

# THE LITTLE BROWN BOOK

A JOURNAL OF LIFE  
AND LIVING ISSUES

March 1914

Only so much do I know as I have learned.

—Emerson



EDITED BY  
DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT

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# The Little Brown Book

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## “Till Death Do Us Part”



ICTOR HUGO has very graphically shown in his immortal masterpiece, “Les Misérables,” how that the law may become a veritable Nemesis, haunting a man as long as his shadow falls aslant the landscape. Jean Valjean, imprisoned for stealing a loaf of bread to feed his starving family, was haunted for the greater part of his natural life by Javert, the emissary of the law. Several times he died to mortal belief, but each time that he came to life he was discovered and re-arrested.

We would look upon such law today as persecution. There is among most civilized peoples a growing sense of justice which seeks to make the punishment fit the crime, and withal the spirit of leniency is modifying human judgments. Still in some way we have not outgrown our barbaric conceptions of crime, nor

have we developed sense sufficiently to properly ad-judge it.

A man in Chicago left his wife some time ago and went to the county hospital. The woman thereafter received notice that her husband had died. She went to the hospital and identified the dead man as her husband. A certain burial insurance was turned over to her which enabled her to bury the man with much ceremony as becomes a loving and dutiful wife.

Later on some friend tells her that her husband is not dead at all, but that he "changed places" with some old fellow who had decided to shuffle off in earnest. The woman had not sufficient interest in the tale to look the matter up, because, as she says, "the funeral had not cost her anything." Later on another friend (how dearly essential to the world's happiness are such friends!) reports having met the husband alive and well on a prominent street *with a woman*.

Aha! that immediately put a pinch of soda in the soup, and things began to boil over. The cave-woman's jealousy was aroused. Before that time she had not cared anything more about her husband, apparently, than for an old shoe, but now he becomes of sudden interest to her. As a wise precaution, lest he actually be alive and escape, she proceeds to file suit against the man for non-support. "If Tom Burke thinks he can get away from his family by palming off another's man's body on me, he can just guess again. I don't

believe he's dead, and he's got to support me until he is," quoth the lady.

Poor Tom! the world is quite full of you. But there will be those who will declare that sympathy with Tom is wasted. Why, if he could not live up to his contract, did he go into it? Yes, why? Why do hundreds and thousands do the same thing? The divorce court records give the answer. It ought to be illegal, as it is absurd for a man to bind himself to anything for life, and any contract of this kind should be legally voidable, the same as a contract made with a minor or a lunatic. A man in love with a woman is temporarily deranged. Mentally he is a minor, the same as if he had not come to the age of reason. When a man commits a murder under the influence of intense passion it is held in the eyes of the law to be a mitigating circumstance. Passion is a form of insanity, is, in fact, insanity. A man in that situation needs a guardian appointed—often he gets one in the transaction. Frequently the woman in the case appoints herself to that position for life, holding the man tight to the line of her convictions, which are almost invariably selfish, and very seldom just.

I agree, if Tom has been responsible for bringing children into the world—though that is usually part of the same insanity of passion—he ought to contribute to their maintenance and support, and it is a mean trick for him to try to die and void an obliga-

tion of this kind. However, it is often a good thing for the wife and children when he does.

I know a case in point where God had already "blessed" the family with thirteen children, actually thirteen, and similar blessings were coming perennially. The mother was a wornout little shadow, the family were in adject poverty and practically on the town, when the man took a notion to die. The woman took new heart and took hold of the reins. She brought up and educated her family, paid for the home, and today is financially independent with a happy family about her, all helping and swearing allegiance to her—a strong, healthy woman, who, though still in her prime, is wise enough through experience not to want to venture into any more matrimony.

So it is often a good thing for humanity that death is not too long delayed. It is, however, one of the absurd notions that clings to the sacramental idea of marriage that it must necessarily be a life contract. Daily experience for the last six thousand years utterly disproves the tenability of such a notion. Marriage ought to be simply a civil contract dissoluble at the will of either party. Were it not for children and property, there need be no contract at all, simply a mutual agreement, which is all there is to it anyway that results in any good.

If a woman has helped to create the estate, then

she is entitled to her share of it. If she simply has by some intrigue or device foisted herself on the man, and got him in a moment of unbalance to commit the unpardonable sin, as is often the case, she is to be accounted a mere adventuress, and has no moral rights in the case at all. If there be children and she retain the custody, then, of course, the father ought to contribute at least one-half to their support.

We are coming to a time when this idea of a woman's dependence on man is going to be knocked completely out. No law ought to encourage such dependence, any more than it should give a man dependence on a woman. Reverse the case and let a woman begin supporting a "great lazy man," as sometimes happens, and a big howl of sympathy and indignation goes up on all sides, and there is some basis for the howl, inasmuch as at the present time society denies a woman rightful opportunities to win even her own support, let alone having to support a man. But society considers it all right and proper for a man to work his fingers to the bone to support in idleness a perfectly incompetent, vain and extravagant woman.

The great and crying reform today—and it is coming more rapidly than we dared to hope ten years ago—is woman's absolute freedom and economic equality. She already possesses every other kind of equality—mental, moral and physical—now give her a chance and she will do the rest.

Frederick Townsend Martin, the distinguished social leader of New York's "400," comes out broadly on this question. He says, "Woman should have a status of complete equality with man. She should have not only the right to vote at the polls, but it should be made customary for a woman to pay her own way, even in the company of a man—her dinner check, car fare and taxi bills. This custom should be introduced by woman." To be sure, man will never take the initiative in this. In the first place, he is reared to believe that such a thing would be the height of discourtesy, and, in the next place, he will be prone to perpetuate a custom which implies a possible exchange of favors.

There will long linger in the lap of luxury a vast number of women who by reason of their education and training prefer idleness, slavery, and even prostitution to a legitimate occupation, responsibility and independence.

Only when independence is established can true interdependence be realized—only when men and women are free from the selfish thought of domination over the weaker or more helpless of their kind, either through physical force or subtlety, can we hope for the dawn of an era of true co-operative fraternalism. Then, gladly, joyfully will men and women join hands nor shall death, even, part them.

## The Progress of Truth



R. HAROLD BEGBIE, a writer in *The Continental* (Chicago), says that the world's greatest romance today is the silent, ignored and profoundly solemn movement of 300 million people in India out of immemorial sleep, and turning their backs on an immemorial past toward the mental frontiers of Europe, and toward the comparatively modern religion of Jesus Christ." He goes on to say that "the mind of India is moving away from the superstitions, the customs, the traditions and the hypnotism of her long past. She is becoming modernized and materialized." This result is being accomplished, the writer claims, by the movement of two invisible powers. The energy of European materialism is one of these, and the leaven of Christ is the other.

Just as truly it may be claimed that the Western conception of religion and life, including Christianity itself, is rapidly undergoing a mighty metamorphosis due to the infiltration of the underlying truths of Hinduism. The popular concept of Christ as understood even forty years has entirely changed, and this is due largely to the teachings of Vedanta through theosophical writings and teachings, through Bahaimism which seeks to level all creeds, and particularly through Christian Science, which is but a revoicing of Vedic truth in terms of Christian symbology.

People forever allow themselves to be deceived and misled by names. A Jew is hated by a Catholic, not because he is a Jew, but because of his Judaism—his conception of the Messiah. A Christian despises a Turk because of Mohammed. For like reason all orthodox Christians are greatly exercised over the heathenish state of the Hindus, because they accept Brahma and Buddha instead of Jehovah and Christ as expressions of truth and salvation.

It is one of the specious claims of Christianity that it alone is responsible for all the culture and civilization of the West. This view might be more tenable if we consider the basic principle of Christianity as the impulse to action, but if we take Christianity as generally understood and as usually expressed by the people, it is decidedly untrue.

Despotism, slavery, poverty, oppression, crime and bloodshed are certainly not attributes of true civilization, and yet they have ever been the pronounced characteristics of Christian invasion everywhere. The flag follows the cross, and commercial piracy follows the flag. The great teachers of India, the Rishis, like the Hebrew prophets, proclaimed great truths that were a part of their inspired consciousness, and slowly, very slowly, the world has been advancing to grasp and assimilate the true meaning of this great wisdom.

One should read Sadhana, or The Realization of Life, by Rabindranath Tagore, in order to get a true

picture of Indian philosophy, religion and ideals, all of which are accustomed to be grossly misconceived and misrepresented by Christian fanatics.

The Christian has the Bible by courtesy of the Hebrew, whom he nevertheless affects to despise on the simple technicality of names. The Jew says Messiah, the Christian says Christ—and both names stand simply for truth and its redemptive power. The Christian concept of truth as a dead man hanging on a tree is about as brutal, as unrefined and as illogical a concept as could be well imagined. It is a legendary survival of the most heathenism of ancient peoples—the Phoenicians—who religiously sacrificed human beings to appease their gods, and naturally enough conceived of the supreme deity as desiring to sacrifice his own favorite son to propitiate himself, which he is said to have done. The Phoenician tale is the exact counterpart of the story of Jesus and his crucifixion.

The Jewish Messiah is a much loftier concept of the truth becoming manifest in the human race. Buddha is its personification, and the life, death and translation of Buddha is an infinitely wonderful conception of divine truth in its relation to human needs—not more wonderful, perhaps, than the life of Jesus, if we take the real character of Jesus out of the false setting given it by the miracle-playwrights of the early centuries.

There is no higher nor more profound teaching

extant than that which is to be found in the Upanishads of India, of which most Western minds are blankly ignorant. They emanate from a mentality or consciousness that had overcome the great enemy of life, selfishness—a consciousness that had risen above earthly trammels to walk and talk with God. They are to be classed with Job and Isaiah and the Psalms of David, but their influence on the mind of the people has been far more profound than the Judaic teachings upon the mind of the Israelites and their descendants, including the lost tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh, represented by the modern English-speaking peoples.

Take the idea of man's dominion over nature. God is said to have given him such dominion in the beginning. From the lower animal man up to the most civilized Russian or Englishman, this signifies aggressive, destructive conquest—a trampling upon all that lives and breathes in order to attain the end of selfish supremacy—it means the destruction of all plants and animals, the appropriation of all minerals—the plundering, slaying, suppressing or exterminating of all creatures whatsoever that stand in the pathway of its brutal, material progress. All this in spite of Christian culture and teaching—in fact, Christian precept is twisted to give the sanction of authority and excuse for the carrying out of this program of rampant human selfishness, greed, exploitation and domination.

But take it in India, and you find from the earliest

times an exactly contrary spirit. Instead of teaching selfishness and cruelty, the ancient Rishis inculcated the true wisdom which is to be found in the union of the soul of man with the soul of God. With this realization the heart is freed from selfish desires, and God is experienced in all activities while the soul attains a condition of harmony and peace.

The first jewel-principle that is won from the deep mine of this sacred teaching to be set in the coronet of man's moral nature is the recognition of the sacredness of all life. "Thou shalt not kill"—the admonition is as old as Moses, but how differently had it been understood and carried out by the Europeans and their Aryan brothers!

Christ and Buddha taught the same renunciation—the fanatics of both sects, the Christian and the Buddhist, have missed the essence of this sublime teaching—have starved their soul while they fed their bodies on husks.

"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads!  
Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner  
of the temple with doors all shut?  
Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!"

Buddha, in his sermon to Sadhu Simha, says: "It is true, Simha, that I denounce activities, but only the activities that lead to the evil in words, thoughts or deeds. It is true, Simha, that I preach extinction, but

only the extinction of pride, lust, evil thought and ignorance, not that of forgiveness, love, charity and truth."

Tagore, in *Sadhana*, further says: "Man can destroy and plunder, learn and accumulate, invent and discover, but he is great because his soul comprehends all. It is dire destruction for him when he envelopes his soul in a dead shell of callous habits, and when a blind fury of works whirls round him like an eddying dust storm, shutting out the horizon. That indeed kills the very spirit of his being, which is the spirit of comprehension. Essentially man is not a slave either of himself or of the world, but he is a lover. His freedom and fulfillment is in love, which is another name for perfect comprehension. By this power of comprehension, this permeation of his being, he is united with the all-pervading Spirit, who is also the breath of his soul. Where a man tries to raise himself to eminence by pushing and jostling all others to achieve distinction by which he prides himself to be more than everybody else, there he is alienated from that Spirit."

This we conceive to be the true import of the message of Christ, but I doubt very much if we ever could have gained that conception through the teaching of the Christian church. It has had to be transmitted to our consciousness as an echo from the far away teaching of the Indian rishis.

The Indian says that he sees God in everything, and the Christian zealot proclaims him a pantheist, and forthwith sends a missionary to labor with him and try to convert him from the error of his ways. We are but just beginning to consciously apprehend the meaning of *omnipresent* divinity—God everywhere present, in all and through all—which is exactly the idea of the Indian's "pantheism." As for actual polytheism, Christians are wont to have many gods, the greatest of all which is Money. Mental images are just as idolatrous as those of wood or stone.

The Upanishad says: "Thou shalt gain by giving away." This same truth is also revoiced by Jesus, but how very little effect the teaching has had upon Christian communities. People give, when they do give, from a sense of duty, not realizing the scientific principle involved in the action. Again the Upanishad teaches that "everything has sprung from immortal life and is vibrating with life," but we, from our false concept of the nature and attributes of Jehovah, derived from Judaic writings, have admitted death and the devil into the scheme of universal harmony and love to disrupt the peace and progress of earth's inhabitants, turning happiness and glory into agony and tears. While in the Old Testament, Jehovah is very manifestly an anthropomorphic creation, yet underneath all, his true character constantly shines forth. For this cause alone the record survives, while the

soul of man searches ever deeper to find its true meaning.

Let us divest ourselves of that narrowness and bigotry which shuts from our minds all truth, unless it happens to stream in through our one little knot-hole. Let us open wide the door, batter it down if need be, and let in the flood-light of truth from whatever source it comes. This is *Vishvakarma* which Sadhana explains as a "multiplicity of forms and forces lying in his (Truth's) outward manifestation in nature, but his inner manifestation in our soul is that which exists in unity. Our pursuit of truth in the domain of nature, therefore, is through analysis and the gradual methods of science, but our apprehension of Truth in our soul is immediate and through direct intuition—we can only know him in the love and joy we feel when we give up ourself and stand before him face to face."

## Studies in Life—XI.



THIS true in every department of the business life that an ounce of experience is worth a barrel of conjecture. Nearly all that we read along this line is largely theoretical, and therefore apt, when put to the test, to be impracticable. Would it not be a grand thing if we had a medium—a kind of open forum—for the expression of individual experience—and would it not

be still grander if we could unshuck ourselves of the natural reserve which usually seals our lips against giving expression to our innermost knowledge—that gained by experience?

We would like to take the initiative in opening such a forum. We do not promise to publish all that might be sent us, and we pledge ourselves not to reveal the identity of any contributor, and to hold in sacred confidence all that may be written.

What we are after is truth, tested out in actual experience. Such truth alone is valuable. In order to give our readers an idea of what is desired, we will begin this series by citing a few leaves from our own personal experience, and will follow with others. Now let us see how many valuable contributions we shall get along this line. Such contributions should be sent direct to the editor, who will weave them all into one article in which each can recognize his own idea, and the whole, we believe, will make a most valuable article, and one of exceeding interest to all.

These recitals should be confined to physical, mental and spiritual experience—they should not be the recital of ordinary “deeds done in the body”—no snake stories or tales of pictorial achievement—but rather a recounting of unusual mental phenomena. Ghost stories are acceptable, as are those relating to “dietetics. Everything having to do with the sub-

conscious activity, mental or physical, is particularly welcome.

In the present article we will recount in the first person singular a few things that we have found out in our own experience.

The one thing that I have become most vividly conscious of during the past few years is the fact that every action of my life is simply an unfolding of a thought-scheme laid out in mind before I was ten years of age, and this thought-scheme or pattern was woven mainly prior to my birth, during the period of conception, being slightly modified by early environment and education. I see my parents as the prominent factors in the unfoldment of nearly every thought and action of my whole life.

I have done many singular things—things which appeared as strange to me, the real *me*, afterward, as they did to my friends at the time, but in the consummation of those acts I simply followed the inevitable stress or impulse of heredity. I acted as my father, or my mother, would have acted under like circumstances, or else my action was the erratic resultant of the two combined and opposing forces.

The total inharmony in my own life which has manifestly been very great is due to the great inharmony of thought existing in the minds of my parents.

It has been my battle—the chief cause of my

great struggle in life—to overcome or to reconcile these opposing mental forces which I feel deeply are no essential or real part of me.

This is why I am such a strong and ardent advocate of the eugenic question. I positively know in my own soul that the seeds of every inharmony, every sin, every crime, as likewise of every joy, success and happy achievement, are sown at the moment of conception and during the nine months of pre-natal existence, and that life itself after birth is but the sprouting and natural development of these seeds.

What a tremendous responsibility, then, rests upon parents! And it is one the world at the present time is almost wholly unconscious of. Until it is known and understood that men and women are actually creators of the lives and destinies of the coming race, until that time we shall have to suffer all the dreadful consequences of parental ignorance, brutal apathy and wilful violation of the divine law of procreation.

But, at last, I wear out this what might be termed Karma, this nemesis of heredity, and I find myself a naked soul, stripped of all extraneous vestments, with the ugly coating painted upon me at birth worn away, and I see myself as something more than that which I seemed to be, the creation of parental warring thought. I see myself as that eternal being, that has ever been, plunging here and there, everywhere

into the great ocean of experience for knowledge. This earth and its life is but one of the plunges.

Now, then, in awakening out of this prenatal dream life, which has so long haunted me and closed my eyelids to the real truth of being, I find myself in possession of new and strange powers, which enable me to set at defiance all those things which formerly bound me to the earth life.

Take the functional activity of the body. I have learned that it goes on in all perfection and in a most marvelously accurate manner without my interference. What are called "physical demands" are simply echoes from the dream life.

There is no longer any necessity for me to indulge in any physical act whatever. I can persist without eating or drinking or sleeping. I will be the same ego or entity if I discontinue these physical activities, but I shall not know myself, nor realize my present state of consciousness. I shall be as a symphony in the mind of the composer—unexpressed.

I am doing all these things to express the composer's idea. God is the composer and I am his thought. Everything I am doing God is doing through me. There is no exception.

"The music and the musician are inseparable. When the singer departs, his singing dies with him; it is in eternal union with the life and joy of the Master.

“This world-song is never for a moment separated from its singer. It is not fashioned from any outward material. It is his joy itself taking never-ending form. It is the great heart sending the tremor of its thrill over the sky.

“There is perfection in each individual strain of this music, which is the revelation of completion in the incomplete.

“What does it matter if we fail to derive the exact meaning of this great harmony? Is it not like the hand meeting the string and drawing out at once all its tones at the touch? It is the language of beauty, the caress, that comes from the heart of the world and straightway reaches our heart.”

The grandest realization of life into which I have come through long wandering and circuitous routes—nightmare dreams of the jungle life—is that life is the shining light of God, and that there is not one spot or speck of imperfection visible in it. When you get upon the mountain top above the smoke and grime of earth you can realize this. No longer do I feel sorrow or pain, no longer suffer from hallucinations of desire, no longer is my mind embittered with thoughts of retaliation, recrimination or revenge. There is a place of peace, a sanctuary of serenity—there is that place where we may listen to the enchanting music of the spheres as depicted by Rabindranath above. Every joyful expression that we make

in this world is a step forward up the side of this mountain of the Lord, even Zion the eternal. We can reach the summit of realization and can live in consciousness with the Father, and this is the true attainment of immortality.

## Crime



FIRST ever happens in the history of our race that what is now known as politics is excluded from our scheme of government, and people arrive at the point where they are willing to be governed only by wisdom—by the wisest men—then we may say that the race will have truly reached the Golden Age—the reign of Pericles repeated.

The body politic, like the man politic, is governed by policy, which is simply selfish consideration. The enactment of law or laws is but a battle of warring interests, and the very best law is but a compromise between stupidity and cupidity.

The common law, from the Decalog down, is but a long series of negations—thou-shalt-not's—checks, coercions. After the seed of evil has sown itself spontaneously, and has come up repeatedly and flourished openly, bearing its bitter fruits successively for a long, long time, and the whole land has been tortured with it as by a plague, and a great cry goes up to heaven for help, then, at last, we begin to get what

is called "remedial legislation," which means an order to mow it down. The idea of digging it up root and branch seems never to occur to the law-makers. They appear oblivious of the fact that evil itself is an organism—a perfectly natural growth, one that has indeed been ardently cultivated, stimulated and made to thrive by the very forces that seek on occasion to destroy and obliterate it.

What, after all, is crime? Broadly speaking, it is destruction of life, or, since scientifically life itself is indestructible, we may rather define crime to be the obstructing of the life-current—that current which, in order to attain its highest evolution, ought to flow on unimpeded. Take what is regarded as the chief crime—murder, the taking of one life by another. What is the law's remedy for this crime? Simply to commit a similar crime, to take the life of the murderer: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." In such law we have not advanced a peg beyond the time of Moses.

All crime, including murder, is precisely like disease—it is a natural result of pre-existing conditions—an abnormality of which nature rids itself by a perfectly natural, right process. Both crime and disease destroy themselves if let alone. What the criminal or patient needs is kind nursing—and a chance. Medication simply drives the disease to some other organ, just as penalization causes crime to break out in some new spot.

In a well-regulated society, governed by intelligence and wisdom—a society wherein education went always to the very root of things, and where every member was on the alert for invasions and where every parasite was promptly stepped upon or destroyed in the egg, where prevention was the rule of life, where the only crown worn was the crown of virtue, where the only law recognized was the law of nature—in such a society what we now call crime could not exist.

Many people will think that such a society would not be possible—that its concept is a pure Utopia. I do not think so. It is conceivable, and therefore possible.

The process by which it might be accomplished may be written in a few words. Ten thousand men and women now living can easily understand it; why then may it not be accomplished by the combined effort of such people? Simply because we do not attain the things we most desire in our individual lives—we dream, but we do not; we think, but we do not act.

First of all, we must rid ourselves of the belief that we are compelled to do the lock-step with society—we should start out independently to lead our own lives as we choose to lead them. Each person represents a little world in himself, and, while we are socially interdependent in a way, yet in a large degree, too, we are independent, and we may, if we will, become more and more independent.

Reform begins at home. To abolish evil in myself—that is the first work. Too many wish to distinguish themselves as reformers of others. Like Billy Sunday, they want to get out and prate about a certain hitch they have taken in their morals, imagining that thus they are doing fallen humanity a great good, and a great service. Their motive is usually most selfish—flattery or easy money.

And this brings us to the question of publicity. What the reformed reformer is guilty of in a limited way, the press, the pulpit, the stage, and even the schools are more guilty of, viz., airing crime. This is exactly the way the tape-worm propagates, by bursting a caudal section of itself and scattering it in every direction. From each minute piece a new worm begins its growth.

“What!” some will ask in amazement, “would you, then, cover up crime?” I simply would not recognize it as crime—I would treat it as a disease. Would I tear down the jails? No, I would convert them into hospitals for the insane criminal. Every criminal is insane. Already this is being done in some parts of the land. People are slowly waking up to man’s stupendous inhumanity to man in the treatment of crime and criminals. In many prisons now the inmates are treated humanely, like civilians, and effort is made to restore their moral consciousness.

But it is still thought necessary to publish the

nauseating details of crime, and to dish up the same in the most attractive style. Every newspaper vies with every other in its efforts to make a "scoop," to be the first to bring out in loud headlines the most revolting details of every crime committed, and such papers thrive because of the morbid taste of the public that does not hesitate to get up in night-clothes in zero weather to gather in an "extra." There is an unsubdued love of the evil in human nature—a savagery of spirit which gloats over such stuff.

We well know that the unmoral tendencies and natural weaknesses of those who read these things are unduly stimulated. For example, when the three famous "boy bandits" were captured some years ago near Chicago, and all the papers were full of the raid and capture for many days, what was the aftermath? Boy bandits in triplets sprang up on all sides. Even a trio of little boys, the youngest of whom was seven, were arrested for "holding up" a little girl and taking her handkerchief from her while on her way to school.

These public purveyors of crime ignore the great and fundamental law underlying all human action—the law of suggestion. As I say, the clergy are frequently guilty of the same offense, unconsciously, perhaps, but nevertheless guilty, since they work on false premise that crime, like the Devil, is an entity to be continually attacked. In preaching against evil vehemently as they do, they keep the thought vividly

alive in the minds of their hearers. A few preachers are getting beyond this, and we hear far less of "hell fire and damnation" than we used to, still the long suit of the pulpit is the featuring of evil, sin and transgression.

The stage is now active in putting out a number of so-called moral plays, plays setting forth the details of the white slave traffic. They are crowding the houses. But are they accomplishing the result aimed at? It is probable that the "easy way" so vividly portrayed in these plays will prove a lure to many an innocent girl, and certainly the role of the cadet will appeal to many a sordid young nature, so that the underworld will recruit its ranks from the influence of these very plays.

Crime is the result primarily of false pre-natal conditions. Nearly every criminal is a born criminal. Then, again, it is largely influenced by education, or lack of it. The home environment plays an important part. All crime is based on fear and selfishness. A great part of it has its roots in the mal-adjustment of the sexual relation. A large percentage of the crimes as of the diseases which afflict mankind are simply the result of sex-perversions, and these the law practically ignores. In fact, the law never attempts to deal with the real causes of crime, but puts forth all its effort at suppression through coercive measures of the crime itself.

The spiritualists assure us that the spirit of an executed man is in position to do far more evil than a hundred criminals turned loose in society. That may be true. If the disembodied spirit has the power of suggestion on other minds, it certainly is true. At all events, it is pure savagery, and the worst exhibition of barbarity to inflict capital punishment on any criminal. It does not lessen crime as supposed, but rather augments it.

Nothing can put an end to crime but right breeding and right culture, and the proper adjustment of social and economic conditions. Under conditions where poverty is enforced upon the major part of the inhabitants while a rare few roll in the luxury of wealth, we are bound to have perpetual crime. Poverty itself is the mother of crime. If government would devote itself as assiduously to the adjustment of false economic standards of living, as it does to policing its citizens, to maintaining a complicated judicial system, to diplomacy and international intrigue, we would establish conditions wherein crime would at last diminish to the zero point. But under the present system crime is simply fostered. The hand of every man is against every other man, and the whole law is but an expression of vindictiveness.

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Don't worry when you stumble—remember, a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down.

## Unfoldment

The only source of joy and happiness  
Lies in the concept of the infinite;  
All sorrow, pain—all weariness and woe—  
Proceed from out the sense of finitude.  
The lark soars high in heaven's ether blue,  
And sings in joyous strain inspired by love;  
So darts the shining habitant of seas,  
Inspired to action by the same great power—  
The Love that rules the universe, expressed  
In myriad forms of force and energy,  
Which consciously we receive as life,  
Finds its completeness in itself with joy,  
In recognition of omnipotence.  
Its power to quaff forever from this ocean  
Of endless bliss, in ever deeper draughts,  
Without diminishing the vast supply  
By so much as a single drop.  
O mortal in thy narrow, worldly life,  
Staked in by limitations on all sides,  
Remove the barriers one by one. Look forth  
To see the glory of the everlasting!  
Why dost thou clutch with feverish eagerness  
Mere things of dust—moth eaten, worn with rust,  
Possessions, so called, pseudo, illusionary,  
These separate the soul from the life of God,  
From the great, eternal Verity.  
To e'en approach this sanctuary divine

Man must unload these false accumulations—  
Must recognize the All as his supply  
Of which he freely helps himself—no beggar,  
No piteous, whining hypocrite on knees,  
Kowtowing like a slave before some tyrant—  
But Lord of all this universe created  
For him, by him—for is he not God's thought?  
The mind, an atom in the brain of God,  
Thinks out the problems of divinity.  
Each sense, the soul-throb of infinity,  
Reveals to us the character divine.  
Nor may we separate mankind a moment  
From the great and universal mystery.  
As well attempt to separate the song  
From singer, or picture from the painter.  
The idea and expression both are one.  
Whence comes unharmony or separation?  
It comes alone from unilluminated thought;  
Its purpose is to serve a final union  
And give the soul a deeper consciousness  
Of love and truth and beauty.  
To bring it face to face with the absolute—  
Unfolding ever nearer, clearer views  
Of life, revealing ever higher truth  
And understanding of the Infinite.

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DO IT NOW! When you've got a job to do.  
DO IT NOW. If it's one you wish was through, do  
it now! If you're sure the job's your own, just tackle  
it alone, don't hem and how and groan. DO IT NOW.

## The Eleventh Hour



THE other day four gun-men paid the penalty of their crimes via the electric chair in New York's execution chamber. Their lives, blackened by the commission of almost every crime, were cut off in a single instant.

Before they died they made their peace with God. They repented in the eleventh hour and we are to understand that we run a chance of meeting them in heaven.

The song of the birds, the warm sunshine and the balmy breezes failed to suggest the good things of this world. The worthy lives of good people failed as an example to them.

The world is so full of good things and good people that they could hardly sin and not know it. And yet they sinned. Now at the last moment they kiss the cross and behold they are forgiven. Their sins drop off like scales. Responsibility ceases. They have unloaded on God!

Surely you who have not sinned so much will, too, be saved. But don't wait until the last minute. We feel, somehow, that there must be a slip somewhere in this eleventh hour business. Better reform now and show God that you mean it by so living hereafter. Somehow, we think you'll get a little further inside the pearly gates.—*Contributed*

## Sayings of the Wise

CHEER UP, if you intend to be happy—don't be foolish enough to wait for a just cause.

In business watch your competitors. No one man or concern has a monopoly of all the best brains and methods. Let competition be an incentive to your energy and ambition. Give the other fellow a fair, square deal and beat him out on your merit.—*Walter H. Cottingham.*

Things ill-got have ever bad success.—*Shakespeare.*

Be ambitious. To rest content with results achieved is the first sign of business decay.

LOVE YOUR WORK. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.—*Ruskin.*

'Tis looking down that makes one dizzy.—*Browning.*

Time is Money. Welcome is that visitor who appreciates the value of another's time.

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