turned toward him; how the men, some with faces pale and pinched, others bloated and sodden, all listened with respectful attention. Then she no longer saw any of them, for she was drinking in the words of the speaker, as he told in simple language to these poor people something of the mystery and grandeur and beauty of life; of the eternal Law of Justice and Love, under which they had lived life after life, and

now found themselves just where their own needs had placed them, reaping as they had sown.

"But," said the speaker, "there is where the bright light of Hope breaks in upon us; for if, by our own acts, we have brought to ourselves lives of suffering, poverty, sickness and misery, so can we by our own acts change all this. We have made our own lives what they are, and we can make of future lives what we will; nor need we wait for the future; we can change the conditions of the present. Is not this just? Is it not Love that gives us this opportunity?"

He was interrupted by a wail from the mother of the dead child: "O, my poor, little baby! it didn't live long enough to do anything."

The speaker looked pityingly at the sorrowing woman and then went on gently: "Even the soul, whose little body lies before us, had its work to do, and none of us can tell how well it has been done. There may be many reasons why it went away so soon. It may have deserved something better than it found in these surroundings. Some day it will come again to find its own. And then let us think of what it has really done in its few short months of life. It has awakened a deep, pure love in the hearts of its father and mother, and by drawing them to itself has drawn them closer to each other and closer to God. At its birth and during its illness and suffering it awakened the sympathy and love of many friends and neighbors, and every thought of kindness, every act of unselfishness lifts each one of us higher. How many of you has this little helpless babe lifted up in this way? Surely its brief little life has been a help to us all."

"It has been a help to me," whispered Mrs. Loder, bowing her face on her clasped hands.

She rode in the carriage with Mr. Burnham and his cousin, Mrs. Wilton, out to the little cemetery in the country, where she had succeeded in securing a plot in which to bury the child. On the way she asked many questions and spoke to them, as she had not spoken even to her husband and parents of the death of her own little one.

"You say, Mr. Burnham, that these little ones may come back again; but what if my little child returns to earth and does not come to me, what comfort will that be to me? I want to see her and know her again."

"She might come to you again in this life as your own child, or the child of some relative, or dear friend. Or she might come as some poor little wail whom you could succor and save."

"Oh, but how should I know her then?"

"I think," said Mrs. Wilton, "that when we meet souls who have been very near and dear to us in past lives we feel peculiarly drawn toward them. In this way we know our own."

"But are we sure to meet our own?" asked Mrs. Loder. "Oh, if I were certain that my little Maude and I should live together and love each other, even in the next life, I could wait and be patient."

"You certainly will be together again," replied Mr. Burnham. "The tie that binds mother and child is too strong and sacred to be broken by the mere incident of the death of the body. The Law that brought you together in this life will bring you together again."

They told Mrs. Loder of their work among the poor outcasts, who were yet brothers, and one with all on earth; of their miserable lives, and of the hope and courage they were calling out in many, and of the great good that might be done.

"Will you let me work with you?" she asked earnestly.

That night in her own room, Mrs. Loder sat long before the portrait of a beautiful child. "Ah," she murmured, "you will come again, and together we will work to make the world a better place."

STUDENT

Thoughts by the Wayside

☞ You are not the only one that suffers.

☞ One who has no pride in his heart cannot be censorious.

☞ Let our slogan be "for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures;" then we cannot do amiss.

☞ It is hard for a man without taste to learn music, but how shall he with a hard heart acquire compassion?

☞ If thou lend'st thy crutch thou can'st not walk; but it may be better for thee to stand still than to go on.

☞ Seeds sprout not in winter, though alive in the heart of the earth. Whether seeds of weeds or of goodly flowers, O friend, what seeds lay hid in thine own heart?

TWO VERDICTS

WHAT shall be said of me, when all is done,
And I lie quiet in my dusty bed?
Of my long fight with Fate, alas! unwon,
What shall be said?

"Tears for the fallen, silence for the dead:
And be not righteous overmuch, my son!"
So the world's wisdom. But an angel read

This from on high: "He failed; and one by one
Delivered up the gates beleagured.
Yea. But he struggled. He need never shun
What shall be said."—*Life*

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Delusion of Life Statistics and the Decrease of Vitality

PEOPLE are inclined to be taking great comfort from some statistics of life averages, produced at the recent New York session of the International Congress of Actuaries. We do not experience so much of this comfort. The statistics, we think, show two things: a *general decay of vitality*: a progressive increase in our knowledge of the way to ward off the things that kill.

In taking care of a pet animal, you can shield it from injuries; you can keep it from poisons; you can keep it free from dirt, parasites, bad food and excessive food. Thus guarded, it will live as long as its inherent vitality holds out. Suppose you kept in succession several generations of such animals, and that the inherent vitality of each generation got successively less. Notwithstanding that lessening, so long as your knowledge of the necessities and dangers of that animal's life kept bettering, each generation would live longer than the preceding. But that has its limit; much experimentation would at least teach you the ideal conditions, which you would henceforth undeviatingly apply for each generation. Now, the deteriorating vitality would show up, and the life length would shorten generation after generation.

In the world of today we are witnessing among men the first stage of this very thing. Every year we know more about hygiene, our medicine and surgery—curative and preventive—are better. We know about ventilation, germs, drainage, infection, diet.

Accordingly, for children and adults the life figures are bettering. We learn every year more about how to shield them from the causes that kill. For old persons the figures are worse because, shield them how you will, inherent vitality is less. To quote from the *Scientific American*:

The curious fact was brought out that the most marked improvement is shown in the early years of life, . . . in the latter epochs of life there is an evidence of retrogression.

Of which "curious fact" we see but one solution. There is, however, no ground for hopelessness, nor for ceasing our researches in hygiene, medicine, surgery, etc. Let us do all the shielding and protecting that is possible, for infants, children and adults.

But let those who have caught a glimpse within themselves of the real Light of Life work on. For the day will come when the import of the statistics will be seen. Then will be the great and ready opportunity to point out and demonstrate that the real secret of this inherent vitality lies in the life of brotherhood and in the attunement of the mind with the indwelling soul. When all humanity—and first those to whom it looks as its leaders in thought and science—shall have grasped this, *curative* medicine may begin to step backward into an ideal unimportance.

K.

Color Diamonds by Applications of the X-Rays

YET another application of the X-Ray is reported from Chicago. Mr. Fuchs, the well-known experimenter, claims by its means he can color diamonds, giving to them any tint selected, and that the change so made is permanent. The method, briefly stated, is to direct the ray upon the diamond through certain metals or chemicals of the color which it is desired to give to the diamond. The process can be reversed at will and the color removed. Mr. Fuchs believes that in this way it will be possible to treat yellow and comparatively worthless diamonds and change them into stones of the finest quality.

X.

THE scientific exploration of unknown lands ought to be aided by an invention which Count Zeppelin has just announced. This invention consists of a motor boat of which the propellers are not in the water, but in the air. They will thus be free from the danger of concussion against floating or submerged objects, and the boat can pass easily through waters which would be otherwise impassable on account of weeds and aquatic growths. This remarkable boat draws only ten inches of water, is very light and can navigate at a speed of from fourteen to sixteen knots an hour.

STUDENT

The Finsen Ray Successful in Curing Lupus

THE story of Dr. Finsen contains lessons other than scientific, but not less valuable. Dr. Finsen will be recognized as the discoverer of the fact that the dread disease known as Lupus can be cured by a concentration of the chemical rays. Cases of twenty years standing have given way to this remedy, and the treatment is now in use in nearly every civilized country.

Upon graduating from the Copenhagen University, Dr. Finsen found that his health was so impaired that the pursuit of his profession was impossible to him. Many men of less determination would have abandoned the medical studies which might well have seemed so fruitless, but Dr. Finsen employed his enforced leisure in a minute investigation into the curative properties of light. The successful cure of Lupus is the result, the frightful nature of this malady being indicated by its name of "the wolf." The necessary apparatus is, however, very costly, and there is no sadder chapter in medical science than the piteous applications for treatment which emanate from all parts of the world. These applications are attended to without preference or favor, but in a very large number of cases the treatment must necessarily come too late. It is a common experience of human benefactors that the recognized power to benefit brings with it the unutterable pain of the inability to do more. Dr. Finsen's name will rank high among these benefactors, for the magnificent uses which he made of his own physical weaknesses.

S.

Harvey Was Denounced for His Discovery

THE circulation of the blood is now a fact so universally admitted that we have well-nigh forgotten the struggles through which the new discovery had to pass before it became an accepted part of medical knowledge. For many years after Harvey made known his great discovery its truth was almost universally denied by his medical confrères. Harvey himself said that he was subjected to persecution because of his teaching, that he was deprived of much of his practise, was denounced as crack-brained and met with opposition from "all the physicians." Dr. Willis in his *Life of Harvey*, says "Harvey's views were at first rejected almost universally," while Dr. Elliston writes, "his immediate reward was general ridicule and abuse and a great diminution of his practise." That this ignorant incredulity continued for a long time is shown by the fact that Sir William Temple, who was not born when Harvey made his momentous discovery, wrote in such a way as to show that even at that time it was far from meeting with a universal acceptance.

S.

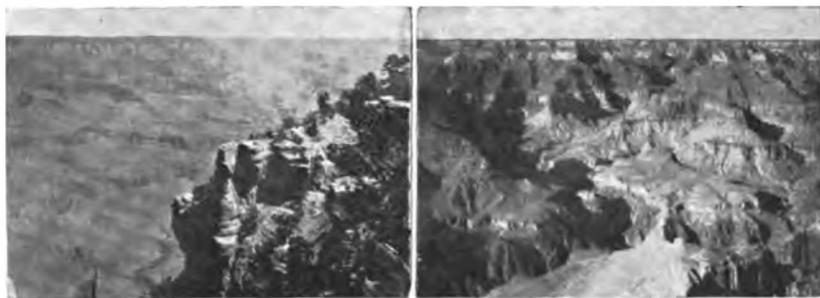
The Influence of the Moon Upon Vegetation

A BELIEF in the influence of the moon upon vegetation is, of course, nearly universal and deserves something more than the contemptuous denial which science has hitherto accorded to it. This belief seems to be peculiarly strong in the West Indies, and Mr. Hesketh Bell, who has governed several of these islands, suggests that the lunar influence may be much stronger in the tropics than in the temperate zone. He says that seeds planted within three days before or after the full moon are rarely successful, and that trees cut down in the wrong phase of the moon crumble much more rapidly than timber which is felled at the right time. Indian corn sown at the full moon is usually a failure, and vegetables similarly planted produce leaves, but little fruit. Popular beliefs, of course, readily degenerate into superstition, but that is a poor excuse for ignoring well authenticated facts, and there is here a field for careful scientific research which might be productive of much good.

STUDENT

DR. LASKA, a Polish scientist, has been interesting himself in the sounds made by telegraph wires. He believes that these sounds are not caused by the wind as usually supposed, but that they are produced by meteorological conditions, and that from them may be predicted the approach of weather changes such as rain or snow. Dr. Laska tries to show that the sounds in question are the result of terrestrial vibration.

Here and There Throughout the World



THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA, FROM HOWE'S TRAIL

The Population of the Philippines THE government census of the Philippines has at last been successfully taken. The results show that the civilized inhabitants number 7,000,000, and the uncivilized about 600,000. General Sanger, who was in charge of the work, says:

There was no serious opposition encountered in any of the larger islands, and this was especially true of Samar and Leyte, where there was no interference whatever with the enumerators.

In the island of Gamaguin, north of the province of Misamis, Mindanao, the enumerators were threatened and opposed, and it was necessary to use force, but Governor Corrales thought the demonstration had other objects in view and that the census merely precipitated the movement.

Vicious people in Cebu spread the report that taxation was the real purpose of the government in taking the census, and in two or three barrios of that pueblo some objection was made to it.

Germany Protects Her Soldiers WE learn from a German newspaper that since the beginning of the year one hundred and fifty sentences have been passed upon German officers for ill-treatment of the men under their command, and that the punishments inflicted amount to over fifty years of imprisonment. It is lamentably true that those who can exercise power without cruelty are very few and far between. Ill-treatment of private soldiers is carried on in all armies, and it would be hard to find a more cowardly and shameful offence. Through the very necessities of his service, the soldier is defenceless against his officers, and those who have high authority should therefore be doubly vigilant to prevent a disgraceful crime. The German authorities are to be congratulated upon their attitude.

English and French Arbitration Treaty IT is certainly good to learn that an arbitration treaty has been concluded between France and England. It is still more suggestive that the treaty has been modeled upon the Hay-Pauncefote agreement between America and England. The latter agreement was, it is true, rejected by the Senate, but the involved principle is the main thing and that was established much too firmly to be readily shaken. Lines of union and of peace have therefore been drawn between America, England and France, and they will be enduring because they are colored by worthy international sentiment.

Cost of the Great Siberian Railway THE great Siberian railway, the protection of which seems to threaten international complications, cost 385,000,000 roubles. There is a possibility that some of this immense amount may be recouped by the discovery of petroleum along the route. A very careful search is being made and oil has already been found at two places.

Danish Newspaper for Immigrants A NEWSPAPER has appeared in Copenhagen, of which the main object is to establish closer relations between Danes in America and the mother country. It is founded by two young Danes who have lived for many years in America, and it will aim to provide reliable information to those who propose to make their future home in the United States.

Invasion of America from Europe THE invasion of America continues unabated. On Monday, September 21, 3646 persons passed through Ellis Island, and on the following day the entries were nearly 5000. Most of these new arrivals were poor Germans and Poles. In studying the Ellis Island figures it must be remembered that they do not represent the immigration totals. Other ports furnish their quota.

What the Germans Spend for Drink THE drink statistics of the German Health Office have aroused great attention throughout the empire. These figures show that the average expenditure upon alcoholic drinks among those over fifteen years of age is no less than \$35. The Health Office has now issued a circular which does not actually recommend total abstinence, but which nevertheless points out that its practise is not injurious to health nor does it diminish the capacity for work.

Guard King of Italy in France A PARIS newspaper reports that extraordinary precautions are being adopted to guard the King of Italy from anarchist attack during his forthcoming visit to France. Various suspected persons will probably be arrested and expelled. It seems that several anarchist leaders have recently left America for Europe, and it is believed that their destination is Paris. The energy which these miscreants possess is certainly remarkable. Applied to purposes of true progress it would go far.

Bosco Reale Treasure May be a Fraud THE marvelous forgery known as the Tiara of Saitapharnes has been relegated from the Louvre galleries to its proper position as a forgery. M. Ellina, who first denounced the tiara, has now, however, returned to the charge and asserts that the treasure of Bosco Reale is also a forgery. This celebrated treasure, which consists of hundreds of silver vessels, was supposed to have been found in an ancient Roman villa and was presented to the Louvre by Baron Edmond de Rothschild. If this also proves to be fraudulent it will be another unpleasant experience for the Louvre authorities.

Dickens' Birthplace to be Preserved THE birthplace of Charles Dickens has been purchased by the city of Portsmouth in order that it may remain as a perpetual memorial to the great writer. Portsmouth has acted worthily. It would, indeed, have been a national reproach had there been any laxity in thus preserving a house of such extraordinary interest. There are some who believe that the influence of Dickens is on the decline, ousted by the dime novel and conquered by sensational fiction. The dime novel is, however, but a temporary disease, and returning mental health will certainly reassert the sway of the great writer who never indited one impure word.

Relics of the Cruel Days in England IN some parts of England the old village stocks are still to be found and are pointed out to visitors as an interesting relic of the old days of barbaric punishments.



When our present prison systems, with their atmosphere of vice, hatred and revenge, with their attendant dark cells and strait-jackets and gibbets—when these are as old as are now the stocks, the whipping-post and the pillory, they too will be pointed out as evidence not only of a bygone cruelty, but also of a bygone hypocrisy which stood at the street corners and thanked God that it was not as the times gone by. It is well to remember, in contemplating the errors of the past, the shortcomings of the present.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Stick to the True

"OH, dear," sighed Helen, "I can't always be explaining every little action! Besides, explaining only jumbles things up worse. I do wish people would feel more. And now Ida is offended and thinks me horrid. I don't understand how she can be so sure of her thoughts when they are not true."

"Hello, Helen! what's the matter?" exclaimed a merry voice, and Jack, who had lately come home from college, appeared from among the trees and threw himself on the grass beside her.

"I am so glad to see you, Jack. I am worried and miserable," and the tale of misunderstood motive was soon told. Jack listened attentively.

"Why, my dear little girl," said he brightly, when she had finished, "there's no need to be miserable. You may as well face difficulties now as later. Now's your chance to climb up a step, and you'd better take it. You will never find it any easier, only harder, the more chances you miss. If your motive was right, take your stand on it. There is nothing in the wide world better or surer to stand on, and even if it leaves you without your friend for a while, be brave. Lots of people have stood quite alone for the sake of truth, and you will never be able to do that if you can't be true to yourself. We live and learn," said he, philosophically. "Doing only the things that win approval gives no chance to test your inner strength, and," he added, as he looked thoughtfully at the noble outlines of Helen's girlish face, "I know some one who is going to grow up into a fine woman. Don't be miserable," he continued. "Truth is always smiling. Trust your friend to see the truth. That's the point, Helen; hold to the feeling of trust!"

"You have had to take firm stands at college, Jack," said Helen, "I know you have." "Yes," he replied, laughing, "and the joke is, if it loses you one set of chums it wins you truer ones—and the old ones eventually come back, too. So stick to the true, Helen."

Helen's eyes flashed. "Oh, Jack," said she, impulsively, "I do love you. I wish every one had a big brother like you!" A. P. D.

WE ought to have our higher nature so strong that no lower could influence us. We cannot influence other people to be good, unless we are good ourselves.—*By a pupil of the San Diego Lotus Group*

Signing the Declaration of Independence

IN the recent drama given by the Raja Yoga boys and girls at Isis Theatre, one scene represented the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence." There were the old colonial table and the high-backed chairs, and the great scroll on which were written those beautiful and sacred words which men will love to read as long as this nation stands. The brave men who signed this Declaration were represented by our Raja Yoga boys, and one group of five is shown in the picture. Of that group two are American, two are Cuban and one is English. Dressed in the costume of colonial days they seemed to have a dignity beyond what was usual, even to them, for Raja Yoga boys are always dignified. Do you remember the picture of the international drama given a year ago by these children? It was in Isis Theatre and the people filled it to the very roof. The historical drama this year was even finer, for the children looked more beautiful than ever and you would almost have believed that all that was best and truest in the old colonial days had come back again. AUNT ESTHER

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time.
—LONGFELLOW



"SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE"
Students of the Raja Yoga School of Point Loma in Historical Drama

ern labor-fields. They have waged such a cruel war upon these beautiful birds that today they are almost exterminated, chiefly the robin and the blue bird.

Children, is this not cruel? Who would not like to be a little Crusader to go out into the world and teach these people—and other people, too—about Raja Yoga? S.

Our Migratory Birds

BETWEEN the negroes of the South and the song birds that migrate into our southern states every winter, a sweet brotherliness has always existed. They hold these song birds as something sacred and never kill them. But not so with the thousands of Italians and other European laborers who work in the great south-

The Oldest Stamp

THE stamps of Hong Kong, which remain unchanged since the first issue, are the oldest in the world. All other stamps have been changed in the forty odd years, but the head of Queen Victoria on the Hong Kong stamp has never been altered. Now, however, it appears that a new set of stamps is to be issued with the head of King Edward, and when the change has taken place, the oldest stamp will be the Russian, with the double-headed eagle and the shield of St. George, which was issued in 1864. In time, doubtless, it will likewise give way to time's changes and a new favorite will reign.—*Exchange*

LIFE'S MIRROR

by MADELINE S. BRIDGES

THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.—*Selected*

Students'



Path

TELL HIM SO

IF you have a word of cheer
That may light the pathway drear
Of a brother pilgrim here,
Let him know.
Show him you appreciate
What he does, and do not wait
Till the heavy hand of Fate
Lays him low.
If your heart contains a thought
That will brighter make his lot,
Then, in mercy, hide it not—
Tell him so.

Bide not till the end of all
Carries him beyond recall,
When beside his sable pall,
To avow
Your affection and acclaim
To do honor to his name
And to place the wreath of fame
On his brow.
Rather speak to him today;
For the things you have to say
May assist him on his way;
Tell him so.

Life is hard enough, at best;
But the love that is expressed
Makes it seem a pathway blest
To our feet;
And the troubles that we share
Seem the easier to bear.
Smile upon your neighbor's care
As you greet.
Rough and stony are our ways,
Dark and dreary are our days;
But another's love and praise
Makes them sweet.—*Selected*

Harmony and Excess

IN symbolic geometry the square corresponds to things material and earthly, and the circle to things spiritual. This is a materialistic age, and its spirit is angular and rigid like a right-lined figure. There are but few flowing graceful curves in our economy. The tendency of a race with such a materialistic bias is to keep straight on in one direction until compelled to desist, and then to keep straight on in an opposite direction. In other words, we keep to narrow grooves and carry things to extremes.

Many a good cause is spoiled by being run to excess. Some things we overdo and others underdo. We make our cities too rectangular and try to make all things conform to an exact system. We allow the principles of our rigidly mathematical geometry to tincture our designs and methods in all the ways of life.

But nothing in nature is rigid and fixed, even the mineral kingdom, with its crystals, presenting variations from "exact" law which give life and beauty thereto. In all the higher kingdoms the curve seems the fundamental rule of growth and form.

Much of the work we have to do in character-building consists in rounding the straight lines into curves and smoothing out the angles; in trimming the excess in one direction and filling out the deficiency in another. It is not new forces, nor increase of forces, that we need, so much as regulation of the forces which we have.

The ancient Romans, as contrasted especially with the Greeks, were distinguished by the same tendency to exaggeration and over-thoroughness in narrow limits. They drove their projects, like their roads, clean

through every obstacle, regardless of the competing rights of others. We must discourage this proneness to confine our efforts in a narrow channel and to overdo things within the limits of that channel. Do things with all your might, certainly, but do not overdo one at the expense of others. Give all sides an equal chance.

There is much practical wisdom in the policy by which, when we have for the moment exhausted our powers of action in one direction, we can turn from that to an equally vigorous application of them in another direction—have several strings to our bow, in short.

"Excess" may be said to be one of the watchwords of the age. In money-making, business-pushing, and almost everywhere the golden mean is passed, and that true proportion which means the greatest efficiency and the greatest beauty is violated.

The right place for energy to be applied is at the center or pivot, from which alone it can be distributed equally among the outlying parts. Energy of character, energy of spirit, will give power to all our doings; which is very different from the spasmodic nervous energy of the unbalanced person.

STUDENT

The Little Things

Carelessness in Little Things is criminal. — KATHERINE TINGLEY

THERE come to all students times of great uplift, periods of a mighty though often but dimly felt inner expansion, times when personal fears and loves wholly disappear in the heart's great outward sweep over the field of humanity's needs. They are times of harvesting, no doubt, for they pass, and soon comes the urge which says "It is not well. Thou hast reaped, now thou must sow." And then sweeps over us a period of struggle, perhaps discouragement, nearly always of apparently fruitless effort. The seed-planting time has again come. The crust of the old soil must be broken—hard work. The seed must be buried beneath it, and one must have trust or one would lose heart. It is at times like this that no effort, however great, ever bears fruit. No attempt ever ends in success, always in failure, so we must close our eyes to our defeats, our daily disappointments at the prospect before us, and just plod along. There is nothing else to be done. All depends upon our mental attitude at that time. Shall we let the defeats crush us? Shall we weary of the seed-planting and say, "I see no results, I shall plant no longer. I am tired, tired?" or shall we close our eyes upon appearances, and turn our gaze upon the Real, and go on? Everything conspires to tempt us to turn backward, if we are negative or mentally relaxed. If we are positive, strong, determined, everything conspires to help us forward, and our severest defeats and trials become glorified by the light which hope throws upon them.

It is at a time like this—a seed-planting time—when students need, above all, to exercise the greatest carefulness in the performance of all duties. A single lapse from the strictest rule of personal conduct may grow into a situation beyond our power to control. A single departure from the strictest punctuality, may cost some one whom we love a life's happiness. It is in the little things that the greatest possibilities lie, both for evil or for good. A single careless word—it may cost us all that we value. A single simple kind deed—it may open the doorway before us and before others into a diviner world, even, than that of our dreams. To be careless at such times as these is to be criminal. In the case of the student, who knows more of human nature and more of life than those in the world, to be careless is to be wilfully criminal. And after crimes follow penalties.

Let us make every day a seed-planting time. Let us not drop down again from those great heights which the soul dares now and then, but let us swing from them to the summit of greater heights, to the crest of a greater cycle still. Easily could we do this if we could still and steady the brain-mind. Easily could we do this if we could forget self, for awhile, in the thought of others. Let us be warriors, not merely pretend to be.

RACHEL

☞ I am part of all I have met.—*Tennyson*

☞ I may exterminate the pests in my garden, but what brush can wipe out the last stain on the white shrine of the soul?

☞ Let us be always ready to forgive the past evil deeds of our enemies while exercising an extraordinary care that the manner of our forgiveness does not encourage their repetition.

SOMEWHERE

by HENRY C. WARNACK in Los Angeles Herald

SOMEWHERE the sun is shining.
Somewhere the skies are bright.
And happy dreams go drifting
In realms of dear delight.

Somewhere night's shades are lifting.
Somewhere is wrong made right.
And darksome clouds are rifting
Thro' floods of glory light.

Somewhere fond hope lies waiting
As flowers wait the dew.
Off in the land of promise
Where all our dreams come true.

Somewhere the love that's cherished
Will greet the yearning heart.
Where life is always moraing
And lovers never part.

Oh, happy, happy children
If in your radiant dreams
The starry hope of Somewhere
Athwart your pathway gleams.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question What constitutes a Theosophist?

Answer Although a Theosophist can be easily recognized by one who understands Theosophy—to define a Theosophist is not so simple a matter. Certainly he is not known by his beliefs, nor by his non-beliefs. Nor is he known by (outwardly) good deeds, for behind these which to all appearances are such, may lie a selfish or even a black motive. He cannot even be known by his general good intentions only, for this might enter on the lists many a crank and fanatic, and a Theosophist must very surely be possessed of common sense.

And yet a Theosophist must have beliefs of some kind, he must perform good deeds and also have good intentions. The essential point is that the man be working with his own soul to carry out the purposes of his soul. If he is doing this consciously, he is working more rapidly and with greater force than if unconsciously; but, in both cases, this co-operation puts him in the ranks of Theosophists.

The marks of the soul are love, gentleness, humility, sincerity, purity, earnestness, perseverance, courage, unselfishness and charity. When these qualities are seen in anyone, there the soul is working—and it is present to the extent they are. When they are absent, he has in him nothing akin to Theosophy.

Barren as the earth may seem at times of true Theosophists, we yet see them sprinkled over the world everywhere—sometimes in the most unexpected corners and sometimes in the humblest places. They may never have heard the word Theosophy and yet may be possessed of a truer and higher quality of devotion to truth than another whose brain has been educated in Theosophical philosophy and who is likewise striving to follow the teachings. Another turn of the wheel may illumine these brains and reveal within them a gem of rare purity.

G. W. VAN PELT

Question Does the action of Karmic Law in any sense depend upon the knowledge of the individual respecting the law?

Answer This must certainly be so, for responsibility increases with knowledge. Neither ignorance nor carelessness is an excuse for wrong-doing, but where the wrong-doing is conscious and with intent, another factor is added, another part of the nature is brought into play, and consequently that part of the nature is affected and comes directly within the sphere of Karmic action, where otherwise such action, if any, would have been indirect only. Because of the interdependence of all parts of our natures, any action or thought must react to greater or less extent in all parts, and thus the whole nature will suffer

to a degree even if a wrong be done or a fault committed unconsciously. In such case the mind does not act and thus the Karma or effect of the wrong will be felt only indirectly on the mind. But if the mind acts, if the wrong is done consciously, then the mind being a direct agent must also be a direct recipient of the Karmic effects, and the whole inner nature will suffer.

But the question goes a step further. A man may know a thing is wrong and consciously do it, without having full knowledge of the law. Does the action of the law in any way depend upon this knowledge or the lack of it? And the answer must be along the same lines as above; viz., that as the knowledge is increased, the responsibility is also, and consequently the wider will be the field of operation of Karmic law.

History

THERE are signs that we are awakening to the true significance of history and to the true manner of writing it. The histories of the future will no longer be chronological tables of the sayings and doings of a few ruling individuals. They will represent the life of a nation, and their writers will not assume that their own nation is necessarily the chosen people of God doing endless battle with Philistines, Hittites and Jebusites.

No man can do any good work unless he first have in his mind a high ideal of what that work should be. There must be a plan to work upon, an end to be attained, a mental model to be imitated. This is peculiarly the case with the writing of history, however peculiarly it has been neglected. History will never be well written, will never be other than a chaos, until we recognize the vast law underlying human affairs. To apply such a perception to history is to produce order from disorder, to arrange a mere rabble of facts into a marching army. The history of one nation will then become the history of all. We shall see that from the beginning there has been a persisting purpose in evolution, a supreme will in nature, and that nation after nation has failed and disappeared because it has thrown itself in revolt against the design and the purpose of God. Each nation, as it arises, is a rearrangement of the wrecks of the past. It is wheeled once more into position that it may try again. There are no new creations, only the infinite patience of nature which plans and plots for human weal.

The idea of successive attempts on the part of nature to produce the ideal nation is one which will not lead us astray, although to profit by it most fully we must accept the idea that the individuals forming each nation are actually the same individuals who tried and failed in the communities of the past. The lessons of bygone days will then bear their utmost fruit, because the sense of individual participation in the life of humanity will be complete. We shall then recognize the national tendencies of the day and we shall understand them, and the events of the past will appeal to us, not as chance similarities or coincidences, but rather as solemn warnings of previous failures, and as grave reminders that the time has once more come for another failure or, at last, for success. The American historian will then, for example, find it more profitable to turn his attention away from the particular orders which were given at a particular battle and to recognize, it may be, with some consternation, that one of the main causes of the fall of Rome was the indiscriminate admission to citizenship of vast hordes of aliens, destitute alike of Roman sentiment and of Roman aspiration. He will recognize, too, with an equal consternation, that a force no less destructive to the empire was the greed for personal gain, which supplanted the unselfish hardihood of Rome's early days. He will understand that Rome fell, not from fortuitous circumstances, not because of the expansive unrest of barbarian hordes, but because she had *forgotten the Law*, the Law which stands now as it stood then, and to which all peoples must conform or break. The ideal of the future historian will be to understand that Law, and to try by it all national acts and tendencies, whether they accord with it and are therefore preservative, or whether they are in disaccord with it and therefore destructive. Under that Law there is no chosen people, no nation of predetermined destiny. Utterly true are its judgments, inexorable its awards, unswerving the hand of fate which metes out life and death.

STUDENT

❏ Shall I cultivate virtue that I may be pure and spotless, or that the world shall be made more blessed thereby?

A PARABLE

THE trodden path was sunny, smooth,
 And many thousands journeyed there.
 He asked them why, and they, good sooth,
 With curling lip, or stony stare,
 Transfixed with scorn the hapless youth---
 Had not their fathers worn it bare?
 And when he tried---the erring wight---
 To turn him from the ways of men,
 To cut his rough way to the height,
 (Be his the toil and theirs the gain),
 Perchance his way might prove the right---
 Why, then---? Oh! then---they stoned him then.—Selected

The Religion of Stevenson

NO sooner is a great man dead than we witness a delirious search for the religious dogmas which he was supposed to hold, and to which his adhesion is supposed to give weight. We have grown accustomed to have our thinking done for us, and there are still very many who do not recognize that all the intellect in the world cannot make truth out of falsehood or take from us the responsibility of thinking for ourselves. It is better to hold wrong beliefs of our own getting, than merely to absorb the creeds of others. There is always hope for the man who can think, but there is no hope for him who cannot.

The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson is now the title and the subject of a new book. The writer tells us that the faith of Stevenson can never be expressed in any formal creed, "but that there are cords which we call character," which unite men to God as well as "the steel chains of dogma." We would suggest that the chains of dogma have never yet united any man to God, have never done aught else than separate man from God, destroying faith and hope and aspiration and paralyzing the soul. We need not enquire into Stevenson's religion, because it is expressed in nearly every line that he wrote. We are not interested in death-bed reflections. The religion which only finds expression at death is not worth having. Stevenson's life was one of a kindly love for his fellow men, a love which was returned with an intensity which it is given to few men to experience. Than this there is no higher religion. To seek to attach to it a creed is not to paint the rose; it is to destroy the rose.

STUDENT

Decay of the Prayer-Meeting

ONE of the most noteworthy results of the recent religious census in London, is the almost entire abolition of the old-fashioned prayer-meeting. In the provinces it still survives. Even there a natural common sense is asserting itself, as typified by the old deacon who protested against praying for rain while the wind was in the north.

The decay of the prayer-meeting is not due to religious apathy, but rather to a more reverential conception of the Deity. Men are learning that there is no such absolute protection, no such entire comfort and satisfaction as a recognition of Law which can neither be turned aside nor bribed nor coaxed. Deity must be the source and the foundation of law, the giver of a stability to human life and human fate, stability which is the source of all true and worthy courage. The old-fashioned prayer-meeting was often the antithesis of true religion.

Men met there that they might cajole the Deity into granting their selfish wants, and if those wants were not gratified, it was because those demands were not repeated often enough or that they lacked sufficient fervor.

There could hardly be a more unworthy conception of God as there can hardly be a more worthy or a more tranquilizing one than that of the reign of the Law, of cause and effect in the moral as well as the physical worlds, by which every man creates his own heaven as surely and as certainly as he creates and inhabits his own hell.

STUDENT

Bonaparte and Paine

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, in a letter written to Thomas Paine, speaks of the *Rights of Man*, as follows:

A statue of gold ought to be erected to you in every city in the universe. I assure you I always sleep with the *Rights of Man* under my pillow. I desire you to honor me with your correspondence and advice.

The Pistis Sophia

THE superb picture of the character and mission of Christ given in that little known gospel, the *Pistis Sophia*, will one day, not far off, force itself upon public attention. When this gospel was written, and by whom, we know not. For a while, awaiting further research, it will have to stand on its own merits. It may be the lost gospel of Philip. The fact that it says of itself that it is by Philip, whom Jesus bade to "sit down and write these things" appears to be, for the learned, a good reason for denying that Philip had anything to do with it. It asserts itself to be a record of the teachings of Jesus delivered to his disciples during the eleven years following his crucifixion, his ascent to and return from heaven. It is his attempt to put into human language an account of that ascent:

It came to pass, when the disciples were sitting on the Mount of Olives, and Jesus a little removed from them . . . that a flood of Light came upon Jesus and surrounded him entirely, an immeasurable Light. . . .

Now it came to pass, when the disciples had seen these things, that they feared exceedingly and were troubled. Jesus therefore . . . when he saw his disciples thus troubled spoke with them, saying, "Have courage; it is I, be not afraid."

So he drew the Light into himself and became once more visible. And the disciples took heart and asked him: "On what ministry didst thou go?" The book consists of the answer to this and other questions.

The "ministry" was the rescue of the soul of humanity, symbolized as the virgin "Pistis Sophia." He found her outside the circle of Ineffable Light, looking up to it weeping, but unable to reach it because of her entanglement with the demons, "Æons" of matter. Originally part of that Light, she had fallen from it, deceived by a false Light made to shine below in the regions of passion. Jesus hears her lament from the circle of supreme Light, and comes downward step by step towards her, clothed with two vestures of unimaginable glory; vestures which had belonged to him from eternity, but which he had laid aside in the keeping of the Highest during his sojourn on earth. As he draws near, he gradually wraps her about with his Light, repelling and paralyzing the withstanding Forces of evil. Finally her redemption is complete, she is drawn completely within the glory of the Light, and the soul of humanity and the Christ are at last one.

Sometimes the picture is thrown into the future, and a New Race that is to be is spoken of. At other times the pronoun is changed and the process made to apply to each person among the listeners. And the description of the individual soul of man—a ray of Ineffable Light immersed in the "Hyle" of dark passions and false Lights—shows that it and the Pistis Sophia are the same. Speaking of the soul that has overcome these passions Jesus says: "I am that man, and he indeed is verily myself." It is curious that most of the questions asked of Jesus in elucidation of his teachings come from Mary Magdalene, whom he calls "perfect among women," from whom no mystery shall be hid. S.

A French History

M. GUSTAVE HERVÉ has produced a *History of France and of Europe*, which seems to be modeled on a commendable plan. That is to say it is a history of the nations and not of individuals. His object is to show the position of France as the result of many converging forces and in harmony with those forces. He sketches Egyptian, Phœnician, Greek and Roman civilization, and demonstrates the way in which these powers have contributed to the French nation. Of kings this history contains a mere mention, and whole dynasties are crowded into a simple chronological table. M. Hervé deals with periods of evolution and not with individuals who are, after all, but the title pages to human chapters.

The author is certainly outspoken. He says in his preface that history is the most immoral and perverting of all branches of serious literature. It deifies murder so long as the murder is sufficiently wholesale and is committed in the name of a nation. The real movements of a people are hidden by displays of empty pageantry, and the mind of the pupil is crowded with unimportant dates when it might be made wiser by an elucidation of universal law. M. Hervé has the courage of his convictions, and however many errors and crudities his book may contain, it is shaped upon right lines and ought to be the beginning of better things. I.

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	ETER	MAX	MIN	DRY	WET	FALL	DIR	VEL
19	29.732	69	57	60	60	.00	NW	5
20	29.760	66	59	62	60	.00	NW	4
21	29.724	66	58	60	60	.00	NW	2
22	29.750	65	55	57	57	.00	N	7
23	29.724	64	56	59	59	.00	N	6
24	29.724	66	53	57	57	.00	NW	4
25	29.812	68	56	66	61	.00		calm

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Wagner on Aeschylus

Wagner says, speaking of the great drama of Aeschylus: "To see the most pregnant of all tragedies, the *Prometheus*, came they; in this Titanic masterpiece to see the image of themselves, to read the riddle of their own actions, to fuse their own being and their own communion with that of their God . . . For in the tragedy the Greek found himself again—nay, found the noblest parts of his own nature united with the noblest characteristics of the whole nation; and from his inmost soul, as it there unfolded itself to him, proclaimed the Pythian oracle. At once both God and priest, glorious, godlike man, one with the Universal, the Universal summed up in him; like one of those thousand fibers which form the plants' united life, his slender form sprang from the soil into the upper air; there to bring forth the one lovely flower, which sheds its fragrant breath upon eternity."

Expectant

The country clergyman was nailing a refractory creeper to a piece of trellis work near the front gate, when he noticed that a small boy had stopped and was watching him with great attention.

"Well, my young friend," he said, pleased to see the interest he excited, "are you looking for a hint or two on gardening?"

"No," said the youth, "I be waiting to hear what a parson says when he hammers his thumb."—*Tid-Bits*

It is said that there is nothing in creation without its use. We had often pondered this sentence approvingly, and yet with some misgiving. For what could possibly be the appointed function of the yellow journal? We meet with this in some *Home Hints* in a weekly contemporary: "Use newspapers for window cleaning. Fold the paper into a pad, wet it, and squeeze out as you would a sponge. Low-priced newspapers are best for this purpose."

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What Will Be the Future Religion?

WHAT will be the religion of the future? That is a question often asked and but seldom answered, at any rate with an approach to accuracy. It is usually asked by those who are dismayed at a time spirit which seems wholly bent upon destruction, at the whirlwind of modern thought which has swept over the world leaving behind it but little in the way of religious belief except wreckage and dust eddies.

We do not ask ourselves that question today for the first time, nor is the religious crisis of the Twentieth century the first of its kind. There have always been those in the world who have assumed unto themselves a religious responsibility which in no way belongs to them nor to any

man, who have supposed that the dogmatic concretions into which they happen to be born constitute the final revelation to and of the human soul. The problem of the loaves and fishes has usually been the personal equation behind their agonizings, but doubtless they have thought themselves to be sincere and disinterested in the eager agility with which they have rushed forward to save the Ark of the Covenant. And so, if we go back to history, we shall find that again and again the unseen forces of progress, finding harborage and a voice in some strong heroic witness, have decreed the emancipation of the soul, and have cut loose the fetters

The Soul's Course Is Onward

which bind it to a dead past. They have declared that the soul's gravitation is upward and not downward, forwards and not backwards, and that a very salty crystallization awaits every glance to the rear at the Cities of the Plain from which it has been brought forth. And there have never been wanting those who have broken out into lamentations when the human mind has refused to worship any longer the outworn faiths of old, has refused any longer to be anchored to antiquity as though some divine voice has said to the soul, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

The destructive criticism of the present day proves the vitality of religion and not its death, it is the affirmation of God and not the negation. Had no such pulverizing force been let loose upon the winged winds of human thought then indeed might we despair; but we are filled with high hopes because we know that angels have troubled the pool and not demons. Truly, religion is far beyond the reach of intellectual aid or menace. The gaping fissures and the heaps of dust which so disturb the minds of those who suppose themselves to be the wardens of God do but mark the wreck of the cramping molds of religion and not of religion itself. We have thought to build walls around the soul and to make stone

Man Will Find God in Himself

reservoirs for its waters. The walls and the reservoirs have been broken down and the waters are free. The parched lands have called them. If then we are asked as to the future of religion we may safely say that the faith which is to be will never again be expressible by the terms now most commonly in use. Never again will men go to any source outside of themselves for their knowledge of God. Never again will they look for him upon the housetop, nor in the theologies of the past, nor in the churches of the present. We are in a transition period, in a period of storm and confusion; but peace will come and the air will clear. Then will men recognize, they are even now recognizing, that to each one comes a special revelation of Divinity, that the word of God needs no assembled multitude for its declaration, but is ever audible in the great silences of the mind. Then, too, we shall recognize that the tornado forces of today are expansive forces from within, that they are the mandate of a world-soul which refuses any longer to be shackled by authority or to be the property of a creed. Then once more there will be a science of religion and every man will be self-taught. There will be freedom in religion and no tyrant anywhere except conscience. Death will no longer be the dark precipice which ever beckons with a threat, but a flower-covered ascent with the sunshine ever upon it. We shall labor and faint not, and the golden threads of duty will lead us onward into the radiance of a more abundant life.

STUDENT

The Cedars of Lebanon

TOURISTS say that the ancient Cedars of Lebanon are almost worshiped by the Maronite peasants, who call them the "Cedars of the Lord." They have been recently surrounded by a wall, to better protect them from injury. Royal and magnificent, the sight of these trees, of which not more than four hundred still remain, is one never to be forgotten. They are not so remarkable for their size as for the beauty of their wide-spreading branches, some lithe and straight, others gnarled and forked.

The vitality of these cedars is remarkable. There is among them not a single dead tree, saving a few that have been killed by lightning. And how long have they stood there? Who can tell, when hundreds of rings may be counted on an unimportant branch and when you are assured that a little sprout, three or four feet high, is eighteen years old? The noblest tree, and what is believed to be the oldest, is "The Guardian," and there are those who believe it may have been growing, then a mere sapling, when Hiram began cutting for the temple at Jerusalem.

E.

The Living Christ

WRITING in *The Hibbert Journal* (London and Oxford) Professor Peabody, professor of Christian Morals at Harvard, treats the subject—"The Dominant Trait in the Character of Christ." Mr. Peabody says:

Perhaps the most striking evidence of this intellectual mastery was a certain lightness of touch which Jesus often employed in controversy, and which sometimes approaches the play of humor, and sometimes the thrust of irony. . . . This method of Jesus pierces through the subtlety and obscurity of his opponents with such refinement and dexterity that the assailant sometimes hardly knows that he is hit.

What a relief to mortal mind to find that Christ, personifying the spiritual, is recognized as a man of strength and power, living and associating with mortal man, yet with that knowledge and divine wisdom that made him the Teacher and Savior of his people and mankind. Mr. Peabody continues:

The picture of the historic Jesus which would reproduce this type of character and which is still left for Christian art to paint, is not of the pallid sufferer, but of the wise, grave Master, whom to meet was to reverence if not to obey.

The time will soon be past when to show reverence to the Great Teacher is to bow to an image which alone represents the agony and suffering of persecution, leaving impressed upon the mind the pitiable condition of a martyr victimized by bigotry, jealousy and hatred.

Greater things than these ye shall do.

Did Jesus not speak as man to man, charging his disciples and those who were to come after them, time and again, to assert their own divinity and to become "one with God" by living the life as directed by their own consciences and as prescribed by the laws of the sages and prophets in every age, race and creed? And that his mission in the flesh was to teach man that the divine wisdom was attainable in the living present, and the kingdom of heaven was to be sought and found "within" and "now" is not a myth. And the time is not far off when the teachings of Christ will be studied and practised by each man for himself; and in so far as his perception and conception directs him, so will he "live the life," and his knowledge of Jesus the Man, Son and Brother will be his own, and his appreciation and reverence for One advanced in spiritual knowledge living among men as Teacher and Leader will thereby increase an hundredfold.

As civilization advances and teachers and guardians of the race are needed, men will perchance admit that a clear conception of Christ's teachings and an honest, unbiased desire to live according to them, can be demonstrated only by practical deeds, by manly sympathy, discrimination and toleration; and fearlessness when protection to honor and justice is needed. And the wisdom of compassionate Teachers must be heeded if a grand civilization is not to become ashes under the demon-lighted fires of vice, ambition, personality and intolerance. STUDENT

Bird-Slaughter

IT has long rested—and still rests—with women to put a stop to the annual slaughter of many millions of beautiful and useful birds. And they have not done it. It is perhaps a small proportion who persist in the cruelty of wearing bird plumage in their hats, and the others may be doing their utmost to stop it. But as they are unsuccessful it is time to do something more.

We recently pointed out that the eastern slopes and meadows of America are practically becoming depopulated of whole species of our most beautiful and tuneful birds. The little creatures are not killed here, but in South America where they migrate for winter. Thence they are exported in vast numbers to Europe.

A correspondent of the *London Standard* reports that in two well-known London shop windows he saw a number of hats displayed. Some of these were decorated with the plumage of *eight* bullfinches each; the others with that of *ten* blue-tits each.

The wearers of these hats would doubtless explain that whilst they would on no account sanction the killing of a single bird, yet since the birds were *already* killed, why not wear their feathers? It seems hard that it should be necessary to explain that the buying of such a hat is exactly what sustains the market and the slaughter! BIRD-LOVER

"The Mills of the Gods Grind Slowly"

TO those who have realized the living truth of the great Law of Cause and Effect, it is a terrible and pitiful thing to see the harvest that so many are preparing for themselves by mere every day laziness. It is an old truism that "practise makes perfect," but so many people overlook the fact that the converse is also true, that lack of practise makes imperfect. Whoever neglects or evades an opportunity to do a difficult or disagreeable task has lost that much practise; has sowed a seed which will yield a future fruitage of disability. Whoever is so unwilling to do his duty that he pretends to be unable, either mentally or physically, to do it, has done his utmost to make the pretence an actual truth. The time will come when his sluggish, untrained body and empty, undisciplined mind will prove to him the truth of the old proverb that "where there's a will there's a way," and, conversely, that where there is no will there is no way. Such persons will, some day, in the bitterness of helpless tears, find themselves dependent for the very services which they have neglected or shirked the opportunity to learn how to do; dependent for their daily bread upon the charity of those whom they are now contemptuously compelling to be their servants, and whom, by that very lazy tyranny, they have trained to be their masters. To those so imposed upon, to the loving friend or devoted kinsman whose kindness is betrayed to be a bond of servitude, and to those who see such things done, there is often excuse for more or less personal indignation or anger, but the Law rules and those who shirk the tasks of life, by whatever fine pseudonym they may choose to call their laziness, are injuring themselves more than any one else. S. E.

"All Life Is God"

THE Rev. R. J. Campbell, Dr. Parker's successor at the City Temple, whose recent visit to America has aroused so much interest, has found trouble awaiting him at home. It seems he has been guilty of saying that "all life is God; nothing is that is not God," a sentiment, as we should suppose, of the highest and most worthy reverence and a corner-stone of pure Christianity. Not so, however, say his critics, one of whom writes indignantly to the religious column of a contemporary to protest against this expression of "one of the false forms of belief we send missionaries to the Hindus to combat and yet apparently not disavowed by a City Temple audience."

Mr. Campbell will doubtless preserve his equanimity under this echo from the dark ages and will continue to teach of a God who is not only supreme but universal, and who is not limited by creed-cramped human ideals. None the less the letter is interesting, first as showing why we send missionaries to the Hindus, a point upon which we have been in doubt, and secondly as proving that superstition may still be alive long after we have supposed it to be dead. STUDENT

Hospital Students and Patients

THE *Lancet* issues a timely word of warning to medical students on their treatment of hospital patients. The student all too often imagines that the hospital patient is created for his benefit and treats him accordingly and as a mere subject for his study. The *Lancet* says:

It must constantly be borne in mind that many patients go to a hospital in fear and trembling; they may have suffered much and they may even be awaiting a sentence of death from the mouth of the physician. To such as these all kindness and pity should be shown, and even if the malady is slight the complete separation from relatives and friends in a hospital ward must be keenly felt. Even to put it on the very lowest plane, to treat hospital patients in an off-hand manner is not a good preparation for private practise.

A special note on behalf of women patients might very well have been added. The student often fails to recognize the mental agony which is sometimes involved in a visit to a hospital. S.

Swan Island, Loch Lomond, Scotland

The illustration on the cover page of the *NEW CENTURY PATH* this week gives a glimpse of one of the most noted and beautiful lake regions in Scotland, that of Loch Lomond. Loch Lomond lies between the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling and is alike celebrated for its scenic attractions and its national associations.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Tramps and the Labor of Children

JUSTIFIABLY tired of work at the age of 30—is there such a situation? Well, it depends on how much stretch one gives to the word “justifiably.” In this country we are horribly breaking or permitting to be horribly broken—the golden nature-rule for child growth; the rule that no child or youth shall be expected or permitted to engage in any occupation that is injurious to any part of its nature, mental, physical or moral; and that does not positively help the growth of some part of its nature.

Factory labor is of course a most gross infringement of the first half of this rule. It is injurious to all parts of the young nature; and excepting that it develops a little manual dexterity in some cases, it is nothing but injurious.

As a nation, we shall have to pay for permitting this, year after year, among increasing thousands of children. Slowly coming but unfailing Nemesis, the punitive department of Divine Law, notes every case; and its majestic sweep and insistency deal as faithfully and as facily with nations as with units. Undervitalized, physically, mentally and morally decrepit citizens are being manufactured yearly in thousands, rapidly to become parents of still more decrepit and deformed offspring. Where are the ideals that flamed up in such glorious promise at the birth of our nation? In another generation, what will our nation itself be after so prolonged a toleration of the poisoning of the roots of its life?

There is a municipal lodging-house in Chicago, largely filled with tramps. A careful study has therefore been possible, and has been made, of the conditions that brought these men to such a mode of life. A tramp is a man who does not want to work. It turns out that a large proportion of these men were subjected to the curse of child factory labor. And their “inordinate desire to get away from work seems to be connected with the fact that the men have started to work very early, before they had the physique to stand up to it, or the mental vigor with which to overcome its difficulties, or the moral stamina which makes a man stick to his work whether he likes it or not. But we cannot demand any of these things from a growing boy.”

So we as a community are responsible for the wrecked manhood, the degeneracy, of a large proportion of the very tramps whom we imprison and almost outlaw.

Child-labor also tells back viciously upon many of the parents, especially, it seems, those of foreign extraction. The report of Miss Jane Addams, from which we have quoted, cites the sample case of an Italian who was lamenting the death of his twelve-year-old daughter, explaining: “She was my oldest kid. In two years she could have supported me, and now I shall have to work five or six years longer till the next one can do it.” The problem is hard of solution; but we must solve it somehow or pay a heavy reckoning.

CHILD-LOVER

A Different Type of Immigrant

THE immigration problem ought to be kept steadily in view. Nearly sixty-five thousand immigrants arrived during the month of August and this is an increase of about twenty thousand over the corresponding month of the previous year. But of the August arrivals over five hundred were returned to their homes as paupers, but who can doubt that an immense number of undesirable persons get through the meshes of the net? If this is allowed to continue, the modifying influence upon the character of the American people, must be extensive and prejudicial. The report on the strike riots of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal would seem to afford sufficient evidence of the character and temper of some of the new arrivals.

The report shows that this mob was mainly composed of ignorant Italians, Finns, Norwegians, etc. It cannot be too clearly remembered that the character of the immigration has completely changed within the last few years. Formerly it was the best type of Europeans who decided to make for themselves a new home in America. Now it is often the worst type.

STUDENT

More Here- tics in the Pulpit

THE Boston Baptists have been discussing “The Religious Condition of the Churches.” Incidentally they indulged in a little heretic hunting. There seems to be a deplorable state of affairs in some of these churches, and we can hardly wonder at the calamities which threaten them. It seems that there are some ministers who actually approve of the theatre, and who not only allow their congregations to go there but, horrible to relate, they go with them. There is, however, worse than this, and we have to record the fact that there are some ministers, Baptist ministers, who are associating with Unitarians, “making them our brethren, and exchanging pulpits with them.” It seems hard to believe that the spirit of Cotton Mather can be so nearly extinct, but facts are facts.

After these shocking disclosures of intelligence and fraternity our readers will hear with relative equanimity that a certain Rev. Dr. Hale has described the Westminster Confession as “rags.” We do not wish to unduly harrow the feelings of the public, but it is a duty to give the fullest publicity to the opinions of a certain theologic luminary who summarized the needs of the church in presence of the threatening inroads of Christian toleration and charity. He says:

We have too much Emerson and too little Paul. *We need to get narrow.* We don't want the broad marsh of theology, but the narrow streams of religion, that can save sinners from hell.

We now begin to understand why it is that so many of these sectarian congresses are compelled to pass over in absolute silence such social incidentals as child-labor, the condition of the slums and the miasma of degradation which is turning our modern centers into new and exaggerated Cities of the Plain. The congresses simply have no time to attend to these little things, while Emerson is being quoted from the very pulpit, and backsliders from the faith are acting in a brotherly manner to Unitarians, and people like that.

STUDENT

Prevalence of Child Murder

DR. WILMER CHRISTIAN, the well-known surgeon and philanthropist has been discussing the subject of murdered children. It is a grim topic and has been so often handled with gloves that to see the problem resolutely grasped is something of a relief.

Here are some sentences of Dr. Christian's:

The greater number of cases of infanticide are committed by the rich. Negligence of a mother in caring for her babe resulting in death is murder. For every child born which lives there is one child murdered.

The act which results in the death of the infant may not be always committed voluntarily but it is through criminal negligence on the part of the mother and it is no less murder.

He says that the most popular method of infanticide with the rich mother is—neglect. The claims of maternity are inconsistent with the demands of empty frivolity and so the child is allowed to die. He says that this was once confined to the wealthy classes but the disease has spread “downwards” and now pervades all classes. For a woman to be practically interested in her own child is something of a disgrace.

A great many people are horrified at outspoken language, who are not at all horrified at the facts which that language describes. The facts we can tolerate and discreetly participate in, but they must not be spoken of in appropriate language and to apply the word murder to a fashionable mother is unpleasant. None the less it is an axiom of law that we intend the natural and probable results of our actions.

That there should be wholesale child murder is horrible but it is not surprising. Destroy the dignity of human life and it becomes cheap. Ignore the divinity and what is there left that we should prize it? The butterfly mother and the sordid father have somewhere a perception of their own worthlessness, and as they have lost their imagination and their ideals they see in their children but miniatures of themselves and value those children accordingly. There is truly no remedy whatever for child murder until we learn once more to recognize divinity.

S.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

A Memorial to Brahms to Be Erected in Vienna

A BRAHMS memorial is to be erected in Vienna and the committee entrusted with the task of selecting a design have assigned the work to Rudolph Weyrs. He represents the composer sitting upon an imposing seat of ancient design, the whole figure being placed upon a platform surmounting broad steps. The design will be carried out in marble. The model is pronounced by those who have seen it to be an excellent and characteristic portrait of the great composer.

Brahms, a name which was originally spelled Brahmst, means "Child of the Heath." Johannes, or Hans as he was affectionately called, was a delicate, sensitive child, too shy and nervous to enjoy romping with other children. His parents discovered that he had marked musical ability and his father, who was a musician, gave him his earliest training. Toys were laid aside and to learn the piano became the dream of his life.

There was no piano in the Brahms' home and so little Hans listened at the window of a friend who possessed one and learned all the notes before he had ever seen the keyboard. He early entered an orchestra as second violin, but the piano was his passion. At ten he gave a concert and, had his parents given their consent, an enterprising manager would at that juncture have dragged him off to America on a concert tour.

Little Hans had a hard and rather loveless youth. His temperament was that of the Spartan, an unusual thing in musicians; nor was he in any sense of the word a *poseur*. He cared nothing about having enraptured maidens at his feet or ecstatic disciples about his chair. He was a staunch believer in that religion which is creedless and whose altar is the human heart, and he held that Vienna and Austria could never attain any high intellectual or spiritual development as long as the Romish church held its position as restrictive of free criticism.

A. W.

VOROS IANCSI, probably the most unique of all the famous gypsy musicians, died recently at Raab, aged seventy-five. He had conducted his orchestra before kings and princes, among them King Edward of England, and from them had received numerous medals and orders. In the old days he had been, like Wagner, a Revolutionary, and in 1858 went with Kossuth to Vienna. Later, he was attached to the household of the Archduke Charles Louis of Reichenan. The gypsies of Budapest attended his funeral *en masse*, and the music consisted of their own sad, gypsy funeral marches.

It is said that an artist of unusual promise is blossoming out in the person of a nine-year-old boy in Omaha, one Wallace Lewis. He is a quiet little fellow, never so happy as when modeling animals, birds or heads from clay. While he has essayed color and pencil, clay is his delight, and those who have seen his work predict a great future.

AT THE International Exhibition of Modern Decorative Art, held at Turin last year, the American Section of Artistic Photography obtained a greater number of prizes than that of any other nation.

Genius, Art and Sanity—Plato Was an Athlete

WHILE a few leaden-headed philosophers and some smart writers have exploited the theory that genius is a phase of insanity, and others have taken the opposite view, that it is the mark of unusual sanity, nearly all have made the mistake of confounding a faculty with its abuse. There is disease and degeneracy everywhere, in art as in other things; but neither art nor any other one thing is blamable for it. The greatest artists have been men of wonderful all-round development, fine specimens physically and otherwise. It is when the artist neglects

to preserve the general balance of his nature that he runs to extremes and morbid tendencies are the result. It is well-known that the ancient Greek artists paid much attention to physical culture and that Plato himself was an athlete. The responsibility resting upon the artist, the writer, the musician—upon all who claim to teach, is very great. As a recent writer (Bliss Carman) says:

The man must be greater than the artist, and when this is not so only a second-rate art can be the result. So that if you are a writer or a painter or make music your mistress, it is of the utmost importance that you should be something of an athlete and a philosopher as well. For the art of a people must provide the moral aims and esthetic ideals for that people; it must therefore be the product of the very best spirits and minds of the race. Upon no other class in a community, then, does the obligation of noble living rest with so unremitting a strain as on its artists, its writers and painters, its architects and music-makers. Great sanity alone can give birth to great art.

H. T. E.

NEVER were there two men more unlike in their works than the gay, sensuous Johann Strauss and the austere Johannes Brahms. Yet the two were, as is well known, intimate friends. Strauss lived in a fine mansion built for himself, wrote at an elegant desk by electric light, was always surrounded by jovial friends, and died in a bed of ebony, inlaid with mother of pearl. Brahms occupied a few rooms in a cheerless house, wrote at a standing desk worth fifty cents, used candles to the end of his life, cared little for boon companions and died in a common wooden bed.

—Exchange.

ON THE walls of the Bristol's Young Men's Association, in England, there hung for some years a picture of "The Holy Family." It had been loaned by the owner, who ultimately proposed to sell it to the Club for \$50. The Club declined to buy. After a time the owner died, and the executors who took charge of his effects, sent the picture to London to be sold. It was pronounced by experts to be a genuine Pietro Don Cartona (Seventeenth century), and it immediately found a purchaser for \$50,000.

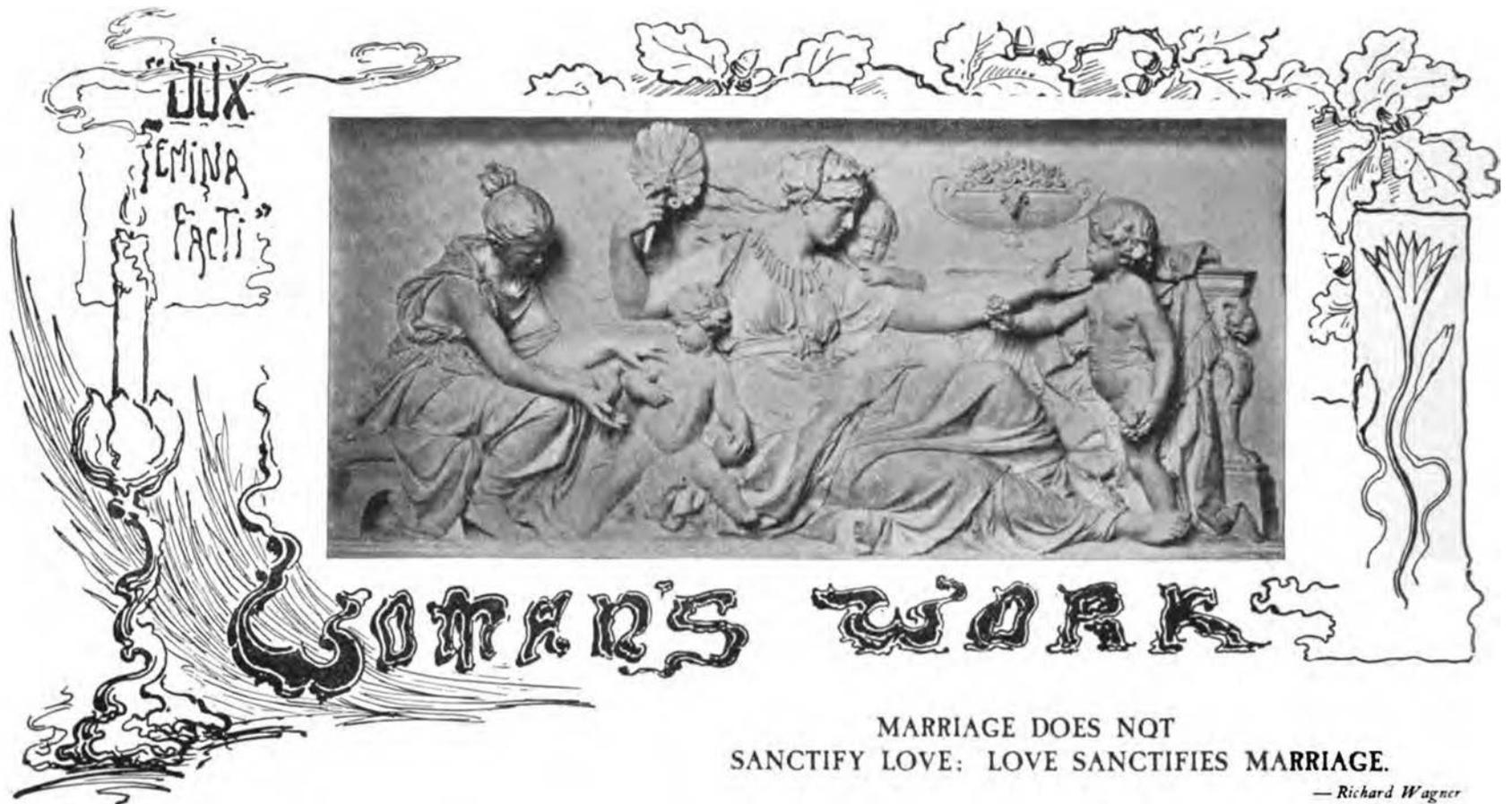
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.—Pope

DURING the last twenty-five years a complete collection of the works of George Cruikshank, the famous English caricaturist, has been in the possession of the Royal Westminster Aquarium. It is now about to be sold at auction. It contains, besides drawings in pencil and pen, water color sketches and etchings.



PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF BY REMBRANDT

THE great bird Purpose bears me twixt her wings,
And I am one with all the kinsmen things
That e'er my Father fathered. O, to me
All questions solve in this tranquillity:
E'en this dark matter, once so dim, so drear,
Now shines upon my spirit heavenly clear;
Thou, Father, without logic, tellest me
How this divine denial trac may be,
How All's in each, yet every one of all
Maintains his Self complete and several.—Sidney Lanier



The Worth of a Pure Ideal

OUR Teacher has said: "Knowing, as we do, that the body is the dwelling-place of the soul, ought we not to hold it as a sacred duty to wisely care for its upbuilding?" Does this mean that, since the body with its desires is not the most important thing in the world, we may neglect or disregard it? By no means. Just because it is the soul's abiding place we ought to make it beautiful and pure and strong. Just because of this we have no right to insult it with hideous garments or with unwholesome food; in short, with our ignorance of the fundamental laws of physical life. There are many occasions when a knowledge of Greek is of far less importance than a knowledge of how to prepare a nourishing soup. Where one has the care and education of little children, a knowledge of twenty sciences may be of far less importance than the knowledge that would enable one to prepare for them a proper dietary, a dietary in which there is such correct distribution of the food elements that a child is not underfed at one meal and overfed at the next; a dietary in which the nutritive value of the different foods is the prime consideration, not their relish nor their cheapness. And with this thought in mind, that the body is merely the temple, merely an instrument for the soul's use, there is no danger of going to unwise extremes. Think for a moment how much the true knowledge would do to place us in command of that unruly instrument called the mind. For that, too, is just the soul's servant, or should be, and one who realizes this can never again let the brain-mind lead him around and make him miserable without a sense of shame. What avails a knowledge of six languages if we cannot hold the mind steady and keep our tempers when things go wrong?

What does intellectual knowledge amount to if we are slaves to the brain-mind, with its worries and its conceits? We ought to master it, not let it master us. We ought to make it beautiful and strong, transparent as a clear window to the wisdom of the soul, and we could do this if we had a knowledge of our own natures.

When we think of woman as the center of the home life it seems as if woman, above all, needed a better knowledge of the laws of life, and we long to go out into the world and tell all humanity of the Greater Message that has come for all women. Yet women alone cannot make the home what it should be. Even more do men need a

IF the world is ever to become a better place, women must begin to think and act and live as DIVINE SOULS.

—KATHERINE TINGLEY

knowledge of their own natures and human nature as a whole. Never can the world become better until a pure home life is established, yet never can a pure home life be established until men and women together are willing to throw aside prejudice and selfishness and fear, that they may learn to know themselves, that they may acquire the knowledge of the simple laws that govern human life. Without this knowledge no marriage can be what it should be, no home can be a worthy dwelling-place for the souls of little children. It is this knowledge alone that makes true comradeship possible, that pure, unselfish comradeship which is Katherine Tingley's ideal, and upon which alone the true marriage may be based. For Katherine Tingley's ideal of marriage is so pure, so high, so perfect and so far above the world's ideal that the impure, the selfish and the immoral hate her for bringing this ideal into the world. And if you will investigate you will discover that in that very fact lies the explanation of nine-tenths of her persecution. But I know and I declare that in spite of what slanderers and pessimists may say, this pure ideal of marriage is not a theory merely, but a living fact that is being practically demonstrated and actually lived here in your midst and now; and I also know and declare, that if men and women possessed a knowledge of self before entering into that higher comradeship called marriage, there would be no more divorces, and in a very few years we would need no more reform schools for criminal children, no more sanitariums for children born defective or degenerate or idiotic.

Is it not a sad commentary upon our intelligence and our ideals that we daily tolerate the spectacle of abnormal, depraved and unfortunate children everywhere without shame and remorse? This state of affairs is so usual and common that its terrible significance is lost to us. Yet these things should not be *and they need not be*.

But this greater knowledge is not to be cast like pearls before swine. The deeper insights of this pure ideal will never be given to those who would only drag them in the dust. To such as these the truth will ever remain a mystery. But to those who seek unselfishly no door shall remain closed, there is no pathway that shall not be opened, and that is why those to whom has been given the priceless boon of this greater knowledge, have a two-fold duty—to guard it as one would guard the most precious of jewels, and at the same time to declare it unto the world, holding it aloft as it were a temple light, for all to see.

ESTELLE C. HANSON

One of Life's Lessons

WITH the failure of the one to whom love and trust have been implicitly given, even life itself mocks us. The light fails, clouds overhang all of life's sky and the sun has disappeared. Anxieties thicken and many a woman dwells upon them, forgetting that behind them the sun still shines. It seems impossible to bear the picture of a life burned into ashes by the faithlessness of one who pledged us his fidelity and his love. Yet that is the moment of the great opportunity. It is out of these ashes that a new and a greater and truer life may arise if we do not yield to the despairs which beset—a life that contains all that was best in the old, and vastly more. It is the woman's old, old, sorrow, but men would cease to inflict it if we did not gratify their vanity by our tears. No man who has once had his vanity crushed by discovering that he has lost the power to make some woman suffer, will ever give his caprices sway a second time.

He who discovers that the woman who once loved him with all the intensity of which a deep nature is capable, can exist without him, after all—in fact, prefers to do so—will learn the greatest lesson in the world.

And when men have learned this lesson, what a different world this will be! There lies the Dark Valley before the woman who meets such an experience and *refuses to be crushed by it*. But she who realizes her own divinity can traverse it. Beyond it she will find the heights and upon them the shining of the Eternal Sun. Then she will step into her true place as one of humanity's helpers.

Women do not realize their power—which is the Infinite Power of the Soul itself—or they would not allow even catastrophes which seem utter and complete to ruin their lives. They need not quietly let events—no, nor immoral women and faithless men—write obituaries over their hopes. Valley Forge may be bitter and chill and drear—but after it there is always a Trenton and victory—if the woman dares to stand in the knowledge that she is right and in the strength of her own soul.

Her life work will not be left to perish. She will not be ashamed to face later the little children whose future lies in her own hands to make or to ruin. She will develop a trust which nothing can shake, and trust—trust in her own divinity, trust in the Higher Law—is the key, the only key which will open the doorway leading to her own and to humanity's Greater Life.

Be like the bird that, halting in her flight,
Awhile on bough too slight,
Feels it give way beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

STUDENT

MARRIAGE is not the Church, the ritual, the blessing of clergymen, or the ratifying and approving presence of one's friends and relations at the ceremony; still less is it a matter of settlements and expensive millinery. It is the taking of a solemn vow before the throne of the Eternal. Nothing can make marriage an absolutely sacred thing except the great love, combined with the pure and faithful intention of the vow involved. . . . Love is the last of all the mythical gods to be tempted or cajoled by lawyers and settlements, wedding cake, and perishable millinery. His domain is Nature and the heart of humanity, and the gifts he can bestow on those who meet him in the true spirit are marvelous and priceless indeed.—*Marie Corelli*



MRS. WALTER T. HANSON

A Loma-Land Student

ONE of the most beloved among Loma-land students is Mrs. Walter T. Hanson. Typical of the finer and more cultured class of Southern people, she unites a gentle and impersonal refinement with unusual energy and versatility. Mrs. Hanson was born in Macon, Georgia, and made that city her home until four years ago, when she came, with her husband and family, to Point Loma. Four bright little daughters play their part in making the family circle complete and the home life ideal.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson's little daughters, the youngest at that time a mere baby, were the first children to enter the Raja Yoga School. Today they are among its brightest students and were members of that group of "Raja Yoga Warriors" who accompanied Mrs. Tingley on a Crusade to Cuba last February. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson had gone to Cuba some months before to establish a Raja Yoga School in Santiago, the former being well-known as President of the International Brotherhood League.

Mrs. Hanson's work in Cuba is too well-known to need special mention, standing as she does, one of that new type of mothers of which the world is in such dire need. An artist, she brings the beautiful into all departments of her life, into the home life as well as her public work. Most of all is it a factor in her work with the children. Her

art classes in the Raja Yoga School in Santiago were to many of those deprived people, as the open doorway into a larger life.

The world needs today women who are examples of a positive and commanding goodness, whose beneficence is not passive merely, but active and progressive.

OUR WEAKNESS

by JOHANNA AMBROSIUS

KNOWN are we women as the weaker sex,
The fact is true; and thus 'twill aye remain.
Happy are we if, in earth's record book,
As faithful mothers we can write a name.
Man with brows decked with laurel may appear,
We find our joys within a narrow sphere.

Known are we women as the weaker sex,
We only weep the while men secretly swear;
And—if joy's balance wavers—ever seek
Our refuge, not in weapons, but in prayer.
We do but bless, though false to us men prove,
Ay, women's hearts are more than weak in love.

What will to man his strength of arm avail,
If woman points him not to virtue's goal?
Who'll save him amid passion's storm and stress,
When o'er him all life's surges fiercely roll?
Woman alone the powers of hell defies,
Her greatness in her so-called weakness lies.

The world needs women who are above the follies of envy, social rivalry and slavery to fashion. It needs women who have not only the wisdom but the will to live up to all the privileges and all the obligations of "higher motherhood."

The world needs wives and mothers who are neither parasites nor tyrants, but comrades and helpmeets in the truest sense and on the highest lines.

Mrs. Hanson is unique among the world's women, not alone because of her high ideals of wifehood and motherhood, but because these ideals she not only courageously defends but lives out in daily life. H. H.

ALL IS experience. Nor is Siegfried taken alone (the man alone), the perfect man; only with Brunhild becomes he the Redeemer. One cannot do all; it needs the plural; and the suffering, self-offering woman becomes at last the true, the open-eyed Redemptrix; for Love is, in truth, the Eternal Womanly itself. And, to summa-

rize the thing, I ask you: Can you figure to yourself a moral action otherwise than under the idea of renunciation? And what is the highest holiness, *i. e.*, complete redemption, but the adoption of the principle for every action of our lives?—*Richard Wagner*

REV. J. E. ROBERTS said in a recent sermon: "Until within a few years women could not enter the pulpit. She is not even yet permitted to go as a delegate to some of the conferences or conventions. Her business is to raise the minister's salary, and have bazaars and suppers to pay the choir. Women stay at home and embroider slippers for the minister, . . . but the man will stand behind the altar and draw a line about its sanctity across which woman may not pass!"

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Remains of Elephants Found in Mexico

THE discoveries which have been made in Mexico by Dr. Nicholas Leon, to which we have already made some reference, are receiving something of the widespread attention which they deserve. When this and other wonders have not only been investigated, but their lessons understood, a strong and confirmatory light will be thrown upon the teachings of Theosophy and the cyclic system of evolution which it advances will be recognized as the only one which in the least agrees with ascertained fact.

The New York *Herald* produces an interesting account by Dr. Leon of the city which he discovered during his recent visit to Mexico. The main features of this discovery are so admirably epitomized that we give it *in extenso*:

The discoveries made at Paradon, in Coahuila, are the most extraordinary that have been made in Mexico, and possibly anywhere in the world. The excavations made so far show that a large city was buried not far from the present town of Paradon by an immense amount of earth, which was evidently washed down from the mountains by flood. How long ago the catastrophe occurred cannot be determined.

Portions of buildings so far unearthed show that the city—at least the largest of the cities that were covered by the debris of the flood, there being at least three cities destroyed—was very extensive. The indications are that there were many massive structures in the city and that they were of a class of architecture not to be found elsewhere in Mexico.

According to the estimates of the scientists under whose directions the excavations are being made, the city in question had a population of at least 50,000.

The destruction wrought by the flood was complete. Skeletons of the human inhabitants and of the animals are strewn all through the debris. Measurements show that the debris is on an average sixty feet deep where the largest of the cities stood.

Most remarkable of the minor finds made at Paradon is that of the remains of elephants. Never before in the history of Mexico has it been ascertained positively that elephants were ever in the service of the inhabitants.

The remains of the elephants show plainly that the inhabitants of the buried cities made elephants work for them. Elephants were as much in evidence in the streets of the cities as horses. Upon many of the tusks that have been found were rings of silver. Most of the tusks have an average length, for grown elephants, of three feet and an average diameter at the root of six inches.

Judging from the remains of the elephants so far unearthed, the animals were about ten feet in height and sixteen to eighteen feet in length, differing little from those at present in existence.

The flood resulted from an immense cloudburst, perhaps the most extraordinary that the world has ever known, from the bursting of some great natural reservoir in the mountains or from some cause as yet inexplicable.

The suggestion which has been made by some investigators that the cities were destroyed by landslides does not hold good, according to the government geologists.

DR. HARPER has returned to America after a four months stay in Turkey, where he has been making arrangements for the exploration of the site of Babylon. He says that all preliminaries have been satisfactorily settled and that enough money is in hand for ten years' work. He has received every assistance from the Turkish authorities, although for some unknown reason he was refused permission to excavate the site of Ur of the Chaldees.



TOTEMS AT WRANGEL, ALASKA

Ancient Babylon's Remarkable Civilization

OUR modern conceptions of ancient Babylon are somewhat tinted by the theological spectacles which we have worn for so long. The research of today is, however, likely to show us this marvelous city in a somewhat new light, and to convince us that if an ancient Babylonian were to find himself among our present civilizations he might justifiably urge us to reconsider our ways and to revert to many archaic and far preferable methods.

Our knowledge of ancient Babylon need not, however, rest entirely upon the results of modern research, nor upon theological tradition. Herodotus gives to us a description which has every appearance of accuracy, and which furnishes us with a picture at which it is good to look. He tells us that the streets ran parallel to one another, and terminated at the water's edge, that each side of the city was fourteen miles long, that it was surrounded by an immense moat and that the walls which also surrounded it were three hundred feet high. Those walls were eighty-five feet wide, and Herodotus tells us that,

On the top along the edge of the wall, they constructed buildings of a single chamber, facing one another, leaving between them room for a four-horse chariot to turn. In the circuit of the wall are a hundred gates all of brass, with brazen lintels and side-posts.

Modern civilizations have no such works as these, and the sight of Babylon from the outside must have been an impressive and a beautiful one. From the inside, the spectacle must have been no less beautiful. Quintus Curtius says that a very large part of the city consisted of gardens, fields and orchards, and these certainly are features which the ancient Babylonian would sadly miss in our great cities of today.

And yet Babylon, the mighty, fell and the greatness of her became a tradition. She ceased to breed real men who could defend what their forefathers gave them, and although for a long time her triumphant walls reflected the sunshine, she was already a ruin because of the ruined manhood and womanhood behind those walls. The story of Babylon is a history and a prophecy.

STUDENT

RECENT travels in Africa have directed some attention toward the pigmies, those curious little people who seem to be a survival of some ancient and much more extensive race. Dr. Thilenius, indeed, holds that the pigmies once existed in Europe, basing his opinion upon the discovery of numerous pigmy skeletons in the region of Breslau in Silesia. These skeletons were in a very fragile state, pointing to an age of at least a thousand years. The average height is about four feet nine inches. The pigmy skeletons which have been found in Switzerland, however, were still more diminutive, measuring only four feet six inches. Still others were discovered in Alsace Lerow and many of these were but four feet in height. Dr. Thilenius points out that these little people must not be looked upon in any way as degenerates, or as "freaks," their remains showing that they were well and harmoniously formed. There are, of course, no living pigmies to be found at present in Europe.

STUDENT



THE CHEESEWRING, CORNWALL, ENGLAND

The famous Cheesewring Rock is one of the sights of Cornwall, in the west of England. It is thirty-two feet high, and so much do the upper stones overhang the lower, that it seems to be in imminent danger of falling. There is, of course, the usual conflict of opinion as to its origin. Geologists maintain that the striking formation of rock is due to the gradual washing away of soil from the upper layers of the ground. Antiquarians, however, believe that the Cheesewring is a Druidic structure, and in a district so rich in prehistoric traces, the theory seems not unlikely.



Remarkable Family Differences Among Plants

IT seems to be generally overlooked what an essential difference there really is between the different forms of fruit produced upon practically identical trees. Take peaches, for example. Some varieties are large, with a thick, tough skin richly and beautifully colored; a fibrous structure in the flesh which clings closely to the pit and the flavor is very sour. Others are smaller, with a thin, delicate skin, dully colored, with flesh of a granular texture, very sweet and not clinging to the pit at all, yet they are both called peaches and even an expert orchardist can scarcely distinguish the trees, one from another. The shell of a peach-pit is very thick, hard and deeply furrowed; yet the almond, which grows on an almost exactly identical tree, has scarcely any flesh and the shell is smooth, thin and soft. The kernel of a peach is bitter, but that of an almond is sweet, though both grow upon the same sort of a tree.

Would it be too fanciful to suppose that there is a guiding intelligence which purposely tries every sort of fruit on the same type of tree, and conversely tries the same sort of fruit on as many sorts of plants as possible? We believe that the idea of varied combinations of structural factors, with the affinity of the plants determined by the value of the common factors, will be the ultimate solution of

botanical problems. Then a genera would be a group of forms with a certain number of fixed factors in common; a species, a group with more common factors, while varieties would differ from one another but slightly. The "floating" or variable factors, such as the unlikeness of a peach to an almond, or of a crab-apple to a pippin, would be the lines of distinction. We expect a reorganization of botany on this system. Y.

Plants Have Some Human Traits; Curiosity, for Example

IT has always been accepted, by the great majority at least, that plants always grow toward the light and away from the dark. Like many other old axioms, this now seems a complete error. At any rate it is an error as regards the myrtle vines around the Homestead. They are very independent and self-willed things, with an insatiable curiosity. They are lazy, too, and will not climb if they can avoid it. But on the level they go everywhere, sending long shoots into dark corners and under loose boards, seeming to seek out the most obscure corners for investigation. A slender runner will go several feet across a sunny, open space to crawl into a crevice between two stones or boards. There it will twist and swell until it is securely packed; then start gaily off on new explorations, depending for security upon its anchorage, where it takes root if possible. It is peculiar to what trouble these runners will put themselves to creep under a board instead of over it. The whole spirit of the plant seems to be curiosity. The stems go from the central root in every direction, regardless of the situation, like scouts or fortune hunters. Everywhere possible the plant takes fresh root and starts a new growth. Y.

BEYOND THE SEA

WHATEVER perished with my ships,
I only know the best remains;
A song of praise is on my lips,
For losses which are now my gains.

I know the solema monotone
Of waters calling unto me;
I know from whence the airs have blown
That whisper of the Eternal Sea.

As low my fires of drift-wood burn,
I hear that sea's deep sounds increase;
And far in sunset light discern
Its mirage-lifted Isles of Peace.— *Selected*



SUNSET LODGE, OCEAN PARK, WASH.
Built entirely of wreckage from the ship *Harvest Home*, driven ashore in a storm

Some Ways of the Bird-people at Loma-land

THERE are such numbers of birds at Loma-land now that they fairly pervade the place; we live, so to speak, in a saturated solution of birds. Many different sorts they are too; sparrows, linnets, thrushes, shrikes, swallows, quails, orioles and larks. In many parts of the grounds dishes of water are kept filled for them, but sometimes the supply fails somewhere and then we see them perched on the hydrants, fairly upside down in the effort to find a chance dribble of water if by good luck the valve is a trifle leaky. But if there is none they will fly back and forth, repeating the motions of

getting a drink and complaining dolefully in bird talk. If we could understand them it would probably be, "Won't some kind person PLEASE come and turn on the water just a *little*?" But if nobody does they give it up and go over into the next lot where there is a hydrant that leaks, or perhaps even away down to the reservoir where there is always plenty to drink.

Sometimes when the sprinkler nozzle is set to water some grass-plot the birds will come and have a picnic flying through the shower, chattering and shouting in great glee. N.

Acrobatics of a Spider

THERE is one sort of spider, an amateur "daddy-long-legs" in appearance, which builds a web very

different from the ordinary cartwheel pattern. He selects a place where two flat surfaces are parallel or nearly so, with a space of eight or ten inches between them. There he proceeds to draw a large number of straight threads from one to the other, fastening each one separately, until he has twenty or more separate threads attached over a space of about half as many square inches. Then he runs a few connecting lines among them and it is all ready. We touched one of these webs with a straw and the spider rushed out to secure the supposed fly. When he saw that he was himself in danger, he began to throw himself from side to side without moving his feet. In a twinkling he was revolving in a complex system of intricate curves, with such velocity that there appeared to be a solid mass of spider over an inch in diameter, and while so oscillating he crept up to his hole and scampered in. Probably his curious manner of defense is very effective against humming-birds and the various wasp-like flies that feed their larvæ on spiders. Sometimes he constructs the web in mid air suspended and anchored with guy lines several feet long, in which case his orbit must be much increased and greater safety secured. N. L.

LET US turn to the seashore. In truth, the great elements are no mean comforters; the open sky sits upon our senses like a sapphire crown; the air is our role of State; the earth is our throne, and the sea a mighty minstrel playing before it—able, like David's harp, to make such a one as you forget almost the tempest cares of life. I have found in the ocean's music—varying though self-same—more than the passion of a Timotheus, an enjoyment not to be put into words.— *Keats*

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE Isis Theatre was again crowded as usual on Sunday evening. In addition to the selections admirably performed by the Point Loma musicians, two papers were provided, the first being by Mrs. Tyberg on "Our Debt to Childhood." We reproduce a few sentences only and regret our inability to present our readers with the whole of a very thoughtful and a very practical address: "The belief in the possibility of a new race has brought a feeling of delight to many, but Theosophists know that there is work to be done here, now and by us. They know that a new and more perfect race will not be born on earth till man takes up his responsibilities consciously and produces conditions in which higher beings can live. We know well that it is to the children we must look. They are the hope of the world. To prepare them we need a loving understanding of childhood, that the way may be opened for the soul to act freely. Surely this is a matter of vital interest to women. Surely they have the right to demand that the bodies of their children be pure and strong enough to continue the life of the race, and not merely perish by the wayside. Let women begin to discover why the human race is not more perfect, why so many children die in infancy, why so many are feeble and sickly, why there are many of retarded growth. Can it be that we shall forever accept these things without protest?"

"These things will bear investigation and should be looked into with a glad responsibility because the power of the soul can overcome all difficulties.

"Katherine Tingley asks how we can look for any real strength in a home atmosphere teeming with disharmony and worldliness. We must emancipate our children from such conditions and so learn to believe in a great, sweet, strong future for the children. Let us act as if we believed it. Demand for all children the training that will make the soul dominant in their lives.

"Our debt to children is then to get at the root of all the evils that go to mar and to weaken the physical bodies of the race, to feel it as a positive duty to so think and act that these evils shall be removed. And then let us see to it that from birth the child shall be so educated that the true lord of the body, the soul, is at the helm. Not until we have done this have we done our duty to the race or paid our debt to childhood."

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Mrs. Tyberg on "Our Debt to Childhood"---Rev. S. J. Neill on *the Past and Present*

Reprinted from San Diego News

The Rev. S. J. Neill, always a favorite with Isis audiences, read a paper on "Nineteen Hundred Years Ago and Today," from which we quote a few suggestive sentences. Mr. Neill asked:

"Is the world improving, and in what way does it compare with the world of nineteen hundred years ago? Progress

can be measured in all ages by the manner in which men have lived the truth. This is the test of all civilization.

"Because we have labored and cheated and oppressed to deck ourselves with gold we are not on that account more civilized than men were when they garlanded themselves with flowers, lived simply, and were lovers of honor. To judge an age correctly we must be in sympathy with that age. We know that some of the early Christians sought to blacken Roman and Greek life as much as possible. No doubt the "times were very evil," but when have they not been evil? The vast masses of the people of today, unmentioned in any newspaper, who are honest, truthful and compassionate are the Atlas upon whose shoulders the world rests. It was so nineteen hundred years ago. The love of truth and honor were not rare things in ancient Rome and Greece, and the hunger for gold and the love of power existed also nineteen hundred years ago as they exist today.

"On the other hand, we know that universal brotherhood was taught by some of the old philosophers. Seneca says 'Let man be sacred to his fellow man,' and again he says, 'We recognize the whole world as our fatherland,' and we know too, that he pleaded the cause of the suffering and the oppressed. The pristine purity of Roman Christianity did not last for long with the extension of worldly power. Jesus had said 'My kingdom is not of this world.' And the Christians of the second and third centuries fell into the snare of the worldly spirit. The church became outwardly powerful, but the true life had departed. We should lay to heart the mistakes of the past. 'We are heirs of all the ages,' and comparative religion has shown our kinship with many faiths of many times. The past ages are looking to the present expecting that we shall transmute the errors of the past into the life Divine. The future beckons to us. A new heaven and a new earth await us. 'Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day,' the day of joy and peace, when the darkness is dispelled and the true light shines."

THERE are times in one's life when what we owe to another sweeps

over our minds with an overwhelming force, and the gratitude of the soul calls for some outer expression. Such a time is to me the present hour. We have recently commemorated two important anniversaries. The birth into earth-life of one Great Teacher, the passing from earth-life of another, and naturally the mind has reviewed the long chain of past events in connection with the lives of those heroic souls, H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge. Do most of us realize, even in a limited degree, what it means to stand in the very vortex of the conflicting forces of good and evil? To be as H. P. Blavatsky was, "One soul against the flesh of all mankind" when she hurled amongst the hosts of warring creeds and rampant materialism of the age, the glowing gauntlet of the True Philosophy of Life. The howls that arose against that champion, and the falsehoods that were spread, and are still spread, about her! But the gauntlet remains down. No one dared to lift it then; no one dares to lift it now, and so it shines on and on.

The last call of that heroic soul, "Do not let my last incarnation be a failure, keep the link unbroken," was spoken to a little group of people who *one and all* have since turned traitor to the cause they swore to serve. But that soul-cry was heard and responded to by another soul of like caliber. The tones of the physical voice did not penetrate beyond the four walls of the room, or the ears of the immediate few who failed to respond, but the injunction laid upon the faithful, "Keep the link unbroken," was responded to nobly by he whom she called "My only friend," William Q. Judge, who in turn became the *living link* as she had been, and Champion and Defender of that shining gauntlet, "The True Philosophy of Life." And he, too, we gather from published records, died in the presence only of those who again became unfaithful, *one and all*. I have often thought over that curious fact, the symbol it seemed to me of the futility of the lower forces to dominate the soul. They foregathered round as the vultures do, but their quarry had escaped to the freedom of a world from whence they are shut out, *ever the false must remain alone with the shell*.

The outcome of the heroic fight resulted in the gauntlet passing to the safe keep-

Some Thoughts on Our Teachers

ing of the third living link, our present Leader, and in her work we see the culmination of the efforts of the Three. But there were also faithful hearts in every country, and these have held to the Teachers and held together through all the long process of welding their diverse motives into a common aim, and a common devotion, and their reward under the touch of the Regenerator, is a clearer insight into their duty and a deeper desire to serve humanity.

No honest, faithful lover of humanity, no humble student of the True Philosophy of Life can separate these three Teachers from Theosophy or Theosophy from the Three, because they made it a living power in their lives. All vaunted pretense of high intellectual attainments falls as so much bombast upon the ear of the common, everyday member of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society who hears the vainglorious deny the continuity of the link between H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. Well do they know of their own experience this last decade that only those who live the life can preach the doctrine and stand unmoved "amidst the war of elements, the crash of worlds."

"By their fruits ye shall know them." We do know them; we love and revere the memory of those who have left us on this plane for awhile, and we mean to work for the sake of the past and the hope of the future, with our present Leader, that the plans of those who sent them forth may come to fruition, striving to overcome our weaknesses and so become more useful servants in the "Cause of Sublime Perfection."

These thoughts arise in my mind at the present juncture, and so I have jotted them down. There is just one thing more and I have done. I believe in the Heart of Humanity, and I believe that all the signs of the times show that many, many are craving for the light, and with the evidences of the power and the love at Point Loma, will welcome the True Philosophy of Life, and our duty as members in helping to bring this about, is a loving trust in our Teacher, and a willing heart to work for humanity, regardless of personal "conceits and jealousies which ever war against the Light," be they in our own lower nature or those of others.

EMILY ISABEL WILLANS

RAJA YOGA DAY SCHOOL

**It Will Be Opened by Mrs. Katherine Tingley in San Diego
Monday, November 9th**

THE following announcement from *The San Diego Sun* of Monday, October 26th, will be read with interest by our friends throughout the world:

Katherine Tingley will open a Raja Yoga day school on Monday, November 9th, in airy, well-lighted rooms, specially equipped for the purpose in the Isis building.

Mrs. Tingley had not intended to open this school in San Diego, until next year, owing to other pressing demands upon her time, but so many citizens have urged its opening at an earlier date that she has, at considerable inconvenience to herself, arranged it for the date mentioned.

She now requests that applications for admission to the limited number that can be accommodated at the opening be made promptly to enable the teachers to properly grade them into classes.

It being of the essence of Mrs. Tingley's method to begin rightly teaching the children at the earliest possible age, she attaches much importance to forming quite a large class of children between the ages of three and seven years, in order to insure results that will compare favorably with those obtained at the Point Loma Raja Yoga School.

But children not over fourteen years of age will also be admitted and in the near future a free department will be added to the school.

For terms of tuition and other information, apply very promptly by letter to Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, Secretary, Point Loma.

The Modern Warrior

A Short Lodge Paper

GIVE me a warrior true who battles for the right and good of others; a man who never sells his sword, but ready is to wield it for the right, for truth and innocence wherever found and threatened; a man who never asks for price, nor counts the pain and hardship, who never counts his foes, nor measures danger that awaits him; a man who looks but straight ahead and does his work, his duty; glad in his heart when he succeeds, and undismayed when he fails; a man whose joy is not to win for self, but to better make the world, to happier make some suffering soul; a man, glad over the joy he brings; who gives his gifts and life and strength and work with pleasure; who does not loudly call attention to his deeds, thereby embarrassing the ones he helps, a man who needs no personal thanks, for his reward lies in the lessened pain of suffering friends. Their joy is his, as was their sorrow and their hope. He understood well their despair, for he, too, had oft felt it, in times when he too, was suffering.

Give me a man as true as steel, who never wavers from the line of conduct that his heart points out to him; a man as steady as a rock, as lofty as the mountain peak, as broad as the blue sea is broad; who grows straight as the fir in virgin woods and like that fir will lift his head with manly courage. Give me a man who feels he has a giant's strength, yet with it all a woman's tender love and patience.

Give me a man like this in every state, in every town, in every village. Then let these work, united, for the good of all, for the whole living, breathing world. Such men will rise, nay, stand, above the narrow bounds of self and kindred, of city and of state. Such men will be the builders and creators of the new, the Golden Age which soon will come again. Even now its day is dawning, the first bright purple rays shoot high and radiant in the azure sky and bring a promise of a glorious time.

STUDENT

Lotus Group, Malmo, Sweden

Report for June—On the 12th we took the children out in the woods the whole day. Some of the parents and members of the Lodge joined us, and we had a most delightful and happy time. June 16th, the parents of the children were invited to a little festival. It was held in the Lodge rooms, which were beautifully decorated with flowers and green. The children performed their program, consisting of songs, recitations and tableaux, with interest and joy. Two of the teachers spoke to the guests, and flowers were distributed by the children.

A. S., Superintendent

If you are superstitious about the number 13, you ought not to carry an American silver quarter of a dollar, it teems with 13's. It has 13 stars, 13 letters in the scroll in the eagle's beak, 13 feathers in the eagle's wing, 13 parallel bars on the shield, 13 horizontal stripes, 13 leaves on the olive branch, 13 arrow-heads, and 13 letters in the words "quarter dollar." Still there are brave and fearless men who would defy superstition and willingly carry a lot of them.—*Canadian Tresherman*



MR. HANSON AND MEMBERS OF THE CUBAN PARTY
Leaving the Homestead, Point Loma, September 23d, to open the Raja Yoga Academy and Schools at Santiago

Modern Prison Reform

To assist those who are or have been in prison to establish themselves in honorable positions in life

OLD institutions, entrenched behind custom and with a powerful hereditary support, are particularly hard of removal from the path of progress, having by long association engrafted into the public mind a feeling almost amounting to conviction that they are a necessity to society and an evidence of that society's progress. The prison system in vogue in these days, an undesirable relic of the Dark Ages, and showing plainly, on analysis, evidence of its origin in its cruelty and oppressiveness, is just such an old institution, and although apparently firmly entrenched, must submit itself to renovation and improvement in harmony with the growing progressive humane spirit of the times.

An ancient sage uttered an axiom that may well be adopted and made the working basis for true reform in national and individual life. He said: "Hatred ceaseth not by hate, hatred ceaseth by love." It may be judged a far cry between what is usually regarded as a mere moral precept, suitable for children, and the adoption of that precept as the working basis of a nation's methods in dealing with its criminals. But such a conception arises from ignorance of the essential nature of this precept and others with which all are familiar, universally recognized because they carry the hall-mark of Truth. The fact is these precepts are statements in a moral way of nature's immutable laws, which cannot be shirked or disregarded without destruction of all that promotes a true national life. The working aspect of this precept as applied to a solution of our criminal problem would be a reformatory based upon compassion and justice, and directed by information and intelligence largely obtainable by a wise and unprejudiced examination of the conditions that produce the criminal, and a study of the criminal himself. In many countries where this has been done the result has been to the startling effect that the evidence has shown the criminal in the majority of instances to be more sinned against than sinning, and consequently the justice in which so much pride is shown, but a travesty of that glorious principle and crying evidence of our ignorance of human nature. The present system undoubtedly makes enemies to society. The dominant idea in the criminal's mind is that society as represented by its laws is seeking his extinction, while the true impression should be that it seeks his reform.

The practical question facing the public mind is: "Does the present system reform, and as a result decrease crime?" And this fact also faces the public mind and gives answer—"Crime is on the increase." In the face of this grave announcement, not from any person or body of persons, but from long accumulated facts after exhaustive trial, the next step must be active in Reform.

A deeper knowledge of human nature, the constitution of the human mind, as seen by that light now dawning in the nation's heart, will remove the apparently strict line of demarcation between classes and promote that feeling of sympathy that is so truly a divine-human quality.

We are all familiar with the parable of the talents, but few recognize how true such a parable is and how practical in its working. We have a voice, heart and intelligence, if we use them unselfishly in promoting Justice and Brotherhood be sure our efforts will be rewarded and our talents increased in proportion to our effort and the purity of our motive, and we shall be able to do more, and yet more, for the good of all that lives.

E. J. W.

✻ Bobby, Dr. Graham, Trixie and Aunt Jane ✻



WELL, youngster, do you think I'll pass muster?" said the young man, who was sitting on one of the seats in the park.

The small boy did not answer, but still stood in front of Dick Graham, regarding him with a steady, wide-eyed, contemplative stare; his legs planted far apart and his small fists plunged into his knickerbocker pockets.

Presently, Dick, who had been watching the serious face with an answering smile, saw the thoughtful frown relax, and one grimy paw was shot out at him, while the other pulled at the cap with its school badge on the peak.

"I don't believe you are a bad lot," he said, "and I'm going to be friends with you, and my name's Bobby Neilson."

"Awfully pleased to meet you, I'm sure," said Dick, as he gravely shook the proffered hand, and raised his hat in return. "And more pleased still that you have decided in my favor. I was terribly afraid that the scale would not turn in that direction, and that I might have been found wanting. Will you favor me by taking my card?"

"Dr. Graham," read Bobby. "So you aren't a medical student after all. Aunt Jane said you were, and that all medical students were a bad lot; but Trixie, that's my sister, said she was sure you were good, and you looked so strong and you were so gentle to that poor little chap that was knocked down by the cycle the other day. She thinks you're handsome, too."

"Don't you think it would be better not to repeat things that sister Trixie says, old man?" said Dick. "She might not like it, you know."

"Wouldn't a gentleman have said that?" asked the boy with heightened color, "Trixie does so want me to grow to be a real gentleman. She says our dear old dad was a perfect gentleman, and she wants me to grow up like him. He died a year ago," and Bobby blinked his eyes hard and looked away quickly, "a-and so did mother. . . . Dr. Graham, what do you think is a real gentleman?"

"Well, old fellow," said Dick, "don't you think the word explains itself? To be gentle and manly, gentle and helpful to those smaller and weaker than ourselves, and manly and strong enough to stand up against wrong and for one's own idea of right. Never to wound by saying an unkind thing, and to show courtesy to all alike; to that poor, old blind chap, begging over there, as much as to one's sister, or aunt," he laughed.

"Yes, but if you knew Aunt Jane," burst in Bobby, excitedly, "you'd know to always be polite to her was rather a tough job. She's awfully religious, you know, and when she does those horrid things that make a fellow so uncomfortable, she calls it 'doing the will of the Lord.' Why, the other day she thought I had not told her the truth about something, and at prayer in the evening she prayed out loud for me before the servants and every one. She asked the Lord to withhold his wrath till 'the liar should see the iniquity of his ways,' that's me, you know, and I got up and walked out. And then she came up to my room and cried over me till she smelt I'd been eating 'peppermint bull's-eyes,' and then she said I was hardened; she had hoped I had gone away overcome with sorrow. As if I'd tell a lie," said the boy, raising his head with a proud little gesture.

"It's hard luck," said his new friend, "but it's awfully good practise for you, to always remember that you are a gentleman."

"I—I'm afraid I called her an old cat yesterday," confessed Bobby. "And my young sister Mollie, what do you think she did? We are going to have a party next Thursday, and Aunt Jane does spoil them so, so Mollie—she's six—she w—r—ote," here he almost choked with laughter, "a letter to the Devil, and said: 'Dear Devil, we think you would like our Aunt Jane to live with you; we don't want her any longer; fetch her in the middle of next Wednesday night,' and addressed it to 'Mr. Devil,' and put it in the letter-box this morning. Oh, I must go, Dr. Graham, there is Trixie standing up. I have to take her to walk, you know, because she can't see very well; her eyes are getting worse every day, you know. I'm so glad we're friends, and you live so near." And raising his cap the boy crossed to his sister, and with a manly protecting air, took her arm and guided her out of the park.

Dick Graham—Dr. now, for the last three months—followed them with his eyes. So now he knew the name of the girl who had so interested him these few months—the girl with the sad expression and peculiar, slow, graceful walk, which

the failing eyesight explained; whose beauty ought to have been of the sunny, sparkling type, and on which the sad, mournful expression sat so unnaturally. Poor girl! His very strong interest in her was doubled. He himself made the eye, with its diseases, his specialty, and he determined to ask Bobby more about her.

Dr. Graham was sitting in his study when the servant announced "a young gentleman to see you, sir," but instead of the expected patient (of whom there were at present so few) the sturdy figure of Bobby presented itself. He was evidently very much excited, and soon as the door was closed he began:

"Oh, Dr. Graham, do you believe it is impossible to cure Trixie? The doctors came today again—two of 'em—and they say it's no good, that Trixie, my dear old Trix, will have to go blind all her life!" and in spite of his brave attempt to keep back the tears, the boy's self-restraint broke down, and for a minute he sobbed bitterly. Dick put a kind hand on his shoulder and waited. Presently the boy raised his head. "You don't think me an awful muff, do you," he said, "for crying like a girl? If you could only see Trixie. She is just sitting quite quietly in her chair, and the tears are just streaming down her cheeks, but she hasn't spoken one word since the doctors went. We—we thought, and so did they, that she could be cured, but today they say it is no good—and there's Aunt Jane going round saying 'it's the Lord's will,' and telling Trixie 'it's wrong to grieve.' It's easy for her to take it easily, she isn't going blind; and to tell Trixie she's doing wrong—Dr. Graham, how can a fellow love a God like Aunt Jane's always talking about? She says if it hadn't been His will Trix wouldn't have lost her sight, and that it was 'God's will' that my chum, Gerald, was drowned last summer, and that we ought to love God better than any one. I can't, and I'm not going to try to love Him better than Trixie and Mollie," and he pushed his fists into his pockets and marched up and down the room. "And yet, my mother used to love God, and I thought I did when she was alive; but it's got so difficult I can't understand. She always said God was good."

"Bobby, old man," said Dick, "that used to trouble me, too, when I was very little older than you, and it is a thing that troubles older minds than yours; but I can tell you something that helped me to understand. People say 'God is good'—well, think of those three words, 'God is good.' All that is good is God. It doesn't mean simply all that is pleasant, but all that is good, and for good is God. Do you see what I mean?"

"Why, yes," said Bobby, "but it sounds so different to Aunt Jane's —"

"Never mind about Aunt Jane, just try that for the present and leave bigger things till you are older, old fellow," said Dick.

"But what I really came to ask you was whether you wouldn't do something for Trixie. I can't believe she's never to see again, and her eyes look so bright and clear still. Do come with me—now," he begged. "I know you could do her good."

"Well, that would hardly do, Bobby, unless I was sent for," said Dick. But he, too, felt that he perhaps could do good where the others had failed.

"I'm going to tell Trixie I've found another eye doctor, and she likes you so I know she'll be glad to have you," and the boy raced out of the house and down the street, his spirits as high now as they had been low when he arrived.

The young doctor was sent for, and an operation performed, and after weeks of bandages and a darkened room, the important day arrived on which its success or non-success was to be tested. Bobby was allowed to be present, and sat in a corner quivering. Trixie sat in a chair opposite with her white hands tightly locked together, while Dr. Graham, with steady fingers, but white to the tips—for this meant as much to him as to the girl whom he loved, and who had refused to burden him with a blind wife—unfastened one bandage after another. With throbbing pulse she waited the word to open her eyes. "Now, my darling," spoke Dick's voice, husky and broken with the tense strain of the moment.

She arose from the chair, opened the big, brown eyes and met those of the breathless, faithful Bobby. "Bobby!" she cried, and threw her arms around him; then turning, Dick held her in his strong arms. "You will not have a blind wife, Dick," she cried.

Bobby was, of course, best man and Mollie chief bridesmaid, the only crumple in the rose leaves for them being, that Mollie's letter to the Devil had never been answered. But as Dick often reminds Bobby, "Aunt Jane is awfully good practise."

A. C.

DO SOMETHING

LUCY LARCOM in Chicago *Record-Herald*

If the world seems cool to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from you
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a "vale of tears,"
Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears—
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lead a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The Value of Fruits and Nuts—Government Experiments

MOST people regard fruits and nuts rather as accessories to food than as food themselves. The excellent Department of Agriculture, in some experiments now going on for several years, has emphatically demonstrated the error of this view. For a number of persons, under the direction of the department, have lived entirely—or almost so—on these foods whilst performing a fair day's work. In two cases the work was intellectual and manual, in others manual only. Two of the experimenters were women, two were young men, two elderly men, and three children.

The only additions to the numerous fruits and nuts used were small quantities of eggs, cheese and honey. The last, certainly, could have been omitted, and possibly a large proportion of persons, trying the same experiment, could at once or after an interval omit the other two. The health and strength of all the experimenters was unaffected, except for the better. And the duration of the experiment seems enough to show that they could have continued the diet indefinitely.

The report states that the cost was from 15 to 18 cents a day, and thus contrasts with an ordinary mixed diet, adopted as a control experiment, in which the cost was from 26 to 30 cents. And the nitrogenous matter consumed in the fruit diet was only 60 per cent of that in the mixed diet, certainly a saving to the nitrogen-digesting department of a great deal of its work. It turns out that the peanut furnishes more energy-producing matter than any other nut, and that the flesh-forming or nitrogenous elements needed in diet are furnished more cheaply by peanuts than by any other food whatever. For example, a pound of flesh-forming matter obtained from a sufficiency of peanuts, would cost about 36 cents; obtained from the best steak, it would cost more than thrice that sum. And similarly, the energy-yielding matter that resides in 7 cents worth of peanuts requires 22 cents worth of good steak to house it. Peanuts are thus the cheapest of all his foods for the fruitarian, and among all foods are only surpassed in cheapness and energy-making and flesh-forming matter by dried beans.

It is worth noting that the average vegetarian and fruitarian tend to overeat on the bean and nut side of their program. They forget the concentration of the food they are eating. It is, of course, a matter for question that all persons of our civilization, even when what is called healthy, can flourish on a fruitarian diet; and still more so in the case of invalids, the weakly and the aged. The departmental results merely prove what they prove.

STUDENT

A REFRESHING breeze of common sense reaches us from Washington in a circular from the Agricultural Department on the subject of the milk supply, and conveys the following:

The practice of pasteurization appears to be gradually extending, yet . . . the best sentiment favors natural milk produced and delivered in such a pure and protected condition as to be greatly superior to any pasteurized article.

Artificiality in life has reached such a point that we have learned to look askance upon everything which is not artificial, and the sure road to popular favor is that the nature and composition of a food shall in no way be betrayed by sight, by smell or by taste. Nor is the practice of "pasteurization" confined to our physical food. We like it equally well with our religious, moral and mental food. Everything that we consume must be medicated and sterilized, and so disguised that nothing is legible except the lying label.

STUDENT

AND now another "foolish savage custom" has been scientifically approved and accepted as one of our great modern discoveries.

We are all familiar with the heavy rings on the upper arm with which savage chiefs are so often depicted. It has been "accidentally discovered" that the wearing of them, of the proper size, to prevent the enlargement of the muscle when contracted, forces certain changes in all the neighboring muscles whereby a greater increase of strength is accomplished in less time than by any other method. Curiously enough the special strength gained is that used in work at arm's length, like paddling, archery, spear-throwing and other savage occupations.

S.

"Becoming Magnetic"—Slaves Who Want to Be Masters

SEVERAL books have fallen into our hands of late which profess to instruct the reader into the mysteries of "becoming powerfully magnetic." Some of them refer darkly to other yet more recondite teachings, not published, only to be had by much expenditure of dollars. With these also we are not wholly unacquainted.

As to the books themselves, their readers remind us of a man who came to a great spiritual teacher of our own time, H. P. Blavatsky, and asked her to put him on the way of developing "occult powers" that he might lay them at the service of humanity. She asked him whether he already laid "at the service of humanity" the (few) normal "powers" that he already had.

What sort of people want to become "powerfully magnetic"? As a rule people whose faces and complexions show the kind of life they lead. Who cannot stand upright, cannot look you in the eye, have not will enough to deny themselves a cigarette for five minutes, whose every meal is a gluttony, whose emergence from bed is at the last possible instant and who would not know a sunrise if they saw it, and whose blood, lives and thoughts are muddy with the very lees of civilization. And whilst one or all of these counts is true for each and every one of them, they think to become "magnetic."

Well, what do they understand by magnetism? What are they aiming at? They want success without the qualities that command it. They think to achieve domination over others without taking a single step towards dominating themselves. In a word, they suppose that by this mystical "magnetism," the results and rewards of strong self-dominating will, of clear intellect, and lofty character, can be had without the labor of erecting those three pillars of life. Remaining slaves, they want the fruits of arduous self-mastery.

ALIENIST

The Strange Power of Rays of Violet Light

WHY do poppies wilt so instantly when exposed to the sun? The wilting only happens when they are gathered by daylight, so it would appear that the sun is answerable.

Some experiments of Dr. James Weir, reported in the *Scientific American*, show that it is the violet and ultra-violet rays that do the damage; for no wilting occurs when the gathered poppies are at once protected by yellow or red paper, which cut off the injurious rays. But a poppy which has wilted after cutting in daylight, will recover itself during the night, if the hours of exposure to the sun were not too many. And after recovery it is immune to further injury of that kind.

From these experiments it would therefore seem that the flower gets something from the root which enables it to support the higher rays without injury from them—perhaps to make use of them in some way. And further, that this something, the cut stem and flower can generate within themselves if they are given a little preliminary protection or warning.

At present, about all that we know of these rays is that they are germicidal or bactericidal; and that they exert a destructive or injurious effect on plant and animal tissues. Finsen, of Sweden, uses this fact in destroying the cells of cancer and lupus. It is they that constitute the antiseptic power of sunlight, even when diluted with the rest of the spectrum. Their vibration seems to be too high for the lower forms of life, notwithstanding the dilution. And it is they which cause the occasional unpleasant action of sunlight on the skin, especially parts of the skin ordinarily covered. Finsen, of course, uses them undiluted, and thus multiplies their destructive power very highly. But even so, it would seem from his proportion of failures that the cells he wants to destroy may sometimes, like the poppy, acquire immunity.

K.

SOME Paris surgeons have tried the effect of music upon wounds, and the results are sufficiently encouraging to justify a continuation of the experiments. The instrument chosen was the violin and the wounds were obstinate and suppurating, and in one case had produced paroxysms. Immediate improvement was observed in all cases.

Here and There Throughout the World



STEAMER QUEEN IN THE ICE, TAKOU INLET, ALASKA



INDIAN RIVER, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WASHINGTON

Japan Will Investigate Christianity JAPAN, of course, desires to be exceedingly up-to-date and in the full swim of modern thought. She will do nothing by halves. Among other things she is prepared to give a good hearing to Christianity. In this matter trouble is beginning for her. There are many churches now well entrenched within her borders. She has to make some sort of choice. Problems which we in the West have seen slowly arising, with which we have, as it were, gradually grown up, come upon her *en bloc*. And to make her difficulties the greater, behold German rationalism adds itself to the number! Says President Charles Cuthbert Hall, of the New York Union Theological Seminary:

Disciples of Ritschl have come into Japan . . . and have disseminated opinions concerning the person of Christ which . . . have played into the hands of that element in young Japan which advocates a non-religious ethics as the basis of social life. . . .

So also the disciples of Pfeiderer have appeared in Japan, attacking the supernatural and using the advantage of German popularity to belittle the significance of the death of Christ.

Japan is therefore well into the currents of speculation. It seems an immense pity that the teachings of Christ cannot be introduced to her (for it is practically an introduction) amid less confusion of interpretation and doubt. We only hope that she will not lose patience, but will pick her way through the mists to the central Truth. For there is such a Truth, and its voice can be heard behind the contending utterances of those who say: There is none; or, It is this; It is that.

Ready-Made Sermons for Americans WE are all familiar with the manuscript sermons which can be purchased ready-made by ministers who are intellectually needy, and which are forwarded like patent medicines "securely packed, and free from observation." The purchaser states what particular kind of theology he patronizes, narrow or broad, etc., and the sermons are guaranteed to correspond. It has, however, been left to an American firm to improve the system. Two weekly sermons are offered for \$2.00, a price which may appear cheap, but then appearances are so deceptive. There is, however, a further inducement to trade. If the applicant will send a sufficient sample of his handwriting, the caligraphy of the sermons will be so like it that no one can detect the difference.

Relics of Phoenix Park Murders A DETESTABLE relic is now on its way to Philadelphia for exhibition. This consists of the car which was used at the Phoenix Park murders when Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were killed with knives in Dublin. There are surely enough horrible things in America without importing others from abroad to revive the details of a hideous crime and possibly to work mischief on weak and imitative minds. Such an object as this car ought to have been destroyed, and if we were more civilized it would have been.

Figures of the Alcohol Trade. Europe THE talk in France about the consumption of alcohol has called forth an interesting article from Dr. Dar-emberg in the *Journal des Debats*. It appears that France heads the world in drinking alcohol. Each French citizen drinks on an average 18 litres a year; the Swiss, 12; the Belgian, Dane, and Italian, 10; the German and Englishman, 9; but the Canadian less than 2. Moreover, while the population of France during the last 50 years has increased 12 per cent, her consumption of alcohol has increased 254 per cent. When our Gallic friends awake to this fact, they will doubtless know what to do about it, and will do it as energetically as they have done some other things of a reformatory nature.

The Courtesy of the Chinese People THE Chinese Empire having become an object of greed has become also an object of interest, not all of it so kindly as the sketch of Chinese character which appears in *The East and the West*. The writer is the Rev. J. Campbell Gibson, and he speaks in glowing terms of the Chinese tradition of courtesy which extends to all classes. Mr. Gibson gives some illustrations which we must refrain from reproducing, while giving hearty accord to his judgment that by such courtesy "the traveler may go on his way, feeling that by a few kindly words he has done more than many a political treaty to promote good understanding between the East and the West."

Irish Soil Killed the Snakes in Australia THE story of the American who claims to have released a number of snakes in Ireland in order to test the tradition that these reptiles cannot live in the Emerald Isle, recalls an old reminiscence of Australia in the days of the penal colonies. It is said that Sir Henry Hayes being sentenced to transportation to Australia found that his land near Sydney harbor was infested with snakes. He therefore imported a shipload of Irish soil and scattered it over his estate, and never again saw a snake on his place.

King Oscar's Son to Be at St. Louis KING OSCAR of Sweden is manifesting a lively interest in the St. Louis Exposition. He recently received in audience the Exposition Commissioner and expressed his hopes for the success of the undertaking. His Majesty regretted that he himself would be unable to visit the United States, but he had every hope that his son, the Crown Prince Gustaf, would be able to represent him there.

Prince Henry Discourages Cruelty THE movement in Germany against the ill-treatment of soldiers and sailors is receiving the support of Prince Henry of Prussia. A machinist on the cruiser *Wittelsbach* was recently sentenced to twenty-one days detention for cruelty to a subordinate. The matter was brought to the attention of Prince Henry who has decided that the punishment shall be degradation from rank.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Letter from Gypsey

DEAR CHILDREN: My name is Gypsey, and I am Spots' adopted sister. Just this moment I am in my good friend's lap—Aunt Edythe, I mean—telling her what to write to you. For a long, long time I have wanted to write you a letter, but my mistress—who is also Spots' mistress—always said, "Wait a bit, Gypsey. We'll write to the children after awhile!"

Today when Aunt Edythe came in from her walk in the garden, she said, "Well, Gypsey, what shall we tell the children?" and I just barked and barked. She understood me. She knew that I was barking out friendship to all the world. Then I climbed up in her lap and I am watching her pen fly over the paper, for I assure you I don't intend to have her put any wrong words in this letter.

Spots and I have times in Loma-land. We live in the great, big Homestead. Every day we go for our walks, and every day we have a good romp in the garden.

I have been thinking, lately, a good deal about Raja Yoga. Spots says it means helping and sharing, and of course Spots knows. But I think it means something more. I think it means joy, joy all the time. When we have joy in our hearts then it is always a pleasure to do our duties. That is why I am always so dutiful and so happy—because I have joy in my heart day after day. Yours affectionately—Bow-wow, GYPSEY



GYPSEY

Faithful to His Dog

NOT long ago a young writer who lives in Santa Barbara went with an experienced mountaineer and some friends on a trip through the Mojave desert. With them went Deuce, the young man's faithful pointer. For many years they had been chums and comrades and Deuce had often before accompanied him through dangerous places.

After going through the mountains north of Santa Barbara the party went on into the desert. The day was unbearably hot and soon all were overcome with the heat, fatigue and thirst. The dog suffered most and the men cheerfully deprived themselves of water to give it to poor Deuce. Then this young man, Mr. White, carried him upon his saddle, and then, as he grew weaker, slung him in a hammock between the horses. At last all were so exhausted that the two men begged White to leave the dog behind as it became a serious question whether or not they would be able to save themselves. But the young man refused to leave his dog. The two others pushed on, and, after finding water, came back for their friend. They found him unconscious beside his faithful dog which had died. We hear many stories of dogs that are faithful to their masters, but it is unusual to find a master faithful. E. M.

JACK is a veteran soldier—Jack, the big dog who fought with the first Scots Guards in the Transvaal. He entered service at Orange river and was in six hard battles, those of Belmont, Modder river, Drietfontein, Johannesburg, Diamond Hill and Belfast. Today he wears on his collar a medal for bravery, and the collar also has six bars, each representing one battle.

Bozzie II

DOGS sometimes do wonderful things, or so they seem to us, but a collie who lived in Washington, but who has recently died, was the most remarkable dog I have ever known. Her name was Bozzie II and she was on one occasion the guest of President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Bozzie II could tell the age of any one who asked her to do so.

She barked a "bow-wow" for each year. When she visited President Roosevelt, Bozzie's master asked him to think of his age but not to speak the number aloud. Bozzie looked at the President and began to bark. When she reached the correct number she stopped. How in the world did she know?

The President was so delighted, it is said, that several distinguished diplomats were invited to meet Bozzie.

Another remarkable thing was Bozzie's ability to add and subtract. If told to cross the street and stop at a certain tree (the fifth or sixth) Bozzie would do so without ever an error or a moment's hesitation.

Sometime ago a distinguished scientist spent a week with Bozzie's master for the purpose of studying Bozzie. At the end of a week he frankly confessed that he was unable to understand her remarkable ability. E. W.

A Raja Yoga Cat

DEAR CHILDREN: Not long ago I happened to be making a visit near Catskill, New York, when my hostess told me of a queer little family that lived not far from her home. We went to see it and what do you think we found? A dear old mother-cat taking the best possible care of a brood of fluffy, yellow baby ducks. It appears that the brood had been brought into the kitchen in a basket when the cat discovered them. I am sure she must have believed that they needed love, for she jumped into the basket, cuddled the queer babies down beside her, and assumed their entire care from that day. Now where did she learn about Raja Yoga?

A LOTUS GROUP TEACHER

About a Moose

DEAR CHILDREN: Not many weeks ago some men who were running a freight train past a lake near Utica, New York, discovered a big moose struggling in the water, in some way entangled. There are men who would have killed the big, noble animal, and then fancied themselves great hunters. But these men were different. They stopped the train, and with the aid of some long boards succeeded in helping the moose out of the water and up the bank of the lake. They expected to see it bound away without so much as a "Thank you," but they were disappointed. The moose followed them about, helped them eat their luncheon and when the train moved on, carrying the men away, even tried to follow. Was the moose grateful—or what?

AUNT EDYTHE

How happy the Loma-land birds are! I think the sunbeams must have told them that the flowers are coming; and the sunbeams ought to know.

SHE LOVES ME & I LOVE HER

by LILLIAN M. DOWSE in *Our Dumb Animals*

ONLY a pussy-cat, soft, warm and gray!
And I hear some one ask, What of that?
She gave me such comfort on many a day,
And a sweet little puss she was, so they say.
What of that? What of that?
She was only a cat.

Only a pussy-cat sat by my side,
And I hear you again, What of that?
She was always my friend, whatever betide,
And many's the trouble to her I confide;
She is only a cat.
But I say, What of that? What of that?

Only a pussy-cat's soft little purr!
And you ask, What of that?
A bundle of cosiness done up in fur;
But she loves me and I love her,
Though she's only a cat.
What of that? What of that?

Students'



Path

WHERE RELIGION ABIDES

by T. W. PARSONS in *Unity*

RELIGION'S purest presence was not found,
By the first followers of our Savior's creed
In stately fane where trump and timbrel sound
Sate up the chorus in a strain agreed,
And where the decked oblation's wail might plead
For guilty man with Abraham's holy seed.

Not in vast domes, horizons hung by men,
Where golden panels fret a marble sky,
And things below look up and wonder when
Those life-like seraphim would start and fly!
Not where the heart is mastered by the eye
Will worship anthem-winged, ascend most high.

But in the damp cathedral of the grove,
Where Nature feels the sanctitude of rest,
Or in the stillness of the sheltered cove,
Which noiseless water-fowl alone molest,
At times a reverence will pervade the breast
Which will not always come, a hidden guest.

Oft as the parting smiles of day and night
Flush earth and heaven with a roscate hue,
And the quick changes of the magic light
Prolong the glory of their warm adieu,
Each pilgrim on the hills, and every crew
On the lulled waters, frame their vows anew.

"Advice to Young Men"

THE ordinary contours of "advice to young men" appear to stand in grave need of revision. They do not merit the respect accorded to them. In most cases they are appeals to simple brute ambition. They tell the young man how to make a name and a place for himself. *Success* quotes this from Andrew Carnegie:

I would not give a fig for the young man in business who does not already see himself a partner or the head of an important firm. Do not rest for a moment in your thoughts as a head clerk or foreman or general manager in any concern, no matter how extensive. Say, each, to yourself, "My place is at the top." Be king in your dreams. Vow that you will reach that position with untarnished reputation, and make no other vow to distract your attention.

Mr. Carnegie could give better advice than this, but it would seem that on that occasion he refrained. The "untarnished reputation" is the single feeble moral note in it, and the victim is enjoined "to make no other vow" to distract his attention. Yet he who modeled himself on this would ordinarily be counted as possessed of "laudable ambition." Could there be in all space any object more thoroughly satisfactory to the mind of a devil than a world made up of such people, every one of whom was actuated by "no other vow" than to be on top, to be ahead of all the rest, even if with "untarnished reputation?" And to the mind of an angel from another and better world than ours, he who in his own soul has taken such a vow has already tarnished his reputation almost beyond cleansing.

Is it a way to happiness? When on the top, what then? When after forty years of effort, and sixty of life, partner in or even head of "an important firm," where next? It is almost time to be dying! We do not understand that they have "important firms" on the other side of that event. But there may be partnerships, partnerships of those who on earth sought in themselves the undying light, the only immortal flame in consciousness; who in obedience to that light, and as part of the search for it, flung themselves into some Cause—or into Cause after Cause—that was concerned with human welfare; and whose reward was an understanding of life and a walking in immortality even while in the body. They took the vow of compassion; the mind-darkening clouds of self-

ishness and ambition thinned out year by year, and *their* vow was an ever steadier and brighter lamp upon their way. And at last they found the only enduring peace and happiness which earth offers. C.

The Little Things

THERE is one fact which the student does well to consider. To consciously, or even unconsciously, yield to the habit of being careless in little things has a relaxing effect upon the whole character. Little by little, if we persist, we transform all the iron and steel and warrior-stuff in our make-up into just plain must. More than that, we give vitality and new energy to all the other faults in our natures; faults which perhaps were slowly dying out by a simple starvation process. We open the door to a host of evils that otherwise could not get in. We invite the self to sink backward and downward into the very darkness of the psychological mists that hover about the gateways of that besieged citadel in which dwells the soul. And finally what is the result? Inevitably it is that we either lose heart at the sight of accumulated penalties when at last we are forced to face them and give up the struggle, the warrior courage gone, or we find ourselves in the midst of a fearful battle with our lower tendencies, a battle so terrible that it almost dissolves the very life, and yet which is wholly needless. We might have escaped it as well as not by conscientious care instead of neglect in some little detail which faced us perhaps six months before. And all the precious time that we must use to save ourselves from being actually destroyed we might, except for this carelessness, have used in active, positive service to humanity. Now, is such a method common sense? If we have no regard for ourselves let us at least live and act and conscientiously perform our duties as if we had some regard for others. Katherine Tingley has said:

We are one in essence; there is the interblending of forces so delicate, so subtle, that they cannot be perceived on this plane, yet they are ever at work making or marring the destiny of a soul. Seeing the misery of the world as I do, and coming in close contact in correspondence with hundreds of despairing souls, I feel the urging of that Great Heart of Humanity to plead with my Comrades to make a new effort and to seek every moment in the day to strengthen that effort by noble deeds and by pure thoughts and actions. If each could do his part in this, all the rest would care for itself. . . . In a determination to do our whole duty all along the line we shall build more wisely than ever before, and make a new Light that shall shine in the Heaven of the New Day and shed its glory over all.

A. V. H.

Advertising Impudence

THERE are people who would use Niagara Falls to advertise their wares; who *do* use in that way the rich and beautiful cliff borders of the Hudson and other rivers; who cut their names on monuments and temples; who would gladly illuminate the Matterhorn with a magic lantern slide, suggesting that we try some soap or salve; and who desecrate the flag of their country, with all its symbolism, history and associations, by using it as part of their vulgar business notices.

The members of Camp Meyler, service men of the Spanish-American war, recently passed the following excellent resolution, which should be backed by legal enactment:

Whereas, it has been brought to the attention of this camp that the national colors are being used as an advertising medium for a baseball game, and,

Whereas, we consider it a disgrace to the flag we fought under during the late war, and a disgrace to the nation, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED, that this camp denounces such action or acts on the part of any person or persons so using our flag as an advertising medium, as a disgrace to our national emblem.

The First Free Library

THE Free Library idea is at least 270 years old, and the first incarnation of it still exists. It is at Wimborne, in England, and is the joy of the learned reader. A clergyman, in 1637, presented 240 great tomes to his parishioners, storing the books according to his possibly well-founded view of the future reader's honesty. For they (the books, not the readers) are chained by chains 3 feet long, to the shelves. They are of that length to allow the volumes to be transferred to desks below. Some of the books are of great enough value today to warrant the chains. Among them, for example, is the *Breeches Bible* and the original volumes of Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*.

THE INWARD VOICES

BOTH eyes alert to see more ways to help folks struggle on;
 Both hands aye ready to reach out to one whose strength is gone;
 One tongue armed strong with cheery words, two lips to wear a smile,
 And two keen ears turned inward, tense to listen, all the while.

Turned inward? Yes, turned inward; for the voices from without
 May scoff or praise unduly, putting all the good to rout;
 May harshly judge, in ignorance of what hands and lips would do---
 The voices deep within you will be always firm and true.

Two honest ears turned inward---O, the blessed things they hear
 When eyes and hands and tongue and lips keep giving forth their cheer;
 Sweet dreamless sleep at night-time and a kindly word by day---
 Just stop a bit and list to what the inward voices say.—*Los Angeles Herald*

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question In continuation of the subject of the Student's Column in the issue of October 18th, the question comes up, How may the principle of Brotherhood, therein referred to, be applied in a concrete way and in the actual affairs of life, to better the social condition of the masses? What is the Universal Brotherhood doing in this direction?

Answer For answer to the first part of the question we quote again from H. P. Blavatsky's *Key to Theosophy*:

Theosophist—Look for a moment at what you would call the concrete facts of human society. Contrast the lives not only of the masses of the people, but of many of those who are called the middle and upper classes, with what they might be under healthier and nobler conditions, where justice, kindness and love were paramount, instead of the selfishness, indifference and brutality which now too often seem to reign supreme. All good and evil things in humanity have their roots in human character, and this character is, and has been, conditioned by the endless chain of cause and effect. But this conditioning applies to the future as well as to the present and the past. Selfishness, indifference and brutality can never be the normal state of the race—to believe so would be to despair of humanity—and that no Theosophist can do. Progress can be attained, and only attained, by the development of the nobler qualities. Now, true evolution teaches us that by altering the surroundings of the organism we can alter and improve the organism; and in the strictest sense this is true with regard to man. Every Theosophist, therefore, is bound to do his utmost to help on, by all the means in his power, every wise and well considered social effort which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the poor. Such efforts should be made with a view to their ultimate social emancipation, or the development of the sense of duty in those who now so often neglect it in nearly every relation of life.

Enquirer—Agreed. But who is to decide whether social efforts are wise or unwise?

Theosophist—No one person and no society can lay down a hard-and-fast rule in this respect. Much must necessarily be left to the individual judgment. One general test may, however, be given. Will the proposed action tend to promote that true brotherhood which it is the aim of Theosophy to bring about? No real Theosophist will have much difficulty in applying such a test; once he is satisfied of this, his duty will lie in the direction of forming public opinion. And this can be attained only by inculcating those higher and nobler conceptions of public and private duties which lie at the root of all spiritual and material improvement. In every conceivable case he himself must be a center of spiritual action, and from him and his own daily individual life must radiate those higher spiritual forces which alone can regenerate his fellow men.

And in further answer to the question regarding the concrete application of the principles of Brotherhood, and to the question, "What is the Universal Brotherhood doing in this direction?" we refer enquirers to the work of the International Brotherhood League, the Humanitarian Department of the Universal Brotherhood, founded by Katherine Tingley in 1897. The objects of the League are,

- 1 To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.
- 2 To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood, and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.
- 3 To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women, and assist them to a higher life.
- 4 To assist those who are, or have been, in prison, to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.
- 5 To endeavor to abolish capital punishment.

6 To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them.

7 To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war and other calamities; and, generally, to extend aid, help and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.

On all these lines is the practical work of Brotherhood being carried on under the guidance and leadership of Katherine Tingley. These objects of the League are "applied Theosophy," and it is only by *applied* Theosophy, not *theoretical*, that the social conditions of the world can be improved.

Notes by W. Q. Judge

THE following notes are from some hitherto unpublished writings of William Q. Judge, and will therefore be read with peculiar interest by all our comrades:

I should again call upon my coworkers for the cause to realize at every step of their study, as far as possible, Divine Intelligence manifesting itself. Otherwise, how much soever you might believe or take it for granted that the forces governing the universe are spiritual, the mere belief, however deep-rooted it might appear, would be of little use when you have to pass through the actual ordeals of discipleship. . . . So deep-rooted in human nature is infidelity and selfishness, that no one need be too sure of his own spiritual nature. No amount of lip-learning will avail us in the hour of need.

To my mind no ascetics, no teachers of mankind, however eminent, are really such good and practical benefactors of humanity as Vallear, who incarnated on earth for the express purpose, among others, of setting an example to mortals of an ideal household life, and of proving the possibility of leading such a life in any age, however degenerated; or as Kama who, even after having become an Avatar, came down amidst mortals and led a household life. . . . The only way to prepare the way for the advent of a favorable age and for the increase of the number and greatness of compassionate helpers of humanity is to establish gradually the conditions for the leading of a true household life. I should unhesitatingly state that is the duty of earnest Theosophists and real philanthropists.

Let us suppose that in the most degenerated nation, in the darkness of cycles, one philanthropist becomes unselfish and intelligent enough to set a noble example by fulfilling all family duties. The way is thereby paved for the advent of an ascending cycle. . . . In those happy Aryan ages, when duty was known and performed fully, those alone married who were in every way qualified for leading a household life. Marriage was in those days a sacred and religious contract and not at all a means of gratifying selfish desires and animal passions.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

ARE we vigilant? Do we remember constantly, or do we forget continually, that this, the Theosophical movement, is the point of contact between the disintegrating and the positive, constructive forces in human life? Are we so centered, continually and always, that the disintegrating agencies, which ever lurk about the doorway of our soul's shrine, are powerless to force their way within it? When we are, then have we learned the meaning of the word vigilant, and not until then. As eternal vigilance alone can save this, the Theosophical movement, so constant watchfulness alone can save each one of us from becoming obstacles in its way.

Let us get over this nonchalance, which is, so to speak, more charming than soldierly. Let us be alert to recognize each danger signal, each gap, each break in the continuity of our thought or of our duties. This is a pivotal time. "A moment's carelessness may undo the work of centuries."

To be eternally vigilant, or to strive to be, is to travel the royal road that leads to the heights, the heights where impersonality is possible and where alone we may see things as they are. In one sense, eternal vigilance is the most difficult thing in the world to acquire; in another sense it is so simple, for it springs from deep, sincere interest in our work, an interest so deep that to do each duty perfectly and well becomes the passion of one's life. What time have we then to think about personal desires, to fret about what we don't like? What room is there in our hearts then for an "I am holier than thou" feeling? None, absolutely none. The whole being is bathed in a compassion that purifies even as does gratitude. In just the measure that we are vigilant do we gain the power and the privilege to help those less fortunate than ourselves as the elder brothers help us.

A. V.

EVENING

by J. J. LONSDALE

THE honied core of all the hours
Lies near the setting sun,
When through the mists which dim the flowers,
The bairns come, one by one;
No sunbeam sweeter than the mirk,
As round the ingle flame.
We bless the rest which crowns our work,
When evening brings a' hame.

Oh, twilight, veiled in shadows soft,
How is't these hearts of ours
Expand their folded leaves most oft
The time you close the flowers?
No hour so full of loving calm
Since first the gloaming came,
No grief so great but finds a balm
When evening brings a' hame.

Though dark and long the shadows grow
As life's day journeys on,
We'll see them not if we'll but go
Face forward to the sun.
And while we tread our dark'ning way,
Be this the prayer we frame:
"Ere night exhales in endless day,
May evening bring a' hame."

Ian Maclaren on Religious Revival

THE REV. JOHN WATSON, otherwise known as "Ian Maclaren," one of the most charming writers of the day, and one of the purest, has thrown a bomb into the ranks of orthodoxy, and it has exploded with some considerable force. He has issued a pamphlet which would be denounced and ignored, had it come from a lay source. Bearing as it does a name which insures its universal perusal, a name which is respected throughout Christendom, it explodes inside the church walls instead of outside.

Mr. Watson believes that we are on the eve of the biggest religious revival that the world has known for two thousand years, and he intimates that this will be in spite of the churches and not because of them. He seems to look upon very much of our modern theology not as a religious force at all, but rather as a repressive weight which has lain upon the hearts and consciences of men, preventing the display and the exercise of that real religion with which every man is born. The religious revival, therefore, will be caused by a natural expansive power from within, and not by a more vigorous beating of the drum ecclesiastic or by a louder shouting of creeds and recipes.

Mr. Watson says many things which we should hardly like to say ourselves for fear that we should be accused of an animus of which we are in no way guilty. He believes that there are two great social classes which will be most affected by the revival. These two classes are,

First, the well-to-do classes, rolling in opulence and ease—the proud and haughty, who look down on the rest of the world. They will be shaken out of their self-composure and selfishness. Second, the proletariat . . . who will be benefited by the new coming of Christ into the hearts of the people. These have been alienated from Christ in a way the church has no conception of.

Plain speaking is so rare a virtue that we almost hesitate to deprecate its scope. We would, however, suggest that not all of the well-to-do classes are proud and haughty, nor do they all look down upon the rest of the world, nor are they all selfish. Selfishness, unfortunately, is not the monopoly of a class, although there are some forms of selfishness to which wealth gives a special prominence.

Mr. Watson says that the divorce between the working classes and the churches is not wonderful, seeing that the churches appear to be at enmity with the interests of the workmen. He at any rate does not join in the parrot cry of apathy by which theology sometimes seeks to hide its own deficiencies and errors.

Mr. Watson believes that for a long time the world has been at a standstill. Religion has ceased to teach men of their possibilities, being unable to teach what it does not know. Theology has lost the gnosis, it can no longer generate new steam, and the old steam is dead and gone. Great men die one by one, but no new ones appear.

Except in the realm of science no new progress is being made, no great men are rising, no poets, no novelists, no painters, no statesmen, no preachers. It is an age of mediocrity and commonplaceness. We are tired, therefore we are restless, and Matthew Arnold's words are still truer today than when he wrote:

Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead,
Your social order too.
Where carries he, the power who said,
See, I make all things new?

We wish we could quote still further from a very remarkable pamphlet and one which will make a stir where a movement of some kind is greatly needed. A revival is indeed at hand and cannot be long delayed. Expansion is a law of nature, and so are progress and evolution. The minds of men are as much a part of nature as the tides which ebb and flow, as much a part of nature as are storms and earthquakes and volcanoes.

We do not, however, believe that great men and great women will be in any way lacking when the hour strikes, because these also are provided for by the Law. In human affairs, too, there is a spring time and a harvest, as well as a winter of discontent, and the harvest will not fail us. "As thy need is, so shall thy strength be." Nature does not waste her great souls. She produces them when they are needed, poets and painters, statesmen, preachers and soldiers. There was a time when the prophets of the Lord were hidden in caves and none knew that there were still some who had not bowed the knee to Baal. Nature and her Law show a curious disregard for orthodoxy and they fetch forth their greatest treasures from strange places, without diplomas, certificates or parchments.

The revival which Mr. Watson expects has truly already begun and the Christ light is burning in the caves of the human heart. We need not forecast the direction of that lightning flame when it bursts forth upon the night to destroy and to build again. It will burn away nothing but the dross, and as it passes over the fields of weary human life it will call into an answering glory every spark which yet lingers upon the altars of duty and within the shrines of love.

STUDENT

Vigilance

THE only life worth living is the Warrior life. None of us fully realize this because none of us live up to its privileges. None of us grasp all its opportunities. And our failure to rise into what we might call the God-consciousness, our failure to live always and always in the resourceful part of our natures is due mainly to lack of vigilance.

This movement stands as a living link between humanity and its golden future. It stands a living bulwark and wall against the disintegrating forces in human life, against all those things that love darkness better than they love light. Every member in it is a target for the enemy, a fact we do not realize as we should. Those whose work gives them prominence, or who are openly persecuted, sometimes seem to be very much more under fire than those whose work is, at that time, obscure. We are apt to look upon them as better warriors. Well, many of them are, certainly those are who do their battle work well, and whose vigilance never fails. For the test, next to loyalty, is vigilance, and I sometimes wonder if those who are careless, heedless, lacking in that eternal watchfulness that must be the corner-stone of the soldier's life, are, in the truest sense, loyal. Such may believe themselves to be loyal, but are they so?

No one is made ruler over the many things until he has proven his fitness to rule over the few. No one can hope to enter a wider field of work until he has, first of all, gained the mastery over himself—and the particular task set before most of us—not in any arbitrary way but just by the events of life, is this task of governing ourselves. It is then that we awaken to a realizing sense of what vigilance really is.

How many of us are constantly on guard? Most of us are so intermittently, of course, but we might as well not be on guard at all. How many of us are vigilant all the time? That is the secret of all usefulness. We may come to a realization of it by the pathway of joy or the pathway of sorrow. We may find out this secret by being continually vigilant or by not being so—by doing our full duty or by doing nine-tenths of it only. We make our own choice. In one case we learn to be vigilant by the pathway of clear conscience and absolute joy, in the other we learn through disappointment, penalty and sorrow.

Vigilance builds character. Heedlessness undermines it. A. V.

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		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
26	29.896	70	55	57	57	.00	W	4
27	29.970	66	54	57	57	.00	NW	10
28	29.900	64	54	55	55	.00	N	6
29	29.732	63	54	57	56	.00	SE	9
30	29.752	65	56	59	58	.00	W	6
31	29.846	66	54	57	57	.00	E	2
1	29.840	66	54	60	59	.00	NE	fresh

Hours of Sunshine in October 176½, average daily 5.68
Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

A Practical Bull

When Lord Dufferin was on the eve of departure, either to India or Canada, as Governor-General, he felt anxious about the preservation from injury or trespass of an old castle of the O'Neil's on his Antrim estate. He summoned his steward accordingly, and taking him with him to the ruin, he marked out with his stick the circuit which he wished to have walled in.

"I want you, Creagh, to build a wall round here about ten feet from the castle and about five feet in height."

"Very well, my Lord," replied Creagh, and Lord Dufferin departed with his mind at ease as to the protection of the historic castle.

On his return from his seven years' proconsulship almost the first thing he thought of was the old castle, and he hurried to see in what state of preservation it had been kept by the protecting wall. When he reached the spot he looked and stared and rubbed his eyes. Not a trace of the castle! Not one stone of it upon another! He hastened to the steward, and gasped breathlessly:

"Creagh, where—what has become of the old castle?"

"The ould castle, my lord! Sure didn't I pull it down to build the wall wid the stones!"—*T. P.'s Weekly*

Bismarck was a great smoker, but the cigar which he enjoyed most of all the thousands which he had ever consumed was the one which he did not smoke at all. Throughout the battle of Sedan he was painting to himself the deep joy he should take, after the fight, in smoking one solitary cigar which he had about him. Then he saw a wounded dragoon with both arms smashed. He lit his one cigar and put it between the man's teeth. "You ought to have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. No cigar ever tasted so good to me as this one which I did not smoke."

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