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Fundamental Principles of Modern Spiritualism.

By Rev. John W. Ring.

In this Number.



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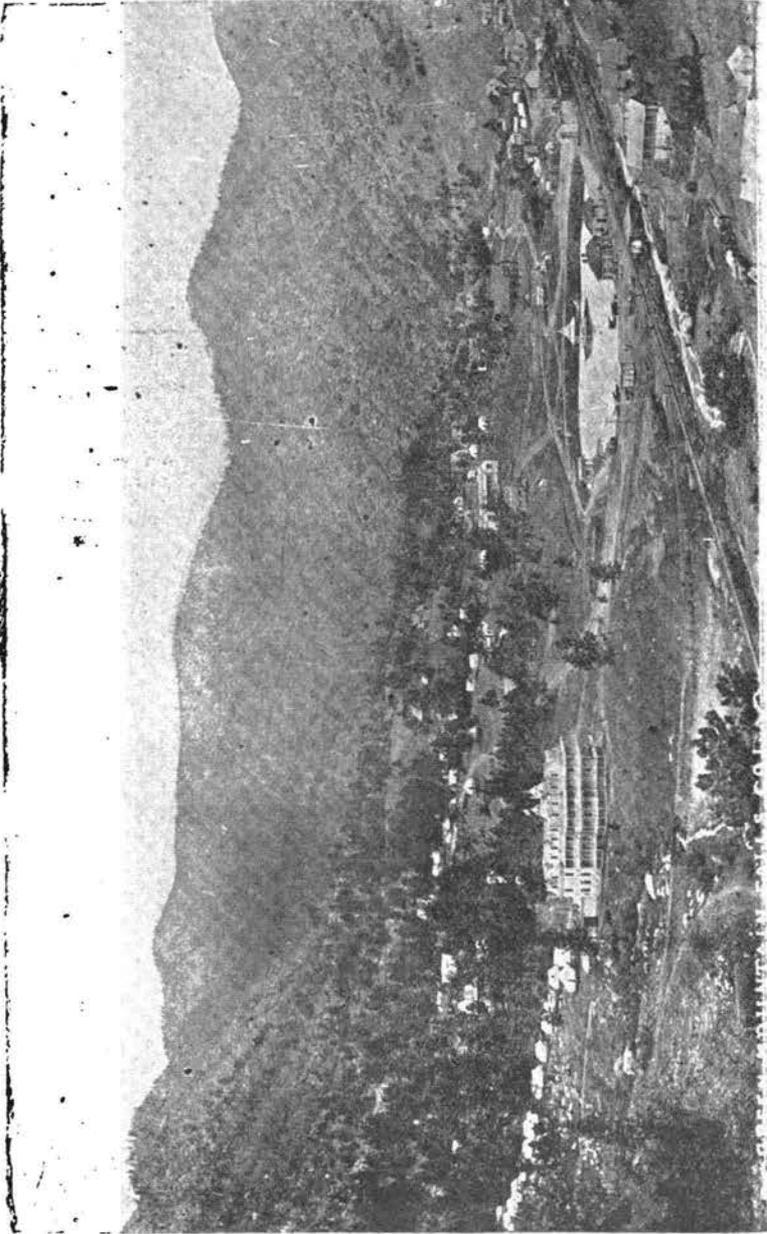
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THE MOUNTAIN PINE.

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THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

JUNE 1906

Vol. I.

No. 1.

The Fundamental Principles of Modern Spiritualism

BY JOHN W. RING.

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MODERN Spiritualism is the fulfillment of the prophecy of ages, a philosophical religion based on demonstrated facts; the material incarnation of the highest spiritual ideal—Happiness. Man has ever craved and sought for happiness; some by gratification, some by abstemiousness. But a modified degree of this much sought condition has been realized because neither course is natural. Nature is the Great Teacher, who with certainty prescribes the law, which, when obeyed, brings happiness, harmony, heaven; and when transgressed, discontent, discord, disintegration.

Man, the natural product of orderly progression, stands with his feet firmly set in the shadows of Time, and his head loftily inspecting the lights of Eternity. His love for life is sufficient evidence of its eternity; his growth, physical and spiritual, unquestionable prophecy of endless progression. Man, the offspring of Love, the fulfillment of demand, the expression of possibility, and the certainty of all things.

Trembling faith and faltering fancy has, in every age, pointed with pro-

phetic finger, to the reign of Knowledge: the constantly moving tide of Destiny has brought us nearer by each succeeding cycle of time. Once cold materialism has blazed the way where levered spiritual bigots would not walk, again a seeming lag has presented a sorry spectacle of intolerance and ignorance, writing their deeds with warm life blood, while writhing human bodies served as torches. In these conditions Ignorance and Fear were wed, and Sorrow, Want and Crime are their children. Nature's marvelous economy turns all things to account, and each of these conditions bridged some darker chasm and gave right-of-way to the ever moving caravan of Progression.

Faith, though trembling oft, never fell; Hope, though many times obscure, yet never failed to shine; and on March 31, 1848, Knowledge and Trust were duly wed, and Growth, Prosperity and Comfort are their legitimate progeny. Like the age into which they were born, they have gone with lightning speed, and today millions of souls are hallowed with their abiding presence. The scien-

tific world has declared Spiritualism, thus born, the solution of the seeming marvelous, a great belt of semi-tangible realities where the scope of spirit in the body and spirit out of the body blend. The appearance of people to their loved ones thousands of miles distant at the hour of transition, and much kindred phenomena is understood in the light of Modern Spiritualism. The religious world has proven the righteous end to which Spiritualism moves by its repeated accusations of "humbug," until the evidence was overwhelming, and then, "works of the devil," their old reliable standby to account for the things not comprehended. The marked unfoldment of governmental rule and social equity is self-evident that Modern Spiritualism is not confined to any one condition of man, but ministers to his every need. The noble souls who laid the foundation of this mighty land of the West—Washington, who in the gloom of Valley Forge foresaw in a vision the termination of the Revolution and prophecy of the Civil and Spanish-American wars who said, "This government is in no way founded upon the Christian religion." Paine, whose unerring inspiration fired the fathers of our land to "pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor in defense of this Declaration of Independence," and whose great heart throbbed in the immortal sentence, "The world is my country and to do good my religion." Henry, who preferred death to oppression; Franklin and Jefferson, and a host of their associates who stood for free thought and free speech, did much to prepare conditions for the advent of Modern Spiritualism.

Modern Spiritualism, born from the womb of Time, where Eternity had

placed it; nourished in the lay of Humanity's sore need, where thousands sat in tears bowed with grief; fed with the homage of grateful hearts; moved to the expression of its very best by condemnation and ridicule, has established herself in the mighty foundation of Life. Like a lighted match in dry tinder. Life has taken on new aspect; the sanctity of life from atom to monad, from worm to angel, is being recognized, and Death is known to be but a doorway in the midst of Life. The Knowledge which has replaced Faith not only makes Death our friend but transforms adversity into a benefactor, tears, into mirrors where heaven's resplendent scenes are reflected, sighs and groans from our misconceptions, burdens—as we have called them—but a test of our strength: and the long sought for Happiness—Heaven—is found to be of our own creation, here and now.

Boulder like, Truth stands, and unmoved by our gaze, permits us each to analyze, as our position enables us to behold; so Modern Spiritualism, a philosophical religion, based on Life with its many ramifications and expressions, appeals to each according to his development. Some see it as a mighty demon because it lifts the sin stained and sorrow oppressed from the throes of transgression and places them on the plane of possible growth; another sees it as a money changer in the temple because it admits the business suicide to develop, another sees it as a cold, scientific proposition because it declares love law, and mercy justice; but some, there are, who behold it as the spring from the riven rock, which flows with everlasting water, a mighty light which shines in the gloom of night and with the coming morning presents a scene of splendor.

Those who look with tolerance for the unfolding of Nature's magnitude see that Modern Spiritualism comes to build where Doubt has despaired, to soothe where Grief has stunned, and to heal where Oppression has condemned, wounded and sought to destroy.

Thus moving the hearts of thousands it impressed many that some organization be formed, and in September, 1893, in the city of Chicago, Illinois, The National Spiritualist Association was formed. There was no thought of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, only an earnest effort to unite the forces for a business center; the organization of Spiritualism is in every sense of the word a business proposition to carry on the work of promulgating the principles which Spiritualism teaches. In 1899 in the same city and at the annual meeting of the National Spiritualist Association, the following Declaration of Principles were adopted:

First. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.

Second. We believe that the Phenomena of Nature, physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence.

Third. We affirm that a correct understanding of such expression, and living in accordance therewith, constitutes the true religion.

Fourth. We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death.

Fifth. We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Sixth. We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you do ye also unto them."

What extreme tolerance is here expressed. The early people of earth saw the beauty and grandeur of the sun and called it god; the pagans, so-called, made images of wood and metal and called them god; the savages, so-called, read the language of the winds, trees and birds and called it the Great Spirit; later, yet in the line of progression, spiritual conceptions were formed of this Creative and Sustaining Energy, and Jehovah, Jove and Lord, Buddha, Brahm and Allah were declared deities. Each of these from the devout sun worshiper to the enlightened (?) devotee at the secluded shrine of Buddha or tapered altar of Jesus are sincere, and have the manifestation of their highest conception of the Supreme; recognizing the right of privilege and expression as well, Infinite Intelligence includes or excludes none, but declares the fundamental principle of modern Spiritualism to be Truth, and leave each to judge from his individual aspect as to application.

The second principle here stated includes and sanctifies the grain of sand and revolving world, the crawling worm and soaring bird, the jabbering beast and reasoning man—all nature is touched with the illuminating energy of possibility. The worm will make the butterfly with glittering wings, the mud will produce the lily, spotless white and expressive of greater laws than man can analyze, the egg will give forth the life expression of fowl after its kind, and man who reasons of it will grow in spiritual expression until he clasps the highest height that his most imaginary ideal has fashioned.

How expressive is the third statement—the marriage vows of Knowledge and Trust. To understand Life—

oh, to analyze a blade of grass! oh, but to know the motive power of the smallest expression of life. When we declare our belief in the Intelligence of the Infinite and live a life of Trust, unfaltering in storm or calm, we begin to read the meaning of these holy manifestations, and those which we can not demonstrate we love for we know that they are every one the expression of Infinite Intelligence. What Comfort is ours when we Know that all is Go(o)d! What happiness, what bliss, when every sinner appears before us as a pure white soul clad in the rags of prodigality! When every creeping, crawling thing seems so radiant with Life—blest possession that we cannot give, hence will not take—that we can see the prophecy of higher expression, then are we beginning to understand the workings of the Infinite.

Another pronounced step upward is demanded here, that of living. The fact of being is a great consideration, but that of living—of moving from place to place, of loving and hating, of smiling and frowning, of laughing and weeping, of being expressive—through these varied emotions—is a greater privilege. To realize that every human being is the result of the same Law that we are, is a sacred thought, but to look upon the lowliest and recognize the kinship to the extent of helpfulness is "living in accordance therewith," and "constitutes the true religion." This state of being makes us loving to man, and broad in our conception of man's Maker; for if we see the mighty hand of Infinitude moving the grain of sand through ceaseless rounds of progression to help in the forming of worlds, the life principle from instinct to reason, and transform the shadow to the real, then do we behold a Loving

Father waiting with outstretched arms the return of his every child. If no grain of sand escapes the economy of Nature's vast demand, then surely no soul shall delay so long that he can evade the Law of Progression, and each must unfold expressive of the best.

The fourth principle admits of much elaboration. The death of the pollywog means the birth of a toadfrog; of the worm a butterfly; yet each of these stages of growth must, like the egg to produce the fowl, be attended with certain conditions. The frog embryo in the pollywog does not hop upon the dry land, and the worm contents itself to be encased in the chrysalis. By no more wondrous change the child unfolds to maturity; the death of childhood means the birth of manhood, yet there are many marks of the personal identity. Many turns of mind and body point to the similarity of child and man; memory walks down the corridors reviewing the trivial reproofs of childhood days, and in mingled happiness and regret links the pleasure with the pain. Growth, the certain law takes him on, experience produces prosperity, he unfolds—or even if he stays cramped by environment—the spark divine is embryo, and as naturally as development from childhood to manhood, the body is rent asunder and the shadows depart. While no fundamental principles of Modern Spiritualism intimates that Time's shores are prison like, yet their constant changes impress us with their limitations; and when we have gleaned, as best we know, in the harvest field of mortality we rather long for the sunset glow and the kiss of eventide, when we shall lay our mortal armor off—almost as we left off knee trousers—and pass through the great

doorway which stands in the midst of these busy scenes, into the realm of spiritual existence. When one looks forward to the coming of the boatman with that expectant pleasure which comes from the anticipated journey to the land where loved ones dwell, when one gathers the flowers and gems along the path of mortal life with the thought of placing them in the way of necessity—the flowers in the wan hands of the sick rather than let them wither waiting for a coffin-lid on which to place them, and the gems in the diadem of true worth rather than the crown of the bloated pet of public opinion—then it is that the coming of the boatman is looked forward to with Trust. Then it is that the even brings only radiant hues of tasks well and faithfully performed—the rest of a brief passing night to the awakening into the morning of a Higher Life.

How many of us recall personal experiences of standing with the loved one who, nearer the purple portal where the gate—Death—opened into the realms of the unseen, and have there in that hush heard the tones of those who waited to welcome the pilgrim from earth. How often the hues of that life's closing day fell upon us and we saw the illuminated forms of the dear ones gone before. If these instances have not come into our personal experiences they are so well authenticated by men of integrity and sound sense that few attempt to deny them. So often the little child turns to the weeping parent and bids the tears to cease for, "here comes grand-ma who says she will care for me, in that land where Death will not enter and beauty perisheth not." if the joy of the inhabitants of that land, when one of our number joins them brings them so very close that

their shining forms so hallow our sad scene that we dry our tears, then surely they who love us are near at hand when sorrow weighs upon our heart or burdens test our strength. Every people look up for guidance, every tribe recognize the presence and ministration of heavenly beings; and who is so well prepared to help, guide and lift mortals as those who have been mortals? They who have tasted of the conditions in which we live—know of its piercing stones and beauteous flowers, its heavy hanging clouds and bright exhilarating sunshines—they are surely prepared to minister most efficiently to us, even as the school teacher must meet the pupil on a ground where both are acquainted.

How eagerly we look for the word from our loved one who has gone to a strange land, and how careful we are to prepare conditions that we may receive their communication. The Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism has proven to the satisfaction of millions of people that it is possible to know the conditions prerequisite for the communication of the so-called dead. If we Trust the power that gave life, sustained it and into whose charge it has gone, we surely have the Knowledge that Life is Law. This combine of Knowledge and Trust comforts us, for the portals are swung ajar, the veil is rent in twain, and the loved ones who have turned from the busy walks of mortality are the guardian mentors of our ways. Prof. Crookes, England's favorite scientist, has published many of his experiences with this phenomena and plainly states his satisfaction of its claims.

The blending of the two worlds is the great task which Modern Spiritualism is rapidly accomplishing, and its effort is to spiritualize the life of earth, rather

than materialize the denizens of spirit land. The fact of angel ministration, if a fact, as we affirm it to be, remains unchanged by our affirmation or denial: and in either case we have the present with which to operate.

The Fundamental Principle of Modern Spiritualism is Life here and now. We each and all acknowledge that humanity is the result of progression, the exact manner of which we need not discuss; the future will, when we reach it, have become the present and this day in which we contemplate the two mighty seas which lie on either side, will have melted into the past. As we see life energy leap from height to height, though often low yet never high, we see that it will always climb. Our Trust has wed Knowledge, and Growth marks the path in which we go; Prosperity attends us, for we faithfully do that which we know, and trust what may remain. Comfort is the guardian of our fireside because the mighty and unyielding Law of Progression will carry each thing to its own place; the high and the low, the great and the small—all, all—will attain its proper position. Therefore we believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you do ye also unto them."

This makes every home a heaven, where each individual is a master unto himself; realizing that the true master is he who serves. Every woman is an inspiration for true and noble living; and every man recognizes himself the protector of the fair sex. Since Life is everlasting we can but fill it with the sweets of service; for, as we climb from height to height, the stones of adversity dissolve beneath our feet, the stifling air of doubt melts away, and the clouds of superstition and bigotry are dispelled. The gems of human experience which are strung upon our thread of being must not be all of snowy white, as if heaven born, but some must

be fire red, won by heated strife, some tinged with green as though a vein of jealousy had moved to the gaining, and yet another of sky tinted blue as if won by moral sentiment which swayed us with a thought of momentary bliss and then melted into the things gone by.

Thus resting on the mighty foundation of Life, Modern Spiritualism prompts us each to live true to self, which will make us loyal to our brother's need; and such a life will prove one's worshipful loyalty to that Creative energy that some call God, others deny because such title is ascribed, but whom all sense with that true self which prompts every soul to look upward.

The past has yielded much to form the body which clothes me, and much more has it given to fill me with the understanding which is mine; and I stand in the ever eternal present with all the harvest of this mighty epoch latent within. How much then I must give of kindness and of cheer, of comfort and of peace. While thus I live in fruitful expression of the divinity which lies deep within my soul, I have no dread and scarce a thought of that which seems a nightmare to not a few—the Future. When the curtain that hangs between the things which my present state of development makes me conscious of, and those things which the impression of these things point me to, shall have rolled away, and I stand face to face with other conditions, I can but do as I am prompted here and now to do—as I would be done by. If in the retrospection which my exalted state shall afford, I discover one or many things which my short sightedness or impatient thoughtlessness has led me to do, I can but hope for that forgiveness which I have manifested and I shall grow in grace until each and every fault is made perfection and the frailties are made so strong that I sail, still farther in the great Ocean of Being—LIFE.

The Struggle for Dominion.

BY JACOB HUFF.

*A*S FAR back into the world's history as the story of the alleged creation, man has been brutally inclined to own slaves and eat the profits of their toil.

In the very first chapter of the creation story, man was given dominion over every living thing on earth. The writer seemed to think that a power to oppress and vanquish everything that lives and feels pain, was the highest glory man could reach in the eyes of the creator.

Dominion over the weak and impotent and unthinking, and a God-given privilege to enslave and oppress and rob any and all of God's creatures, is the story.

And thus the story of creation is launched upon the troubled sea of thought, and human progress has been chained to greed and avarice, while a divine right to rule and rob and ruin the weak and helpless has overshadowed every struggling spirit of right and religion; and all the people living today are still striving for dominion, over the graves of the millions who struggled and schemed and cheated, with the same spirit of brutal greed, through the miserable years that have been unreeled from the spool of time.

Man was not satisfied to have dominion over the fishes, fowls and animal kingdoms and soon began to enslave his weaker brothers. Greed and avarice led him into war, for plunder, and primitive tribes being without much

accumulated wealth, the only profit to be derived from war was in enslaving the vanquished foe.

This was the origin of human slavery. It was in a crude and brutal form at first, but the victim was no more a slave than the average slave today. And the custom was surrounded and bolstered up with fraud and lies—just the same as it is today. The slave-owners even putting words in the mouth of their man-made God concerning the management and treatment of slaves.

Slavery was considered a grand and noble institution by the originators of the scheme, until the heathen nations became strong enough to return the compliment and give the old Hebrews a taste of their own medicine; and then there went up a howl from them that made the very air slippery with their prayers for freedom.

It makes a great difference which end of civilization is sitting on a hot brick. Those who are just near enough to the hot brick to feel comfortable, think it is a grand institution; but the men who are forced to sit flat upon it, with nothing between them and the brick but the promise of immortality and an eternity of happy idleness, think the whole scheme is too thin to give them the proper protection.

Those who so earnestly oppose the socialism of Christ, the brotherhood of man and the co-operative commonwealth, are very strict in obeying all

the commandments of the Bible that leave them a little worldly profit.

"Thou shall not steal," has so many little legal paths leading around it, that most any successful business man can cross his breast and say, "I never steal;" while at the same time his accumulated wealth is the legal plunderings of a long hypocritical life.

"Thou shall have no other gods before me," is easily gotten around. They serve God on the first day of the week, and serve mammon the other six. They give Him first choice of days, and mammon first choice of deeds.

"Thou shall not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth."

How sublimely the dollar comes in to fill the bill! There are no dollars in heaven, none beneath the earth, nor none in the water under the earth.

"Thou shall not bow down to them or serve them."

Oh, no! The rich need not bow down to the dollar. They can stand upright and face their God. It is the other fellows who must do the bowing and serving and groveling and voting to hold a job. Oh, no! The rich need not bow down to the dollar! But the poor son of an unfortunate father who has a mortgage tied to his neck and dumped into this industrial hell, and is trying to swim out—he is the man who does all the bowing and scraping to this false god, and still thinks that civilization is civilized, and that he has just as good prospects of becoming president as the purse-proud thief who is able and willing to do all the trusts and combines may ask of him after he is elected.

"Thou shall not kill." Oh, no! The rich do not kill. They can hire deputies at two dollars a day to do all their killing; or keep a mob of brainless youths who are willing to kill for their masters, just for the sake of the annual -pree the militiamen get, and to win the laudation of a cringing press.

No, no! The rich need not kill any body directly. Those who die in their mines and factories and mills, are simply called home by an all-wise God, and in accordance with these words of the Savior of men: "Suffer little children to come unto me." They send the little children by the way of the factory route, and let the little dears do all the suffering themselves; while the Christian owner and operator reaps a little profit out of the service.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery." Oh, no! They get a divorce when they grow tired of one woman and desire another, or vice versa. It costs money to get a divorce; but they have the cash—and the courts have the thing they need—for sale.

"Thou shall not bear false witness against thy neighbor." No, indeed! They never do it. They can hire the average newspaper editor to do it for a few dirty dollars and a free pass over a few hundred miles of railroad. The average newspaper man and the average lawyer have educated themselves for this very purpose.

"Thou shall not covet thy neighbor's possessions." Why, of course not! How easily to get around and be saved—they don't allow their neighbor to have any possessions worth coveting. He is no longer a stumbling block in this particular.

It doesn't require much of an effort for a rich man to serve God. He has the money to pay his way; and the

thousands of costly church buildings in the world stand up as silent witnesses to testify that he has paid well for the good will of Jehovah.

But the socialism which Christ taught was a mistake of the translators. No all-wise God would allow such doctrine taught on earth. It will do well enough in heaven where there are no dollars to accumulate, and no creatures to have dominion over and enslave; but on earth, where there are millions of willing and ignorant slaves to be driven to drudgery and to death—Bah, socialism is the dream of some lazy slave.

Everything in the sacred book that bolsters up the competitive system, and grants the privilege of owning human slaves, is carried out to the letter by the brazen hypocrites who have turned this fair earth into an industrial hell; but all the truth and justice which Christ taught, and demanded for the poor, whom he came

to save, is absolutely ignored by the plutocratic Christian.

Plutocratic Christian! Can such a thing be possible? There may be robber gentlemen, and immoral ladies, and brutal heroes, but a plutocratic Christian is stretching the praises of Christ so far that there is danger of tearing loose at the sacred end.

There are no slaves in heaven, and of what use the slave driver will be up there, is more than any just man can say. There are no creatures up there for him to have dominion over, no toiling slaves to plunder, no church buildings to erect as a compromise with the devil, and no heavenly use at all for a man whose soul must be reduced so that it will pass through the eye of a needle before all the greed and avarice can be squeezed out of it.

God doesn't want potatoes that have to be peeled down to the size of a knat's egg in order to pare away the rot.



What Bobbie Wants.

Some folks wan's to be angels and presidents and such;

I don't; but I can tell you just what I'd like so much.

I wants to be a fluffy dog, like mamma's little Buzu;

And have her say, "My previous sweet, and did I nearly lose 'oo?"

And clasp me in her arms and cry and kiss me on the head,

Just like she did when Buzu choked 'till he was nearly dead.

Now, Buzu hasn't sticky hands to spoil my mamma's gowns,

So when he climbs upon her lap, she never gives him frowns,

But cuddles him up close to her and kisses him as sweet,

And never says one word about torn clothes or muddy feet;

It's hard to be a little boy in everybody's way,—

I wants to be my mamma's dog and stay with her all day.

—*Hester Grey, in Holland's Magazine.*

... Health Experiences ...

BY D. EDSON SMITH
Santa Ana, Cal.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE is said to be "devoted to a full and free discussion of the truth in every department of human thought." If this idea is carried out this journal will be the most valuable one ever published.

The primary cause of all evil, misery, unhappiness, is *Ignorance*. If mankind was wise enough, there would be no misery, no unhappiness.

How is wisdom acquired?

By experience and observation. But no two persons have exactly the same experiences. So that we become wiser by having the experiences of other people. And the more diversified those experiences the greater the knowledge. Some persons devote their entire lives to investigations along one particular line of experiences, and their experiences become of great value. Such, for instance, are the experiences of Luther Burbank. But, if it was not for the printing press, it would be impossible for any but a very, very few people to avail themselves of the valuable knowledge gained by the experiences of Mr. Burbank. But through the medium of the press millions of people may be benefited by his experiences.

And so if this magazine will be "devoted to a full and free discussion of the truth in every department of human thought," it will become the most valuable paper published, and do more to bless mankind than any other means.

There is sufficient knowledge in the brains of humanity to abolish all suffering, aside from accidents.

To my mind the knowledge of first and greatest importance is that pertaining to bodily health. A diseased person is unfit for business, and certainly cannot enjoy any religion Va (he or she) may have.

Only with perfect health is one prepared to properly meet the duties and pleasures of life. And I am inclined to believe that every criminal is a bodily diseased person.

That large brained man of deep thought and wide experiences, J. Rhodes Buchanan, M. D., said: "The first and most necessary *indispensable* element of a liberal education, is physiological development; the formation of the manly, active, healthy constitution, competent to live a hundred years—competent to win success in life, and thus become a source of happiness to others, instead of a pauper or an invalid—competent to transmit life, health and joy to the thousands of future ages—competent to meet all of the difficulties of life triumphantly, instead of struggling in misery and railing at society and Divine Providence."

He further says: "In neglecting physiological education we have degenerated the human race, impaired its efficiency, and saddled on its back a costly medical profession—ten times as many physicians as should be

needed, who struggle to prolong lives that are hardly worth preserving—that perpetuate physical and moral degeneracy.”

The ignorance of the masses regarding the cause and cure of disease is simply appalling. Disease is looked upon as an entity which must be exorcised by some deadly drug known only to the doctor.

The priest and the doctor are relics of an old, barbaric, superstitious age, of hob-goblins and incantations. The doctor puts hell into the bodies of the masses in this world; and the priest puts the bodies and souls of the masses into hell in the future world. But knowledge is quenching the fires of both hells.

Many people look upon me as a blasphemer when I tell them I have no fear of any visitation of Divine Providence in the shape of disease. That, aside from accidents, I expect to die of old age and not of poor health. That if through any indiscretion I have a little disease, I always know the cause of it, and by removing the cause nature restores me to health and happiness.

When we become wise enough our doctors will be merely Health Teachers with pay dependent not on alleviating pain, but on *preventing* it. Each health teacher, after a rigid examination to prove *Vas* ability, will be assigned a certain district, the size

depending on the population, and the the less disease in *Vas* district the the greater the pay. Then it will be to the advantage of the doctor's pocket-book to have every body healthy. Now it is to the advantage of the doctor's pocket-book when sickness prevails. It has come down to us from ignorant, superstitious ages that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." But in the light of our present knowledge there is nothing mysterious in the sickness of soul or body. And it is a comparatively easy matter to learn how to always have good health, without money and without price. There is no more mystery about the matter than there is in keeping your automobile in order. Any one can learn how if they will try. All over the land we find people meeting in clubs each month to discuss the best methods raising perfectly healthy colts, calves and chickens. But how many of you know of monthly meetings for the purpose of finding out how to raise healthy children.

Now I have had over fifty years of experience, observation, and deep study, along the lines of the cause and cure of disease. And I would be pleased to open up the discussion of this question by a series of articles in this magazine provided there is sufficient interest manifested in the subject to warrant the publishers in devoting space to the same.



Why Socialism Grows

WALTER HURT, in the *Culturist*

IN THE entire extent of human history no political movement can show a growth to parallel that of Socialism within the last few years.

Nowhere has this growth been more rapid than in the United States. At the national election in 1900 the Socialists polled 97,739 votes. In 1904 Debs received 403,800 ballots.

To what is due this remarkable growth?

Education!

The campaign is ceaseless.

The two most forceful factors in this campaign are to be found in the tireless activity of the Socialists themselves and the tightening of conditions upon the industrial classes.

Some have been aroused by argument. The others have been awakened by the unpleasant sensation of strangulation.

By the industrial classes (note the pluralization) is not meant the wage-worker alone. The designation includes also the individual competitor—embraces nearly all of humanity outside the trusts—if, indeed, there be any humanity within the trusts.

Not so long ago Socialism was in dire disrepute; later it became respectable; recently it became popular: now it is in danger of becoming fashionable.

No longer is Socialism identified with the sans culotte. In Europe it finds some of its most ardent advocates among the nobility, as witness the Countess of Warwick. In this country

also it has found favor with aristocracy. A recent editorial in a capitalistic newspaper said: "Young men belonging to the most aristocratic families are making common cause with the laboring class."

Many of our Socialist leaders belong to the higher professions. Eminent educators, clergymen, literary men, and even millionaires are now espousing the cause. President Eliot of Harvard University, in his address to the New England Society of New York at its centennial celebration, boldly proclaimed the doctrine of Socialism. The Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Hall, one of the most distinguished and influential men in the Presbyterian ministry, is much in sympathy with the movement, and in a recent article in the *North American Review* virtually predicted its approaching victory. The old and the new literary generations are represented by such names as Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Jack London. Millionaires like J. G. Phelps Stokes may be mentioned.

But the strength of Socialism lies not only in its numbers—it evidences the potent influence of an intelligent direction. The present mayors of Haverhill and Brockton, Mass., are Socialists, as also are several members of the Massachusetts state legislature. Socialism has brought Russian autocracy to its knees, and 3,000,000 German Socialists restrain the arrogance of William II. within reasonable bounds and have wrested from imperialism

concessions that a generation ago would have seemed incredible.

Why is the Socialist campaign so effective?

These are the reasons:

It is never closed. It is not of quadrennial recurrence, but is continuous. The agitation is ceaseless, and never abates a whit of its vigor. Nor is there any Sabbath in Socialism. The fight is on 365 days of the year. Nor do I know of a Socialist who wouldn't willingly leave his bed at any hour of the night for a fair chance of making a convert. Every man in the party is a working missionary. No opposition can stand against such a spirit as this.

Then the Socialist is sincere. His faith is so unmistakable as to be contagious, and his honesty is perennially evident. His enthusiasm is boundless and infectious. Economics is his religion, the hope to which his soul is anchored, the Rock of Ages to which he tenaciously clings. An occasional opponent may doubt his judgment, but none ever questions the quality of his zeal.

The Socialist is intelligent. He is informed. He is thorough. He is a student of his subject—the subject. He reads understandingly and masters the philosophy of the theories he goes forth to proclaim and defend. Therefore is he always a well-equipped political evangelist. He can always tell you why he is a Socialist, which invariably is peculiarly disconcerting to an adversary. The average democrat or republican doesn't know why he is such. But the Socialist knows. He knows that the unfortunate man is a democrat or a republican because his father was that before him. He inherited his politics along with his relig-

ion, and the legacy is one he lacks the intelligence to squander. He was born a democrat or a republican, and, as Oliver P. Morton said, "He can't be 'born again.'" There is no Methodism in the old-line political partizanship.

The Socialist is active. Continual exercise of his reasoning faculty makes him strong of argument and skilled in debate. And there is a sure mastery in his methods. He is not content merely to confound the adversary with superior logic and a formidable array of facts. His aim is to convince and convert.

The Socialist is generous. He gives freely of his substance to support the cause. He sees to it that the propagandic press is well sustained. He will divide with it his last dollar and devote to it the last moment of his leisure.

The Socialist is consistent. Everywhere, at all times, he is altogether a Socialist. Never for a moment does he forget his faith. He lives his doctrines and is loyal to everything pertaining to them.

The Socialist is appreciative. He is reciprocal. He stands ready always to reward whatever serves Socialism.

The Socialist is broad, and attracts to him whoever appreciates breadth. Nearly every reform movement receives liberal support from the Socialist. In this way he makes friends among all classes, and in time makes many of these friends into Socialists.

These be the reasons why Socialism grows.

These, and the fact of its intrinsic righteousness.

These, and the added fact that it integrates out of the imperative demands of social necessity.

A University of a New Kind

The Outcome of a Political Revival in Kansas City, Mo.

BY CHARLES FERGUSON, Author of
"The Religion of Democracy," Etc.

EARLY in January fifteen free-holders of Kansas City announced in the newspapers that they were going to hold in a public hall in the heart of town a series of "political revival meetings." The list was representative and included a judge and half a dozen lawyers, two clergymen, an ex-sheriff and the most prominent local leader of union labor. The public announcement of the meetings ran in this way: "In view of the notable political awakening that is now affecting the whole country, arousing men to a new sense of their public duties and opportunities, we invite our fellow townsmen to take part in these conferences, in the hope that Kansas City may have its share in the gains and labors of the national revival."

The meetings began on the last Sunday afternoon in January and were continued for four Sundays. At the first conference a plan was outlined of a civic organization "in the university-spirit," consisting of a central body with a branch in each of the fourteen wards, that should endeavor to cancel "special interests" and to bring civic and social questions to answer the test as to how best "to raise the general standard of living." It was said that the city as things stand is the prey of private combinations, and needs nothing so much as a public combination, that it is impossible to get the public to combine and hold together on what are called "moral issues" because of the shallowness of

our morals; that there is no use trying to get the good people to put down the bad people because nobody is good enough for that; the graft disease is too infectious. "So the thing to do," said the speaker, "is to associate ourselves on the uncompromising principles of art and science, which will judge us all alike. Let us unite to build the city and make it fine, to make a dollar or a day's work buy more here than elsewhere—no matter whose ox is gored."

There was discussion and controversy. The idea of a municipal university got itself harrowed into the soil and began to grow. The *Kansas City Journal*, which is owned by the Santa Fe railroad, sneered. The *Times* and *Star*, which appear morning and evening and which has a circulation of more than one copy for every house in town, printed columns about the meeting and said that it would help. It has done so in a series of editorials.

The second meeting was presided over by Frank P. Walsh, who is one of Governor Folk's chief political advisers. It was Walsh who, several years ago and before the question had been raised in any other quarter, put it into the Missouri democratic platform that it was wrong for a party to take campaign contributions from corporations. He made a speech at this meeting that shed light on a proposed extension of the "Metropolitan" street-railway franchise and certain other local matters and that served to show that the arts

and sciences of the municipal university were not altogether a thing in the air.

The most striking feature of the third meeting was the concordant note of the two principal speakers, one a young millionaire business man foremost in the councils of the employers' association, and the other a Russian tailor whose special gift of speech has made him the most approved spokesman of the local labor unions. At the last meeting of the four an ex-judge, who stands nearly if not quite at the head of the bar of western Missouri spoke on the professional standard among lawyers and made a sensation. the echoes of which have not died away, by criticising the conduct of two United States Judges as having compromised their official impartiality by becoming the guests of certain railroad magnates in a private-car junket to Florida. Thus by one means and another the municipal university of Kansas City thrust abroad its organic filaments and got a rootage.

Meanwhile from week to week and during the progress of these open meetings, a score of men who were interested in the idea met on Wednesday noons and lunched together at a hotel for the purpose of effecting a definite organization. A committee from these meetings reported in due time and their report was accepted. They recommended that immediate steps should be taken to secure an incorporation under the name of the Municipal University. The report defined the scope of the institution as follows:

"To advance the arts and sciences in this community, not in theory but in practice;

"To create here the highest possible artistic and scientific conditions of

social existence, raise the standard of living and increase the purchasing power of a day's work;

"To get and keep a city-charter that shall make the municipal corporation a public trust, stronger than all private concerns that do business in this market;

"To release and stimulate private enterprise and make it serve the public;

"Not to teach the people, but to organize them in the university-spirit that they may work out their problems in that spirit and in the school of experience."

Kansas City has just passed through the throes of a hotly contested municipal campaign. The question of "municipal ownership" was before the people, and other issues such as commonly breed violent political dissension. Yet it is to be noted that the men who find time to meet from day to day to perfect the organization of the Municipal University are in large part the very men who are active and influential in the rival political organizations. They have come fresh from primaries and conventions or from an exhausting round of ward meetings in which they have confronted and contradicted each other, to sit down together over the plans of an organization that is calculated soon or late to put both parties out of business—so far at least as local politics are concerned.

Of course this applies to men of unquestionable public spirit and not to those who form the cogs and bearings of the political machine. But the fact is that the machine has not the driving power here that it has in most other cities of similar size. The reason is somewhat accidental. The long pre-

dominance of a single party in Missouri made the primaries of the Democratic organization equivalent to the polls. Pressing local issues drove the people to attend the primaries. Thus they have never fallen completely under the control of the bosses and the slate-makers. And the habit of making the primary a genuine and significant institution remains, though now at length in Kansas City the Republicans have an equal chance with their opponents. The habit would surely pass away if the bi-partisan system were to become as permanently established here as it is elsewhere.

Wherever the people accept political guidance of party leaders and conceive that real issues are dealt with on election-day the primary becomes a disused organ, the seat of political appendicitis. This fact has an important bearing on the municipal-university idea. Is not the bi-partisan system essentially undemocratic and impracticable? If the predominance of a single national party in a particular locality gives the ordinary citizen real power in public affairs and defeats boss-rule, what is the use of having two parties anywhere? Why not have just one fundamental organization of the people in every town and city-ward? Why not have in every minor political division throughout the whole country an all-the-year-'round non-partisan primary in which temporary factional differences can be threshed out in the face of practical problems as they arise? Is there anything but moral and intellectual confusion to be got out of the attempt to align half the people against the other half on the basis of the metaphysical political principles that have ceased to play a real part in American politics? The

theory of the university of the people is that the time has come to make an end of transcendental politics and to get down to what is conceived to be the real business of modern society—namely, the raising of the general level of well being.

In an interview published in the *Kansas City Star* one of the projectors of the new organization said:

"The aim is to create a university that shall embody the original and essential university-idea, to wit: an institution made up of grown men, free from political and ecclesiastical domination, and united for the advancement of the arts and sciences. Such was the university in its origin. It was not a finishing-school for young ladies and gentlemen. It was not a knowledge-shop or an information bureau. It was the working will and intellect of a municipality.

"The details of internal organization and administration are to be managed by a board of directors. The external work of the institution as an agency for bettering social conditions, will be in the hands of the Fellows of the University, a body which may perhaps consist of several hundred persons. From this fellowship a number of faculties will be elected consisting each of, say twenty-five members, the department of Law, the department of Medicine, of Commerce, of Engineering, of Industrial Arts and so on. Apart from the Fellowship there is to be a longer roll of membership open to all on subscription to the articles of the university and the payment of small annual dues to maintain meetings and publications.

"The several departments will compass the range of civic interests and endeavor to give the people expert and

professional advice in the various aspects of the public welfare. Thus the department of Law will take a certain initiative in formulating the new city-charter, not assuming any authority of course, but furnishing a rallying-point for the promoters of the principle for which the university stands, namely, the making of the municipal corporation a more efficient agent of civilization, "a public trust, stronger than all private concerns that do business in this market."

"Just so the department of Medicine will take the initiative in matters of public sanitation, hospital service, the checking of epidemics, the suppression of quackery and so forth. The department of Engineering will undertake to crystallize public sentiment along scientific and progressive lines in matters pertaining to the structural problems of city-building, the laying out of streets, the granting of traction-franchises, advisement as to the value and practicability of proposed tunnels, viaducts, etc. The department of Commerce will undertake to put buying and selling—whether of dry-goods, insurance, real estate or wheat-options—on a legitimate basis. And the department of Industrial Arts, made up of technological experts and skilled mechanics, will be charged to give all kinds of labor something like a professional footing.

"In short the university will insist upon getting good work in all branches of business in this town, and will try to bring about a condition of affairs in which crooked work will not pay.

"The university hopes, in due time, to have a suitable building, containing a well-appointed music-hall and auditorium, and to make the building head-quarters for the spirit of good

work. By and by we expect to have a university-center in each of the wards. It will be a sort of "college-settlement, I suppose—with the social condescension cleaned out."

Is not the real government of society in the hands of those who are able to fix the conditions of work and trade? Those who have power to determine when and where and how men shall work, and who shall be employed and for what wages—are they not the real rulers? Yes, they may cloak their power in the ermine of judges or under the cassocks of priests, but in its own strength, it is irresistible. It is idle to attempt to govern society from any other center than that of the control of industry. It is idle, not because men are weak and cowardly or because there is no God, but because, as a matter of sound moral philosophy, the head-quarters of industry stand at the true social center of gravity. The control of men's work seems to be sovereign power—minus nothing but the gilt and the chrism.

Lincoln Steffens takes pains to prove to us that political corruption is due to the corruption of business. And Washington Gladden cannot rest until he has shown that the corruption of religion is due to the same cause. There are some who knew these things before; but it is important to have them advertised.

The business interests of this country are bound to prevail over all other interests. And if we are going to have pure religion or decent politics we must fight for them and win them in and through the regeneration of business. But how is business to be regenerated? The answer that comes from Kansas City is this: You can regen-

erate business only by making it artistic and scientific.

We need for our social revival a new spirit of law. The law that can bring us peace and order is not to be derived from miraculous revelations on the one hand or from conventions and caucuses on the other. Is it not time to listen to those who say to us—though they be prophets from the prairie and the packing house: "The only kind of law that can possibly keep order in

the unexampled social conditions into which we are now entering, is the law of the arts and sciences. It is impossible to govern a vast industrial society otherwise than by invoking in men's minds a respect for those immutable laws of nature and humanity that fix the definitions of good work. The only political constitution that can stand the strain is the constitution of the universe."



Painting the Picture

BY JACOB HUFF

We are, all of us, painting our brother,
And never for two colors lack;
The one is pure white, while the other
Is the awfulest, gloomiest black.
And we go about painting our heroes
The color we think nearest right;
The ragged we paint as black as negroes,
The wealthy we're painting snow white.

The ragged we paint black and vicious,
Whose shoes are all gone but the vamp,
With faces so dark and malicious—
The outcast, the brutalized tramp.
How dark they are painted! God pity
The man who is down on his back!
For whether in jungle or city,
His brothers are painting him black.

If the poor were as black as we daub them,
Would the wealthy then dare walk abroad?
Would the brutalized tramps kill and rob them,
Fearing neither the law nor their God?
If the good were as good as they're painted,
Would they go about hoarding up gold?
Would their hearts be with brutal greed tainted,
And their brothers in bondage be sold?

If the poor were as bad and unfeeling
As the wealthy have painted them, then
Would God, in his infinite dealing,
Still treat them as children of men?
If the good were as good as they're painted,
Would children go hungry to bed?
In a land where so many are sainted,
Must men cry to heaven for bread?

Can the good still be good, and be hoarding
Their mortgages, bonds and their gold?
And o'er our poor brothers be lording,
Like the brutalized heathens of old?
No, the good's not as good as they're painted,
No, their church spires point to the sky;
And most of the holy and sainted
Are only a hand-painted lie.

Ah, the poor! in their rags and their tatters;
Go catch them and load them with chains;
They are criminals, all, and what matters
If their hearts be throbbing with pains?
They are criminals all without money;
Go, chain them and make them our slaves;
For in this land where flows milk and honey,
God gave them no more than their graves.



THE MOUNTAIN PINE

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Our Say.

Whenever a new craft is launched upon the tempestuous sea of Journalism, it has long been the custom to offer some sort of an apology for the act by way of a salutatory.

In placing this paper before a reading public, we have but to say, that we will not attempt to turn the world upside down, neither have we discovered any great grafts to expose, or salacious scandals to dwell upon.

The Mountain Pine will preach Socialism of the American kind—equality of opportunity, the right of every man to live upon the earth, to labor and to enjoy the fruits of his toil.

It will contain few long articles and fewer long words. It will admit many different views to its columns, and the editor does not propose to be responsible for any of the ideas advanced. We shall endeavor to make The Mountain Pine well worth a dollar per year and a welcome visitor to the home circle and library table. THE EDITOR.

• • •

Many men are so emotional that they sit by the fire with tears in their eyes while their wife gathers in the wood.

The Real Reform In a letter to the editor from one of the old guard of reform, a man who for thirty years has been consistently and persistently laboring for the amelioration of the workers and of the middle class, and who served the people of Kansas for six years as their Congressman, the writer, Hon. E. R. Ridgely, says:

I believe the solution of all business problems of the human race will be found in the complete abolition of the power of capital to draw to itself increase for its use. This means a complete reversal of present relations of man to capital. The world's mistake is in legally placing capital as the master and man its servant. The revolution now in motion throughout the world will not end until man shall legally take the place of master and all the accumulated capital of the ages be made the servant of all humanity, without the right or power to take one penny's increase.

The nation that discovers and applies this true relation of capital to man will lead off with a practical example of universal prosperity, mental and moral advance, which other nations will hasten to follow. Let us work with the hope and ambition to make our great republic the leader in this great advance in civil government.

I have not joined the socialist's political party—at present am supporting our state democratic ticket, believing it possible to gain a much needed betterment of state administration and with it to secure a referendum law, which I believe to be the first and most important step to prepare the way for socialism. I believe in working on practical lines of least resistance. We can get complete referendum privileges long before we can convert the necessary majority to socialism. With the ref-

erendum socialism will come by degrees in rapid succession.

Practical reformers will heartily agree with Mr. Ridgely. In the political as well as the business world little note is taken of efforts which do not succeed, and any honorable means which can be used without loss of principle to secure the adoption of a system that makes complete success a certainty, should be heartily welcomed by reformers everywhere. Reforms are instigated by minorities always, and practical reformers welcome assistance in their fight for the right.

• • •

Another View Among the many letters received by the editor, one came from an old-time warrior in the battle of human rights and human progress. The letter being private and not intended for the public we withhold the writer's name, but can not refrain from giving his thoughts, because they come from an honest heart, an active brain; come as the result of the observation of a man who for thirty years has been in the thick of the fight. Who has served as private in the ranks, who has led the hosts to victory and consoled with them in the hour of defeat. Appreciating the value of his experience we can not refrain from giving his inmost thoughts to our readers feeling that they will be of benefit. Among other things he says:

Somewhat disgusted with the task of instructing the ordinary man in the line of political duty. Once thought the average man would do right if he KNEW right. Mistake. He won't do it. He is INATELY, NATURALLY dishonest. A grafter if a chance offers. Show him a little office, road supervisor will do. The average man's motto, "What is there in it for me."

Socialism like Christianity is theoretically good. Neither fit into the BEASTLY nature of man. Man is a carnivorous ani-

mal. Selfishness, individualism the predominative force, it is the pressure of twenty-five centuries of necessity. It cannot be eliminated by any QUICK PROCESS. What has the Christian accomplished in 1906 years toward supplanting beasthood with manhood? Nothing, bid wars, armies, battle-ships. See how each Christian nation despoils its neighbor; exults in military exploits; kills without excuse or compassion; for what? property, so called. The blossom of selfishness. Man must by SLOW PROCESS grow out of selfishness but it will take ten centuries instead of ten years to reach the point Socialists think we are now ready for. Nothing but stern necessity, hard experience, develops man. Did you ever feed soaked corn to a young crow? Sooner or later the crow must shift for himself, it is not his nature to live on soaked corn. You may fill up people with all the reform soaked corn you please, but you do not change their nature much. Most of them, like the crow, will rob the first nest and suck the eggs.

It is as Bobby Burns says:

"But each man kind is uncov weak
And little to be trusted;
When self the wavering balance shake,
'Tis rarely right adjusted."

Our old friend speaks the God's truth, we are sorry to say, and yet the struggle must and will continue. We are here and since we must eat, we had as well fight. But reforms come not as the gentle dew from heaven which is dissipated by the rising sun; but like the great waves of ocean when its depths are stirred, the progress of which no force can stay.

Amidst this turmoil of graft, dishonesty and corruption now extant in our land there will start a counter action that will arouse the latent fires of patriotism for humanity's sake and, gathering force as it progresses will sweep this land from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf.

What in ordinary growth would take years to accomplish will be done in a day, and if there are enough of honest leaders in the van, the people will be

led to the prairies of prosperity and peace. if not they will wander again in the wilderness of Selfish Greed, monopolistic robbery, the terminus of which is the gulf of National decay.

Those who look the situation squarely in the face as does our friend, who, take men as they are, knowing them for what they are worth, actuated only by a high and noble purpose are the men who will lead the people in the great day, the dawn of which now illumines the horizon of the labor world.

• • •

When the spirit of Susan B. Anthony winged its way to the immortal realms, the life-work of one of the noblest of America's public women ceased. From that day when as a young woman she startled the East by speaking from a public stage, until her eyes closed in death she labored arduously and incessantly for the betterment of her sex and her work will live in all the ages yet to come. Hardly a State but whose statute books contain some just and humane law placed there because of her unselfish efforts in behalf of a noble and progressive womanhood. Her compatriot, Francis E. Willard, labored that the curse of intemperance should be removed from home life; but Susan B. Anthony labored for the right to remove it. One prayed that a certain law might be enacted; the other prayed to enact the law. By the side of the beautiful statute which perpetuates the name and work of Miss Willard let another be placed to perpetuate the name and memory of Miss Anthony. No more worthy subject ever engaged the sculptor's talent, and in enduring marble let her name and works be an ever present inspiration to the good and true of all the world.

Republican governors in Middle States conspire to keep murderer Taylor from being tried for the murder of Goebel, while Republican governors in the West refuse laboring men their constitutional rights in an attempt to assist the Pinkertons to earn some blood money.

• • •

The *Appeal to Reason* because of its valient fight for a fair trial for the W. F. M. officials in Idaho has earned the hatred of the cringers, boodlers and time servers, but it has also earned the respect and admiration of the law abiding citizenship of the country.

• • •

Graft, boodle and corruption in high places are the prevailing theme in the daily press. When will the public conscience awake and lay party preferences aside long enough to assert their rights as American freemen?

• • •

At the ballot box all men are equal and when men deliberately vote for what they do not want they should not rail at the results of their own actions.

• • •

The recent victory in Omaha, Neb., for municipal ownership was most pronounced and will result in much needed reforms in that progressive city.

• • •

The intolerable conditions now obtaining in the Cripple Creek district is not the work of the unions. Place the blame where it belongs.

• • •

Until man becomes as perfect as the All Father he will make mistakes and will only progress in the ratio in which he overcomes errors of mind and body.

The Fall and Rise of San Francisco

Its Meaning and Promise

BY U. B. HOFFMAN

HOW fiercely the oppugnant forces of Nature raged in San Francisco? What fear, terror, destruction! How pitifully weak, puny man is in the face of such convulsions. How he flees terror stricken! How he prays to all the gods known and unknown for the preservation of his life. The love of life and the terror of death are strong upon him. He hearkens back to the dim past of his race when fear was the dominant note of his existence. He neither thinks nor reasons. He runs. He has become a drop in the surge of a senseless, headless mob. He is one of a herd. He neither commands or obeys. He knows nothing of law. He is the creature of blind impulse—the most primitive impulse of the race—the passion to live, to preserve the little seemingly separate Ego which animates his body.

Those days of San Francisco were intensely dramatic. Into them were crowded aeons of the primitive race history—the history of savage, self-conscious, selfish man. The same phenomena occur in all disasters involving masses of people. Vesuvius and the helpless, superstitious terror of the people, Pelee and the bitter horror of the hours during which thousands perished—the panics at theatres when fire breaks out—the Iroquois at Chicago for instance, when hundreds of women and children trampled each other to death, are lapses into the primitive horde of herd life of the race before

reason and spiritual illumination had become controlling factors.

Fear was the dominant note in the life of early man. Fear formed the basis of his habits, customs and laws. Fear created his Gods and his devils, formulated his creeds and his duties. It is easy to slip back into that mental condition. A great earthquake, flood or storm throws a large proportion of mankind by a kind of earthly hypnotism into a most primitively barbaric state. Nor are we free in our common daily life from the skeleton fingers of an outlived past. Their impress is upon the creeds and laws of to-day.

So much for the weak and passing phases of a great event.

Every tragedy, limited to a single person, were that possible, or involving masses brings out the divine qualities of human nature. Look at San Francisco—the rude earth shock in the chilly morning hour—the terrifying earth groan—the rush into the streets naked, or half-clothed, the sudden breaking out of fire in all parts of the City. No water, the earthquake has broken the water mains. The panic of the weak men, women and children rushing terror stricken hither and thither.

The hoarse shouts of strong men fighting fiercely to stem the tide of disaster. The wind rises, it blows a hurricane, the fires spread, dust and vapor hide the sun, darken the streets, press with suffocating power upon the

people. The fire sweeps across vast spaces, the wooden houses of the poor are consumed. People flee taking with them what they can. The fire has reached the great buildings, the city's pride—its hotels, banks, libraries and factories. Men fight as never they fought before. As the danger grows, courage grows. Cut off from the outside world with street cars, railroads, telegraphs and telephones all stopped, they make stand after stand struggling with fierce death defying joy. The spirit of the universal life is upon them. They fight like immortals. Help comes. From the Presidio and other points come "the boys in blue" this time on noble mission bent. They unite with the policemen and firemen. State militia also arrives. City, State and Nation

joining hands to save, to help, to up-build. Glorious promise of the future when these organizations shall work together not only in the days of disaster, but in the beautiful days of up-building, of construction, of daily life!

The stricken city cried aloud in her terror and distress, and from near and afar came the response of helpful sympathy, of great love. Everywhere, in city, town, hamlet and country, funds were raised and telegraphed to the authorities. Car-loads and train-loads of food and clothing were hurried forward to succor the needy. The whole world throbbed with an impulse of fraternal feeling. Limitations of wealth, creed and race vanished before the impulse of humanity in the face of a common need. Thus human brotherhood is vindicated.

...Gathered From Everywhere...

[This department invites contributions of anecdotes, strange happenings, etc. For every one printed, we will give six months subscription to this magazine. Original articles preferred, but send in what you think worth reproducing, giving credit when possible.]

Wonderful Wealth of Our Mines There never was a time in the country's history when mining played such an important part in the industrial drama—indeed, it is the chief factor in the play by long odds. Of gold alone \$375,597,893 was produced in the world in 1905. Uncle Sam is accredited with \$36,298,200, and more than one-half of this came from Colorado and California, each state producing about the same amount.

The United States mined 90,000,000 ounces of silver, one-third of the world's output for 1905, and the money value of our copper for 1905 was nearly \$160,000,000. Our mines have yielded princely sums in metallic and

non-metallic products, and, including coal, of which alone 1,000,000 tons every day in the year was mined, \$1,786,027,836 to his credit from mining with the closing of the official statistics for 1905—a record beating any previous one by \$500,000,000. Can the reader grasp the national and personal significance of these figures? Can he wonder that newspapers give so much space to mining?

• • •

Carried Samples A clergyman was very fond of a particularly hot brand of pickles, and finding great difficulty in procuring the same sort at hotels when traveling, always carried a bottle with him. One day when din-

ing at a restaurant with his pickles in front of him, a stranger sat down at the same table and with an American accent presently asked the minister to pass the pickles. The minister, who enjoyed the joke, politely passed the bottle, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing the yankee watering at the eyes and gasping for breath.

"I guess," said the latter, "that you are a parson?"

Yes, my friend, I am," replied the minister.

"I suppose you preach?" asked the yankee.

"Yes, sir; I preach twice a week usually," said the minister.

"Do you ever preach about hell fire?" inquired the yankee.

"Yes; I sometimes consider it my duty to remind my congregation of eternal punishment," returned the minister.

"I thought so," rejoined the yankee, "but you are the first of your class I ever met who carried samples."

• • •
A Mighty Sermon A theological student was sent one Sunday to supply a vacant pulpit in a Connecticut Valley town. A few days after, he received a copy of the weekly paper of that place with the following item: "Rev. ——— of the senior class of Yale Seminary supplied the pulpit at the Congregational church last Sunday, and the church will now be closed three weeks for repairs."

• • •
Second Choice A story recently told by Thomas Hunter, president of the New York Normal College, seems to indicate that once in a while a willing wife is spoiled to make an unwilling teacher.

A pretty and agreeable young woman who lived in a country village suddenly announced that she was going to take up teaching.

"You! You a school-teacher!" exclaimed the recipient of her confidence. "Why, I'd rather marry a widower with nine children!"

"So would I," the young woman replied, frankly, "but where is the widower?"

• • •
 According to a late editorial in the *Kansas City Journal* the earthquake came upon San Francisco because its mayor is a Socialist. Great head that, to evolve such a brilliant idea.

• • •
High Thinking and Long Living According to a writer in a medical journal, probably one-third of the English agricultural laborers who survive the age of thirty or thirty-five die of paresis. The figures look exaggerated, but the intellectual barrenness of those laborers is almost incredible, and the monotony of their lives is perhaps not the least of their hardships and misfortunes. It is well known that brain workers live long as a class. And yet it has not yet become the custom to draw the "deadline" against them at forty-five, as is the case in many occupations at present. The brain must have blood to be healthy. Thinking gives it free circulation. The American farmer in the present day is a reader and a thinker, in touch with all the movements of the world. Telephone, trolley, rural delivery keep him from isolation and monotony; and his outdoor life, with his mental and social activity, should give him a better chance of long life than the merely sedentary brain worker has.

Department of Occult Phenomena.

[We offer no apology for placing before the world truthful statements of the operations of the great laws of Thought Transference, Telepathy and Spirit return, the truth of which is generally recognized. We invite contributions. Give us the truth, the whole truth and no more.]

WAS IT A MIRACLE?

How Otherwise Explain the Following Escape from Destruction?

"The age of miracles has not yet passed," said a captain of the United States army as he gazed upon the convent and academy of the Sacred Heart, which, although in the line of the recent earthquake and subsequent conflagration, escaped without even a scar or a scratch.

Standing like a tall sentinel amid the the ruins of skyscrapers and palatial structures, the convent is the cynosure of the eyes of all whom the military authorities permitted to cross the burned and desolate zone. It is located at No. 925 Franklin street. Twenty-two Sisters of the Sacred Heart and Rev. Mother Gorman conduct a select day school for young ladies at the convent.

When the people were topling over each other in their eagerness to escape from the neighborhood of the convent, the Sisters betook themselves to their private chapel and engaged in prayer.

The sounds of the Litany of the Sacred Heart mingled with the wails of the frightened women and children on the outside.

The flames shot over the convent and enveloped it on all sides and for hours not a trace of the nunnery could be seen.

When the surrounding buildings were in ruins, however, and the smoke

had cleared away, the convent was seen standing and uninjured. Not even the windows were touched and the smoke, which blackened everything in the city, left no trace upon its walls.

• • •

A KINDLY INVITATION.

*And the Comprehensive Response by Col. R.
T. Van Horn--A copy of
Both Letters.*

Canaan, Me., April 11, 1906.

Dear Col. Van Horn, Kansas City, Mo.:— Will you prepare a paper upon the subject of Materialization as your contribution to a symposium that is to present the message of Spiritualism to the world in book form under the comprehensive title: "The Latest Word of Spiritualism."

Your long experience in this field of investigation qualifies you to speak with authority, and I know of no one better able to give the philosophical explanation of this wonderful phenomena than yourself.

Trusting you may be able to accede to my request, and hoping that I may hear from you soon, I am, with best wishes,

Fraternally yours,
HARRISON D. BARRETT.

Response by Col. R. T. VAN HORN.

Kansas City, Mo., April 30, 1906.
Rev. Harrison D. Barrett:

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 21st came a few days ago, and would have

been answered sooner but for a visit of la grippe, that disarranged the thinking machine.

I accept the compliment implied by your request as too flattering. I have a very peculiar notion—that our material thinking apparatus is not equal to unfolding the philosophy of spirit power—as we note it in phenomena. Conclusions in thinking are always controlled by the premises from which the concept starts.

In regard to "materialization," the trouble is we start with a material concept. A materialized form is not a real thing—but a fac simile. In recent discussions about "fraud," a strange objection by writers of repute has been urged; that spirit power cannot make a flesh body, with bones, blood, lungs, and viscera in general. When such ideas come from ex-cathedra sources, what is the use of trying to treat materialization for what it really is? Our old nursery adepts were wiser—they called them "ghosts." Your watch is composed of substance the man with muck-rake collects. It is only manipulated by unseen forces into the wonderful thing that measures time for you. And it is owing to the degree of skill in manipulation that you carry a good or poor time-piece.

Precisely is it so in materialization. The power of force is invisible, the material the emanations from the sitters and medium. The manipulation as to the degree the substance available can be harmoniously blended by the unseen manipulators—or in our vernacular—chemists. Were I to write a volume it would only be an elaboration and possibly a confusion of these conditions.

It might be regarded by some as egotism, or as empiricism by others.

but to me the saddest feature of recent "fraud" discussions is the want of knowledge on the part of writers, and the utter absence of the real factor in all phenomena—the power or skill of the unseen workers. All phenomena is from or by individual agents or workers on "the other side"—results as in this life according to the skill of the worker and the facility or obduracy met from the inertia of material and the elements present.

We are too much like children looking at a circus presentation—taking the flesh tights, cupid wings and mottled jokers, as the real beings from fairy land, rather than the fac similes they are to the older observers. Despite all our experience we insist on the nursery ideals of miracles and miraculous beings.

What we want and need is less bad blood, less scoundrel-hunting and epithet, more charity, more study of phenomena, more common sense, and—more mediums.

I am not clear whether an octogenarian ought to make promises involving clear thinking, cogent writing, and all based upon experiences that are open to any one. But before deciding at all, I should know the scope or purpose of the proposed symposium. If it is to be a discussion—or a pro and con debate of the "fraud" question, I have no heart for the task. In my personal experience I have found it too much the rule that the more facts of experience you have to offer, and the more unusual and striking the manifestations you have witnessed, the more your reputation as a deluded wonder monger and observer—not to mention fool, is enhanced.

Thanking you again for the courtesy and contents of your letter, this is all I feel at liberty to say at this time.

Very truly yours,
R. T. VAN HORN.

Green Mountain Falls, Colorado.

OF THE MANY famous scenic spots for which Colorado is noted the world over, none has achieved more lasting fame than the renowned Ute Pass, across which Lieutenant Pike viewed the majesty of the towering peak which bears his name and perpetuates his memory—the one great mountain that challenges the admiration of—not Americans alone but of the grander loving people of the whole world.



UPPER CANYON FALLS

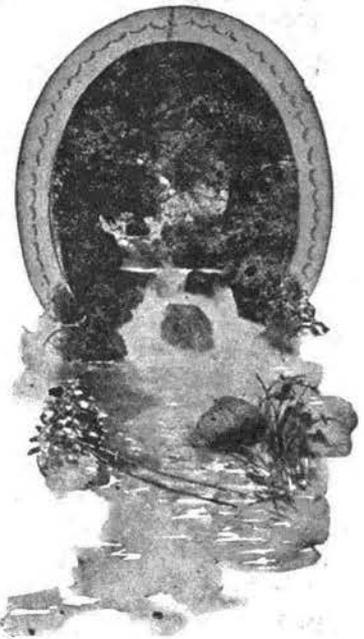
trees and majestic rocks; often cleft

From the Garden of the Gods and the famous Manitou healing springs Northward extends this famous valley. Rugged mountains covered with evergreen

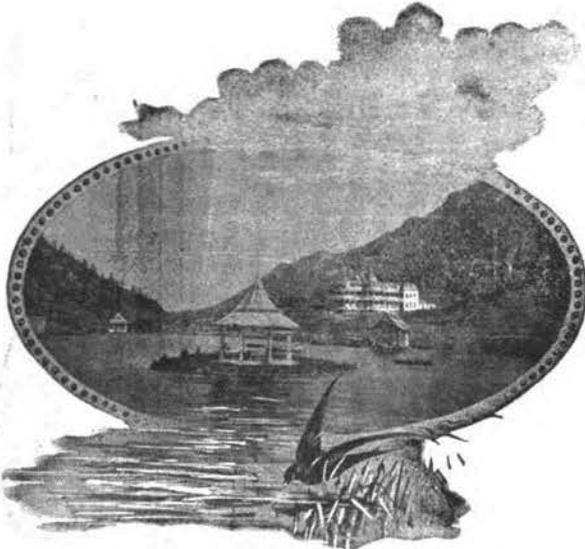
with lovely and inviting dells; with quaint nooks each a perfect beauty bower of wild flowers clear sparkling springs uniting and forming

CRYSTAL FALLS
ing the ever swirling mountain brook, hedge in this pass along which for generations the mighty chiefs of the Indian tribes journeyed into the summer hunting grounds of the deer, elk and buffalo.

Along this trail by the banks of the mountain stream wended the caravans to Leadville, Buena Vista and Cripple Creek; neath the pine and the spruce that lines the roadway have the weary travelers dreamed of Eldorado toward which their feet were traveling, and builded castles with golden towers and silver domes. But the caravan is no more. Palatial trains of the Colorado Midland daily climb the grades of the historic pass and the automobiles race



CRYSTAL FALLS



LAKE AND HOTEL, GREEN MOUNTAIN FALLS

alongside the stream where for centuries men and beast have slaked their thirst in the ice cold waters fresh from Nature's bosom.

In one of the most beautiful dells of the entire pass lies the town of Green Mountain Falls. A delightful spot, surrounded by scenery so grand, romantic, varied and picturesque as to baffle description. Leaping from crag to crag, now swirling around a big boulder now jumping many feet into the air only to fall spray into the pool below, comes down the mountain-side a beautiful stream, clear as crystal and pure as the snow.

Near one hundred houses, many of them a credit to any town, stores, laundry, bowling alley, dancing pavillions, bath houses, a beautiful lake, livery stable, medicinal springs, churches, fine school; all combine to make Green Mountain Falls a beautiful and desirable place to live. Added to this the fine modern 63-room hotel with all its city appointments, and

other hotels of more modest attainments the town presents the most enticing prospect for the tourist in search of either pleasure or health.

The tourist who so desires, can rent furnished, either cottages or tents. He can bring his own outfit and can choose at will. only a few minutes walk from the town, delightful nooks by the side of purling streams where life will be one long, sweet, continuous song.

Telegraph, telephone, postal and express facilities, fifteen miles to Colorado Springs with

erty of trains, a perfect driving road in either direction leaves you within the pale of civilization and yet you are in the midst of the mountain forests where the abundance of pine and spruce verdure gives an added charm to the scenery, and fills the air with a most delightful fragrance; add to this the dryness of the atmosphere and the nearly perpetual sunshine, and an almost perfect panacea is offered for asthma, hay fever, and throat and lung troubles.

The altitude of Green Mountain Falls is between seven and eight thousand feet. The mean temperature for June,



A QUIET RETREAT.

July and August being about 68 degrees yet when the heat becomes too great for comfort in the cities and lower altitudes, it is cool here, being tempered by the cool currents from the mountains. Here with pure air, laden only with the scent of the pines, pure sparkling water; few days too cold, even in

winter, to be uncomfortable; freedom from the demands and restraints of city life, in the midst of scenery too beautiful and far reaching to be described, one so inclined may secure an ideal existence, life-giving to the invalid, full of peace and happiness for the well.

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We own 2,000 acres in the famous Ute Pass under the shadow of TOWERING PIKES PEAK. We have pure air, the best water in the world, ice cold, sparkling mountain springs and brooks, virgin forests of pine and spruce and aspen; rugged cliffs, deep, shady, cool canons—a beautiful park surrounded by the splendid wooded hills—Cool summers, warm winters, no insect pests to annoy. Health is here contagious. We have gold in these hills also, and are developing our mines, but don't let that disturb you. Mining is a great and valuable industry; it furnishes employment to many, and gold after all is a useful and desirable product. The main line of the Colorado Midland R'y passes through our lands nearly two miles, and the new station "Crystola" is on our estate. It is 7,800 feet high, only a few miles west, 50 minutes time, 25 cents fare from Colorado Springs and Manitou.

We have a nice little hotel that can supply you a good home-cooked meal, or a clean, comfortable room and bed, but it don't need to solicit patronage.

Bring your tents and camp outfit. We are not selfish. There is plenty of room for you here, and wood and water and camp grounds are as free to you as is Colorado's glorious sunshine.

We are selling lots in Crystola townsite. LOTS of lots—at low prices and on easy payments if desired. We don't offer any STOCK for sale. Our stock is worth Par, and getting more valuable every day. For a limited time we are giving as a premium with each lot sold an equal value in stock.

We use ALL the money from sale of lots in beautifying and developing Crystola. We are going to make it the most attractive resort in the State. That's another reason for our phenomenal success—There are many. You may want a lot when you see Crystola. If any are left you can be accommodated. If you don't want a lot you are just as welcome. We want your company anyway.

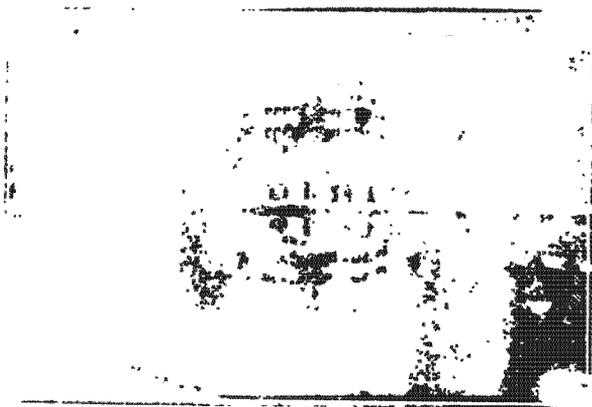
We have great undeveloped resources at Crystola. We mix business and useful labor with our pleasures, but we don't make drudgery of life at Crystola. We have lectures, and dances, and camp-fires, and mountain rambles. We go fishing and hunting and rowing—all are free to you.

COME AND SEE US

For further information, address,
The Crystola Brotherhood, Town, Mines and Milling Co.,

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Colorado.



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OUR ANGELS.*

Tune of "Greenland's Icy Mountains."

I.

Ye tell me of those angels,
So beautiful and blest,
As messengers of Heaven,
On missions for the best.

Our angels too are blesseds,
But blessing on apace;
We all might be such blessors,
And run so good a race.

II.

Ye sing me of those angels—
Of bright and holy bands,
On missions of salvation,
Up in elysian lands!

Our angels too are good ones;
We all could be as good,
To bloom out holy blessings,
By living like we should.

III.

Ye tell me of those angels,
Such righteous ones up there,
So persevering always
For justice everywhere!

Our angels too are kind ones,
At kindly good-works play;
We all should be such kindlies,
As they, from day to day.

IV.

Ye sing me of those angels
On missions doing good
So lovingly and gently!
Like everybody should.

Our angels too are loving,
Forbearing, gentle, true;
We all can be as upright,
As they in all they do.

V.

Ye tell me of those angel
Returning from on high
And singing of their holiers
Up in the Holier sky!

Our angels too are holies,
Here in our Holiland;
We all shall, soon or later,
Be many a saint-sage band.

VI.

Ye sing me of those angels,
That glory in their might,—
Those armies of salvation!—
So fighting wrongs with Right.

Our angels too so glory,
In causing blessings free.
We all will be such blessors,
As saints of Heaven be.

*AUTHOR' NOTE.—Our angels, as the ones of us now herein thus designated, are those among us who—born goodones of god Good the goodgod—are also so justly educated as to be likewise wisely-good goodones as little wisely-righteous gods and godines doing good-works in Kindly Justice and thereby causing blessings and hereby bettering St. Selves and each one's precious others. PROF. W. CHAM ELIOT, Rochester Mich.

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Successor to
THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL
JULY 1906

Vol. I.

No. 2.

Crystola the Beautiful, the Gem of Ute Pass *The Landed Estate of an Idea.*

IDEAS like men are born, grow and develop unto perfection in so far as surrounding conditions will permit. *Crystola*, as it stands to-day, is

the growth and development of an idea, born many years ago in the active brain of Henry Clay Childs, then a citizen of Illinois, and in the stirring days of '56 to '65 one of its honored and leading citizens. Coming from sturdy Vermont stock, with him to conceive a duty meant to perform that duty, thoroughly and expeditiously. Coming into public life when the Great Lincoln

was the central figure of the National drama; as member of the Illinois Constitutional Convention; Speaker of the House of Representatives; and afterwards in civil life as the employer of hundreds of men in manufacturing industries, he was given a thorough

schooling in the affairs of men which fitted him for the great work now destined to be the crowning act—the glorious finish of a long, busy and eventful life.



Henry Clay Childs, Founder of *Crystola*

In 1869 coming to Colorado in search of health the Pike's Peak region impressed him as to its future greatness and selecting a valley in the historic Ute Pass, ten miles above Manitou Springs he, in 1872 began laying the foundation for the development of an idea, grand in its conception, noble in its purpose, glorious in its fulfilment.

By dint of energy, perseverance and economy he gathered together 2,000 acres of fertile valley coursed by mountain streams; hills filled with Red and Yellow Ochre for paint; vast quarries of building stone; Gold and Silver quartz ledges; a mountain of lime of rare quality, mines

of Jasper and Onyx and other valuable stones and minerals

Perhaps nowhere in the country can be found so many valuable products on an equal area of land. Here with limited means but with abiding faith and unlimited patience he began to develop the idea that, "God, the Father ordained the Universal Brotherhood of Mankind." He believed then and still believes that he is the custodian only of these great resources and that it is his duty when done with this life to bequeath this great wealth for the uplifting of humanity and the upbuilding of mankind along lines that experience has taught will make better men, nobler women and more useful members of society.

In this great work he has proceeded upon universally recognized business lines, realizing that in a commercial sense, success alone succeeds in the eyes of a busy world.

Lime was quarried, burned and proven as to quality; veins of silver and gold were reached by means of shafts and tunnels in nearly a dozen different places and finally in 1905 was begun the preliminary work, the completion of which will be the consummation of the idea born so long ago, nurtured through the vicissitudes of all the years but ever in sight and never despaired of by the originator.

But all this wealth would be as dross were it not combined with natural beauties of nature which make the life of mankind in this favored spot one continual joyous existence. The beauties of this favored region is best de-

scribed by a leading literary writer of the day after a visit to the Ute Pass, speaking of Crystola and its purposes, the writer says:

"That you have succeeded in coming in possession of a large tract of land is no more than others have done; but, that you are ready to dedicate this land to a great common good is quite a different matter,—An attitude of mind, to which but few have attained. You have set the example of working out a great principle of justice—Your work should so appeal to justice loving men and women, that, in time the most beautiful, of beautiful cities, may be built up in that glorious region of soul-stirring picturesqueness.

Yes, I have climbed those lofty heights, sat in the fragrant stillness shaded by the majestic pines. I have sat by the rippling brooks and listened to their significant murmuring songs. Songs that told the great open



Gold Mill

secret of the life of man. The great open secret of all that was, is, and can be. Oh, the freshness, the purity and sweetness of that mountain water! I have found none like it anywhere else. When far away in the parched plains of this earth, I have longed for that sweet, fresh, cooling mountain water, as the soul thirsts for the water of life.

Then, too, the purity of the air and the glory of the sun. Such sunsets and sunrises as one may behold in those sublime regions! At times it seemed as though the great Master Artist, were ever flinging handfuls of gold dust among the charming color effects of mountain and cliff, of valley and gorge.

as if the glad laugh of his voice were ever ringing through the waters, and bounding over the falls—As if his sweet smile were ever lighting the crowns of the hills, and paving the mountain paths with light.

Such hours of rest as one may have in these quiet places of serene joy! Place yet free from the touch of greed; free from the footsteps of hurry; free from the thoughts of darkness. Oh, what a place for the awakening, the budding out of the great self, the real, or inner man!

How fitting it is, that you should hold in your hand the key to such a condition of possibilities yet undreamed of in the lower stratas of life. How fitting that you should have been permitted to hold, become in possession of so beautiful a region for so beautiful a cause as the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

How fitting that it should have been given unto you to say to the noble of the earth, "Come unto me and help me build the great city of justice and fraternity." A city, a community, where the care of each may be the good of the other. A place where the dreams of men may match in their nobleness the grandeur of the cliffs, a place where the thoughts of men may flow as purely in their channels as the mountain streams in their courses to the ocean of waters, making all things fresh and glad with the joy of verdure.

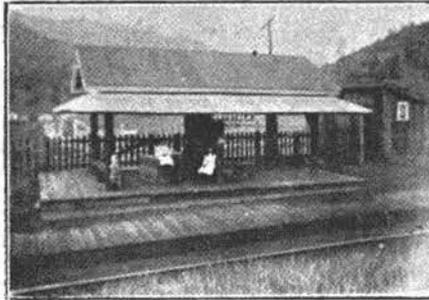
Yes, such regions as you offer to the brotherhood of the common good, must be occupied, cultivated and glorified

by men and women whose moral strength is able to match the majesty of the noble pines."

So much for the beautiful location and surroundings, valuable enough in themselves to attract the men and women who would assist in perfecting the plans so nobly begun and unselfishly carried forward. But Crystola has the wealth already in sight in her ledges of gold to maintain and perfect the system proposed, by and through which these reforms will be brought about.

In order to gather together in homes of their own, the necessary number of men and women to attend the detail of

this great work, a townsite has been located and one hundred lots, each 50 by 120 feet are being sold to those who desire at the uniform price of \$100 each, no more no less. Either for cash or on monthly payments,



Crystola Station

No stock of the Crystola Co. is for sale, but that each lot owner may have a direct interest in the success of the movement, to each purchaser of a lot is given \$100 worth of Crystola stock, fully paid and non-assessable. He can come to Crystola or not as he chooses. No persuasion is used to induce anyone to purchase a lot or lots. It is the desire of Crystola workers that harmony should prevail and hence no inducements such as would excite the cupidity of man are held out to anyone.

Crystola is not in any sense a "model community," neither is it a socialistic experiment. In present times every

isolated attempt to co-operate is doomed to failure. No colony of men and women, however energetic, industrious and economical, can surrounded by powerful competition; unlimited capital; discriminated against as they are sure to be, ever hope to be more than a labor trust on a small scale.

Crystola aspires to become a thought center. Every resident does as he pleases, thinks as he pleases and comes goes at will.

Co-operative enterprises will spring up at Crystola and will succeed because they will be voluntary. The wage system will be maintained but Crystola will pay the highest wages and in ad-

dition every wage-worker will be a profit sharer.

The many resources of Crystola make the formation of industrial co-operative institutions easy and profitable, and since every dollar received from sale of lots is expended on the property each lot owner being also a stockholder practically receives his money back in improvements and still owns his lot and stock.

No where else can you buy a lot and then have the purchase price paid back to you in improvements.

The success of Crystola is assured.



Mount Home, Crystola



Books Reviewed.

"Spirit Obsession," by Dr. J. M. Peebles, is a valuable addition to advanced thought literature. No man in America is better fitted to discuss the subjects of Spiritism, Demonism, Obsession and Spiritualism than Dr. Peebles. In this book he clearly and with unanswerable logic draws the distinction between Spiritism and Spiritualism. Of the latter Dr. Peebles says:

"Though often so stated, Spiritualism is

not the religion, but it is religion itself, the tethering and cementing of the finite to the infinite—humanity to Divinity, and is destined to become the universally acknowledged religion of the world before the close of the present century."

The volume is elegantly bound in cloth, blue and gold and contains 400 pages.

Published by J. M. Peebles Medical Institute, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Susan B. Anthony—Her Life Work

By Elnora Monroe Babcock, Dunkirk, N. Y.

THE history of Susan B. Anthony's life is one of courage, self-sacrifice, gentleness and patience. Every act of her life has been for the uplifting of her own sex and through them the whole of humanity. Never for one short hour has the cause of woman been put aside for any other object. Never a single tie has been formed, either of affection or business, which would interfere with this extreme purpose. There has been no thought of personal comfort, advancement or glory; the self-abnegation, the self-sacrifice, have been absolute—they have been unparalleled.

There is not a woman to-day, no matter what her position, who has touched any of the really vital issues of life, who has not been helped in degree by the efforts of Miss Anthony and her compeers.

Miss Anthony's biographer, in reviewing the condition of women when she commenced her work says:

"Women were not a factor in religious, industrial, commercial or political life to be considered. They had no legal rights that man was bound to respect. They belonged body and soul to some man. They did not own the clothes they wore, even if they had earned the money with which to purchase them. They had not control over their own person, earnings or children.

"Women were shut out of the schools and colleges, the trades and profess-

sions and all offices under the government; paid the most meagre wages in a few occupations open to them and denied everywhere the necessary opportunities for their best development. Worse still, women had no proper appreciation of themselves as factors in civilization and the few noble souls who were possessed with a prophetic vision of what the future held in store for women were held in ridicule and contempt. Believing self-denial a higher virtue than self-development, women ignorantly made ladders of themselves by which fathers, brothers and sons reached their highest ambitions, creating an impassible gulf between them.

"Nothing was more common than to see the sons of a family educated while the daughters remained in ignorance."

Dr. Gregory, who was a standard authority upon female propriety in the 18th century, in his work entitled 'Legacy to my Daughters' says: "Should you be so unfortunate as to possess a robust constitution by nature, assimilate such sickly delicacy as is necessary to keep up the proper female charm." He cautioned all women to carefully hide any good sense or learning which they happened to possess, as men looked with malicious eye upon a woman of sense or learning.

For over one hundred years after public schools were established in Massachusetts, girls were not allowed

to attend, and when the effort was made on the part of one of the trustees of Hatfield school to admit girls the chairman sprang to his feet exclaiming, 'What? Shes to Hatfield schools? No, never!'

It is only little more than half a century since a bill was introduced into the legislature of the state of New York praying for an appropriation for the erection of certain seminaries and high schools where young ladies might be instructed for teachers in the public schools of the state. But the learned statesmen of that time scouted the idea of committing the training of the sons of the state to women and one very learned statesman immortalized himself by saying that learning was a very dangerous thing for women, it would draw them from their domestic duties and therefore it would be very pernicious for the interests of state and society.

Such were the prejudices regarding the proper sphere of women that Miss Anthony has been obliged to overcome.

To-day two-thirds of the colleges and universities of the United States, including every state university west of Ohio, are open alike to men and women. Thousands of women are college graduates; hundreds are regularly ordained ministers; scores are practicing lawyers. Women are engaged in a great variety of trades and professions which require skill and intelligence. They have secured the right of public speech. They are potent factors in literature. They are writers for the press, editors and reporters for the newspapers. Seven-eighths of all our teachers are women. They are organized in clubs—better still, they unite with men in many associations, liter-

ary, artistic, reformatory, social and political. The play golf and ride bicycles. Never before in the world's history has so radical and beneficent a reform been so rapidly and quietly accomplished. It is well for us, who, in the enjoyment of the larger liberty of the present day, are too prone to forget our indebtedness to those who won for us this liberty, inch by inch, as heroically as ever soldier faced the foe on hotly contested battlefields, to glance back over the records of the last half century. It is a history of carefully planned campaigns, bravely fought battles, signal defeats and glorious victories by a small band of determined women of whom the leader, the organizer, the burden-bearer for over fifty years was Susan B. Anthony.

During the sixty years which have wrought this revolution Miss Anthony was the one woman in the whole world who has given every day of her time, every dollar of her money, every power of her being, to secure these results. She was impelled to the work, from no personal grievance, but solely through a deep sense of the injustice which, on every side, she saw perpetrated against her sex, and which she determined to combat.

Probably no man or woman, however eminent in any walk of life, was ever the subject of tributes more numerous, more eloquent, more admiring, more sincere, than those which have been showered upon the late Susan B. Anthony. And it is difficult for us to realize that at one time she was the most reviled, despised and caricatured woman in the world. A few quotations from newspapers serve to show that her path has not always been strewn

with roses as in the later years of her life.

In 1869, the *Grand Rapid Times*, Mich., said of her in an article headed "Spinster Susan's Suffrage Show."

"A 'Miss' of an uncertain number of years, more or less brains, a slimy figure, nut cracker face and store teeth, goes raiding about the country attempting to teach mothers and wives their duty. As is the yellow fever to the South, the grasshopper to the plains, and diphtheria to our Northern cities, so is Susan B. Anthony and her class to all pure, true, lovely women. The sirrocco of the desert blows no hotter or more tainting breath in the face of the traveler, than does this woman against all men who do not believe as she does, and no pestilence makes sadder havoc among them than would Susan B. Anthony if she had the power."

In 1870 the Detroit, Mich., *Free Press* said of Miss Anthony:

"Old, angular, sticking to black stockings, wearing spectacles, a voice highly suggestive of midnight Caudleism at poor Anthony, if he ever comes around, though he never will. If all woman's righters look like that, the theory will lose ground like a darkey going through a cornfield in a dark night. If she had come out and plainly said, see here ladies, see me, I am the result of twenty years of constant howling at man's tyranny, there would never have been another 'howl' uttered in Detroit. Or, if she had plainly said, in so many words, I am going to lecture on bosh, for the sake of that almighty half-dollar per head—take it for bosh, people would have admired her candor, though forming the same conclusions without her assistance."

The Utica, N. Y., *Herald* said the same year:

"Who does not feel sympathy for Susan B. Anthony? She has striven long and earnestly to become a man. She has met with some rebuffs, but has never succeeded. She has never done any good in the world, but then she don't think so. She is sweet in the eyes of her own mirror, but her advanced age and maiden name deny that she has been so in the eyes of others."

It is a source of great comfort to her friends, and must have been to herself, to know that the world has finally come to realize the grandeur of her character, and in the place of derision and contempt formerly bestowed upon her, she received nothing but love, honor and adoration.

That these caricatures of pen and pencil out to the quick, is shown by letters and journals. Any less heroic nature would have given up in despair. But in proportion as her early experiences were more severe, her later life had richer rewards than ever came to any other woman, for beyond all others she was recognized, honored and loved.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton in writing of Miss Anthony, said:

"In finishing this sketch of the most intimate friend I have had for the past forty-five years,—with whom I have spent weeks and months under the same roof,—I can truly say that she is the most upright, courageous, self-sacrificing, magnanimous human being I have ever known. I have seen her beset on every side with the most petty annoyances, ridiculed and misrepresented, slandered and persecuted. I have known women to refuse to take her extended hand; women to whom

she presented copies of "The History of Women Suffrage," return it untouched; others to keep it without one word of acknowledgement; others to write most insulting letters to her of affectionate conciliation. And yet, under all the cross-fires incident to a reform, never has her hope failed, her self-respect wavered, or a feeling of resentment shadowed her mind. Oftimes, when I have been sorely discouraged, thinking that the proposed struggle was a waste of force which in other directions might be rich in achievements, with her sublime faith in humanity, she would breathe into my soul renewed inspiration, saying, "Pity rather than blame those who persecute us."

Her own home paper, the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*, paid her a beautiful tribute two columns in length in which they said;

"For sixty years Susan B. Anthony has been a resident of Rochester. She came here in the freshness of her young womanhood, and this has been her home to the hour of her death. Here she had undergone obloquy and here she had been loved and honored beyond, perhaps, the experience of any other person. For years she has been the best known citizen of this city. Her reputation was world wide. She had traveled abroad and received attentions rarely if ever shown an American woman, and has come back to Rochester with the thought of 'Home, Sweet Home' in her heart and its words on her lips. Hither she has returned after strenuous campaigns in distant states, on the Pacific coast, in the halls of Congress or legislatures to rest for a brief while only, like the evangelist of a cause which she was, to go forth again to a more arduous

field of labor. Rochester will miss her. Rochester mourns her departure; for her admirers and friends, her lovers and champions are not only they who saw eye to eye with her, but a great multitude who, while they did not agree with all her views, respected, admired and loved the splendid qualities of heart and mind which made her in many respects the queen of American womanhood."

To those who knew her in the sanctified environment of her own home she was the embodiment of the domestic virtues and the womanly graces. Naturally retiring and domestic, she was bound to her family by the strongest ties, and her public life was interrupted again and again while she watched by the sick bed of a loved one of the home circle, or laid to rest in Mount Hope cemetery father, mother and sisters and again with aching heart resumed her work. Her diary and her personal letters show the void in her life and the deep grief which she bravely hid from the world. On one occasion she wrote her mother: "That I am always away from home may look to the world as if I cared less for it than other people, whereas my longing for it almost makes me weak, but you, dear mother, understand my love."

In her earlier diaries such facts as these are recorded: "Washed all the shutters." "Took up the carpet this morning." "Whitewashed the kitchen to-day." "Helped the girl wash this morning, in the afternoon ironed six shirts and started for New York at 4:00." Such was the work she did between her lecture engagements to make the home comfortable for her invalid mother.

Miss Anthony was never happier

than when entertaining her friends in her own home. For many years she had been unable to do so as she and sister Mary rented the lower part of the house and boarded with their tenants. In 1890 her friends persuaded her to go to housekeeping.

When Miss Anthony returned from an Eastern trip on June 11th, a pleasant surprise awaited her. The Political Equality Club of Rochester had taken charge of the house furnishing. Handsome rugs had been laid on the floors, lace curtains hung at the windows, easy chairs placed in the rooms, two large desks, one for each of the sisters, office chairs, fine china, cutlery, bedding of every description, table linen and towels, enough to last a lifetime, pictures, silver ware and bric-a-brac without limit came pouring in from friends.

After this her home was the Mecca of suffragists all over the country. That it gave her the greatest pleasure to be able to entertain them is shown by the following taken from her diary:

"Our dear old friends, Sarah Willis and Mary Hallowell, shared our first Sunday dinner with us." "Our old Abolition friends, Giles B. and Catherine F. Stebbins and three or four others, took tea with us to-night." "My old friend, Adeline Thompson, has come to stay several weeks with us. How nice to have my own home to entertain my friends." "Anna Shaw and my niece Lucy, came to-day and we had five others to dinner. A very pleasant thing to be able to ask people to stop and dine." "Brother D. R., sister Anna and niece Maud, came to-day for a week. It is so good to receive them in our own home. D. R. enjoys the fire on the hearth." "Had Maria Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf and

eleven together to tea this evening. How I do enjoy it!" "Who came this day? O, yes! Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley of Chicago, her son and her mother. It makes me so happy to return some of the courtesies I have had in their beautiful home." "Just before noon Mrs. Greenleaf popped into the woodshed with a great sixteen quart pail full of pound balls of delicious butter, and we made her stay to dinner. The girl was washing and I got the dinner alone—broiled steak, potatoes, sweet corn, tomatoes and peach pudding, with a cup of tea. All said it was good, and I enjoyed it hugely. How I love to receive in my own home and at my own table!",

To her sister Mary she always attributed much of her success. In speaking of the help and sustaining influence of her sister, she said:

"I can not tell you how much she has helped me. She has kept a home where I might come to rest. From the very beginning, she has cheered and comforted me. She has looked after the great mass of details, my wardrobe, my business, etc., leaving me free. she is the unseen worker who ought to share equally in whatever of reward and praise I may have won."

In the first volume of her life-history Susan inscribed these words: "To my youngest sister, Mary, without whose faithful and constant home making there could have been no freedom for the outgoing of her grateful and affectionate sister."

Miss Anthony's biographer after describing the ten years of laborious and persistent effort required in New York State to secure to married women the control of their own property, says:

In storm and sunshine, in heat and cold, in seasons of encouragement and

in times of doubt, criticism, and contumely, she never faltered, never stopped. Going with her petition from door to door, only to have it shut in her face by the women she was trying to help, subjecting herself to the jeers and insults of men whom she need never have met except for this mission, held up by the press to the censure and ridicule of thousands who had never

seen or heard of her, misrepresented and abused above all other women because she stood in the front of the battle and offered herself a vacarious sacrifice, can the women of New York, can the women of the Nation, ever be sufficiently grateful to this one, who willingly and unflinchingly, did the hardest pioneer work ever performed by mortal?"



Thine Own Shall Come to Thee.

By A. D. Champney, Rockport, Maine.

Weary one, so sad and lonely,
On life's dark and toilsome way;
Though the path be strewn with sorrows,
And o'er head no sunlight ray;
Though the way be rough and thorny,
And no cheering hope you see,
Yet be sure there's light above you,
And thine own shall come to thee.

Is the sky o'ercast with shadows?
Dost thou seem to walk alone?
Are the waves of sorrow breaking
At thy feet, with dismal moan?
Is the darkness round thee closing,
Hiding mountain, vale and lea?
There is light beyond the shadows,
And thine own shall come to thee.

Is the heart well nigh to breaking,
With its load of grief and care?
Has the light of day all faded,
Leaving nothing but despair?
Are the hours so sad and lonely
That there's naught of joy to see?
Then a sweet voice says "look upward,
For thine own shall come to thee."

Yes, dear one the day is breaking,
Shining o'er yon distant hills;
Heaven's light the earth is flooding;
How the heart with rapture thrills.
Life's dark shadows flee before it,
As it falls on land and sea;
All thy griefs and sorrows vanish,
When thine own shall come to thee.



The Spiritual Basis of the Religion of Jesus Christ.

By John W. Ring.

Jesus, the Man of Galilee, who moved by the ordinary motions of mankind, (hunger, Matt., 21:18; anger, Mark, 11:14-21; weakness and agony, Luke, 22:43-44; grew and increased in thought, Luke, 2:40; lack of faith, Mark, 25:33), was, like Buddha, Zoroaster and other Messiahs, born in fulfillment of a dream (Matt., 1:18-23). There is a marked similarity in the lives of these Messiahs, Saviors and Christs; physical and and spiritual disturbance—quaking of earth and singing of angels at birth and transition—a life of comparative solitude, the working of certain phenomena which astonished the people until they believed and followed the teachings of a single precept of Love to all, and each accused of being possessed of a devil. Each of these teachers have ministered to the people to whom they came in a remarkable manner, differing only as educational development compelled them in order that their teachings might be acceptable. Jesus, who, in the strength of his inspirational powers, taught and demonstrated the doctrines of Buddha, Confucius and others, walked in the majestic spirit of humility; he mildly but imperatively spoke and acted as the spirit moved him. He sought to establish no creed, complied with the Jewish forms as long as convenient (was circumcised and in other ways complied with the religious forms, Luke, 2); observed the Sabbath when

convenient and at other times declared the Son of Man, Lord of the Sabbath (Mark, 2:27-28; Matt., 12:1-13), yet never failed to do that which the spirit told him was right. The New Testament gives us little, if any, history of his life from the time he was twelve years old—when he left his parents and begun his Father's work in the Temple—until he was probably thirty years old, the time of his baptism by John the Baptist; in fact, the New Testament does not claim to give the full history of his life (John, 20:30; 21:25), having been written many years after his transition, and the material gathered principally from hearsay. It is equally as authentic that Jesus spent these years, of which the New Testament is mute, in the schools of the Magi of the East, under the care and instruction of those Wise Men of the East who came by angel invitation at his birth (Matt., 1:7-11.) That his ideas as stated were to greatly impress the world is certain, for Gabriel, the spirit who has been a messenger from the spirit-world since Daniel (Daniel, 9:21) told Mary and Joseph of the wonderful child who was to be born, likewise informed Zacharias of the birth of John the Baptist, who was to go before Jesus in the power and spirit of Elias. (Luke, 1.)

Religion is that principle in each human heart which causes the spiritual senses to proclaim the things of earth temporal and the things of the spirit

eternal; every soul looks to its source, and its manner of looking may be called its religion. Creeds and doctrines are in no wise religion, only to the extent that they help those who adhere to them, to spiritual development. Forms and ceremonies, creeds and doctrines, are only the trappings of religion, even as rules are not mathematics, only the guide; so each nation and people have their guide to spiritual development. The age of sacrifice, which preceded the coming of Jesus, gave way, to an extent, to the fulfillment of the law—Love; but not altogether, for we must remember that thousands of Jews adhere as closely as ever to their chosen forms, and three to one as many devotees bow at the shrine of Buddha as at the altar of Jesus.

The spiritual basis of the religion of Jesus Christ was and is Life Eternal; life means activity—the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. The Law of Life is Love; service to our fellowman. (Matt., 22:35-40; Matt., 25:40; Mark, 22:29-34; John, 8:32-58; Galatians, 5:14, also 6:1-9.) The spiritual basis is the light which each passing age has afforded; to live by the best light that is ours, with condemnation to none, ready to accept the higher and better light when it presents itself. He spoke of Life which *is*, Eternal; the realm of thought in which the past and future blend and make the ever eternal Present, Here and Now. To think of the base and low is to commit crime (Matt., 5:17-22, also 28.) Not to be punished, but living in condemnation already, John 3:8. "And this is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

Every transgression produces con-

demnation, which lasts as long as one remains in the estranged condition. Christ is the incarnation of Love, which through all ages has manifested itself as the Savior—in fact, 'twas Love which swayed Creative Energy to move, by the ponderous Laws of Progression and "form" man. Here in the story of Nicodemus we have an illustration of the materialism with which Jesus had to contend; he told of spiritual things and those who heard gave them material interpretations. This, too, accounts for many of the seeming contradictions (Matt., 5:17, and Luke, 12:49-51), and that no record was kept, so that when written of many years afterward much was taken from tradition. Law is Life and Life is Love; worship of the Creator is service to the Creature. (John, 13:34-25.) "By this shall all men *know* that ye are my disciples, if ye have love to one another."

The commandment is Love to *all* men (Matt., 5:44, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.") There is no form or ceremony prescribed, let each live faithfully by the light which shines in his life, if it be Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster or Mohammed who has inspired the thought. The underlying principle of all religions is Love, and the matter of forms is entirely the creation of the men who have formed what they think to be exalted conceptions of this great Law of Life—Love. By loving service do we rise; and every one of us must unfold that high exalted state of being. (Matt., 5:48.) Some people have concluded because of early education, that many souls can escape punishment for transgression, some by placing their sins on their respective Savior and others by

being placed in a place far away from their Creator Either is far from the Law of Life Eternal. (Matt., 16:26-28.) John, 12:32: "If I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." Every man is judged here and now, and by faithfully loving and serving mankind every one shall be drawn unto LOVE The Creative Energy that some call God, some Brahm, some Allah and others the Great Spirit, is Life and Love, and each human soul *must* express the divine incarnation. Death is the doorway to higher possibilities, as Autumn is the fruition of Summer. (John, 12:24.) No soul can escape punishment for transgression, nor can one—even me—escape actual growth to the fulness of spiritual expression. Hell—the discordant condition produced by transgression; Heaven, the harmonious condition produced by Love and service. The former a thing opposite to God, Love, Happiness—and the result of disobedience; the latter a possession which stands waiting, and at the same time demanding the obedience of each and every one to grow into its full realization. (Matt., 25-46.) Note the phraseology, "and these go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." "Life Eternal," a thing possessed; eternal punishment, that which continues as the result of transgression as a means of reformation. What parent is there who punishes their child with any other thought than reformation—making him better? Surely the thought of Him who hath made parents is even higher. No particle of Divinity can escape gravitating to its own place, the elements of which the body is formed hasten to return to their several places in the economy of Nature, the spirit to its source, and by some process—that of

Progression, the Law of our Being—Love makes it whole. Light dispels darkness, love overcomes hate, smiles chase away frowns, discord resolves into harmony—even so will Divine or Infinite Love lift the soul of every human creature to the plane of a perfect expression of the Life energies possessed. (John, 5:25-29.)

Every age seeks for a sign, and the sign shall be Love to one another; there shall also be the doing of those things which Jesus did. (Mark, 16:17-18.) (John, 14:12:) "He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." Recognizing the growth of Time, Jesus left many things untold, always promising the ministrations of the Comforter (John, 14:17-26.) (John, 16:12-13:) "I have yet many things to say into you, ye can not bear them now. Howbeit, when he, the spirit of truth, is come he will guide you into all truth." These passages, with the connecting verses, are positive prophesy of Modern Spiritualism, the reign of Knowledge, the presence of the Comforter.

The Universal Law of Love moveth in and through all the religions of the earth, asking for a life of willing service as evidence of discipleship with the Everlasting. The voice of the several Messiahs has told of the glad message to all people, and each has given sufficient demonstration to satisfy any seeker for Truth. Each succeeding age brings greater developments in Science, Religion and general Government, and each of these seeming new, yet in reality revival of some thing which has one day occurred, is greeted with the accusation, "Works of the devil." (Matt., 12:24.) The spiritual basis of the religion of Jesus Christ is the doing of

kindliness to *every* human creature; regardless of the forms, ceremonies, creeds and dogmas which have bewildered men, this self same spirit has been manifest in every religion that has moved men to worship the Creator by serving the Creature. Though the time has been when, as recorded in John, 16:2, "The time cometh that whosoever killeth you think that he doeth God service," those who possessed the powers of Mediumship and gave proof of the presence of our loved ones who have passed higher were put to physical death, yet they have ever triumphed by knowing that Life is Eternal and each event takes one higher in unfoldment.

Who is there who doubts the Power of Life, Love, God? Who will attribute any of the qualities of the Infinite to any other source? There is one God, who perhaps unknown in the fulness of spirit to any, manifest in the devotion of every human soul; and with the manifold love of life, moves each and *all* to that state which expresses

the perfect. If you and I would prove our discipleship to this god of gods and lord of lords—this Infinite Intelligence which is unchanged by our belief or disbelief—then we love and serve our fellowmen, whether they speak our tongue or not, whether they are our race or color or not, whether they cry unto Jehovah, Allah or Brahm, or if they cry unto no deity; for the Eternal Creator is Life and Life Eternal unto all living things. When we cease to Progress we are beyond the conception of mortal mind. The foundation of Life is motion, and on and on we go through the vast eons of Time and Eternity, each serving the other and thus climbing to higher expression until wrapped in perfect Peace, which may be the enjoyment of heavenly things, or possibly as the Buddhist hopes—oblivion; but be it as it may, today demands our service, loving, sympathetic and tender. Higher than personal difference, broader than human opinion is the Law of Life—the spiritual basis of being—LOVE.



A Word to Young Men.

By William Jennings Bryan.

Let the ambitious young man understand that he is in duty bound to discard everything which in the least weakens his strength, and under obligation to do everything that in any degree increases his power to do good. Good habits, therefore, are always important and may become vitally so. He can well afford to leave liquor to those who desire to tickle the throat

or to please the appetite; it will be no help to him in his efforts to advance the welfare of his fellows. He can even afford to put into books what others put into tobacco. The volumes purchased will adorn his shelves for a life-time, while smoke from a cigar is soon lost to sight forever. He does not need to swear; logic is more convincing than oaths.

Worry--Its Cause and Cure.

By C. B. Hoffman.

WHY does man worry? Why does he fear the outcome of his plans? He invests money and at once fears that he will lose it. He engages in business and worries lest it should not prove successful. He frets over a thousand and one things. Why?

The animals do not worry or fret. They are calm and content. The flowers and trees do not fear. The winds of heaven blow, the sun shines, the stars move across the placid spheres without hurry or fuss. There is harmony in the action and reaction of all things—but man. Man seems an exception. He is drawn by many forces. He has desires, emotions, passions. He comes into relation with others who also have desires, emotions passions. Not harmonious, but discordant and antagonistic. There is conflict not only between individuals, but within the heart of each. History is a bloody page of conflicts. Biography is a story of struggles. Man against man—man against himself, man against nature. Society continually splits into factions. Race against race, the war of creeds, the rich against the poor and the poor against the rich.

Animals do not fight thus. They follow their desires, satisfy them and are content. They kill to eat—they never kill to reform—nor for the glory of God. They violate no moral code, because they have none. Their life is spontaneous, free, natural. They are a law unto themselves—neither good nor bad.

Life, the great universal all enfolding all pervading Life flows through them. Manifests in them harmoniously, beautifully.

But man! what is the matter with man? What is the matter with you, with me? Are we under a different law from that which obtains in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms? Yes and no. Man is under a different law (or attitude towards the universal) in so far as he regards himself *separate from and superior or inferior to the Great Life*. Does man so regard himself? Yes—the great majority of human beings appear to themselves as separate entities. Mortal or immortal as the case may be, but separate and distinct from the Great Life, with destinies for good or bad at will quite independent from the Great Life.

In the popular occidental theology, God and the devil are supposed to amuse themselves in a contest as to which shall get the most of us. God and the Devil! But what are God and the Devil but projections of our ideas—of our feelings—of our sense of separation, and antagonism!

We formulate the emotions of our souls into creeds and then fall down and worship them as of divine origin. And they are of divine origin. They do represent a necessary stage in the evolution of the soul—but the mischief begins when we cling to them as fixed revelations after we have outgrown them. Creeds and institutions become

fixed forms but the soul forever progresses.

What is true of our religious creeds is equally true of our economic system. The economic system of to-day is based upon the world need of a past age. It arose in response to the cry of human selfishness. To-day it no longer represents the needs of humanity. It has become a fetter, a handicap upon the social spirit. *It is the potent cause of worry and fret*, because it is not in harmony with the inner life.

Why does the business man fret and worry about his business affairs? He worries much more, man for man, and dollar for dollar than does the farmer over his crop risks. The man sows in autumn, dry weather, winter frosts, an unfavorable spring, bugs and flies, floods and hail threaten the harvest from the sowing of the seed until the grain is garnered—and yet the farmer worries but little—much less than the business man over his investments. Why? Is it not because the business man feels consciously, or subconsciously that he is engaged in a venture which involves a violation of the deeper spiritual laws; that he controvenes the principle of brotherhood—that his gain is some one's loss; that in short he is playing a game arbitrary and cruel invented by self-conscious man fighting for his personal aggrandizement against his fellow man.

The farmer trusts God or nature.

He works in harmony with nature and having done his part rests in the assurance that nature will do her part. The business man distrusts his own venture. He distrusts himself and his fellow man. He distrusts his own system. He feels that while life should be a glorious adventure, his own personal schemes are marauding expeditions, which may fail and if they succeed lead but to still more serious entanglements. Business is a fight of man against man. It is not a question of how to serve, how to create beauty and joy, but how to make profits, how to sell for the highest price, how to foist upon the public cheap goods, cheaply made by cheap men and cheap methods. It is the dollar and not the man that is paramount in business.

But, God, or nature, or life, or the soul cares not for the dollar but cares supremely for man, hence the conflict and distrust between man, the real inner self and business. When will this conflict cease? As soon as we have had enough of it. When the self-conscious, separate seeming self, realizes that humanity is a unity, that there is One Universal Life in which there is joyous activity and harmonious development it will abandon the egoistic strife for personal advancement and will return to its Father's field, the great Jocund Earth and there find an unlimited scope for endless activity in harmony with Universal Life.



"Smashing the Union" in Australia.

By Hugh O'Neill.

IT WAS Malcolm Donald McEacharn, ship owner and capitalist, who delivered the Commonwealth of Australia to the Socialists. He is the one conservative on the continent that the Socialists fight without malice. They are under a debt of gratitude to the shipping millionaire, and the bitterest offense he suffers is the occasional reminder of that fact.

Of Course, McEacharn didn't want Socialism. He only wanted to break the power of the trade unions. He thought that their exactions had become intolerable, and there was some justification for that view. Strikes were common, and frequently the cause of quarrel was trivial. But the strikers were always successful because the country was filled with British money, and the voice of the boomster was abroad in the land. The union leaders were ignorant of all economic laws, and they mistook the existing condition for one of natural prosperity. (That's where they made their mistake.)

McEacharn knew better than that. He knew that the burst would come sooner or later, and he prepared to attack labor on a falling market. He figured to smash the unions and remove the heel of aggressive democracy from the throat of capital. A partial victory was not what he wanted. He was after the whole hog. He got it. (That's where he made his mistake.)

The unionists were lions led by asses.

McEacharn knew that. Time after time the shipping union made demands upon his company; time after time he granted these demands with smiling readiness. But day after day he went on building together the units of a force to fight trades unionism that was destined to sweep organized labor out of existence. The plan was colossal, but the solid patience with which in the meantime he bore the galling exactions of the trades was quite as great.

And then one day he loosed his thunders and struck hard and straight and true. He chose the time of battle, the cause of battle, and the place of battle. The unions chose nothing. They were arrogant with riches.

The cause of the quarrel was childish, McEacharn meant it should be. A difference arose between the master and the steward of one of his coasting steamers over the charms of a stewardess. The captain, to settle the difficulty—as he thought, poor man—discharged the sailor. The union demanded his reinstatement. McEacharn, knowing what the reply would be, offered to put him on another ship. The union demanded reinstatement on the same ship. McEacharn in very courteous terms pointed out that it was impossible. Then the asses who led the lions told him that unless the reinstatement was effected within twenty-four hours they would call the crews off all his ships and order a general strike.

Then, like a flash McEacharn unmasked his guns. Back went the reply that the unions might strike and be damned.

The strike was ordered. And then there followed a battle grim and great. Union after union was called out, ship after ship was laid up, state after state was involved in the quarrel, until the whole continent stood under arms. In less than four weeks the fires of nearly every coasting steamer was drawn. The trade of Australia was paralyzed. Four hundred thousand unionists were idle, and every man of them was drawing half pay. Also every unemployed man who looked like becoming a free laborer was paid a weekly allowance from the general fund to prevent remanning the ships.

But the Shipowners' Union that McEacharn had organized didn't even try to reman the ships. The land boom had reached its limit, trade was declining, very large coal reserves had been laid up, the funds and membership of the unions were known to a dollar and a man. The shipowners simply sat down on their hunkers and waited.

The trades leaders organized pickets, but there was nothing for them to do. The problem was a new one. They couldn't solve it. The owners were apparently not trying to run their ships at all. Patterson, who owned one fleet, wrote to the strike committee, and in a vein of pawky Scotch humor offered to sell them his ships.

Then it dawned upon the union that the strike had become a lockout. The besiegers were besieged. The weapon of capital was not free labor, but starvation.

Starvation won easily. Ten weeks after the first shot the unions capitulated to the grim foe hunger that be-

fore then had bowed the neck of many a proud city. McEacharn had meant to break the unions. And they were broken all right.

Funds gone, membership decimated, courage wilted, the once great trades unions of Australia were counted out.

The capitulation was announced in the biggest public hall the labor leaders could get. John Hancock, big bodied and big hearted, the finest platform man in Australia—rose in that hall of silent hundreds to tell the men that they must return to work on the best terms they could get. It was the shortest and most pregnant speech he ever made in his life. "Friends," he said, "men of Australia, we have not been beaten; we have been starved into submission. Unionism is dead, but anything can happen in a democracy, and from the ashes of the funeral pyre that the shipowners have lighted will rise the phoenix of our liberties."

Nobody knew what he meant. It is doubtful whether he knew himself. But it sounded large and fine, and something with that sort of sound was just what those depressed people wanted that night.

But one year later big John Hancock took his seat in Parliament—the first labor leader sent in by the first political party in Australia.

Vanquished in the industrial war, the members of the battered trades unions had reorganized their forces on a political basis and sought to win by the ballot the privileges capital had denied them. Someone discovered that where all men have votes and the bulk of men are wage-earners they only have to decide among themselves what they want from the state to get it.

That was only ten years ago. And

now they have gotten nearly all they wanted. Think of it. Eleven years ago the unions were battered, dead, done for. To-day their direct lineal successor owns the whole blessed Commonwealth of Australia.

They attacked municipal councils first, and enforced the minimum wage and eight-hour days on all of them. They attacked the state parliaments next and gained factory legislation and old age pensions and compulsory arbitration. No factory in the country can now employ child labor, or work its people more than eight hours per day, or pay less than the minimum wage fixed by the wages board. In two of the six states the labor party are the government in office, in two others they hold the balance of power, and in two others they are the direct opposition.

But it is their success in the commonwealth parliament—the national assembly—that marks out Australia as a Socialistic nation.

In the senate half the members are pledged Socialists—definite servants of the labor party. In the representatives the direct opposition are pledged Socialists also—members of the same party. Compulsory arbitration in labor disputes is the law actually operating in two of the states, and the national legislature has passed a law enforcing compulsory arbitration in any labor dispute that extends from one state to another.

McEacharn, the lord mayor of Melbourne, the man who smashed unionism, was defeated last year by a labor candidate in the contest for election of a member of the house of representatives

Twelve years ago in Australia there were two parties, the freetraders and the protectionists. To-day there is one party—the labor party—and the dragged remnant of another that occasionally totters helplessly before a tired public and tries to get itself taken seriously as the anti-Socialist party. But it has no power, it never had a policy, and its friends are ashamed to recognize it in the daylight. Some day a man may arise in Australia who will evolve a policy big enough to cover the anti-labor party and those others who at present remain outside, but so far as the writer knows he hasn't sent word of his coming. And the gentleman who precipitated all this on the country has sought his country seat and the tiresome seclusion of a friendless man.

The writer points no moral. But he has heard the suggestion that Socialism was a coming force in American politics treated with derision, and he thinks that perhaps this story may be worth thinking over, because manhood suffrage prevails in America, and the great, big bulk of Americans are wage earners, too.

Life

O Life, how vast thou art! How little understood!
 The force that fills the universe! The universal good!
 The truth in everything! The love that knows no fear!
 The very faculties by which we feel, and see, and hear!
 The light that never fails, wherever we may range!
 The great foundation of us all, which nothing here can change!
 E'n death itself is but the changing form of thee—
 When shall thy truth be known by man? His ways with thine agree?

—Selected.

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"Yet Freedom, yet thy banner torn but flying,
Streams like a thunder storm against the
wind."—Byron.

When the labor troubles at Cripple Creek arose, when employee and employer agreed to disagree, when labor and capital, partners by every rule of economics, became for the time the bitterest enemies, there began a reign of unrest, distrust and high-handed anarchy that put to blush the most turbulent scenes of other days

Whatever the merits of the dispute between the mine-owners association and the Western Federation of Miners is neither here nor there. The influence of the State government instead of being cast for order was given wholly to one side of the controversy and the State militia were for the time the servants of the mine owners and the instruments by which their plans were carried out. While the Peabody regime was thus engaged in destroying the homes of the laborers, arresting, maltreating and deporting men, not for any crime committed or contemplated, but solely because they refused to become a party to the trampling of all legal rights under foot, because they did not endorse mob law, and uphold the wanton desecration of private homes

and the tearing from business and family of men accused of no crime.

That this is a mild statement of conditions no one will deny. For less than this, revolutions have been waged and won.

These men were Americans, citizens and home owners and their American blood boiled and they fain would have fought, and, if need be, died in defense of their homes and rights. But that such a course, while eminently just, would be suicidal, Chas. Moyer and Wm. Haywood, President and Secretary of the Western Federation of Miners foresaw, and they counseled, pleaded and abjured their followers to quietly submit to these outrages trusting time to set them right before a just and enlightened public. Because of their known honesty and fidelity, the confidence of their followers were such that their advice was heeded, and, emboldened by the lack of resistance, outrages were committed in the name of law and order that would put to shame darkest Russia in its palmiest days.

Private homes were entered, men were ruthlessly taken from their business and their family, without warrant or trial and forced aboard trains, hauled out on the bleak prairies and left to subsist as best they might.

Legally and lawfully elected servants of the people were requested at the muzzle of guns to "resign," in order that self-constituted mob law might the better prevail. And this could never have occurred had Moyer and Haywood spoken the words, "Defend your rights and your homes."

But the leaders, actuated by the

highest and purest motives, bent on averting the bloodshed that would have followed an outbreak, believing that though

Right is ever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
Yet the scaffold guides the future,
And behind the great unknown,
Standeth God among the shadows,
Keeping watch above his own."

Were silent, and by their advice the men submitted and the chapter was temporarily closed.

The Federation survived the ordeal, grew stronger day by day and the all consuming desire of those in charge of Association matters was unfulfilled.

The Federation must be broken up, and knowing the absolute trust and confidence reposed in Moyer and Haywood they sought for and found a chance.

Gov. Stuenenberg of Idaho was chosen as the mark and Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone as the victims. A notorious murderer, liar, perjurer and gambler named Orchard, says he killed Stuenenberg and that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone hired him to do it.

The Governor of Idaho and the Governor of Colorado were the mine-owners friends and the enemies of the accused. But secure in the thought of success they chose to be spectacular and instead of arresting these men like common villians, extraditing them according to law, they kidnapped them at night refusing to allow them to communicate with their families or friends, put them aboard a special train, rushed them to Idaho where they have since lain in jail, denied a trial and denied bail.

The dastardly murderer of Stuenenberg and of every other man rich or poor, high or low should be punished as the law directs, but there should be

no reasonable doubt of his guilt. He should have a fair, honest trial according to law. The evidence of a self-confessed murderer, who has already been proven to be a liar of more than ordinary attainments, should be taken for what it is worth—nothing—instead of overbalancing the testimony of hundreds of reputable people, and a life of uprightness, and a character, of themselves an eloquent and convincing refutation of the charges sought to be proven.

The anomalous spectacle of the Governor of a State like Idaho stating publicly in advance of a trial or testimony, that these men were guilty and should hang, is for the first time presented to an American people to their shame and disgust. Moyer and Haywood were the best friends the mine-owners had. Had it not been for their advice, blood would have flown like water and it would not have all been mine worker's blood either.

If reprisals were necessary, if somebody had to hang to appease the mine owner's and the politician's wrath why not take those concerned in the dynamiting outrages that were perpetrated. Moyer and Haywood by every act and voice had counseled order and discouraged violence of every kind. The sequel is, the death of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone will be the death of the Federation. But will it? John Brown was guilty of an overt act, caught red-handed, was accorded a fair trial, was not prejudged nor sent to the gallows on the evidence of a self-confessed criminal willing and anxious to swear away the lives of innocent men in order to save his own worthless neck. From a fair trial, John Brown went to his death but the principles for which he labored and the

movement of which he was the apostle did not die. From the gallows his soul,

“Sublime and strong as a young eagle,
Soars the morning clouds among,
Till from its station in the heaven of fame,
The spirit’s whirlwind rapt it,
And the ray was from behind it flung
As foam from a ship’s swiftness.”

When John Brown was hung all proslavery rejoiced for in his ignominious death it saw the end of the abolition movement, yet for years afterward long lines of blue-coated men, undaunted and unafraid, marched into the very jaws of death and hell, singing, “John Brown’s body lies mouldering in the grave but his soul goes marching on.”

John Brown the spirit, was a million times more potent than John Brown the mortal.

Let those who unjustly seek the blood of labor leaders, have a care. Breaking the neck does not always break the power of man, and when Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone swing from Idaho into eternity, as these officers have said they shall, their souls may “Still go marching on” and thousands of their fellow laborers may yet face the cannon’s mouth in defense of the principles they cherished, and because of their devotion to them and to the cause of their fellow men their lives were ruthlessly and ignominiously taken.

• • •

Bryan to the Front. Whether “distance lends enchantment” whether he is at last to come into his own, Mr. Bryan from the time he turned his back upon America’s shores has grown in popularity with the politicians of the country. The greater the distance the more beautiful his theories looked. The same theories he advanced in 1892, 1896, 1900 and 1904, revised and abridged to

suit our political and industrial advancement.

The great mass of the common people have agreed with Mr. Bryan all the while. Have admired his honesty and integrity, commended his liberality and statesmanship and supported his theories of government. Whether the politicians have experienced a change of heart, or whether this new and sudden devotion is a premonitory sign of an organized effort to reach the pie counter, none but they know.

Meanwhile, we opine, Mr. Bryan will steadfastly adhere to those governmental reforms, the efficacy of which is self-evident, and if it be he who shall restore to the common people their inheritance, no more worthy and capable American could be chosen to carry out the reforms which must come before equal and exact justice shall prevail.

• • •

The President and the Packers The President seems both sincere and determined in his fight on the great meat combine of the country. Whatever good may come of it can be charged to Upton Sinclair, the vigorous Socialist writer who was in nowise deterred by the epithets of “muckraker” and “defamer” which were generously hurled at him at first by the President and afterwards by all those interested in present conditions being preserved inviolable, and also by that large and noisy class who ape those high in authority. When Roosevelt showed his honesty of purpose by joining the Sinclair forces as soon as convinced of the truth of their contention there was some vast and lofty tumbling on the part of some while others yet maintain a silence so dense as to be oppressive. Right thinking men every-

where will not hesitate to commend President Roosevelt for the stand he has taken and he will receive their moral support so long as the honesty of his course is unquestioned.

• • •

It's all for Freight Some of our esteemed newspaper brethren in Colorado are inclined to charge that the recent advance in gasoline was made to reimburse Jno. D. for the \$100,000 given to San Francisco for sweet Charity's sake. Perish the ignoble thought. Once an old darkey preacher was exhorting his hearers to accept salvation, said he, "Salvation am free, free as the eagle when he sails among de silbery lined clouds ob de heavens, and"—but here an old deacon says, "Why for dis takin' up a collection ebery meetin' time." "Ah desires to enlighten de unobfisticated understanding of my benighted and soul concerned brother, salvation am always free, de collections am taken so's we kin pay de freight."

So it is with the great and at all times holy Jno. D. Sweet charity, promulgated by the Savior of mankind and copyrighted by this new John the Baptist is always free and the little collection which he will take up daily for the next twenty years from Colorado people, is for the sole purpose of "payin de freight." To question such holy motives is rankest blasphemy.

• • •

Pikes Peak Centennial Celebration The propriety of the forthcoming centennial celebration of the discovery by Lieutenant Pike of the great peak that bears his name is apparent, and the great unanimity of purpose on the part of the different organizations pre- sage its complete success. Pikes Peak,

the supposed mountain of gold in the 40's belongs not alone to Colorado but the country which Lieutenant Pike served so faithfully. Colorado, with her characteristic generosity will on that occasion lavishly entertain all who choose to accept her invitation to come and do honor to the character of this sturdy and intrepid explorer, Zebulon M. Pike.

• • •

In It Again Col. (?) W. C. Greene has broken into print, just to say, that the recent riots at Cananea, Mexico was brought about by the Western Federation of Miners. As yet the W. F. M. have not been charged with the famine in Japan, the riots in Russia, the impoverishment of China nor the death of the premier of New Zealand although they are doubtless guilty of all these and a fund placed with the Pinkerton Detective Agency would speedily bring forth the necessary evidence. Give McPartland and Orchard a chance.

• • •

The First Step The *Examiner* at Orleans, Ind., notes an agreement between the committees of the political parties, for an anti-corruption campaign. This will eliminate almost entirely the purchasable vote and will put the "fluence man out of business. We hope to see such an agreement in every county in the Union.

• • •

At Last Oklahoma is to be a State at last and her citizens are rejoicing. It has been kept out of the Union for ten years because of jealousies and political intrigues. Everything comes to him who waits and hustles and we congratulates the tireless workers of Oklahoma and believe

their dreams of greatness will be speedily realized.

• • •

The wage earners of this country can at any general election get control of governmental affairs, but such a thing would prove a calamity until the wage earner educates himself in economics sufficient to enable him to handle the affairs of State justly and equitably.

This he alone can do, and until he does thus fit himself he has no right to assume the duties of leader.

• • •

What reformers need more than any thing else is to become well grounded in the fundamentals of reform. Details are matters for the legislature to adjust. Let us first elect a legislature and then details can be arranged.



Cosmic Consciousness.

By Laura B. Payne.

There are times when my conquering soul
Feels its divine mastership.
When I put all obstacles underneath my feet,
And looking far out o'er life's dominions
See clearly the meaning and majesty of all.

And in that hour details do not concern me,
But with one swift sweeping glance
I see and understand.
And in such moments what to me
Are earth's trivial disappointments,
The clamoring, surging sea of humanity
That tries, and fails and falls,
The sorrow, suffering, misery and death,
That blot the fair face of nature
And seemingly make of life a hideous nightmare?
Since my soul is revealed in that quick glance
The cosmic life complete and whole,
And I know that all things tend toward the good.
That what appears an endless chain of disasters
Is but the process of evolution
That lifts all life to higher planes of consciousness.

. . . WAITING . . .

By John Burroughs.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait.

*Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.*

*I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face*

*Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.*

*What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruits of tears.*

*The waters know their own: and draw
The brook that springs from yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the Soul of pure delight.*

*The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.*

*Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Whate'er the storms of life may be,
Faith guides me up to heaven's gate,
And love will bring my own to me.*

The Myth of the Peak.

By Edwin B. Ferguson.

FURTHER back than a long time ago, way back in the twilight of time—before there were mines at Cripple Creek and millionaires at Colorado Springs—before the Cog road had a single Cog—before the columbine winked at the mariposa and the magpie sassed the chipmunk—before there was any such awful mess of river and plain and divide as there is now—when the earth was all smooth and the continent had no backbone whatever—way back there, gentle reader, begins the tale. There were no people on the earth then, of course—just demigods, or Gnus, great spirits having access both to earth and heaven.

o o o

Now these Gnus were great critters, never pleased with what they had but always wanting more, never easy where they were but always wanting to be somewhere else, and they were always scrapping one with another. They weren't a bit satisfied with the earth as it was, but they wanted to rip it all up and reform it and make it in one jump just like their idea of heaven. So they scrapped and scrapped and scrapped and then, finally, concluded that the earth couldn't be made over anyhow.

Well, since the Earth wasn't good enough for these Gnu people, they decided they would move on up into Heaven and file on homesteads up there—peradventure the surroundings in Heaven might prove more congenial. So, first, they gathered them to-

gether different parts of the Earth, soils and waters and rocks and some of last year's maize, and these they put in sacks of skin so that when they reached Heaven, they shouldn't lack for enough to set themselves up in business. Then, when the day appointed came, they raked together all their regrets and all their fond illusions, raked them together and made bonfires of them. And then, commanding the Waters of the Earth, to burst their bonds and flood the Earth they shouldered their sacks of skin and fared forth to wards the Gate of Heaven.

o o o

Now the Gate of Heaven is at the end of the Plain where the sky and the mountains meet and the width of it is extremely narrow. And the Gnu people in hurrying away from the floods that they had turned on and in getting off from the Earth, moved not in the best of good order but in the worst of confusion. When they came to the Gate of Heaven, therefore, where stood the great Manitou of Heaven with folded arms watching them, what with the great smile that was on Manitou's face and what with the crowding and the narrowness of the Gate, the Gnu people dropped all their sacks of water and soil and maize right there at the Gate of Heaven and these, tumbling downwards towards Earth, and plumping into the waters that covered the Earth, collected in a great heap or peak which has ever since been known as the Peak of Pike, or Pike's Peak.

o o o

Now, so runs the Toltec legend, in the mighty struggle the Gnus had in getting off from the Earth, two Gnus were left behind—a Gnu man and a Gnu woman. And the name of the Gnu man was Tlaz, which means Swimmer; and the name of the Gnu woman was Toluca, which means Life. And Tlaz was a great swimmer. And Tlaz saw the struggle of the Gnus at the Gate of Heaven and the manner of it revolted his soul. "For why," said he "should Gods thus struggle to get off the Earth and get into Heaven! As for me," said he, "for me, Earth is good. For me, one world at a time!" So Tlaz turned him back from the struggling Gnus and swam out boldly into the Waters of Earth if haply he might find land. And Toluca, seeing Tlaz and understanding, cried out boldly after Tlaz, crying, Tlaz! Tlaz? Take me with thee also! Thy thoughts shall be my thoughts and thy Earth, my Earth!" And Tlaz, turning him about in the Waters, saw Toluca and saw that Toluca was fair to look upon and a woman of discretion. And, with Toluca, it seemed to Tlaz that he might swim on and on forever. And he swam back and got Toluca, throwing his arms in great, broad strokes, Indian wise. Then Tlaz, the Swimmer, and Toluca, Life, fared forth together on the Waters of Earth. And the great Manitou, looking down, smiled and was pleased.

o o o

So Tlaz and Toluca swam on and on into the Waters of Earth, now floating, now swimming. And Tlaz said, "Art weary, my Toluca? Are the Waters of the Earth too great?" And Toluca said, "No." But it came to pass that even Tlaz, with all his great strength,

was well-nigh overcome of the Waters. And it was now their sixth day upon the Waters and there was naught above the Waters but sky. Even the good Manitou was looking on and at the dawn of the seventh day Toluca said, "I see a something waving above the Waters, a something waving and fluttering as a green feather!" Then Tlaz and Toluca took new courage and fared quickly towards the green feather. And it was a stalk of green maize which had sprouted from the seed that the Gnus in their flight had let fall. And Tlaz, making for it, found it firm and large, so that from it he might fashion a canoe for himself and Toluca. So with maize to eat and a canoe to sail in, Tlaz and Toluca, upon Earth's waters were much at home and feared not, neither for each other nor for the future. And in memorial of the friendly use to which the maize stalk was put by Tlaz and Toluca, the maize stalk has since been hollowed on one side.

o o o

But the Waters of the Earth were still pathless and the sky was all blue, and, though much was to be gained from the search of each others eyes, still, the days wore on and to Tlaz and Toluca, one day was getting not greatly unlike another. So, gliding thus lightly over the ripples of the Waters, they came one day upon what proved to be another maize stalk. Sailing close up to this maize stalk, they found thereon two field mice—a mouse and his wife. And very pleased indeed were the mice to see Tlaz and Toluca and they offered Tlaz and Toluca all their winter's store of grain. Staying with the field mice long enough for manners, Tlaz and Toluca told them

finally that they must go and, faring forward over the Waters, they came at last to another maize stalk whereon lived two gophers—a gopher and his wife. Then Tlaz and Toluca, sailing as directed, passed in turn the maize stalks of the prairie dog, the chipmunk, the cottontail and the badger. And they were greeted in turn by each and entertained by all. So they passed the maize stalks of all the Animals of the Earth and of all the Birds of the Sky. And after they had passed the maize stalks of all the animals of the earth and all the birds of the sky, they sighted land—a great, brown rock, thrusting its shoulders and breast out of the sea. And a cloud hung over the rock and Manitou was in the cloud. And a great, broad bow of red, orange, yellow, green and blue lay in the mist of the cloud and dipped into the sea. And the Javelins of Heaven were loosed. And the Voice of Manitou as he spake was deep. And said to Tlaz and Toluca, "Fear not, Son and Daughter, for, in choosing the Earth and rejecting Heaven, ye please me well. Now, behold, from Toluca shall spring a great People which shall be called the people of Toltec. And Cities shall this People build of bricks of clay and warriors shall they be. And they shall write their thoughts upon the skin of the deer and upon the bark of trees. And I will be your Manitou and the Manitou of your People. And this bow that ye see shall be to you the bright span of the life that is above and beyond the Earth, in the which, because ye sought it not, but were content with the Earth, ye and your people shall share. "Then, tumbled the clouds about together and made thunder, and Manitou was gone. But the place of

Manitou's appearance is known to this day. It is the great, white Peak, the Peak of Pike.

o o o

So the days wore on. And the Waters of the Earth grew less and less and the land that appeared broadened and grew broader. Then up sprouted the cactus and the soapweed, the spruce and the pine and the scrub oak. Then up sprouted the bunch grass and the sage, till the Earth was no longer naked but all mantled in green—all but the top of the Peak of Pike which stood among the clouds and was bald. And as the Waters subsided, weird creatures were left in the hollows—serpents and frogs and lizards. And one great dragon was left, the Dragon of Thirst. And as he drank and drank, this great Dragon of Thirst, the waters that were about him grew less and less and he, the Dragon, grew greater and greater and more swollen and more bloated, till he died. And the form and substance of him is preserved to this very day in the form and substance of Cheyenne Mountain.

o o o

Now the Peak of Pike was very, very steep and its sides sloped down sheer so that, to Tlaz and Toluca, the descent thereof seemed perilous. But their maize was near gone and the land below grew daily more beautiful. So, casting out fear, into their boat again they got and shoving it away, slid safely down to the Plain. Now if your gaze be narrow, you may still see the boat, shaped like a great bark canoe, riding the waves that flow by that huge hump west of Cheyenne called the Dome of St. Peter.

o o o

So there at the foot of the Peak, Tlaz and Toluca found the most elegant climate in all the world—neither too hot nor too cold. Gentle winds fanned the plains and ridges all the year through, and the air was tonic and sunny. Flowers sprouted at the foot of the Peak—the Columbine, Anemone, Mariposa and Indian pink and the whole was fair to see and well-pleasing to Tlaz and Toluca. One thorn to their rose-tree there was, one blot on their scroll. The lizards and fishes that had swum in the Waters of Earth now lay stark. And their bellies were up and the smell of them in the land was loud and sonorous.

“We will dig pits and bury them,” said Tlaz.

“We will pray to Manitou,” said Toluca.

“We will work and pray both,” said Tlaz.

So, both working and praying, and laboring valiantly withal, the bodies of the weird beasts were at length surely covered and stank no more. And the great pestilence that would have fastened itself upon the land was forever averted. Then looked down the great Manitou from his wigwam on the Peak and smiled. For he was well content that Tlaz and Toluca had chosen to work as well as to pray. And Manitou said to them, “Tlaz and Toluca, because for your health ye have elected to work as well as to pray, therefore, within you I have established health. And I have created Springs which shall be called the Springs of Manitou, from the which, when ye drink, ye and your people shall drink Health. Behold, I have done it. My Breath that is in the Waters of the Bubbles of the Springs shall be for you and your children a token that I

am there.” Now this is why the red men strew the spring-basins with beads and wampum and hang the tree-branches with doeskin cloth and moccasins and hold their war dance there—because Manitou is in the Waters.

o o o

Thus in love and security lived Tlaz and Toluca. And their home was the Garden of the Gods which was at the base of the Peak of Pike which was the wickiup of the great spirit Manitou. And the birds of the sky and the beasts of the plain were friendly to Tlaz and Toluca and Tlaz and Toluca molested them not but held them in esteem learning from them all that they had to tell of the ways of the beasts and the life that is theirs. And for food, Tlaz and Toluca had the herbs of the field, the acorns of the oak, the eggs of the eagle and the milk of the deer. And Tlaz raised maize by strewing it on the snows of spring and harrowing it with a bent stick in summer. And with life in the Garden of the Gods, Tlaz and Toluca were well content.

o o o

But the sun was to Tlaz and Toluca a great mystery, blinding their eyes. Yet, from the sun, as they surely saw, came the heat by which all the Earth was nourished and the Light by which all creation was discerned. And Tlaz and Toluca worshiped the sun in awe, as the King of Day, the Ambassador of the great Manitou of the Peak. And when, at eventide, the King of Day, all in a blaze, sank to his chamber behind the range, the hearts of Tlaz and Toluca were filled with awe. And their hearts lived by hope 'gainst the time of his reappearance on the morn. And the Great Manitou

be ill. And Manitou looked down and smiled. Then Spake Quetzalcohuatl and said, "Ye vain and silly People! Know ye not that, being Sick in your Minds, ye are Sick? Change, then, your Minds and get well!" But the People listed not.

o o o

Then spake Quetzalcohuatl for the very last time and said to the People, "Ye stiff-necked, puffed-up, thick-headed, vain, stupid and altogether worthless People! Know ye this: That, because ye will not see the face of the Manitou of the Peak when it is turned towards you, therefore hath Manitou said that ye shall learn Wisdom through trouble. For, thus saith Manitou, "Because ye are so weak-minded and stuck in your own conceit, therefore I will make the whole world round about you as Chaos and Trouble, so that in striving to straighten it your minds may grow Strong. And because ye are so puffed-up at yourselves, therefore ye shall be cut off from the land and become as the dust at your feet. I will make you to fear for your Life that is taken from you and to marvel and wonder whither your way runneth. And because ye are so unseemly one towards another, therefore I will cause you to give place to generations on generations of men unborn, that their coming shall compel you to seemliness." Thus spake Manitou.

o o o

But the People were stuck in their own Conceit and would hear neither Quetzalcohuatl nor Manitou. And, for relief from their Trouble, their heads were set to scale the Heights of the World and see Heaven. And they harkened not to the voice of Quetzalcohuatl, but climed the Peak of Pike—

men and women, babes and cattle—all set in their heads to see Heaven. And they builded them a Tower on the Peak of Pike and the Tower was high but lacked height sufficient. And, as they labored with their Tower, behold, it grew dark, and the mist lowered and the clouds fell and the lightening threaded in and out as a shuttle in a loom. Then spake Manitou in a roar and a voice of thunder, so that the ears of the People did tingle at the voice of Manitou. And Manitou spake and said, "Ye People of the thickened ears, build your Towers to Heaven as ye list—but not here. For the time of your migration is come, and a greater People than ye shall possess the land, a People with a paler face and a cunninger mind, which People are already at hand. Flee while ye may, therefore and build your Tower! Behold, I have said it." And a great throb ran through the Earth and the Earth was Riven and Shattered. Then ran all the People down from the Peak of Pike—men and women and babes and cattle. And, as they neared the valley, far above, saw they him of the Green Feather, Quetzalcohuatl, standing still, finger pointed South. So, to the South they ran—men and women and babes and cattle. And, looking back they saw that the Peak of Pike had lost half its height and that the apex thereof stood on a high ridge at their rear, alone! And, looking more narrowly, they saw the Face of Manitou. And the Face of Manitou wore a smile. And the Children of the Peak turned them towards the Southland fared on. And that Apex which once was the very Peak of Pike is now Cameron's Cone. And the form of Quetzalcohuatl is seen in a huge rock balanced in the air. And the Face that was the Face of Manitou is to some a

myth and the others very discernible. When the sun looks upon it full it is but a green mountain. But at twilight when the shadows play, the face is there and, to him that hath an eye, still speaketh.

o o o

Now, as the People did flee, two men lagged behind—one, Topec, and one, Catlan. And Topec said to Catlan, "Brother, let us not, like fools, flee with these silly ones to the South. Let us back to the Caves of Navatlaque and secure for ourselves what treasure two men may carry. Then, can we follow, and where they camp we, with our treasure shall be no mean fellows. For yellow is gold and men bow to it, whatever their religion." And Catlan replied, "Brother, by my faith, thou speakest truth." So, as passed the tumult, men and women and children and cattle, Topec and Catlan fell out by themselves and, making their backward way by ragged trail past rock and ridge and hummock through stream and brush and grove of asp, they clambered at length to the Seven Caves. Now, these Seven Caves of Navatlaque were indeed a treasure house, far-famed and yet unknown. In them had the Great of the Earth laid by that which they called Wealth and in them were sacks of silver and of gold, native from the mine, oozing white and yellow from the rocks that bore them, as resin from a tree. In them, too, were sacks of precious, gaudy stones the names of which—onyx, amethyst, turquoise, jasper and carnelian—many, with great labor of Slaves, polished or cut in cameo—heaps on heaps, the Wealth of a People. Now, as Topec and Catlan struck a torch and clambered in, the magnificence their eyes beheld did dazzle them and their eyes did bulge for greediness. Then quickly Topec and Catlan took them each a sack and quickly gathered each to himself all that Wealth which next his hands did lie. And quickly they acted and quickly they spoke so that, in grasping one

great cameo, which both did want, their torch was upset. Then quickly scrambled they out from the Caves and quickly ran they down the trail each with his sack. For vast was the silence of those Caves and great therein were their voices, and they feared the Ghosts, the custodians of the Caves.

Now, running, they came to a river the depth whereof was overdeep for fording, and, said Topec, "let us in one sack but a few jewels gather and let one take it and swim the river, lest, being over-laden, and swimming as we be, we drown!" And Catlan replied, "As ever, thou speak'st truth, brother. Do thou swim first I here will remain with the bulk of the treasure." And Topec said, "No, brother. do thou swim first I will remain and guard the treasure. It is the post of danger." And Catlan said, "No, brother, to me is thy life more than mine. I prithee let me stay." So, neither trusting the other and each holding fast his sack, they plunged into the river. Now, swift and spinning was the river and Topec and Catlan lacked skill. Not as their father Tlaz swam, swam they. but as men burdened with Wealth. And the river engulfed them. And their Wealth sank as lead. And their naked bodies were found next day in the reeds by the buzzards.

Now the Wealth of the Seven Caves of Navatlavue is still there and the Caves are there. As the Lost Caves of Azatlan were they by the Spaniard sought; and surely two of them, at this very day, as the Grand Caverns and the Cave of the Winds, are sought by the traveler—and found.

o o o

And so, gentle reader, if this is not the true running of the Myth of the Peak, do thou, then, tell us what the true running be. For, seest thou not that, though thou and I may trace our miserable descent to a hairy creature with skinny, bald face and prehensile tail, seest thou not that the proud Tolttec is ill pleased with such ancestry and will have for his parents Tlaz and Toluca.

the People trembled before the Reputation of these strange tribes from the north. And they prayed to Manitou, crying, "Manitou, help us, for there cometh upon us strange Tribes from the north to take from us our Lands and to Eat us Alive!" And the face of Manitou was veiled in clouds of mist, so that the People could not see Manitou's face. And the People were sore afraid knowing not where to turn. Then spake he of the Green Feather, now a white-bearded man, Quetzalcohuatl, the son of Tlaz and Toluca, saying, "Ye thick-headed and altogether stupid People, know ye not that it is because of your own Conceit that ye cannot see Manitou? The Cloud that is before Manitou's face is the mist that a little knowledge hath stretched before your eyes. In that ye hunt and fish and till the earth and make pretty pictures and dance about a little, ye do not ill; but in that ye are satisfied with your accomplishment, ye do very ill. For the content wherewith ye are content blindeth you so that ye can no more see the face of Manitou to do greater works. -Verily, he that is overpleased with the work of his own hands, shall do no greater work. Is it by the light of the countenance of Manitou that ye shine or is it by the light that proceedeth from your own faces? Truly, ye are a stupid and altogether thick headed people! Yet Manitou is with you; so get yourselves together and make ready to join battle with the warriors from the north.

Then did the People of Toltec get themselves together and join battle with the Tribes that came from the north. And battle raged. And the tumult of their fighting was fierce, for the Tribes from the north fought with sabers of hammered bronze. But Man-

itou was with the People of Toltec, as Quetzalcohuatl had said, and the Tribes from the north were turned back to their homes in the north, and to their homes in the north they fled. Then spake Manitou from the Peak of Pike and his Voice was thunder and did rend the earth. And, hearing as they fled, the bodies of these strange Tribes from the north were changed to stone and may be seen at this very time in the Shapes of Monument Park.

Then spake the People to Quetzalcohuatl and said. "Thou art a true Prophet, thou Man of the Green Feather. Thine eyes see Manitou when ours are dimmed. Direct us, therefore, in the manner that we should give thanks to Manitou, that the manner of our thanksgiving may please him and may not offend."

And Quetzalcohuatl laughed and said, "Ye Politic People! Know ye, therefore, that Manitou needs not your offerings nor your sacrifices, for in your common doings alone hath Manitou pleasure. Nevertheless, that ye may remind yourselves and not Manitou that this day Manitou saved you, build ye, therefore, upon the great flat rock a fire of pitch and a fire of pine that seeing it always, ye may remind yourselves and not Manitou, that Manitou is with you." So the People builded a fire of pitch and a fire of pine on the great, Flat Rock. And the rock whereon they builded the fire is the rock that is on the right of the Pass of the Utes, as the traveler goes up from the plain.

o o o

Then the Children of the Peak became a great People and made for themselves Laws. And Judges to judge the offender set they in every

town. And the Children of the Peak slew the Buffalo and ate his meat, hanging the remainder thereof upon a tree. And they cured the hide of the Buffalo and made for themselves cloaks. And many cloaks they made of other skins, and of plants also—the cotton plant and the fibre of the flax—so that it came to pass that a man's estate was determined rather by the

richness of his cloak than by the worth of his mind. And from the sands of the streams, they panned out gold and made thereof brooches for their women. And from the Valley of Crystola, lying northward from the Peak, gathered they maize, luscious fruits and succulent herbs and vegetables and from Crystola hills dug they treasures of gold and silver and gathered crystals



The Valley of Crystola.

of onyx, jasper, chalcedony and beautiful spars. And many other customs they had among the which was the Barter of Slaves, for the owner of a slave tied a leathern thong about the ankle of his slave and the slave was his. And it came to pass that the greatness of a man was known by the number of his slaves. And Manitou looked down and smiled. And Quetzalcohuatl said to the People. "Ye stupid and blinded People, do ye not see that he who hath a slave is himself a slave?" But the People saw not and continued in their way.

And it came to pass that the People made their Slaves do all the Work, so that all of the strength of the masters went into the muscles of the slaves and much of the strength of the slaves into the brains of the masters. And the masters now wore many different and varied cloaks and lived with their women and children in close houses, eating many sorts of spiced foods. And it came to pass that the People had Diseases and many sorts of the Plague so that even the Springs of Manitou could not make them whole. And it came to pass that it was fashionable to

looked down and saw how the hearts of Tlaz and Toluca hung on the coming and the going of the sun and he smiled an indulgent smile and sent them the Moon and Stars lest, in the whole cycle of a day, their hearts should lack cheer and be overcome of night. So, under the Stars by night, each in the arms of the other, lay Tlaz and Toluca. And they were well-content.

o o o

Now, daily from the vault of the sky, the Stars faded out, and daily at the rim of the Earth rose the cheering sun. And daily came Tlaz, in from the fields and his labor, in to eat the tortillas that Toluca made, bruising the maize in a hollow stone and baking it upon a flat one. But Toluca was not wholly happy, "For," said she, "the lion and the bear have their cubs and Toluca doth but bruise corn betwixt flat stones." And Toluca called upon Manitou. And Manitou heard the cry of Toluca. And the days of the world slipped by.

And, as the days passed, it seemed to Tlaz that Toluca was becoming ever more beautiful. And Tlaz marvelled at the beauty that shone in the face of Toluca. And one day, at even, returning late from the camp of the antelope where he had gathered wood, Tlaz saw from afar, Toluca bended low over somewhat that lay in the shelter of a thimbleberry tree. And Tlaz hastened, that the thing which Toluca had discovered might be plain to him also. And he shouted to Toluca, crying, "What hast thou there, Toluca, a wounded squab or a horned toad?" And Toluca said, "Come, see for thyself." And, as Tlaz drew near the scene of the departing sun struck full upon the thing that was beneath the

thimbleberry tree and then Tlaz saw that it was a brown-eyed babe. Then understood Tlaz why Toluca had been growing more beautiful.

o o o

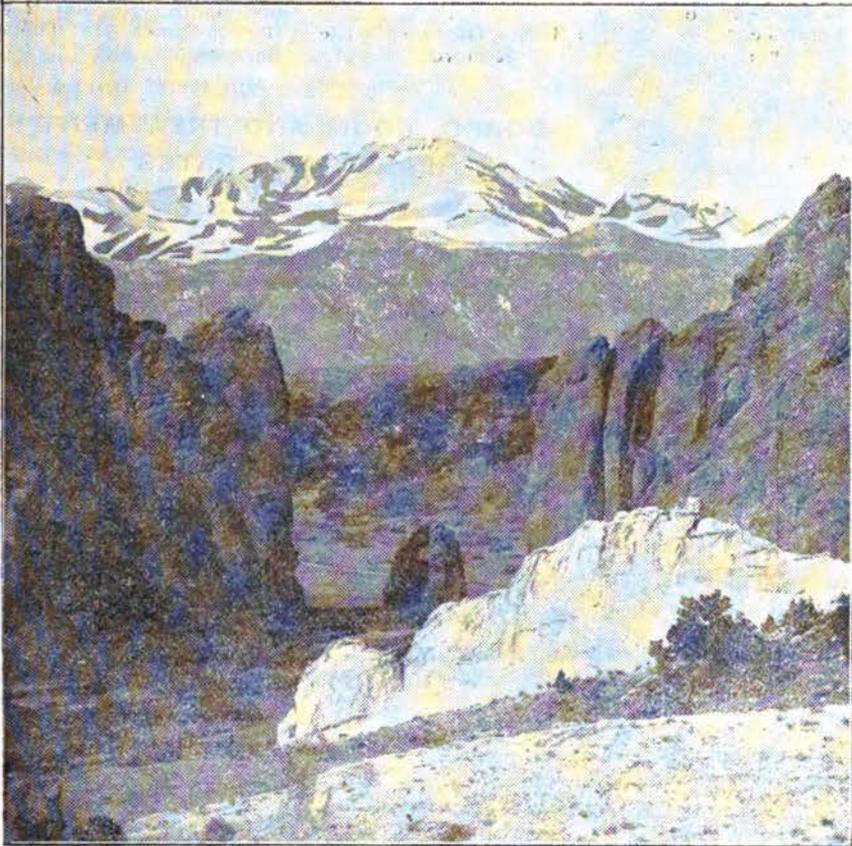
Now the name of the babe was Quetzalcohuatl, which means Man of the Green Feather, which was a memorial to the green feather that his parents saw above the Waters, for Quetzalcohuatl was a prophet and stood as a stalk of maize to feed the People of Toltec, leading them through great tribulation. But Tlaz and Toluca called him Quet, for short. For Quet was a very onery baby as well as a prophet and the name where with he had been named seemed to sober him not a whit. He could pull his father's hair and bite his mother and cry as lustily as any common baby. And he could be as naughty as naughty is. Indeed, he had to be punished quite often. It was surely this capacity for naughtiness in Quet which made him in after years a good prophet, since it brought him close to the hearts of his People. Thus, the good and the ill in the world have come into the world through babies and not, as some say, through a Snake. But Quet waxed strong and comely and grew to be a wise stripling, the pride of Tlaz and Toluca—a thoughtful lad, going much apart and spend-hours in converse with beasts and in communion with Manitou. And to Quet were born afterwards brothers and sisters so that he lacked not companions. And Tlaz and Toluca, being full of days, yielded their spirits to the Life that is beyond Life, the Life of which spake Manitou when he placed the Bow in the mist.

o o o

So the children of Tlaz and Toluca

became a great People which for its numbers could not be numbered and the lands of which, being called Huehutlapallan, extended broad wise through the mountains on the north, so far as three men could run in a day, and on the south, so far as seven men could run in a day, and on the west,

equally far. And the Plain was theirs so far as the eye could travel. And the children of Tlaz and Toluca became great also in their own Conceit. "For," said they, "have we not made ourselves Traps wherewith to trap the deer and the antelope, and have we not fashioned Mills wherewith to grind



Pikes Peak—Through the Gateway of the Garden of the Gods.

our maize and Ovens wherein to bake it, and have we not made a Science of the Stars? And can we not make Pictures upon the white sandstone by the river and Images therefrom like unto the Great Manitou himself, so fine are they?" And Manitou, looking down, smiled a tolerant smile and said,

"Manitou will leave you not, whatever your folly."

Then came upon them Tribes from the north, seeking their lands. And they were sore afraid of these Tribes. For maneaters were these strange Tribes from the north, and their Reputation marched before them. And

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From the Garden of the Gods and the famous Manitou healing springs Northward extends this famous valley. Rugged mountains covered with evergreen

with lovely and inviting dells; with quaint nooks each a perfect beauty bower of wild flowers clear sparkling springs uniting and forming

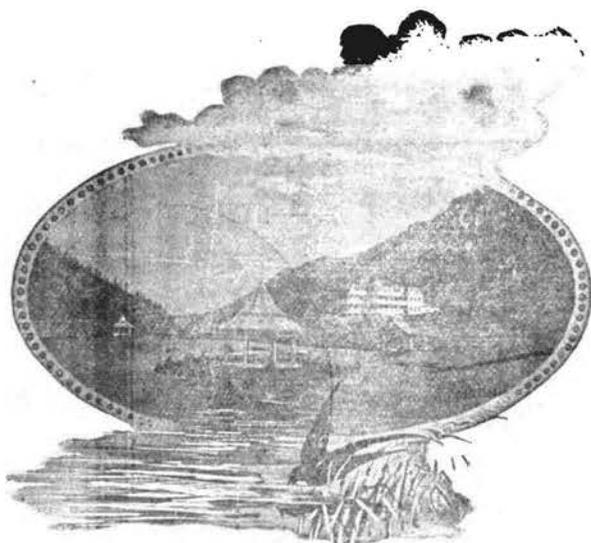
the ever swirling mountain brook, hedge in this pass along which for generations the mighty chiefs of the Indian tribes journeyed into the summer hunting grounds of the deer, elk and buffalo.

Along this trail by the banks of the mountain stream wended the caravans to Leadville, Buena Vista and Cripple Creek; neath the pine and the spruce that lines the roadway have the weary travelers dreamed of Eldorado toward which their feet were traveling, and builded castles with golden towers and silver domes. But the caravan is no more. Palatial trains of the Colorado Midland daily climb the grades of the historic pass and the automobiles race



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alongside the stream where for centuries men and beast have slaked their thirst in the ice cold waters fresh from Nature's bosom.

In one of the most beautiful dells of the entire pass lies the town of Green Mountain Falls. A delightful spot, surrounded by scenery so grand, romantic, varied and picturesque as to baffle description. Leaping from crag to crag, now swirling around a big boulder now jumping many feet into the air only to fall spray into the pool below, comes down the mountain-side a beautiful stream, clear as crystal and pure as snow.

Near one hundred houses, many of them a credit to any town, stores, laundry, bowling alley, dancing pavillions, bath houses, a beautiful lake, livery stable, medicinal springs, churches, fine school; all combine to make Green Mountain Falls a beautiful and desirable place to live. Added to this the fine modern 63-room hotel with all its city appointments, and

other hotels of more modest attainments the town presents the most enticing prospect for the tourist in search of either pleasure or health.

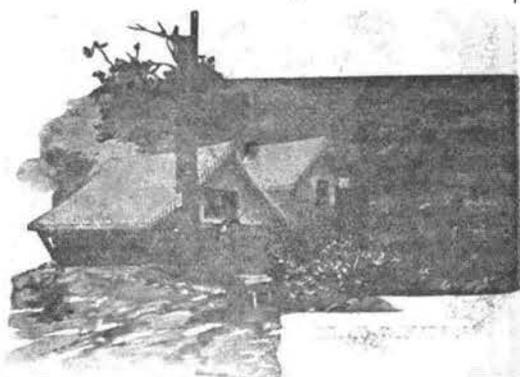
The tourist who so desires, can rent furnished, either cottages or tents. He can bring his own outfit and can choose at will, only a few minutes walk from the town, delightful nooks by the side of purling streams where life will be one long, sweet, continuous song.

Telegraph, telephone, postal and express facilities, fifteen miles to Colorado Springs with plenty of trains, a perfect driv-

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are in the midst of the mountain forests where the abundance of pine and spruce verdure gives an added charm to the scenery, and fills the air with a most delightful fragrance; add to this the dryness of the atmosphere and the nearly perpetual sunshine, and an almost perfect panacea is offered for asthma, hay fever, and throat and lung troubles.

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A QUIET RETREAT

July and August being about 68 degrees yet when the heat becomes too great for comfort in the cities and lower altitudes, it is cool here, being tempered by the cool currents from the mountains. Here with pure air, laden only with the scent of the pines, pure sparkling water; few days too cold, even in winter, to be uncomfortable; freedom from the demands and restraints of city life, in the midst of scenery too beautiful and far-reaching to be described, one so inclined may secure an ideal existence, life-giving to the invalid, full of peace and happiness for the well.

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Gathered From Everywhere...

[This department invites contributions of anecdotes, strange happenings, etc. For every one printed, we will give six months subscription to this magazine. Original articles preferred, but send in what you think worth reproducing, giving credit when possible.]

A Pathetic Short Story.—I want to tell you of something I saw take place on a crowded Boston street the other day. A dirty-faced, ragged little lad was poking about in the ash barrels for spoils. He had a tiny dog with him, quite as unkept and uncared for as himself, but around that dog's neck was tied a bow of faded ribbon, and his incessant gambols and pranks found favor in the eyes of his beggar-boy master. It was plain to see that the boy loved the dog, and between the two there was the complete understanding of mutual affection. Suddenly, while the dog was bounding and barking in the exuberance of canine joy and his master's eyes were sparkling with relish of this one thing in life that was his very own, there came a rapidly driven team down the crowded street. A moment later I saw a ragged boy, with set face and anguished eye, gather in his arms a maimed and dying dog and gently walk away. What had happened? Only a worthless street cur trampled to death, only a miserable little ragpicker robbed of the sole bit of joy and comfort his life ever knew, the one friend that loved him; that was all. But there was a look in the boy's face that will keep my heart aching for many a day to come, and the fluttering bit of fancy ribbon about the dead dog's neck brought a mist to my eyes that hid the splendor of the bright spring morning.

O O O

He Was Nervous.

The pompous gentleman with the \$1,000 watch fob was being piloted through the food show by his beautiful daughter. Suddenly one of the demonstrators halted them and said:

"I will now show you the process in which I serve—"

The pompous gentleman started and looked as though he was about to run.

"Please don't say anything about serving processes," cautioned the daughter, "it always makes pa nervous. You see, he is a trust magnate."

O O O

Let's all go to Burmah.

The Burmese woman must make an excellent wife. A Singapore paper says that her highest ambition is to maintain her husband in lordly idleness and to supply him with abundant funds for cock fighting, bullock cart racing and gambling. And many of the Burmese women do big deals in timber, buying up in advance the "paddy" crops of a whole district, and so on, on a scale that requires big financing.

O O O

Could Not Mistake.

Some time ago an amorous young man sent a letter to a German lady, and this postscript was added:

"That my darling may make no mistake, remember that I will wear a light pair of trousers and a dark cutaway coat. In my right hand I will carry a small cane and in my left a cigar.—Yours ever, Adolphe."

The father replied courteously, stating that his daughter had given him authority to represent her at the appointed place at the time agreed on. His postscript was as follows:

"Dot mine son may make no mistakes, I vill veer in mine right hand a glub; in mine left hand I vill veer a six-shooter. You vill recognize me by de vay I bats you on de head a goople dimes twice mid de glub. Vait for me at de corner, as I have some-dings important to inform you mit.—Yours, Hendrich Muller."

A Pretty Custom.

Some of the Pittsburg schools have a very pretty custom of observing what is called "Bird Day," and we very much wish schools in other cities would follow suit, and make it a universal custom. There is so much that is interesting and beautiful to learn about our feathered neighbors, and the more familiar we become with their habits, plumage, etc., the less eager we will be to rob their nests or slay their innocent young. With few exceptions, birds are real benefactors and friends, and should come in for a large share of our affection and care.

*Married People Live Longest.*

Marriage is an institution highly conducive to the health of both husband and wife, says American Medicine. Statistics prove that among married men over 20 years of age and women over 40 the mortality rate is far less than among those who remain single. Among the widowed and divorced, the mortality is exceptionally great. Suicides among the unmarried are much more numerous than among the married. The matrimonial state promotes temperance in every form. Furthermore, the probable duration of life of a married man of 30 exceeds that of his unmarried brother by five years, and the wife may expect to live one year longer than a single woman of the same age.

So low is the birth rate in France that it has attracted universal attention.

In the year 1800, the population of Europe was 98,000,000, of which 26,000,000 were French. Today the population of all Europe is 343,000,000, of which only 38,000,000 are French.

There are in France 1,808,000 childless families, 2,638,000 families with only one child, 2,379,000 families having each two children and 1,593,387 having each three children. These four classes constitute 75 per cent of all French families.

The average yearly increase of population from 1890 to 1900 was in Germany 692,000; in Austria-Hungary 395,000; in Great Britain and Ireland, 375,000; in Italy, 200,000, and in France only 46,000.

The excessive taxation to which the people are subjected is a strong factor in causing this low birth-rate. When people have a hard struggle for the mere necessities of life, when they see a good part of their little income taken from them by the state, they are slow to take upon themselves the heavy and long task of rearing children.

Another factor in this decay is the compulsory military service and a third is the growth of irreligion, which is encouraged by the government of the republic.

*Saved Two Lives.*

Sam Porter and Hiram Brown, both of Methuen, were out rowing on the Merrimac, when the boat capsized, spilling both men in the water. Sam was a fine swimmer, but was not very bright, while Hiram was bright enough but could not swim a stroke.

When Sam found himself in the water he struck out lustily for the little pier on the shore, while Hiram clung to the overturned skiff.

As soon as Sam reached the shore he was about to plunge into the water again, when a young man standing on the pier said: "What are you going back into the water for? You just swam ashore."

Sam paused a moment, saying: "Wal, I hed to save myself first; now I'm going back to fetch Hi."

And he forthwith proceeded to bring Hiram to shore.—Boston Herald.

Bible Said So.

One of our citizens who occasionally wipes dishes for his better half became tired of his job and refused, saying: "It is not a man's work." Not feeling disposed to lose his help she brought out the Bible to convince him of his error and read as follows from II Kings 21:13: "And will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down." It is needless to say that the aforesaid gentleman is still wiping dishes for his better half.—Progress-Examiner, Orleans, Ind.



The average man is willing to forgive an enemy—after he gets square with him.

**A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD
THEM.**

An infidel and his little girl, a child of some seven summers, were walking one day, and the child being of an observing and inquiring disposition, noticed a great many things, and asked her father about them. As they walked along she stopped to pick a pretty flower and, after examining it a moment, she said:

"Papa, who made this flower?"

He answered promptly, "Nature, child. Nature made the flower; nature makes everything."

Walking along a little farther, she stooped again to pick up a piece of some kind of shell or pebble. She again asked the same question as before about the flower.

"Who made the shell?"

The father answered again as before: "Nature, child; nature made it."

After walking some distance further, they stopped under a stately tree to enjoy its shade. Looking up into the tree the little girl asked:

"Papa, who made this tree?"

He answered: "Nature, child; nature made the tree, the flowers, the birds of the air, and everything we can see."

The little girl paused in thought for a moment, and then said:

"Papa, may I ask you another question, please?"

"Certainly, child."

"Papa, who made Nature?"

The father, surprised at this unexpected question, said: "Oh, never mind, child; I'll tell you some other time."

O O O

BUT SHE WAS DEAD.

"Who ever saw a perfect man?" asked an Atchison revivalist. "There is no such thing. Every man has his faults—plenty of them." Of course no one had even seen a perfect man and consequently the statement revivalist continued: "Who ever saw a perfect woman?" At this juncture, a tall, thin woman arose. "Do you mean to say, madam," the evangelist asked, "that you

have seen a perfect woman?" "Well, I can't just say that I have seen her," the woman replied, "but I have heard a powerful lot about her—my husband's first wife."

O O O

INTERESTING BITS.

There is no language more poetical than the Arabic language, where "snow" is called "hair of the mountain" and the "rainbow" is "bride of the rain." "Red mullet" is "the sultan of fishes," "maiden-hair fern" is translated by "little cane of the well." Ordinary Arabic words show an extraordinary gift of description. The word for "secretly" means literally "under the matting" and "never" is expressed thus, "when the charcoal takes root and the salt buds." Uncontrolled ascendancy of imagination marks them and endows his nature with a fascination all its own; an outdoor life is his heritage and the things of nature are a part of himself. "Spring" he calls "grass;" "summer" is "gleaning;" "autumn" is "fruit;" winter is "rainy."

O O O

She Had Forgotten.

While rummaging through the drawers of a bookcase in her daughter's room in search of some writing paper the other day, Mrs. Wimberling of Oak Park came upon a bundle of letters tied with a pink string and emitting a faint perfume.

She untied the bundle and glanced through several of the letters.

Then she picked them up, went down stairs and confronted her daughter.

"Eunice," she said, in a high state of indignation, "who is that idiot that you're corresponding with, I'd like to know. Of all the lovesick balderdash I ever saw this is absolutely the worst. I shall consider it my duty to report the matter to your father if this thing goes any farther. Who wrote these letters?"

"I am not going to lie to you about them, mamma," said Miss Eunice, bravely. "If you will put on your glasses and look at them again you will find that they're a lot of old letters papa wrote to you when you were a girl."

Woman Harness Maker.

Mrs. Mary D. Lydick, of Nebraska, enjoys the unique distinction of being the only woman harness-maker in the nation, and is proud of the distinction. Mrs. Lydick presented President Roosevelt with a beautiful hand-made bridle when he visited the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, in 1893, and has recently received a contract from the War Department at Washington to make harnesses and parts of harnesses for the Western forts.

Ferris Wheel Destroyed.

Blown to pieces by a monster charge of 200 pounds of dynamite, the famous Ferris Wheel came to an ignominious end recently, after a varied career of thirteen years. Its original cost was \$360,000, and \$750,000 was taken in at the Chicago Columbian Exposition. The ruins are said to be worth \$8,000, as scrap iron.

Bottle Crossed the Ocean.

"Whoever gets this please send it to me as soon as possible, and let me know where you came from."

That was a message that 12-year-old Minnie Miller wrote on a piece of school paper, put it in a bottle and threw it into the water from Sequin Point, on the south side of Staten Island, on the 15th of August, 1902. She has just heard from Harold C. Nettelford, a British officer on one of the Sicily Islands, telling of the finding of the bottle.

He Saw it Plainly.

A well-known player tells an amusing story of an unsuccessful comedy. When the curtain rose at a matinee in Brooklyn, there were 15 persons in the house. In the front of the house there was only one girl in the second row. In the first row of the balcony sat one young man. As the leading man spoke his first line: "The sea is purple; have you, too, noticed it?" the voice of the young man in the balcony responded: "I don't know about the young lady

downstairs, but I can see it very plainly."—Southwest Iowan.

In Colorado.

Angler—Do the fish bite around here?

Native—Bite? Say, stranger, we have to muzzle 'em so they won't chew up the innercent bystander.—N. Y. Sun.

The Bluff Worked.

"But," protested the millionaire father, "you are hardly the man I would wish for a son-in-law."

"I'm not looking for a job as a son-in-law, if anyone should ask you," rejoined the poor but seemingly honest young man. "I propose to do the hustle act for Maynie and myself."

Whereupon the father was taken off his guard and neglected to call the bluff.

UNDOUBTEDLY TRUE.

"And that's no lie," said the man who occasionally thinks aloud.

"What's no lie?" queried the party with the rubber habit.

"That we would be more thankful for the things we have if there were not so many other things we want," explained the noisy thinker.

She Knew Him.

"I've got some good news for you, William, just as soon as you have cleaned up the yard."

"What's the matter with giving it to me now?" he asked.

"Oh, you've been promising to clean up the yard for me for the last two days," she explained, "so I want you to do that first."

Thereupon the obedient husband devoted two hours to the task.

"Now, what's the news?" he asked.

"Why, Mr. Brown wanted you to come over to his house for a smoke and a chat, but it's too late now," she answered. "I knew you wouldn't clean the yard if I told you first."—St. Louis Republic.

From the Arabic.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not is a fool; avoid him.

He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is untaught; teach him.

But he who knows, and knows that he knows, is a wise man; follow him.—Arabian Proverbs.

O O O

Only Partly Generous.

Edwin and Lisa are two little cousins of three who are almost inseparable and divide most of their goodies. One day Edwin had a whole cracker, unbuttered, and half a one which was buttered. He gave the former to Lisa, and his mother commended him for giving away the larger piece.

Little Lisa looked up acutely. "Yes," said she, "he gave me the biggest, but he kept the butterest."

O O O

Wanted to Begin Over.

The following incident will be appreciated by lovers of the absurd, especially in the legal profession:

Many years ago, during a trial by jury in the town of Enosburg, Vt., a witness was being questioned by one of the lawyers, and as he became very much mixed in his replies, he hesitated for some time, appearing to be at his wits' ends.

Suddenly he exclaimed: "Scratch out all I have said, and I'll begin again."

O O O

Great Churches of the World.

A Roman journal gives a list of the great churches of the world. The estimate allows four persons to every square yard of space available. Milan Cathedral stands at the head, with capacity for 37,000; St. Peter's holds 32,000; St. Paul's, 25,600. The capacity of San Petronio, Bologna, the Florence Cathedral, and the Antwerp Cathedral is about 24,000 apiece; that of St. Sophia, Constantinople, is 23,000; that of St. John Lateran, Rome, about the same (22,900); that of Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000.

These are the nine great churches of the world. The Pisa Cathedral comes tenth with a capacity of 13,000. The cathedral of the City of Mexico and that of Notre Dame in Montreal are the two largest churches in North America, though they belong to the second class with St. Stephen, Vienna (12,400), and St. Dominic, Bologna (12,000).

O O O

Hold Yur Tongue.

The most deadly instrument known to the mortal man is the human tongue. Dynamite is not in it as a trouble breeder. The less brains back of it the freer the action. It goes off on the slightest provocation. It strikes harder blows than a prize fighter or a mule kicking down hill; it causes more heartaches than a tax collector. A tongue can make a sore spot for years. The crimes chargeable to the tongue are words of criticism, unkindness, gossip, scandal, lying, malice and hate. The aggregate of sorrow caused by the tongue yearly far exceeds theft and murder.—Marion (Iowa) Pilot.

O O O

A genius who succeeds in inventing a cornet that will blow the head off the blower will not have lived in vain.

O O O

The man who never made a success of anything in his life always wonders why other men do not heed his advice.—Chicago News.



Department of Occult Phenomena.

[We offer no apology for placing before the world truthful statements of the operations of the great laws of Thought Transference, Telepathy and Spirit return, the truth of which is generally recognized. We invite contributions. Give us the truth, the whole truth and no more.]

Is the Soul a Substance?

Surpassing in its miraculous qualities all the astounding things ever before predicated of so-called physico-psychic phenomena is the story of what happened to Miss Mavis Martincourt through the devilish magic of a London photographer's camera lens. The facts of the story—a story which is now agitating all scientific England—are briefly these: A certain young woman (Miss Mavis Martincourt, as she will henceforth be known in the public discussion and investigation of her strange case, it being desirable for obvious reasons to conceal her real identity to all save the scientists immediately concerned in her examination), who lives with her mother in one of the fashionable residential districts adjacent to the English metropolis, made an appointment with a certain well-known London photographer.

On the day specified—which happens to have been only some four or five weeks ago—Miss Martincourt appeared at the appointed hour. The photographic exposure was made and the young lady departed, after receiving the customary assurance from the photographer that proofs would be sent her in due time. A week elapsed and a letter came to Miss Martincourt saying the photographs were not a success and asked for another sitting.

She responded at once and a second photograph was taken. A short time elapsed, and as no proofs were sent she wrote making inquiries. In reply came a most apologetic letter, saying that once again the photographs had been failures and asking for a third sitting. Miss Martincourt is a good-natured, merry girl, and without the slightest display of annoyance she came up to

London a third time, though she was seriously inconvenienced by it, being at the amused her, for she had never felt better or been happier before in her life.

The photographer, apparently somewhat chagrined that he should have failed twice time in the midst of trousseau preparation for her wedding to an English officer in India, which had been set for the coming June.

During this third sitting the photographer inquired as delicately as he could regarding the condition of her health, whether she suffered from headaches, sleeplessness, etc.—inquiries which at the time puzzled and hand running, took extraordinary precautions to have everything right on this occasion. Miss Martincourt went away assuring herself that this time her patience should be rewarded.

Imagine, then, her consternation when two days later she received instead of the proofs, an urgent letter asking her to come up to London immediately and to bring a friend with her to the studio. As a result of this letter Miss Martincourt, her good nature now quite put to the test, was obliged to leave her modiste and milliners a fourth time and journey up to London. She took with her her mother, the widow of a well-known Kentish country gentleman. Arriving at the studio, the photographer attempted to explain—or apologize for what they at first assumed to be a third failure to take the young lady's picture, and then he exhibited the amazing results of the three sittings. What the astonished mother and daughter saw on all three negatives was an excellent likeness of Miss Mavis Martincourt, but in each plate there was to be seen

standing behind her the figure of a man holding a dagger in his uplifted hand. The features, though faint, were clearly discernible, and to her horror Miss Martincourt recognized them as those of her fiance, an officer in the Indian army.

The young lady went back to the quiet old seventeenth century house in Kent, orders were given to the modistes and the milliners to suspend operations and a brief and formal letter, accompanied by a ring, dispatched to a far-away military station in the hill region of Northern Burmah.

The incident, vouched for by the photographer and by the family of Miss Martincourt and proved by the unmistakable evidence of the negative plates themselves, has set all England by the ears. Clerical no less than scientific circles see in the phenomenon indications of vast import. The scientist sees in it but one more of the strange possibilities to be looked for from the development of the principle involved in the violet rays and the all too little known science of optics, while the clerical element sees in its almost incontrovertible evidence not only that there is such a thing as a human soul, but that that same soul is a substance.

"This remarkable story may or may not be true," said Dr. John D. Quackenbos, who has long been identified as a painstaking investigator of psychic phenomena.

"Personally I prefer being quoted just at this juncture as assuming that it is not true, and yet, in assuming this skeptical attitude toward this particular reported phenomenon, I do not wish to be misunderstood as being skeptical of the possibility of its being true.

"With the progress and development of modern science so many wonderful things are being constantly demonstrated that none save an idiot will any longer laugh at or doubt the possibility of almost any strange psychic phenomenon.

"Now, as to this case of the English girl's mysterious photograph, all I can conscientiously say about it, in the absence of any more definite and infallible proof than the cabled report presented to me, is that it is a

most astounding story—I was going to say the most astounding I had ever heard of in all the annals of psychic, or alleged psychic, phenomena. And yet it is not one whit more remarkable, assuming that it is true, than was the case reported some time ago of a man from Morristown, N. J., who, struck by lightning, developed on his back a photographic image of Christ nailed to the cross.

"It is an acknowledged fact that the camera will see more than the human eye; indeed, if a man purchased from an optician an instrument so imperfect as the eye he would feel as if he had been defrauded. Helmholtz observed that the optical study of the eye produced complete disillusionment, and he quotes the case of a lady in Berlin whose photograph showed specks on her face invisible to the eye. A day after she had sat for the photograph she was stricken with smallpox, and the spots then could be easily detected by the eye.

"Our eye is affected most powerfully by green and yellow, whereas these colors do not at all affect the photographic plate, which is affected most powerfully by the violet rays. These violet rays, strangely enough appear dark to our eyes.

"To illustrate, I need only mention how easy it is for us to see objects, even to read, in the moonlight, though it is quite impossible to obtain any picture of a lunar landscape. The eyes may be aptly compared to a photographic camera, of which the eyelid is the cap, the iris the shutter, the pupil the lens, and, finally, the retina the sensitive plate. Now the light which operates upon the vision is more than chemic in action; it is mechanic as well. A body may be so agitated by the undulations of the light that it will fall to pieces. Indeed, we know that there are people who can break a glass by producing a certain shrill tone of voice.

"We also know that when impressions are conveyed to the brain through the senses the arrangement of the nerve cell molecules may become so altered as to create different mental impressions. In the same manner many chemical elements present themselves in such different states that to the layman

they might seem different substances. In the brain tissues there may be certain salts which when opposed to light or to vibrations equivalent to those of light, acquire the power of emitting radiations.

"Photography of the invisible may be attained in the brain by the action of vibrations on sensitized chemic elements. The details of the mental picture will vary according to the intensity of action. That is, either picture may be overexposed or underexposed. The pictures are later developed. If they are not necessary for our immediate mental life they are stored up in our memory, just as the material negatives are stored up in the photographer's. Fresh prints may be had from either from time to time as we require them."

Professor Charles Hyslop, also well known in psychic research, while he would not deny the possibility of the phenomenon, did not feel justified in attempting to offer any explanation of it until he had himself studied the data pertaining thereto.

Rev. Charles Josiah Adams, rector of St. Luke's Church, Rossville, Staten Island, and well known by his work in biophilism, sees in the phenomenon a mighty argument in defense of Christianity.

"Besides the striking coincident that this story—which should not be smiled at incredulously as 'a good newspaper story'—should have appeared on the Sunday next before Easter, and that the negative so remarkable should have appeared toward the close of Lent, there is another as striking," said Mr. Adams. "It appeared close upon the heels of a discovery which seems to make its appearance understandable or not without the circumference of the possible. This discovery was made by Prof. Elmer Gates of Washington, D. C., and, according to a special dispatch, has been made much of by Dr. Ward in speaking to the Psycho-Therapeutic Society of London. In experimenting with light rays Prof. Gates found at about five octaves above violet a form of waves similar to X-rays. In the course of these rays a being throws a shadow while it is alive, but is transparent to them as soon as it is dead. The professor was cruel

enough to place a rat in a glass tube, hermetically seal it and so place it that it was in the way of the rays passing to a sensitized screen. As the rat died a shadow of something, in exactly its shape, passed from the tube to the screen, up the screen, and away. What was the something?

"All that one can say certainly is that it was the difference between the rat living and the rat dead.

"But does not its being and its going away prove that the life of even a rat is more than a result of 'a certain organization of matter'?"

"And does it not also prove that it is more than a blind and senseless force working through an organism? The clock stops. Has the force from the weights or the spring the shape of the clock? The engine is sidetracked. Would any sort of rays reveal the steam in leaving it to have its form? The automobile is smashed. Does its likeness in naphtha or electricity rise from where its ruins lie? Would a sensitized plate or screen so record.

"Of our having bodies we are all more or less pleasantly and less or more painfully aware. That we have souls—in the full ecclesiastical sense—it is questionable if there be one of us who does not suspect. May one's soul act independently of the body? An acquaintance of mine was in Australia in his youth. In the bush he was wounded. The next letter from home informed him that his mother had seen him wounded, in the surroundings, in the part and in the manner in which the misfortune had come to him. Years later he was in business in New York City, his mother still in the old English home. He was standing in his office talking with a customer with relation to an ordinary affair. All of a sudden he started, filled with wonder, feeling dazed. The customer asked:

"'What's the matter?'"

"'My mother's dead!' he replied, when he could speak.

He had seen her as certainly as he saw the customer.

"Had a sensitized plate been exposed to him and the customer at that moment, the

negative of each of them would have been recorded. Would the negative of the mother have been recorded also?

"If so, may not the negative of the fiance have been taken at the moment of the taking of that of the young lady in the London stoudio?"

"The mother was brought to the son by love. May not the fiance have been brought by love and jealousy—the latter passion unreasonable, of course, but, because of that, none the less potent?"

"May we not stand on the borders of scientific knowledge which will settle forever and for all the question, 'If a man die shall he live again?' as fully as it was settled 'on the first day of the week' for those of us who are Christians?"—Galveston News.

● ● ●

They All Came.

To have her three husbands, who had passed away into spirit land, come to her simultaneously with a message of good cheer was the singular fortune of one of the women in the audience at last night's meeting of the Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association at Lincoln Hall, where Mrs. Amanda Coffmann, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was giving tests in connection with a lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond of Chicago.

The recognition of these three husbands was highly dramatic. Mrs. Coffmann announced that three persons whose names were Simeon, George and Caspar came to her with a message to a woman in the audience. After a moment's hesitation, she picked out a little, blackgowned, elderly woman in the middle of the house to whom the message was addressed.

"This George—he was your husband, was he not?" asked the medium.

"He was," replied the woman in black.

"And Simeon gives me the sensation of also having been your husband."

Again the woman assented.

"And Caspar, he, too, appears to me as your—"

Mrs. Coffmann was not given time to complete her sentence.

"Yes, he was also," came the quick re-

sponse while the audience burst into loud laughter which apparently discomfited the three husbands. They did not reappear.—Progressive Thinker.

● ● ●

Dream Was True.

Mrs. William H. Duncan, of 7313 East Eighteenth street, Kansas City, Mo., dreamed Tuesday that her son, Leland, 17 years old, who had run away from home, had been killed. This morning a reporter for the Kansas City Post carried her the news of his death last night. The news was contained in the following Hearst News Service telegram:

"Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—While a fast train of refrigerator cars from the west dashed early today from Statsburg to Hyde Park on the New York Central Railroad, a boy clinging with one hand to the ladder at the end of a car held in midair the body of a dead companion.

"The dead boy was Leland Duncan, 17 years old, of Kansas City, Mo. He had been killed by his head striking a railroad bridge. The lad with the gruesome burden was Charles Butler, of the same age as Duncan, and who, with the latter, had been beating his way east from Kansas City.

"On the bumper of the car lay Theodore Hamilton, aged 17, another juvenile soldier of torture, who assisted Hamilton as much as he could in saving the body of Duncan from being ground to pieces under the train wheels.

William Duncan, father of Leland Duncan, is employed by the Bell Telephone company. When Mrs. Duncan was told the news of the death of her son, she gave a scream and fell to the floor in a faint.—Kansas City Post.

● ● ●

Curious Lapse of Memory.

A curious case of lapse of memory has just been revealed here on the arrival from the northern districts of New South Wales of an American whose last remembrance was of Los Angeles, Calif. The American's story, says a Sydney correspondent of the London Mail, is vouched for by two Syd-

ney doctors, who have investigated the circumstances. The mysterious traveler, whose name I am requested to withhold, left Parahoe, in California, a few days before last Easter, intending to join his wife and family in Los Angeles. He remembers arriving there, but has no recollection of what happened afterward.

He awoke to find himself lying under a tree in the Australian bush, and was immensely astonished at seeing around him many unknown forms of vegetation. He noticed that his hands were hard and rough, though he had never consciously done a hard day's work. A bullock-driver passed him shortly after his awakening, and he at once inquired the way to Los Angeles. The man stared in astonishment, and answered that Hill End was the name of the nearest township.

The man without a memory thereupon asked the date, and was told that it was late in October, and that he was in New South Wales. He worked his way to Sydney, a distance of some hundreds of miles, and is now trying to get employment here to earn the money to return to his family. He is in total ignorance as to their whereabouts and as to his own doings during the six months between April and October.—*La-Crosse (Wis.) Chronicle.*



Wonderful Phenomenon.

On September 24th, 1904, members of the Psychical Research Society met at the home of Mrs. Alice Gerhing, 1618 Tremont St., Denver, to put her under scientific test conditions for trumpet seances.

The conditions we submitted her were as follows: We went to her house at 7:35 P. M., removed all the furniture from her seance room, placed a screen carpet over her carpet, in order to eliminate any trap door arrangements, then placed a large 4-ft. square oak dining room table in the center of the floor, upon which we placed two of her trumpets—one a paper mache trumpet, the other an aluminum trumpet, two small hand bells, her guitar and a tambourine; after which we surrounded the whole table

and all with a frame work 6 ft. square made as a cube, made of oak with iron corners and covered the same with mosquito netting to fit snugly over this frame work. Then we tacked this mosquito netting down tight to the floor with carpet staples, two inches apart, and we appointed a committee of ladies to accompany Mrs. Gehring to a private room and examine her for any small trumpet speaking tubes or paraphernalia of any kind.

At the same time a committee of gentlemen accompanied her husband, Mr. Patterson, to another room, gave him a thorough examination, after which the committees brought the two parties into the seance room, and seated them directly on two chairs facing each other at the side of this screen cabinet, but some 2 ft. 6 in. away from the screen cabinet. Then we proceeded to tie his and her hands together with harness makers' wax ends, after which we covered them with netting sewed as a box and thoroughly tacked it to the floor with carpet staples two inches apart.

Then followed an examination of the walls and ceiling of the room for trap doors or any opening whereby other speaking tubes or instruments could be admitted. We thoroughly sealed all doors and windows of the room, after which we tied our own people together with harness makers' wax ends in a circle around the cabinet and her husband.

After blowing out the lights we proceeded to sing "Nearer My God to Thee," and when half through the second verse a voice in the trumpet in the cage sang with us. After finishing the verse both trumpets in the cage began talking to the different members of the circle and each and every member received tests from their spirit friends during the evening. Much of the time the two voices in the trumpets, and Viola, an independent voice, was talking at the same time in different parts of the screen cabinet.

I made the request that the two voices in the trumpets and Viola, the independent voice, talk at the same time that Mrs. Gehring and her husband talked, in order to

eliminate the idea that it might be through the law of ventriloquism. The request was granted and all five voices were distinctly heard at different parts of the room for fully five minutes, after which a request was made that the instruments in the cage cabinet be placed in certain positions as designated by different individuals of the circle in order to prove beyond any doubt that those instruments in the cage were the instruments being used and operated and at the close of the circle each instrument in the cage was found placed as requested.

The members present were:

- A. H. Waterbury, 1830 Grant Ave.
- A. B. Montgomery, 123 West Bayand St.
- Mrs. A. B. Montgomery, 123 W. Bayand St.
- Miss N. C. Kline, Hotel Belvidere.
- Anna B. Lainheart, 1618 Tremont St.
- A. B. Emery, 531 18th St., Oakland, Calif.
- E. H. Moorman and wife, 601 Majestic Building.
- Mrs. Peterson.
- W. C. Marshall, 1267 Pearl St.

She Wanted to Know.

Widow Lovey—"I'll never attend another dark seance, because I'm in doubt about the materialization."

Alice—"Not distinct enough, eh?"

Widow L.—"Well, it was this way: The medium said my husband was there and wanted to speak to me. It was too dark to see plainly, but I supposed it was Jim all right, and I kissed him."

A.—"Was it Jim?"

W. L.—"The spook had a lovely mustache."

A.—"Oh!"

W. L.—"Jim never had one, so what I want to know is does hair grow after death."

O O O

There is no rest for the man who does everything his wife tells him to do.

O O O

He who tells what he would do in your place seldom knows what to do in his own place.

... Plays ...

By Walter Savage Landon.

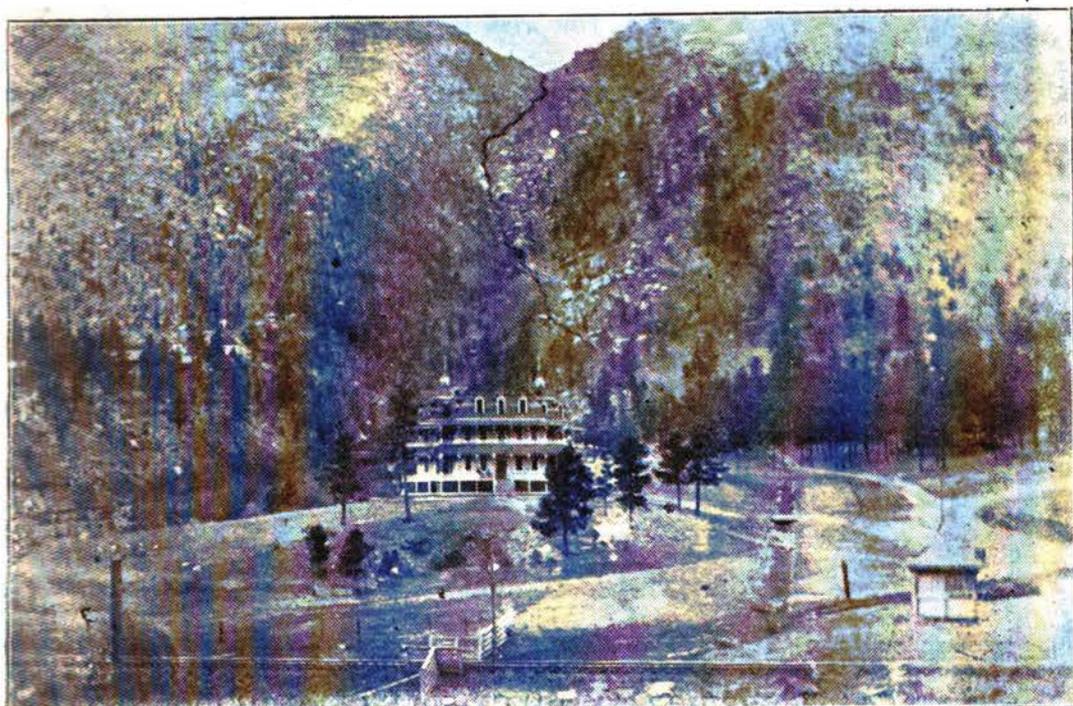
Alas! how soon the hours are over—
 Counted us out to play the lover!
 And how much narrower is the stage
 Allotted us to play the sage!
 But when we play the fool, how wide
 The theater expands! beside,
 How long the audience sits before us!
 How many prompters! what a chorus!



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By (Spirit) Myron W. Reed

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The True Woman

By Margaret Olive Jordan

"The saddest thing that can befall a soul,
Is when it loses faith in Woman."

There is nothing in all the world I am so proud of, as that of being a woman! and have my first time to say, I wish I were a man, a remark so often heard from lips of fair women. Why they say this, I cannot understand, unless it is because they have not come in to the realization of their great and glorious importance in the plan of Life.

I have always felt sorry for the "I wish I were a man" woman.

If this class of women knew how disgustingly the remark appeals to the opposite sex, I think they would cease giving expression publicly to such feelings.

The true woman never feels like this, instead, she is proud of the favoritism, the Creator has shown her. I believe with all my heart that WOMAN is the inspiration of all that is good.

The ideal woman, is a woman, who will under all conditions and circumstances of life be true to her best principles.

God has so endowed woman, with that undefinable something, she can do no wrong without evincing a feeling of discomfort and unhappiness. There is always that warning which comes from WITHIN which she cannot fail to discern in spirit of all outward attraction, and which the true woman will use to subdue temptation. Its the

yielding to the OUTWARD and not the INWARD that causes sweet woman to err. The world cannot own such opulence as is found in the wealth of a true woman. She is the leader, nay with the loftiest opinions own this to be true. Man is always ready and willing to pay to true woman the high tribute, merited; I have never met one yet who is not.

But to the woman who is untrue to her self, man will ninety-nine cases out of an hundred, prove untrue. And the woman who says she wishes she was a man, invariably receives the same wish from the man, which is certainly nothing to her credit.

In this day and time, woman has every chance to exert her woman's worth and make it a power over human destiny. She carries the wand that develops the best in human nature.

The true woman rules always with a quiet, queenly dignity, that acts with a wonderful hypnotic force. Her gentle thoughtfulness of others—a thoughtfulness born of love for the best in Nature, make her the queen of the hour. She is never the woman who will look over the meek, with a high head, abdicating her true throne over the heart to grasp at the Kingdom of selfishness. Her throne is a monument which she builds for her self, by holy living.

The true woman will clothe her mind with pure thoughts. Her heart will beat in tender compassion for her weaker sister. She will make it her aim to poise the head of humanity toward higher aspirations, by educating and broadening her own intellect with things spiritual and not things temporal.

By her simple, noble living, she will not only cause her own to rise up and call her blessed, but the whole world will unite in its praises for her. The influence of a woman's life is boundless. We never know at what length and breath it extends.

I think most women fail in living the True life, because they are too often

heedless of the little duties which confront them daily.

Taking all things into consideration, there are no small duties, but life is one broad expanse in which nothing little dwells.

Certainly woman is most powerful, and the hope of every man's enlightenment and salvation. If I were a man and cared for my future welfare I should select the best woman I knew to keep me company. The strength of such companions, will aid him to mount the ladder of fame and fortune, as will nothing else.

Woman has that divine insight — that heaven born intuition, which is a rare gift, and by it she is regarded as something glorious and exceptional.



TRUTH AND PHILOSOPHY

By (Spirit) Myron W. Reed.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following article was written automatically, through the hand of Miss E. M. Weatherhead, 1853 Welton St., Denver Colorado, and purports to be the thoughts of Myron W. Reed, now a denizen of the ether world. We give it as it is given us, believing that the thoughts therein expressed are worthy a place in the literature of the day, whatever may be their source.

WAR is a hard proposition to deal with but it has its good points, it gives a man a chance to start all over again.

I like a man who believes in himself and who feels that he is capable of great things, but when I hear of an individual who proposes to make a man on a new and improved plan, I draw the line; the man has yet to live who can hang the rainbow in the clouds or restore the original color to a dead flower.

Equality is a good word—it is the

open sesame to the prosperity and happiness of mankind.

I do not think the reincarnation theory will do for an American people—it's much too slow.

I dislike to hear; "Poor" used in connection with a departed friend.

After the storm and turmoil of life it is pleasant to meet with friends and talk over old times.

There comes a time in the life of every nation when it is given an opportunity to assert itself and show what it is really made of.

There is plenty of good in the world—but not enough love, Now if all the good could be transformed into the one thing "Love" there might be enough to go around.

It is not so much what we do—as the way we do it that counts for or against us in the eternal plan.

It is not well to be satisfied with every condition of life, a strong healthy growth toward something higher and better is always the result of an effort in individual or plant life to attain a loftier, higher or a broader view; a more perfect understanding with the Infinite. The individual who is satisfied never looks beyond one day's horizon—it never occurs to him that there may be scenes more beautiful than those which are shown to his ordinary vision. The wings of his fancy never carry him beyond the severely practical of life—he knows not the delights of aspiration, the exquisite sensations of the dreamer; or the lofty flights of fancy which carry the poet, the musician or the artist to realms of delight where exquisite tones delight the ear, and forms of rare beauty move about with a grace that is charming.

Death is the great leveler of accumulated wealth and human pride. No more eloquent sermon has ever been delivered than one breathed forth through the closed lid of a casket.

The soul of a progressive man is restless and not satisfied with existing conditions Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield were men of this type—they carved their name upon the monument of history spurred on by the eager desire to create conditions for themselves.

I believe that we are all placed in the world to solve the great problem

of existence for ourselves and whether we make much or little, of life depends largely upon the effort we make.

The law of compensation is good and practical—that wise old philosopher St. Bernard, never uttered truer words than these: "Nothing can work me damage except myself—the harm that I sustain I carry about with me and never am a sufferer but my own fault.

I am glad that the old ideas of dogma and creed are going out of fashion, and that the only religion a man can feel is the one that takes place way down deep in this own soul.

It is for such men as Edward Bellamy, who was born ahead of his time, to formulate ideas that sooner or later come into the world to stay.

The longer I live the stronger is my desire for investigation and reflection—I find that concentration and reflection are stepping stones to understanding.

It is something to have lived—It is a greater thing to have died—a man is never so much a king as when his frail tenement has been laid out for its final rest—men pass in silent review before him, every man is friend and all enmity is forgotten.

I meet a great many men on the spiritual side of life who are on the right track and once in awhile I come across one who moves about in a material body—the first ones are all right because they see things as they are—the other party has not found the problem such an easy one to solve. He has however by dint of hard labor earned the right to be called a true Son of God.

I stand upon the bridge that spans the two worlds, and what do I see? Upon one side humanity battling for existence—and I hear the cry that

goes out "Is it worth while? and over on the other side comes the answer from one whose life was a continual struggle—"It is worth while. And so I say: Experience may be a hard teacher but I thank God for experience—if we are built of the right stuff it does not hurt us to be tossed about on the ballground of life.

If I might be asked to inscribe my own epitaph I would say: He loved his God, his country, and his fellow-man. He pitied the poor and the down-trodden and any little good he may have done was actuated from a deep and profound interest in all sorts and conditions of men. He recognized no

creed, but believed there was good in all forms of religion. He realized fully his own shortcomings, and believed that a merciful Father who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb would deal with him accordingly.

I have found it possible for a man to attend his own funeral.

Life is filled with regrets and we think would do so and so under certain conditions—when the conditions arise—do we? That is the question.

There are a few things I would like to do—one is to tear down the bridge that swings between Capital and Labor—those estranged daughters of Humanity.

Quake and Flame.

"We will give you a shake," said the noisy Earthquake!

"Nobody to blame," said the tireless flame!

As they sped through the cities doomed;

*And they did not shirk, but hurried their work,
Till the costly mass was consumed.*

"This unwholesome smell we will quickly quell,"

*As the Earthquake shook his fist at a nook
All polished and garnished outside;*

*And the flames did follow, until that hollow
Was clearly cleansed and purified.*

"You need not complain, we will both call again,

*And keep you in mind that we are inclined
To serve all alike in this game;*

*We will turn not aside, as we onward stride,
Regardless of title or fame!*

"We heed not your prayer, but will now prepare

*Your minds for others, your friends and brothers,
When the cycle again comes round;*

*And then you may learn, if you can discern—
How and when, we disturb the ground!"*

—By Mrs. C. K. Smith.

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A Comparison of the Fundamental Principles of Modern Spiritualism and the Religion of Jesus Christ.

By Rev. John W. Ring.

IN MAKING a comparison of the Fundamental Principles of Modern Spiritualism and the Spiritual Basis of the Religion of Jesus Christ, we shall take the statements adopted by the National Spiritualist Association in 1899, and parallel them with quotations from the New Testament.

"We believe in Infinite Intelligence" Personality limits, circumscribes and binds to location, modifications which should not be placed on Creative Energy. (John, 4:21-24.) "Ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father. God is a spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." No massive structure of elegant furnishings, no gorgeous altar or swelling organ notes is to compare with the devotion of a soul who stands beneath the canopy of starlit blue, with sweetly moaning evening breeze and the shrill notes of the nightingale as music, reaching out in spirit for the necessary virtues to bind up the wounded side and heal the bruised heart of Humanity.

(Ephesians, 4:6): "One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." That sounds something like, "we believe that the Phenomena of Nature, physical and spiritual, are the expressions of Infinite Intelligence." To feel the pulsations of Infinite Intelligence in the soft kiss

of the summer breeze and in the cold blast of winter storm, to hear the voice of truth in the mighty roar of the thunder tones and in the seething of the lazy, lapping ocean tide, to sense the Law of Life moving through Progression, even higher and higher, sanctifying the very dust and by our every turn lifts us higher. (1 Cor., 3:16.) "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" (2 Cor., 4:17-18.) Acts 17:22-28.

"We affirm that a correct understanding of such expression and living in accordance therewith constitutes the true religion." (Romans, 14. Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?—For none of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself,—whether we live, therefor or die, we are the Lord's " "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." (James, 1:27.) "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father in this,—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Love to all regardless of religious concepts, for every man is religious as his environment and education has made him so. Had the followers of Jesus been born in India they would have been devotees to Buddha and forward to the oblivion of Nirvana, even as they now study of



I Am Always.
John H. Ring

Jesus and anticipate the golden paved Jerusalem. The Law of Love unto Life, which is Progression; ever higher the soul climbs by the way of knowledge and trust. Those things which we may know give pleasure and profit but the abiding trust giveth peace; through calm or storm, feast or famine, still "all is well" is enough to fill every heart with refreshing Peace. (Romans, 13:2-10.) "There is no power but of God, the power that be are ordained of God—love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the Law." Moved by the holy impulse of living in accordance with the intelligence which is manifest in every Phenomena of Nature, we become kind and tender; the birds and beasts are expressive of some lesson for us, the sinfulness of others becomes our care and looking past the sinfulness we behold the perfect spirit seeking for expression. (Hebrews, 11:1.) "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things seen." How much this span of life may realize and how much there is to see if one is observant; in fact, life is activity and the languor of faith must be made expressive of love in action—CHARITY. 1 Cor., 13, exalts charity: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not charity I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not charity I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and though I give my body to be burned and have not charity it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not

puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemingly; seeketh not her own, is too easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth, but whether there be propheties they shall fail, whether there be tongues they shall fail whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away, for we know in part, and we prophecy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. And now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity.

"We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death." (2 Cor., 12:2-5.) Read carefully the story of Saul's visit to the medium, the woman at Endor, and the communication which he had with Samuel: 1 Samuel, 28. Their conversation denotes that they each knew the other, and that Samuel well remembered the affairs of his mortal. Genesis, 21, the story of Hagar and her child, the angel was mindful of material needs; showing that the personal identity is the same. In Luke, 16:19-31, is reviewed the story of Lazarus and the rich man, showing how that the rich man knew of his condition—retained his individuality—and wished to caution his brethren in the form. His transgressions and ignorance of the Law of Progression formed a great gulf which held him. When Moses and Elias appeared as recorded in Luke, 9:28-36, also Matt., 17:1-8, they were conscious of the things which were transpiring, "and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem."

Zacharias received the prophecy

(Luke, 1) from Gabriel that John the Baptist would be born, and would go forth in the power and spirit of Elias, which he did. (Matt., 17:11-13.) The fact that John the Baptist was a trance medium through whom Elias operated shows that all ages move to the same end—the fulfilment of the Law of Love. The several times when Jesus returned to his disciples he showed every evidence of retaining his "personal identity" for in Mark, 16, he renewed the promise that, "These signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." when Paul was stricken (Acts, 9) the self same spirit went to Ananias and appeared to him in vision, telling him to visit Paul at a certain place, showing that the aims and ambitions of personality are carried on in the world of spirits. Rev. Talmage said, "Men shall do in heaven what in their best moments they did on earth; the tombstone is not the terminus but the starting post." "We shall know as we are known," the love of child for parent or parent for child remains the same and draws them near one to the other. Happy in the knowledge which our spiritual state affords; we can no more grieve over the trials of the friends still in the form of flesh than can the parent grieve the bruised fingers or dumped head of the child, for for each knows that it is an experience common to all. Our "personal identity" will cause an intense sympathy which will hold us very near to the loved ones of earth, and what the profit of knowledge or being near unless communication be

possible? "we affirm that communication with the so called dead is a fact scientifically proved by the Phenomena of modern Spiritualism." (1 Cor., 12:1-11:) "Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant—for the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal; for to one is given the spirit of wisdom, to another the working of miracles, to another prophesy, to another the discerning of spirit," etc. Colossians, 2:5: "For though I be absent in the flesh yet am I with you in the spirit." John 1:51: "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." The Son of Man is known as the principle of Love, and surely 'tis even such would open the unseen, where joy and peace abide forever, that our own loved ones might come in their beauty and light to inspire and lift us to higher walks of life. What would more strongly move a young man or woman to purity of thought and deed than the knowledge that a spirit mother hallowed their wandering foot-steps with changeless love? II Thessalonians, 2, appears as a reflection of II Chronicles, 18:18-22. A lying spirit sent by the Lord; if this be the God which maketh even our infirmities sources of strength than there is little for us to do, but if it be manifestation of the Law of Progression, which we know moves toward development, making the undeveloped who have passed to spirit life to return for retribution—then must we assist them as best we can always remembering 1 John, 4:1: "Beloved, believe not every spirit but try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

Acts, 19:11-17: "God wrought

miracles by the hands of Paul so that from his body were brought unto the sick, handkerchiefs or aprons and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them." Our Psychic physicians today diagnose disease by a look of hair from the afflicted and send magnetized herbs, also paper sometimes, (11 Kings, 2:2-15:) The spirit of Elijah rested upon Elisha. (11 Kings, 6:5-6:) "But as one was felling a beam the axe-head fell into the water and he cried and said, 'Alas, master, for it was borrowed,' and the man of God said, 'where fell it?' and he showed him the place; and he cut a stick and cast it in thither, and the iron did swim." Yet many spend their time and energy to explain the moving of a table, purporting to be spirit power, rather than accept the sign which was promised unto the people of the earth. Genesis, 32:24-30 Jacob wrestled most of the night with an angel, and had his thigh thrown out of place; yet people now question the possibility of spirit touches, as is positively demonstrated by the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. (1 Thessalonians. 5:19-20-21:) "Quench not the Spirit, despise not prophesying, prove all things, hold fast that which is good,"

John Wesley, in whose family much spiritual phenomena took place, said: "What pretense have I to deny well attested facts because I cannot comprehend them? It is true that most of the men of learning in Europe have given up accounts of apparitions as mere wives' fables. I am sorry for it, and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment, which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe

them no such service. They well know (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up these apparitions is in effect giving up the Bible; and they know on the other hand if but one account of the intercourse of men with spirits is admitted their whole castle in the air (Deism, Atheism and Methodism) falls to the ground—with my last breath will I bear testimony against giving up to infidels one of the grandest proofs of the invisible world—I mean that of apparitions confirmed by the testimony of all ages." These references are enough to convince any thinking person that spirit communion is an established fact as far as the Bible is concerned; but should you want more they are there on almost every page, in fact, the book is a record of spiritual manifestations. The work of Modern Spiritualism as an organization is no longer to convince people that spirit communion is a fact for religious and scientific leaders of every age have proven that; our aim now is to assist those who desire the sweet solace and comfort which this holy presence affords to gain a knowledge of those laws which makes the reception of messages possible. Just as there are laws which control the growth of physical things, so there is a law which must be complied with to have spiritual manifestations. (Mark, 6:5:) "And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them." (Matt., 13:58:) "And he did not many mighty works there, because of their unbelief." Surely this medium endowed with the Messiahship thwarted by the unbelief of those with whom he worked shows how we in our unkind criticism drive our loved ones from communicat-

ing with us. Since there is but one life and "only a thin veil" hangs between the "here and the hereafter," we must know that all classes of spirits come to us. Even as we may meet the deceptive and hypocritical among the true and sincere here, so may we sometimes receive untruthful messages from the unseen; for believe me, our lack of sympathy for human weaknesses, our condemnation of all things save that which appears proper to us, is causing many to turn from the scenes of mortality with heavy, sordid hearts, often filled with revenge. How mindful we should be that every human soul must unfold into divine expression; surely then we would remember that it is not the well, but the sick who need a physician. Suppose nine out of ten messages which we receive from the unseen world are from those unfortunate ones who lack spiritual development, and have turned to us for comforting courage and helpful strength, how pleased we should be of the opportunity to assist these poor, needy souls who though perhaps a little below us in unfoldment, are striving to climb to that height from which they can secure a more helpful concept of Truth, Love and Mercy. Then, too, perhaps the tenth one is our nearest and dearest, who turns to us with the breath of the realms of beauty to speak the words of unchanging love and watchfulness. What peace is in the heart where angels dwell, what love moves the life that ministering spirits guard.

"We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule, 'Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you do ye also unto them.'" The precept of all religious teachers—by Confucius, 500 B. C.—

since their doings have been recorded; and regardless the forms and doctrines which have grown from man's conception of this one great law, it still holds the thought of all lovers of TRUTH.

Surely one who is moved by the sweet spirit of this thought can condemn no other man's conception of Go(o)d; and if the thought of another seems crude to him he can but patiently and sympathetically minister to the lack of development. The Great Spirit, the Unknowable that moves in and through every religion to uplift and bring into perfect expression the latent soul qualities, like the sun shines on resplendently regardless the clouds of your or my unbelief. His ways are ways of Peace and Life and our strife and death are but the shadows which we make by limitations and misconceptions. We know not the future of the law, if there be any such thing, but we know the fulness of today which is Love. When twilight shades shall gather and one by one the stars appear, when the hum of busy day has melted into the stillness of restful night, when our tired hands are folded on our heaving breast, our lips move no more with smile or sneer, heavy eyelids cover aching eyes and all that's mortal slips into prolonged repose; when we shall stand shorn of all the clinging things of earth, in the full fact of Inherent Justice, then perhaps we will long for that Love and Mercy which we withheld, or possibly we will crave the forgetfulness which would veil Memory, who faithfully presents to us the narrow concept which we formed of that Creative Energy that formed and fashioned worlds, and placed them all in the keeping of that Supreme Law—Love. Then will the hands of those whom we thought weak to ch

ours with sympathetic touch, then will the heart of those whom we believed cruel warm us with a presence which uplifts; taught by those whom we styled ignorant, we will continue in this mighty plan of Life toward more holy expression of the Law which is Love and whose Justice is Mercy.



Learning Life's Lesson

By Margaret Olive Jordan, San Antonio, Texas

Human nature, 'tis said is God's strangest plan,
 Yet the wisest and best of His creation is Man.
 Since all nature is change, then no wonder we too
 Grow restless and long for experiences new.

We grow tired of the beauty and dazzle without
 And long for sweet solitude to clothe us about.
 We tire of the Sun with its rays sparkling heat
 And crave to hide in the shadow's retreat.

And sometimes we tire of our Friend's gentle voice,
 And the stranger's new face is rather our choice.
 The Homes cheerful nest—with attractions most sweet
 Make us restless, and we willingly take to the street.

It seems that the best in life,—and its strange—
 Grow tiresome at times and we long for a change.
 There's a cause for all this—'tis psychic may be—
 'Tis a truth none the less, as all must agree.

The flowers grow tired of blooming and pass
 Into stages anew; and even, alas!—
 The stately old trees never stay the same long
 And the blythe, merry bird; it must rest from its song.

After all we should think nothing strange in our life,
 If our friends seem fickle, and the world full of strife,
 It's but nature in action, and with progress is rife,
 And we are tearing the lessons from the great Book of Life.

The Fundamentals of Municipal Ownership

By Judge Louis W. Cunningham

THE SUBJECT which I have been asked to discuss, if considered in detail, is boundless, but the fundamental principles underlying the question of government ownership of public utilities or natural monopolies are few and extremely simple. Stated succinctly, the issue involved is, shall sovereign power be delegated to private individuals or corporations?

We, who believe in municipal ownership of natural monopolies, contend that only the people—the whole people—have a right to the sovereignty involved in monopoly. An absolute, unrestrained monopoly carries with it the power to levy and collect taxes—it is the old issue of '76, in new dress—taxation without representation.

That individuals and corporations may for the time make moderate use of their authority in no wise affects the question, nor should it abate the zeal of those who contend for a principle. The tea tax that so infuriated the colonists was conceded on all hands to be moderate, but the fact that the mother country claimed the right to levy any tax without the consent of the colonists is what occasioned the Revolution.

The highways belonged originally and absolutely to the people. To lease them out in whole or in part by grant to private parties is fundamentally wrong. The advantages of an unhindered street, for instance, and the profits to be derived from the same, should be enjoyed by every citizen of the town

alike. No one will contend that a franchise permitting private parties to collect toll from all pedestrians upon the street, or from the owners of vehicles drawn by horses thereon, would be tolerable. It might well be that a corporation to which such franchise was given would make a fee or charge to footmen or horsemen so moderate that, from a monetary standpoint, for a time, the condition of the citizen would be improved. The repairing of our streets costs our taxpayers a pretty sum annually, and there be those who think the city performs this function indifferently. But where is the man bold enough to advocate an abdication of this function of sovereignty, and the delegation of it to private hands?

The mind of man seems to possess, to some degree, that quality of matter which causes bodies to seek a state of stable equilibrium. Once at rest the public mind abhors movement, progress. This quality, this love of repose, is responsible for the intemperate condemnation of the reformer. "Socialist," "Anarchist," "Tramp," and like terms of reproach, are so jumbled together, and hurled at us by the let-well-enough-alones, as to produce a mirth that crowds out of the soul of the busy reformer all sentiment of resentment. "Forgive them, for they know not what they do," has served as the reformer's support in all ages, and in all great movements. True

some unable to bear the opprobrium of their dearest companions forswear their convictions, accept the ten pieces of silver and, instead of strangling themselves, join in the crucifixion of the public, hoping that if they prove faithfully perfidious over a few things, they may ultimately be made ruler over many. Were I called upon to frame an indictment against the corporations to whom we have ignorantly farmed out the sovereignty which inheres in and constitutes the very germ of living government, my first count would charge them with corrupting the youth of the land. I am sure, after the evidence was all in, the jury, without leaving the box, would prescribe hemlock, and the ages would ratify the verdict.

Less than a thousand years ago, and in a locality not remote, I asked a splendid young man for his views concerning a pending application for a new grant of power which had been asked for by a public utility corporation at the hands of the peoples' representatives. I dare not quote to you his language, nor the expressions of his devoted wife, who there, for the first time, like myself, learned that her husband was not quite free to act with me in a contemplated protest, but not because his convictions differed from my own in the slightest degree. Had I his retainer, and he my empty pocket-book—but we can only speculate what the result of such a change in our situation would be. I know my friend possesses nobility of character in a marked degree, and I entertain for him a high regard. He has been victimized, and by a system for the existence of which you and I are not wholly free from responsibility. The saloon-keeper who shoves his staggering victim

out into the howling midnight storm is heartless; but the community that licenses that saloon-keeper to do business, and accepts his money for the privilege granted him, is in a poor position to render judgment. We who build financial snares and pitfalls for the ambitious young lawyers and the virtuous but weak representatives of the people, and then spend our time cursing the victims of our heedless ignorance, are hardly less consistent. It is no greater disgrace to die a victim of grog, without a penny, than to close life's ledger a victim of graft, with a million. "Be a millionaire, young man, be a millionaire, but remember, it will cost you just one million dollars," said the grizzled philosopher who wrote "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg." We have damned the grafter and the politician, and wept over the condition of the downtrodden people, who are responsible for both of them, for lo, these many years. It is high time we were learning to distinguish between cause and effect. It behooves us to turn our attention to the correction of the cause, and cease our important rage over the effect.

Can you recall a reign of corruption in a city council, or a state or national legislature, that was not inspired by a corporation organized for the purpose of exploiting franchises which the people should never have parted with? I am aware that purely private corporations and individuals become perniciously active in procuring legislation favorable to their own interest, but they usually fight under the banner of the telephone, railroad, electric light, tramway, and similar organizations, every one of which are, in theory, at least, performing some public duty which the city or state has

delegated to them, and which the state or city should discharge directly.

The fundamental error in the farming out of its duties by the state to private parties is easily discerned when one pauses to contemplate the relation established by such transactions.

Let us consider what results when a franchise is granted permitting private parties to take possession of public property (the streets, for instance). But first let us determine the motive back of the moving parties: The city reaches a period in its history when civilization in its ceaseless march demands, for example, that a street-car service be provided for its inhabitants. If the city would continue its growth, cheap and rapid transit to and from its center becomes indispensable and must be provided in one way or another by the city.

No one with even a superficial knowledge of the law questions the power, aye, the duty of the city, to meet this demand. No one at all familiar with the subject we are now considering questions the authority of the city to meet this demand by engaging directly in the business of transportation. To say that it is the duty of a city to furnish transportation, and then to circumscribe its powers in discharging that duty, so that it must await the pleasure of private individuals who may refuse to embark in the business until they have extorted a franchise on their own terms, is to shackle the limbs of the city, and then bid it run.

The duty of the city being conceded, as it must be conceded, let us then cast about for the best method of discharging the duty. But two ways are open. The people as a whole, acting through their accredited representa-

tives, may borrow or otherwise provide the money for the construction of a street-car system, or they may form a partnership with private individuals or a corporation, and in that way discharge the duty it owes the public. If the latter is adopted, what steps are taken? The city contributes to the partnership undertaking the franchise, without which not a move can be made by the other member of the partnership. I hardly need to say here that I have taken the street-car necessity as an example merely, and that what I have said, and shall hereafter say, applies with equal force to light, water, telephone, telegraph, railroad, and other like public utilities.

Do the private individuals advance funds necessary to make a going concern of the partnership? By no means; armed with their franchise they borrow the money, all the money, every dollar of it. Do our promoters sign the paper, or pledge their private fortunes, or guarantee the payment of the interest coupons? Never! They issue bonds, usually in a sum vastly in excess of the first cost of the street railway and its equipments, pocketing the difference. Why will conservative eastern money lenders advance a greater sum of money than the road is worth? They do not. The cost of building the road, and its worth when built are two essentially different propositions. All this talk about "water" is usually the veriest nonsense. The worth, or value of the street-car system when fully equipped consists of the cost of its construction, plus the value of the franchise, for which the promoters did not pay a dollar, at least not a dollar reaches the public treasury in return for the prodigal gift. Of course you

will understand I am now speaking of the ordinary transaction of the class we are considering. How, and from what source, are these bonds and the interest thereon to be paid annually? Can you conceive of any source other than the stream of nickels that pour out of the pockets of the people into the treasury of the street-car company? We become alarmed at the thought of a municipal debt contracted for municipal assets, and wonder how the same can ever be paid. We awake in the night, bathed with cold, clammy sweat, at the thought of the increased taxation, which would be necessary to pay for a street-car system. But the managers of the corporation that own the system sleep sweetly on, dreaming pleasant dreams, of how the people are paying the interest on their excessive bond issue, and how, as the city grows, the people must ultimately pay the principal of the bonds as well. These gentlemen may be worth millions (but ordinarily they are men of moderate means in the beginning, becoming millionaires finally, from the proceeds of their partnership with the city); but they know that their private estates can neither be seized or taxed to meet the obligations of their intangible organization called a corporation. But suppose the income from the people is insufficient to meet the fixed charges of the corporation, including interest on its bonded indebtedness, what then? Won't our solvent stockholders then be obliged to step forward, and from their private fortunes meet the obligation of the corporation? By no means. Let the eastern bondholder do his worst. He can only apply to a court for a receiver; for at times the power of the much-

dreaded government is invoked, and we have public control and management, pure and simple, but with this difference: the control and management by the government is not for profit—it is purely for accommodation—the eastern bond-holder's accommodation usually. So soon as the court, acting through its receiver, has straightened things out by some sort of re-organization scheme, the property is again turned back into private hands. True the bondholders pay the bare cost of the litigation, which does not include the salaries of the public officials who officiate in the re-organization.

If the partnership between the private corporation and the city proves a paying investment, as nine times out of ten it does, and the fees or tax collected from the people is sufficient ultimately to retire the bonds, as well as to pay the running expense and fat salaries for unnecessary officers, to say nothing about privately and secretly retained counsel, and for the services of corrupt public officials, who then owns the utility—why, the private corporation. Had the people constructed the plant it is clear they would, when the same had been paid for, own it clear of debt. They could then either provide transportation at a nominal charge, or if the old rate was maintained, the excess theretofore set apart to take care of the bonded indebtedness, and the interest thereon, would go into the general treasury, the result being a diminution in the tax levy. But the point I wish to make clear is that, whether the money for the construction of the system be borrowed by the city, or by a private corporation, the people, and the people alone, patroniz-

ing the road, must provide the fund out of which the borrowed money and the interest thereon is finally paid, the difference, and the only difference in the whole being that if the city borrows, when the people repay the debt, they then own the thing paid for, but if private parties borrow, the people must still pay back the money thus by private parties borrowed, while the private parties own what the people have paid for, and, worst of all, the public must go right on paying, even after the borrowed capital has been repaid, world without end. This is permitting one to reap where he hath not sown.

The advocate of municipal ownership contents that a natural monopoly, such as a street-car system, derives its great value from the increase in population of the city through whose streets the cars of the company are, by franchise grants, permitted to run. Those who favor municipal ownership are utterly unable to comprehend how this increment, due solely to the thrift of all the inhabitants of the city should be absorbed or appropriated by any less number of people than the whole. They cannot understand why a privileged class, often non-residents of the city should be permitted to enjoy the fruits of their industry.

I have spoken of the partnership formed by the city and the grantees of its franchises. But what a vicious partnership it is. The law exacts of ordinary partners the highest fidelity, the one to the other. The relation is strictly fiduciary. One partner may not profit at the expense of the other, and any attempt so to do give cause for a dissolution, and an accounting, and the appointing of a receiver, if need be, to make complete control of

the assets of the firm. But this monstrosity of a partnership between the city and the private corporation upon whom it bestows its priceless franchise gifts—gifts that instead of tarnishing with time, increase in value with each passing year—must begin at the very day of its organization to breed trouble and contentions. The interests of all parties are antagonistic, and in the very nature of things must be so. One partner's interest demands the lowest possible rates for the services rendered the public, and the highest possible tax levies upon the assets of the partnership, while the interests of the other partner are promoted by the very reverse—the highest possible rates, and the lowest tax levy. The one desires (or should desire) to make frequent examinations of the books of the other; (think of partners keeping separate books, which they are unwilling to submit the one to the other!), the other partner refuses the privilege, growling the while at the impertinence of the demand. How long, think you, a mercantile partnership could endure where it was to the interest of one partner to sell goods at the highest possible price, while the other partner's interest was best subserved by selling at the lowest possible figure? And what would you think of an attempt on the part of the courts to regulate such a partnership, compelling both partners to remain in business, but under the supervision of a court?

Already I hear some one say, "you evidently do not believe in government regulation, but in government or public ownership of public utilities." Frankness compels me to admit the charge. while regulation is better than unbridled license, perhaps, still

it can never bring peace or remove the fundamental vice of private ownership of natural monopolies. In some respects it will aggravate the vils now incident to uncontrolled private ownership. The contest between the opposing forces—public greed and private greed—and there exist both varieties, will wax warmer. “Feebler, yet subtler; he shall weave his snares

And spring them on thy careless steps.”

But so long as an elephant of private ownership of public property remains, the war between the individual and the public must go unceasingly on.

The rate bill now before Congress is a step forward—it is the entering wedge. Its discussion is educating the nation. Millions (I am speaking deliberately) have learned, or are learning, what only the thousands knew before, namely. that the operation of a railroad is a public function, and that those engaged in that pursuit are trustees, and as such accountable to their *cestui qui trustants*—the whole people. The lesson is being newly learned, but it is not by any means a new lesson. Rather is it a half forgotten one. Judge Jeremiah S. Black was no wild theorist. As attorney general of the United States, member of the Pennsylvania supreme court, and a practicing lawyer, he left behind him a reputation that lawyers and jurists may well envy. In an address before the judiciary committee of the Pennsylvania state senate he used the following language:

“It will, I think, be admitted by all impartial persons, of average intelligence, that the companies are not the owners of the railroad. The notion that they are, is as silly as it is per-

nicious. It is the duty of every commercial, manufacturing or agriculture state, to open thoroughfares of trade and travel through their territory. For that purpose she may take the property of citizens, and pay for the work out of her own treasure * * * or she may get the road built by a corporation or an individual, and pay for it by permitting the builder to collect tolls or taxes for those who carry and travel on it. * * * But in all these cases the proprietary right remains in the state, and is held by her in trust for the use of the people. Those who run the railroads and canals are public agents. It is impossible to look at them in any other light or to conceive how a different relation could exist, because a railroad which is not managed by public agents cannot be a public highway.

* * None of these agents have the slightest proprietary right or title to the railroad themselves. To say that they had would be as preposterous as to assert that township railroads are the private property of the supervisors.”

The I-can-do-as-I-please-with-my-own argument has received several severe set-backs recently. Within sixty days the supreme court of the United States has decided, in the case of the Interstate Commerce Commission vs. the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Company, et al., that a railroad corporation may not purchase and carry coal whenever the price to be received by the railroad company is inadequate to cover its actual outlay, plus its published freight rate schedule.

Mr. Justice White, in a powerful opinion, held that “the existence of such a power would enable a carrier, if it chose so to do, to select the fav-

ored persons from whom it would buy, and the favored persons to whom it would sell, thus giving such persons an advantage over others and leading to a monopolization in the hands of such persons of all the productions as to which the carrier chose to deal. This opinion was, I believe, unanimously concurred in by the members of the supreme court.

The announcement in the Chesapeake case is no new doctrine, for the same court, in the 94th United States Report, in the case of the C. B. & Q. Railway Company vs. Iowa, have under consideration, used this language:

"Railroad companies and carriers are for hire. They are incorporated as such, and given extraordinary powers in order that they may better serve the public in that capacity. They are, therefore, engaged in the public employment, affecting the public interests, and subject to legislative control as to their rate of fare and freight, unless protected by their charters."

And again, in the same volume, in the case of Peit vs. the C. B. & Q. Railway Company, the same court made this announcement:

"Where property has been clothed with a public interest, the legislature may fix a limit to that which in law shall be reasonable for its use. The limit binds the court as well as the people. If it has been improperly fixed the legislature, not the court, must be recognized that it is not a long step from the Chesapeake case to the position already occupied, and boldly defended by Senator LaFollette, namely that railway corporations must not indirectly engage in competition with their own patrons. The "Outlook," in discussing the late de-

cision of our highest court, remarks:

"Of course it is always possible for such evasions to be attempted, and it is almost certain they will be practiced. But it seems reasonable to suppose that when a case of this sort is presented, the courts will sweep aside all subterfuges. To permit the railway corporations to do by indirection what the court had held they may not do directly is to nullify the decrees of the court.

These old questions represent themselves in new dress, and must be fought out. At times the outlook is discouraging, but at last the people discover, and finally the courts discern, that the new question is not in fact new; that, in spirit of the quidities of learned lawyers, they have but to apply the few ancient and well recognized principles of the law in order to promote the general welfare, and make secure to mankind the blessings of liberty.

These opinions of the supreme court, and the attempts of congress to regulate a fundamental wrong, is but circumscribing the powers for evil of the dealer in natural monopolies, and are preliminary steps to his final and absolute extermination.

The law of evolution is the law of God. "First the blade, then the corn, and after that the full corn in the ear." Rate regulation must precede the full corn in the ear—public ownership absolute and unconditional. Back to the people's hands must be returned that which ignorantly they gave away. The public welfare demands it, and that demand is omnipotent.

A distinguished friend of mine with analytic mind and a discerning eye that pierces the clouds which befores

the present contest, recently said; But when the legislation asked for has been enacted into law, what then? What is the next issue? Does it not find expression on every street-car, and at every country post-office? Was it not manifest in the recent election in New York City, and in the one in Chicago held only a few months ago? The seed has been sown broadcast. * * * Municipal ownership, state ownership, government ownership—centralization, paternalism, communism, socialism! This is the coming conflict. This is the threatened crises." My friend's error, however was in not distinguishing between public and private property; hence his false conclusion that the movement making for public ownership of public property was a movement making for public ownership of all property. Nothing can bring about socialism in this country unless it be a stubborn refusal on the part of arrogant wealth to yield back to public hands that which it had no moral right to take from the public. In this connection, and in support of what I have just said, permit me to here read an editorial from one of the oldest, strongest and most representative Republican papers published on the Pacific coast. In a recent issue of the "Portland Oregonian" appeared this bold and timely editorial warning, under the title "Trust and Municipal Corporation, Socialist Makers:"

"We suppose our country is booked for socialism. Greed of speculators is bringing it on. Exploitation of public utilities by our first families hurries it forward.

Operators everywhere are seizing their opportunity to capitalize the wants of the people in ways to create great properties, and to obtain great

dividends. The people believe that the only check to these schemes of plutocracy lies in a socialistic movement, under which the productive forces may be transformed into socialized effort.

"The Oregonian has not been willing to see this change. But in the contest that is coming—forced by the greed of capitalism and of exploitation it finds itself compelled to yield to new conditions. In the contest between greed and privilege on the one hand and popular rights on the other, it will follow the demands of the people, because it belongs to the people. It must stand with them rather than with those who contend for the fictions of privileges and vested rights. It will take its place in the ranks of the proletariat, and struggle with and for the proletariat, rather with or for those who have adopted the modern scheme of capitalizing the need of the multitude, and making the multitude pay dividends on the capitalization.

Everything tends towards this new division of alignment. It is emphasized by the demand of President Roosevelt for regulation and control of the railroads. It is furthered by efforts everywhere exerted, and witnessed in Portland as elsewhere today, to capitalize public functions, and to turn them to private profit, for support of first families in luxury and idleness. It is not an issue which this newspaper sought. Gladly, rather, it would have avoided or averted it. But it is upon us today, and it challenges attention, and tomorrow and next year its demands will be more imperative still.

The astonishing growth of it is due to the inordinate greed of a plutocracy which never will admit that it has had enough."

I was asked at a socialist meeting recently if municipal ownership would not bring contentment, and thereby check the socialistic propoganda. I am obliged to concede that will be one of the results. The socialist party, though organized and though it regularly nominates a ticket in New Zealand, nowhere in the civilized world does it cast so much uneasiness about the movement, and the ultimate result thereof when he has thought more carefully will see that a cure for socialism, like the cure for democracy, is more socialism.

We who stand for municipal ownership agree with Judge Black who said: "It is not proposed by those who think as I do that any corporation shall lose one atom of its property. A lawful contract between a railroad company and the state is inviolable, and must not be touched by hostile hands, however bad the bargain may have been for the people. Mr. Gowen, and all others with similar contracts on their hands, are entitled each to his pound of flesh, and if it be 'so nominated in the bond' the Commonwealth must bare her bosom to all their knives and let them 'cut nearest the heart.'

But we, the people, have rights of property as well as the corporations, and ours are—or ought to be—as sacred as theirs. Between the great domain which we have ceded to them, and that which still belongs to us, the line is plainly and distinctly marked, and if they cross it for purposes of plunder, they should be driven back under the lash of the law."

If the corporations that monopolize

public utilities are unwilling to comply with the demands of the people, then the law of competition should be resorted to, the public becoming a competitor.

I have illy repaid the debt which you kindly in inviting me to appear before you impose upon me. If I have made it clear that the advocates of municipal ownership of public utilities are but contending for a return to first principles, then I am contented. If I have convinced you that it is the other fellows who are promoting the various isms calculated to overthrow republican institutions, then I am more than content—I am delighted. I shall close my paper with the opening paragraph of Judge Black's celebrated address, from which I have so copiously quoted—an address which his biographer informs us that "it is doubtful if any other speech on a technical question of law and industrial economy ever produced effects so profound and so far-reaching." The judge said:

"The charge that I am communist enough to wish the destruction of all corporate property is untrue. I think myself the most conservative of citizens. I believe with my whole heart in the right of life, liberty and property, and if anybody has struggled more faithfully, through good report and evil, to maintain it inviolate, I do not know who he is. I respect the state constitution. Perhaps I am prejudiced in favor of natural justice and equality. I am convinced that without the enforcement of the fundamental law, honest government cannot be expected."



Judge Louis W. Cunningham.

The Worth of a Liberal Education.

By Thomas Elmer Will.

A LIBERAL education — what is it?

An education is a drawing-out and development of the powers. A liberal education is a liberating of the powers; strengthening and perfecting them and making them not the masters but the servants of the sovereign, Unconquerable Man.

We seek wealth. Why? That we may possess power. We seek position to obtain power. We seek standing, reputation, fame, that we may wield power.

Power lifts us from the abyss of impotence and nothingness and enables us to attain our ends, to make our impress upon the world, to build ourselves death monuments, to live in history.

And whence comes power? From the infinite, inexhaustible ocean of energy, without beginning and without end. Man may become a conduit through which this power will flow.

Given this and we have, on the military field, the Alexander, Caesar or Napoleon; in literature, the Shakespeare; in poetry, the Homer, Virgil and Milton; in invention, the Stevenson and Edison; in oratory, the Demosthenes and Phillips; in commerce, the Marshall Field; in science, the Darwin; in philosophy, the Aristotle and Spencer; in politics, the Lincoln; in truth-seeking, and finding, the Socrates; and in things of the spirit, the Jesus of Nazareth.

To the extent that man is "liberally educated" his connection with this ocean of power is perfected and his capacity to achieve results is enlarged.

And it is results the age demands and needs. Not "what school you attended?" "What degrees have you taken?" but "What can you do?" is the question the eager, critical world is asking, and rightly asking, of him who claims to be educated.

The question may be asked in a narrow spirit. It may seek an answer which can be given not by the seer, the poet, prophet, philosopher, liberator of saint, but by the slave alone. But the question itself is right. The world wants doers; men who can make two grass blades grow where but one grew before, or "two clear ideas where one hazy one grew before;" who can feed the hungry, clothe the naked, heal the sick, instruct the ignorant, liberate the enslaved, inspire the desponding, make the desert blossom, and hasten the coming of the Kingdom of Good on earth.

Whoever can do any one of these things is, to the extent that he can do it, an educated man. The book fetish has had its day. The notion that he alone is educated who has taken a prescribed course and received certain grades on certain tests, is dead. The educated man is the whole man, the complete man, the man of power. Certain studies, disciplines and experiences may aid in attaining this

completeness and power; but the process is subordinate—a means; the end is the power.

And what is this end worth? What is it not worth? What is anything

worth? Before it all things else pale into insignificance. It is this that makes the man among men; the citizen of the world, of all worlds and of all time; the inhabitant of eternity.



August.

O, tropic month, sun-kissed and dewey-eyed,
 We welcome thee, the Autumn's dusky bride.
 Upon thy damask cheek life's wine burns red
 The Aster shakes her fringes 'neath thy tread.
 The crimson cherry gleams within thy hair
 Thy wild-flow'r breath with fragrance fills the air.
 The Goldenrod and purple grape festoon thy gown,
 And just to crown thee with an added grace
 The summer sky her brightest blue lets down.
 Bride of the Autumn, beautiful, blushing, Queen
 More fair indeed art thou, than poet's dream.
 Bright cousin thou to modest, blushing, June,
 Thou comest laden with the fruit and bloom
 To meet thy bridegroom in his gypsy dress
 Who greets thee with a kiss and fond caress.
 Hail to thee, blithe spirits laden with rich spoil
 The fruit and bloom of Summer's thrift and toil.
 We loved the Springtime in her green-leaf crown,
 We loved the Summer in her rose-strewn gown.
 We love *thee* for the color thou dost bring
 And for the wondrous charm in everything.
 For star-crown'd nights and winds that whisp'r through the trees
 For cricket's 'chirp and drowsy hum of bees.
 We love thee for the magic thou dost make
 Upon the fields, the lanes, the woodland way,
 And for God's peace which fills the tropic day.

—By Miss E. M. Weatherhead, Denver, Colo.

HEALTH EXPERIENCES.

By D. Edson Smith.

WHILE, without doubt, we are to a great extent creatures of habit and environment, yet the many experiments in the breeding of different animals have proven quite conclusively that the health and vigor of both mind and body depend to a great extent on the characteristics of ancestors. The good or bad mental and physical conditions of our ancestors effect these conditions in ourselves. And these conditions in us will surely effect our children.

My father's father began building a home in the wilds of central New York over a hundred years ago. He married a weakly constituted young woman, who died in giving birth to her first child, my father. His father again married; this time a more robust woman, and raised a family of healthy, robust children. But my father grew up a puny weakling, unfit for the strenuous life of a new-country farmer in those days. And so his father decided that the best thing to do was to make a preacher of him. So he was sent to school; and when about twenty years old he entered Madison University a *poor* boy in every sense of the word; and for nine long years he struggled to perfect himself for the work of the ministry. He graduated with honors; and the day he was ordained he married my prospective mother.

But the poor quality of life he got from his mother, combined with the

hard work necessary to get him through college in a satisfactory manner left him with bankrupted vital powers, and an almost total nervous wreck. But the woman he married was of strong body and mind.

And she set about at once in a very practical manner to rescue her husband from the jaws of death. She took him to the island of Marthas Vineyard in a fishing smack, and nursed him back to comparative health.

But it was while under these non-vital conditions of mind and body that the crime of my begetment was committed. But, like so many others, it was the crime of *Ignorance*.

How could it be otherwise than that I should be born, (Jan 11, 1839) a most unpromising looking baby, of whom my mother's uncle, with whom they were then living, said: "It is no use to try to raise such a black, small, scrawny, squalling, son of a sinner as that thing is."

But the mother's love was strong, and and by careful manipulation the spark of life was kept in the body. But with an invalid husband, and a puny child, my mother early began the study of the proper care of the body. And my earliest recollections are regarding rules and regulations regarding a healthy body. And the aches and pains of my childhood days were a great incentive, added to my mother's teachings, to an early personal study of the causes and cures of

dis-ease. But not till I have suffered untold misery of bodily pains for over fifty years did I learn how to live a healthful, happy life, free from sufferings of all kinds.

The first great health truth I learned was: "*That any thing that will tend to make a well person sick, will tend to make a sick person sicker.*" Consequently I have always let drugs alone.

And early in my investigations I came to look upon Doctors with great suspicion. I found they were either blindly following the text books written by blind men, or else they were simply experimenting. The universal teaching was that salvation of soul and body depended on following blindly the prescription of a strictly orthodox priest or doctor. And it did not take very long observation, nor deep research, to convince me that I was much better off in both mind and body if I let orthodox priests and doctors entirely alone.

I early discovered the fact that all curative powers lay within my own organism, and that by obeying nature's laws I would not be sick. Or if sick, by ceasing to disobey, nature would speedily effect a cure. I early learned that the whole of the science of true healing could be summed up in the sentence, clean the machine, and let it rest. And the wisest of physicians are of the same conclusion.

John Mason Good, M. D., F. R. S. says: "The Science of Medicine is a barbarous jargon "

Prof. Valentine Mott, the great surgeon, says: "Of all sciences, medicine is the most uncertain."

Sir Astley Cooper, the famous English surgeon, says: "The science of

medicine is founded on conjecture, and improved by murder."

Prof. Alonzo Clark, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, said: "In their zeal to do good, physicians has done much harm, they hurried thousands to their graves who would have recovered if left to nature."

Dr. Cyrus Edson says. "After all has been said regarding medical science, it must be admitted that a proper observance of the rules of personal and public hygiene on the part of every individual belonging to the civilized world would do more to effect a reduction of the death rate and prolong the average duration of life than any discovery in the cure of diseases that at present seems within the bounds of possibility."

Page after page could be readily filled with similar testimony from equally as eminent men. And since coming to years of maturity I have had no more use for a doctor than I have had for a priest. And I never expect to have any use for either.

If then the doctor is too weak, and dangerous a reed to lean upon what shall we do to escape disease, or to free ourselves if we are already afflicted? Simply get rid of your ignorance by studying some of the publications, easily within the reach of everybody, devoted to a plain exposition of the natural causes and cures of disease. There is nothing mysterious about it. The laws, or principles, governing the cause and cure of all diseases are just as plain and just as inevitable as the laws of mathematics or any other principle of nature.

The first essential of perfect health is the constant deep breathing of pure air. Most of our occupations, and

many forms of dress tend to restrict deep breathing. Try to dress so that the deepest breath will not be in the least impeded by any part of the clothing. And to overcome the contraction of the chest by your occupation, practice a few minutes every morning and night standing erect and trying to throw your elbows back so they will touch behind. And always in walking strive to keep the shoulders as far back as possible, and breathe deeply.

We are apt to forget that without breath there is no life. And that the more breath the more life, We should pay more attention to breathing than to any other bodily function. Careless breathing will shorten our days by decreasing our vitality.

In the highest school of Oriental Philosophy the science of correct breathing is one of the most important things taught. But such a science is not known in our schools, and as a result we are a nation of invalids and "the white scourge" is wonderfully adapted for straining out the impurities of the air, and also warming it.

The object of breathing air in the lungs is to purify the blood and furnish nourishment for all parts of the body. If there is not sufficient pure air taken into the lungs to thoroughly purify the blood, the waste products of the body which should have been eliminated are returned to the circulation and poison the whole system. No one can possibly have a good circulation, and clear, bright complexion or a clear, full disposition, who does not habitually breathe deeply of the purest air.

Every particle of food we take must be thoroughly oxygenated before it can yield us all its nourishment,

and before the waste products of the system can be changed so they can be eliminated. Breath certainly is life.

Occultists in all ages have taught that there was to be found in the air a substance or principle from which all vitality and life was derived. This life principle is in the air and in all forms of matter. But it is neither air nor matter. Yet if it was not in the air breathed by animals and plant life, they would die though they might be killed with air.

Occultists teach that this life substance is furnished to our bodies in a normal amount when we normally breathe *pure* air. But by controlled and regularly breathing we can extract a greater supply which is stored away in the brain and nerve centers, just as a storage battery stores away electricity, to be used when necessary. and they further teach that one who has learned how to store away this substance may impart this strength to others and give them increased vitality and health. This is the secret of "magnetic healing." When we realize that all muscle and nerve force is largely dependent on this substance that only enters the body through inhaling pure air, the importance of proper breathing is easily understood.

Carefully conducted scientific experiments have shown that soldiers and sailors who sleep with their mouths open are much more liable to contract contagious diseases than those who breathe properly through the nostrils. Whoever breathes through the mouth is violating one of nature's laws, and is sowing the seeds of disease. Only "civilized" man breathes through his mouth. a habit

acquired through unnatural methods of living.

Let those whose nostrils have become clogged by partial disease, practice twice a day snuffing cold water up the nostrils. Although always breathing through my nostrils, yet twice a day I plunge my face into a basin of cold water and draw a lot of it into my nostrils, spitting it out of my mouth.

This keeps the nostrils clean and makes the breathing of fresh air a delight. I also daily practice closing one nostril with my finger and draw a long deep breath into the open nostril, then change my finger to the other. And so repeat several times.

It requires time and persistent effort to acquire perfect breathing, but when attained one will feel well repaid for all vas (his or her) work. Devote a few minutes when undressed night and morning to filling your lungs with fresh air till every remote air cell is exercised, and the chest cavity expanded in all directions.

Remember that every organ of the body is dependent upon the blood for nourishment, and that the *quality* of the blood depends more upon the amount of pure air drawn into the lungs than upon any thing else and you will begin to realize the importance of deep breathing of pure air through the nostrils at all times.

It now seems to be a well demonstrated scientific truth that the organic portion of all vegetables and animals is formed from atmospheric elements.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, the first scientist to advance this idea, claims that chemistry and the spectroscope prove that vegetable and animal tissue is precipitated or condensed air. That for vegetables the earth serves as a negative pole, furnishing all neces-

sary mineral salts in solution, which causes a precipitation of the oil, sugar, albumen, etc. from the air. And that animal tissue is similarly formed. The food we eat furnishes the inorganic salts, the workers that carry on the chemistry of life; and the air, passing through the complex structure of human, or animal, structure combines with the mineral salts and solidifies until it is finally deposited as flesh and bone.

If this be true how very important that the air we breathe shall be *pure*. And so we conclude that from every point of view we must breathe pure air *constantly* in order to have *perfect* health.

Under our present methods of civilization this is impossible. The air in the home, the office, the church, the theatre, is more or less impure. I seldom go to an indoor gathering because of this impure air I am forced to breathe. At home we keep a constant draft of fresh air passing through the house night and day. Our bed rooms are on the upper floor, with two or more large windows in each room, and all arranged so they open into hallways having outside windows, so that each bed-room is open to all points of the compass. There is not a bit of glass in any of the ten windows on this second floor. No sash. Simply a large wire screen in each to keep out insects. The air in these rooms is almost as pure as that out in the open.

But most of my readers have to live in houses already built. They must do the best they can under existing conditions to obtain all possible fresh air by keeping the windows open as wide as possible. If one understands the importance of always breathing pure air they will find ways and means

to improve on prevailing conditions in most communities.

To those suffering from the breathing of too little pure air in the past, the very best thing to do would be to spend a summer out-of-doors in the pure mountain air surrounding Crystal, Colorado.

The next matter of great importance is that of eating. And here we come to my conflicting views, and much charity must be exercised. We must not be dogmatic. Perhaps no one has yet attained all the truth on this important subject.

I have been earnestly studying this matter for over fifty years and I still keep finding new ideas regarding it. All I can do is to give you my present conclusions after an earnest study and experience of over fifty years. My experience covers all the practices in this country with the exception of tobacco and whiskey using. They were to me so obviously unhealthy that I never would attempt their use.

It is quite a popular saying that, "what is one man's food is another man's poison." Now, on general principles, I believe this saying is erroneous. On general principles what is food for one man is food for all men. And what is poison for one man is poison for all men. Milk is food for all children. But if given too often, or in too large quantities it will act as a poison. And owing to other conditions, what would be too often, or too large a quantity for one child, would not be for another.

Wheat, corn, olives, rice, beans, apples and nuts are food for all men. But, under certain abnormal conditions of the men, or because of eating them too often or in too large quantities they may become a poison. I believe that under normal conditions, what is

food for one man is food for all men. And what is poison for one man, tobacco for instance, is poison for all men.

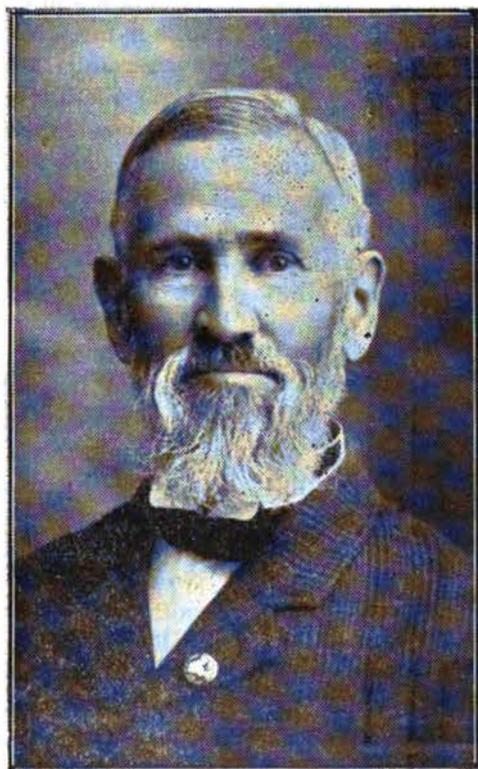
Perfect health requires that our bodies be supplied with the proper amount of albumen, or protein, for tissue building; sugar, or oil, for fuel; and twelve mineral salts like lime, magnesium, iron, sodium, silica, etc.

A few articles of food contain all these necessary elements in about the proper proportion. Wheat, corn, and milk for instant. People in a normal condition, in the temperate zone, can live and enjoy perfect health indefinitely on either of these foods. But if you extract the starch from the wheat or the corn, or the butter from the milk, no one could live but a short time on the starch or the butter. For there would be no albumen, nor salts in either, which are absolutely essential for perfect health.

Nature has provided a great variety of articles of food which are healthful if eaten in proper combinations. If our ancestors had lived normal lives, and if we were living normal lives, our tastes would be a correct guide as to the kinds of food and the proper amount of each to take. But none of us have lived normal lives, and our tastes are so perverted that it is not to rely on them either as to the quality or quantity of food necessary for perfect health.

We are largely creatures of habit and education.

A normal child will not like a great many common articles of food and drink until they have been educated to like them. So that in our present system of perverted, artificial, life it is not always safe to follow our appetites. We have got to search out by reason and experiment what is the best kind



D. Edson Smith.

of food and their combinations to insure perfect health.

The natural food for the child until it grows a full set of teeth is its mother's milk.

Prof. Bunge, the leading authority in Europe, and perhaps in the world, on the composition and uses of milk, has demonstrated it to be one of the greatest marvels of nature. He has proven that the milk of each kind of animal varies in its ingredients, those requiring rapid growth being rich in albumen, while others vary in proportion to the requirements of the young consumer. A born colt will double its own weight in sixty days from birth, while a calf requires forty-seven days, but it takes a human body one hundred and eighty days to double its own weight, when normally fed at its mother's breast. Thus we find that cow's milk is very rich in albumen, which causes a rapid growth of the body, while the milk of a woman exceeds all other milk in the amount of lactic acid it contains. The reason of this is *that lactic acid builds the brain, while albumen builds the body.* In a human baby nature subordinates everything else to equipping it with good brain power, its chief tool of existence, and all that makes life so desirable.

Prof. Bunge's investigations in his own country proves that more than half the mothers in cities or towns were incapable of properly nursing their

own babies. And he also found that the mortality of infants in London was six times greater among those fed on cow's milk than those nursed in a natural manner.

These facts show the vital importance of having human babies fed on human milk. Nothing can be a perfect substitute for it.

And cow's milk as usually drank by adults is far from a perfect food on other grounds. Milk when exposed to the air readily absorbs all the foul substances of the air. Pasteurizing or boiling it does not improve it because it devitalizes it. The milk of any animal, in order that it may be a perfect food for that animal, must be slowly drawn from the teat by sucking it into the mouth of the baby, thus thoroughly mixing it with the saliva and preventing its contact with the germ laden air. And remember that this is raw food. And if drawn from a perfectly healthy mother it is a perfect food, and, so far as food is concerned, will produce perfect health.

No woman has the right to become a mother unless she has every reason to believe that she is capable of nursing her children.

And when we become so educated that we recognize the fact that the good of one is the good of all, then all candidates for parenthood will gladly submit themselves to examination by a competent committee before consenting to such far reaching possibilities.

To be continued.



When the Mist Has Rolled Away--"The Mist of Time."

By Mrs. P. L. Noble, Houston, Tex.

THERE will be a rift in the clouds of superstition when mortals realize their true relationship to the Deity. The law of harmony will be established and the scale of life will balance. The mist of time will roll away and the sunshine of Love will gladden the trembling soul who stands in abject fear of an angry God. The dawn of a new day in the life of those who only believe, for knowledge is greater than belief and is that subtle force that destroys suggestions of fear.

Know thyself, is a command as old as the ages. To become conscious of our relationship and oneness, we must first realize that God has not made a mistake in His highest work of creation. The creator whose magic hand fashioned the starry dome above and the beautiful earth and all the mighty planets that revolve upon the axle of time so harmoniously, and the flowers in their fragile beauty, the bird to sing, and the leaves to whisper lullabys, made mortal man his crowning feature, not to destroy, but to progress and grow in grace and in power, to be a master and not a slave, to be an individual, to think and to work out his own salvation and to do so, he must first understand that the "Kingdom of heaven is within" and until he fully comprehends the true position he occupies in this great universe and that he is part and parcels of *all*, he will live on neath the shadow of superstition and think of himself as a poor worm of the

dust and "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Poor weary man alone seems to have lost the way. All nature vibrates in harmony to the key of love and has moved on for countless ages in the selfsame way while man alone stands on the brink of despair, as it were, daily searching for a new pathway.

The evolution of time has written upon its pages a thousand modes of worship, so changeable, so weak, so frail is man, who by right of birth is heir to all, if he would only claim his heirship. There is only one way and it is to live in harmony with God's law, not to be biased by the laws and creed established by man for the same man have established other laws and other creeds and to be on the safe side, 'tis best to know a *law that is unchangeable*, fixed eternal, the alpha and omega, and then how beautiful will life be on our earth. Heart aches will cease for heart aches and sorrow, despair and worry, anxiety and wretchedness will be forever banished, the Kingdom will have come on earth as it is in heaven.

Live up to the highest law you are capable of conceiving and it will be a law of love that will guide you on and on the pathway of eternal progression.

Nothing that has been created can ever be destroyed. It can only change form, and mortal man when the change called death comes, will wear in the spiritual world a robe of his own crea-

tion. If he desire it to be beautiful then his life must be so on earth.

For every thought and act in our earthly life forms a thread in the garment of the Soul.

Love will prompt our actions, love will form the silken folds of our spiritual robe and we will dwell in the angel

world forever, enjoying the beauties of our Creator's matchless hand, brought face to face with our loved ones who have gone on before and who are God's ministering angels, ever ready to guide us into paths of peace and endless love.



The All-Love.

By Grace M. Brown, in Essence of Common Sense

From the blue of heights supernal,
From the blue of the seething sea,
Comes the voice of the great eternal
In tones of love to me.

And it gives the glorious message
From the throbbing heart of all
To the longing soul of the earth-child
In cottage and marble hall.

No princess in royal garments,
No maiden in meek attire,
No man in kingly armor,
No slave with heart afire.—

No fluttering brilliant insect,
No bird with radiant wing,
No patient beast of burden.
No loving trusting thing

But feels the subtle rapture
Which sweeps from realms above,
Enfolding with tenderest sweetness
All life with God's great love!

THE MOUNTAIN PINE

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Storm Signs.

Revolution is in the Colorado air, Not with marching armies flying banners, martial music and blood galore, but none the less intense because of the absence of these accessories.

First the national committeeman of the republican party notifies the people that he and his esteemed associates, all men of prominence propose to lead the republican sheep from the Coyote hills into the broad peaceful valley flowing with clear, pure water, where to browse will be one long, sweet continuous joy.

Scarcely had the sound of this shepherds flute died away ere the public ear was greeted by another commotion like unto the sounds supposed to emanate from the scene of an Irish wake at 4:00 A. M. .

It was only Senator Tom Patterson and associates throwing the Corporation democrats over the battlements of the democratic heaven.

And so the fight is on and the peo-

ple, the lambs who have been shorn regularly for, lo, these many years, can ecstasically exclaim "Go it wolf, go it bear," when the corporation democrats and the corporation republicans pull off their bi-annual contest.

The liberal minded voters of Colorado are with Stevenson and Patterson so long as their efforts are honest and sincere. The great mass of democrats desire what is right; the great mass of republicans want what is fair, then let the people regardless of party get together, cast from out their midst the corporation serving portion of all political organizations, and have a fair, square contest between Corporate Greed and Human Rights.

This is no time to cling to old traditions. What our fathers believed was good enough for them and their day but unless it meets present exigencies it is not for us.

Colorado has endured long enough the odium of the misdeeds of a few indiscreet officials who "clothed with a little brief authority" assumed that they had inherited the "Divine right" of the King and could do no wrong. The time is here; the time is now; the ground is ours; the cause is just and in the fight that is now on there should be no foolish sentiment allowed to divide the common people in the great fight for the common weal.

A Notable Decision.

Judge A. P. Toombs, police magistrate of the city of Colorado Springs, Colorado, has taken a position that should be assumed by judges of superior courts all over the country. It is the practice of justices and examining magistrates all over the land to decide technical legal points in favor of the government thus throwing the burden of appeal upon the defendant before the court.

The circumstances leading up to this particular decision are as follows:—

The city council of Colorado Springs passed an ordinance regulating and licensing certain occupations among them, "Clairvoyance, Palmistry, Fortune Telling, Hypnotism, Mesmerism, Readings and like exhibitions for which a fee or charge is made." such in substance the import of sec. 62.

Mrs. Lucy, A. Sampson, a Spiritualist Minister, Clairvoyant and Clairaudient, was arrested for refusing to pay a license for exercising these gifts. She employed as her attorney W. M. Swift one of the prominent young lawyers of Colorado Springs and the case came on for hearing before Judge Toombs.

The facts adduced at the hearing are set forth in the following written opinion of Judge Toombs.

STATE OF COLORADO, }
 COUNTY OF EL PASO. } ss. Case No. 1812
 The City of Colorado Springs, Plaintiff,

vs.

Lucy A. Sampson, Defendant.

Complaint is made by Chief Alex. Adams that the said Lucy A. Sampson did violate Section 62 of the Ordinance of the City of Colorado Springs,

to-wit:

"That said Lucy A. Sampson did practice the vocation of Clairvoyancy and for which a charge is made without having first obtained a license to do so."

To substantiate this charge in the Complaint the City introduced one witness Mrs. Jennie L. Nalley, the wife of Police officer Nalley, who testified upon direct examination that at the request of Chief of Police Adams she solicited an interview and a reading from the said Lucy A. Sampson for which reading she paid Mrs. Sampson one dollar. Upon cross-examination Mrs. Nalley testified that she went to the Barnes Block on Sunday Evening where the spiritualists were holding their religious meeting where she saw many intelligent and refined people and listened to a lecture or sermon on the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. She further testified that after the said meeting she sought an interview with Mrs. Sampson and asked her to give her a Spiritual reading, which reading she stated was the practice of her religion, and that she did then and there make a date with Mrs. Sampson for a reading, which is alleged in the Complaint was given on or about the 13th day of July, 1906. And much that was told her in the said reading she testified was true relative to her past life. Mrs. Nalley further testified on cross-examination that she had not up to that time received any money, but that she expected a remuneration for her service in obtaining evidence for the purpose of convicting Mrs. Sampson for the violation of the City's Ordinance.

There was no testimony or evidence before the court to show that Mrs.



Judge A. P. Toombs.

Sampson practiced Clairvoyancy *as a business*. There was no word of evidence given by this single witness for the City to show that Mrs. Sampson was a professional Medium and practiced her profession for money. There was no evidence to show that she had a place of business, a sign, or advertised for business, or ever gave a reading before or since this one in question.

This court does not make its findings on presumptions, but rather on the evidence of truth and the law.

THEREFORE, from the testimony given in this case the Court finds: First, that the evidence in this case is not sufficient to prove the allegation made in the Complaint; SECOND, if the Ordinance was violated the City was a party to the violation of its own Ordinance. It was as much responsible for the practice of Clairvoyance as this defendant and it should not be permitted to replenish its treasury from penalties incurred at its own instigation. For authority see FORD vs CISEY OF DENVER, 10th Colorado appeals Reports, Page 500, which reads in part as follows: "When a city itself is instrumental in procuring the violation of its own Ordinance by the sale of liquor in order to lay the foundation for a suit in which a judicial opinion as to what would constitute a violation of the ordinance might be procured, it is in no position to say its ordinance has been violated. It cannot be heard to complain of an act, the doing of which it solicited." When the Chief of Police induced this witness (himself or by another) to go to the place of worship of these people for the purpose of meeting this defendant to get her to agree to do an act which he believed to be a violation of

the Ordinance, his zeal for the punishment of the violation of the law got the better of his judgement and his act is at least reprehensible. For authority see CONNOR et al, Plaintiffs in Error vs THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF COLORADO, Defendants in Error, 18th Colorado Reports, Page 373, which reads in part as follows: "when in their zeal or under a mistaken sense of duty, detectives suggest the commission of a crime and instigate others to take part in its commission in order to arrest them while in the act, although the purpose may be to capture old offenders, their conduct is not only reprehensible, but criminal and ought to be rebuked rather than encouraged by the courts." Also in the same on Page 379, "Some courts have gone a great way in giving encouragement to detectives in some very questionable methods adopted by them to discover the guilt of criminals; but they have not yet gone so far, and I trust never will, as to lend aid or encouragement to officers who may under a mistaken sense of duty, encourage and assist parties to commit crime in order that they may arrest and have them punished for so doing."

THIRD: This Court is of the opinion that an ordinance passed by a city council or a law enacted by any legislative body requiring a license to be paid by one who practices Clairvoyancy for the purpose of unfolding their own spiritual natures or for the purpose of teaching the higher spiritual truth to mankind, would be and is unconstitutional. There is much superstition still lurking in the religions and laws of our land and there is nothing which will dispel it but the truth; and the truth is taught by many who have the gift of Clairvoyancy. The

greatest men and women the world has ever seen — Elijah, Jesus, Paul Gautama, Mohammed, Dante, Balzar, Swedenborg, and a host of others who might be cited—were clairvoyants.

They have taught mankind what they have heard and seen. There is a tendency among many to ignore all mystical phenomena as abnormal, unnatural and unhealthful; but when we view the subject rightly we find that such manifestations are indispensable to the progress of the human race.

A manifestation from hidden sources always arouses the interest of the thinker of the progressive mind. The results will be the discovery of some new law, the use of which will take the race forward another step and give us a better religion, better laws and a higher civilization. The greatest religious liberty shall be allowed in this the dawn of the twentieth century. It is true that some use their religion to cover up a multitude of sins, that some are sincere and that some are hypocrites. Those who are sincere should not be discouraged whatever their belief. They should have a right to live according to it and to practice it. We can only advance by knowing the truth. We cannot allow religious freedom for one sect and not for another. I wish it distinctly understood that I am not a spiritualist and that this decision is not influenced by any personal motive.

In view of these facts the court finds the Defendant not guilty and she is hereby discharged and the City is given five (5) days in which to perfect an appeal.

A. P. TOOMBS, Police Magistrate.

It will be noticed that the Judge passes upon the important legal points of the government encouraging viola-

tion of law, and also of the constitutional right to, by ordinance or otherwise, abridge the exercise of religious faiths or callings. The decision takes the broad ground, which is unassailable from a scientific standpoint, that clairvoyancy is a spiritual gift and it therefore follows that when it is used for the unfoldment of and teaching of higher spiritual truths it becomes and is religion *per se*, and is therefore not to be legally interfered with.

The Judge believes thus, instead of passing the case up to a higher court throwing the burden of proof upon the defendant, places the burden of proof if appeal is taken upon the city which up to this time is adjudged in the wrong.

The spiritualists of Colorado will welcome an opportunity to prove to the world in open court that the exercise of clairvoyance clairaudience and psychometry are spiritual gifts bequeathed to mankind by the All Father for the help, guidance and uplifting of the human race.

They will be glad to prove that the exercise of these gifts is in no wise connected with palmistry, card reading, fortune telling, hypnotism, mesmerism, telepathy, or mind reading.

We have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with Judge Toombs we know not and care not what his religious belief may be, but we honor his firmness and fairness, the broad, liberal progressive spirit displayed and assure him that he will be the recipient of kindly thoughts from the great army of thinking men and women who have grown to believe that

“There are greater things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy.”

The Summer Night

With what a soft and dreamy cadence steals on the summer night. The day fades softly in the twilight's embrace and from afar is heard the good night of some belated bird whose tuneful throat can scarce restrain the melody that wells up from his thankful soul—a song of thanksgiving for the blessings of the day and for the witcherie and charm of summer nights. In the shadowy dusk of the evening one pale golden star flashes into view like a sentinel guarding the virgin purity of the twilight. One by one more stars come forth and light up the great vault of the sky and the moon glides across the starry realm, fair Queen of the summer Night. Now behold the weird and mystic dance of the fireflies—they march and countermarch, circling back and forth in strange and rhythmic measure until the woods are all aglow with light and color. Forth from the flower cups where they have lain during the heat of the day come myriad hosts of bright winged insects the soft whirr of their gauzy wings adding a charm to the fragrant night air. Golden banners stream from the starry vault of the sky until every crypt and corridor of Nature's Grand Cathedral is aglow with light and color. The harp strains of the trees vibrate, neath the light caress of the vagrant breeze—there is an incense in the pathless wood that is indescribably sweet. The tiny creatures of the forest begin to pipe up their reed instruments—and the hoarse jug—a room of a frog orchestra in a neighboring swamp sounds weird and mysterious. The plash of a waterfall adds another note of melody to the music of nature. Upon the calm bo-

som of the lake the water lily broods like a dove of peace waiting her fragrant breath upon the night until it falls like a benediction upon Nature's children—the little children of the wood who live their simple lives in sweet content confident that the All Wise power which hath created and ordained them knoweth full well that they will not fail in the mission he hath given them to perform. Even the worm who has slept all day in the heart of a rose crawls forth to stretch his tiny limbs and drink in a share of the beauty and fragrance of the night proving thereby that the ugliest and most unprepossessing of Nature's children are worshipers at the shrine of The Beautiful.

• • •

Solitude.

The mind with an eye for the beautiful is charmed with solitude. There soul speaks with soul and harmony and peace prevail.

Solitude touches the very depths of a sensitive soul and helps the understanding to grasp the true meaning of life.

The most sublime thoughts, the grandest conceptions in art, poesy, music and inventive genius have been developed, nurtured, and unfolded in the depths of solitude. Enjoyment in solitude is an indication of an awakened soul. There were times in the life of the Nazarene when his soul demanded solitude. He could pray better and God seemed nearer to him when he was shut in with the creative force of Nature far from the discord and busy tumult of human life. There is a grace in solitude that has given to our most gifted writers and musi-

cans their grandest and most sublime inspirations.

In the solitude of reflection one grows nearer to God and learns to better assimilate truth than in the crowded throughfare of city life. The simplest things possess a charm when we have been much alone with them. Some of the deepest and dearest of our realizations seem almost too sacred and wonderful for the touch of words. Such treasures are laid away in the solitude of the soul and brought forth only when there are no eyes but own to look upon them. There are no sorrows so intense, no joys so exquisite as those experienced in solitude. Reflection in solitude makes life a prayer and its vibrations are like incense ascending heavenward. In solitude God's truths stand revealed and the soul that is not touched by them must be unresponsive indeed. In the solitude of Nature God speaks: "Behold, Here am I." We look and see him reflected in the delicate beauty of the wayside flowers and the majestic curve and sweep of mountain and river. There is a peace which broods over the eternal hills and move with the winding river that we may look in vain for in the crowded mart of the city.

The solitude of the sea where sky and water meet in one unbroken line is peculiar, and the soul must be keenly attuned to the Infinite who would be charmed by such isolation, and yet it is amid such solitude that a man's true nature asserts itself. He stands revealed, an epitome of weakness or a giant in strength. If he be weak he cringes before the awful majesty of the mighty sea, and he cries out in his soul for a sight of land.

He hath eyes to see yet he sees not; and ears to hear, but he hears only

that which holds no interest for him or else strikes him dumb with terror. If he is a strong soul there is a grandeur a sublimity in the boundless sea that thrills him with delight. The dancing waves with their foam-flecked billows are revelations. There is a tonic in the sea breeze that awakens the dormant energy of his being and he glories in his strength. To such a soul there is more than just a broad expanse of sea and sky. Every billow on the surface of the water is a sermon in itself, and a thousand and one fancies reveal themselves in the blue depths of the ocean's bed. Who has not felt the awe-inspiring silence of the forest where the solitude is exquisite and intense that one can almost feel the beating of his own heart? Here he has the silent but intelligent company of leaf and blade, he inhales the odor of dainty blossoms, and lists to the soft cadence of gently waving branches as they bend in graceful conformity to the winds of heaven. Ah, here also is found "The peace which passeth understanding." because born of the solitude which emanates from God.

Let him who would learn the true secrets of the Almighty come often to this quiet school and there learn the lesson that the silence holds for him.

• • •

So live that you may ever realize the Unseen. When you can do this your life will become one sublime symphony attuned to the music of heaven.

• • •

The New Thought is a higher expression of the old, just as flowers and fruit are higher expressions of the seed than mere leaves and branches.

Be at all times concious of the soul, this knowledge will cause you to walk among the children of men as though you felt the everlasting arms of God strengthening, sustaining, and uplifting.

• • •

The mirror of truth reflects back to the individual those pictures which he has created in the silent sanctuary of his own soul.

• • •

The Arison Gazette the leading paper of that growing territory that should have been a state years ago, is urging the people to accept state hood with New Mexico.

• • •

We should aspire to become the

pupils of those above us and the teachers of those below us in the scale of being.

• • •

Aspire to rise and thou shalt move among the stars—for him who wills to fly—earth holds no prison bars.

• • •

Now Bryan himself is squarely in the running, and Roosevelt and Taft are out let the people take courage.

• • •

The Socialists of Colorado have nominated Wm. D. Haywood now imprisoned in Idaho for governor.

• • •

He who would be a teacher must first become master of his own condition.



Wisdom and Folly.

Forth into the world of sunshine and laughter
 Pondering I wonder'd searching for life's aims.
 Love and Truth flitted by, Friendship quickly after,
 Sorrowful I cried "is ev'rything in vain?"

Gay Pleasure hov'ring near, eagerly I call'd—
 Laugh'd the merry sprite "I am not for thee.
 Thou wert born for sadness—on thee I would pall
 Should I linger. Oh, come thou not to me.

But clasp my dark sister. Sorrow, to thy heart
 She shall teach thee Wisdom—fairest gift to man.
 And content shall be thine, 'tis best we should part
 Ere thou knowest the truth, I naught but Folly am."

—By *Ida Gregory, San Antonio, Texas.*

The Ghost of the Red Man.

*Awaking from his sleep, the Warrior raised
His head upon one arm, the while he gazed,
For though his spirit stared and gently wept,
This Chieftan had died there as he slept.*

*No wigwam, aye, no braves, nor squaws were there,
The trees had changed, the very rocks were bare.
His bows, his arrows too had disappeared,
E'en nature in her best loy brown and scared.*

*Hhus as he lay and as the day rolled by,
He turned and watched the stars up in the sky.
No need to tell him now that time had changed,
For by thes bodies were his fights arranged.*

*Behold him now! A giant once was he,
A monarch as you and I ne'er see,
He strains his eye—he once could see a mile,
It is some spell that holds him thus meanwhile.*

*'Tis useless; he, who ne'er had known or seen defeat,
Must bow at last—the Spirit said 'twas meet.
So down again into his tomb he sped,
And since then—he has reigned among his dead.*

—By Gilbert Patten Brown.

Gathered From Everywhere...

[This department invites contributions of anecdotes, strange happenings, etc. For every one printed, we will give six months subscription to this magazine. Original articles preferred, but send in what you think worth reproducing, giving credit when possible.]

Much Ado About Nothing.

The committee in charge has barred Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" from the public library in Topeka because "its general repulsiveness makes it unfit to be read." It is further announced that hereafter all "muckrake" books and periodicals will be put under the ban and refused a place on the library shelves. And this in Kansas, the former home of disgruntled, dissatisfied and faultfinding Populism.

It is not likely that Sinclair's royalties will be noticeably decreased because of this action by the Topeka library committee; probably just as many people will read the book as would have read it under encouragement of the Kansas critics—and possibly the world will be none the worse on that account.

Anyway, there is a whole lot of buncombe and rot about this "muckrake" business. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a good deal of a muckraker in its day, and so has been every other novel and essay and speech which has had a purpose and a problem built on the frailties or actual sins of humanity. It would scarcely be possible to conceive of anything more brutal than this same book which as much as any one influence resulted in the emancipation of the negro. It is full of inhumanities and cruelties and bloodshed and murder. But no one has ever questioned the good results brought about by this depiction of the worst and most repulsive side of the slavery situation. Nor has anyone ever criticised the gentle little old lady who wrote it.

There is as much difference in "muckraking" books as in any other sort, and the

critic who condemns them all indiscriminately makes a worse mistake than the man who reads the mall and pronounces them good. Because "Raffles" was a school of burglary and crime and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" taught innocent young girls details of moral shortcomings there is not on that account good reason for throwing out every book the theme of which is the wrongdoing of a certain class socially or in business.

It is true that "The Jungle" is not what may properly be called elevating or inspiring; it does not arouse sweet thoughts or noble inspirations or teach any particular creed or doctrine, except by intimation. But it does set forth in plain words and terms and in direct and forceful language conditions in the packing houses and the lives of those employed therein—exaggerated, perhaps, to a certain extent, though not so much colored, after all, if the special report made to the president contained the exact truth.

"The Jungle" was the prime instigator of the investigation which was made into the conduct of affairs in the packing industry and its so-called repulsiveness resulted in the passage of the bill placing packing houses under government supervision and also the pure food measure which had been dragging before congress for the past twenty years. It has served its purpose and served it well; it is not a book that will appeal to the public, except to gratify a fad, and the Topeka committee only shied at a mole-hill when they decided to exclude it from the public library.—Cripple Creek Times.

More Prosperity.

The American Window Glass Company has begun the exploitation of an invention for which \$10,000,000 has been offered, and which is expected to decrease the cost of the production of glass by doing away with blowers, gatherers and snappers, all of who were high-priced men. Twelve machines designed by John Lubbers have been installed in the old De Pauw plant at Alexandria, Ind., which has been newly equipped throughout for the production of glass.

For nearly a year three of the machines have been secretly operated here, and all imperfections and drawbacks encountered at first have been overcome, it is said. Should the operation of the machines be as successful at De Pauw as they have been here the window glass company will immediately equip its factories throughout the country with them, and a vast number of skilled workmen will be without occupations.—Scientific American.

o o o

How do You Like it.

Laws are written so they can be interpreted any old way, according to the amount of money playing in the game. Who knows the law? Not the lawyers, for the ones on each side say the law favors their clients; not the justice of the peace, for the court above reverses his decisions; not the court above, for the judge above reverses the decision of the lower judge, whose decision in turn is reversed by the judges above, and so on. Say, it's the finest three-card, thimble-rigged affair ever invented. It works against the poor and their defenders, though, and that is what it is gauged to do. But who knows the law?—Appeal to reason.

o o o

Smith Could Sing.

Smith was a poor man, who worked for Myers, a rich man, and he also rented and occupied one of Myers' houses. One day

Myers asked Smith why he did not buy himself a house. Smith said he was not able. Myers said, "You can buy the one you now occupy for \$2,500. I will give you \$3.50 per day; you can support your family on \$1 and I will credit you \$2.50 on the house; that will enable you to pay for it in one thousand days."

Smith agreed and went to work. After a long time Myers told Smith that times were getting hard, and he would have to drop his wages a little, but that he would still give \$1 for his family, daily, and credit him with \$2 on the house. He had now paid \$500. There was \$2,000 left to pay, which, at \$2 per day, Smith could pay in one thousand days. Still Smith kept at work. After a while Myers again cut his wages to \$2.50 per day. Smith had paid another \$500, and there was only \$1,500 left to pay, which, after Smith had received \$1 for his family and got credit for \$1.50 on his house, would enable him to pay it all in one thousand days. That killed Smith.

His wife, having a little curiosity, went to a spirit medium to find out what had become of her husband. The medium rang up the long distance telephone and asked: "Is this heaven?" "Yes," was the answer. "Is Smith there?" "Yes," came the answer. "What's he doing?" "He's singing." Here Mrs. Smith declared it was not her Smith, for her Smith could not sing. But the angel said that people who could not sing a note on earth could sing beautifully in heaven. Still she was not satisfied, and asked: "What is he singing?" and the answer came: "He is singing:

Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to work for Meyers
Than when we first begun.—Exchange.

o o o

Not Enough Cats.

A Colorado Springs admirer of Secretary Taft during a heated argument with a Democrat who was disposed to criticise the big Secretary for his assaults upon Engineer Wallace said: "If Wallace thinks that Taft

would not, as a private citizen, make the same charges to his, Wallace's, face he is very badly mistaken in his man. He don't know the meaning of the word fear. He will fight his weight in wild cats—" At this point a freckled newsboy chirped in: "Aw, what're givin' us? Come off and stop your bluffin'. They aint that many wild cats, and you know it."—El Paso County Democrat.

O O O

Take a Shot at Him.

I hope that I never will see nor hear of another slanderer. Everybody knows that the slanderer possesses an extraordinary fertility of invention, which is so perverted that he is always interfering and meddling in other people's business. His tongue is loose, and he dearly loves to roll the shortcomings of others as a sweet morsel for his delectations.

What is the matter with the man who habitually slanders other people, who can see no good motive in anything they may do, and who is always attributing evil of some sort to all who come within his knowledge?

Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds an easy entrance to ignoble minds.

Is there any man who works more mischief in the world than the man who is always impugning motives, who insinuates, who is always trying to run the other man's business to the neglect of his own? The man who robs you of your good name, is he not really more of a robber than one who takes your diamonds and money?

The man who deliberately, and with malice aforethought, sets himself to make discoveries in regard to your business so that he may speak evil of you under the plea of philanthropic interest in the welfare of others, must be abnormally developed. But the Hebrew tractates of Talmud says, "That an honest man is none the worse because the dogs bark at him."

Say, let me give you a description of something that I have met once or twice in my life. It is what we call an "insinuator." Everybody has met him, although every-

body does not know him. He is the meanest of all created beings. He is neither man nor beast. Look out for him. Know him for what he is, and so remove his fangs before the venom begins its subtle work.

Filled with malice and all uncharitableness, he is neither man nor beast enough to make his attacks boldly, so they can be met. He is of so low a grade of creation that any gentleman would lose his respect to resent his accusations. He resorts to insinuations, innuendoes, double meanings.

The frowns, the sneering mouth, the shrugs of the shoulders, the slurrish remarks, the praise that damns, these are the cowardly instruments with which the insinuator does his deadly work.

The character of no one is above reproach in his eyes. Yes, the reputation of many a woman and many a minister of the gospel has been fully assailed in this way. There never is anything tangible against which the victim can take up arms. He can only possess his soul in patience, and await the certain vindication of time. Malice and spite invariably act as boomerangs sooner or later.

A man can not wish his enemy a worse fate than cowardice is bound to entail. But it is not well for us to bear in mind when we hear him hinting at the depravity of his neighbor, or his business competitor, that he is trying to injure a successful rival, instigated by envy and jealousy. It shows that he is in a tight box and is trying to stab some one in the back.

He ought to be branded dangerous for there is no estimating the damage that he does.—Exchange.

O O O

How Muddy are You?

One handful of dust and six buckets of water form the making of a man, according to a lecture delivered by Dr. Vivian Lewes in the London Institute before an audience of children. The lecture was entitled "Our Atmosphere and Its Wonders."

"The human body," said Professor Lewes, "contains over 80 per cent of water. All the bones, muscles, jellies, and



W. M. Swift

The Attorney who Successfully Defended the Medium, Mrs. Sampson.

Department of Occult Phenomena.

[We offer no apology for placing before the world truthful statements of the operations of the great laws of Thought Transference, Telepathy and Spirit return, the truth of which is generally recognized. We invite contributions. Give us the truth, the whole truth and no more.]

A Case of Spirit Return.

About twelve years ago one of Denver's best known clairvoyants went to a small town in eastern Colorado to spend a week, holding services and giving private sittings. She knew only one person in the town, the writer, and he had resided there but a short time, and knew very little of the other citizens, hence he could not, had he desired, given her any information she could have used in her meetings. The first night after her arrival she gave a "dark circle" seance. About a dozen persons were in attendance. The room, by putting black cloth over doors and windows, was rendered totally dark, absolutely no light being visible. The audience formed the usual circle around the room, with the medium in the center. Right behind her sat a Scotchman whose name began with Mc. As he perhaps would not care to have his identity disclosed, we will designate him as Mc only. After a number of tests had been given the medium said: "The gentleman sitting right behind me has a friend here, a lady. She was very near and dear to him. She seems like a sister and yet I hardly think she was quite a sister. She was short, dark and heavy set, died at the age of sixteen, and her name was Martha. To positively identify herself she brings with her a long ladies gold neck chain, which she holds out in her hands." "Madam," said Mc, "you are wrong, completely. I have never had either friend or relative your description would fit." "No, sir, I am right," said the medium. "But I ought to know more about my friends and relatives than you do," said Mc. "You ought to," replied the medium, "but

you don't." This raised Mc's Scotch, and he would have been mad in a minute if the medium had not commenced to give a test to some one else.

In the meantime one of Mc's children had gone to his office and finding him out had guessed where he was. The next morning at breakfast the child asked him what had happened at the "ghost show," as he called it, the night before. Mc assured the family that the medium was a fake, that he had got nothing. She had tried to make him believe that a former lady friend or relative was at the circle, a short, dark, heavy-set girl named Martha, who brought a long gold ladies' neck chain with her to identify her. But the medium was completely mistaken. He had no relative or friend the description would fit. He noticed that his wife and her mother, who lived with them, exchanged glances full of meaning, but neither said a word. After breakfast he went to his office. In a few minutes his wife entered and said: "What more did that lady say about that short, dark, heavy-set girl named Martha?"

"Nothing," said Mc, "but don't worry, it was not so." "Don't you remember my sister Martha?" asked his wife. "Wasn't she short, dark and heavy-set and sixteen when she died?"

Mc had forgotten her completely. When he was married she was a very little girl, but she lived with him and his wife for a year or two. Then they came west and she stayed in the east with her mother, dying some ten years afterward. "Well, the medium was wrong about the chain, anyway. Martha never had that," said Mc. "Mother says she had," said his wife, "and

liquids of every possible consistency entering into its constitution are made of combination of water with such substances as lime, iron, sulphur, phosphorus, and numberless others. The amount of water in the body of an average man of, say, 5 feet 8 inches, is about six bucketfuls."

Were this water extracted, continued Professor Lewes, the remaining substances, if perfectly dry, would be only a handful of dust. Sometimes bodies have been discovered which have lain thousands of years in perfectly dry chambers in hewn rock which have been hermetically sealed. In such cases the bodies retain perfect form and proportion until disturbed, when they collapse into small heaps of dry dust.

Man, as an animated mud pie with legs, cannot breathe perfectly pure air, continued Professor Lewis. Such substance as carbon dioxide and water vapor are necessary to life as supplying certain essential ingredients of the dust.

o o o

To Be or Not to Be.

In considering the political side of the proposed joint state of Arizona in its bearings on matters of taxation in the new commonwealth not a single argument is found in favor of the jointure idea from the standpoint of an Arizonan. Contrariwise the entire proposition is fraught with danger to Arizona and to the tax payers on this side of the present dividing line.

The statement made by joint statehood advocates to the effect that Arizona would only be assessed her just proportion of the debts of the two territories is easily disproved when it is remembered that New Mexico with a population of 300,000 could out vote Arizona two to one with her population of 150,000. However, the main point is to be found in the fact that Arizona two to one with her population has assessment rolls for a total of \$60,000,000, while New Mexico with twice that number is only assessed at \$40,000,000.

It will readily be seen from this that the proportion of not only the debt of the territory of Arizona but that of New Mexico

also, which the Arizona tax payers will be compelled to shoulder in case jointure prevails will be as three to New Mexico's one.

Arizona will never vote to saddle any such burden upon the people of this territory and the voters should give such a decisive answer to the proposition at the election in November as to forever do away with the danger of joint statehood.—Arizona Gazette.

o o o

Socialism in Japan.

Washington, July 19.—According to advices received by the bureau of manufactures, the Japanese government has undertaken one of the greatest experiments in the world's history which indicates a clear purpose to protect, supervise, develop and nationalize all Japanese industries. It is stated that the provision for the nationalization of the railways was but a single step in the great plan of industrial nationalization toward which the country fast is approaching. The question of Manchurian development has received careful attention, and it now is proposed that a company should be formed by the government and private capitalists jointly for working and developing the railways, mines and forests in Manchuria. If successful along the lines Japan is now working, it is stated that the individuals and corporations of America that are striving for the trade of the orient will discover that they are not competing for this trade against individuals and corporations of Japan, but that they are in commercial conflict with the Japanese nation itself.

A great guild of cotton manufacturing companies of Japan has been formed to capture the Manchurian trade. In connection with the enterprise, the government has decided to make the loan through the Yokohama Specie bank, without limitations as to the amount, not only on cotton textiles, but on matches, cement, beer, marine products, lumber and other goods to be exported to Manchuria at the rate of four and one-half per cent per annum. In case a single company has effected a large

yearly export, the government will refund one-half per cent. of this interest. As regards freightage, the government will carry out negotiations with the Chinese Eastern railway and subsidized Japanese steamship lines.

The government will pursue a similar policy with regard to Korea, where the Daiichi Ginko (First bank) is to act as the Specie bank acts in Manchuria. The bureau of manufactures has received reports from Ambassador Wright, of Tokio, and from other sources confirming this new movement in Japan.

o o o

Play for One is Work for Another

I spend much time in my easy chair in my library studying. While my wife has spent a good deal of time the past two years amusing herself by building a house all with her own hands, even to a fire-place and outside chimney.

Our four year granddaughter, Pauline, was visiting us recetly. She had never before seen a woman doing such work as her grandma was engaged in. After watching her with great interest for some time she said with a good deal of concern in her tone: "Grandma, why don't you have grandpa help you do this work?"

GRANDMA: "Oh I like to do this work; and I can't do the work that grandpa does."

PAULINE: "Can't you sit in a big chair and read?"

D. EDSON SMITH.

o o o

Appropriate.

The Widow—"I want to order a tombstone for my late husband."

The Dealer—"What kind of a stone would you like, madam?"

The Widow—"Really, I don't know what kind would be the most suitable."

The Dealer—"Excuse me, but what did your husband die of?"

The Widow—"Indigestion."

The Dealer—"Then what you want is a dyspepsia tablet, madam."

o o o

Editors Meet

The midsummer meeting of the Colorado Editorial Association, recently held at Castle Rock was the marking of an epoch in the history of the craft.

We had the pleasure of participating therein and feel warranted in saying the Colorado quill pushers are the peer of any of their brethren in any state in the union.

The business sessions were marked by a deliberation and intelligent discussion of five questions that branded the editors as leading thinkers and speakers as well as writers.

The papers on Primary Election Law; Foreign Advertising; Legal Publications and Needed Legislative Reforms were every one able, entertaining and instructive.

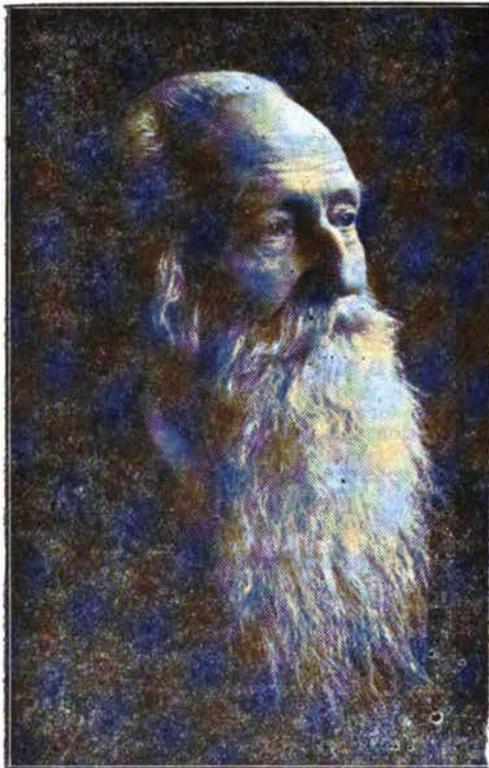
The people of Castle Rock resolved themselves, men, women and children, into one huge entertainment committee and the farmers of the county had an exhibition of fruits, cereals and grasses that would be an honor to any county agricultural or horticultural exhibit.

From what we saw and heard the knocker does not exist in Castle Rock. Monday night a most sumptuous banquet was served at the home of Dr. Palmer. The home orchestra, one of the best in the state, discoursed sweet music, and Hon. Guy Hardy, as master of ceremonies, presided with dignity and grace. The toasts and responses were by leading citizens of the city and the editors, and were bright and entertaining.

Tuesday the entire Association were driven to Perry Park, one of the most beautiful spots in the Rocky Mountain region, where Hon. John W. Springer acted as host in a most accomplished manner.

The Clifton Inn, at Perry Park, provided a bountiful luncheon and on the return trip the ladies of Larkspur served ice cream and cake to the delighted guests.

Taken all in all, the session was an eventful and profitable one and the hospitality of the citizens of Castle Rock will ever be remembered by all those present.



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it was around her neck when she was buried and is in her coffin now."

Mc said a breath would have knocked him out, he was so dumbfounded at the complete verification of all the medium had said.

Can some wise one who does not believe in spirit return explain this occurrence? Thompson J. Hudson would say, if he was yet in earth-life, that the subconscious mind of the old mother had hunted up that of the medium, of whom, at most, she had barely heard, and told her all about it, and she merely brought it above the threshold of consciousness. But can anyone imagine anything more absurd than this explanation. To the writer the only possible explanation is that Martha was there and told the medium what she told Mc

JOHN WIRT.



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How do You Explain?

A little while ago I received from a friend in India a package of a peculiar compound in the form of a powder, which, I was assured, possessed the extraordinary virtue of putting a person who used it according to the conditions named, into direct communication with the "disembodied!" Highly skeptical, yet very curious, I put the matter to a practical test—duly observing the rules laid down and this is what happened:

I was sitting in a room, late in the evening, alone, and with just a glimmer of light. Within a few minutes, certainly not more than five, the walls of the room seemed to recede or vanish (I say "seemed," because in reality I know they did nothing of the sort), and a beautiful panoramic view presented itself, a sort of exquisite flower garden carried out on a huge scale, and with well laid-out pathways stretching away as far as the eye could reach. These paths glittered and sparkled under some sort of beautiful soft light.

No buildings or habitations were anywhere visible, but of people there were crowds; thousands, I should think. These people were of both sexes, were clothed in ordinary attire, and moved in groups along and around the paths referred to. All appeared to be more or less engaged in earnest, animated conversation. Some of the groups, as they wound their way around the pathways came face-to-face with me, and, among them, I instantly recognized relatives and friends, long since passed away, recognized them as I knew them in life. Looking closely at them, three things struck me as being peculiar:—

1. Although I appeared to be very close to those in the forefront of the scene, and could plainly see their lips move in the act of speech, no sounds came.

2. Despite their apparently substantial appearance, I could, as they moved to and fro in the light rays, see clear through them.

3. These people, relatives and strangers alike, did not appear to be conscious of my presence as a spectator.

I have since repeated the experiment, with equally mysterious results. Furthermore, whenever I have made one of these tests, and have retired to rest, I have either found myself anticipating the contents or purport of letters in transit, or paying mysterious visits to the homes of acquaintances and also of strangers and have afterwards been able to inform them of what transpired at the time of the illicit visits.

Now, sir, I am not given to imagining things; on the other hand I am extremely skeptical where anything connected with the supernatural is concerned. I am not a Spiritualist, nor am I aware that I possess any "power," other than is ordinarily common to mortals; nor have I, prior to experimenting with the aforesaid compound, seen, heard, or witnessed any such phenomena as those herein described.

The point is, "Have I seen the disembodied?" If not, then what is the explanation.

O O O

Did he See his Home?

A few years ago a nephew of mine died in Kentucky. His father, a very wealthy farmer, was brought up in the Catholic belief, but was rather a materialist in religious thought. His children being country residents never entered a church and the word "religion" was not used in their home.

Willie, the youngest of the boys, was stricken with spinal meningitis and, after a lingering illness, succumbed. When nearing the border land, he folded his hands and gazing toward the ceiling, said to his mother, "I want to go home." His mother replied, "Willie, dear, you are at home." "But, Mother," said he, "I want to go to my home yonder; and, say Mother," he continued, "who is that beautiful lady standing by the foot of the bed? She wants me to go with her, but I never saw her before."

In a few minutes, as he was nearing the final end he said to his grandmother, "Please read that prayer I liked so well," and while trying to repeat the words of the German prayer, his soul was released from the earthly tenement. I give this as a true incident of my own knowledge. The boy had never heard of Heaven or of a home beyond, his mind had not been filled with statements concerning spirit return. Then did his spiritual vision behold the lady waiting for him? Did he in those moments sense the feeling that he had a home and that he was going to it?

MRS. O. CROFTS.

Pueblo, Colo.

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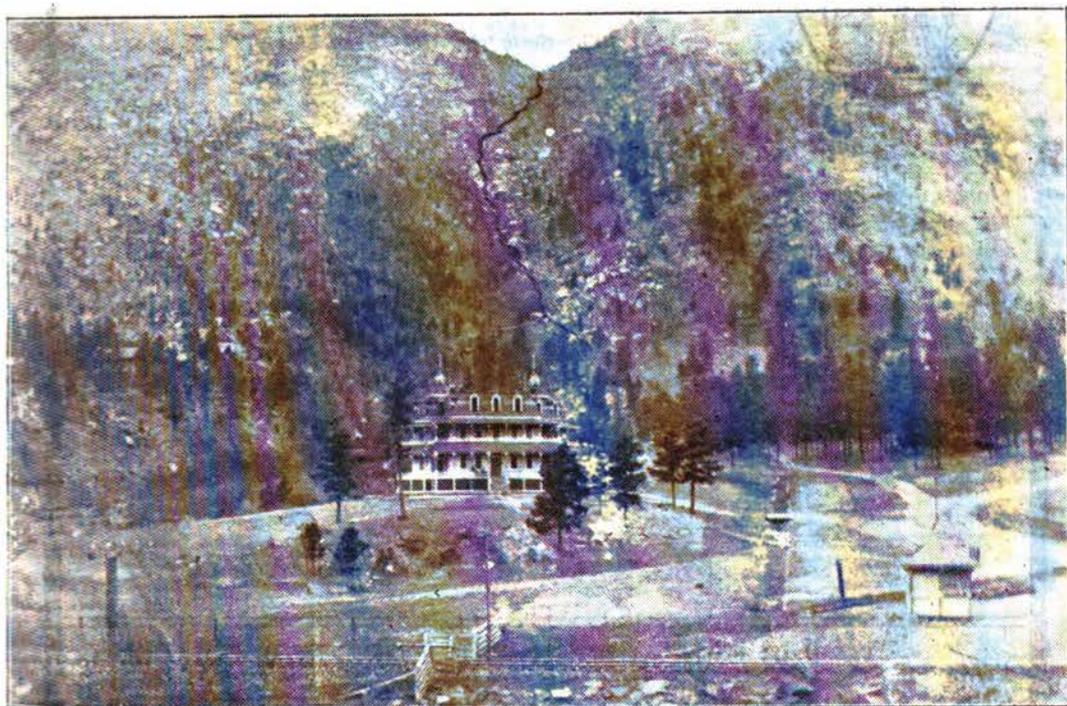
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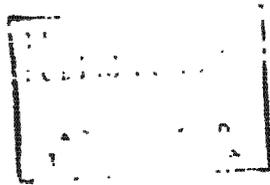
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THE NEW SOCIALISM.

By (Spirit) Myron W. Reed.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following article was written automatically, through the hand of Miss E. M. Weatherhead, 1853 Welton St., Denver Colorado, and purports to be the thoughts of Myron W. Reed, now a denizen of the ether world. We give it as it is given us, believing that the thoughts therein expressed are worthy a place in the literature of the day, whatever may be their source.

Freedom, in its broadest sense, is the philosophy of the Socialist. His creed admits of no barrier that would deprive him of his freedom. As well ask him to cease breathing as to attempt to quench that inborn spirit which demands Justice, Freedom and Equality for all men.

We do not confound our present day Socialism with Anarchy, which might demand the shedding of blood as a payment for injustice done. Men are waking up to the realization that true Socialism is not the tenet of an unprogressive, ignorant nation—but rather of our most enlightened leaders whose banner is the freedom-flag of our own Red, White and Blue. Our American Socialism is the highest type of freedom that any nation has yet attained; but it is not for a few scattered individuals that we demand true Socialism—we demand it for the masses. To me there is no finer expression of true Socialism in its higher sense than Nature in full bloom—the wind, the rain, the sun and the air all conspire and work together to attain the highest expression of nature—and behold, we have

the waving grass, the graceful leaf, the beautiful flower, the refreshing fruit.

It is only upon rare occasions that the elements withhold their forces in the work of development and unfoldment and when this does occur and famine stalks across the broad land we are reminded forcibly of the selfishness and injustice of humanity. I call it rank anarchy to pamper and coddle a pet dog, and deck it out as a heathen does his idol, while little children are going hungry to bed and weary women are toiling far into the night to furnish Capital for the owners of the sweat shop.

Jesus was the highest type of socialist that history has any record of, He made himself one with the people, he taught them higher truths; and no man or woman could fall so low as to merit his scorn: but his pity, which was as tender as that of a woman, could touch the very heartstrings of a sinful soul and cause it to quiver with emotion. I like that kind of socialism which seeks to win with gentleness and persuasion but will fight to the bitter end rather than be conquered by the enemy. I

like the following poem because it expresses to me the code of the socialist:

I am for Men.

I am for men,
 For freedom, justice, and for right,
 The whole broad universe is mine
 And I must strive to shed forth light.
 The weak, downtrodden and oppressed
 Mine be the mighty pow'r to raise
 Regardless whether blame it bring,
 Indifference, scorn or praise.
 My brother is a spark from God,
 Just the same as you or I;
 A part of that stupendous whole
 Whose potent force can never die.

I am for men
 Not one alone, but each and all,
 The echo circles 'round the earth—
 May all men hear its ringing call!

I am for men
 To help, inspire, uplift and teach
 Of that strange force within the soul
 More potent, powerful than speech.

I am for men
 'Tis ignorance, alone, breeds crime.
 The symbol of equality
 We must demand for the new time.

I am for men
 The rich and poor alike.
 Hurl missiles in injustice's name
 Regardless of where they strike.

I am for men
 Though they wrong the cause of the right;
 Labor and Capital swing with the eternal plan,
 Just the same as the day and the night.

I am for men
 As brothers in the mighty strife
 Footsore and weary, together cling
 Along the dreary march of life.

EQUITY

By "Uncle Johney"

Equity is the giving to each man his due; impartiality; rectitude; uprightness, so says Webster.

If this is our interpretation of the word, have we given it the consideration we should have done when we allow one man, or set of men, to own the machines that produce our necessities and upon which others are dependent for sustenance? And that they should only receive a wage that makes it barely possible for them to exist while they are young and strong, and no possibility for a provision against infirmity when old or incapacitated. "Am I my brother's keeper?" Really they are our brothers, having come into the world through no volition of their own. Is not this world and its good things their inheritance if they are willing to work and produce them, the same as it is ours? Is anything short of the full product of our labor equity to them? Is it justice to them, so long as they are working for us, to allow three fourths of their products to be appropriated to some one else's use? "Even as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brothers, ye have done it unto me."

If you are a farmer, have you ever thought that just as soon as you produce more food than you eat that you are producing for somebody else, and that you are then working for them, and that those some one else are, principally, wage workers? Surely and truly they cannot buy of you more than they receive in wages. Don't you see

then that this system of private ownership of the machines is a two edged sword; that you are equally affected?

Have you ever thought of what the wage worker is doing for you? I make this statement, that without him you could hardly live. At the least, you would be greatly inconvenienced. I could not make the paper on which I am putting down these thoughts, or the lead pencil I am making the characters with, He makes the matches with which you light your fire, the stove in which it burns and digs the coal you feed it with. Just think of the things you use that you do not make! He operates the trains that carry you, your products, and the things you consume. Then is it equity when we refuse every man and woman anything short of all that they produce, and are we conserving our own best interests and those of our posterity when we continue blindly to allow them to remain in bondage?

You ask the remedy? It is co-operative ownership of these machines, that are today the principal feature of production. This will, when generally participated in, and it will now to those who do it, give a fair labor exchange. Do you want more? Then are you willing to live at the expense of others' labor without giving them anything in return? Remember the parable of the fig tree. It is applicable to you.

We shall have equity when you and I have decided to work together in the

production of life's necessities. Co-operation is the practical means now at hand. Shall we use it? Or shall we wait for history to again repeat itself and humanity be plunged again into the dark ages. I, for one, say, "let's use the first law of nature, which is self preservation," and carry the

banner of brotherly love forward instead of backward. This subject really means a new world epoch when settled. It is up for discussion now. Let's get right with ourselves. We can do this by quietly considering the subject of EQUITY.



September.

By Miss E. M. Weatherhead.

September days are here again
 With ripened fruit and yellow grain.
 The skies are just as brightly blue
 As when the gladsome June was here,
 The song the merry brooklet sings
 Is just as free, and sweet, and clear;
 There is a fuller beauty shown
 In the Golden-rod's bright plumes,
 A deeper hint of purple—
 In the Aster's fringed blooms.
 Behold glad Nature speaks —
 In ripening fruit and bending grain,
 In leaf of gold, and crimson flame.
 She seems to say Farewell, farewell
 Dear friends until I come again
 Farewell, but do not let the parting
 Bring to thee the thought of pain.
 Once more the flow'r shall bloom
 In field, on hill and o'er the plain;
 The leaf grow green neath gentle rain;
 September days, the symbol of this' life
 And of the better one to come;
 The quiet, restful calm that comes
 When life's swift race is nearly run;
 The promise of immortal life
 In realms of joy and bliss beyond,
 Where Nature finds her highest form
 With light and beauty crowned.

HEALTH EXPERIENCES.

By D. Edson Smith.

THE amount and the kind of food we eat is an important factor in good health. Also the condition of the mind and body. Anger, grief, fright, always retard or wholly suspend digestion. Food should never be eaten when the mind is perturbed by any deep emotion. Nor when the chief bodily functions are in an exhausted state. Two similar dogs were fed one morning, one of them was then shut up while the other was immediately set on a fox trail, and kept at hard work for several hours, when both dogs were killed. The food in the stomach of the idle dog was entirely digested; while that in the stomach of the vigorously active dog had not begun to digest.

In order that a hearty meal be well digested, and assimilated the brain and body should be at rest. If any one attempts to digest a hearty meal and at the same time work the brain or body vigorously their health will sooner or later suffer for it. We are a short-lived, dis-eased nation as one result of this pernicious habit.

Another bad habit is that of eating when we are not really hungry. We eat from habit, and because of the very pernicious idea, taught by many doctor, that we *must* eat to keep up our strength whether we are hungry or not. Food not only does us no good but it is actually harmful if taken only when nature is loudly calling for

it by a vigorous, unmistakable, hunger.

Having then a peaceful, restful mind and body, with sharp hunger, what shall we eat? If we were normal our tastes and appetites would be a correct guide. But thousands of years of perverted ways of living has turned us so far from the normal standard that it is not safe to trust our tastes and appetites. But while it is true that our tastes are perverted more or less, it is also true that it is unhealthful to attempt to eat anything that does not taste good. Enjoyment of food is an essential of good digestion. But not *all* that we enjoy is healthful. People *learn* to enjoy the taste of tea, coffee, tobacco, whiskey, condiments, meat, pastry, and many other unhealthful articles. Yet hardly any one can be found so perverted as (he or she) will not like a ripe apple or peach, or a handful of nuts, or raisins, or dates. And I can assure my readers from my personal experience, and that of some of my friends, that if one will persist in adopting a fruit and nut diet, together with a little properly prepared grain, not only will all cravings for abnormal foods pass away, but your gustatory pleasures will increase beyond anything you ever before experienced. I am sure the temperance movement will never succeed till the *cause* of intemperance is removed. And that cause is tea, coffee, meat, and condiments. Put a man on an

exclusive diet of fruit and nuts, with a little properly prepared grain, for a year, with other hygienic habits, and he will lose all appetite for tobacco and whiskey

Although we are a meat eating nation we forget that the majority of mankind are not meat eaters. We may not be able to determine just when man first began to eat corpses. But the investigations of Dawson, Geikie, Winchell, and others show that the "Drift Period" brought upon this earth the most sudden and overwhelming catastrophe it ever experienced; and "that those who survived the appalling catastrophe which destroyed the former luxurious growth of vegetation were compelled to subsist upon the flesh of animals, or even to descend to cannibalism." The ice age may have compelled the few inhabitants of the earth to live on flesh-foods for thousands of years, till man even acquired certain carnivorous characteristics. But as mankind increases in numbers and progresses from a savage to a civilized state the natural course of his development is certainly not in the direction of meat eating. Tilling the soil requires a higher order of brain than killing animals. As population increases the raising of cattle must give way to the extensive raising of fruits and nuts and grains. many times more people can be fed on a given acreage if it is devoted to extensive fruit, grain and nut culture, then if devoted to cattle raising.

One of the most serious objections I have to meat eating is that all meat contains more or less poisonous matter.

All fish, fowls, animals, everything having blood circulation—are constantly breathing down worn out cell

tissue. And this worn out cell tissue is being constantly carried by the blood to the various eliminating organs of the body. This broken down tissue is a poison, and if not quickly removed will fill the whole system with poison. When an animal dies its whole carcass is more or less filled with this used up, poisonous, tissue; and if we eat the carcass we cannot avoid taking this filth into our systems. Thus making our blood and eliminating organs do double duty.

Dr. Haig, of London, one of the greatest authorities on, "Uric Acid," the chief cause of rheumatism, Bright's disease and other serious disorders of the human system, says "it is of the greatest importance that a free circulation be constantly had through the tissue to introduce the albumens and remove their waste products; this circulation being only possible in the comparative absence of uric acid from the blood system."

"It therefore follows," he says, "as some sources of albumen, such as animal flesh of all kinds, contain uric acid, these must be ruled out, for the blood cannot be kept properly free from this substance while it is being introduced with every mouthful swallowed, and, if the blood is not kept fairly free from it, the circulation will not be that best suited to the productions of strength and endurance."

Dr. Haig also shows why "uric acid is the chief stimulant in beef-tea, soups, meat extracts, and other deadly decoctions of flesh." "But this stimulation comes to an abrupt end." And meat eaters have to eat oftener than grain, or nut eaters, in order to keep up their strength. And the records of the past few years seem to prove conclusively that the less animal flesh

people take, the better do they come out in trial of endurance.

Two eminent German physiologists, Burean and Schur, have demonstrated that in man the liver destroys only about one-half the uric acid circulation in the blood, whether derived from external sources as a meat diet; or generated within the body by ordinary tissue charges. This is due to the fact that in man the liver and kidneys receive equal quantities of blood. In carnivorous animals, however, as the dog and the cat, the liver is much more active, receiving a much larger blood supply in proportion to that received by the kidneys. The liver of the carnivorous animal is, in fact, able to destroy proportionately ten to fifteen times as much uric acid as the liver of man, a fact which clearly indicates that the human constitution is not physiologically adapted to a meat diet."

Because of their also containing large amounts of the uric acid alkaloid, Dr. Haid rejects from his dietary pulses, asparagus, mushrooms, tea, coffee and cocoa.

But I think it is demonstrated that the harmful xanthin of ripe beans and peas is in the hull. So that when hulled they make a food very rich in albumen.

But, you say, you have seen persons who lived to be eighty or ninety years old who ate meat and condiments, and used tobacco all their lives. True! But they most certainly might have lived much longer, and their brains and bodies been much more vigorous all their lives if they had avoided all dietetic errors. And their children will certainly have to pay a penalty for the parent's sins.

I think the length of human life

should be at least one hundred and twenty-five years. And, barring accidents, the whole life should be free from disease.

I have tried all kinds of diet, including meats, pastries, tea, coffee, and condiments, and meals five times a day. I became a confirmed dyspeptic and had chronic constipation for twenty five years. I studied all schools of medicine. I experimented with all kinds of foods. I have found the better way. I am well and happy. My mind is clearer and more vigorous than ever before. My body is strong and elastic.

Could I have had the knowledge I am offering you, forty years ago, it would have saved me a vast amount of suffering, and added many years to my earth life.

But, as a people, we have other grave dietetic errors besides those I have mentioned. I am sure much of our stomach trouble is caused by our breakfast mushes. The starch of grains is nearly, or quite, indigestible unless it has been dextrinized by being subject to a dry heat of at least 300 degrees. Dr. Kellogg, perhaps the best scientific authority we have, says, "The use of imperfectly cooked cereals is without doubt responsible for a great share of the prevailing dyspepsia among civilized people." "Cereals must be cooked dry in order to be thoroughly cooked." Besides the undextrinized starch being indigestible, we add sugar and cream to it, and the sugar causes fermentation in the stomach and intestines and a row is begun which leads to dire consequences.

And yet another evil of eating soft foods is, that we swallow such foods before they have been half mixed

enough with saliva to make them digestible under the best of conditions. We are only beginning to learn the great importance of thoroughly chewing our food. The experiments of Dr. Pawlow of St. Petersburg, and the remarkable discoveries of Horace Fletcher, of Venice, Italy; confirmed by careful experiments in this country, have proven beyond all doubt that the longer the food remains in the mouth, the better the stomach will be prepared to digest it.

Food should be chewed until its flavor has wholly extracted by the saliva. I give a hundred chews to a mouthful of granose biscuit and nut meats. And food never tasted so exquisitely sweet and good as it does these days of a simple, well chewed diet of fruit and nuts and grains and salads.

I do my hardest work, of either body or brain, early in the day before eating anything. I eat two moderate meals a day. (My wife eats but one meal a day.) Spending nearly an hour to chew each meal. Our grain food is chiefly "granose" biscuit, and "triscuit," and equal parts of wheat and sweet corn parched in the oven, then ground with a hand mill, made into thin cakes and baked. I also use *unpolished* rice, first roasting it to a light brown color in the oven, then cooking it in a steam tight cooker with plenty of dates mixed in it. Such a dish of rice eaten with walnut meats makes a well balanced, and exceedingly appetizing ration. My next meal however would be largely of fresh fruits or salad. At the present writing I am living almost wholly on fresh apricots and walnuts. Apples and prunes are standard fruits

There is very little cooking done at our house.

Perhaps the gravest dietetic sin of the average American is *over-eating*. I believe that over-eating causes more ills of the flesh than all other sins combined.

No matter if the quality of the food be perfect, if more is taken into the system than is needed an extra strain is put upon the stomach and all the eliminative organs, and it is only a question of time when something goes wrong. We over-eat because we don't half chew our food, and because we have so great a variety at each meal. The average man in Ireland who quietly eats his potatoes and cabbage does not over-eat. The Scotsman who lives almost wholly on oat-cake and buttermilk is not apt to over-eat. The slave at the South living on corn bread and bacon was not apt to over eat. The Jap, live almost wholly on rice and beans, does not over-eat.

Our tastes and habits are perverted—are abnormal. We eat when we are not hungry. We do not chew our food. We highly and unnaturally season our foods. We eat it unnaturally sloppy. And we put all sorts of combinations into our stomach at the same meal. It is no wonder we are sick. It is no wonder we don't live to be one hundred and fifty years old. when my wife and I go visiting and are compelled to sit down to a several course dinner we give our stomach's twenty four hours to digest it and recuperate, by eating only one meal a day. When we have visitors who are not educated up to our ideas, we get them as many, and the kind of meals, they are in the habit of having, but we only eat dinner with them. For ourselves one or two dishes at a meal is the rule. If it is berry short-cake, as it is today, we make the en-

fire meal out of shortcake, being a long time chewing each mouthful.

And I wish to again assure you that food never tasted so exquisitely good and sweet flavored as it does since we have discarded condiments, doubled and thribled our time of mastication, eat simple foods, and never put anything into our mouths unless we are really hungry.

But perhaps some of my readers have lived so long in ignorance that they are all broken down in health, and do not know what to do get well, simply give Nature a chance. All the recuperation power there is within you.

There is none whatever in drugs.

We talk about the action of a cathartic. A cathartic doesn't act at all. Nature recognizes that you have put a poison into your system, and makes a desperate effort to expel it. And in this effort expels more or less waste matter. But this effort to expel the poison usually costs a good deal more than it comes to, and is not to be recommended. I have formulated the cure of all diseases in one sentence. Clean the machine and let it rest.

How shall we clean the machine?

First stop putting anything in to it.

Take a fast, if only one meal to begin with. We are largely creatures of habit. We can acquire a fasting habit if we desire. It is no trouble for me to go without eating for twenty-four hours. And you will find this to be true of all simple eaters.

If any brain or body feels a little clogged I simply go without eating a day or two. About twice a year I extend it to a week. This spring I made it eleven days, and gained won-

drous vigor and elasticity of body and brain.

Edward Earl Purinton truly says: "The monarch of all Habitdom is the meal-habit. Univeral and all-powerful. King of custom-made humanity.

The Prime Minister is Disease.

The Privy Counsellor is Death.

But there is a power, unknown to most of us and unused by all of us that calmly sets aside the dictates of Dinner, Disease and Death.

I refer to the Voluntary Fast.

Break the shackles of meal-time, evolved from the family table, forget the archaic dinner-bell, let hunger alone dictate as to the time and choice and manner and amount and atmosphere and motive in eating—and you have taken the first step towards individual growth."

A persistent fast will not only cure all ills of the flesh, but will also illuminate the mind in a most wonderful manner.

I am sure that with proper food everybody would be far more vigorous in mind and body with but two meals a day.

Remember that when the Greeks ruled the world and produced the bodies that have always been the model for artists, they ate but two meals a day. The first at noon.

And the Persians when at the zenith of their power and glory ate but *one* meal a day. And that at noon. The healthiest, wealthiest, and most intelligent nations of antiquity subsisted a thousand years on but one meal a day.

All sickness is caused by incumberance—waste matter, that the overworked eliminative organs have been unable to throw out of the system. Stop eating and let the poor stomach

have a rest. And give the excretory organs an opportunity to clean house.

Also aid them in their work. Take several thorough sweats. Drink plentifully of pure water. Put a little lemon juice in the water if you like it, but no sugar. In fact cut sugar out of your diet except as found in sweet fruits, and perhaps occasionally a little honey.

Breathe pure air all the time. And make a business several times a day of spending several minutes in the open air inhaling and exhaling to the utmost. Live in the sunshine. Expose your whole body to the air and sunshine as much as possible. Wear open mesh underclothing that will allow a good circulation of air around the body all the time. And most important of all, keep the main sewer *thoroughly clean*.

Aside from over-eating we now come to the greatest source of all sickness. Constipation is the most prevalent of all ailments; and but very few doctors or writers have got at the cause and cure.

Several books have recently been published on this subject by Dr. Jamison, of New York. These books fell into my hands several years ago and I have made an exhaustive study of the subject, and I am sure that Dr. Jamison's ideas on the subject are of the greatest value to mankind. He has proven that the great majority of civilized people are suffering from *practitus* and *colitis*—inflammation of the rectum and colon, and that the cause begins at the diaper stage of existence.

The cure is persistent "*intestinal irrigation*." This subject has been referred to recently in the Health Department of the Los Angeles Sunday *Times*. Some writer took the ground that persistent enemas would be det-

rimental and I have a reply to that article, but my reply will first be published in *The Mountain Pine*.

The article follows:

INTESTINAL IRRIGATION.

MR. EDITOR:—I am glad you have brought up the subject of "Intestinal Irrigation" for discussion in your *Care of the Body* department, for of all the many necessary factors for restoring health to a diseased body I am sure that intestinal irrigation is one of the most important. I am sure that many writers on this subject write theoretically and not from experience. One fact is worth more than a dozen theories. I speak from over thirty years experience on this subject.

A well known physician some years ago, lost a patient from inflammation of the bowels, and was allowed to hold a post-mortem examination. I quote from his report: "I opened the colon throughout its entire length of five feet, and found it filled with foecal matter, and encrusted on its walls and into the folds of the colon, in many places as dry and hard as slate and so completely obstructing the passage of the bowels as to throw the patient into violent colic (as his friends stated) sometimes as often as twice a month for years, and that powerful doses of physic were his only relief; they further stated that all the doctors had agreed that it was bilious colic. I observed that this incruusted matter was evidently of long standing, the result of years of accumulation and the remote cause—not the immediate cause—of his death. The bend in the colon on the left side, was especially full and distended to fully double its natural size, filling the gut uniformly with a small hole the size of one's little finger through the center, through

which the fecal matter passed. In the lower part of the Sigmoid Flexure, just before descending to the rectum, and also in the left hand upper corner of the colon as it turns to the right, was a pocket eaten out of the hardened fecal matter, in which were eggs of worms and quite a number of maggots, which had eaten into the sensitive mucous membrane, causing serious inflammation of the colon and the adjacent parts and were the cause of the hemorrhoids or piles, which I learned were of years standing. The whole length of the colon was in a chronic state of inflammation, and still this man had no trouble in getting his life insured by one of the best companies in America, and was considered a strong and healthy man by his family and neighbors."

"I have been thus explicit in this description, from the fact that recent investigation has developed the fact that in the discovery described above I had found a prototype as to the cause of all diseases of the human body, that I had found the foundation of premature old age and death, for, surprising as it may seem, out of two hundred and eighty-four cases of autopsy held (they representing nearly all the diseases known to our climate) but twenty-eight colons were found to be free from hardened, adhered matter and in their normal healthy state, and the two hundred and fifty-six were all more or less as described above, and almost universally these people had regular evacuations of the bowels every day."

In the face of these facts it becomes us to go a little slow in theorizing about the evils of enemas. I am satisfied that the large majority of our people are suffering from more or less impacted

bowels. Mine were so impacted that it took me faithful work for two years, with two thorough six-quart flushings a day, to clear them out.

Why this unnatural state?

The wild horse and deer promptly obeys the calls of nature, and knows no time nor place, and has no impacted colon. They have frequent movements of the bowels which are practically odorless. So also with so-called uncivilized people. But the demands of our civilized life demand time and place.

Repressions of nature's calls are begun as soon as the diaper is removed. If the newly undiapered child attempts to follow its instincts in this matter, like the wild faun, it promptly receives a scolding or a spanking, and is soon taught the habit of repression for a more convenient time and place. As it becomes old enough to play with other children, when the call of nature comes it is repressed because of the eagerness to finish the game, it already having been taught that a little repression is of no consequence, and so the habit of repression is soon formed, until through lack of opportunity, business, etiquette, custom and the teachings of those who ought to know better, our so-called medical guides, we have formed a national habit of educating our bowels to call for action but once in twenty-four hours.

And I have had quite noted physicians tell me that if I had one good bowel movement once in two or three of four days that that was sufficient; and better than to get into the enema habit. I tried it till it came near killing me.

We are also told by most writers on hygiene of the great importance of

eating some coarse fibered food every day to promote a natural movement of the bowels. They never seem to remember that the food the baby eats the first year of its life has far less "coarse" material in it than ever again till the day of its death. But who ever knew of a healthy baby that did not have at least two good evacuations of the bowels every twenty-four hours? All animals from the moment of birth till the moment of death are breaking down worn out tissue. And this worn out tissue must be fully eliminated from the body in a few hours if the body is to be kept in *perfect* health.

The bowels are one of the large eliminators of this waste matter; and if not kept *thoroughly* cleansed trouble will surely follow.

If you live right—natural—in every way, there will be no trouble—no disease—no need of any enemas. But if you have gotten out of ease by unnatural living you may find it of the greatest benefit to resort to the unnatural practice of flushing the colon, and if your unnatural practices have extended over all the years since your diapers were removed, till you have begun to grow grey haired, you may have to continue the flushing for some time in order to get into a natural condition.

Unhygienic habits so weakened my general system that my eyesight began failing soon after I was fifty years old. But I didn't refuse to use glasses because they were *unnatural*. I put on the glasses, and began to study and find out and remove the causes of the general weakening of my bodily powers in general, and my eyesight in particular. And now at the age of sixty-seven my eyesight is greatly restored, so that I can, for a short time, read the

finest print and gradually I am discarding the glasses.

Through unnatural living I lost my teeth many years ago. I knew it was unnatural to wear false or store teeth. But I knew that my health absolutely demanded that I eat food that needed thorough chewing with a good set of teeth, and so I had a good set of unnatural teeth made. If I were to so rejuvenate my body that a good set of natural teeth grows in my mouth, then I will discard the unnatural set.

And so when I read those post-mortem facts I have given you, I determined to test the efficacy of persistent intestinal irrigation. I was having only about two movements of the bowels a week. I persisted in irrigating thoroughly twice a day for two years before I got my colon cleaned out. In the meantime I obeyed all the other laws of hygiene to the best of my knowledge.

You quote: "Where these artificial aids become a habit, you are enslaved to their continuance, and the functions which should be natural, become more and more troublesome, until a crisis is reached which is bound to lead to dire consequences."

Such writers don't know what they are talking about. Of course if you continue the unhygienic habits which caused you to need your bowels cleaned by enemas it is only a question of time when "consequences" are liable to result. But not *because* of the enemas, but *in spite* of them.

My extended experience, and that also of several of my friends, convinces me that intestinal irrigation is only a benefit. Just as it is only a benefit to wash out the mouth after every meal, and to wash out the stomach with a

glass of pure water awhile before every meal.

I am further convinced that if from wrong living your bowels are obstructed or foul, and you begin a systematic course of washing them out, that if you will correct all your unhygienic habits of living, that in a longer or shorter time your bowels will be restored to their natural functions and you will have normal evacuations whether you continue the enemas or not. Several of my friends have been fully restored in this way. In my own case I found that at the end of a years persistent irrigation, and right living on all lines, that I began to feel an impulse in this direction. And this impulse grew stronger until I would have a natural passage of the bowels without any enema. And we have the testimony of noted doctors who have continued a daily flushing of the colon for twenty years and more, after their bowels were restored to a normal condition, with no more ill effect than the mouth experienced from a washing after each meal.

The idea that cleansing any surface of the body when it is filthy, is *injurious*, is absurd.

The man, the horse, the deer, that lives in a *normal* condition never has a foul rectum, of colon. All the residue of each meal is evacuated in a few hours after eating. And the faeces is of such a character that it is almost odorless and passes the anus without leaving a stain. So long as any one finds need for toilet paper so long such an one needs more or less intestinal irrigation. Several of my friends who have been restored to their old-time free bowel movements by the use of enemas and right living, are still washing out their rectum after each evacuation as a matter of common cleanli-

ness, because they have not yet learned how, in our unnatural ways of civilization, to so live that their faeces shall be entirely odorless.

Of course it is foolish to push this treatment to the exclusion of every other idea. It is only one of many important health factors, and it need never be used if one is normal.

But who is normal? I doubt if one can be who eats three hearty meals a day. Such an one needs, I believe, three washings out of the bowels each day. They cannot come near *perfect* health otherwise. An evacuation of the residue of each meal should always be had before another meal is eaten. Generations of habit have repressed our bowel movements to a recognized standard of one daily, but expanded our eating movements to from three to five times daily. Is it any wonder that five-sixths of our people are in the horrid condition depicted at the beginning of this article?

If you are in the one-sixth class that has *normal* movements of the bowels then this is not written for you. If you want to know if your bowels are in a normal condition: After one of your regular movements, inject three quarts of tepid water into the colon, and if it is evacuated about as clear and odorless as it was before it was injected, and your faeces are nearly odorless, leaving an unsoiled anus, then you may conclude that you are living a normal life and do not need intestinal irrigations.

P. S.—Of course the doctor I quoted was greatly mistaken when he thought he "had found the foundation of premature old age and death" in impacted colons. There would never be impacted colons if we lived normal lives. But if our colons have become impacted, or if

our bowels are secreting daily more or less stinking fermentation, do, for health and comfort, and decency's sake, let us flush out our sewers till we learn how to keep them sweet at all times.

In the age of Wisdom we shall have

conveniencies for internal baths equal to our best for external baths.

I agree with you that the temperature of the irrigating water should never be over 100 degrees. Usually a little below blood heat is the best I think.



Death.

By John J. Ingalls.

I am the king before whose shrine the world goes mad,
 And yet I am the kindest friend man ever had.
 The unbidden guest, austere, unsought, alone,
 Before whose presence women weep and strong men's
 hearts make moan.

From whence I come, and whither go, no mortal mind may know;
 I like the silent watches of the night when life's pale flame burns low.
 I come alike to palace and to cot,
 I claim the traveler on his way, the hermit in his grot.

So tenderly I kiss the weary eyelids down,
 And paint a smile where life has left a frown.
 Men speak of me with awe, and almost hold their breath,
 I am the Messenger from on high, kind friends, my name is DEATH.

The Shadow of Pikes Peak.

A Pointer of the Way to Avoid a Class-war, to set Imperial Society on a Sure Footing and to Open up a Career for Everybody that will do as Good Work as he knows how

By Charles Ferguson, author of "The Religion of Democracy," "The Affirmative Intellect," Etc.

The trouble in Colorado is that most of the people here have an antiquated idea as to what government is for. The general opinion in these regions, as elsewhere in this country, seems to be that the administration of law should be left to a blind and ignorant goddess of justice, knowing and caring nothing about mining, farming or engineering, who comes in, in the evening after the day's work is done, to decide who has made money. The people seem to have no notion as yet of a clear-eyed mistress of the arts and sciences that appears on the scene early in the morning at the beginning of the day's work and insists upon arranging things so that the work, itself, shall count.

Now the goddess of justice, with the bandaged eyes and the balances, may mean well, but she is indictable for malfeasance. She may be only stupid, but she seems cruel. Certainly she knows nothing to speak of, never has got up early enough in the morning and never has been to any school but a law school. The public may do well to forgive her after it has found her out but that is no reason why she should keep her place.

The Vigilantes of Colorado should depose, deport and utterly banish to some foreign health resort this antiquated, alien and uneducated goddess, and should turn over the honors and powers of her office to a young lady with eyes, a real genius of business, born on this soil, with a new world pedigree, graduate of a good public school and Daughter of the Revolution.

Of course there must be new laws but that is not the point here. What is wanted is a new conception of what laws are for. And there must be a vigilance committee to impress that new conception upon society at large, for there are a great many preoccupied people who will never understand a proposition until they have to.

The government that now holds the mace in Colorado—now that the "Citizens Alliance" has had its inning—is one that exists to settle the matter of wages and dividends in the way that the mine owners conscientiously like. It is better by a good deal than no government at all. And it is just as good a government as the "Western Federation of Miners" is likely to set up when its turn comes, and its turn is likely to come for the miners have been beaten

too badly not to play a return game, if the date can be anyhow arranged.

But both these kinds of government are poor kinds. They are both out of order in an industrial age. An industrial age is one that is not so much interested in abstract questions of conscience as it is in getting things done. This is the first age of that kind to be sure, and the legalists and casuists have not yet become acclimated. It is an innovation, but it comes with a rush and will have to be accommodated.

The ages that have passed by have all had a comparatively poor opinion of work. They had to work, of course, but they were ashamed of it. And they arranged their legal systems not with a view to getting the greatest possible quantity and the best possible quality of work done but solely with a view to making a right distribution of the rewards. The politicians, the preachers and all the wise and prudent were too seriously concerned with the high moral questions involved in the dividing up of wealth, to think of anything so low as the mere production of it. And the trouble with us today is that our captains, governors and councillors still labor on in the old-world delusion that society ought to organize itself in a large, high and patriotic way for the distribution of the good things of life, and that the production of the good things should be left to shift for itself, in a desultory fashion and on a lower moral plane.

The Citizens Alliance goes in for imperialism, the Western Federation for socialism. It comes to the same thing. Both parties think of government as existing mainly to play the part of judge and divider after the day's work is done. Both are permoralized and casuistic. The production of wealth

cuts a distinctly subordinate feature in both schemes. The prophets of these rival inspirations agree that we shall produce right after we have entered into a grand legal plan for dividing right. The only difference between the two oracles seems to be that socialism is the imperialism of the poor, while imperialism is the socialism of the rich. Both worship the pagan goddess with scales in her hand—and on her eyes. They are class-phases of the ancient delusion that the Right can be arrived at by priests and doctors of one kind or another, if only they will look steadfastly into the sky or probe the recesses of their consciousness; and that having thus found the true definition of human rights, it is only necessary to write it down in scriptures and statute books—and stick to the books. The devotees of these mysteries have not yet had their eyes opened to see that the Right is always a problem in engineering and can be solved only by the men that have the tools in their hands.

The industrial age has had a revelation. It turns out that the Right is inextricably bound up with the arts and sciences and so is somewhat inaccessible to legal lucubration and cloistral prayer. According to this apocalypse of the working world, *the Right is any thing that makes goods cheaper and men dearer—in the actual conditions of human nature and the nature of things at the time and place where the question is to be answered.* Such a criterion of righteousness will of course be dismissed as sordid by the people that see best with their eyes shut but it seems to have legs to stand on. And it contains a good quality of religion. It implies that the universe is all right in its ground plan, and that you can-

not dig anywhere without turning up the moral law. It does not exclude preaching, praying, painting or philosophizing—only they must realize the market-price of souls.

You can get the right kind of a vigilance committee in Victor and Cripple Creek and, if they will adopt this theory of civil rights as their working definition of industrial law and order, they will soon have their body politic out from under the hands of the doctors. Of course it must carry around with it for some time various kinds of legal rheumatism and moral tuberculosis, but it will get out of the sanitarium and be on the mend.

Government exists to enforce the Right, as everybody agrees; there has never been any difficulty about that. The difficulty has been to decide upon a definition of Right that should be accepted as true by sensible people on both sides of the class-line and on both sides of political frontiers. It is for the lack of such a definition that the wars, civil and international, have had to be fought to a finish—a war being at bottom simply an acute disagreement in ethics, since men never fight in masses for anything they believe to be wrong.

Someday there will be written a history of the decisive battles of the world showing that in all wars where there has been anything like an even match victory has fallen to the side where the purchasing power of honest earnings was highest. That is to say that the moral principle that lies at the heart of a sound industrialism is the moral principle that lies at the heart of the universe. In the competition of rival social groups the society whose organization is most favorable to the promotion of

the efficient workman survives by natural selection.

The description of all good work is that it tightens the grip of the human spirit upon the real world—whether by bracing the spirit or by rendering commodities more accessible. And in the nature of things every man that does good work is the ally of every other, whether he knows him or not and whether he likes him or not, since he increases the purchasing power of everybody that lives within the circle of commerce.

If therefore we have discovered that the Right is anything that lowers the price of goods without lowering the price of men, or that raises the price of men without raising the price of goods, we have discovered what government is for. It exists to enforce this Right. All we need is a vigilance committee in every community that shall insist upon working the government in this way. That is the conspicuous lack of American society. It is what keeps it from being thoroughly American, modern and industrial.

The proposed vigilance committee must consist of men, not excluding women of course, who prefer to do good work themselves and are determined to arrange social conditions so that they shall not be balked in doing it. It will be a bare-faced conspiracy of the working poets, the artists, engineers and men of business, who understand that the way to open up a career for themselves is to offer a career to the public. It will be an association for the promotion of every private enterprise that is a public service and the repression of every other kind as a public nuisance. If the law seems in any particular to stand in the way of their program, they will not suppose that

the effectual law in this country is the parsing of the statutes. It is what the people will back up. It is the expression not of violence to be sure, but the steady pressure of the predominant public will, the balance of personal forces. Accordingly the vigilance committee will eschew agitation, and will draw the civil law into conformity with that of the arts and sciences, by altering in their own persons the balance of forces. The courts will follow hard upon.

To say that government exists not to divide wealth, but to create it, is not to say that it has no function to defend the rights of property. On the contrary it puts the rights of property on a basis where it is practical to defend them. The solid foundation of private property is social utility. The civil law stands, and will continue to stand, for the principle of private possessions because the experience of the world shows that that is an indispensable condition of social progress. And social progress means the advancement of the arts and sciences—in a word the production of wealth. When, therefore, private property gets in the way of wealth-production it weakens its own ground. If allowed to persist in its obstinacy it would destroy itself. It is only by subordinating the problem of wealth-distribution to that of wealth-production, that the former problem can be solved. When the rights of property are defined in accordance with the artistic and scientific principles of wealth-production they will be unassailably established—and not until then. This means that at the instigation of the vigilance committee there is to be a gradual discrediting, on the part of the courts and public officers, of the more abstract

and traditionary claims on which property has been supposed to rest, and a growing sensibility to the practical considerations on which it really does rest.

The *vigilantes* must insist that government in this country is not constituted of the few thousand gentlemen that have sworn to do certain things, but of the whole body of the people as well, who do not swear. It is not a ruling-class precluded from tyranny by taking oaths; but an articulated social system in which everybody has an appropriate office and franchise. Some to be sure attain their office by personal nomination and election and the others by mere general description and natural selection; that is all a matter of convenience and detail. It must be insisted the man who keeps a butcher shop fills an office and exercises a peculiar franchise just as truly as an alderman does. One holds his place because he answers the general description of the law as to the conditions of the butcher business; the other because he answers the conditions of the other business. It is insignificant that the latter conditions include a certain amount of conventioning and electioneering. The government here is not a magistracy; it is a legal system of doing things. We all belong to the government, not merely the men but the women and the children as well—and not one minute in a year, but all the time. If the government succeeds in holding together it will not be because a few men are loyal to their oaths, but because a good many are loyal to themselves.

Government in America is not based upon any conventional arrangements. There *are* conventional arrangements and they are to be respected and are

good enough law for easy days but they are not the bottom fact of the constitution, or the final appeal. The bottom fact is no conventional law but the essential law, the law of human nature and the nature of things. Our experiment assumes that there is a moral order in the ground plan of the world. If we are mistaken democratic government is out of the question. However we are not yet ready to give up.

Now if Teller county is man enough to lead us to the renewal of our faith in the sovereignty of the people, the Vigilantes there must start out some morning to exercise their undivided one-hundred-thousandth interest in the government of the United States. What is the government for, anyhow? If they will answer that question in accordance with the genius of the new industrial order, it is likely that the answer will have a reverberating echo.

They will say that *government in this country is a conventional arrangement based on the law of the arts and sciences, that it takes in all the people in various ranks and offices according to their working efficiency and that it exists to produce wealth.* Then they will go ahead to do their share of governing on that basis.

The paper constitution of 1789 has been whipped into shreds by the discriminating judges of the Supreme Court—who agree, for opposite reasons, and dissent, in accordance with the principles they agree upon. Very well, our Vigilance Committee in the Rocky Mountains will fall back on the constitution of the universe—treating all the courts meanwhile with respectful deference and giving them all the time there is, to pull themselves together and settle down.



Opward and Onward.

By Alice Wood Kirkpatrick.

Ah! the time may be long and the way may be steep,
But when the soft twilight falls then comes blessed sleep;
And each morning refreshed we start on our way,
To climb little or much, through the hours of the day.

But upward and onward, though we faint and may fall,
No matter how slowly 'Tis the goal of us all:
As water mounts upward its level to find,
So all life struggles onward to His presence Divine.

All the longing and strife, all the heartache and tears,
The joys of vain things, our hopes and our fears:
Are steps that are carrying our tired feet along
Till we reach the far summit, exalted and strong.

And as life's years fly by we struggle aloft,
While the great voice of nature tells a tale, O so soft,
Of Him Who has made us and all things in sight:
And the great joy to come through the choosing of right.

THE PICTURE.

By Miss Ida Gregory

IT WAS night and darkness reigned supreme. Far away to the North on the highest point of the loftiest mountain on our planet, Earth, there stood two men.

Both were of middle age, both dark complexioned with features strong, earnest and thoughtful. Towards the East, into a vast immensity of space they gazed, searching, always searching for the Cause of that Great Law which hath lived forever.

One a Discoverer was, the greatest the world hath found and before him there was a telescope, a hundred fold more powerful than any other.

The other a Photographer, the greatest and most skillful the world of men hath known—half knelt before a great camera. Afar to the East down, down, to the lowest depths mine eager eyes could see, up, up, to the loftiest heights the brain of poor, feeble man could conceive of, it was the same.

Arches, always arches of living fire.

Beginning far down, so small a mad's hand could span it—the next above a little larger—each increasing in size until the highest entirely covered the Great Heavens.

Fixed within the arches was the sun, the moon, and countless planets—all glowing with the living fire.

Upon some of these planets human

beings dwelt—millions upon millions and everywhere it was the same—the arches of light connected the sun, the moon and each planet and every inhabitant thereof.

Though none saw the arches all could feel them, and all lived beneath their rule—a rule which could not be broken without disaster, first sorrow, and then death.

And the name of the arches was Love and Love is the offspring of the Great Law, and the author of the Great Law is God, and God is Love and naught can separate the three.

And a great hand brooded over all: the hand of God holding the arches of living fire which blesses all mankind even unto the least inhabitant of our planet earth.

* * * * *

To the Photographer the Discoverer said, "Now, do thou let the world know what I have discovered. Make a grand picture of what thou seest before thee—that which my telescope has brought so near—and in it let all men see the Great Truth we have vainly sought so many years to find."

And the picture was made but all mankind may not see it—only those whose love is great may gaze thereon.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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• • •

When a man actually knows that he don't know he is then in a position to learn.

• • •

When the men who use the machinery of production own it, then will the Co-operative Commonwealth become a glorious reality.

• • •

The Colorado Supreme Court last week handed the corporations of Denver a package that was like unto a dynamite bomb in its effect.

• • •

The religious thought of the country is daily becoming more liberal and the economic thought more practical and progressive. Good signs for humanity.

• • •

The financial problem is the one nearest the heart of the American people after all. To the rich it is "how to

accumulate wealth," to the poor how to provide the necessities of life.

• • •

The Mountain Pine is your journal. Have you mentioned to your neighbor that it would be a valuable addition to his reading table. If you would do so we could double our list. It is not asking much, is it? We must depend on you.

• • •

The best cure in the world for the growing divorce evil will be the inauguration of an economic system which will enable the industrious poor to look forward to a home of their own and teach the rising generation that all useful labor ennobles.

• • •

State after state is swinging into line for Bryan in 1908. The next eighteen months may bring to Americans many changes of political sentiment but it looks, at this distance, as though the demand for Bryan would continue to grow in the months to come, and that he would be the unanimous choice of his party in 1908.

• • •

Already the ominous sounds of the coming political conflict in Colorado are heard. The politicians of both parties seem very much at sea. The time is at hand when the corporation goats must be separated from the country lambs, hence the unusual

bleating in each of the big corrals. All sheep men use a goat to lead the sheep into the car, and whether the rule will hold good in Colorado politics this year remains to be seen.

• • •

The recent National Convention of the Typographical Union passed strong resolutions in the Moyer-Heywood matter, which perhaps will do no good but go to show that the laborers of this country, without regard to Craft, are becoming race-conscious.

• • •

We are entering the Co-operative Age. As is always the case, the wealth of the country took advantage of the opportunity and the great trusts were formed. Now the common people, the lambs of commerce, are banding together to do for themselves what the trusts are doing for the wolves of commerce. The coming years are fraught with great things for our people

• • •

Crystola, the home of *The Mountain Pine*, is putting on some airs because of the location here of the general agency headquarters of Co-operative Manufacture; the location of the plant of the Crystola Paint Company, capital \$100,000; and the location of a home for the orphans of Spiritualistic parents. If present plans obtain the gold mill will be running by January and then the mineral wealth of Crystola will be brought forth to enlighten and bless humanity in the promotion of the great principles of human brotherhood.

• • •

In our next issue we will publish an article on "What New Zealand Has Done," that we want every reader to

read with his brains. In fact it should be read half a dozen times and then filed away for future reference. It shows the only way the masses can bring comfort and happiness to themselves anywhere. And it shows that the only real prosperity comes from being race conscious instead of class conscious.

• • •

The recent cataclysm in Chile has again called the attention of the world to the great forces of nature always at work, ever restless, beyond human control with which frail man must contend and which in his scientific egotism he thinks he has long ago solved. Man is as nothing when pitted against the winds of heaven, the waters of the sea or the tremblings of the planet. In such hours as came to San Francisco last April and to Valparaiso last month he realizes his utter insignificance and should heed the lesson taught him by these great disasters. We shall probably hear the usual amount of non-sensical rot about the wrath of God but the thinking mind will see in it only a lesson illustrating the mighty forces of Him who is, and the utter impotency of him who would be master of all.

The Earthquake in Chile.

Chile, the most prosperous of the South American republics, has been devastated by earthquakes worse in their effects than the one that laid San Francisco in ruins. Eight of her principal cities are in ruins, many thousands of her people killed and hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property destroyed.

Of course famine, pestilence and

other horrors will follow close and immeasurable suffering will result.

If the world was ruled by the principles of Socialism instead of Commercialism and Greed ships by the score would be hurrying to the ports of the afflicted country laden with the world's pity and sympathy crystallized into whatever is needed to prevent suffering and restore prosperity. As it is there will be lots of verbal pity, some private contributions and—nothing more.

Five Laws Wanted.

The Rocky Mountain News, the personal organ of U. S. Senator Tom Patterson, declares the people of Colorado need five laws, and declares them to be:

1st. Railway Commission elected by the people with full judicial and executive power.

2nd. An anti-pass law making it a felony for any public officer to accept a pass from the railway companies.

3rd. The initiative and referendum.

4th. The imperative mandate.

5th. A primary election law for all parties.

The *News* is demanding that the Democratic party come out squarely for each of the above at the ensuing convention September 11. If they do it will do much to clear the political atmosphere in Colorado. To secure any one of the above reforms would repay the abolition of party lines and the forming of a new party. The five planks as a platform with candidates whose integrity could not be questioned would poll tens of thousands of votes in Colorado. Every legislative convention in the State should demand of its nominee his unqualified sanction of

all the above measures. It is the legislature which must enact the laws, a governor can only approve or veto. Let the people look to their legislative candidates. They are the salvation of the State.

Race Consciousness, Versus Class Consciousness.

For a number of years one of the watchwords of those seeking to uplift the masses has been "class-consciousness." That is every class or division of labor should be keenly conscious of itself, should practically consider itself only, should work for and strive to uplift only its own members and those affiliated with it. And the two great ends to be attained were short hours and high wages.

The idea was perfectly right as far as it went but it did not go near far enough. Under it the different labor unions are actually working against each other, are injuring each other. For instance, the miner's union has undoubtedly succeeded in raising, and keeping up, the wages of its members but who pays the wages in reality? The purchasers of the coal, iron, copper and other products of the mines. Very much of the coal, at least, is directly purchased by the poorer classes, the members of other unions, and they, not the owners of the mines, pay the higher wages of the miners.

Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" shows that conditions in the meat packing industry are horrible beyond description. Yet the nauseous filth he mentions is canned by union workmen for other union workmen to eat. General Miles says that it killed 3,000 soldiers at Chickamauga, alone, during the Spanish-American war, and undoubtedly it

has killed many tens of thousands of workingmen and their families all over our land since then. And it is the same in all other industries. Those who labor in them can only prosper at the expense of all other workingmen. Use your brains for a few minutes and you cannot help seeing it.

Do not drop your class-consciousness, however, but get, in addition to it, race-consciousness. Do as they do in New Zealand. Work for the whole race, for general prosperity.

When the workingmen own the means of production, the machines, mines, railroads, etc., and are their own paymasters, things will be different. They will be race conscious and each will work for the welfare of all and universal and continual prosperity will result.

Solitude is Denounced.

Your admirable editorial on Solitude in your August issue, inclines me to drop you a line on the same. I am sorry to be compelled to note that neither the conventional education nor religion of the day find a place for solitude, and the person who devotes any share of his time to its enjoyment and instruction is apt to be considered a lunatic by both educators and ministers.

"In solitude and silence the holy soul advances with speedy steps and learns the hidden truths of the oracles of God." Solitude is that which at brief intervals the Christian has great need of, from conversion to whatever height in holiness he may attain.

In solitude he watches, prays, communes, meditates and contemplates with a greater fervor than in any other situation. He stands alone, exposed,

as he wishes to be, to the eye of an all-searching God, under whose hands he has placed himself to have renewed a right spirit within him. If by sin, past or present, he has incurred the Divine displeasure, he here acknowledges it and welcomes the chastisement its commission entails; he waits not for a future time or a future world for the purpose, but "lets his sins go beforehand to judgment," conscious that, if he thus judges himself, or allows himself to be judged at the present time, he will not be judged hereafter for the accumulated charges of a life-time. This is a peculiar work for solitude, and being an essential one, readily shows upon what barren ground professing worldly Christians stand who deride its acceptance.

The greatest men of the world, whose thoughts have resulted in unnumbered temporal benefits to mankind, received the germ of all their fruits in solitude; and should the Christian, in a greater work than them, neglect such an opportunity to improve himself in those duties whose ends are not limited by the brief length of a life-time? No matter in what business or labor we may be placed, and rightly feel it a duty to attend to, there will still be daily opportunities for the enjoyments and labors of solitude. Time that would be idly spent in worldly amusements and unnecessary conversations, can now be allotted to solitude; and those who neglect to avail themselves of such opportunities, and fear to risk the censures of men for so doing, are unworthy the holy cause, and if beginners, cease to progress, and if advanced, soon measure back their steps to earth.

It might be conjectured that a person endowed with power to scatter good,

which he had long and laboriously acquired, could justly, in behalf of his labors, resign the claims of solitude; but here again solitude lays claim to its continual assistance. Even Jesus retired from the midst of the multitudes to mountains and gardens for the pur-

pose of enjoying and recruiting himself in solitude. Solitude is somewhat to the spirit what sleep is to the body—a necessary attendant while dwelling in these temples of clay.

—FRANCIS B. LIVESEY.



POLITICAL LEADERS

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THEIR POLICIES AND DOCTRINES

By WILLIAM GESFORD

IN THE first chapter of this work the author has resorted to the recital of history during the last few centuries, to show the philosophy of mankind's struggle to establish a protection and to force a proper recognition in the basic form of government of its inalienable rights. That history also proves the fact that all social disturbances take their rise and origin when the hour arrives that any attempt is made to destroy them, That no form of popular government of a people who might be said to be civilized and educated can stand when the exercises of these natural principles is, for any reason, denied them. In most cases in the past these natural rights have been trampled upon and destroyed by selfish rulers for the purpose of satisfying their selfishness. But in the case of our own conditions, in respect to man's rights and their safety, they are endangered in a new and novel way never before known to history. We have a government in which the state and church are divorced and we are free from conflicts

between them. We have a government that has pushed aside the doctrine of "the divine right of kings" and established the divine rights of man, or at least that was its original conception, and the sole aim and purpose of the men who were instrumental in making it. But steam, electricity and private corporations have so changed the conditions of society and our mode of civilization, that the rights of man are being destroyed. And those who see this are striving to maintain themselves in this struggle against powerful odds, and we have the conflict brought to plain view by the efforts of labor unions, fraternal organizations, and in the warp and woof of society throughout. The main trouble is that people are asleep. They have given their rights away in so innocent and subtle a form that they do not realize what they have done. The conditions are plain to all and the outcome is evident to all who think, if no remedy appears to change the course of their progress. Very few people stop to think that our gov-

ernment, the constitution, is the heart of the nation and the groundwork of our civilization. Many people think the sole duty of good citizenship is to ally themselves with some political party.

That in a political way they may be able to so shape the destiny of the country that the inalienable rights of man will be amply protected.

A political party can only hold office and put into operation the constitution as it is.

If the constitution is lacking in its powers so is the party who attempts to administer it. The constitution, as it is, does not give the President or Congress the power to protect the natural rights of the individual at this time. So while this state of affairs exists the political complexion of our office holders matters but little. The President and Congress cannot exercise arbitrary authority. The authority which they exercise must come from the people through the constitution. No power has ever been delegated to the constitution giving to Congress the power to in any way regulate the private corporations of this country. We must remember that the constitution was made before the private corporations were thought of. The private corporations are a new thing, grown up since the days when the constitution was formed. So how can the politicians make us believe that Congress has the power to regulate or control them at this time when we know that the general and specific powers of Congress, as defined in the constitution, apply only to society as it was one hundred years ago, before modern inventions such as steam, electricity and private corporations came into use.

The state has authorized and legal-

ized all these things as now in use and the state only has power to regulate them. But the private corporation in the various states is in Politics, and sees to it that the legislatures do its bidding. It controls by corruption all parties to the extent it wishes, either directly or indirectly and for the people to hope to gain control of them is to expect the impossible.

The only hope the people have is to induce Congress to call a convention, and to suggest and ratify such amendments as will give Congress the power to do all things necessary in the premises. Why should the people follow a party or a leader who fails to go down to the root of the evil and advocate a remedy that will remove it.

Few people consider the constitution as a commercial document, yet that is all it is, or was intended by its makers to be. All the records of the convention that created it go to show this fact, and that the convention which met in Philadelphia to consider the revision of the Articles of Confederation, considered it a commercial convention.

Mr. Madison, of Virginia, is said to be the chief factor in the creation of our present constitution, on account of the part he took in trying to bring about a constitutional convention to revise the Articles of Confederation. His first attempt was a failure, but he finally succeeded and our present constitution was suggested and ratified. Thomas Jefferson was at that time Minister to France and he wrote to Mr. Madison a letter, a part of which is here given:

"I find, by the public papers, that your commercial convention failed. If it should produce a full meeting in May, and a broader reformation, it will still be well to make us one nation,

and to regulate trade by giving Congress additional power to regulate foreign and domestic commerce." This seems to have been the intention and result of that convention, as all the history of its deliberations goes to show.

But times have changed since then. They had no thought that there would grow up an institution, out of state authority, that would soon become so great as to be master of our domestic commerce and independent of national authority. The great fear, then, was that they would make a mistake and give to the general government powers that, in the future, would prove dangerous to our national existence. But the history of the states shows that the powers retained have been, and are now, the only source of national trouble from within. We have seen the trouble the reserved powers of the states has brought us, in the slavery dispute, and we can now see the institution called the private corporation, which has, by combination, grown into greater power than the national government. They are the masters of the situation by virtue of state's rights, and are the absorbers of all the profits of business and enterprise and exist by virtue of state authority and are institutions that sap all profits of human labor, like the master did the slave prior to 1860. Have not the people had lessons enough to learn them that these things are true, that in a short time the middle class is bound to be pushed to the bottom, that the artificial man will own all things and the natural man nothing? Is it not plain that this nation cannot exist half natural and half artificial?

We seem to forget the private corporation stands in society as an individual and in reality are but a specie of individuals, and that one hundred years ago no such individuals existed, and was not there to interfere in anyway with commerce either domestic or foreign, and that constitutional basis of government was made to govern three million people with the corporation left out. How could they then at that time make the basis of government broad enough to cover the conditions of today with 80,000,000 people and the private corporation included? They delegated nothing to the constitution, giving power to regulate what did not then exist. They made a constitutional government in order to protect man's natural rights as the conditions of society at that time existed as a protection to the avenues of trade and commerce. To protect the avenues of trade and commerce by government, is to protect man in his inalienable rights. The national government still may protect foreign commerce by constitutional provision, but domestic commerce is now in the hands of the private corporations over which the natural individual and the government at Washington have no power to regulate or control.

We must bring the government back to a point where the inalienable rights of man may be re-established and the government given full and adequate power to control all forms of commerce and business.

The protection of man's natural rights is the sole object of government—and when our natural government protects both domestic and foreign commerce—the object of human gov-

To be continued in our next.

Department of Occult Phenomena.

[We offer no apology for placing before the world truthful statements of the operations of the great laws of Thought Transference, Telepathy and Spirit return, the truth of which is generally recognized. We invite contributions. Give us the truth, the whole truth and no more.]

Intuitions and Spirit Impressions, How Distinguished.

In distinguishing one from the other, let us compare them, determining, first, what are impressions, and, second, what is intuition; Impressions, according to Webster, are the result of exterior influence upon the mind, feelings or conscience, by some external force. That is to say, we get our impressions of an individual by observation, conversation or some external cause, We get our impression of a phenomenon or religion by what we have seen, heard or read.

We get our impression of a locality by description or travel; and, in some such way are all physical impressions created.

These impressions are not necessarily in word form and, in fact, may never be clothed in language; they are mental images which we see, but may never express.

Now spirit impression is like this, except that it is created by an external mental force instead of a physical force.

As one writer says, "in regions where mind speaks to mind there is perfect expression far beyond anything that words may convey," For ideas not words are sent. They may come from spirits either within or without the body.

How often have you written to some friend and received the reply that they were also thinking of you, or received a letter from a friend of whom you were just thinking? Or, how often have you mentioned a subject to some person who declared he was just thinking of the same thing? These are all within the realm of spirit impressions.

But there is another and more direct form of spirit impression which invites my attention. It is the voice of one whose love has withstood all the test of time and runs "like a vine around the heart" and has withered not with the fierce heat of summer, nor chilled with the frosty hand of death. It may be father or mother, husband or wife, sister or brother, or that sunny-haired girl or bright-eyed boy whose coming was the light of our life and whose departure was the depth of our despair. In the night of failure or the noon of success they are with us to comfort or rejoice. Their impressions are not ideas but words. They say, "Mamma, I am with you," or "Dear ones, we are here." They may warn us of sickness, danger or the approach of death; their words of comfort and sweet assurances are the solace of our lives and by them day is made out of darkness and all seasons summer.

Thus would I briefly define spirit impression.

Taking up intuition: Webster de-

finds intuition as an act by which the mind perceives the truth of things the moment they are presented. The materialist accounts for intuition by saying that the mind is a machine operated in accordance with laws of force and motion which unconsciously acting upon a multitude of ideas evolves yet another idea. We understand that acting consciously is reason.

My theosophical friend, if I understand him right, teaches that intuition is but the memory of a similar event in a former reincarnation.

Prof. Weltmer in "Regeneration" defines intuition as the voice of the God that is within us speaking through the sub-conscious mind and very ably sets forth that when listened to, that is to say, cultivated, it becomes an infallible guide. In this connection he quotes: "Seek ye the kingdom of God, and its right-use-ness will guide you into all truth."

From a spiritualist standpoint, I quote Stebbins, who defines intuition as the soul discovering truth.

Let us examine these definitions in their respective order: In Webster's definition there is no opportunity for intuition to act as we know it does act upon future events.

I have repeatedly had intuitive knowledge of the coming of a friend before that friend knew herself that she was coming.

One of my neighbors has her *Joplin Globe* left at our house. Usually one of her children comes to get it, but if she is coming I know it and find upon inquiry that my intuition precedes her knowledge of her coming.

My husband has charge of numerous tracks in his railroad services and seems to know intuitively where he will be needed, when he shall leave

town or not leave and in several instances has foretold intuitively that a certain engine or train would stop for him and his men.

These and other incidents too numerous to mention are ascribed to intuition, which, according to Webster, can only act upon two ideas just as the conscience determines right from wrong.

The materialist conception of intuition might produce an invention, or make a discovery, but could in no way foretell an event; or, granting that the mind acts unconsciously, the materialist practically accepts Weltmer's position.

To my theosophical friend let me say, I am a seeker after truth—that before every new thought I most respectfully pause. I want to ascend the heights by every path known, however direct, or winding and rugged it may be. And I rejoice in the discovery of any ascent by which I may rise above the mists and clouds of the valley and have a broader and grander view. So, also, will I taste of the springs that sparkle and flow and join each other in the cataract's fall and foam, for back of them somewhere is the fountain of eternal truth. So when I know more of theosophy—more of its religion and truths—I will be more able to do it justice in my humble expression.

The position of Mr. Weltmer and my spiritualist friend may well be taken together for when Mr. Weltmer says that when we have found the kingdom of God that is within us it will guide us into all truth. Mr. Stebbins has breathed the same thought when he says, "That intuition is the soul-discovering truth." For, as by foot-

prints one finds cattle, so by soul one knows all things

Following these deductions it may readily be seen that all impressions come from without, and all intuition from within.

Guarded then, as I am, with my mind acting consciously, that is to say, my reason, and the ministering of spirit friends from without and the voice of God from within, to all of which I may give a listening ear, what right have I ever to go astray? How sacred, too, is this life of mine and how manifold are its duties.

First to myself, to develop this kingdom of God that is within me which I am given individuality to express and in which expression lies my future unfoldment and upon which depends whether I am a source of pleasure or anxiety to my ministering angels.

"To thine own self be true, and it follows, as the night follows day, thou canst not be false to thy fellow man."

How necessary, then, that the parent and teacher should early develop in the child the intuitive faculty of the mind, for the lamp of reason is as yet but dimly burning and the thorns by the wayside are concealed by the gilded flowers of sin.

How then are we to distinguish between spirit impression and intuition?

By the suggestion from without and the voice from within. The one must be tempered with reason, the other accepted in faith. That is to say, if I am to render a decision and do so instantly, then intuition has directed my answer; but if I must weigh and consider, doubt and hesitate, my answer, if ever made, will be the result of reason or spirit impression.

Grateful am I for the tender consideration of my spirit friends but doubt-

ly grateful that within me lies the power to direct me safely through life's uneven journey.

It is this divine principle to which Bryant refers in his "Ode to a Water-fowl," from which I quote the concluding stanzas:

"Thou'rt gone: the abyss of heaven

Hath swallowed up thy form:

Yet on my heart

Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,

And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,

Guides through the sky thy certain flight,

In the long way that I must tread alone,

Will lead my steps aright.

—MRS. PEARL THOMPSON.

A Clear Case of Spirit Return.

In the month of February, 1894, I was one of about a dozen people that formed a dark circle one evening in a town in north-east Colorado. The medium was a clairvoyant then widely known in the state but a complete stranger in the town where the seance was held. After giving a number of tests she said: "I see such a peculiar looking man here. He died very suddenly, in fact dropped dead in his office, about ten years ago. In place of being bald in front, as most men are, he was bald on his temples and his hair was long in front which gave him a very peculiar look. He was a Mason, for he wears the Masonic regalia, and he says he has several lodge brothers present. He shows me his funeral and all is terror and confusion and people are in great danger of being killed, though nobody is injured."

As there were no Masons present

several said he was mistaken about having lodge brethren present. But the clairvoyant insisted that he wore a masonic apron and that several members of the lodge he formerly belonged to were present. This seemed an impossibility until some one exclaimed: "Why, it's B— A—, the first agent of the B. & M. railroad. Don't you remember he dropped dead in the depot and was bald on his temples. And don't you remember the runaway that dashed into the carriages as they were coming back from the cemetery. The carriage Judge R— and his wife and two other ladies were riding in was overturned and they were thrown out

but not hurt. And he was a Mason and also a Knight of Pythias and an Odd Fellow and several of us belonged to both lodges with him."

All agreed that this was correct, for all, except myself and the medium, had known him.

Can any one explain this on any other hypothesis than that the spirit described and recognized was present, Can Thompson J. Hudson's theory of the sub-conscious mind explain it? To the writer the only explanation that explains is that the spirit of the railroad agent was actually there and showed himself to the medium and told her what she told the audience.



OPPORTUNITIES OF THE SOUTH

By Kinch Hillyer.

WHEN the war between the States closed the Southern soldier returned to a country which was a veritable desert. Plantations which had been the pride of the country and the admiration of the world were overgrown with weeds, buildings either burned or gone to ruin, no money, no credit, no roads, no bridges, no public buildings, nothing but waste on every hand to the eye of him who had fought and lost.

The great tide of immigration setting in toward our shores followed the railroad toward the setting sun where free lands awaited the victorious soldier of the North and the thrifty foreigner; and so while the Central valley and Western plains were teeming with industry aided by every agency known to man, the South began again the building of an empire unaided and alone, save for a fertile soil, genial

climate and the indomitable will and energy of her people.

For more than twenty years the entire South was unknown except as a reminiscence of ante-bellum days. Then the Eastern portion began to attract some little attention from the capitalists of the North and East and some ten years later Texas, the largest and greatest of American States, began to attract some little attention. It was soon discovered that Texas had more corn lands than Illinois; more wheat lands than the Dakotas that within her confines was found every mineral, every wood and was grown every kind of fruit and kind of grain to be found or grown in any part of the United States.

The Northern and Central portions were soon settled by a progressive people and some six years ago attention was directed to the black prairie lands contiguous to the coast.

Situated where the cooling sea breeze tempered the North winds of Winter, creating a Winter climate warm, sunny and cheerful, allowing vegetation of every kind to grow luxuriantly all the Winter season, and rendering the summer months delightfully cool and pleasant, its fame as a pleasant place to live became a household word all through the north.

To the man of moderate means the black land belt of south Texas today presents the greatest opportunities because of the fertility of the soil, the sureness of the crops, the great diversity of products, the nearness to the world's markets and the splendid social and school system under which he enjoys all the many advantages for himself and family enjoyed in the older communities.

Of the products of this belt rice is

one of the great crops of the coast country, and south of Wallis is one of the best of the rice areas. In this belt the irrigation is by wells. From 30 to 40 feet is the depth of these wells and an 8 inch hole to that depth produces water enough to grow 100 acres of rice. The rice is sown exactly like wheat in the north, and when it attains a height of six inches the ground is flooded to the depth of two inches and the flooding process is kept up from forty to fifty days. The water is then turned off and the grain is harvested and threshed the same as wheat. The yield of rice is computed by the sack, which is four bushels, and 15 to 20 sacks to the acre is a fair crop. When rice sells at \$4 per sack it means \$1 per bushel. Aside from flooding it is just as expensive as wheat—no more, no less. It is a never fail crop; produces 3 to 5 times as much as a good wheat crop and sells for more money per bushel. Rice lands, in a raw state, are worth from \$12 to \$20 an acre within 3 to 5 miles of railroad.

Corn in the black land belt for ten years past has averaged 30 bushels per acre. It is worth from 45 to 70 cents per bushel which equals in value a 60 bushel crop at 25 cents per bushel. We conclude that this is not a corn country compared with Illinois, Iowa, or eastern Kansas and Nebraska, although the farmer realizes as many dollars per acre from his corn in South Texas as does his northern neighbor.

Oats is a banner crop both in point of bushels and in price. Sixty bushels per acre is an average crop and 40 cents an average price. Oats sown in October are harvested May 1, and the ground can then be cropped again very profitably. A farm sown to oats

will pay for itself in one year from the gross proceeds of the crop.

Cotton is, of course, the staple crop. This obtains for two reasons: 1st, it is indigenous to the climate, the same as corn to Illinois or wheat to Dakota; 2nd, every negro, which is the principal unskilled labor in the south, knows all about cotton from the planting to the ginning. Cotton is always spot cash. It is a never failing crop, easily grown, and produces from \$35 to \$50 an acre year after year. Sweet potatoes, like cotton and melons, grow anywhere and at any old time.

The plan of diversified crops now coming into vogue generally is proving the salvation of the farmer of the south. He has only lately learned that he can produce on a 40 acre farm more dollars worth of stuff than his Kansas or Nebraska neighbor on 160 acres. He has learned that poultry is a most prolific source of revenue. No cholera or other disease troubles his fowls. His pigs grow fat on sorghum and peanuts and are never endangered by any of the diseases which have bankrupted many a hog-raiser in the north. His cows browse the green grass all the year round. His garden teems with every kind of vegetable, his orchard with every variety of berry, the express trains carry his products from his very door to Houston and Galveston, only an hour's run, where the great ocean liners are waiting to carry them to every portion of the civilized world.

This black land belt which carries a black alluvial soil of three to five feet underlaid with a red clay sub-soil, contains some 1,200 square miles. Good, pure, soft water, oceans of it, at

from fifteen to forty feet in depth. All of the same quality and inexhaustible. Level rolling prairie with fringe of timber along the streams which fairly teem with fish. The main lines of the Santa Fe, Southern Pacific and San Antonio & Aransas Pass traverse this fertile spot and the Victoria branch of the S. P. Ry., leaving at Rosenberg and the Bay City branch of the Santa Fe, leaving at Sealy, cut the belt at angles, making five railroads, no two of which are parallel. Transportation facilities are unequalled. Scarcely a farm six miles from a railroad station in this entire belt.

Taking Wallis Station on the Santa Fe at the crossing of the San Antonio & Aransas Pass, a beautiful little city of some 800 people, with schools, church and pleasant homes, as the center of this rich farming belt, the prospective home-owner can traverse the country in every direction and can not make a mistake in this location.

He can buy improved property at from \$20 to \$40 per acre, or he can, at from \$12 to \$25 per acre, buy choice prairie lands without stone or stump, every foot of which is rich and productive. He will be near a school already built; within sound of church bell, will have for his neighbors men from every State in this glorious Union, men who are prosperous, hospitable, happy and contented, and will leave for his descendants a home in the loveliest portion of the greatest commonwealth of American States. A State of magnificent proportions, inexhaustible resources, fanned by the ocean breezes, and envied by the countries of the world for its clime, its products and the virgin beauty of its magnificent landscape.

Co-operation that Co-operates

By T. W. Woodrow

MAN left to himself, to his own intuitive inclinations, is a natural co-operator. For many good reasons he desires to work in harmony with his fellows. It is only the perversion of our natural feelings—the subversion of our better nature to the god of gold—that causes us to crucify ourselves upon the altar of competitive greed.

Every one knows that competition invites adulteration; promotes dishonesty, cultivates lying and deception; encourages petty vices and morally degrades the weaker in the insane struggle for profits at any cost.

More than 90 per cent of merchants fail in competition during a decade but who ever heard of a trust failing? Moderate fortunes have been made by competitors who, because of some circumstance, had a general advantage over their class, but millionaires are being turned out of the trust factory like doctors out of a medical college. Bear in mind that trusts are co-operative, competition within themselves is eliminated. They have lessened the cost of distribution and, by monopolizing the means which by right should belong to all the people and be run in their interest, have enhanced the cost to the consumer, thus trebling and quadrupling their profits.

Isolated and spasmodic efforts have been made from time to time to “co-operate” in the distribution of products. And the failure of these efforts,

which has been general and almost universal has been heralded by the thoughtless as a proof that “co-operation” was a failure. The thoughtless did not consider that the co-operative store was a competitive store in its relation to its class, but such was the case. It bought and sold on the same principle as did its competitor Jones, Smith & Co. But it was discriminated against by the factory, the jobber and the wholesaler and its destruction was a foregone conclusion; and had it not been for the trusts of this country demonstrating to the people the absolute success of co-operation when *the market owned the factory* we would still be mouthing about “competition being the life of trade,” and denouncing co-operation as a dream of theorists and political revolutionists.

But the car of progress when once started gathers speed from its own motion and the phenomenal success of the trusts caused people to stop and take a second thought. The result is the recognition of the fact that a small amount from each user of the products of the machinery of production would *buy the machine*. Attention has been directed to the statistical fact that the machinery of the country has been built on credit based on public patronage and that this same patronage has paid for the machinery in all productive lines. Attention is also called to the further fact that the prod-

uct of each factory employee and the machine run by him has amounted to \$2451 annually. That of this amount \$437 is paid the man and \$2014 is retained by the *owner of the machine*. This is why Rhode Island, a mere speck on the map, has more wealth than our greatest producing states. *The machines are located there*. It naturally follows that if the worker owned the machine in conjunction with the user of the product, they could have reduced the cost of the product fifty per cent and doubled the wages of the operator at the same time. This is what Co-operative Manufacture does. It has been demonstrated by the Rio Grande Woollen Mills Co, at Albuquerque, New Mexico, which has the honor to be the pioneer in this field, the boundaries of which will be the limits of human needs and desires.

The basic principle of Co-operative Manufacture is the people who make the goods and use the goods and own the machines that do the work. The profits of machine earnings instead of going into the pockets of a few joint owners goes back to the many and the wealth is returned to the same field from which it has been gathered.

It costs \$1.48 cents, on the average, to distribute each \$1.00 worth of manufactured goods from the factory to the consumer. This includes the average profits of the many hands through which it passes. It often costs more

than this. When the products of the factory are sold direct to the consumer this charge is saved and \$2.48 worth of goods costs the consumer who owns the factory only \$1.00.

Manufacturing only for themselves the goods are pure and wholesome. In the case of the woollen factory only pure, fresh wool is used. And when we consider that it only costs the members of this great co-operative mill company \$10 each to own enough machinery to supply their clothing, and when this \$10 is more than saved on their first purchase, we understand why the people are joining it by the hundred. As the members increase the machinery increases and the market being themselves they fear no trust. They are, themselves, the greatest of all the trusts, the harbingers of that great day the first dawning light of which is now appearing—the day of equal rights and equal opportunities, the Co-operative Commonwealth where an injury to one is the concern of all; where the war and waste of competition with its adulteration, its dishonesty, its avarice, greed and deception, will give way to the peace and prosperity of Co-operation with its pure goods, pure methods, unselfish labor, fraternal regard of each for all—the day of the everlasting fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of Man.

...BOOK REVIEWS...

OUR MASCOT—Is a new magazine which comes to our table from Texas. It is filled with able articles on nearly every leading topic now engaging the attention of thinking people. Its mechanical make up is pleasing and its illustrations are of a high order.

Published by Mrs. Jennie Mott, San Antonio, Texas, subscription price \$1.00 per year.

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HIGHER SOCIALISM—By J. L. SCHAEFFER, Colorado Springs, Colo.

This is one of the best works we have read on the living, burning question of the day. It is a cloth bound book of 200 pages and from cover to cover there is not a dull line. The author takes the high and unassailable position that race consciousness and evolution is the true socialism while class consciousness and revolution are wrong in theory and impracticable when viewed from the standpoint of the greatest good to the greatest number. The author recognizes that Reward is the fulcrum on which rests the lever that moves mankind to action, and points his readers to that higher concept of right which is the universal brotherhood of mankind. The book sells for \$1.00 and should be in every home. Address the author.

• • •

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN—By E. L. DOHONEY, published by the Reed Publishing Co., Denver, Colorado, 400 pages, Cloth, \$1.00.

This work by this well known author enters the realm of the Universe in that it treats of man and his constitution in the Physical, Psychical and Spiritual Worlds.

By the use of diagrams he divides the universe into three parts, the Earth, representing the Physical or world of matter; that belt immediately surrounding the Earth—our heaven and hell as it were—inhabited by the souls of men, representing the Psychical world; and the infinite spirit realm of God, the Master spirit.

The author contends that in man the spirit is the individuality, is eternal and a part of the universal God. Thus man occupies two worlds at the same time, the Material and the Psychic or soul world. His immortal spirit occupies three worlds, domiciled as it is in the human body—the material world; in the soul—the psychic world; and is a part of God the infinite, just as the drop of water is a part of the sea.

The book throughout is interesting and the reader is carried from one plane to another by argument and illustration. The book should have a wide circulation throughout the reading, thinking world.

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Gathered From Everywhere...

[This department invites contributions of anecdotes, strange happenings, etc. For every one printed, we will give six months subscription to this magazine. Original articles preferred, but send in what you think worth reproducing, giving credit when possible.]

Where Socialism, in the Form of Municipal Ownership, Pays.

The city of Monroe, Louisiana, is furnishing a fine object lesson, just now, to those who can think. In a short time its municipally owned street car lines will be completed and in operation and they have cost nobody a cent directly. The entire cost of construction was paid by the profits from its municipally owned wharves, water works, electric light plant and other public utilities. In a year or two the taxes in Monroe will become only memories of the past, for the profits from its public utilities will pay all its expenses. And its people will get the benefit of those public utilities at not more than half what they cost in cities where they are privately owned.

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Government Inspection.

The United States is being compelled to adopt some socialistic methods to protect its people. For instance it proposes to do away with the sham meat inspection in the packing-houses, as revealed by Upton Sinclair in "*The Jungle*," and see that every pound of meat that bears its stamp is fit to be eaten. Ambassador Whitelaw Reid recently sent the following communication from President Roosevelt to the annual conference of the Sheffield, England, Grocer's Federation:

"You are at liberty to inform the Grocer's Federation that under the new law we can and will guarantee the fitness in all respects of tinned meats bearing the government stamp."

Secretary Wilson, on being shown a copy of the communication, said:

"The Government stamp of 'inspected and passed' will be an absolute guarantee of Uncle Sam of the fitness of the product it is on. For that reason we will be careful as to where it goes. It will not be put upon any last year's bird's nests nor upon old bushel baskets found kicking around in back alleys.

"Conditions in the packing houses of the country are as good as you could wish them to be and as bad as can be imagined. Those are the extremes, and there are all degrees of good and bad between them. The range of conditions is as wide as the United States."

How would you like to do business with an agent of the government at your elbow watching your every move and knowing that his stamp alone made your product salable? What kind of an opinion would you have of yourself if Uncle Sam would not trust you to buy, kill and sell a hog or sheep? If you were a meat-packer and had any self respect wouldn't you want to turn your business over to the government and go off and hide? Isn't Uncle Sam running the meat business?

Republican Socialists.

Kansas leads in everything and now she proposes to attack the Standard Oil octopus with socialistic weapons and may drive it beyond her borders. Governor Hoch proposes to start a distillery for making de-naturalized alcohol in the penitentiary and operate it with convict labor. The product will be sold at cost. As it can be used wherever kerosene or gasolene can and can be made from almost anything, it ought to prove a formidable rival to Standard Oil. As it is made by the state, cuts in the prices of oil, railroad rebates and other Standard Oil tactics will not stop its manufacture.

o o o

Wants the Earth.

Rockefeller's hoggishness is bounded only by the earth. Nothing short of it will satisfy him. Not content with a billion in cash, or its equivalent, he is monopolizing the rubber business as fast as possible and driving out or ruining his competitors the same as he did in oil.

High-toned Socialists.

A number of wealthy people in both England and America have recently become converted to Socialism. In England among the latest is the Hon. Charles Alfred Lister, son and heir of the millionaire peer, Lord Ribblesdale.

o o o

Socialism in the Northwest.

At least 8,000 straight Socialist votes were cast at the recent election in Oregon. The Socialist candidate for State Labor Commissioner, having only a single opponent, received 17,000 votes. The people are doing some thinking these days.

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FOR NOVEMBER

The Management of the Mountain Pine is pleased to Announce articles for our November Number from the pens of the following well-known Authors.

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Rev. ALICE BAKER
State Missionary Oklahoma Spiritualist Association

The Coming Woman.

BY CONSTANCE WHITE.

WE LIKE to think of the coming woman as a type well-balanced physically, mentally and spiritually. We like to think of her as the embodiment of strength and intelligence. If she is to be the mother of a superior race it is her duty to be the reflection of all that is noble, true and beautiful in womanhood. The term "weaker sex" will not apply to her for ignorance and fear will have no place in her category.

It will be her first duty to study well the laws of her own being in order that she may create perfection instead of imperfection. We, who think know that it is possible through the exercise of higher law to create a perfect work just as it is to create an imperfect expression through the use of the inferior laws of our being. The study of Nature's laws, the good and evil effects of heredity and prenatal law should be the duty of every individual who ever expects to become a parent. The artist who is to produce a beautiful picture does not go about it in a hap-hazard way; he uses plan and method to create the picture in his mind before he transfers it to the canvas. And so it shall be with the coming woman, her mind will be the matrix where is formed the general characteristics of the future race. The state of the mother's mind at the time of creation, gestation and birth will be reflected in the individual through the different stages of its development

from childhood to old age. And so, when we consider this fact, we like to believe that the Coming Woman will, first of all, be well born.

She will not start out in life handicapped by some hereditary disease that holds her in its clutches like some dread monster, preventing her from entering the various avenues of learning open to her sex. She will be an inspiration in the home, a power in the business world, and a ministering angel in the field of medicine. She will be a great improvement upon the one-sided creature we now term "the new woman," who dotes on clubs and race suicide, and who would rather pet a miserable little dog than hold in her arms a pink-cheeked dimpled baby.

The coming woman will be taller and more athletic in build than the woman of the past generation. Athletic exercise and out door life will make her thus. No tight lacing for her, with internal organs all cramped up and unfitted for use. With the freedom of her organism attuned to the world of Nature, in place of the usual pain and weakness of her sex, she will certainly enjoy life in all its fullness. The approach of childbirth will not be heralded with fear and trembling, but she will look upon the crown of motherhood as the greatest honor that the Creator has conferred upon her.

When the Coming Woman rules in our land we shall have a race of strong, sturdy, stalwart men, well

built in body, with keen intellects and moral sense well developed; and our women will be fair to look upon, gifted in all that is true and high in womanhood; strong to do and bear in emergency and ready, if need be, to go out in the world and join the ranks of the mighty.

Woman has been termed the saviour of the race but never until she ceases to create criminals and degenerates

will she be worthy of the title. The Coming Woman will select the man who is to be the father of her child with the same care that she now bestows upon matters of far less importance. The false modesty that has held back the woman of the past will give way to truth, and the realization that to the pure in heart all things are pure.



What is My Creed?

By Margaret Olive Jordan.

*I scarce can tell to you
By what name my creed is known,
If name at all it has. I own
The effort of my soul is, TO BE TRUE,
If I would sweetly reap what I have sown.*

*And to be true means much,
Life's first lesson is to endure.
No creed, no name, will heaven insure,
Nor make us saints. But such
Oft hinders our souls, and we fail to lure*

*The only savior of mankind—
Love:—the bond that holds fast and strong
Human sympathy, be it right or wrong.
If we'll be true, in Love we'll find
An answer to all our needs as life rolls on.*

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THE POWER OF THOUGHT

BY DR. ALEXANDER J. MCIVOR-TYNDALL

AMID all the marvelous "discoveries" of the Nineteenth Century, looking toward the betterment, comfort and convenience of Humanity, none is of more vital moment than the fact that Thought is a universal force, subject to the control of individual will.

I doubt if the tremendous significance of this truth is at present more than dimly realized.

Man has so long struggled under the misapprehension that he is an irresponsible atom in space, at the mercy of a relentless, capricious creator, that it is with difficulty that he awakes to the acknowledgement of his freedom.

Lord Byron, in his "Prisoner of Chillon" tells how, when given his freedom after being for long years chained in a dungeon, the poor wretch turned from his liberators and hugged the chains that bound him to his cell. This anomaly typifies the attitude which the human race has ever assumed toward all progress.

Every seemingly "new" discovery has had to pass through three stages. It is at first scoffed at, then accepted, and lastly applied to practical life. Of course, what we call "discoveries" are merely a larger perception of that which is a fuller consciousness of the fact of continuous "revelation."

From the standpoint of materialistic science, I don't know that it is an "established" fact that Thought is a force subject to human control. The evi-

dence for this fact is, however, overwhelming, and must be recognized, even though the physicist has not yet set his seal upon the proof.

Every physical manifestation has a mental mold. Manifestation is, in very truth, what the word makes "manifest." This necessarily presupposes a power or force back of, and independent of, that which is manifest.

This power or force we know as thought.

The architect who plans a structure, the artist who paints a picture, the musician who "creates" or composes wonderful melodies, evolves his creation from his inner consciousness through thought.

Thought, then, is the magic substance out of which Man has evolved the very conditions which now confront us. Joy and sorrow; pleasure and pain; "good" and "evil;" are merely different results of the selfsame power.

There is no incomprehensible, non-understandable "ruler" governing man's fate.

God does not select a given environment and set us down in it, to worry and fret and work out our salvation, as a housewife "sets" yeast.

And it is because this persistent and unescapable truth necessitates a revision of past concepts that we find, in many quarters, active opposition to its acceptance.

Like the prisoner of Chillon, they

have grown familiar with their chains and when they are offered freedom they turn and hug their bondage.

If, indeed, we are not responsible, free, and self-acting individuals, we have no call to do anything but sit down and fold our hands and allow the despotic ruler of the Universe to send whatever thoughts and suggestions our way, that he may elect to send.

If we are merely "things created," and not free to control our environment and material conditions, surely it is presumptuous of us to talk about "salvation" and "progress" and "civilization."

"Reward" and "punishment" would be greater absurdities than they now are.

The great comforting, liberating Truth is, that Thought is the tool with which we may form our own conditions. Whether we utilize this wonderful power to create conditions of health, harmony and happiness for ourselves (I mean all mankind and not the personal self), or whether we employ it to produce discord and in-harmony and dis-ease and unhappiness, depends upon ourselves and not upon any power outside or above or beyond ourselves.

The sooner we get this fact fixed in our consciousness, the sooner we wake up to the need and the benefits of harmonious thinking.

To say that you can't help your thoughts is to acknowledge yourself the veriest slave, the "worm of the earth" that we were once taught to regard ourselves as comparable with.

Man has discovered and harnessed and controlled the invisible force called electricity.

He has made it do his bidding, and

we find it manifesting as light or heat or sound, as Man's will directs.

It may be made an aid to pleasure and comfort, or it may be made a death dealing agency.

We know and recognize this, and yet no one has ever "seen" electricity. We only see its manifestations.

Thought is, doubtless, a finer form of electricity.

At any rate Thought is subject to the same laws of manifestation that all force is subject to.

That is the law of vibration.

The individual Will supplies the dynamo in which Thought is generated and the character and quality of the force thus generated depends upon the individual desire.

Think health and peace and happiness and harmony and the force of your thought will manifest in the conditions of your desire.

Think death and disintegration and all negation and you will find the conditions you *will*—manifest in your life.

The force is the same in both cases.

There is no "good" nor "bad" Thought.

There is only power in Thought.

The individual is free to choose whether he shall use that power for harmony or for inharmony.

And this surely gives us cause for rejoicing since it establishes the fact of "free-will agency" about which Theologians have so long conjectured.

When the race as a unit once fully apprehends this tremendous, significant Truth, we may expect the long looked for millenium.

When we once comprehend that we are that which we WILL to be, and that only by choosing that which is harmonious can we hope for happiness, we naturally set about evolving har-

mony and health. We lift our heads Fear, and we go to work knowing that
 above the mire of Doubt and Humility the result will be what we make it.
 and cringing submission to a God of

OCTOBER.

BY MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

The winds are chanting a Requiem
 Out on the hills to-day,
 And over the distant mountains
 The clouds hang heavy and gray.
 And the woods are aglow with color;
 Crimson, and russet and gold,
 And the spirit that grieves in the tree-top
 Sings of a tale that is told;
 Of the fleeting joys of the summer,
 Of Nature's thrift and toil
 In leaf, in bud, and in blossom
 And Autumn's fruitful spoil;
 And the cricket chirps in the lowland
 Of another day to come,
 For Nature sleeps 'neath the asters,
 And the race of summer is run.

GOD.

Essence of all great works that e'er have been
 And of all things that e'er will be am I.
 I am the slender blade of bending grass,
 The star of light that beams from realms on high,
 The Oracle of Mystery; things not understood,
 Creator of the true, the wise, the good.
 I am the soul of every living thing;
 Without me, Time, Existence, have no place.
 My end or my beginning man can never trace.
 Men seek but find me not in Life's mad whirl,
 And only they behold me face to face
 Who search the silent cloisters of the soul.

RE-INCARNATION

By *Rayah*

THE doctrine of Re-incarnation, as taught today by certain schools of philosophy is one of the most pernicious errors connected with occult teachings, and should be persistently refuted by all earnest lovers of the truth of Nature's Laws for the simple reason that re-embodiment of the individual in earthly relations is beyond the province of natural law as expressed through evolution and involution of the soul. The simple truth about planetary life, in its first stages, is that the entity which survives death is really a product of the planetary relations of the elements and gets its inception there. If it be forcibly detached it can be magnetically attached to kindred spiritual entities in the form, and obtain life experience through that relation, but it has no power to go back to the primitive status or to become re-embodied at the expense of embryonic life, and nature most emphatically refuses to permit it. The great trouble with our modern teachers is that they fail to recognize the eternity of matter as well as spirit and also fail to connect the two as correlative in the Universal Cosmos. By so doing they miss the knowledge of the inception of the spirit and vaguely suppose it gets its original impetus from the universal impersonal spirit which seeks to express itself through matter to obtain knowledge that it could not gain elsewhere.

The metaphysical teachers of Re-incarnation, of the individual spirit, have had to meet many objections and much speculative questioning, but their chief reliance was, and still is, that Karma is the cause of re-incarnation and when a good Karma is obtained they will not need to repeat the experiences of earth further.

Let us examine the idea of Karma and see if it presents any good basis for the theory of re-birth into conditions that necessarily must be extremely likely to produce a bad Karma. If the experiences of earthly life has not been able in its first influence upon the embryonic spirit to give it a good Karma will the continuation of re-birth into the same or similar conditions be likely to improve the spirit as surely as to detach its thoughts and desires from that state? The history of those persons who claim to have a knowledge of re-incarnation by actual experience is this: they were some great personage in their previous incarnation, kings and queens and rulers of empires, but today we find them in the humblest walks of life which shows that, according to their own theory, they have retrograded in the scale of being.

Now, the law of spiritual unfoldment is this: that the better the conditions the wiser and purer the life, and, while it may be necessary for the spiritual entity to lay its foundation

in planetary life, the sooner it can escape from bad conditions there, the more likely it will be to have a beautiful development. It may have to stay in mortal environment for a season to perfect the form powers, but when that is once accomplished no necessity exists for further imprisonment upon earth, for all that earth can teach is what pertains to the physical senses rather than to spiritual life, and to condemn a spirit to return to it after once having its nature developed in that direction would be rather to degrade than exalt the soul, nor could anything be gained by it. Spirits of the scientific order never endorse the advisability of early death, and aver that until the embryonic spirit has obtained the necessary development of earth life it must remain in the magnetic environment of earth. This gives it all the experience needed, and effectually disposes of the theories of spiritual re-birth into ante-natal life. It is Nature asserting her rights, which no power less than hers can deprive us of, but she can do it without disturbing the equilibrium of either world. The teachings of Karma is seen in the idea that the final redemption from a bad Karma is to be obtained by translation from earth in infancy, hence abortions and early deaths from other causes are looked upon by that class of individuals as blessings instead of curses, notwithstanding the fact that Nature enters a most marked protest against early death. Karma demands it, hence infanticide has been practiced by re-incarnationists to an enormous extent, so much so that the civil government has had to impose its strong arm to suppress it.

The original Karma idea was that the soul would have to expiate its ex-

periences, the effect of all conditions through which it would have to pass from the realm of unconscious being to the perfect development of all its powers. But it was perceived by the wiser teachers that the spiritual influx from the lower spheres of spirit betokened a bad Karma, and that it was not possible for the spirituality of a low order to perfect itself except through a series of mental experiences or evolutions from one plane of thought to another of higher degree, and in the metaphorical expression of language the idea of a re-birth was used to express this process and was never understood in any other sense until a debased priesthood gave it the literal interpretation which is taught today by the schools of re-incarnationists. This false theory must be overthrown for it is not true to Nature's law of evolution. By the law of spiritual evolution, the spirit once having had its formative stages in earthly or planetary life has no more necessity for returning to that condition than the developed bird has to re-enter the shell of its embryonic life, for the earth experiences at best are but formative, as far as being of any great value, except in the necessity of the embryonic stages of life which may be said to be absolutely necessary to complete the soul's Cycle of Necessity, but beyond that function they have no essential purpose of a spiritual character, hence, after this stage has been passed there is no necessity for a return to experience over again what has already been learned, besides nature, in her evolutionary laws, positively refuses to work backwards or to repeat over again any experiences that have already accomplished their purpose.

There is an influx pouring in upon the earth today from the subjective re-incarnationists that bodes much trouble if it be not checked. India has steadily sunk in the grade of her spiritual powers because of it, for in the place of the pure doctrine of the Vedantic system the priestly perversion has taken its place as the original ideality. In Europe and America the teachers of the Wisdom Divine are confounding the moral sentiments that are the basis of spiritual unfoldment with the superstitions engendered by the priesthood, and, ere the people of these countries are aware they will be invaded by the hosts of the lower heavens who still are seeking re-embodiment, and a carnival of licentiousness may be inaugurated that will sink these countries as low in the scale as India has ever been. The spiritual thought of the people is the standard of its grade on knowledge, and to a soul imbued with the idea of re-incarnation to escape the consequences of a bad Karma all avenues are legitimate, and a parentage of adultery is as welcome as the doorway of wedlock.

To teach the theory of re-incarnation is to hold the mind solely to the earth plane, and it cannot rise to the spiritual realms of thought. To flood the West with the re-incarnation theories is to invite an eruption of the vilest grades in spirit life, and no wonder that the higher grades of spirit are averse to it and are doing all they can to prevent it, and to counteract its dire effects upon the present races of mankind upon earth. The western world has had a deluge of oriental feudalism to counterbalance its own crude conceptions of the divine nature, but neither formula has proven sufficient to protect its believers from flagrant im-

positions in the name of their Gods. The oriental influx is seized upon by the souls in darkness or despair and labeled by various names as well as taught by numerous schools of philosophy, each of whom only appreciate a portion of the truth. Some of them deny the individual existence of anything but the impersonal supreme, and imagine that they will be absorbed in the divine ocean of spirit upon their transition to the world of soul life, losing consciousness and individuality. Others are sure that the spiritual world can have no direct influx into the sphere of conscious life upon earth and teach that such an idea is an insane delusion. Others again, are so anxious to become united to the God-head that they forget the great law of spiritual unfoldment and seek to hurry matters, generally ending in disappointment or shame and disgrace. Fanaticism is slowly rearing its hideous face in the spiritual movement, and the most absurd dogmas regarding the power of the spirit to control material forces are freely advocated. The most irrational ideas of the control of spiritual powers by the will of ignorant and embodied souls are advanced, and the experiments made by the most intelligent minds in spirit to demonstrate the principles are supposed to be in the regular order of evidence, to support the theories of extravagant visionaries. The amount of intelligent ignorance current upon earth, is one of the problems that eternity alone can solve. There are societies and systems innumerable for the study of the occult forces of nature, but hardly any two of them can agree touching the nature of the spirit, or the true methods of its enfoldment. Even the wisest minds fail to discrim-

inate between the natural laws of nature and the artificial theories of man, they even go so far as to say that re-incarnation takes place alternately in the male and female organism, but fortunately for poor humanity, Nature's law does not call for the return to the environment of earth after its escape from the atmosphere of earthly thoughts, nor does it ever need to express itself again in the realm of earthly embodiment. Its pathway to Nirvana, or perfect at-one-ment with its source of its being is away from earth, and happy the soul who is free from the idea of ever having to tread the path through mortal life again.

Compare the moral power of this thought with the idea that life is a ceaseless round of re-incarnations upon earth, and weigh well the difference. One exalts the spiritual consciousness to the highest heavens, while the other condemns the victim to perpetual despair. For the thought of return in spirit to earthly environment cannot fail to discourage, eventually, the most heroic soul, and will ultimately lead it to despair. It is only when the soul experiences this truth, that it gives up all hope, and is capable of committing any crime known to the calendar of crimes. The western nations have been the prey of a senseless

belief in a return to a physical body, and the numerous hosts of her ignorant children hover over the earth awaiting the resurrection morn, yet they can do but little harm compared with the souls whose thought are held upon the earth, as they strive to impress the mortals here to furnish avenues for the spirit to enter earth again to expiate a bad Karma. Our western societies of occult thought should be aware that the projection of thought upon earth by a concentrated effort of the will must have its effect here and if that thought be upon a plane of error it will take many long years ere its effect will be removed, and as nature's laws deny re-incarnation to the spirit, they should reflect and meditate seriously upon this subject before they lend themselves as willing tools to this erroneous theory of occult law, as taught by the "*wisdom of man*" and not of God, and His sacred hierophants of the higher realms of being, who have returned to the world through thought transference warning the people not to believe in the "*wisdom of man*," whose interpretation of the laws of spirit must be vain, until he has arrived to that degree of knowledge whereby he knows the nature and office of spirit, and form, in the spheres of universal being.

A Communication Regarding Re-incarnation from Siddartha, Sakya, Muni, or Gautama, the Buddha.

"I would see the idea of re-incarnation dismissed as an error that holds the soul to earth, rather than a means whereby it can be freed from the conditions of earthly ignorance. I would see the idea of a priesthood with delegated authority from the Supreme Power also discarded as a useless fabrication of craft, and without further

support upon earth. I would that the world of mortals would respond to that inner voice which instructs the soul in the paths of righteousness and peace rather than to any outward dictation, and that the whole world would be subservient to the influx of the light of spiritual thought rather than be directed by the authority of tradition.

While, in a certain sense, the doctrine of Karma has a basis in the spiritual development, yet it is far from that higher conception that should be understood in its entirety as the outcome of the life in the mortal state. As spiritual life is so connected with the power of thought, many of the ideas that come from it will be the imperfect thought of partially developed souls, and if they are accepted as truth, the mind so receiving them will be more or less imbued with error. Therefore, seeing how the errors of the past are being reproduced upon the earth plane, I have felt it incumbent upon me to return, and as far as possible prevent their worst effects, for as I now observe them they are likely to present great obstacles to the progress of the spiritual ideas among mortals. I would have my followers upon earth recast their conceptions and expressions of the spiritual life to be more in harmony with the spirit of the age. It is not necessary to revert to the past or to cling to the traditions of the centuries which have long since borne their fruit and should be consigned to a merciful oblivion. It is no longer a question of concealment of the spiritual life and its influence upon the earthly realm, but its greater increasing influence that is to be made the basis of the world's future instruction. Our ideas are being sent abroad upon the earth as never before in the history of the race. We are opening the doors of the spiritual life to mortal comprehension as was never imagined by the wisest sages of previous epochs. We have gone to all nations, regardless of cast or conditions, and we shall never again permit a priesthood to obtain control of the movements or to allow it to have undue influence in modifying its ex-

pression. The child of the outcast is as likely to be the recipient of the divine influence as the most ascetic Brahman, for in the world of spirit all are counted worthy of redemption from the power of ignorance. Therefore the light of the divine light is sent to the poor and lowly of all nations, and the Buddhas of this age are chosen without reference to their religious training or ancestral descent. It touches the life motives of all its recipients, and, as far as it is able, reflects the latent powers of their nature in the improvement of the spiritual perceptions of its human representatives. It is sometimes distorted, and, like the prismatic deflection from the pure rays of the sun-light, appears upon earth in many colors; but its source is pure, and it has, even in its variegated hues, a better influence upon the earth than the total darkness which IGNORANCE would give in its place. So, therefore, as long as the race shall exist upon earth it may expect to receive the impulses of a spiritual life which will serve to impress upon it the nature of its destiny and the processes whereby it can obtain a perfect development of all its powers and possibilities. The world of spirit touches as never before the ideality of mortals. It holds in its embrace all that human wisdom and human perfection have acquired during the ages since the spiritual nature, in its first evolution above the animal plane, has been able to secure of knowledge and wisdom as its spiritual inheritance. It is ready to impart its knowledge to the mortal life, and with willing hearts and hands, stands waiting the advent of a welcome hour when the world of mortals shall realize that immortality is its destiny and pure spirituality the heritage of its eternal nature."

**A Communication Regarding Re-incarnation from Ranga Hillyod, often Called
The Great Brahma, who was one of the Authors of the
Sacred Vedas.**

"There is one effect of the doctrine of re-incarnation of the souls of the dead that is felt with dire power in the spiritual world of India.

"Myriads who have left the physical life hover over the mortals of that country seeking for opportunities to become re-embodied, in order that they may realize the promised relief from their imperfect development in the former earth life. They are earth bound to a degree that infects the mental atmosphere of its people with almost hopeless despair, for however intense may be their desire, they are never able to obtain the fancied re-incarnation.

"They indeed seek the presence of opportunities innumerable through mental impress of the sexes, but beyond inciting an abnormal sexual impulse they effect nothing toward producing the result desired, and in place of a new life in the physical world they only succeed in debasing their spiritual natures by the recurrence to the sensations and thoughts of earth. India has suffered intensely in spiritual declension because of this, and many of its people have really become seriously retarded in their progress toward an intellectual spirituality."*

**Re-incarnation, as Taught by T. H. Burgoyne, (Zanini) Author of "The
Light of Egypt," "Celestial Dynamics," Ets.**

"Probably no truth has been more completely inverted by the ignorant and concealed by the learned than that of Re-incarnation. In every age it has been thought necessary by the priesthood to overawe the uneducated masses by some species of pious jugglery, and the popular theory of re-incarnation, as understood and taught at the present day, is a typical example of truth thus perverted. By re-incarnation we mean, as now correctly understood, the Doctrine of Re-birth of the human soul in various human forms and personalities, in different ages, upon the same planet. The read-

er must bear in mind that the doctrine of human re-incarnation is not, strictly speaking, a doctrine of occultism. It is a theological doctrine of oriental sacerdotal systems, formulated by the priesthood either to conceal the real truth, or to account for what they themselves could not comprehend.

"According to the Theosophist teachings, we are to believe that recompense for evil doings is impossible except by physical rebirth. Such writers are so destitute of the higher spiritual perception that they cannot comprehend any process of repentance and purification except upon the ma-

* NOTE.—This explains why the spiritual life of India has so deteriorated through false interpretations of the ideas of her great teachers. The spiritual life being an evolution, and its recipients failing to obtain true ideas relating to it while upon earth, crowd

back to obtain the promised relief, which nature denying, plunges them into chaos and despair. By thought impress upon their mortal companions they transfer this mental state to them also, so that the whole nation becomes subject to helpless hopelessness.

terial earth, and encased within a material organism. We can only say to the followers of such, that when authors set themselves upon a pinnacle of knowledge as to declare what is not possible within the mighty spaces of spiritual existence, they ought to be in a position to verify their assertions. If they cannot do this, then they are simply boasting pretenders to a state of knowledge and spiritual development which they do not possess and see that teachings do not in any sense agree with the actual experiences of those who have penetrated the realm of spirit, and investigated the mysteries of life for themselves, we challenge their right to speak with such authority. How different are such ideas from the real truths of Nature. How different are spiritual realities from oriental theories of dreamy speculations. The talented author of "Art Magic" and "Ghostland" who had for years investigated the various unseen realms of life for himself, gives the world the great results of his life-long researches in the latter work. Speaking upon Re-incarnation the writer says; "To my dim apprehension and in view of my long years of wandering through spirit spheres, where teaching spirits and blessed angels guided my soul's ardent explorations, this brief summary of our pre-existent state explains all that the re-incarnationists have labored so sedulously to theorize upon. The universal and reiterated assertion of myriads of spirits in every stage of the progressive beyond, convinced me there was no return to mortal birth, no retrogression cycle of cosmic being, as a return to a material re-incarnation undoubtedly would be, and all the demands of progress, and justice, and advancement, are supplied by the opportunities

offered the soul in the sphere of spiritual existence."

"The Inversive Magi who teach the doctrine of re-incarnation are the legionaries of the Dark Satellite. They cannot penetrate beyond the astral zones of the cosmic and magnetic elementals, hence they know absolutely nothing of the higher states of the soul world, or of the mysteries of angelic life. They deny their very existence, and substitute a delusive Devachan, and dreamy Nirvana of nothingness in their place. Never again will the human embryo enter the material matrix or suffer the pains of material re-incarnation, henceforth its re-births are in the realm of spirit."

Our western races have already an object lesson of the fallacy and delusive effects of this false teaching of re-incarnation by the Theosophical schools of thought.

Open your eyes to the truth as it is and think of what Buddha, Ranga Hillyod and Zanoni have said regarding the effects of believing in re-incarnation and ask yourselves if this does not explain the true reason for the loose morals between the sexes and the licentious carnivals that are reported in our daily papers. No longer is the marriage vow held sacred by this class of men and women. The animal passions rule them to the exclusion of all vows or moral obligations to society, home, children or themselves. These truths should be published in every paper in the United States and Europe to counteract these false teachings of the re-incarnation schools, for if the diabolical influence of their teachings be not checked and counteracted they will retard the onward and upward progress of our western civilization and ultimately sink our western races beneath

their oriental brethren who have ignorantly accepted this delusion of the priesthood who are responsible for their low and fallen condition, physically, morally and mentally as well as

socially and spiritually. An object lesson which speaks louder than words or pen can tell against these blind leaders of the blind.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

We are sailing away, my soul and I,
 To the land of dreams with its sunny sky
 Where Life and it's cares are forgotten awhile
 And a tear is exchanged for a smile.
 The songs are sweet in the land of dreams,
 And the flowers and birds are fairer, it seems
 And we float along without a care
 To the summer land over there.
 We can hear the dip of our slender oar
 And the lap of waves on the quiet shore
 And our boat of sleep sails on and on
 Through scenes we shall see, ah, nevermore.
 How the peaceful moments glide along
 To the tuneful air of an old love song;
 And tired hearts that in life must weep
 Are rocked to rest in the boat of sleep.

Webster Beaten by a Woman.

In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bodgen's will which was tried in the Supreme court many years ago, Daniel Webster appeared as counselor for the appellant. Mrs Greenough, wife of the Rev. William Greenough of West Newton, was a very self-possessed witness. Notwithstanding Mr. Webster's repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster, becoming quite fearful of the result, arose, apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff box, thrust his thumb and

finger to the very bottom, and, carrying a deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with gusto, and then extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, he blew his nose with a report that rang distinct and loud through the crowded hall.

He then asked: "Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bodgen a neat woman?"

"I cannot give you full information as to that, sir; she had one very dirty trick," replied the witness.

'What was that, ma'am?'

"She took snuff!"—*Boston Herald.*

Twentieth Century Philosophy.

BY (SPIRIT) MYRON W. REED.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following article was written automatically, through the hand of Miss E. M. Weatherhead, 1853 Welton St., Denver Colorado, and purports to be the thoughts of Myron W. Reed, now a denizen of the ether world. We give it as it is given us, believing that the thoughts therein expressed are worthy a place in the literature of the day, whatever may be their source.

I AM glad that Heaven was designed by the same artist who painted the flowers.

The ideas of men are subject to change, but the work of nature goes on in the same old way—you can trace the genealogy of a tree back to its great grandfather. I have no doubt, however, but what ingenious man would like to incarnate that tree in some new and wonderful form of nature undreamed of as yet.

After all life is a school and a man has earned his promotion when the Master says: "Pass up higher."

The thoughts of great men take root in our souls: and by and by we learn to think and act for ourselves—but in such a limited way I think the Creator must feel sorry for us.

I thank God for the creation of books—but more than this do I thank Him for the creator's of books.

A man's works live after him in the minds of his friends. If he has helped to make the world better by living he needs no monument to remind humanity that he was once an inhabitant of this mundane sphere.

Co-operative Socialism equalizes

the balance between Capital and Labor and makes the individual an inheritor of supply—from the moment of birth until he solves the great problem of Spiritual Co-operation in a better world.

Thompson J. Hudson may be all right as far as he goes but from my point of view he does not go far enough. It is only an aggravation to get the appetite all worked up for a good meal to behold the food suddenly vanish and in its place an elaborate array of silver plate, cut glass and fine linen. To my mind he is a wiser man who says, "I do not know," than he who promulgates a theory that sets the world to thinking but who, when you come right down to the fine point, can produce no solid foundation upon which to base his theory.

If any man is in doubt as to his identity let him go out in the fields and study nature. She will prove to him whether he is a true child of the Father or not.

The Fatherhood of God and The Brotherhood of Man—I like those terms; they seem to hint of a broader sympathy between man and man, they make me think of a time when Univer-

sal Brotherhood may be established and men will know what Christ really meant when he said: "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me."

One thing contradicts another—but for every apparent evil under the sun there is an undercurrent of good, which, could it be brought forth into the light, would show us the purpose for which we were planned.

Dreamers are all right in their way—they furnish the wherewithal for the practical man to work upon.

The combined wealth of John D. Rockefeller will not buy him one real hair, a clear conscience or a healthy stomach—he is poorer in the sight of God than the ragged urchin who knows not from whence may come his next meal.

All the Trusts tied together by the strings of Capital do not promise freedom or liberty for an oppressed people.

The new philosophy gets down to first principles and seeks prevention rather than cure. To be well born is the first requisite that will aid us in doing away with reformatories, hospitals and kindred evils.

I have no fault to find with the Creator—if his children were half as square as He is, the world would be a pretty good place to live in after all.

He is a wise man who possesses the power to reflect himself upon my soul—and if he excites my admiration the hours I spend with him are so many golden moments, each set with a jewel of priceless value.

Wireless Telegraphy serves as a good illustration for the vibrations sent out by thought transference and telepathy between embodied and dis-

embodied spirits—Transmitter and Receiver must be attuned or there will be no response.

The man is my friend who likes a dog—the homeliest little yellow cur that ever walked behind the heels of a barefoot boy may have a greater supply of the real, true God principle about him than the individual who wears the number seven hat.

When will men of science cease to look at things from a material point of view. To the spiritually reflective man there is no greater proof of the soul's immortality than the growth and unfoldment of nature.

Hunger and cold will take all the religion out of a man's soul.

The man who knows how to die properly lies down to sleep with the assurance that he will awake with the dawn better fitted than ever before to straighten out the tangled thread of existence.

We are all children of a larger growth. The things which satisfy today become dull and commonplace tomorrow.

Love is the perfume of the flower, the jewel of the rock, and the aroma of a good meal to a hungry man.

Fortune is the star-eyed goddess that men pursue, and after spending a life-time in vain pursuit of her, they are grieved to see her turn and bestow her favors upon some one whom they are quite sure is not half so deserving as they are.

The things of the past which were good enough for our forefathers go out of style and new and improved models take their place. We smile as we recall a vision of the old stage-

coach and the ox-team, and compare them with the railway train of today and the automobile traveling at the rate of a mile a minute. We have reached the unfoldment of evolution at the expense of real, downright content. In this rapid age man must have daily some new novelty to keep him from jumping off the earth. And even so, with his airships and his automobiles, he manages to accomplish this feat now and then with very little inconvenience to himself. Back in Arkansas some years ago I stopped over night in a rural settlement where the people did not have ambition or energy enough to last them over night.

Upon inquiring of the proprietor of the place where I was staying how long he had been in the country his remarks were as follows: "Wall, stranger, I hev lived in this here part of the country ever since I was born."

He might have been as old as Methuselah, if I could judge anything by his personal appearance. As he had aroused my curiosity, however, I concluded that I would try to get a little more definite information on the subject, so I said: "In what year was that?" "Wall, come to think on't, that was the year when Dad got his ear cut off by the buzz-saw." Failing to get any satisfaction on this point, I said: "Where did your folks come from, originally?" "Not from anywheres, as I knows of. Dad was borned here, grandpap was borned here and so was his dad before him, and I never hern tell of any relations back o' them, so I reckon you know as much about it as I do, stranger." Changing the subject I said: "Well, what do you do here to pass away the time?" "Eat

three times a day, go to bed and git up in the mornin'." "Oh, I see, and what is the population of the place?" "Niggers, chickens, hogs, women folks and children." "What is your main source of supply?" "Cornmeal, hog and taters. "Are the people healthy here?" "Yes, 'til they turn up their toes." "Do your women folks go to church?" "We aint got no time for nothin' but eatin' and sleepin', stranger." As I could get no satisfaction out of him I stopped asking questions, but I thought him a very good exponent of the contentment of ignorance.

The man who is wizard enough to improve upon the work of The almighty by creating a cactus without a spine, excites my admiration. He certainly deserves eoniums that will ring down through the ages proclaiming him a most promising pupil of the Master Artist, God.

I like The Almighty's plan of salvation very well, he has created me in such a way that I am my own free agent, and may create my own heaven or hell in a domain set apart in one corner of my being.

The philocopy of a wise man will take him into the courts of Kings but the gold of an unwise man may transform a palace of splendor into a hovel of gloom.

The front door of the Treasury of Capital is now guarded by the Trusts and at the back door is the God of Political Corruption, but the angel of Evolutionary Socialism is preparing to descend, to open wide the doors of The Great Institution of Supply, to render unto the people the heritage due them.

What New Zealand Has Done.

BY ALLEN L. BENSON, IN *Wilshire's*

"The wage-payer is the master of the wage-earner; the land-holder is the master of the landless; and the owner of the machinery is the machinist."—The Hon. Edward Tregear, Secretary for Labor of New Zealand.

JUSTICE does not prevail in America. It is too difficult for some persons to get along and too easy for others. A few have too much money and the rest not enough. Wealth is too much concentrated.

We all recognize these facts and are agreed upon them.

Agreeing thus far as we do, we all desire that conditions shall be changed.

We want the man who is now poor to have more, because we believe that he deserves more. We want the man who is now rich to have less, because we believe he deserves less. In short we want everybody to have what he deserves—no more and no less.

But having travelled thus far together, we now separate. We differ as to remedies. And we differ most widely in our beliefs as to the possibility of bringing about any radical change for the better during the lifetime of any one now living. Everyone would be glad to have a radical improvement brought about during his own lifetime, but few vote for it.

The Socialists are the few who vote for a radical improvement during their own lifetime. And one of the most persistent criticisms that they are compelled to meet is that they are im-

practicable: that they are dreaming of things that cannot possibly be brought about until long after everyone now living shall be dead. And the men who make these criticisms attempt to sustain their positions by declaring that the world has moved slowly and always will; that progress always has moved and always will move at a snail's pace.

There are millions of such men in this country; men of good intelligence and good impulses, who are restrained from advocating or voting for Socialism because of what they conceive to be the hopelessness of the program, so far as speedy results are concerned, if for no other reason.

It is for such men that this article is written. Nor will it be devoted to theory and speculation, to probabilities, or to possibilities. It will be written for men who are "from Missouri," who want to be "shown." And it will, therefore, be devoted to a brief survey of accomplished facts in another land than ours—facts that these busy men of good intelligence have overlooked in their continuous struggle for a livelihood under the admitted unjust conditions that prevail in this country.

New Zealand was desperately poor

in 1900. In New Zealand then, as in the United States now, there was no way for a man without capital to make a living except by working on the land or by working for wages with machinery. The machinery, of which there was not much, because New Zealand was not a manufacturing colony, was owned by a few private capitalists, just as the machinery in the United States is today owned by a few private capitalists. The greater part of the population was, therefore, compelled to seek a living by tilling the land. The ownership of the land was concentrated into the hands of a few private capitalists. No one could work without getting permission from some private capitalist to use his land or his machinery. Just at that time, the world was flooded with the products of land and machinery, which the capitalists could not sell because the wage-earners of the world had so little with which to buy that which they needed so much. The New Zealand capitalists, therefore, had no incentive to hire anybody to work on their land or with their machinery, because there was no opportunity to make profits by selling the products.

In other words, there was a panic in New Zealand—just such a panic as we had in the United States three years later, and for the same reason; because labor had produced so much more rapidly than it could buy back its products with its small wages, that the capitalists had a surplus of products on their hands and, therefore, did not wish to hire anybody to produce more for the time being.

What was the result?

"We had soup kitchens, shelter sheds, empty houses, men out of work, women and children wanting bread,"

says the late R. J. Seddon, recently premier of the colony. "This was how we found New Zealand in 1890. It was to be a country where the few were to be wealthy and the many were to be degraded and poverty stricken."

"From 1885 to 1900, 20,000 people left New Zealand," says Prof. Parsons, in his excellent book entitled "The Story of New Zealand." "It was not a flitting of travellers to visit other lands. It was a transportation or transplantation of homes. The unemployed problem rose to the overflow and working people went overseas from a population of 600,000 in a land where 20,000,000 and more could live in comfort under just conditions. A country easily capable of sustaining more than thirty times the population it possessed witnessed the astounding spectacle of an exodus of vigorous and industrious people because they could not get homes or work."

But the bolt of New Zealand's poverty did not come out of a clear sky. Conditions had been going from bad to worse for years. The ownership of land and machinery had been steadily concentrating into a fewer and fewer number of hands, just as the ownership of these things in this country is concentrating into a fewer and fewer number of hands. And the wealth-producers of New Zealand sought to improve conditions just as the people of this country are trying to improve conditions—by dividing their votes between two parties that were controlled by the capitalists who were profiting from the very conditions that the workers were trying to change.

Indeed, the parallel between the workingmen of New Zealand and the workingmen of the United States may be extended further. Fifty years be-

fore the workmen of New Zealand thought it worth while to unite at the polls and control the government, they conceived the idea that all would be well if the government, which they did not control, were only in control of the public utilities. Everyone turned to the public ownership of public utilities as the panacea for all their wrongs, just as we are now turning to it in this country.

The start in this direction was made in 1842, when a law was enacted giving municipalities the right to own lighting plants.

In 1865 the government took over the telegraph lines.

In the same year the government also established postal savings banks—which we in this country have been trying for years to get and have not got yet.

In 1870 the government took over the ownership of the railroads.

In the same year the government also established a life insurance department and began to sell insurance to the people.

In 1872 municipalities were given the right to own their street railway tracks, but not to operate the cars—that was still regarded as “dangerous.”

In 1884 the government took over the ownership of all the telephones.

In 1886 it was no longer regarded as “dangerous” for cities to operate their own street railway systems, and this right was given them.

In 1887 the government established a parcels post and began to carry packages for the people for less than half what our express companies who will not let us have a parcels post, charge us.

And in 1890, after all these reforms for which Americans are now striving,

had been established, the colony, so rich in manhood and in natural resources, was so poor in opportunity for the average man that those who could were fleeing overseas, while those whose poverty prevented them from emigrating were living in sheds, eating in public soup kitchens and bewailing the fate that kept them idle when they wanted to work.

These are not anybody's theories, they are historical facts. The public ownership of the public utilities mentioned was a pronounced success in a way. By cutting off the profits that formerly went to private capitalists, it gave cheaper light, cheaper telephone, telegraph, railway and express service, cheaper life insurance and better savings banks—banks that would not fail because the government was behind them.

But all of these things together did not provide work for an additional man. The government employed no more men to operate the railroads, telegraph, telephone, lighting plants, street railway lines, etc., than did the private capitalists who formerly owned them. The government, by owning and operating these public utilities, simply afforded an opportunity to those who were already in receipt of incomes to obtain for less money the services offered by these various utilities. In short the government simply reduced the cost of living.

The New Zealanders who were out of work because all the land and machinery were owned by private capitalists were, therefore, not benefitted by the decreased cost of living. A loaf of bread may as well cost \$100 as 10 cents so far as concerns the man who has not 10 cents and can find no way to earn it. And the men who

were employed found that the reduced cost of living did not long benefit them because the idle men, of whom there are always many in all countries even in the most prosperous times, were willing to take the places of the employed men at wages representing the reduced cost of living. The New Zealand workingmen, therefore, quickly learned that it matters little to wage-workers whether the cost of living be high or low, so long as there are idle men at their elbows who are willing to work for wages that will afford them only a bare living, whatever the cost may be.

This fact seen by the workingmen, the problem assumed new proportions. It then became a question of keeping the cost of living down by maintaining and extending the public ownership of industry while extending the incomes of those who toiled. With most of the population employed on the land, it was seen that some way must be devised (1) to give more people an opportunity to work on the land, and (2) to enable those who worked on their land to obtain more for their labor. There were only 600,000 persons in the colony, and land enough to support 20,000,000, but the private capitalists who owned the land would not hire more farm hands because they were already overstocked with farm products, and, therefore, could not obtain profits by hiring farmers to produce more. Nor would the private capitalists who owned the land pay higher wages to those whom they already had in their employ. There was no necessity for paying higher wages. There were plenty of idle men who were eager to work for the same wages that the employed men were receiving, because those wages meant at least a living, and the unemployed

men were sleeping in sheds and eating in public soup kitchens.

It was at this point that the workingmen of New Zealand resolved to till the fertile land which they saw about them in such abundance, whether the multi-millionaires who owned it should receive any profits from their toil or not. This decision they reached on the theory that it was more important that they and their families should live than that a few capitalists, already rich, should become richer at the expense of those who labored. Besides, they reasoned that the capitalists did not make the land and that any human being had a natural right to use enough of the earth upon which he was born to make a living.

But the workingmen found the existing laws to be on the side of the capitalist. The laws gave them the right to hold the land and to let others work upon it or not as the owners might choose, and to pay those who worked only such wages as they might mutually agree upon. A study of the statute book, however, revealed the fact that these laws were made by men. It was therefore reasoned that these laws might be repealed or changed by men with as much propriety as they were first enacted.

But the law-makers who were then in office would not change the laws. They had been elected to defend such laws. The men who wanted such laws defended had selected these law-makers and the workingmen had elected them.

The workingmen decided to elect no more such men. They decided to elect men to office who would do their bidding instead of the bidding of the landlord capitalists. And as the workingmen realized that they were enough of

them to elect whomsoever they pleased provided they united in support of their own candidates. they decided to vote together and elect their own candidates.

They elected them without any trouble. They have been electing ever since without any trouble, because the workingmen have been voting together. And these law-makers that the workingmen have elected have done their bidding, instead of that of the landlords. The land laws have been changed. The holders of many large estates have been compelled to sell their land to the government. The government is compelling other landlords to sell out in the same way. Having acquired title to the land, the government is putting it at the disposal of the people. To keep the land from ever getting into the hands of idle capitalists and speculators again, the government is letting most of it out on 999 year leases, with restrictions as to how much any individual may hold, as well as provisions which prevent anyone from holding it out of use. Any citizen of New Zealand can lease land from the government for an annual rental of a few dollars, and the government will lend him enough money, at a low rate of interest to build him a home and put in his first crops.

What has been the result?

In fifteen years, New Zealand, from a poverty-stricken group of islands, has become the most prosperous country on earth. In 1901, the net wealth per inhabitant in the United States was \$1,300. In New Zealand it was \$1,500. In the same year, the savings bank's deposits in the United States amounted to \$110 per inhabitant. In New Zealand, it was \$140. Seven persons out of each 1,000 owned all of our

savings banks deposits. Twenty-eight out of each thousand own the savings deposits in New Zealand. So New Zealanders who were poverty-stricken in 1890 now have not only more money per capita in the savings banks than we have, but it is distributed among four times as many persons.

All this New Zealand has done in fifteen years by partly putting into practice part of the program of Socialism. She has put part of the land back into the hands of the people. Capitalists still own much land, but the government is buying it from them as fast as it can and leasing it to those who want to till it. And in the meantime, the government is taxing big estates until their owners find small comfort in their retention. But the machinery the only other means of production—is still in the hands of the private capitalists, who pay as low wages as they can and employ only those whose products they can sell at a profit. A man who wants to till the land can do so without asking any one's permission—his government will give him an opportunity. A man who wants to work with machinery must look for a job, and, if successful, work for the same wages that an idle man would be willing to accept—the cost of living.

As to the spirit that moves New Zealand and the goal toward which she is working, the following letter to the writer from the Hon. Edward Tregear, Secretary for Labor, will give more than a clew. Parts that good taste might seem to require the present writer to withhold are given because they contain Secretary Tregear's statement that he is a Socialist, and indicate the trend of his mind regarding events not only in his own country, but in ours:

"DEPARTMENT OF LABOR.

"Wellington, N. Z., Dec. 14, 1905.

"My dear Mr. Benson:

"I hope you will pardon me for not at once acknowledging receipt of your book, 'Socialism Made Plain.' Believe me, I feel deeply grateful to you not only for sending me an author's copy, but for the very, very kind words you wrote in the book when sending it. We Socialists who consider the moner reward for work somewhat tainted by the similar or greater wage obtained by others for very doubtful services, find our true recompense in the appreciation of those whose opinions we value. Judged by such a standard, you stand high in the universal commonwealth of free souls.

"If I did not reply to you at once, it was because I wanted to ruminate over some of the arguments you use. They are clear and practical enough, but a thinking writer's harvest in new fields has to be considered as seed corn for others to use; each sentence of his sermon is a text on which others can compose their own disquisition.

"*I am one of those so fully convinced of the truth of what you say that it seems to me sometimes as if we are the only sane persons in a world of lunatics.* Of course, that world retorts that it is we who are mad; that is the way things go in 'mental hospitals.' Nevertheless, there is great hope for us. Our ranks are being augmented every hour in the most astonishing way, and I, who agreed with Henry George and Bellamy in their day, but thought the realization of their dreams to be a matter for our posterity centuries hence, see in my own short lifetime the advent of social rights coming up like a thunder storm against the wind.

"Here in New Zealand we keep pegging away, sapping little by little the foundations of one monstrous privilege after another. We got compulsory arbitration well upon its sturdy legs, and I know you have followed its career with interested eyes. Now I have begun a campaign against the landlords in cities and suburbs, because every advantage in wages, etc., gained for the

workers by arbitration is being exploited and neutralized by robber rents. The Premier backed me up nobly and brought in bills which were passed, to enable us to take (voluntarily by sale, or compulsorily) lands near towns for working-men's homes, and we are now building the homes. We also supply funds to enable the holders to erect houses, etc. thereon, secured of course, on the lands and improvements themselves. We do this before for the farmers to enable them to pay off strangling mortgages by supplying them with cheap money borrowed at a low rate of interest on a government guarantee. *The result is that no country in the world is as prosperous at the present time as New Zealand.*

"Let no man think, however, that our prosperity leaves us without evils to combat. We have barely touched the fringe of the soiled economic garment. So long as the wage system endures; so long as capital holds the land, machinery and means of production, so long is the bulk of our population only a collection of well-fed, well-clothed slaves. I am glad to see that in your book you have thus driven your shafts right at the heart of the matter. * * * * *

"When, when, when will the great American people learn that the Republican is nothing, the Democrat nothing, and that there is only one issue, viz., that between the robber and his victim? Moreover, that the only social weapon is the ballot box?

"Long life and health to you. May you strike many a giant blow for the great cause.

"Yours always,

"EDWARD TREGAR,

"Secretary for Labor."

Plainly enough, the government fo New Zealand is sailing for Socialism under a stiff breeze with all sails set. Plainly enough, the condition of the workers of New Zealand has been improved only to the extent that the government has realized the Socialist plan to put at the disposal of the workers the

means of production—the land and the machinery. If a woman could not cook a meal without getting permission from someone else to use the pots and kettles in her kitchen, she *might* go hungry some of the time. A worker who has to get permission to use the land or machinery with which he must labor, *does* go hungry some of the time. And since no laborer can own a steel mill, a railroad, a shipyard, or any other of the great machines of modern industry, it follows that the people, through the government, must own these plants if they are ever to be taken from the hands of private capitalists.

That is the theory upon which New Zealand is proceeding, at any rate, and the *results* thus far justify her reasoning.

In conclusion, then, is it worth while to try to do something for ourselves while we are alive? Our farmers and workingmen *divide* at the ballot box, vote capitalist tickets and say "No." New Zealand farmers and workingmen

unite at the ballot box, vote their own ticket and say "Yes." Nor is it to the point to say that New Zealand is only a small country, and the ordinary laws of economics do not prevail there. If New Zealand were only a garden patch and two men were the only inhabitants, one of the men would be in a sad plight if the other man owned the land and the hoe, had food enough stored up to keep him a year, and would not let the other man use the land or the hoe unless he would agree to take as wages only a part of his crop and give the rest to his "employer."

American farmers, whose products are in large part confiscated by the capitalists who sell them their machinery and other supplies, and American wage-workers are at present in the position of the gentleman on the garden patch who owned neither the land nor the hoe.

Yet the gentleman who has the hoe will keep it until it is voted out of his hands.





William Gesford

POLITICAL LEADERS

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THEIR POLICIES AND DOCTRINES

By WILLIAM GESFORD

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

(Continued from last month)

ernment will be fulfilled in this country. This is not the case now however—all profits of all labor goes to the private corporation and the opportunity to accomplish results is in their hands. This group of artificial individuals is the master, and the natural man is subservient to his will in all things. The difference between the slave and the master is: That the master is free to exercise the rights given him by nature, while the slave is not. When our constitution has become so broadened as to give it authority over social conditions, the natural man will be made free to enjoy the profits of his labor and the opportunity to earn his bread. This has always been true when government protects the natural individual in his commercial rights. Since the private corporation came in and has taken control of our industries the individual has ceased to be a factor in our civilization.

The slave was in no way a competitor of the master, the slave-holder and the individual. The natural individual is not now in any way a competitor of the Private Corporation. So in reality individualism and competition are both blotted out. We have neither. It does not take much of a man to tell the truth, but to advise and keep it hidden from view requires an intellectual colossus. Mr. Bryan is still a promi-

nent figure in the eyes of the public. He is still trying to deceive the people in his writings and interviews. In an article published in the April number of the *Century Magazine*, 1906—he attempts to make his readers believe that there is really such a thing in our civilization as individualism. Individualism did exist in this country at one time, prior to the days of invention, steam, electricity and the private corporation, and the natural individual, that God made, was the factor which moved at that time our entire civilized structure. It is different now however, and man is only a hanger on. An interview is reported by the Associated Press—with Mr. Bryan, dated June 11th, 1906, at Berlin, in which he conveys the idea and states in expressed terms that we still have an industrial competitive system, and that in our domestic commerce—which embraces production and distribution, competition is still alive, and that the great party of which he is the acknowledged leader is still trying to protect such a system from attack. It is proverbial with Mr. Bryan's party to parade the ghost of dead issues in order to have a following and deceive the people as a means of reaching office. If he can show just how much competition exists between the Nebraska farmer and the C. B. & Q. Railroad—and how much

competition exists between the individual owning an oil well and John D. Rockefeller! and just what competition exists between the natural and the artificial man—down the entire line, he may succeed in establishing a point. He in the same interview makes the broad statement that his party will attempt to regulate corporations in general, but is very careful not to state just how he intends to do it.

Mr. Bryan knows as do all thinking citizens of this country, that our once boasted individualism as a force in society is dead and that competition has virtually passed over in the same way—and that Private Corporations have since written their obituary. He also knows that his party even if successful can have no constitutional power to regulate corporations in general or to eliminate private monopoly, for they do exist and were established in a legal way by the sovereign power of the Individual States and unless our national government is re-inforced with additional power, it stands helpless to touch them. The people of this country can see no hope in political parties, their policies or plans. Mr. Bryan is well aware that our great political conventions are generally made up of corporation bosses who sit in the convention and act on the important committees with their pockets filled with private corporation stock, with no more concern for the inalienable rights of men, than had King John, King George, or the King of Italy who played his harp while the city of Rome was burning.

The *New York Times*, one of the leading Private Corporation journals, is now in favor of Mr. Bryan as the logical candidate of the Democratic party for 1908. It predicts that when he returns to the United States he will be a

changed man with a newly constructed mental makeup, a broader mind and conservatism in his views. Views that will be acceptable to all who may be opposed to the radicalism of Mr. Hearst or President Roosevelt. Will Mr. Bryan be so conservative and broad-minded as to forget the inalienable rights of his fellow countrymen and join hands with such avowed agents of the Private Corporation as August Belmont, Grover Cleveland, Ex-Governor Francis of Missouri, Delang and Newall of New York, and lead the Democracy in a lost cause and hypercritical issue as he did in 1896. Will he come out again upon a party platform and deceive the people by raising the issue of government control of corporations in general, knowing that no administration of our government as it is can rightfully touch them, or interfere with them, that the general government has no right to abolish or control an institution which the state has by right legally established. Will he again appeal to the people by his flowery eloquence and again claim a constitutional right to control the corporation which does not exist, and which he knows does not exist, and conduct a campaign on the corporation money of such men as Grover Cleveland and August Belmont? Will he again attempt such hypocrisy and betray the confidence of the people, like Grover Cleveland for the sake of gain and the Presidency?

Is he again going to attempt to crucify the inalienable rights of man upon the cross of a constitutional supposition.

He has fought two battles on the supposition that we have a constitutional money and that the coinage of gold and silver was specified in that

document, but such is not the fact for we have no constitutional money of gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 or any other ratio. The word ratio does not appear in that document.

It was the pressure of the Private Corporation that the people felt in 1896 but thought the evil was in the money question, the Corporations at that time had not yet perfected their plans to such an extent as to be well understood by the people as they are now. We should have a constitutional money, but will never have until that instrument has been widened out to cover the question, and such is also the case with the control of corporations.

We have two great political parties and it is their aim to so shape the political discussions and manufacture fictitious issues of the respective campaigns in the congressional districts and in the contests for the Presidency, that the evils of the private corporations and the evil influence of their existence will as nearly as possible be blended into their false issues, and kept under cover. We have had the corporation attorneys of both parties quarreling over the tariff, the money question, imperialism and other matters of but little public concern to the exercise of the vital principles of Man's natural rights. To protect man in his natural rights is the very simple question and the only question to be considered at any time with the people. The only way that the natural rights of man, which the people have themselves given away and lavishly bestowed on the private corporation, is by constitutional amendment to that end. But the great political parties, which are controlled by such men as Cleveland, Belmont and others on one

hand and such men as Depew, Platt and others on the other, are very far from allowing any discussion of the real subject or permitting any political issues that will permit the truth to come to the front. Nearly all the leading men of the nation are today men who have their money invested in industrial enterprises which are based on the private corporation and they are the big holders of stock and the reapers of the profits and spend most of their time trying to increase those profits and in coining false political issues to maintain them. Most men who hold office, from constable up to president, are political humbugs and hold, in most cases, stock in some private corporation.

The Private Corporations have the various states grabbed and as long as the people will permit a political party to dictate to them so long will it remain so

The Republican party since the war has been strictly the party of the private corporation. Its object has been to make money. It has taken care of this artificial man for in him it saw the profits. The party has had but little concern in the interests and the inalienable rights of the natural man since the private corporation became so interesting

They have taken about the same interest in the natural man as did the plantation master in the adopted son of Africa. They have become very much interested in his food and raiment and the method of absorbing the profits of his labor.

To take away the private corporation and destroy all artificial persons our population would then consist of but the natural individual. That would restore competition, and that

would return to the natural man his inalienable rights which he has wantonly bestowed upon the artificial man but such a course at this time would destroy our civilization and some other course must be pursued. It is now necessary to choose a course that will restore the inalienable rights of the natural man regardless of individualism or competition. Above all things else man's rights must be saved regardless of the cherished hopes and theories of the dreamers or the size of the profits of the selfish political manipulators.

Man's inalienable rights is the rock upon which all popular government must be founded, independent of selfish theories or private profits.

All men must have the opportunity to earn their bread on equal terms without one man having a legal advantage over the other. The artificial man has now a legal advantage over the natural man and that fact is robbing the natural man of his rights, has brought on our present financial system, the deadly conflict between the two classes of individuals, the natural and the artificial, has given us aggregated wealth and aggregated poverty, the nation cannot exist half natural and half artificial. It must resort to constitutional amendment in some way that will give the national government the power to control the artificial man, the private corporation, and to regulate the profits of industrial enterprises in both the state and the nation or the natural rights of man will be absorbed in the legal rights of the corporation and so completely that the final result will be revolution like that of France where the great masses of people were crying for bread.

The Corporation magnates of the Republican party are finding fault with President Roosevelt for trying to head off Socialism as they think is his object in trying to control the great corporate interests of the country, the part he is taking in regard to the Trusts and Railway rate legislation. They claim that he is temporising with it and to pacify a popular clamor is offering to the dissatisfied and discontented the barren husks of constitutional impossibilities.

In this position the corporation magnates have founded their assertions on a fact that is undeniably correct. There is two kinds of private ownership of private property under our present system of government, viz: the private ownership of private property by the natural man, and the private ownership of private property by the artificial man. They both get their title from the sovereign power of the individual state and it is a title and a right that stands paramount to the national government and is above all the powers of the constitution as it now stands. Our national government cannot afford to use arbitrary authority. No social evil can be removed by temporising with it. The private corporation is like the institution of slavery, its control must be permanently effected by putting into our constitution the cardinal principal of government for its control.

Socialism, no matter what may be said of it, is a struggle on the part of those who advocate, it to regain the rights of man that have been taken away under the changed conditions of society, brought about by the influence of invention, steam, electricity, and the private corporation.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE

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It is not the province of the *Mountain Pine* to endorse any political party, clan or clique as such. Neither is it our purpose to decry the efforts of any party of men associated together for the purpose of bringing about any of the needed reforms through the agency of party machinery, by whatever agency or title.

It is our policy to commend such efforts that in our opinion will lead to reforms for the betterment of society, let the reform come from whatever source it may.

The recent democratic state convention held at Denver, composed of 800 intelligent men and women, calling themselves democrats, declared for reforms that merit the advocacy and support of every reformer in Colorado, and should be the text of every future reform gathering in the land.

The advanced stand taken on all questions wherein the rights of the people are contrasted with the methods of corporations are commendable and reflect great credit upon the men

and women who composed that body.

But the one thing which will mark the convention as the greatest ever held in Colorado, or any other state is the enunciation of the following:

Section one (1) of article five (5) of the constitution of the state of Colorado shall be so amended as to read as follows:

The legislative authority of the state shall be vested in the general assembly, which shall consist of a senate and a house of representatives, both to be elected by the people, but the people reserve to themselves power to propose laws and amendments to the constitution, and to enact or reject the same at the polls independent of the general assembly, and also to reserve the power at their own option to approve or reject at the polls any act of the legislative assembly. The first power reserved by the people is the initiative, and not more than ten thousand (10,000) of the legal voters shall be required to propose any measure by such petition, and every such petition shall include the full text of the measure so proposed. Initiative petitions shall be filed with the secretary of state not less than four (4) months before the election at which they are to be voted upon. The second power is the referendum, and it may be ordered (except as to laws of necessity for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health or safety), either by petition signed by not less than ten thousand (10,000) of the legal voters, or by the legislative assembly as other bills are enacted. Referendum petitions shall be filed with the secretary of state not less than ninety (90) days after the final adjournment of the ses-

sion of the legislative assembly which passed the bill on which referendum is demanded. The veto power of the governor shall not extend to measures referred to the people. Whenever any law or part of a law shall have been declared unconstitutional by any state court, the executive shall submit it to the electors, and if approved by a majority of those voting thereon it shall become a law of the state, notwithstanding anything in the constitution to the contrary.

All elections on measures referred to the people of the state shall be held at the biennial regular general elections, except when the legislative assembly shall order a special election. Any measure referred to the people shall take effect and become the law when it is approved by a majority of the votes cast thereon and not otherwise. The style of all such bills shall be: Be it enacted by the people of the state of Colorado. This section shall not be construed to deprive any member of the legislative assembly of the right to introduce any measure.

Petitions and orders for the initiative and referendum shall be filed with the secretary of state, and in submitting the same to the people, he and all other officers shall be guided by the general laws and the act submitting this amendment, until legislation shall be specially provided therefor. All provisions contained in this section shall supersede any conflicting sections contained in article five (5) of the constitution.

Each elector voting at said election and desirous of voting for or against these amendments, shall deposit in the ballot box a ticket whereon shall be printed or written the words: "For the amendment to article five (5) of the constitution," and "Against the amendment to article five (5) of the constitution," and shall designate his or her approval or rejection of the proposition by placing a cross (X) after one of such sentences. The vote cast for the adoption or rejection of said amendment shall be canvassed,

and the result determined in the manner provided by the laws of the state of Colorado for the canvass for representation in Congress.

Many conventions in the past have declared for "The Initiative and the Referendum." But no convention has ever, so far as our knowledge extends, given the people the exact language of the proposed law to which enactment their candidates were pledged.

By this bold, unequivocal stand there is no chance for dodging the issue. Every legislator can say "I am for" or "I am against" this law and not a single voter need be deceived.

The voter has a chance this coming election for applying the principle of the Initiative and Referendum by voting directly upon the enactment of this new law. He knows when he casts his ballot exactly the wording and meaning of this new statute. If the people of Colorado who believe in progress will shed their party collars and vote for and elect a legislature and a governor pledged to place this law upon the statute books every other reform can then be accomplished. With this law on the books no hostile governor, no court of injunction, not even the "kingly prerogative" of the supreme bench could thwart the will of the whole people. We extend greetings to the band of men and women who at Denver took the most advanced position politically that has ever been taken by a political organization. They showed their earnestness and fairness by placing the exact law they propose to enact before the voters, and we hope and believe an overwhelming majority of Colorado voters will endorse their action.

The Attractiveness of Being Natural.

BY MARGARET OLIVE JORDAN.

Not long since on leaving an "at home" party, where we had enjoyed a portion of a very pleasant afternoon, we were cordially invited by one of the departing guests, to share a seat in her carriage, and she would take us home. The invitation we gratefully accepted, at the same time thinking how lovely it was of this woman to extend to us this kindness, since we had been but speaking acquaintances.

As we started off another woman who had also been asked to join this carriage party, remarked: "What a pleasant hostess is Mrs. —." "Yes," replied our friend, for friend she had become the moment she had so thoughtfully given us this invitation to ride, "and such a bevy of pleasant women that congregate about her." "And what a joyous feeling it gives one to meet so many pleasant people," said the dear woman by our side. The owner of this moving paradise had gracefully reversed a part of the front seat and sat comfortably facing us.

As we watched her pretty face light up with its varied, pleasant expressions we thought, "No wonder that you love pleasing people, since you are so pleasing yourself," and when she next said, "I believe that it is becoming more fashionable to be pleasant now days; at least it seems to me that people are sunnier than they used to be," we could not refrain from saying; "No doubt your own radiations are partly responsible for the change." "I would not presume to think so," she modestly

replied.

Although beautiful of face and handsomely gowned, this woman was so natural and thoroughly unspoiled that she was altogether lovely.

This little ride accompanied with these remarks, gave us no little food for thought on the dispositions of people generally. There is no doubt but what there is much truth in what this dear woman said.

In our own experience we can recall women who at one time were so very reserved with their pleasant manners that it was as much of an accident as anything could be if you received a smile or cheery word from them, except at appointed times, but who now in this good New Thought age seem to have ascended into the habit of extending their smiles and sweet greetings. Has the change come because it is more popular to be pleasant, or is it an esoteric condition that Time has forced into their outward lives? At all events, we do know this; it is no longer the woman who wears the biggest diamond, and sits most erect at a gathering that is most sought after. Those who continue this sort of thing spend many lonesome moments.

On the other hand, you find that the majority hover about the woman who has cultivated a cheerful disposition, and who can say wise things with a sparkle in her eye, and a smile lurking about the corners of her lips, and who can look pleased at all who come her way, whether she has had the formal introduction or not. Such a woman is

becoming more and more the acknowledged embodiment of *true* refinement.

The culture which smacks of coldness is undoubtedly passing, and we are fast realizing that if we keep in the "front ranks," we must drop the cold dignities, that are so repellent, and enter the cultivation of sweet, cheery, sympathetic dispositions, not forgetting that "the cheerful live longest in years, and afterwards in the world's regard." The surest method of cultivation of these lovely qualities is to let ourselves be simply *natural*, for out of our natural selves flow kindness and all else that is of lasting attractiveness.



Dr. PEEBLES' NEW BOOK.

Fresh from the press and scintillating with careful reasoning, and the fairness of comparison which characterizes the writing of Dr. J. M. Peebles, comes "The Spirit's Pathway Traced" to our table.

Yielding to the "voice", "Write, write, the time has come," and with unbiased tolerance, this masterly mind gives to the children of earth a carefully arranged display of precious fruit gathered from the ages of thought and experience.

"Human life may be considered a pilgrimage and this world a temporary tavern by the way, wherein we tarry for a time for experience and discipline. Exalted minds dwell in the elements of the spiritual. The spiritual is the real. The spirit geometrically expressed, is a complete circle having neither beginning nor end. The spirit in its primal nature does not exist in time or space but in eternity. But before the spirit can become equipped

to consciously serve in its predestined place in the universe, it must perfect for itself a soul-form or etheric body, through which it can fully express its subjective wealth of faculty." The Dr. leads out from this premise with assertions that indicate that he prefers involution to evolution. "I trace my ancestry to God,—rather than apes and baboons, who through unexplained transformations become degraded Anglo-Saxon men." There is something grand beyond grandeur itself in a conscious spirit's descent into matter for, as the Neo-Platonists taught, experiences on another plane of consciousness, experiences that may be priceless in teaching the relation of causes to their effects. Spirits are master builders. They form the bodies which they inhabit. It is clear to my vision that this uncompounded, indivisible, eternal ego, the conscious "I am," eternally was and is a potentialized portion or principle of the infinite all energizing spirit of the universe, and so, necessarily pre-existed before the material body. Do I hear that generation only evolves the spirit? But evolution implies substance to be evolved from, and whatever that substance or something was, it preceded, pre-existed; and so your own reasoning forces you to believe in pre-existence. Possibly afire with the intensity of conviction, I may be spirit-mad; but I insist that that expression of energy which we call spirit—the faculties of thought and intellectual aspiration—is spirit, conscious potent spirit, and that this spirit pre-existed as the formative life-principle. Many of the most enlightened minds of all ages and countries have taught that man's conscious self-hood is as much a matter of the past as it is to be of the future."

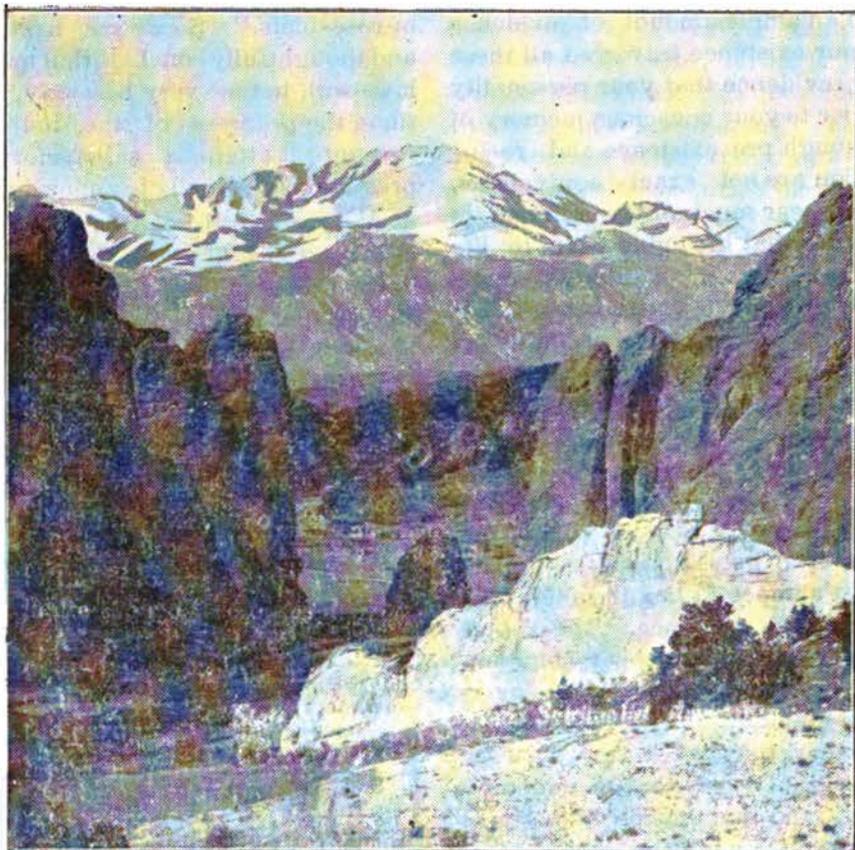
Dr. Peebles quotes from sages of all climes and times in evidence of his statements, and gives space to the testimony of many who assert that they recall many experiences of pre-existence. "You do not remember your past foetal life;—nor do you remember your baby life nor your early childhood-life.—You nevertheless have access to an ample amount of evidence that your existence traversed all these stages,—evidence that your personality was prior to your conscious memory of it. Though pre-existence and re-incarnation are not exact equivalents, yet they bear much of the relation to each other that life today bears to life tomorrow, that the continuity of life bears to eternity. The doctrine of re-incarnation held by so many millions, has under its various forms the substratum of truth. The philosophy of Unitarianism, Theosophy and Spiritualism are in essence one. They constitute a right-angle triangle of which Spirit, Divine Spirit is the base. Spiritualism, gives knowledge for the sectarian's impotent and tremulous belief in a future existence. The demonstrations of a present spirit communion are positive, innumerable, overwhelming and absolutely undeniable; and further, they reveal the tremendous fact that conscience is the soul's accuser, and that Justice and Mercy follow rational beings in all worlds as do the days and nights. This is a universe of order. God reigns and ultimately, in ways oft mysterious to us, the good triumphs, transforming the thorns that pierce into white roses, which blooming, send their fragrance down through the intermingling races off ages. Consciousness is cognate with existence itself. Pure love is immortal and unselfish friend-

ship eternal. Death is nature's process of laying down a fleshy burden and the rising of the spiritual into the brightness and beatitudes of immortality. The dying often smile but never weep. Burning is preferable to burying the forsaken tenement. Put flowers on the door knob and garland the cold form with lilies and wreaths of rose-buds." So we are led to note and thoughtfully conclude that nature's laws will, in the very best way, continue the progress of the individual ego until it attains a satisfactory expression. It is well to consider the ideas entertained by thinkers of all ages; but best of all to do our very best NOW and trust to the creative energy that moves in and through all life manifestations.

This truly educational book can be had from Dr. Peebles, Batt'e Creek, Mich., handsomely bound in cloth for 75 cents.

When a man fully realizes that he, however brilliant he may be, knows but an atom of the knowledge that is extant in the universe, he is redy to enter the great school of LIFE.





*Pike's Peak, looking through the Gateway
of the Garden of the Gods.*

CRYSTOLA, THE BEAUTIFUL

The Landed Estate of an Idea

The Cripple Creek Sunday Times, July 15, 1906

Comparatively few citizens of Colorado are aware that within our borders one of the most interesting and far-reaching sociological movements is taking form and shape, and is attracting the attention of prominent men and women from every quarter of the land.

A vast and valuable property, consisting of gold mines, townsites and lands has been dedicated by an aged humanitarian to the cause of human progress and fraternalism. The man is Henry Clay Childs. The property so dedicated is a controlling interest in a great estate of 2,000 acres of mountain, and hill, and park, and valley lands, situated seventeen miles west of Colorado Springs on the main line of the Colorado Midland railroad, and known as the Crystola estate.

To be still more specific this estate is on the north slope of Pike's Peak in the historic Ute pass, and is partly in Teller and partly in El Paso counties. It is a compact body of land, over three miles of it, located in the same mineral belt as is nearby neighbor the world renowned Cripple Creek; and like the Cripple Creek district the Crystola hills are gashed and seared with dikes and veins of gold and silver bearing quartz throughout.

In 1872 Henry Clay Childs went into the Ute pass, and selected the picturesque mountain home that afterwards became known as "Childs' ranch." The red man was then a familiar sight in Colorado; he traveled the old and well beaten trail across the Ute pass from the healing springs of Manitou to the western slope of the great continental divide, and often he camped and hunted in the Crystola hills, and found in his pale faced brother, Childs, always a friend and a benefactor.

Childs had been a prominent public character in the early days of Illinois; a large manufacturer, business man, and property owner in Chicago; a publisher and editor; a personal friend and ardent supporter of Abraham Lincoln; member of the constitutional convention of Illinois in 1861; had served several terms in the legislature, and was twice elected speaker of the Illinois house of repre-



HENRY CLAY CHILDS.

sentatives. He was always progressive, never a reactionary; always a real democrat; never an aristocrat. Always he was found fighting for the rights of the masses, and against the encroachment of the classes. A profoundly religious man, but never bound by any theological creed, and so in this beautiful valley, with its great wealth of ores, its pines and running streams he selected and built the foundation of the great structure which

is in process of unfoldment.

ITS PURPOSES.

The plan of Crystola contemplates the building of a great industrial school where the boys and girls who, because of unfortunate circumstances are debarred from acquiring an education, may receive a thorough industrial training which will fit them for the duties of life. It is also contemplated that various factories will be established to furnish this education; that the great underlying principles of sociological development may be brought

year. Here will be an ideal location for a great sanitarium, a site for which has been selected and will be reserved.

Building material, stone and lime, and brick clay, and sand of finest quality and inexhaustible in quantity, is found upon the estate. A great lime dike crosses the property from north to south, from which, in years gone by, Childs quarried thousands of tons and burned it in kilns constructed by himself, thus furnishing the lime used in building many of the first residences and business blocks of



THE VALLEY OF CRYSTOLA,

before the world through the medium of press and platform.

A sanitarium where the ill may be benefited, and where the weary may find rest and recuperate will be built and run without profit. A cluster of beautiful homes will be built for Crystola workers. A library will be maintained and nothing left undone which conduces to healthy, pure development of mind and body of all those who choose to be one of Crystola's citizens or one of her welcome guests. Work can go on here in the open air uninterrupted every day in the

Colorado Springs.

A beautiful stratified, variegated limestone, more easily quarried and fitted for building purposes than massive stone formations and an ideal material for the construction of cottages, is found in abundance.

A quarry of onyx, in all colors of the rainbow, so largely used for fine finish work on public buildings, has been opened up and is of great value.

Great deposits of red and yellow hematite of iron, from which an excellent

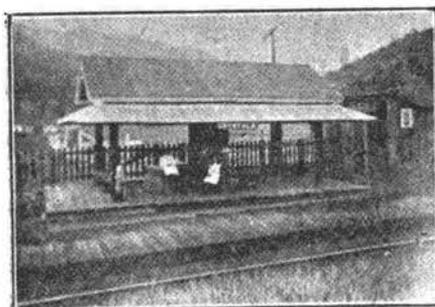
paint is manufactured, have been opened up on the property, and carloads shipped to the former paint mill at Colorado City.

In short, most all the natural elements to build a home, a town, or a city, can be found on the estate, close at hand, and easily accessible.

ITS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

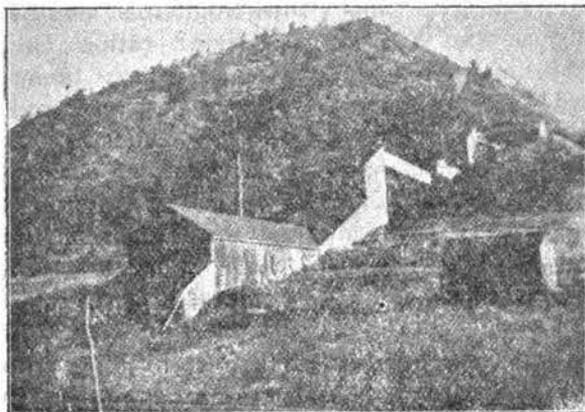
So much for an outlining of the purposes and resources of Crystola. By way of accomplishments, a townsite adjoining the depot grounds of the Colorado

Midland railway has been platted and thereon will be built the residences of Crystola citizens. A twenty-room hotel



Midland Depot, Crystola Colo.

are lending their voices and pens to it with a unanimity and fervor which brooks no defeat.



T. E. BROTHERHOOD MINE and MILL, CRYSTOLA COLORADO.

is running, free camp grounds are here for all who choose to come and more than a score of tents now adorn the different sites. A complete printing plant is in operation and a magazine is issued monthly, a store building is completed and will be stocked by the time this article is being perused by the many readers of the Times, the great gold camp's greatest newspaper.

But the above is only a small part of what has been accomplished. Several thousand people are asking about Crystola, being in sympathy with its philanthropic purposes, charmed by the practicability with which it is being managed

This great army of ministers, teachers, students and philanthropists will be augmented as the idea spreads and gathers force.

No person is coaxed or cajoled into joining the movement and no good man or woman is debarred. The success of Crystola now already assured will, its promoters believe, add luster to the great county within whose borders it is situated, and will be a monument to the memory of Henry Clay Childs that will live in the hearts of grateful men and women long after memorial shafts and granite tablets have crumbled into dust.

What is It?

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

HOW natural this phrase-question:
What is it? Really, what is it?
What is Spiritualism?

Whatever it is or maybe, it is not materialism, nor sectarianism, nor a negation of any kind. On the other hand, it is an affirmation, a straight, clear-cut affirmation.

And what does it affirm?

Its crowning affirmation is that God, expressed as Spirit, Energy, Consciousness, Life, Purpose and Will, is pure, immutable and infinite, and that man, made, evolved, "in the image of God" (as taught in Paul's epistles and the Grecian classics) is necessarily a spiritual being; and spiritual beings, fleshed or unfleshed, just as naturally affinitize mentally—just as naturally respond or converse one with the other, as music through vibration responds to music, or the principle of love to love. Hence Spiritualism, rooted in God as Spirit, is divine naturalism—natural to the spiritual plane of consciousness. Accordingly the logic of this great truth, spiritualism, runs thus: Spirit of God, the Christ-spirit, spirituality, spiritual phenomena, spiritual mindedness, a spiritual life of peace and purity, good will and brotherhood, ultimating in heaven on earth.

Such being spiritualism, who can object to it, who reasonably oppose it?

Not very long ago an inquiry was made by the American branch of the Psychological Research Society whether men desired to live after death.

Some did; many had not given the matter thought, and many others preferred annihilation to a future life. This seems appalling, but sorrow and suffering abound. The world is pronounced "a vale of tears," and the Buddhists (the largest religious sect in the world) consider Nirvana, or annihilation, as the highest purpose in the existence of man to be attained. I have this from the mouths of Buddhist priests, or rather Buddhist monks. Conversing with them, they use the word absorption instead of annihilation; but when rain-drops are absorbed into the parched earth, their form, their identity is lost; and so if the human consciousness and reason are absorbed into the infinite consciousness, with the loss of memory, it is the equivalent of annihilation. This is a sad thought, an auto-stultifying creed—the creed of interminable death, and its effects are mentally stupifying, being visibly manifest today in the apathy of the orient.

How unlike the absorption theory is Spiritualism, with its phenomena and loving messages from the sainted ones gone before!

Spiritualism is not mere spiritism, that is, talking with the dead for curiosity, for fleshly gratification, for selfish gain, for ambitious ends, or for unworthy, amusing, and irreligious purposes. If this was the witch-spiritism that Moses condemned, or disapproved of, he did well. It should be discouraged, condemned today as un-

worthy of rational, royal-souled men and women.

Spiritualism, in its broadest sense, is a knowledge of everything pertaining to the spiritual nature of human beings. It is cosmopolitan, eclectic, uplifting, and heaven-inspiring. Spiritualists, being believers in the Christ-spirit, have the New Testament promised spiritual gifts—the gift of converse with the so called dead, the gifts of healing, the gift of tongues, the gift of clairvoyantly “discerning the spirits,” and other gifts spoken of in the ancient scriptures. Spiritualists believe in the great law of evolution. They teach that there is sweet reward for well-doing, and certain punishment of a disciplinary and reformatory nature for every wrong action; and that all the good and divine that is attained here will be retained when entering the spiritual world, that we are building now by our conduct and characters, our homes in the future state of immortality.

When the genuine Spiritualism is generally recognized, and becomes, as it will, the universal religion,—when it becomes actualized and out-wrought through the personal lives of earth’s surging millions, it will no longer be selfishly said, “mind—mine,” but ours, yours, all who appropriate it for holy uses. This is the resurrection—a spiritually exalted resurrection state in this present life. It is Christ—the living Christ within. It is divine altruism.

Battle Creek, Michigan.

ARRESTING SOCIALISTS.

The burgess of Sharpsburg, Pa., has issued an order forbidding the holding of open air meetings by Socialists in the borough and he threatens to arrest the speakers if the order is not obeyed. In the published reports of his action it is not made clear why he prohibits the meetings, except that he holds that they should “hire a hall.”

If they disturb the public peace or become a public nuisance by interfering with traffic on the streets or are trespassing on private property the burgess is justified in prohibiting the meetings.

But if he issued the order against them because they are teaching an economic or political doctrine that he believes to be fallacious, in attempting to prohibit their meetings he is the law-breaker.

The Socialist is not the dangerous man that some men would have the people believe him to be. On the contrary he is usually a peaceful citizen with such great respect for the law that he is demanding more and more of it.

In this he radically differs from the Anarchist, who wants no law at all. The Socialist would make all men honest, just and equal by statute, whether they are willing or not, and would make the nation free by restricting the freedom of the citizen. The Anarchist contends that no nation can be free when the citizen is bound to conform his conduct to statutory enactment.

If a member of the president’s cabinet would allow the anarchist who would strike down all law, free speech, surely the burgess of sharpsburg would not deny that right to the Socialist who regards the law as the one means to human happiness and prosperity.—Pittsburg Leader.

Life in The Spirit World

BY (Spirit) DE WITT TALMADGE

The question often arises in the minds of men: "What are our friends doing over on the other side of life?" How are the great inventors, authors and scientists spending their time? Is it as we used to think; that the good are sitting at the right hand of God the Father, touching the strings of golden harps, while others are waving green palms and singing their praises to The Most High? This was the blissful picture I used to impress upon the minds of my followers while I was wearing the garment of the flesh. Alas, for the disappointment that awaited me when, after passing through the heavenly streets, I found no great white throne beside which to rest among the elect of Heaven. With this realization, the feelings that crept into my soul were indescribably painful. And, in speaking for myself, I may say I reiterate the sentiment of many others who have passed to that bourne from whence all travelers do return.

I found the Spirit world to be a most wonderful creation of Infinite thought, but alas, there were no golden streets. The streets, to be sure, were very beautiful to look upon, white and glistening and bordered with grass, foliage and shrubbery of many colors.

Instead of finding The Great Judge and Creator of all things seated upon a white throne surrounded by His chosen ones, I saw the gentle Jesus walking among the multitude talking, giving counsel, and whispering words

of comfort and cheer to those in need of spiritual help. A man—instead of a God—and when I learned that he chose the multitude instead of selecting the righteous ones (as I had believed and taught others to believe) I must say that I was conscious of keen disappointment. I had taken up the thread of existence where I left off and did not wish to change my former views. It was with no small amount of inward struggle that I thought it possible for me to change my ideas, the views that had found an abiding place within my soul. I chanced to meet many, who, like myself, were at sea. Many believed themselves to be asleep; few would acknowledge that they had passed through the great change that men call death—the eternal gulf which intervenes between today and eternity. I must say I felt like a lost sheep who knows not whither to go. After wandering through the streets and over the highways and byways of the better world, I came across a brother whom I had known in the theological fields of the material world—and I said to him: "What means it, my brother, that things are so different from the views we held when we were of the earth, earthy? You have been here longer than I. Tell me, why is it that in this abode where the angels are supposed to dwell—that I have met here people who never received the sacrament of the church, and who must certainly be long in those depths dedicated to the

Evil One and his followers?

I was surprised to learn what a cheerful view he took of the case.

"Well," he said: "Brother Talmadge, you and I were both wrong, and I want to say that the best thing you can do is to accept things just as

you find them here. That is what I have learned to do, and I don't know but what I am about as comfortable in mind as I would be to believe in the old way."

(to be continued.)

How Women Should Dress for Health

BY DR. ABBEY SHAW MAYHEW.

Corsets, waist-bands, abdominal repressers, waist-stocking supporters, two-piece underclothing or two piece suits of any kind should not be worn by girls or women. There are three principles which must be adhered to if we wish to dress healthfully and comfortably. The first principle is perhaps all-inclusive, and that is, freedom. To dress so that one has perfect freedom of movement—that is what we should strive for. To dress so that we can stand and walk easily and correctly, so that we can use all our lungs and so that we shall not be conscious of our clothes—that will mean much in bringing health and vigor to many women who have made themselves slaves of dress.

There are four points of the body which we restrict more or less. They are the neck, the waist, the knees and the feet. To free the waist we must discard corsets and bands and wear all our clothes in one piece as far as possible. Healthy, free waist muscles mean far

more than we dream—a fine poise, good digestion and a better performance of all the functions of the body.

The wearing of tight shoes, I had thought, need not be preached against, but a shoeman made the statement the other day that many young women wear shoes one or two sizes too small for them. The broad toe, straight last and low-heel are essential if we would have well-formed feet.

The second principle of good dress is: The weight of the clothing should be equally distributed. This is most easily accomplished by wearing the one-piece under-garments and by having the waist and skirt of the gown thoroughly fastened together.

The third principle is that there should be an even distribution of thickness. Unless we wear union suits we double the thickness around the waist and abdomen. The heated parts become the relaxed parts and are therefore more subject to disease.



Department of Occult Phenomena.

[We offer no apology for placing before the world truthful statements of the operations of the great laws of Thought Transference, Telepathy and Spirit return, the truth of which is generally recognized. We invite contributions. Give us the truth, the whole truth and no more.]

Long before I adopted Spiritualism as my guide, I had a dream which so deeply was impressed on my mind that I never was able to forget it, and today I can fully understand its meaning. I dreamed I had passed beyond and saw myself in a strange country. The first object greeting my vision, which I have seen many times since, clairvoyantly, and which is in the 3d Sphere according to Spirit instructions was a round tower with not a door or a window in it. An archway led me to a winding stairway which seems to be in utter darkness. While trying to climb the stairs a voice told me not to look back. To my own surprise and so much unlike a woman as we read about Lot's wife, I went on my journey, while dark-forms, like shadows tried their utmost to cause me to look back. Onward I wound my steps and with every step it seemed to grow lighter and lighter until I had reached about half way up when a flood of light fell upon me, and while looking up I saw a woman too beautiful, too majestic to be described.

Tall and stately she stood before me. Her face mirrored nobility of soul, love and grace. Long blonde locks fell graceful to her shoulders in which nestled a pink rose the color of the evening sky. Her complexion was transparent, with a pair of the most expressive gray eyes which seemed to emanate gentleness. She was attired in a black velvet princess robe with a long train, while the whole

front showed pink satin exactly corresponding with the color of the rose in her hair. With a voice as beautiful as she was herself she asked me: "What is your desire?" Trembling and overwhelmed from the majesty of her appearance I told her I had come here to find my eternal home. Never will I forget her reply, as it sounded like silvery bells in my ears.

"I am the queen of love—your home goes higher I will give you a guide along he will guide you right!" In this moment a boy of about 14 or 15 years, attired in a confirmation suit stepped suddenly in front of me. His face showed high intelligence, tolerance and love for all mankind. He gently bowed his head, covered with brown curls, to me as a sign to follow him. He took the lead and I followed him, but like all dreams I awoke before reaching my destination. On awaking this dream left an indelible impression on my mind, this beautiful woman and this extremely lovely boy? Who was he? and Where could I find him that he might guide me higher? Since I developed my Mediumship and learned the beautiful teachings of the Philosophy of Spiritualism, I realized the meaning of my dream. The boy's Spiritualism which never has become old but is young and forceful, ready to pull any and every pilgrim to his right sphere through the channels of knowledge—wisdom and understanding.

MRS. O. CROFTS.



"To the producer belongs the product of his toil"

CO-OPERATIVE MANUFACTURE

*The Users of the Goods and the
Producers share the Goods Jointly*

OWN THE MACHINES

*That manufacture the Goods and
Share equally with themselves*

ALL THE PROFITS OF MANUFACTURE AND SALE

*The Rio Grande Woollen Mills
The Crystola Paint Company.....*

**WOODROW & LANG, GEN. AGTS.,
CRYSTOLA, (GREEN MT. FALLS P. O.) COLO.**

INSTRUCTIONS TO AGENTS

TO OUR AGENTS:



In the following pages will be found a few thoughts and instructions intended to help those not thoroughly familiar with the workings and principles of Co-operative manufacture when practically applied.

The phenomenal success of the trusts of the country, the machinery combines of the land have given the people of the United States an object lesson in Industrial Co-operation that makes the presentation of the principles of Co-operative Manufacture an easy and delightful task.

The present great combinations of Capital were in the beginning nothing but mobilized credit. The promoters issued their credit and the earnings of the machine, whether it happened to be a railroad, steamship line or factory, paid the bonds off and left the accumulated earnings of the enterprise in the hands of a few men, the same few men that, by combining their credit, made the enterprise a success. Following this same principle if the machine had been built by the credit of 100,000 men each loaning \$50 of his credit to the concern, all would have been equal owners and the earnings would have been distributed in the same field from which it was taken in profits on sales or traffic to pay the bonds which had been issued on the earning capacity of the enterprise and not in the individual wealth of those who had pledged their credit to the enterprise.



Get yourself a suit of pure, fresh woollens so that you can show the kind of cloth and work members may expect.



Do not exaggerate or misrepresent in the least possible manner. Be fair, frank and courteous and tell the truth.



Remember that in a co-operative movement like this there is every incentive to be honest and everything to lose by loose or dishonest dealings. Keep your promises to the letter.



Do not fail to impress the advisability of taking \$100 worth of stock for each member of the family, however young. Show probable earnings compared with a life insurance policy for 20 years.



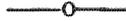
Advise all members to purchase from their own factory, saving more than their cash payment and still have their part of the machine at work for them.



Do not confound *dividends* with *profits* on sales. All goods are sold at a profit of 33½ per cent. This is a fixed value. Dividends depend for their size on the amount of goods sold, and may be more or less.



Dividends are calculated on par value of the stock and since only 10 per cent has been paid in by the member in cash, a ten per cent dividend will mean 100 per cent on amount of cash actually invested by him for the \$100 worth of stock.



See that the receipt signed by the Rio Grande Woollen Mills Company by yourself as agent is the same number as the note to which it is attached.



Credit both the note and the receipt with amount paid by mem-

ber, whether \$5 or more, tear them apart on perforated line, giving the receipt to the member, sending note and money to us.



The member is entitled to receive the Mountain Pine magazine one year free of charge, thus keeping him in touch with the progress of Co-operative Manufacture.



The Woollens, Leather and Knit Goods, are secured from Albuquerque, New Mexico, J. H. Bearup Manager; Paint from the Crystola Paint Company, Crystola, Colorado.



All members of the Rio Grande Woollen Mills Company are privileged to buy paint at factory prices, and all painters who are stockholders in the Crystola Paint Company have the same purchase privileges of the Rio Grande Woollen Mills Company.



Crystola Paint Company stock is sold to *Painters only* and on the same terms as the stock of the Woollen Mill Company.



The Woollen Mill Company is ready to fill orders at any time, being now in full operation.



The Paint Company hopes to be able to supply members by November.



Your especial attention is called to the General Purchasing Department in Chicago, in another portion of this article.



Say to all prospective members that the fullest investigation of the methods of every department is courted.



Read and re-read every word of this article. What you don't

see and understand ask us about. No trouble to answer questions.



You know your people and your own powers. Some of our most successful representatives hold public meetings at which the whole subject is discussed.



Satisfy yourself that what we claim is true and then push the work.



This general agency was established to relieve the manufacturing force of a lot of correspondence. Tell your troubles to us.



Samples with order blanks, instructions for measuring, etc., will be furnished members on request to us.



All money for goods should be sent to the Rio Grande Woollen Mills, Albuquerque, New Mexico. For paint to the Crystola Paint Company, Crystola, (Green Mountain Falls) Colorado, and all membership notes and cash paid thereon should be sent to Woodrow & Lang, Crystola, (Green Mountain Falls) Colorado.



Rome was not built in a day, so keep up your courage and work systematically and success is certain.



The idea of Co-operative Manufacture, the ownership of the machines by the user of the products is nothing new. For many years past it has been the custom for individuals to combine their wealth and credit and own and operate co-operatively the machinery of production. Usually from five to ten per cent. of the proposed investment was in tangible wealth, often less than that amount. For the balance credit was pledged—bonds or stock issued—and the stock or bonds issued were not based upon the wealth of the co-operators, but upon the probable earnings of the machine whether the machine was a railroad, canal, factory, packing house, mill, pipeline or steamboat.

A glance at the government reports shows how the wealth has accumulated for the owners of the machine. Labor, the producer of all wealth, becomes the largest consumer of labor products and it needs but to call your attention to the fact that 90 per cent. of the people produce all the wealth and own less than one-fifth of it, while the other ten per cent., who own the machines of production and distribution, have in their possession four-fifths of the wealth of the nation.

They got possession of wealth by combining their credit for the purchase of the machine and paying the debt with the proceeds of public patronage—by the profits on the goods purchased by the public.

Food, shelter and raiment are the things of real intrinsic value to the human race. The Creator has placed within easy reach of the willing hand all these necessities. Garden, field, orchard and meadow produce the food; forest, quarry and mine produce the shelter, and from the product of field and meadow he must secure his raiment. From the very nature of things the element of machinery enters into the construction and distribution of these invaluable articles to the human race. In the old days the material for clothing was manufactured in the home. No shoddy, no adulterations, no sweat shops, nothing but the pure, fresh goods. Man's inventive genius produced the cotton gin, the carding machine, the automatic spinner, the massive loom, and relegated to the rear forever those cruder instruments by which we supplied our wants. If co-operation had been understood—if the men and

women who gave up the hand carders, the wheel and the loom had combined their credit for the purchase of the new machines, the wealth of the country would today be in the hands of the users of things and not in the hands of the idlers.

Rhode Island, a mere speck on the map, has many times the millionaires of Texas, an empire in itself. Texas produces the raw material and uses the finished product—Little Rhody does the rest. The cotton mills should be where the cotton grows and should be owned by the cotton growers, by the workers in the mills and by the people who use the cloth.

We have placed our woollen machines in New England and we grow our wool in New Mexico—2,000 miles away. The owners of the machines began early to compete for the only thing in sight—trade and profit—and from the pure goods of the loom and spindle we have adulterated goods, old reweave, moth eaten, germ infected, poison colored cottons and flannels and, since “the clothes makes the man,” no wonder we have deteriorated into a race of scheming grafters inoculated with diseases of every kind.

Think you the millionaire machine owners wear their own product? Nay, verily. Their machines, paid for by our patronage, are run for profit and that alone. The product is made for sale and not for their use.

But people live and learn and even at this day a movement, the greatest of modern times, is being inaugurated that means that the makers and users of products shall co-operatively own the machines that produce the goods. To do this needs no new legislation; no political action; no radical reforms; nothing but to do for ourselves what we have been doing for the other fellow. It is no new experiment, every phase of the question has been tested and there is no flaw. It has produced millions upon millions for a few, it will, by the same process, produce millions for the many. The start is already made. At Albuquerque, New Mexico, where the wool is grown, a company has been chartered under the laws of New Mexico, with the title of “the Rio Grande Woollen Mills, Co-operative,” and for 18 months has been furnishing its stockholders, who own the machines equally, with their woollen goods

blankets, etc., *at less than half the price* paid for the same quality of goods in the competitive market and, in addition, made a profit of over 30 per cent which profit goes to extend the business in other lines of production. We feel we can give no truer description of this initial enterprise than that contained in the Central Labor Advocate, the leading labor paper of the South-West. Under date of February 15th, 1906, it says:

As publishers of the only Labor Paper in New Mexico, we may, in view of the forgoing, be permitted to refer with some pride to the fact that Albuquerque has the distinction of being the home of the most practical and successful co-operative plant ever established in America, and an enterprise which will, without doubt, obtain not only national but world-wide fame, and the good results from which will be far-reaching and of inestimable value to the thousands who are participating in the enterprise and to the principles of organized labor. The Rio Grande Woollen Mills Co, began business three years ago and one year ago changed to the co-operative plan. The entire plan and the establishing of the enterprise here is but the natural and logical result of existing conditions and the real necessity and certain success of the enterprise is so plain, that now a man has arisen who saw and grasped the opportunity, we are all wondering why some one had not done the same thing before. However, as with all other great inventions or discoveries, it required the right man at just the physiological moment, and, as has been demonstrated, he was here in the person of Mr. Johney H. Bearrup, who, while the entire plan is based on the simplest and basic principles of co-operation, has shown remarkable business acumen and an unusual grasp of large affairs in the system of operation and organization he has perfected and in his methods of utilizing for the benefit of the company the most powerful means heretofore used for extortionate purposes by the trusts. In other words, the shareholders of the company—the individuals who furnish the capital and credit—not only buy their goods at a great saving, but receive a profit on their manufacture and sale. The justification of a co-operative woollen mill in Albuquerque lies in the fact that here is the center of the greatest wool growing district in America. No less than 25,000,000 pounds of wool are marketed from this territory annually. Heretofore and even today the great wool houses of the east maintain high-salaried wool buyers here and at adjacent points. The wool is purchased and shipped here where it is washed (at a profit), packed in bales (at a profit), shipped for more than two thousand miles at high freight rates (another profit), hauled to the warehouse (still another profit), stored for various periods and insured (more profit), sold to the mill (profit again), converted into a finished product (yes a profit), sold to the jobber (profit) shipped again (more freight and profit), sold to the retailer (still room for profit), again shipped (and a profit), sold to you—and we will omit the remainder this time and just leave it to you whether the merchant is in business for his health or not. Knowing all these conditions, Mr. Bearrup saw the advantage of building a mill right at the source of supply and at the same time close to a splendid market.

His expectations of success were more than realized and as he has ever been a most active and able champion of organization, both in the field of labor and among consumers, he conceived the plan of a complete and far-reaching co-operative operation and ownership of the mill. His business operations here had won the respect and confidence of the best and most conservative element of this city and after investing his entire means, which are considerable, in the enterprise he had no trouble in interesting a number of our most substantial business men and members of our Commercial Club. Today the Rio Grande Woollen Mills Co. owns one of the finest and most completely equipped woollen mills in the entire country and is taxed to its full capacity to turn out goods as fast as they are called for by their members in all parts of the country. Although their plant is three stories in height and 100x150 feet in dimension, their capacity must be materially increased to meet the demand. A printed picture does not convey the full idea of the magnitude of this busy factory, nor the hum of industry which pervades in every corner. The entire plant is operated and lighted by electricity, and is capable of scouring all the wool produced in this, the greatest sheep-raising district in the United States. The manufacturing department which is equipped with every device which will facilitate and economize on production has been built with a special view to enlargement, and can be doubled at much less than the cost of original outlay. Wool is taken from the pelt, the skin tanned and made into various products such as gloves, art leather, etc., the wool into stockings, wool gloves and mittens, underwear, sweaters, blankets pants, and tailored-to-order suits for men and women. It is the intention to also enter the tanning of leather and the manufacture of harness, saddles, boots, shoes etc., this being an equally as important a hide, as wool market. Here we have the simple process of practically taking the wool from the sheep's back, manufacturing it into garments and delivering them direct to the wearer—a saving of all the various profits enumerated above. Here only one fellow has a chance for profit—the manufacturer—and if you are one of the manufacturers yourself, the profit business is still further simplified. No need to use algebra to figure it out—plain old arithmetic is amply sufficient in its simplest propositions—addition and subtraction. When you deal with the trusts, it is you minus \$\$\$\$ equal loss; when dealing with yourself, as one of the proprietors of the mill, it is you plus \$\$\$\$ equals PROFIT. Most of us prefer the plus sign when the dollars are under consideration. The feature which should appeal most strongly to members of trades unions throughout the United States, is that in becoming a member of a co operative company of this character that we are not only helping ourselves in taking the opportunity of purchasing clothing, etc., at half what we have been paying before, but that we are helping some of our fellows to positions where their labor receives a just remuneration and where they can work under sanitary conditions and during reasonable hours, and every employee from the president down to the humblest position, is a member of the company and one of the joint owners of the establishment. The garments and in fact all products turned out of this factory, are of superior quality, coming out pure, full of electric energy and perfect in texture. There is no incentive here for the use of "shoddy" or

other subterfuges for robbing the public. Never before, within our knowledge, has there been offered such an opportunity for straight common sense co-operation, and the plan of the Rio Grande Woollen Mills Co. should receive the hearty support of every trade unionist in America. Unlike many other enterprises, right here at home is where this company stands in the highest favor. Members of every union in all crafts are stockholders and the men and women of Albuquerque in all walks of life are taking the full interest permitted to one individual and we are all firm believers in the absolute integrity of purpose and permanent success of Johney H. Bearrup. Every man and woman who reads this article should investigate the grand work being so successfully carried on by the Rio Grande Woollen Mills Company. It is Opportunity backed by Duty, knocking at your very door. Look up their references

SEE HOW THEY STAND AT HOME

write the secretary of the Albuquerque Central Labor Union, 1021 W. Tijeras, or to Socialist Local No. 1, the Bank of Commerce, or any man, woman or child in Albuquerque. You will get but one reply, and that will be that the co-operative plan of the Rio Grande Woollen Mills Company is a success and that as a business man no individual in the city stands higher than Johney H. Bearrup; that his entire life is a record of loyalty to the principles of Union Labor and a constant endeavor to aid his fellow man.

It is but natural and proper that many questions should be asked the agent regarding the whole matter relative to Co-operative Manufacture. We therefore present a few of the questions that have been asked us and the answers thereto.

What is the contemplated scope of the movement?

The scope of the Co-operative Manufacture movement contemplates the equal joint ownership of the machines by the users of Clothing, both Woolen and Cotton, Paint, Leather Goods, Harness and Saddles, Furniture and Farm Machinery. It contemplates the owning of the Flour Mills, Cotton Gins, Oil Mills and Elevators which are essential to the marketing of the produce of the farm.

What progress has been made in this direction?

The Rio Grande Woolen Mills at Albuquerque New Mexico are equipped for the production of Woolen Goods and Blankets. Knitting machinery for the manufacture of underwear out of the pure fleeces, being installed. The capital stock is \$1,000,000 divided in-

to shares \$10 each which stock is non-assessable. No one person can own more than 10 shares (\$100 worth) of this stock. Thus preventing anyone securing control of the institution. The only exception to this rule is the person or agent who devotes his time to the securing of members to this institution who receives a small compensation in stock for his services.

How to secure stock?

In order to systematize the business the general agency for the securing of members for this co-operative movement is located at Crystal, Colorado, which is also the location of the Co-operative Paint Factory. A careful estimate of the money necessary from each person to provide the common necessities in the line of manufactured articles places it at \$50 for each person. It has also been demonstrated that a cash payment of \$10 which is in the reach of everyone is all the cash that is necessary to perfect this movement, with the understanding that the earning of the \$10 invested shall be allowed to remain in the Treasury until the whole \$50 has been accumulated. This \$50 pays for 10 shares (\$100 worth) of stock. The member receives benefits immediately upon becoming a member, all goods being sold to members at 50% of the retail price. The profits arising from the sale of goods goes into the general fund and is equally apportioned among the stockholders for the maturing of the stock. For example: 1,000 men invest \$10 each in machinery. This machinery produces \$50,000 worth of goods which is sold to members at a profit to themselves of \$15,000. This \$15,000 would mean \$15 credit on each \$50 membership note which would reduce the note for the second year to \$25. The \$15,000 to be used to buy other machinery to extend the line of manufacture thereby making an ever increasing sale with the same rate of profit.

If \$10. is all the money necessary, why the note.

\$10. is only the amount of cash the member advances. The note is required as a guarantee on the part of the member that he will

allow his part of the dividend to accumulate as per the note and agreement. A careful reading of the note will convince anyone that there is no chance in any manner whatever, of the person signing the note having to pay the same in any manner except as stipulated in the note and agreement.



Why do the notes bear interest?

The reason the notes bear interest is because the idea of equality is the basis of the entire movement. Equal ownership, equal control and equal profits are the trinity that govern the methods of Co-operative Manufacture. One man pays \$50 in cash, if he so desires, for his 10 shares of stock. Another man \$10 and agrees to pay \$40 more in the earnings of his \$10. When the dividend is declared both of these men have an equal dividend. One has \$50 cash invested, the other \$10 cash and \$40 credit, hence to be fair to the first man, the second man should pay interest on the difference between his cash invested and the amount invested by the first man.



Every safeguard for the promotion of honesty and the fruitage of the investment has been taken. The only chance for failure lies in the people refusing to buy goods from themselves at half the usual price.

“What is to hinder some sharper getting control and wrecking the institution?”

One Hundred Dollars, ten shares of \$10 each, is all any one person, except the agent who devotes his time to the work, is allowed to own. Shares cannot be accumulated like in ordinary corporations. All officers handling funds are under bond, and hence cannot wreck the institution. For another safeguard, every six months an accounting is had and the profits pro-rated among the stockholders. In banking, the money of the depositor is risked on the honesty of the bank officers. All profits not paid out to those who have paid their \$50 is put into machinery and used for the development of the plant and the machinery, and brick buildings cannot well be stolen.

Suppose this note should by chance fall into the hands of a third party, an innocent purchaser?

The case is not supposable. In the first place the note is non-negotiable and legally nontransferable. We give herewith form of note each member signs.

MEMBERSHIP NOTE---CO-OPERATIVE MANUFACTURE.

\$50.00

No. _____

City _____

County _____

State _____

Date _____ 190 _____

For value received, One Year after date, I promise to pay to The Rio Grande Woollen Mills Company, (Co-Operative) the sum of Fifty Dollars, with interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum until paid.

Payable at the offices of the Rio Grande Woollen Mills Company: Albuquerque, N. M. or at the National Headquarters of the Farmers Educational and Co-operative Union at _____

Due _____ 190 _____

It will be seen the note is payable to the Rio Grande Woollen Mills only; and to no one else, neither to the "order of" any person or firm. The note is labeled "membership note," and the following agreement is dated and numbered with the note and is signed by the Rio Grande Woollen Mills Co., and given to the member. The agreement reads as follows:-

\$50.00

No _____

IN CONSIDERATION of this note given by _____

and an advanced payment hereon of \$5.00, and the further payments of One Dollar per month for not exceeding Five monthly payments, the following agreement is made and entered into between the aforesaid company and the giver of this note; viz:

Albuquerque, New Mexico. Date _____ 190 _____

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That this Note will have indorsed upon its back the earnings of the \$10.00 of stock for which the Note is given until the Note is fully paid. And it is further agreed, That this Note will not be presented for collection, but will be renewed till the earnings pay the same in full. When the Note is fully paid, the stock will be issued and thereafter the earnings of the stock will be paid to the stockholder. And it is understood and agreed, That the giver of this Note will partake of the benefits as an equal partner in Co-operative Manufacture, and will be allowed to purchase goods manufactured at the factory price, estimated to be at 50 per cent. of the price at retail for the same quality of goods, and shall have issued to him or her a stock receipt giving the full right of a stockholder and a certificate for ten shares of stock of the par value of ten dollars each will be issued when note has been fully matured. The giver of the note has the right to pay said note in full at any time and after such full payment will receive dividends in cash.

The Rio Grande Woolen Mills Company (Co-operat.v.)

Per _____ Agent

As agent you will endorse on back of note, "Rec'd on within note—Dollars, this—day of—190—." Also on the Receipt or Contract you will endorse "Paid on note number—, —Dollars, this —day of—190—."

You will then tear the note and contract-receipt apart on the perforated line, give the contract to the member and send the note and cash received to us.

Is the management honest?

The manager, Mr. J. H. Bearrup is a well known business man of Albuquerque and stands exceptionally high with the banks and business men for ability, honesty and integrity. He is also highly endorsed by the labor bodies of that city. Every employe handling funds is under bond same as employes of express companies.

Do you sell to outsiders?

Generally speaking, no. It is the purpose to supply members only. If we have time and outsiders desire to purchase at 20% above prices to members rather than become a member, there could be no serious objection. No effort is made to sell goods except in our own market—the membership.

Since we manufacture for ourselves and sell only to ourselves, there is no incentive for adulteration or dishonesty.

How soon can a member buy goods?

As soon as he can write the order. The goods are sent to his nearest express office, prepaid c. o. d. unless he sends cash with order.

In case of heavy increase of membership could all be supplied?

Certainly. As the membership increases the machinery increases and hence there is no such thing as either a shortage or

overproduction. It is the policy of the management to have estimates from the members as to their probable wants so same can be prepared for in advance.

“Is the Company responsible?”

The Rio Grande Woollen Mills Company is legally incorporated under the laws of the territory of New Mexico. Capital Stock \$1,000,000, divided into 100,000 shares of the value of \$10 each fully paid and forever non-assessable. No person can buy more or less than 10 shares for which he is to pay \$50, either all in cash or \$5 in cash, \$1 per month for 5 months, making \$10 cash, and allow his share of the earnings on the \$100 stock to pay the other \$40. Stock cannot accumulate in the hands of a few. The Company now has a first class mill, and owns the real estate on which it stands, the total value of the mill, machinery and ground being over \$100,000. All profits arising from the sale of products are prorated semi-annually among the stockholders, and all stockholders being equal owners profits are equally divided. No mercantile rating is required since the business is operated on a cash basis. Persons handling funds are under bond.

The Company manufactures clothing, making it up to measure in the tailoring department. Members can purchase cloth and make their own clothes if they so desire.

All goods are delivered, it being cheaper to prepay the express than to have members pay same.

Samples are sent any member on request and all members are requested to write the Mill direct, stating their wants, and asking for samples and prices.

“How long does it take a machine to earn \$40?”

All goods are sold at a profit of 33½ per cent above all cost of manufacture. This profit goes into the treasury and is apportioned back among the stockholders in dividends. For instance, there are 1,000 members and the sales amount to \$30,000 during the year. Then the profits would be \$10,000, which would be \$10 to each member since all members are equal stockholders. Those

who had paid all cash, \$50, would receive cash, all others would receive credit on their note for the amount. As the manufacture of Knit Goods and Leather Goods increase the sales will increase and the dividends grow in proportion. If no goods were bought there could be no dividends, but since members can save half on all purchases, the market will increase.

—o—
 “Does one machine earn for one member?”

The word “machine” is used in a partly figurative sense. It is used to designate the interest of each member in ALL THE MACHINERY required to produce the finished product. Some single machines cost several thousand dollars and all are owned jointly by the membership.

—o—
 Woodrow & Lang, Green Mountain Falls, Colorado.
 AGENTS WANTED.



THE MOUNTAIN PINE

MRS. C. K. SMITH.

Here comes September Mountain Pine,
 Inviting friends to come and dine;
 It gives a varied bill of fare,
 Good as experienced cooks prepare.
 Just looking at the food wont do
 Needful to eat to nourish you;
 So take each dish and chew it fine,
 Then you will thank the Mountain Pine.
 Read Reed's essay, the first and best,
 Which gives a relish to the rest;
 You almost scent the Mountain Pine,
 And you drink in the fragrance fine.
 The poesy in sprightly rhyme
 Enhances and makes brief the time,
 And other courses you incline
 To test, found in the Mountain Pine.

Now “Health Experiences” come next,
 There's nothing better for a text;
 Not sickness—but we study health,
 And health is better far than wealth.
 “Do as good work as he knows how,”
 Is all that can be asked for now;
 If better work he would design,
 Let him learn of the Mountain Pine.
 Not compulsory solitude
 Could any feel as wholly good,
 But to be with one's self alone
 Tends health to cultivate, we own.
 Too much of one, intemperance is;
 It gives him a one sided phiz;
 And all need growth on every line—
 For this we greet the Mountain Pine!

1045 8th St. S. n Diego Calif.

Gathered From Everywhere...

[This department invites contributions of anecdotes, strange happenings, etc. For every one printed, we will give six months subscription to this magazine. Original articles preferred, but send in what you think worth reproducing, giving credit when possible.]

ORGANIZED MAN VS. ORGANIZED MONEY.

The conflict between organized man and organized money will continue in varied forms until distributive justice is established.

How to establish that justice is the question of the hour, and I wish to contribute my mite toward that end by suggesting:

1st. A reform in the various departments of industry, by establishing co-operative effort in each, justly distributing the profits of such effort to each member of the industrial association; the justice of the distribution to be determined by the combined whole and thus avoid the system of labor that requires all the laborer's time to supply the needs of the body, and is one form of slavery.

2nd. By reforms in our commercial systems that will prevent one department of industry from obtaining more than an equivalent in exchange with another department; a reform more in harmony with the natural law of reciprocation.

The system of commerce now in operation is illustrated by a physician who charges one dollar per visit, of fifteen minutes, in the sick family of a man whose compensation for ten hours' labor is one dollar. And the doctor making six visits a week absorbs the week's work of the laborer. Not that the physician charged too much for his services, but the laborer does not receive enough to make an equilibrium with those who demand higher pay per hour or day for their services.

The profits of commerce absorb the

products of labor, and distributive justice is the central idea in labor agitations.

Commercial justice may be found in the exchange of equivalent costs. The costs to be determined by an industrial congress of representatives from every department of industry, including the professions empowered to periodically adjust and fix prices. Fixing prices is the central idea of trusts, and is just when all industries can have a voice in fixing them for a basis of exchange.

Agriculturists generally produce an abundance but do not fix prices thereon, consequently too many of them are in debt, paying interest for the use of money that said abundance could not obtain.

It may be said that we cannot fix prices by law, but we do, and legislate on railroad rates, salaries of government officials and employes, and in cities fix the compensation of dray and cab men, and why not others?

3rd. Monetary reform, by basing the medium of exchange—money—on the productive capacity of the nation, because physical and mental effort to produce things and thoughts, develops commerce and that develops a need for money to facilitate the exchange of those products, thereby making them the natural basis for money. Quadrillions of money in circulation would not cause just distribution under our present system of commerce.

Allow me to add that many people believe that a protective tariff is all that is needed to furnish employment to the toiling millions and improve their financial condition. The better protection against want and for physical, intellectual and

moral growth is for each nation on the Globe to develop the natural resources within their boundaries, which the Heavenly Father has so bountifully provided, and not cultivate a mad ambition to sell to each other that which the other has in nature's great storehouse, and each should bring forth to be justly distributed. In short, home consumption and just distribution of the results of home industry first. Something more than mere employment is required to cause the laborer to thrive. The slave master could find plenty of employment for his slaves but with what profit to them?

D. B. LOVEJOY,
Evansville, Wis.

• • •

Washington, Sept. 10.—Railroad accidents of all kinds resulted in 1,126 deaths and injuries to 17,170 persons in the first three months of 1906. Of the killed 114 were passengers and of the injured 2,267 were passengers. These figures were taken from the statistics in the quarterly accident bulletin compiled by the interstate commerce commission.

The number of persons killed in train accidents in the three months was 274, and of injured 3,969. Accidents of other kinds, including those to employes while at work and to passengers in getting on or off the cars, bring the total casualties up to the number mentioned.

Collisions caused the largest number of deaths. Fifty-six passengers or persons being carried under contract were killed and 1,047 were injured as a result of collisions. Ninety-seven trainmen were killed and 971 injured in collisions and 30 yardmen and switchmen were killed and 248 injured in collisions. The total is 183 persons killed and 2,244 injured in collisions.

Derailments caused fewer deaths in proportion to the number involved than collisions. Only five passengers were killed and 746 injured by derailments. Casualties to employes by derailments

were 70 killed and 564 injured.

Miscellaneous train accidents caused 1 death and 15 injuries to passengers and 15 deaths and 400 injuries to employes.

Falling from cars while getting on or off resulted in death to 32 passengers and injury to 407, while 187 employes were killed and 3,089 were injured by similar accidents. Coupling and uncoupling cars resulted in fatal accidents to 84 employes and injury to 983, while accidents attendant upon switching caused death to 87 employes and injury to 4,116 employes.

By coming in contact with overhead bridges and structures by the side of the railroad tracks two passengers were killed and four were injured. By all other accidents 18 passengers were killed and 448 were injured and 409 employes were killed and 3,786 were injured.

• • •

For Mutual Benefit.

This article is advertising a plan of bringing fellows together, and owning co-operatively the things that must have been so successfully owned by a few people, and for whom we have made a market. Now, we shall endeavor to show how we are doing it, knowing full well that you are suspicious with good reason. But how in thunder can we tell you, excepting by advertising.

Now who did you say you are working for, the P. D. Q. R. R.? Now, let's think a little—you get your check from that Railroad Company, that's true, but what are you working for? Just for food, shelter, and clothing, so that you may attain to your ideal of life, that must certainly be higher than just these three things. Yet, you cannot attain to that ideal without them.

So you are working for society under several sub-contracts, the Railroad Company having a special privilege of doing certain things for society, one of which is to hire you at the lowest wage that the market will permit. If you were the head

contractor, you would be exchanging your labor with some member of society that is producing things you have to have, and have a balance to put into your ideal, but the other fellow to, has been working at subcontracting, because he can not compete with a machine that makes things for society so he can't work without he can get the chance on these machines, and neither one of you can have a fair labor exchange with a machine, because it does not eat, drink, nor does it wear clothes; therefore, here comes in the suggestion.

Co-operatively own these machines, and make for yourselves these wants; distribute these profits to yourself, and every man will have the full product of his labor.

You don't have to be an illumined person to see this; you don't have to have any more sense or cents than you now have to do it, but you do have to come out from under the hypnotism; that you are not fit for self government; that you are all dishonest, that there are some divine rights to trade fellows.

Thank the Lord there are laws defining and defending property rights, and that means that you can co-operatively own anything you want to. We already do this in woolen mills. We will do it in cotton, boots, shoes and harness when YOU join us. Please don't put on the air or blow the whistle, or ring any bells; just drop a card to us.

Wouldn't you have been jarred one-hundred years ago, to have been told there would be 1,250,000 men engage in railroad work, and that you would be ONE of them. Well, get ready for another jar, when you get our answer to your inquiry.

RIO GRANDE WOOLEN MILLS,
(Co-Operative)
Johney H. Bearrup,
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

• • •

SOME HUMAN NATURE.

If the love of money is not the root of all evil it certainly is the root of a lot of it. In New York city the other day, the Department of Scales and Weights and Measures, upon complaint, investigated the scales of various venders of ice. The scales on wagon of the ice trust, as well as on push carts and wagons of peddlers were tested and, strange to relate, the most flagrant cases of underweighing were found on the outfits of those selling ice through the tenement house districts. It has become quite the custom to denounce the large corporations for various alleged abuses, but now it seems that human nature is quite the same in all walks of life; only, according to the evidence, more pronounced among dealers of small means who make their living by furnishing ice to customers of still smaller means. In some cases it was found that the peddlers delivered ice forty per cent. less in weight than they charged for. Here is food for thought—the regeneration of business enterprises, according to the above record, is not confined to class, but is necessary all along the line.—Daily Argus.

• • •

SOCIALISM AND DIVORCE.

It is frequently urged that the coming of Socialism would mean an epidemic of divorce. The answer is that the divorce evil is already about as bad as it could be and that Socialism has had no share in promoting, authorizing or securing any of the more than 1,600,000 divorces which have been granted in the United States. This is more than four times as many divorces as there are Socialist votes, but the Socialists are not as numerously divorced as those who are not Socialists. The temper of mind, the general personal characteristics of the people most likely to be Socialists are the characteristics which are most likely to make them devoted to their own fireside. It is probably true that ninety-nine out of

every hundred of the divorced people in the country are in no way whatever related to the Socialists, nor are they in any way interested in Socialism. Again, all of the divorces granted were granted under laws enacted by Democratic and Republican legislatures and every divorce granted under these Democratic and Republican laws was granted by either a Democratic or Republican judge. The record is against the old parties and as these parties are the servants of capitalism the record is against capitalism.—Walter Thomas Milk.



MACHINE RULE IN THE U. S.

By THOMAS ELMER WILL

Government in the United States vests not in the people, but in the "machine." The machine is the political organization whose label on one side is "Republican" and on the other "Democrat." Behind it is its governor, the monopolist. With one hand he stokes its furnaces with the fuel of campaign contributions, and with the other he guides its movements. This soulless mechanism decides when and where political conventions shall be held, who may attend them, who shall preside over their deliberations, and who, behind the curtain, shall do their real work. It formulates the issues upon which the campaign shall be fought, and names the two candidates, one of whom the voters must select as president. Should its own choice incline strongly to one of the candidates then, through the sheer force of money, it elects him. By controlling legislatures it also determines who shall represent the several states in the United States senate. It selects the overwhelming majority of representatives in the house and, from these, it further selects a speaker whom it clothes with despotic powers. What legislation shall be smothered in committee, what considered, what reported and how, what passed by one or both houses, what signed or vetoed by the president, and what nullified by the courts, this omnipo-

tent enginery also determines. Of the English parliamentarian and historian of American institutions, the Hon. James Bryce in his "American Commonwealth," in language all too mild, says: "Observing the form of consulting the voters it substantially ignores them. Thus the machine works on and grinds out places, power and opportunities for illicit gain for those who manage it."

And to what end is this control?

First and most vital, the machine decides what shall be done with the wealth created by the American people. By shunting the switch, now this way and now that, it sends the golden stream into the till of Beef Trust here, of oil trust there, of coal baron and railroad monopolist yonder, and so continues to the end of the chapter; while to toiler in shop and mine, in field and forest, at the forge, on swaying mast or in stifling hell of vessel's hold, to women singing the song of the shirt, and to little children wearing their lives away in coal breakers and by factory looms, it awards the slave's pay—the wage that, for a limited period, will hold soul and body together.

The political machine is the modern pirate to which all industry pays tribute; the Minotaur and Moloch to whom the lives of youths and maidens and of little children are sacrificed. Save in the handful of cities and states which have challenged its power it rules America today as Czar of all the Russias or as Sultan of Turkey rules his unhappy dominions.

"The trust question is the paramount issue," says Mr. Bryan. "It will be between the claims of the natural man and the corporate man—between the God-made man and the men-made man. By this I mean the trusts that are made by legislation. The corporate man has ridden rough-shod over the community, but the turn of the natural man has come. I hold no man good enough to control a monopoly affecting the life of the whole community.

Book Review

TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER WEDDING DAY

Replete with true paternal devotion is the tribute of C. B. Hoffman to his daughter, on her wedding day. The tenderest chords of feeling seem to vibrate with the writer's thought as he dwells upon the beautiful relations which must necessarily exist between a loving daughter and a devoted father. In speaking of his daughter, he says: "To her father she is more than a gift in a deep and reverent sense, she is a continuation and extension of his own life. In and through her he shows the immutability of the Great Life. She is verily a part of him, and he and she are a part of the Divine essence. As to a parent, the natal day and the wedding day are the tenderest, sweetest and saddest, in the life of a beloved daughter, so the thoughts of this father revert to the infancy of his child. He no doubt sees her a clinging, helpless little thing, the embodiment of his own attributes and those of the mother who helped to give her life, for he writes under the heading: *The Mystery of Life and Death*, "This love invokes the ever-new old miracle, the birth of a human being, the enshrinement of a soul in a material body. This is the mystery of mysteries, deeper and higher than Death which is its shadow. About the new-born child hover the mystic legends of the ages, the sweetest songs of men and angels, the tenderest emotions of humanity, and the holiest ecstasies of the heart. And under the Sanctity of Human Relations, he says: "All human relations are sacred because vital in the Divine Life; the human father loves his child because Father God loves His children; the mother loves her little ones because the love of the Divine Mother broods over all; the

child loves the parents because the Heavenly Child loves the Infinite Father Mother. This ineffable blending depends not upon exterior or arbitrary law and command, but it matures in the nature of being. It is the joyous pulse beat of cosmic life. "In after years, he says, you will re-read this letter, perhaps long after I have passed to other modes of life. Some things may run counter to your views, but never mind I am only giving you what years of rich experience have brought to me. Select and keep the helpful, the rest may remain untouched and not understood until perhaps in some other mood you shall find something which had previously been dumb. Language is inadequate to express the deeper life. This book is evidently a casket of jewels in the form of written thought. The human soul, the writer says, is the acme of things accomplished, the enclosure of things to be. Each individual is a ray of the Infinite Life and contains all the potentialities and possibilities of endless unfoldment. Again he says: "Woman is the natural teacher of the race, her intuitive wisdom qualifies her to lead the race of constructive and creative faculties, she is peculiarly well qualified for the training of her children, as well as those of larger growth. Man and woman are complementary—the two make the complete one; man is positive, woman negative; man is electric, woman magnetic. He is the fierce day, she is the tender night. Neither is greater or less than the other. There is truth in the ancient myth which relates that Jupiter divided the human body into halves, which ever since have wandered through the ages to find each other. In the *Life Beautiful* is a

harmonious blending of man and woman, a complete, perfect companionship—such companionship can exist only among equals. Perfect and complete freedom is thought and action in its essential condition. To give one's self without thought of reward is the law of divine life. Celestial Paradox—to lose is to find—to give is to receive. The soul that loves, lives in the life of the Beloved, his experiences are mirrored in her soul. Nothing can come to the one but it is equally shared by the other. Sin is unknown in the Kingdom of Love—the flame of love which flickers so feebly in many hearts is divine and needs but right understanding to redeem the most sordid life. Human nature is not vile, it is good and love is the divinest of all its glorious impulses. Henderson says, "The most persistent impulse of human nature is the striving for perfection." In fact, the fundamental difference between the new ideal and the old dogma lies in the character and value assigned to human nature. If human nature in its normal and unchanged state is essentially and inherently bad and unlovely; if only a few by dint of extraordinary effort, or by special favor of some more powerful being are enabled to save themselves (how pitifully mean they must feel, no wonder they call themselves worms of the dust) from a common doom, then indeed life would not be worth living and to bring children into the world would be a crime—but since evil is only in seeming, is misdirected energy; ignorant attempts to attain happiness; blind striving for perfection in life is fraught with infinite joy and beauty.

The matter of the transcendent value of the soul cannot be emphasized too much, upon a correct conception of the essential qualities of human nature depends our own growth in this life. The vital push which thrills in the modern heart is due to the belief in the essential goodness of all. The sombreness of the past arose from a belief in the utter baseness of human nature—formerly was

heaven and hell—few for the one, many for the other.

All ages are great, each has its destroying characteristics, Cosmic life is cyclic and rhythmic, it is the Celestial Song of Infinite Being in endless unfoldment. The age we live in is perhaps the most pregnant since the dawn of life upon earth. Were I to attempt to describe it in one sentence, I would write: "The age of conscious reconciliation and at-onement."

What a glorious task, this working with the Great Life in building a beautiful temple for the soul, in equipping her with delicate, sensitive and perduring instruments, what joy for the artist soul. Here at our command are the gifts of nature, the grains, sun-kissed and soil-nourished; the nuts cradled in the throbbing, pulsing atmosphere, rocked by the swaying breezes amid the carols of birds all the while drawing the more material constituents from the depths of the earth; the vegetables, humbler members in the great economy transmuting mineral elements for our use. An artist of brush or chisel uses the best and most plastic material for his work, why should not the Eternal Artist select the finest, the purest material for the building of His masterpiece—the human body?

It has been truly said that God sleeps in the mineral, slumbers in the vegetable, dreams in the animal and awakens in the man. The God within being awake, co-operates consciously and intelligently with God the whole—the great Life toward infinite perfection. It is this co-working with the Great Life that constitutes the joy of individual human life.

We are trees in the great forest of humanity, each of us contains the Infinite potentialities of the unmanifested God, but also the characteristics, traits and habits of the race life of the past.

On the one hand we are ever prompted by the unmanifested God to render a vaster and more extensive life, while on the other hand we are chained by the inheritance of the past. These divergent

tendencies are the cause of so-called evil—they produce conflict which means disease and under the mistaken speculation of men, sin.

These and other terse paragraphs constitute the substance of the book. Surely there could be no more valued gift bestowed by a father to his daughter on her wedding day, than a written record of the thoughts which she herself has inspired at divers times from infancy to womanhood.

• • •
PROPOSED NEW

SOCIALIST COLONY.

We note mention in the papers of a proposed colony to be organized by Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," the famous book which stirred up the investigation of packing house conditions. It is stated that "up to the middle of August there were 161 inquiries received; although but 100 families will be included in the beginning. The colony is to be in no sense regarded as a 'socialist experiment.' It is to be a purely co-operative business venture and to deal with conditions as they exist. On paper at least it is demonstrated that the colonists will be able to enjoy all the modern conveniences by co-operating for a maximum cost of \$285 a year per adult resident. The proposed capital is \$275,000, and the venture will be set in motion when \$82,000 of that be raised for the purpose of erecting the main building and cottages." The colony is to be located near New York.—Fairhope Courier.

• • •
It is natural for some boys to make pets of animals on the farm. Calves, colts and lambs crowd around such boys, and it is generally noticed that such animals are thrifty. It also is noticeable that the boys having such influence over farm animals are the boys that make the best of men. Almost any boy can be taught to make close acquaintances with young animals on the farm, and such in-

structions are very valuable to him. A great deal depends on the parents. If the "old man" yells around the barnyard and keeps a club or two handy to whack the animals with when they get in his way the boy is very apt to imitate his father's example. Such men generally complain that farming doesn't pay. The result is that the boy goes off to town to hunt up something that will pay.—Farm. Field and Fireside.

• • •
There are about 320,000 people in the District of Columbia; over 60,000 of them live outside of the old city of Washington (which now has no legal existence, being merged in the District of Columbia) in a large number of small towns and valleys of the territory. About one-third of the population is colored—the largest number of colored people gathered in any place in the world; about one-fourth of the population is very poor—poorer than most poor people elsewhere in the United States. There is much abject poverty.—Altruist.

• • •
GIVE THE BOY A PUP'S CHANCE.

If a man has a \$10 pup he will look after it carefully and not let it run all over town, but if he has a boy it is different, says the Coffeyville Record. He is turned loose at a certain age and let go where he wants to. The people wonder where the army of tramps, loafers, deadbeats and sots come from in each decade. They are germinated from the pure seed gathered from our homes and sown broadcast upon our streets and alleys. It may be your boy is starting in that direction. At all events the boy ought to be given the same chance with the pups.

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J. E. Fisher,
General Passenger Agent
Denver, Colo.

ANNOUNCEMENT
THE MOUNTAIN PINE
FOR NOVEMBER

The Management of the Mountain Pine is pleased to Announce articles for our December number from the pens of the following well-known Authors.

PROFESSOR J. S. LOVELAND.

AMOS STECKEL.

DR. HENRY WAGNER.

MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

(Spirit) MYRON W. REED.

MRS. ALICE WOOD KIRKPATRICK.

MISS ELOISE CHRISTAIN.

DR. J. M. PEBBLES.

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The Oracle

BY J. C. F. GRUMBINE IN THE SUNFLOWER.

WHAT in your judgement is the only way to present spirit phenomena to the world?

Spiritualism is a democratic movement, and therefore is no respecter of persons. There is nothing respectable about it, for if it is not a fact it never can become acceptable. Respectability has to do with the character of people, and Spiritualists, as a rule, are no more respectable than members of other religious denominations.

Spiritualism as Spiritism, but not as a world movement, is an attempt on the part of the ex-carnate spirits to prove the survival of their personal identity after the change called death. If they succeed, they must do so by acceding to such test conditions as will remove all doubt as to the genuineness of the phenomena. There are all kinds of spirits and some are worse than others, and who have only one end in view, and that is to ruin and destroy their medium, and these very mediums like the late Slade for instance, are corrupt enough to co-operate with them. These spirits refuse to allow their mediums to go under test conditions, because their object is not to demonstrate immortality scientifically but to ply their nefarious trade. A spirit or a Spiritualism that is afraid of science is of a very inferior order and should be rejected, whatever its claim may be.

If seances are given for believers only, which usually means that you are an easy mark, such seances are not

to be relied upon. Neither a Spiritualist nor medium advance the cause they profess to love by failing to prove the genuineness of mediumship and its phenomena. Spiritualism is strong enough to stand the most rigid scientific test, while a seance made up of believers affords a big chance for intentional fraud. Take physical mediumship. It is easiest to get at and examine, but its phenomena the hardest to demonstrate and accept, because fraud can enter into them or be palmed off for them without the slightest suspicion on the part of either the Spiritualist or investigator. I know that a number of media for physical phenomena have been grossly abused by a hypercritical public, but I also know that a long suffering public has been made the victim of imposition by bogus media. There is ground for complaint on both sides. A few years ago I had occasion to attend a seance for materialization and when after the seance I was approached by an enthusiast who asked me what I thought of it, replied; "Personally it looks wonderful, but professionally I could not endorse it, because it was not under strictly test conditions and I found out afterward that a few girls and two Jews who were chasers for the medium, did all the phenomena there presented. Here is where fraud steps in. The wife of a gentleman of St Louis used to give materialization by having him stand at the curtains of the cabinet with a drawn six-shooter, ready to unload its contents upon the

first man or woman who dared to touch the forms. Those seances were for "believers only," and were given under but one test condition—that of the revolver. There are other less violent means of rubbing it into the believers by rag dolls, clever genuflections, Indian makeups, manipulation of lights, phosphorus robes and crowns, concealment about the person of diaphanous draperies, etc., which delight the backwoods Spiritualists and credulous of the city who take everything for granted and suspect no fraud, because they are themselves above it. These are the victims whose cash supply the diamonds, amusements, lacy gowns and fine furnishings of the houses of these blue blooded fakirs. Is this exposure of popular methods of presenting fraudulent seances a blow at genuine mediumship? Yes and no. Yes because unless test conditions which

will prove the phenomena genuine at each seance are enforced both by psychic and sitters who can vouch for the genuineness of the mediumship or its manifestations? No, because no amount of fraud and no number of bogus mediums can assail or dethrone the facts upon which Spiritualism has established the evidences of immortal life.

Now the only way to settle the question is for the psychic and investigator to agree upon a certain square deal, certain strictly test conditions, under which each (not one and not another) seance will be given, so that fraud will be impossible and a better feeling and perfect satisfaction had by all concerned. Where this is refused by the psychic it should be accepted by the investigator as ground for a reasonable doubt as to his or her genuineness. This will work in every case.



Love Song of the Future.

Tell me darling, ere with rapture
 We shall sink in love's eclipse,
 Ere with joy a kiss I capture,
 Have you sterilized your lips?
 Tell me darling—fairest creature
 Ever born the skies beneath—
 Is your hair a natural feature?
 Are they yours—those gleaming
 teeth?
 Tell me, tell me, charming lassie,
 When your angry, and your eye

Stares at me with stare that's glassy,
 Pray, what does that signify?
 Is your stomach in condition?
 Have you pains around your back?
 Does your heart fulfill its mission?
 Is your liver out of whack?
 Tell, me oh, bewitching creature,
 Whom I love in fiercest way,
 Tell me, ere I call the preacher—
 Darling, are your lungs, O. K.

—Puck.



Man Is Divine.

*Synopsis of an Inspirational Lecture Delivered by Rev. John W. Ring,
before the Spiritualist Society of Galveston, Texas.*

ASSUMING the hypothesis that man is a living soul, eternally related to Creative Energy, living in a tenement house of flesh composed of all substances, blended by the evolution of ages, we must seriously consider his possibilities, while thus incarnate. Laden with experience of the past, buoyant with anticipation of future, he, like the omnipotent, is constantly and forever in the present; experiences gone must yield their fruits and pass, and the future but, perchance, inspire while the soul moves unceasingly in the now, the here, the present.

MAN BORN

Ages ago the woman failing to become mother was "put away" by her husband and in many cases supposed to be under "divine displeasure;" to day we often hear of pregnancy referred to as a "mishap." Why this change? Because men are unconscious of the sanctity of the power of propagation. Children are deceived as to their origin by superstitious falsehood and grow to believe sexual passion to be natural, and to satisfy it a natural sequence; while in fact it is not only abnormal, but animalistic. Indulgence, in or out the matrimonial bonds, is a sin against nature and posterity. Sensuality and selfishness are the tatterlings of lower states of life, stepping-stones which have led to our present state. Men children, in public education, are taught less of dead

languages, and more of their latent powers, they will devote themselves less to cattle and horses with pedigrees and development of more beautiful flowers and do something to advance the human race.

Maternity is the grandest word

That man may ever know,
And Motherhood the sweetest heard,
As ages come and go.

Man can not invoice his possessions nor claim his birth-right until conscious of his innate forces; so it has been said, "every man demands being rightly born." Nature never moves by chance nor makes mistakes; when the science of astrology (the influence of heavenly bodies upon us) and phrenology (reading man's nature as pictured on his anatomy) are presented to the thoughtful, they see the reason for each peculiar characteristic in their off-spring. Alas! We find these mishaps (unwelcome guests in the world) going their way according to Nature's law, in penitentiary, almshouse and asylum. Every deformity of mind or body is not a mistake but a result of perverted law.

Children should be taught the sacredness of their being and filled with reverence for the power of propagation. Then will the influence of the stars be studied, the power of prenatal influence observed, and men will obey the mandates of Nature.

THE BODY AN INSTRUMENT.

The master of music must have well

tuned instruments to successfully display his talent; so the soul must have a well formed and equally balanced body for successful expression. A clean, pure body with every organ performing its respective function, will enable a sweet, impressive emanation from the soul within. Bound by magnetic ties of kinship to stars in space and to force and substance every where, it is possible to form an instrument of almost infinite capabilities. The properly constructed body is not a "thing" or machine which decays by use or is destroyed by wear, but each organ tends to rebuild; and if flesh is renewed, organs restored and mind led to predominate, surely earthly existence is to continue as man's will shall dictate. This radical statement, we trust, will cause a ripple in thought generally. Why grow old? Why not speak of our advancing years as preparatory for extended longevity. If the experiences of eighty years have developed man's being, is it not best that he enjoy the fruits thereof? Partake freely of pure crystal water (the wine of eternal youth) of vegetables (Mother Nature's nearest off-spring) of sun kissed fruits and nuts perfected in Autumn's golden season, that the body may be invigorated with the elements which will not only sustain but rebuild; cease taxing the digestive organs with the grindings of flesh which does not contain sufficient strength to digest itself, and renew the form, making existence of indefinite duration. "Man of old" lived much longer than now, because they walked in the sunshine of Mother Nature's Laws, by obedience there to and from her broad extended breast (sufficient for all to recline upon) behold the forces of

"new life sweet;"

So why not we, like men of old,
Grasp nature's holy law
And latent powers for use unfold—
Why stand in trembling awe?

This body "formed" with such adaptability is the Living God. Let us clean it and make it pure. Let us relegate the heat of passion and demands of habit to ages past, and live "day unto day" in the presence of rightful needs. Thus purged and cleansed we may expect a clear mentality and the guidance of Intuition—the voice of the Soul.

We are then able to realize that thought force is mighty, that will is monarch. We will behold with rapturous ecstasy the tender silver thread which binds soul to soul, and know that like the mighty sea lapping the shore, the tidal wave of Divinity is swelling in upon every human life. As the incessant movement wears the bank away, so the continual influx of spiritual energy will bring a dominance of Love and Charity over Hate and Self, of Truth and Justice over Superstition and Bigotry, and Peace will spread her broad protecting wings in hallowed benediction over every home. Thoughts, sent out with the force of Will, hasten on their circular route, touching minds with comfort and with strength, and return to us increased in size and power—reward of kindly thoughts.

Oh let us keep a kindly thought
Forever on the way,
For mighty deeds are often wrought
By thinking Love all day;
And furthermore they can't be lost,
They will return again;
Sometime when we with woe are toss'd

They'll come and sooth our pain.

Let us be tolerant, just and noble:
 "hate sin yet love the sinner." How
 can the soul, a spark of Infinite Life
 and Light, living in a temple 'formed'
 of indestructable atoms, so organized
 as to grow strong and be renewed by
 use, fail to read lessons of worth and
 beauty from Nature everywhere?

THE LIVES OF GREAT MEN REMIND US.

When we listen to the dictates of the
 higher self the vast family of human
 existence is our possession and every
 noble thought and life is vibrating for
 us. We hear the teacher of Galilee
 say "neither do I condemn thee; go
 and sin no more," and again, "let him
 that is guiltless cast the first stone,"
 and they became our own expressions.

We appropriate the thoughts of
 Sages and Messiahs, the beauty of ar-
 tist and poet, the grandeur of Truth
 everywhere, for 'tis universal and be-
 longs to us if we can use it. Oh yes,
 use is the object of the perfect life.
 To be useful makes one happy, and to
 be happy should be the aim of all. If
 we are strong, let us bear the burdens
 of the weak. If we are glad, let us
 share it with the sorrowing. If we are
 contented and peaceful, let us divide
 with the restless and despondent. Let
 us walk in ways of usefulness, spread-
 ing by word and thought the light of
 Love and Truth; lo, selfishness will be
 transformed and error's darkness fade
 as skulking shadows disappear before
 the morning sun. "Go(o)d is Love,"
 and all attributes are of a similiar na-
 ture. When man complains of error,
 sin and wrong, 'tis because he lives in
 shadows and perversions.

Assert thy Will, oh Soul within,
 And live thy life aright;
 Lo, error, wrong and fleeting sin

Fade out before thy light.

As one small taper drives the dark
 From out the shadow'd room,
 The Soul of God, a tiny spark,
 Dispellesh wrong and gloom.

This is a partial enumeration of soul
 properties and is for every man, wom-
 an and child who claims their rightful
 possessions. The first step toward this
 Canaan is to recognize the harmon-
 ious blending of force and substance
 everywhere. Then no one will fail to
 see the handwriting of Infinitude in
 Nature; the pregnant kingdoms of
 Mother Nature (negative) will deliver
 the lessons inscribed by Father God
 (positive). With body clean and holy
 the soul will exercise every physical
 sense, and revel in the spiritual coun-
 terpart of each; thus placing man on
 the lofty summit of knoweldge, where
 he can view the grandeur of Nature,
 and with keener perception see the
 prompting force of every expression.
 Let us rise up, then, in majesty of
 spirit to behold the birth of day when
 kissed by the sun. See the first gray
 streaks—heralds of the approaching
 monarch—grow into seeming extended
 arms as if to embrace all earth in a
 clasp of maternal love. A murmur of
 rejoicing pervades, the lark bursts
 forth a jubilant lay, the morning-glory
 unfolds her petals, the waving grasses
 and nodding branches free themselves
 of the night-time dew which, jewel-
 like, adds a lustre to vegetation every-
 where, and man in silence but adores.
 He is filled with inflowing magnetic
 waves, as day moves on apace, and
 stands touched with awe at the stupen-
 dous unfolding. As noon appears—
 the zenith of the monarch's daily pil-
 grimage—all Nature seems to lay so
 idly in the great extended arms that

they are no longer seen. In fact the seeming is, that sun and earth are still in momentary clasp, and but the babbling brook and gentle breeze, through vale and o'er the field doth move, and they but as in playful laugh. But on they move—the reapers in the field resume their toil, the birds sing out again, the hum of motion everywhere rises, almost as the vapor in the air; the throbbing soul vibrates in anthems deep and strong. Too soon departing day speaks of repose. The sun reclining as a monarch on his regal couch, canopied with royal hues no artist's skill can imitate, the twilight shades descend as hallowed benedictions from

above and gilded clouds seem to be blushing with a farewell kiss; the day bird's song is replaced with the shrill notes of the nightingale, the breezes seem whispering in tones subdued, lest they should wake the nodding flowers and man bows in prayerful retrospect of a season so short and yet so full; and he seeks his bed to renew his body with the harmony of "the stilly night" while the soul revels in realms of which it is not lawful to speak.

Any soul that can drink in the inspiration of Nature and be filled with the elixir of everlasting life, can enjoy the possibilities enumerated, in the superlative degree.



November.

BY MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

This is the time when Nature lights her funeral pyres
 And burns to ashes all the year's dead hopes and vain desires.
 In robe and cowl gray friars march where woods are brown and sere;
 Chanting the Miserere hymn, King Winter draweth near.
 All things of beauty that have graced the passing year
 Lie lifeless now and withered, in field and woodland drear.
 But, sanctified and purified beneath the winter's snow,
 The year's dead darlings soon shall lie so low
 That no rude touch can quite disturb the slumber still and deep
 Where, through the days and nights to come, shall Nature's children
 [sleep.]

How to Acquire Self Poise.

BY MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

FIRST, strike up an intimate acquaintance with yourself by calling into action your powers of reflection. Stop worrying about other people and devote a little more time to the study of self. Try to make yourself believe that you are the masterpiece of the Creator. If you are at all like the average man or woman this realization will not be at all difficult, but if you lack self conceit it may require some effort to make you believe that you are a perfect work of Divine art. The musician who wishes to understand perfectly the harmony of sound makes himself master of his instrument; and so must you, if you would become attuned to the divine harmony within, learn to become master of your own organism, so that if you should become inharmonic and out of tune you may be able to regulate yourself in such a way as to be always "In Tune with The Infinite."

Sickness, irritation, the giving way to fear and disappointment; these are all inharmonies which you may do away with if you are willing to make the effort to acquire self-poise. You must make the physical body subject to the higher laws of being, and, after a time, so perfectly will it work in unison with the mind and the soul that you will feel the wings of your spirit, like those of a bird, lifting you above all the old, disagreeable inharmonies of the body that cause it to feel the heaviness of the flesh, as well as the various ills to which it is subject.

Accustom yourself to say inwardly: "I am the temple of The Living God and only that which is lofty, pure and inspiring, may enter therein; upon my altar burns the fire of Divinity; reflected through the windows of the temple (the eyes) it reaches the understanding of man, thereby dispelling ignorance, sin and fear." To become poised it is not well to first become negative to the various inharmonies that beset the body and mind of the human organism. If you are reasonable you must believe that they do really exist by reason of your own creative power, since you are a free agent to create good or evil as you will. Learn to conquer these inharmonies by subjecting them to an influence that will cause you to realize in the course of time that they were really undeveloped good. The individual with strong passions need not necessarily be evil in his nature. He simply possesses a superabundance of force which he does not understand how to use properly; a force which needs to be subjected or pruned down, as the gardener does his grapevines to keep them from sending out undesirable growth.

With his errors and his mistakes the uncontrollable man is a more admirable character than the individual who never departs from the straight and narrow path because he is too weak to know how, or afraid the devil may get him if he is not good. As the soul of the white Resurrection Lily climbs upward through the darkness of the

earth to the warm sunlight of creation, so it is possible for the soul of man to climb through the imperfection of the physical until it stands a perfect work of the Creator, and an inspiration to those fortunate enough to behold it. Many of us never acquire self poise because we are ignorant of the higher laws of being; we overwork the physical machine, subject it to all sorts of conditions, and then wonder why it rebels and ceases to work properly. But if we ask the higher nature it will say it was our mistake and not the fault of the machine that it did poor work.

Analysis of cause and effect in the experiences of the body is an excellent recipe to use for the acquirement of self poise. No person need say: "I do not know" after applying to his own inner consciousness a rigid self analysis. Any inharmony of body or mind may be traced to a departure from the higher laws of nature, either on his part or that of his ancestors before him. A perfect self poise is the balance acquired from a harmonious blending of man's three natures, and so in order to attain it we must have a thorough understanding of these natures. The body should never be taxed beyond its strength or fed upon improper food for the physical nature always grows in accordance with the treatment we give the body. There are times, of course, when it is next to an impossibility to give the physical body just what it needs in the way of food and rest, but unless it is naturally weak, you can give it a great deal of mistreatment before it will become a chronic fault-finder. The mental nature, or center of thought power, must also be subject to analysis. The brain

is like the impression sheet we place between several sheets of paper; whatever the nature or tendency of the thought it will be transferred to the conscious and subconscious minds. As the conscious mind is less refined than the subconscious, the former may take no cognizance of the fact that several impressions of the original have been reproduced or that the subconscious mind may possess facts not generally known or that it may create its own impressions. Through self poise, however, the individual may learn to become conscious of the workings of his own subjective mind. Those who acquire self poise gradually store up a reserve force which is only drawn upon in case of emergency; and it is for this reason that they never seem to be out of tune, physically, mentally, or spiritually. The work of the body is carried on with as little pretension as that of breathing, and they may perform considerable manual labor without appearing to work very hard. The self poised individual never allows fear to dominate him, he may suffer the pangs of remorse and regret as keenly as any one but there will be no outward demonstration, for he knows well that in the giving way to fear he only tends to break down his own organism and never to build it up.

Some New Thought teachers advocate the complete subjection of all feeling and emotion if one would acquire self poise, but this is not well; our finer nature has feelings that are more exquisitely sensitive than the vibrations of a fine toned instrument, and whether they be those of emotion, joy or pleasure, they belong to the Divinity of the soul, furnishing us with the rarest and dearest moments of our

lives.

As we are not all constituted alike, the application of certain rules must be made in various ways to different individuals for the acquirement of self poise. There is but one fundamental principal however, and that is the study and complete knowledge of

Self. Some may find a way to reach the inner consciousness through the information they gain from others, but the majority will be obliged to lay aside books and teachings, and get down to the simple, yet complex study of self.



Into the Silence.

BY MISS ELOISE CHRISTIAN.

Into the Silence, Oh Soul I walked with thee,
 Down thy golden corridors I trod
 Listening to the silent voice of God.
 Wordless, beautiful, softer
 Than silver dewdrops falling into summer seas,
 Or tender flowers kissed by the passing breeze,
 Upon my listening ear
 Voiceless falls the music of thy spheres.

Into the Silence, Oh Soul, I walk with thee,
 Into the "Holy of Holies" I dare to tread
 Where white robed angels with their wings outspread
 Guard thy sacred portals.
 Within this temple, all my own,
 Abides the key to worlds unknown.

Into illimitable space sublime
 I walk with thee, Oh Soul divine!

Into the Silence, Oh Soul, I walk with thee,
 Into the infinite depths I walk with thee,
 Where the voice of immortality
 In breathless silence speaks.
 In the silence all sorrows cease.
 The countersign is "Peace."
 In the Silence all troubles flee
 Oh soul, when I commune with thee.

The Power of Spirit.

ANSWER TO HUDSON TUTTLE.

BROTHER Hudson Tuttle is the oracle of Spiritual Philosophy and the constant defender of Spiritualism in the Progressive Thinker of Chicago. He is also the author of a book on Mediumship. While his views are usually good and sound it seems to us that he sometimes oversteps the mark. For instance, he says in his book: "Spirits materialize to the extent of being apparent objects reflecting light, but materialization to the extent of formation of bones, muscles, etc., is impossible."

This seems to us to be a little weak on spiritual power for one who has been in the ranks of spirit investigators for as many years as Brother Tuttle has. When you meet a doubter of spirit return, one who has never seen any manifestations of spirit power and has given it no study or thought, and say to him that you have seen writing come on slates without the agency of human power he will reply: "that is impossible."

Then tell him that you have heard raps come on material objects without visible human aid that manifested intelligence and he will say again: "That is impossible. I never heard of such a thing."

Then tell him you have seen heavy objects moved by some invisible, intelligent agency and again he will say: "Spirit may be a reality but do not tell me it can lift a ponderous material body. That is impossible. It is more! it is ridiculous."

Then tell him that you have seen your friends materialize so you could see them, feel them and talk to them and he will probably say: "Oh, you are crazy! You thought you saw that, but your imagination got the better of you. Such a thing is impossible and all sane, sound, sensible people know it." So Brothe Tuttle seems to have gone backward to the days of his early investigations and cries, "impossible!"

There is an old saying that "All things are possible with God." God is spirit. Putting those two things together is equivalent to saying that everything is possible with spirit. Spirit calls forth suns, systems and worlds and sets them all in motion. It materializes them out of apparent nothingness, or what we now call ether, a refined substance that fills all space. The materialist will say: "Nonsense, impossible, that is only nature!" But what is nature?

We claim that worlds, suns and systems are merely materializations by spirit power from ether. That all trees, plants, animals and man are nothing more than materializations by spirit. Yet, a spiritualist who knows so much about spiritualism, tells us that it is *impossible* for spirit to take on form with bones and muscles!

Spirit power is the only power in the universe. Motion, of all kinds, is the result of spirit power either directly or indirectly. The planets move by spirit power and intelligence. The sun shines by the same power as matter

in itself, has no motion. Motion is the result of life and intelligence.

You ask, how can water power be produced by spirit. The power of the sun acting on the earth produces water power and the sun is the product of spirit power and intelligence without which it would never have

been.

Nothing is impossible with God or spirit. From it all things are. It is the fountain source of all intelligence and motion. Let Brother Tuttle stand up and take notice of the power behind the throne.

A Spiritualist.



My Recitatin'.

BY MISS IDA L. GREGORY.

Rights reserved for Voiume.

I uster think 'at I wuz bright,
 'N knew how to recitate.
 I uster set up half the night,
 Never thinkin' 'twas so late.
 A learnin' pieces I could say—
 For to me it wuz no task
 To recitate three times a day,
 If people knew 'nuff to ask.
 But somehow 'ruther no one did,
 'N it made me feel so bad
 To think my talents all was hid—
 'N then I wuz roarin' mad
 'N said "I'll recitate ur die—
 Fer they don't know what they've
 done
 By not a gettin' folks like I
 Fer to recitate—by gum!"
 So, when I found a proper time
 To show cff my grand speakin'
 I started, 'n' wuz doin' fine—
 It wuz like Sunday meetin'—

When fust I knowed I heard a groan
 Which sure made my heart to
 fall—
 A feller yelled, "Oh! take him home!
 N' then, quick, a doctor call!
 I think he's dyin,'—don't be slow,
 The pore, old feller looks bad—
 It might be fits 'at makes him act so
 Or, maybe, he's goin' mad!"
 I tried to tell 'em their mistake,
 But 'at foolish crowd jes flung
 Some rocks 'n sticks, 'n tried to
 break
 Some eggs, what no more wuz
 young,
 Upon my head. But I jes' ran
 'Till I safely reached my hum.
 N' I know one thing—this ol' man's
 Fine recitatin' is done.
 —1507, Pine St., San Antonio, Tex.

AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS.

BY (SPIRIT) MYRON W. REED.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following article was written automatically, through the hand of Miss E. M. Weatherhead, 1853 Welton St., Denver Colorado, and purports to be the thoughts of Myron W. Reed, now a denizen of the ether world. We give it as it is given us, believing that the thoughts therein expressed are worthy a place in the literature of the day, whatever may be their source.

THE writer of a good book puts a great deal of himself into its pages. For the time being living in a world apart, he holds no thought in common with the outside world, he talks with the creations of his fancy and they walk back and forth through the corridors and halls of his mind with a grace that is truly charming. Would-be philosophers have said that all men of genius were unbalanced. It may be so—but if they are happy in their delusions why withhold from them the cup of pleasure without which life would possess no charms.

I have read the works of great authors and I have learned to smile and feel with them. I have learned to analyze the character of the writer from the expression of his thoughts. Some books I have found to be as light and frothy as the foam on the waves of the ocean. They had no depth, no soul power, and I have laid them aside with the reflection: "So much wasted time." But the works of grand souls—how they have thrilled me with the passion of feeling, too deep for expression. Dickens, Emerson, Shakespeare Hawthorne, Hugo, Irving and I might say several hundred others. The works of these great men have so impressed themselves upon the plastic surface of my mind, that they live with the same

intensity and charm that they possessed when first produced. I have pored over the pages of David Copperfield until the characters stood out in bold relief—no two alike and yet each so admirable in its way, that I would not change one if I could. I can see the old boat-house at Yarmouth peopled with its remarkable personalities—David, trusting, confiding, held under a spell by the magnetic charm of John Steerforth; Little Emily, simple-hearted, fisher-child, led on by the fascinating personality of that same Steerforth—the old grand-father, with a heart full of love and trusting faith—I can see him now peering out through the gathering gloom of Yarmouth with his lighted candle ready to be placed in the window to guide the returning feet of poor, lost, little Emily. When in after years I was privileged to visit Yarmouth, I sat down in that little boat-house and lived over again with them in fancy the lives of those quaint people of Dickens.

Could anything be more pathetic, tender or simple than the love existing between Little Nell and her grand-father, in Old Curiosity Shop?

To me the rare charm of Dickens lies in the fact that he went right into the lives of his people and wrote from that standpoint.

When I wanted to analyze the deep as well as the simple things of life, I sought the pages of Emerson. And there the simplest things became scientific facts, and the more complex things were so revealed that I found myself wondering why I did not understand them before. Emerson's thoughts were pure gold, and polished jewels. He polished his gems before he brought them forth into the light. He refined his gold in the laboratory of his own mind until it was relieved of all dross. How good old Walt Whitman and Joaquin Miller delighted in producing jewels in the rough. Their thoughts lacked the polish of Emerson but underneath their rough exterior was a grandeur, a sublimity, that was like unto the rugged hills whose vibrations they liked to catch and fasten onto paper.

When I felt a lack of sentiment and sympathy in the world, I turned to Burns. He always squared me with humanity and caused me to have more sympathy and patience with my fellow-man. Victor Hugo's pages were revelations to me of the capabilities of the human soul in its many stages of development and unfoldment. In his wonderful character of Jean Valjean he has shown that evil in its worst aspect may be, after all, but the shadow cast from undeveloped good; that the Creator when He fashioned a man and a woman knew what he was about when he placed the germ of angelhood within their souls. For are we not all sculptors in the studio of Life? We hammer, carve and polish with the mallet and the knife. Experience is the mallet, and Death the sharp-edged knife revealing in its beauty the imprisoned angel, Life. In the fascinating pages of Scott

I have walked the Scottish Highlands until for the time being I was a Scotsman myself, my sympathies extended and my heart ready to respond with the brawny Scot so ably depicted in *Marmion*, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *The Lady of the Lake*. When a growing lad back upon the farm I have laid on many a rainy day beneath the farm-house eaves and read over the narratives of Jules Verne, and Cooper's *Leather Stocking Tales*, until it seemed to me that the Universe was suspended from each end of a rainbow, and if I could only manage to reach the rainbow that I would have all the truths of creation in a nutshell, and all the delights of travel encompassed within the area of a boy's eager brain. Those were the days when I used frequently to find myself wishing I were an Indian that I might avenge the wrongs of the red man whose blood I was sure coursed through my veins. I could not be quiet for long with such ideas running rampant through my mind and the only way to quiet my restless spirit would be to hie me to the woods where I could get close to the heart of Nature and feel the warm pulsations of her breath. Shakespeare delighted me when I was in rare mood; when I walked upon the earth, as it were, with my head above the clouds. I can recall a few times in my life (that was before I had cut all my wisdom teeth) when I imagined myself to be in the condition men term love with some bright damsel whom I am sure the Immortal Bard must have had in mind when he wrote of the fair Miranda: "made of every creature's best."

Edward Bellamy was a rare soul and lived ahead of his time. The

hours spent with him, and the perusal of his great book "Looking Backward," carried me forward far into the future where I beheld a race of superior beings, whose laws of harmony, love, and equality were universal instead of exceptional.

A personal acquaintance with the great writers leads me to say that I will shortly give through *The Mountain Pine* "Experiences with writers in the Spirit World, and What I have Learned from Their Recent Works.



TO AFFIRM THE TRUTH IS TO CREATE IT

BY HENRY WAGNER M. D., IN FULFILLMENT.

TO affirm the truth is to create it. To destroy anything all that is necessary is to deny the truth regarding it. In this way empires are built up and destroyed, made healthy or diseased, by those individuals comprising them. So you see it does make all the differences in the world as to what we think and believe; if we think and believe falsehoods or lies we reap the results of lying while on the other hand if we affirm and believe the truth, health, harmony and happiness results to individuals as well as to nations. We witness the effects upon the race today that has accepted the Darwinian theory. They believe themselves to be monkeys and they are *psychologized* into the belief and truly we may say they act more like monkeys than men, which is proof of the law that like begets like.

Just in proportion to their obedience of this law of Nature or Deity, "it is God's way," and the sooner we realize

it, and obey it, the sooner we as individual and nations, will enjoy health and harmony upon earth; whatsoever we sow we must likewise reap. The question of questions for each one to answer is "What is Truth?" Each one will be compelled to give an answer according to their conceptions of Truth on all subjects and upon all relations to life. Now as no two individuals have the same ideas regarding "What is Truth," it is self evident that Truth is like its author, the Spiritual Sun, it is Light, Life, Heat, Magnetism, Electricity and Mechanical Force, Life and Love, whilst its opposite expression is Darkness, Disease, Suffering, Misery and Death of every kind and degree, just in proportion to the magnitude of the thought embodying it. In other words it is vibration of the Sun's rays in harmony or discord that gives us all that we suffer or enjoy. These mighty forces create and destroy universes of Life's manifesta-

tions in forms of planets, comets, meteors and other planetary bodies that inhabit space as well as their inhabitants of vegetable, tree, plant, cereal and animal as well as human life.

All that is formed is subject to this law of change, disintegration or death. To deny Deity as the Spiritual Sun of all life and its manifestations is to dedicate ourselves to destruction, which a portion of our races have been doing unconsciously perhaps, hence they are guilty of self-destruction by reason of their ignorance of our creative powers when exercised in denial or affirmation of the Truth.

National infidelity is apparent in the downfall of all of our systems of thought as expressed by our ancestors simply because of our ignorance of the true meaning of the language of pictures, symbols and hieroglyphics, in which they clothed the spirit of Truth, as they conceived it to be. Our critics of "The higher criticism," have led the way into darkness and death instead of the light of Deity where it is clearly seen there is no difference except in degree and expression between our ideas of Truth and those of old as revealed in their writings when interpreted in the spirit by the spirit of Truth. Jesus said He was the Truth, the Life, the Light, the Way to immortal life, that He and the Father were One, and the things that I do ye shall do, which is proof positive that He did not think of Himself in any other than a perfectly rounded out, developed man, in other words, He was conscious of being a ray of the Spiritual Sun. And one with it in essence and purity. He also said the same was in store for every one of us when we had attained unto the same degree of spiritual evo-

lution; and greater things shall ye do because of the higher evolution of the creative forces that will operate through you as time evolves better and more perfect conditions upon the planet and for the races of mankind that inhabit it. This proves Jesus to have been an initiate of Nature's Cyclic Laws of creation, He was educated by the priests of Egypt into the Hermetic mysteries, which means sealed and secret, and He was an Adent of a higher order in their comprehension and practical application as a Magician, as witness the wonderful power He exercised over disease and death by curing the multitudes of their affliction and finally triumphing over death itself. He had attained to that degree of wisdom that enabled Him to lay down his life and to take it up again, in other words, He could separate His astral body from His physical body at will, an achievement daily enacted by quite a number of developed souls, both before and after His advent, as there are numbers of individuals upon earth today that realize their power to do the same things that Jesus did, thus proving His teachings to be true, the same things which He did they can likewise do because of their have developed their spiritual powers to the same degree that enabled Him to do all these, so called, miracles which are now known to be but natural to the perfectly developed man. Man has a physical body likewise an astral body and a spiritual body; the fully developed spiritual man can separate his astral and spiritual bodies from his physical body at will, and lock it up and go off into the astral and spiritual worlds that surround this physical world and explore them just as he can

this lower world, and return with the knowledge gained by his astral journeys and voyages on that plane of universal life. To do this man must know himself and his relation to nature on the physical, astral and spiritual planes of life, as an epitome of it, a microcosm in the great macrocosm, man in God or Deity, as an emanation from Him; this knowledge of himself enables him to create for himself his heavens and hells, just as he wills according to his knowledge and wisdom. He learns to obey all of the laws inherent in his being by experiencing them in their two-fold action and reaction as positive and negative, as creator and destroyer of his own relations to the universe of which he realizes himself as a microcosmic part infinite as the spirit from which he was evolved, creating and destroying his own creations to improve upon them as he grows wiser from experience, suffering or enjoying.

This wisdom can come only in this way, he knows only that which he has experienced, to master his relations to Nature he must obey her laws of harmony as they are truth, they are love, they are life, they are light, whilst their opposite or negative, manifestations are darkness and death, which results in changes of form and function on every plane of life. Experience gained from this knowledge gives understanding and wisdom, which is the Truth itself, and makes its possessor free indeed to obey or disobey his own will in creating or destroying his own creations as fancy dictates. This is God in man and man in God, the highest intelligence that is evolved through the human form divine, man. This consciousness of this

knowledge is heaven within his body as the temple of God in form; it is the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Solomon's Temple built without the sound of hammer or saw.

This knowledge is forced upon him by reason of his realization of the truth of who he is and his relations to his God; he senses that he is in eternity *now*, that there is no beginning nor end to the great ocean of spirit to which he belongs and in which he lives, moves and has his being, that he is immortal deathless spirit, a part of all life limited only by his knowledge and will ability as creator and destroyer of the relations that environ him. This truth compels him to recognize and realize his obligations and responsibilities to all with whom he is surrounded, be that on the physical, astral or spiritual planes of life. If awakened to consciousness while yet inhabiting his physical body he can truthfully teach his fellows of that plane all that he knows of Life. This knowledge may not accord with the experiences of others that have preceded him nor with those to follow, therefore, it cannot be taken as infallible truth or as guide to others as no two individuals have or can experience the same truths in the same way, therefore, all truth is relative to each individual as they are but parts of the great one Life we call God or Deity, and of His life as He experiences it. We know absolutely nothing, nor can we ever know beyond the experiences of own relative relations to Him.

Denver, Colorado.

A Vision of the Lost Atlantis.

RECEIVED THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. MARGARET OLIVE JORDAN.

AFTER carefully reading Dr. Peebles exhaustive testimony pro and con concerning pre-existence I wish to here record a message which was given an authoress friend of mine, Margaret Olive Jordan of San Antonio, Texas, which needs no explanation and is given simply for thought and consideration.

"You ask a sketch of the experiences which have so far unfolded my life and being into personality.—indeed how much more can one give? So vast is life's unfolding, so grand its limitless flower strewn meanderings that like the blossom unmindful that it once was but a shriveled bud, or the towering man thoughtless of once appearing in the role of a prattling swaggering babe, grows into beauty of expression, so each individual leaps from height to height, from shore to shore, and in retrospection of the journey's startling (?) scenes can but say, they are fragments at the best. The mortal pilgrimage of a king doth rob him of the untrammelled freedom of the subject, even more than the striving economy of the subject prevents him the homage of a king. Mighty Justice bends to Mercy's pleading tones and Law finds just fulfillment in the dominance of Love, so Man—the conquerer of Time and proud heir of Eternity's vast belongings—shall garner up the fragments of experiences, here and there, which together, will unfold him ALL. Wondrous Memory becomes so mindful of our joyous necessities that

she hangs the pictures that best will hold our striving energies to the growth which we need most, so let each of us relate some of the scenes which have stored themselves closest to the present requirements.

When fair yet mighty Atlantis stood with towering majesty of life, and gave foundation for the thought which prompted Egypt's mysteries, there stood as companion, in thought and deed, my own beloved Muwaneyel (Mu-one-isle). There Destiny roused me from the long pent rest which followed my ministrations to the Goddess of Mirth, and most generously placed me within the station of Princess Herculinea. A father's kingly majesty moved me to stand with shoulders high above subjects who bowed with ready and most willing homage at my feet, in worshipful recognition of a Princess and a Priestess as well. Our forms were well proportioned but to you exceeding small, for three feet nine would measure full a man to maturity grown. Our features, like our bodies, small, but regular and pointed, firm set, and marked well the determined spirit which dwelt within but that it might have a stronghold from which to reach and move to strictest obedience the every moving thing that fell athwart its way. Each human attribute, fancy, hope or swaying emotion, lived deified within the sacred precincts of some cloistered temple wall; and there Priest, Priestess and Virgins fair, and many too, ministered

to the Principles thus impersonated. The happy people, listened with uncriticising trust, the speaking of the oracles. Peace beyond description, existed between the Temporal and Ecclesiastical governments, because a loyal people waited upon King and Priest, and in turn received the proper recognition for their worth. A tithe was claimed, but full reward was promptly given for each hour of toil or worshipful devotion.

Thus I lived in splendor and ease, with maids a host, who in their youthful bloom of beauty each strove, but to add grace and worth, to their beloved Princess Herculinea. Much detail I must leave untold and hasten to the time when Destiny removed my own beloved Muwaneyel and there rose the new and now far famed America. As a sprig will float for many and many miles, and then taking root, give to its kind in fruitful growth, so these beloved of my own heart and realm clung to the quaking, seething, chaotic mass which builded for another onward step the land which you now call Home, and as such hold right dear. Deep sunken in the Great American Desert, lie the workings of their hands, and there certain and many evidences of the things which I shall yet reveal to you, and those chosen ones whom Destiny hath declared shall open wide the long lashed gates of hidden lore to add luster unspeakable to the growing wisdom of the Times. These small dark skinned people builded the temples, some of which crude and ruthless hands have desecrated by unearthing, in Mexico and Arizona, which hold the key that shows to each who looks, e'en though he runs, that Egypt's wisdom and the western intellectual worth are

kindred even as the blue of east and west are related in substance as in color. As from a long and restful slumber I was aroused to find my beloved Muwaneyel gone, and in her stead a land rich in promise of yielding fruition, well worth the seeking of a great and mighty people. Destiny hath placed many of my near kin and best loved souls in fleshy temples here to further learn the vast and far-extended growth which unfolds the beauty and magnificence of the Ego. I desire not to know how long I shall hover in astral form to lovingly watch and minister, ere I shall press the sands of earth, which clinging to the Air, a molten mass (a productive sphere) and then,—moved by Fire which cleanses and makes pure the netted tarnishes of restlessness, she bathes again in refreshing Water, from which springs not only the fountain spray, but the Fountain-Jets, which play in Sunshine (Motion) in ten thousand times ten thousand forms each beautiful in its way, expressive of the Power Unknowable that moves, thus speaking in tones subdued yet soulfully comprehensive. The individual influence is intensely supreme, in every phase of its varied expressions, and so I WAIT the moving tide of Destiny which with unerring exactness moves forward to higher and still higher heights of Beauty, Power and Wisdom.

If I can touch the strings of some kindred soul now strung upon the harp of mortality, to waken music which but thrills with soothing Peace; or if I can sing one song in tones that will lull to rest the impatient striving one; or again if I can minister in an humble manner, to the Great Eternal, while

individualized in form of MAN, to lift the means of expression to that plane where Justice is recognized (for she rules whether seen or no) that this mighty majestic Self may bask in the invigorating sheen of Truth, then I am content,—and in fact, I am content be it as it may— for I wait that ever certain tide which bears each and all to his own place.

Come then each kindred soul to

whom this may come, and join me in the trustful state which is ours but to possess and then enjoy. When Time shall slip into the great and certain clasp of Eternity and Space shall be but one extended plane of recognized possibilities,—then still, shall I live in the self same Air that I live within to-day,—'twill only be a more refined and subtle state.

Doing Today.

The way to prepare for the morrow
Is to use today aright,
And let the troubles we borrow
Rest in oblivion's night.

Every day brings cares and duties
Sufficient for our strength;
Then how foolish and how fruitless,
We dearly learn at length

Are anticipated troubles
That may not ever come,
And our fears prove only bubbles
Which burst ere reaching home.

Best let the past and future be

As radiant in mind,
As in them ever you can see
With eyes that are not blind.

The very best that can be done
Is enough for each day;
Nor need a greater prize be won
Than is given in this way.

Enough of mirth and sunshine
Comes to us every day,
If to accept them we incline,
To drive the blues away.

MRS. C. K. SMITH.

San Diego, California.



Religion Defined and Applied.

BY PROF J. S. LOVELAND.

As municipalities in various places have imposed licenses upon Spiritualist mediums, some mediums have refused to secure licenses on the ground that Spiritualism is one phase of religion, and that mediumship is a manifestation or mode of religious activity. For this refusal to obtain licenses some have been arrested and fined as violators of a supposed legitimate law.

Since the Constitution of the United States guarantees complete religious liberty to every person, the crucial point to be settled in the decision of these cases consists in answering the following questions. Is Spiritualism religion? Hence is mediumship a manifestation of religion?

To settle this question there must be a correct and exhaustive definition of the word religion. It is a somewhat singular fact that our churches are continually using the word, and yet it is found but twice in the New Testament. Jesus never used it. Paul used it once when he declared that he lived after "the straightest sect of our religion;" which is the Jewish. James uses it once and gives a free definition. He says: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." If James be authority, religion is service to humanity and keeping a moral character. In other words it is conduct and character, opinions being entirely eschewed. According to Paul the Pharisees were a religious sect, but they had doctrines and a vast mass of ceremonial observances. At the present time we have a great number of systems which are termed religious, and it is assumed there is a true religion and many false

ones. If this position be granted, it would still be a fact that our constitution guarantees protection to the false system of religion as absolutely as to the true, for it makes no distinction. It makes no definition of the term religion, but leaves that to the professors themselves.

No one of the many assumed systems of religious teaching has any right to impose its definition on a community as authoritative. The Brahmin, Buddhist Jew, Mohammedan and Christian are all protected by our constitution. But there are most essential differences in these systems; for instance, the majority of Christians worship Jesus Christ as God. He is the second person of the triune Godhead. The Jew and the Mohammedan reject this with horror, for to them Christians are the greatest idolaters, worshipping a mere man as the Supreme Deity. There is hardly any pretense that Christianity does not teach religion, and while Catholic and Protestant are bitterly opposed to each other, yet both claim to be Christian.

The question, What is religion? becomes more and more important in view of these, and other analogous facts that are not here presented. A correct definition must cover all these cases, or else we shall be compelled to say that only one of them is religion and all the rest mere pretenses. A true definition will cover all these cases, and all others where the claim of religion is put forth. The definition is this: Religion is the mental and emotional attitude of intelligent beings toward the invisible. This definition makes all men religious. But they are divided into two classes, positive and negative. The positive class affirm that

the invisible is more real than the visible and that man will live on in the invisible future as conscious as in the visible present. The attitude of the negative class is that the present life is all, and that the invisible future is a perfect blank so far as any continued consciousness after physical death is concerned. Death to them ends all of conscious, sensual life. No one can fail to see, that based upon this fundamental definition of religion, there may be an infinite diversity of ideas and practices, depending upon time, place and evolution. There will be the monotheism of certain phases the polytheism of some, the tritheism of trinitarianism of others, and atheism and pantheism of still others; while ancestor worship will embrace hundreds of millions more. When we come to the observances of rites and ceremonies, the variations are absolutely innumerable, and are from the most absurd to the most revolting and barbarous. But all these are systems of religion.

This definition being true, Spiritualism is religion, and Spiritualists are religious people. They are also positive religionists, for they affirm the most positive conviction of continued conscious existence. They go as far as the Apostle Paul and say, "We know" that if this physical body be dissolved we have a "spiritual body" which will live on through the ages of the future. Hence, they are the most positive of any class of religionists to be found.

So far as public manifestations are concerned, the Spiritualists have no elaborate forms. They are comparatively simple. The circle, platform lecture and message giving are the principal phases. The lecturers are normal, impressional and trance speakers. The circle was the primal place where mediumistic manifestations were first given, and messages from the departed are given in the circle, from the platform, and in private readings. There are two purposes in all manifestation of the different systems of religion: 1. The edification of its ad-

herents; and 2, The conversion of outsiders. Spiritualists follow the common practice; they work for the enjoyment of their own religious belief and to convert others to their mode of thinking. The most potent method for the conversion of unbelievers are the tests given in private readings, at the circles, and on the platform. This inauguration of giving tests and messages was for the express purpose of convincing the skeptical masses. It was not commenced with any thought or purpose of commercialism, but it soon became so much in demand that it took all the time and energies of the acting mediums. The question then arose, how could they live? Since time and energy were consumed, the medium must be remunerated or quit the work. The real medium like Paul declares: "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel," for to him it is a matter of conscience, the imperative demand of duty, because he holds the gates between the invisible future and the visible present.

This makes him the called minister of the positive religion. The Spiritualists accept and recognize him as such, and he proceeds to do his duty, imposing a charge for his labor as a recompense and means to live. Whereupon, because he is performing his duty according to his religious belief as set forth in his article of faith and receiving compensation for time and service in the best way he knows, the municipality of Los Angeles arrests him for not paying a license.

The Spiritualists' organization being in the initial stage of formation, is obliged to leave many things to local and individual management. In many ways the practice of the old church is followed whose ministers are paid—supported—and that supports is furnished in different ways. For baptisms, confirmations, marriages, masses, etc., direct payment is made. Collections are made, tithes imposed, and subscriptions taken. But no attempt is made to compel these priests and preachers to take out a li-

oense. Why not?

The Spiritualists authorize their ministers to do their work and leave them to adopt various methods for support, thus they follow, in part, the same methods practiced by ministers of other systems of religion. The clergyman contracts with a church for his services at so many hundred or thousand dollars a year. Surely this is business, for a contract means business in the financial sense. The Spiritualist minister stipulates that each attendant pay a dime at the door, a specified sum at the circle and for a private reading. Is this more of business than the priest taking pay for masses, etc? The object in both cases is to secure support to the means by which religion can be kept before the people. The objection offered to this is that the Spiritualist minister, the medium, gives advice about secular matters, tells where **lost things may be found and sometimes foretells the future.** Very well, the priest in the confessional gives advice and direction as to secular matters; and the **sermons of the clergy abound with discussion of secular and business affairs.** Is there any great question affecting the welfare of the people financially, socially or morally, that the clergy do not discuss? Then why should not the medium minister? Do they tell where lost things may be found? Very well, so did the great prophet Samuel. Was it not part of his business? And did he not take a recompense therefor? But the Los Angeles municipality would term him a fortune-teller, then arrest and fine him unless he took out a license.

But the crowning sin of mediums seems to be foretelling the future. Is there anything more absolutely demonstrated than the fact of prophecy? That a most wonderful prediction was given to a company of utter skeptics in the early period of the French Revolution is doubted by no one familiar with history. When prophecy comes it is like an overwhelming wave, for it sweeps everything from the consciousness but itself and then gives

itself utterance. Sometimes it comes in a dream, as in the case of the Empress of Japan, when the wonderful success of the Japanese navy was foretold.

In accepting recompense for religious rites and observances the Spiritualists are in accord with all forms of religious service through all the ages. Hence, to **segregate Spiritualists from other religionists, and mediums from other ministers, and to seek to reduce their religion to a level with fortune-telling and jugglery, and to place duly authorized and reputable demiumistic Spiritualist ministers on the plane of cheats and frauds is an act of the grossest injustice.** It is a flagrant violation of the principle of the Declaration of Independence, and an overturning of our constitutional guarantee of protection for one's religious rights.

Foregoing a legitimate criticism of our license system, there seems but one reason for a license law; namely, a method to raise means to carry on government. In this case all forms of legitimate business should contribute in proportion to the profits realized. Mediums would not object to license on that ground, if ministers of other systems of religious teaching are required to do the same, but their contributions would then be infinitesimal in amount.

The true medium cannot afford to be licensed, as this would be an acknowledgment that he is not engaged in a religious work, that the authority which chartered the Spiritualist organization acted illegally and that Spiritualists have not the same right in the liberty of conscience respecting their methods of teaching and worship as those who differ from them in their religious belief.

Every American citizen should be proud that the religious liberty earned by the founders of our government has made a lasting impression upon the whole of earth's inhabitants which will grow and expand until a universal freedom of conscience shall open the doorway for loosening the bonds that have held hu-

man minds in slavery to ignorant superstition and letting the redeeming light of

scientific knowledge into the darkness of transmitted ignorance.

Love's Wastefulness.

TO WHAT purpose hath this waste of the ointment been made?—
Mark XIV, 4.

Love is a foolish thing to the man who has none; it is wasteful, extravagant, fruitless. Yet the riches of life spring from the wastes of love. Frigid pharisees always are ready to sit and calculate what might have been done with the money that a great loving heart flung away. If they had fed the poor of all the Orient with their pennies the deed would have been forgotten long ago; it would have borne far less fruit than the act of the woman that looked so like folly to them.

To the calm economist love makes many mistakes; but heaven sees her prodigality is but seed sowing. The harvest lasts through the ages. It is not the good we do with calculating nicety that counts for most; that is but charity. Never until love lays hold of our lives and we fling away some things that men say we should prize do we know the joy of giving.

The world forgets the wise things it has done—the things that seem wise at the time of their doing. The world remembers the foolish things, those that men despised, counted quixotic, foolish and wasteful. It is a good deal more

likely to remember Joseph's love for his brothers than all his executive ability in storing corn in Egypt.

The day will come when we shall not honor men for their profits in the business of living—of these we may be ashamed—but for their gifts to life when honor men for their profits in the business of living—of these we may be ashamed—but for their gifts to life, when we shall know that there are no living without giving; that he alone finds life who loses it; that the measure of success who loses it; that the measure of success is not in the things of which we may die possessed, but the things of which our living has made the world to be possessed.

It is selfishness that makes a man a moral pauper. No matter how successful he may have been in acquiring riches, he goes out of this world morally destitute if he has failed to lose some of his life, to scatter some of himself as seed sown for the future. He may wax fat and arrogant now, but none shall hang his head lower when life is shown in its real values. God pity the man who has enriched his substance by impoverishing his soul.

And just there lies the secret of it—the great advantages of love's wastes come

back to the giver. A man is impoverished not by what he gives away, but by what he withholds. He is wasting his substance in the worst way who is seeking to store it all up for himself. The flowers cast their seeds with prodigal hands; the strict economist finds waste written all over nature; he knows not that that is the secret of her wealth.

The heart grows rich by its losses; and as soon as we have learned that the heart is the true measure of the life we begin to find our wealth not in getting, but in giving. Many a man has gone down to death labeled a fool by this world's wisdom because he has been too generous to accumulate anything, who yet has taken more out of life than all his critics put together.

From the viewpoint of the infinite, the wastes, the follies and the losses of true love are more than justified. The odor of that ointment has come down through the ages. It has prompted to

a thousand generous deeds; it has taught man to spurn the calculating of profits and losses when some great purpose appealed to him. It has enriched the world with an ideal, something always and eternally worth more than all things real.

Whoso feels a fine impulse, such as stirred in the woman's breast, if he be wise will not check or deny it. It is better to do the most foolish thing in love than the wisest in calculating selfishness. The choice things of our lives, the memories we cherish, and the things that remain to cheer our often drooping hearts are the fruits of just such deeds; they are like flowers, sweet immortelles, springing from the seed lavishly scattered by love.

"Who talks of evil conjures into shape
The formless thing and gives it life
and scope.

This is the law; then let no word escape
That does not breathe of everlasting
hope."

The Queen of the Opium Ring

BY CONSTANCE WHITE.

It was a chilly night in late November, as my friend Tom Wesley and I walked down the streets of San Francisco. We had been attending a medical convention, and although the evening had passed pleasantly enough, we were both somewhat weary, and impatient to woo the drowsy god, Morpheus.

The cars had stopped running some time before and as there were no cabs in

sight, we were obliged to walk to my apartments some ten blocks away. There was evidently something wrong with the electric system that night, for the streets were quite dark, and a cold drizzling rain was falling. This, coupled with the wind blowing in our faces made it almost impossible to see the street. I breathed a sigh of relief when we reached my room and found that my Chinese servant had

anticipated my arrival by preparing a comfortable fire in the grate and laying out my slippers and dressing gown where I could step right into them. Tom, who was to spend the night with me, was not inclined to be talkative, and strange to say, we were neither one very sociable. There was one subject, however, upon which we could talk. It had been brought up one evening, exciting no small amount of interest. It was in regard to a strange order of Chinese called "The Opium Ring." It had been impossible to locate their rendezvous, but it was known that they had committed some horrible crimes in the Chinese quarter. One strange fact about it was this: It was led by a beautiful woman who had been designated "The Queen of the Opium Ring." After talking for a while on this subject we retired, expecting to fall into a pleasant sleep. I was doomed to disappointment, however, for just as I was becoming drowsy a loud peal came from the night bell. After a lapse of three or four minutes I heard it again. "It is probably some one in need of medical assistance," I said to myself, and as I could not neglect a duty I sprang into my clothes and went below. I was confronted by a strange sight for that late hour. My visitor was a woman heavily veiled, her form enveloped in a long, dark circular. "Who are you?" I said, "and what do you want?" Ignoring my question she said, "Are you Dr. Thorpe?" "If you are, follow me, I have a patient in need of your assistance." She had by this time thrown aside her veil and outer garment, revealing the figure of a woman tall and finely formed and clothed entirely in yellow. The dress was yellow of some soft, shimmering material, long yellow gloves enveloped the well moulded arms, while the face was entirely hidden beneath a yellow velvet mask. I could see a pair of small, sharp eyes gleaming through the slits in the mask, and as the woman drew nearer to me I fancied I could almost feel her hot breath fanning my cheek.

"Do not be alarmed," she said, "I have a purpose in view and you must assist me to carry it out." The voice was low and well cultivated, and seemed to possess a magnetic attraction, for scarcely knowing why, I followed the strange woman to the street, closing my office door behind me. Beside the curbing stood a large hack which we entered and were soon driven rapidly away. The rain by this time had ceased falling, but the curtains over the windows had been purposely drawn to prevent me from seeing the road over which we were traveling.

After half or three quarters of an hour the hack stopped, I was hastily seized and blindfolded, and led through a winding passageway. Then the bandage was removed from my eyes and I found myself in a large room furnished entirely in yellow. The walls were yellow, the furniture was yellow, and yellow lights hung suspended from the ceiling. A yellow lamp in the form of a dragon cast a lurid light about the room, and over in one corner a peculiar incense was burning in a large flat yellow dish.

My eyes had by this time become accustomed to the remarkable brightness of the room, and turning around for a closer survey of the premises, I beheld the yellow woman standing beside me. "Dr. Thorpe," she said, "I have brought you here for a purpose. Listen: You have no doubt heard of the Chinese order called 'The Opium Ring.' I drew back with a shudder and said: "Why that is the gang who have been committing so many crimes in the Chinese quarter." A loud peal of horrible laughter greeted my ears and then the woman spoke again. "Do you know," she said, "that I have brought you here tonight to attend a festival of The Opium Ring? No, of course you don't. You may wish to report our proceedings to the police, but let me tell you Chinatown operates underground, and even if you should reveal what you see it would be impossible for the authorities to locate us. Ah, you

little know the secrets of Chinatown. Listen to me," she said, "and I will tell you more explicitly why you are here. I am the Queen of the Opium Ring, and it is one of our customs to sacrifice a human being whenever we hold a festival as we are going to do tonight. I wish to test the effect of a certain poison on the victim of the sacrifice, and I want you to help me. If after death no trace of the poison remains, you will be allowed to go, but if the poison can be discovered, then you must stay with me until I have successfully accomplished my purpose upon another victim." As I was about to protest against such a thing, the yellow queen suddenly changed the subject, saying: "Behold the festival of The Opium Ring." Then the yellow walls seemed to vanish and in their place I saw a circle of Chinamen clothed entirely in yellow sitting upon a raised platform with long, peculiar pipes in their mouths. In the center of the room upon a yellow cushion lay the most repulsive object I had ever looked upon. The figure I should judge was nearly six feet in length. The head and face were entirely devoid of hair, the mouth was a thin slit across the face, and the skin was yellow and wrinkled like parchment. The eyes which seemed to be the only evidence of life in the creature, were sharp and black and glittered with a strange brightness. I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to

spring at the thing and choke the life out of it. I was about to inquire of the Yellow Queen what the strange object was on the cushion, but she was no longer there. Then the circle of yellow-robed celestials vanished and I saw a young Chinese girl appear, her long hair falling like a veil behind her. Immediately following came hideous looking Chinamen almost giants in size, brandishing murderous looking weapons. The Yellow Queen made her appearance again and I heard her say: "Here is the victim of the sacrifice." "Surely," I said, "this poor, defenseless girl is not to be sacrificed?" "She is," was the reply, "and here is the poison," holding up a vial of transparent liquid. "If that girl is to be the victim, then I will protect her," I said. Just at this point the young Chinese girl sprang at the Yellow Queen and tore the mask from her face. The face was the same that had appeared upon the yellow cushion. The girl, who seemed to understand that I wished to protect her, ran toward me, but the Chinamen who evidently divined my intention, followed after, their faces hideous with the rage they felt for me. Just as the leader aimed a terrific blow at my head, I awoke to find the perspiration standing in cold drops upon my forehead. "Oh, what a horrible dream," I said. "Too much champagne," said T m.



Gathered From Everywhere...

[This department invites contributions of anecdotes, strange happenings, etc. For every one printed, we will give six months subscription to this magazine. Original articles preferred, but send in what you think worth reproducing, giving credit when possible.]

THE LIAR WORST OF ALL.

"There be one class o' critters in this here old world what I don't like an' furthermore I jest natcherly hate an' despise 'em, an' that be the kind what is called "liars."

You gimme a good, straightout thief or murderer enny day stid of a liar an' I'll thank ye for the gift. A murderer most near generally don't kill but once, that is, if the law gits him before he kin git another chance an' heaps o' times its ten chances out o' nine that he don't want the job more'n once. Then agin he is branded for what he be, a murderer, an' folks don't ekspekt him to be a saint or ennything else, only jest what he has proved hisself to be.

Whereunto a liar kin be mistook for most enny old thing, from a angel without wings to jest a common policeman.

A thief don't steal enny more times than he kin find a good chance, 'n' it generally happens most speshully when somethin' worth stealin' which seems a beggin' of him for to take it, an' a liar don't tell no lies only when he's a talkin' an' that be most nearly all the time.

A thief ef he only kin git enuff at one time--say fifty or a hundred thousand dollars, ain't no thief 'tall, he's a embezzlooder.

But 'lowing he don't git no sich a chance an' is nothin' but jest a common thief we all know him to be one, an' when we think he's a comin' we lock up the silved spoons and other valubels, an' everythin' is searene. An' ef we don't fergit an' leave some door or winder open at night what he kin come in at, 'taint much use in bein' skeered of a thief. We kin lock up from a thief an' run from a

murderer but there be no pertektshun from a liar. Truthful folks air always at the mercy of a liar, for a liar is like the man with the mule what had a fad for kickin' at odd times, he never knowed when the mule was a goin' to break out or what he would be a hittin' of next. A liar be ject as apt to tell 'em on his mother as on his best friend or worstest enemi, an' you never know when he'll be a doin' of it. I hate a liar wuss than I hate a yellow pup what will snap an' snarl at your heels when you ain't a lookin', an' lick your hand an' jump for joy when you air.

There be lots o' diffrent kinds o' liars but I jest want to draw your attraktshun to two kinds. Fust the kind what calls theirselves "frank" an' generally as a common thing sez they air your well wisher 'n' dearest friend.

Them's the kind what will hunt up all the faults which air in the dikshunari an' tell you 'at you've got 'em wuss 'n' the meazles an' they be jest a tellin' you for your own good an' bekawz they air a lovin' you so. (Ef that be love I'll take my share out in hatin' ef you please.)

The uther day I tried his own game on one of the critters 'n what do you reckon he said, "Why, you air mistook, is it possible you ben a knowin' me all these years, 'n think I'm like that! Oh, no, you air much lackin' in sense ef you're a thinkin' so. I never lie but I be greatly 'fraid you do." Then again there be the liar what likes to make you feel like five cents worth o' nothin'. I know the breed near as I kin see 'em. I met one the day agin yesterday what said: "Oh, Mis' Tubbs, your new bunnit air the most on-becomingest one I've seed in a long time. Now, I don't say as that air same bunnit

wouldn't loo kall right on some folks but you with your fine, blue eyes an' auburn hair it shore don't be a befittin' with."

I looked that female right square front in the eye an' then I sez, sez I, "You air a lair; this here ain't my bunnit; it belongs to my sister's husband's mother's next door naybor. Furthermore my eyes air not blue but gray an' my hair has been called red by everi one in Skagtown Holler ever since I kin disremember." That air liar never even had the sense to say "Good evenin'" when she left me. The uthar an' most dangerous kind of liar is the one what always tells half a lie an' has sich a onhandy memori as they kain't remember what they do tell.

I've seed more heartaches, more ruined homes an' more broken friendships kawzed by half lies than ennything else. A good, healthy whole lie kin sometimes be met with the treatment it's a deservin' of an' that be a big brick of Truth to club it to death with, but a sneakin; little half lie is slipperly as a liar's konshens, if there be sich a thing, an' as slick as a greased pole.

It's like a "will-o-the-wisp," now here, now there, an' when you air shore you've got it you ain't.

Drat on a liar, I say.

MIS' SAIRY JANE TUBBS,
of Skagtown, Holler.

Dismiss the haste from your life! Study to be quiet! Abate the fever of it. Check its hurried strivings. Cast from your heart its corroding cares. Take time! Take time! See! You are passing precious opportunities. You are like to shatter precious things. Take time to think, to believe, to pray. There is no hurry. Let there be the profoundest earnestness, but no haste. You have an eternity of being. You are living for evermore. And God is calling you to live in his

calmness and to rest in his eternal love.—*Dolores Star.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

The following splendid maxims by Thos. Davidson are taken from a circular letter sent out by Mr. C. C. Hanson, President of the Atlantic Compress Co. and the Gulf Compress Co. to his superintendents. These maxims are worthy of reproduction and we trust that our many readers will cut them out and preserve them. We desire also to say that the institution that sends out such literature to its men is going to do a great deal toward moulding good citizens. They have a tendency to inspire men with a love for duty and right instead of money.

1. Rely upon your own energies and do not wait for, or depend upon, other people.
2. Cling with all your might to your own highest ideals and do not be led astray by such vulgar aims as wealth, position, popularity. Be yourself.
3. Your worth consists in what you are, and not in what you have. What are, and not in what yo uhave. What you are will show in what you do.
4. Never fret, repine or envy. Do not make yourself unhappy by comparing your circumstances with those of more fortunate men, but make the most of the opportunities you have. Employ profitably every moment.
5. Associate with the noblest people you can find; read the best books; live with the mighty. Learn to be happy alone.
6. Do not believe that all greatness and heroism are in the past. Learn to discover princes, prophets, heroes and saints among the people about you. Be assured they are there.
7. Be on earth what good people hope to be in Heaven.
8. Cultivate ideal friendships and gather into an intimate circle all your

acquaintances who are hungering for truth and right. Remember that Heaven itself can be nothing but the intimacy of pure and noble souls.

9. Do not shrink from any useful or kindly act, however hard or repellent it may be. The worth of acts is measured by the spirit in which they are performed.

10. If the world despises you because you do not follow its ways, pay no heed to it. But be sure your way is right.

11. If a thousand plans fail be not disheartened. As long as your purposes are right, you have not failed.

Examine yourself every night and see whether you have progressed in knowledge, sympathy and helpfulness during the day. Count every day a loss in which no progress has been made.

13. Seek enjoyment in energy, not in dalliance. Our worth is measured solely by what we do.

14. Let not your goodness be professional; let it be the simple, natural outcome of your character. Therefore cultivate character.

15. If you do wrong, say so, and make what atonement you can. This is true nobleness. Have no moral debts.

16. When in doubt how to act, ask yourself what does nobility command? Be on good terms with yourself.

17. Look for no reward for goodness but goodness itself. Remember Heaven and Hell are utterly immoral institutions, if they are meant as reward and punishment.

18. Give whatever countenance and help you can to every movement and institution that is working for good. Be not Sectarian.

19. Wear no placards within or without. Be human first.

20. Never be satisfied until you have understood the meaning of the world and the purposes of our own life, and have reduced your world to a rational cosmos.

HENRY COPE.

LOVE the GOOD GOD, be GOOD and do GOOD.

"The new 'Temple' of the Christian Scientists in Boston, erected at the cost of \$2,000,000 is certainly the grandest monument erected to human gullibility that the world has ever seen."—The American Israelite.

The above is a sane and sagacious comment from that great religious journal. An eminent scholar, author and lecturer has published a booklet entitled "Which Religion has done the most mischief in the World." The Roman Catholic and the Protestant faiths, predicted on the assumption that Deity abrogated His own Law and the Jesus was not of the seed of David, but of miraculous birth, have since that era, in "holy wars, persecutions and massacres slain more than 26,000,000 human beings and a nation termed 'Christian'—Russia—is still slaughtering 'The Chosen People.'" This horrid record is made still more barbarious from the demoralizing dogmas of the said Cults, they subvert the sane and inspiring teachings of the great prophets whose dogmas Jesus reverently proclaimed as all sufficient to save those who kept them. The new Cult imported the pre-barbaric horror—human sacrifice for remission of sins and thus a bankrupt theology was started which has demoralized the nations. Able scholars, wise, thoroughly equipped statesmen and prophets have repudiated the malign cult: Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Grant, Lincoln, Garfield, have repudiated the pernicious faith and its end cannot be far distant. In the words of an eminent Sermonizer—Rev. Munger, sagacious and accurate thinkers stand too near Deity to be misled by the unhold "rubbish" of the parasitic cult. The amended Voltarian dictum is the wise slogan: "Love the Good God, be good and do Good."

LINCOLNITE.

CENTRAL LABOR UNION MEETING.

(Taken from the Labor Advocate, Albuquerque.)

There was a well attended meeting of Central Labor Union on Monday night, at which quite an amount of important business was attended to.

The meeting was called to order by President Stewart in the chair.

The credentials of D. C. Clivinger from the Bricklayers International of America No. 3 as a delegate was read, approved and the delegate duly accepted and given a seat in the body.

On roll call the following trades were found to be duly represented: Electricians—Bippus, Vandusen and Dehn; Machinists—George Craig; Cigarmakers—Carl Rosenbuam; Stonemasons and Bricklayers—J. E. Penick and D. C. Clivinger; Printers—H. W. Stevens; Barbers Stewart, Dannenfelser and Perkins.

The committee appointed to confer with the Painters relative to affiliating asked for further time in which to report which was granted.

A communication from Frank A. Morrison, Secretary of the American Federation of Labor, was read asking for information relative to the status of the promoters of the Rio Grande Woolen Mills Co. In this regard the Secretary of the Central Body was authorized to answer same stating that the undertaking and its president, J. H. Bearup, was officially indorsed by this body and we hoped in the near future to see a most worthy home enterprise working under the co-operative system in our midst and scattering its benefits far and wide.

On motion duly seconded the Central body appropriated the sum of \$10 to the San Francisco earthquake sufferers with regrets expressed that we could not send more.

After other routine business being transacted, the meeting adjourned.

SPIRITUALISTS' DEFENSE LEAGUE.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 22, 1904.
To Spiritualists and Liberal Thinkers:

As you may be aware, one of our most prominent mediums of Seattle—Miss Rice (Mrs. Geo. Burleigh), the minister of the Psychic Society—was arrested in May last and charged with "fortune telling" under the State Vagrancy Law. The case was tried before Justice Davis and Miss Rice convicted and placed under \$100 bonds to keep the peace for three months—in other words, not to engage in "fortune telling."

An appeal was taken to the Superior Court and on August 22 Judge Albertson affirmed the decision of Justice Davis, refusing to declare the law unconstitutional so far as it applied to mediums, but broadening its scope so as to make it apply to all who foretell the future, whether for pay or not, and declaring it an offense against the law for mediums to give anything which could in any way be construed as foretelling the future.

As all Spiritualists know, there are few communications which cannot be construed in that way, whether of an entirely spiritual nature or those which pertain to daily life; hence it follows that under this decision all Spiritualists are debarred from offering the usual evidence of continued life and proving that spirits do communicate with mortals. Judge Albertson expressly disclaimed that the intent of the law was to discriminate against Spiritualism as a religion (but Spiritualism without proof is something like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out).

It was hoped to have Miss Rice's case tested in the Supreme Court, and thus to have the question as to the right of Spiritualists to give readings, whether for pay or not is immaterial, declared by the highest court in the state. Up to the present there have been no decisions by a Supreme Court bearing on this question, hence in many states, Washington

among the number, spiritual mediums are left to the mercy of intolerent and bigoted sectarians or to the police who, in most cases, look upon mediums as on an equal footing with thieves, prostitutes and gamblers. We do not wish to be permitted to exist on sufferance, subject to prosecution by any bigoted or intolerant person who insists on a narrow religion, but that we shall enjoy to the **fullest extent our rights as American citizens** to practice our religion in any way we see fit, so long as we do not interfere with others.

We must now appeal to the Legislature to modify the law so that it can be limited to the objects for which it was passed.

To do what we contemplate will require probably \$300 (the expenses up to the present have been met), so, as all Spiritualists should be interested in securing justice to themselves we confidently appeal to them to help us not only with contributions but with personal influence and assistance in reaching the members of the incoming Legislature and explaining to them the injustice to which we are subject.

Send all contributions to D. D. Foster, Secretary-Treasurer, 112½ Pike Street, Seattle, Wash.

JOHN R. BURTON, President

The Washington State Spiritual Association, in convention assembled August 20-21, 1906, unanimously passed the following resolution:

Whereas, The recent arrest of Miss Rice (Mrs. Burleigh), the regular pastor and ordained minister of the Seattle Psychic Society, by the police, charged under a state law with fortune-telling, was an outrage which should be condemned by all Spiritualists; and

Whereas, The consideration of measures toward building up Spiritualistic societies is of little use until the ministers of such societies can be insured against the recurrence of such outrage;

therefore -

Resolved, That we, in convention assembled, hereby pledge ourselves to do all in our power to carry to a successful issue an appeal taken to the Superior Court of Seattle on Miss Rice's behalf, and in the event of an adverse decision by said Superior Court will aid in carrying the case to the Supreme Court and in repealing the law which makes it possible for mediums to be prosecuted as vagrants.

A MATTER OF EVOLUTION.

(Taken from Labor Advocate, Albuquerque.)

This is perhaps the first time in the history of manufacturing in the United States, that a man or woman has had an opportunity of making a small investment with the same degree of safety, or better, and upon as favorable a plan as the man of large means has enjoyed. In fact, the first opportunity they have had at all of co-operative owning the machines, with which they work, together with the producer and the consumer.

There has been a few attempts made to co-operatively manufacture things and place them on the competitive markets, which is quite different from simply taking the raw material from the producers hands and making things for OUR OWN USE, pure and good, under perfect sanitary and more just labor conditions; eliminating all speculation, therefore a failure—giving to each a fair labor exchange.

The fact that those who produce the wealth do not have it; that society itself is menaced by an arrogant rich; a despondent, depraved poor, is evidence that there is not a fair labor exchange and that the industries, especially manufacturing, are not anywhere near supplying society as society should be supplied, and must fail of its own inadequacy of the great machines of modern invention, operated by a wage system that does not permit of the earner buying for him-

self, food, shelter and clothing and of leaving a surplus for old age and sickness, but that surplus is taken by the machine owner, is used to further exploitation of labor and that this system has evolved out of, and was an improvement over, the one preceding, so we may expect it to pass into one more scientific, that recognizes nothing but pure EQUALITY and JUSTICE; that stops short of nothing but the full product of one's labor to the worker.

This is what CO-OPERATION promises to do, it is not Utopian in its ideas its simple, improved business methods You believe in majority rule, in property rights, for the majority to decide to own the property to which they have been giving 85 per cent for the privilege of using.

These are the plans that John H. Berrup, president of the Rio Grande Woolen Mills of this city, is proposing as a kindergarten work necessary to the establishing of larger and better taings.

You may doubt its being possible to do, but will you not investigate? And will you not put in a little of your cash

and a little of your credit for the sake of demonstration?

You will be surprised to see how easy it is for thousands to do so. If you are interested in the plans and will join with us in presenting them to Union Labor of the United States, just drop a line to John H. Berrup, president of the Rio Grande Woolen Mills, at Albuquerque, N. M. By so doing, a new epoch will have been added to the evolution and elevation of labor, in fact, place it in the honourous position it should occupy, instead of the dishonourous one it is now in.

THERE IS NO ONE ON EARTH THAT CAN DO THIS BUT THE ALL THAT WE BELONG TO, AND ALL THAT WE NEED TO DO IS TO WILL IT.

The Labor Unions of the United States have gained the executive ability right in their halls to successfully conduct their own industries.

The Labor Advocate earnestly requests that the union men of the country look into this proposition and to take hold of it if they think it a worthy one. We do.

The Life Religious.

BY REV. JOHN W. RING.

Each soul hath sprung from some great source,

The force of which doth guide,
With perfect law its onward course—
Nor will it be denied,
That as the ocean draws the dew,
From highest mountain wood,

E'en so, each soul with hopeful view
Is drawn tow'rd central good.

Now some may seek to walk the path,
With trembling feet, and fear
That this great source, is filled with
wrath,
And torments' waiting near;

Or some may go just as they feel,
 And laugh or cry or sing,
 Some turn to cloister walls and kneel,
 And think a demon's sting
 Each impulse not by their creed taught.
 Thus, taking man as all,
 Count Nature's promptings as but
 naught
 They to the unknown call.
 But though they fear or deem all best,
 Or live in constant prayer
 though they deny, all law, and jest,
 At "bands just over there,"
 Yet magnet-like this mighty source
 Draws through life's tangled wood
 Each soul along its varied course
 Unto the perfect good.

In every age and clime and in a multitude of ways men have sought to know of the Source of being; and their conclusions have formed the various religions. The similarity of each and all religions indicates not only their relationship to each other but a common source from which they all came. Around these points of human good which strengthen, teach and comfort the race are, in every instance clustered creeds, ceremonies and holy (?) threats indicative of the condition of the people and the place in which they live.

All religious history is written with life blood and illustrated with human torches because each religion as it grows in prominence and power forgets tolerance, and bigot-like seek to control even if by force. Regardless the bigotry and ignorance of religious teachings the pure light of human brotherhood shines into the lives of some and leads them to try yet once again to have a religion of fact not fancy, of demonstrated Truth, not miraculous revelation. There has never been a human soul void of religious aspiration (to know spiritual things), yet many minds have never sought for a scientific explanation of a single thing in life; but all that actually sustains in religion or lives on when creeds crumble and formulas pass is the simple scientific fact around which is built the fan-

ciful fabric. Spiritualism stands in the world today advocating tolerance; her majestic figure is recognized as the embodiment of scientific facts which permit of philosophical demonstration.

Spirit communion the rejected stone in every religious arch has as a scientific fact linked mortal and immortal life in unyielding clasp; has awakened most intense emotions in the minds of all who think seriously of it.

The scientific fact that the spirits of murderers and undeveloped beings return to the denizens of earth life arouses the true religious spirit. ("As ye have done it unto the least of them ye have done it unto me.")

Science may prompt man to learn the facts that undeveloped souls return to earth life for assistance to unfold and that it is possible to hold circles or seances for the express purpose of aiding darkened souls; it may lead man to rejoice that it is possible for exalted intelligences to reveal much of the after life, but it takes the awakening of man's religious self to say to the undeveloped brothers or sister in the spirit life: "I in no wise condemn you, and with human love I will give such light as I can to lead you higher;" that enables man to apply the teaching received to make life noble and true. By religion I mean the in-dwelling and constantly manifest spirit of Love that has breathed in some form in all the rubbish that has been heaped before the world and called religion.

From Sinai where such ceremonies as killing goats and smearing the blood on the ears of the priest were ordered and the confiscation of woman's virtue was justified is heard, "Honor thy Father and thy Mother. Steal not, Kill not, covet not." Prince Gautama gives voice to sentiments that are beautiful, inspiring and truly religious, according to the highest sense of the term.

"Ye are not bound! the soul of things is sweet,
 The heart of being is celestial rest;

Stronger than woe is will; that
 which was good.
 Doth pass to better-best.
 Ye suffer, from yourselves. None else
 compels,
 None other holds you that ye live and
 die,
 And whirl upon the wheel and hug and
 kiss
 Its spokes of agony.
 Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness!"

The Golden Rule of Jesus is but a quotation from every religion, history mentions.

The stern, cold facts of Science like flint produce the spark (the thought) which falls upon the human heart, that tinder-like springs into a flame of religious fervor—a desire to know spiritual things and apply them to the experiences of each passing day.

The age demands a clearance of rub-

bish which lies stagnant upon the people with claims of being religion.

The waves of progress which flow unceasingly from the Source of Being has carried us to this point in human development.

Scientific religion is a possible thing. Spiritualism with her many scientific problems proven to the world aroused an emotion in them which I call religion.

To recognize that an underlying Law of Good sustains.

To realize that all expressions of Life are eternal like the Law and their course tends upward and onward. (Whether it suits me or not.) To feel my relationship to each and all, seen and unseen and to use every energy I possess for the general good, knowing that good and right thoughts and things never cease in their operation for Merciful Justice and Loving Law.

Woman as A Mother.

BY MISS IDA GREGORY.

Woman is a creature of "infinite variety" and there are infinite varieties of women.

Indeed there are so many that it would be the essence of folly for me to attempt to write of an hundredth part of them. Therefore, believing that one should when possible deal with the subjects in which they are most interested, I shall take the two nearest my heart, first: woman, as a mother; second, the woman of advanced years.

There is one trait in human nature that has always appealed to me as being espe-

cially lovable, and that is 'unselfishness.' While I find this trait more or less developed in all with whom I come in contact, in none do I find it so pronounced as in the mother. Who clings to us in trouble or sorrow, who rejoices in our joy and weeps with us in our grief, who nurses us through illness unselfishly and tirelessly, but the mother?

Who, in our childhood days offers up prayers for us from a loving, anxious heart and teaches us beautiful truths by which we may grow into lives of usefulness, but the mother? And when those

teachings seem to have failed and trials, even disgrace stares us in the face, who stand ready to defend us even if need be with life itself, but the mother? Some may say, "All mothers are not alike and sometimes there are cases of cruelty to children in which the mother has figured prominently." This I admit, but such cases are both unnatural and rare, in fact, so much so that they excite more than the usual nine days' wonder and the remark is invariably made, "What an unnatural mother!"

The average mother deserves all the honor and praise we can give and I, for one, will always consider her as one of the highest types of womanhood.

I find in the majority of women of advanced years a pathetic living in the past and a cheerful, patient waiting for the future, a future that comes only with the glorious dawning of God's perfect day.

But alas! I find also a want, a hunger that can so easily be supplied but through thoughtfulness seldom is. This want was first brought to my attention in a way that touched me deeply. When I

was a child of fourteen a dear, old lady of seventy came to me and said, "Child, won't you give me just one kiss? I once had a daughter like you but she is gone now—waiting over on the Other Side for mother and I am so lonely and hungry for love. I have no one in all the wide world to love me and no one ever wants to kiss me."

Since that day I have often wondered if there are not many like her, women "hungry for love"—some with families and friends around them who never think to kiss the sweet, wrinkled faces or offer a loving word.

Oh, there is so much *unused love* in this world—love lying deep within the recesses of the heart, so deep that it seldom shows itself by word or deed.

It reminds me of a hinge that becomes rusty through neglect and unfit for use until thoroughly oiled.

If we would oil our love for these dear souls with a kindly word, a tender kiss or even a loving look now and then, how much brighter and happier their lives would be!

Such is Life.

BY REV. JOHN W. RING.

My soul looks up from childhood's day,
 Cares were few and fleeting;
 When stronger hands made smooth my way,
 And joys sped with greeting.
 Still now the waves of constant strife
 So softly murmur, "Such is Life."
 I still look up through burning tears,
 Though they with light are shining,
 And many times, like dews of years,
 They soothe my heart's repining,
 And heal the ugly wounds of strife—
 I know full well that, "Such is Life."
 My heart looks up when forms lie low,
 Of those my love I've giv'n;
 I hope and trust and pray and know

That from Death's ashes heav'n
 Will rise, love's token over strife,
 And, trusting still, sing, "Such is Life."
 When those I've loved false go away
 I sit sad and weeping,
 But looking up soon smiling say,
 "They still are in God's keeping."
 Though absence pierces like a knife,
 I can but know that "Such is Life."
 So, I'll look up at morn and night,
 Smile through tears or laughter,
 For Justice, Order, Law and Right
 Know what they are after;
 And all these scenes with shadows rife,
 Must have a meaning—"Such is Life."

THE MOUNTAIN PINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

Published Every Month, at Crystal, Colorado, by The Crystal Publishing Company

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

GEO. B. LANG, Editor and Manager.

The *Western Publisher*, a magazine for editors only, published in Chicago, Illinois, has been working overtime lately in defending the merchants of the small towns over the country from the encroachments of the large mail order houses. It cares nothing for the country merchant but it realizes that his advertising is the country editor's most valuable asset in many cases and its loss means bankruptcy to that gentleman.

Many long years' experience as a country editor has taught us that all the *Western Publisher* says about the importance of the advertising of the country merchant is true—the editor needs him in his business and needs him bad. But there are several other sides to the question that, in fairness, ought to be considered. We believe the American citizen has the right to buy where he can buy cheapest. The country merchant pays a dozen profits on everything he sells and those who buy of him pay them all back and his own in addition. The large mail order houses manufacture many of the articles they sell and buy nearly all the rest direct from the manufacturers thus eliminating many profits and enabling them to sell to their customers at prices far below the home merchant's figures, hence the advantage to the purchaser. When the farmer buys of the local merchant the profits

of the transaction go into the merchant's cash register, when he buys of the mail order house the profits stay in his own pockets—that is he gets his goods for much less than he would have to pay the local merchant and the difference is his profit. There are at least a thousand purchasers to one country merchant. Whose welfare should be considered? That of the many or the few?

The advent of the railroad drove the stage coach out of business and ruined many men. But the world had reached the railroad era and the stage coach had to go. And the world is rapidly reaching the mail order era when the country merchant must go. Transportation facilities are being improved every day, the parcels post bill is bound to become a law sooner or later, the people are rapidly becoming educated in co operative and socialistic principles and the day of piled up profits will soon be over.

Down at Albuquerque, New Mexico, the Rio Grande Woollen Mills Company is selling all kinds of clothing, blankets, etc., guaranteed to be all wool fresh from the sheep's back and as many yards wide as you wish, for less than half the price asked by the local merchant for shoddy. Why? Because the Company buys its wool direct from the men who own the sheep and the purchasers of the articles it

manufacturers pay only the cost of the wool, the cost of manufacture and the Company's profit of 33 1/3 per cent and express charges.

In order to be a good advertising medium a country paper ought to have from 1,000 to 2,000 subscribers at least. It will seldom or never have more than a dozen merchant advertisers. When it opposes the parcels post bill and the mail order houses, as the *Western Publisher* wants it to do, it opposes the best interests of every subscriber. Is it not the part of wisdom to keep quiet and let events shape themselves as they will? We think so.

Every once in a while we receive a jolt mentally just to prove to us no doubt that "the world do move." One of the more recent proofs of the prevailing liberal sentiment in and along political lines comes from Oklahoma. The republicans of the 33d constitutional district in their recent convention solemnly declared:

We believe that the Government should be by the people, hence we favor the initiative and referendum allowing the people the right to vote for or against a bill regardless of the legislature.

Now what do you think of that? Populism, Socialism!! And yet the candidate is making his campaign with direct legislation as his slogan. But listen at this.

We are in favor of a primary election law for the nomination of all candidates for public office and we favor and demand the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people.

Now who said "crazy Populist?" This has been one of the cardinal planks of reformers for 25 years. The resolution was first introduced into

Congress in 1882 by Gen. J. B. Weaver and has been constantly reiterated by reform conventions ever since and its advocates have been villified and abused by republicans all over the land. But these Oklahoma republicans when once started go the limit. Here is another.

We favor a railroad commission to be elected by the people, which said commission shall have the right to fix and maintain the rates which shall be charged by the railroads for freight and passenger traffic.

Now say it. If those fellows lived in Kansas or Colorado they would be read out of the g. o. p. instanter. Cousin Evans, Papa Guggenheim and Parson Buchtel would fire them bag and baggage into the reform camp. But now we come to that choice morsel.

We favor not merely "more stringent banking laws" but we favor strict usury laws which will protect the people against the robbery perpetrated by the money power outside the banks as well as in them.

"The best banking system the world has ever seen," has been shouted from the housetops by our republican friends for many years. No other question has so aroused their righteous indignation as has this unholy attack of reformers on the divine right of the "system" to control the price of commodities by controlling the supply of money and credit. But cheer up, the worst is yet to come.

We favor separate schools for white and colored pupils and separate coaches and waiting rooms on all railroads, both steam and electric, and we are strongly opposed to any action that will tend to social equality between the races.

That noise you heard was a groan from John Brown's soul and a protest from every republican east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio. Surely the "world do move," when a dis-

strict republican convention asking from the people the right to frame the organic law of the commonwealth, takes such advanced ground as this. From a reform convention, it might and naturally would be expected. Just to show the world they were game they also declared:

We are in favor of and demand the fellow servant's law and that eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work.

Shades of Mark Hanna! Treason, nothing but treason to the "vested interests," which republicans are proud to proclaim constitute the backbone and vitals of our great structure of government.

But this is enough to show the trend of thought. The days and nights of unrequited toil, the jees and scoffs of the rabble, the sacrifices, social and financial, of the great army of reform-

ers has not been in vain. In 1896 they converted the whole democratic party at Chicago in one day, and now representative bodies of republicans are seeing the light too, and the truth, though often crushed to earth, is rising in its majesty and will prevail.

Unusual interest attaches to the result of the elections in Oklahoma for members of the Constitutional Convention who will frame the organic law of the new state. The unusual feature of the campaign is the socialistic ideas of the several party platforms and candidates. In many districts both democratic and republican candidates are asking for votes because of their socialistic opinions on the questions affecting the public welfare.

Department of Co-Operative Manufacture.

FACTS AND FIGURES SHOWING ITS GROWTH, BENEFITS, ETC.

THE 3 H's. HEADS HEARTS HANDS.

When co-operatively used, poverty will be abolished and the golden rule established.

Pages could be written about any one of these subjects and nothing would be said but what, after you had read it, you would say, "I knew that all the time." There is not one but what has used his

head far enough to know that all great wealth has been made directly or indirectly through ownership of great machines. For instance, calling 100 years ago the commencement of the machine age, how many millionaires were there? The great number we have now is from the fact that they have controlled the fortunes, and lives even, of thousands, by owning the machines upon which they are dependent for work and sustenance.

No one questions but what our heads are just as sound as ever. We have been devising these great machines; we alone know how to operate them, but how about our hearts? Well, our hearts are just as good. All the trouble is we have been playing the game so hard, we have been so taken up with piling up wealth that we have been blinded by its glitter and are only now commencing to hear the cry of the dispossessed, and, hearing the cry, our hearts say, no man shall exploit another's labor.

If shelter, food and clothing are only produced by and through the use of a machine, then that machine must work for all men. So right here is the time to quit philosophizing: use our hands, as these machines are co-operatively or collectively operated, they must be co-operatively owned and their products co-operatively distributed, and this, without disturbing Mr. Spinner, or Mr. Manufacturer. Will we take his machines away from him? Oh, no! We will continue to build them just like labor has always been doing, only we will build them for ourselves. You say there are some things look nice in newspapers and some fellows can draw a fine pen picture? Well, that's so, but we have got a feller down in New Mexico that practices what he preaches. He has started exactly this idea in a successful, practical way with woolens, and if your hearts direct your hands as his has been to help himself, his boys and girls by adopting co-operative manufacturing, that is, owning the machines that manufacture necessities, you will write to the company that he has organized, you still agree with these plans, you will join it, because he has made it possible by considering the rights of every man, and you will be manufacturing your own woolen, cotton and leather goods. The machines will be working for its co-operative owners instead of the individual owner. Wealth will be accumulating even faster on account of the elimination of waste, but it will go into the hands of all.

Do you want justice? Then give equity to the workers, give him the chance to own something.

Please write for samples of goods made under these plans, also for terms and instructions to agents, and you will wonder why we have been drifting so long, when we have had the three H's all the time. Bring the head, the heart and hands into a harmonious whole and the result will be more profitable to practice the Golden Rule than to continue the "dog-eat-dog" method of every fellow for himself, letting the devil take the hindermost.

JOHNNY H. BEARRUP.

CO-OPERATIVE MANUFACTURE.

While some things may be uncertain in this world there are other things that are very clear. One thing is very plain: that the masses of the middle classes in all nations will continue to migrate into the newer parts of the United States, and will naturally mainly take first to agriculture. And the United States will be the world's greatest producer of human foods and raw material. And the opportunity to handle these vast products on speculative margins will give men like Marshall Field was, a chance to make abnormal and useless millions for the single person or families, so that President Roosevelt is already laying plans for the government to tax these useless fortunes in such a coming aristocracy of wealth, as the only legal and visible way for the people to get a little good out of it, for the people. But in addition to such a partial remedy, the people must remember that if we will become the great food producers of the world and for the world, that this will naturally necessitate our becoming, also the manufacturers, not only for ourselves, but also for the world. And in the transformation of our products into the manufactured articles there will be a new field

of industry about equal to that of agriculture, and herein the masses of the people can engage, by starting plants by subscribing stock payable largely in smaller amounts and in installments but which would soon amount in the aggregate to the necessary millions, and this will be more readily a feasible department of a new field for the people in the West, and more especially in the Southwest, and in the boundless territory of such states as Texas and territories like Oklahoma, New Mexico, etc. For the Eastern states in our republic are already pretty well settled with manufacturing industries and the capital that supports it is hawked about on the counters of Wall Street, and is too centralized for the people to get hold of.

But in the manufacturing industries to be newly opened paralleled along with agriculture in the West and Southwest, the smaller, thrifty citizen can subscribe stock to be so paid that the necessary amounts can be raised right at home, and the business managed with good profits, by buying the raw material direct from the producers cheaper than the Eastern manufacturers can, being independent from the high transportation rates of railroads or steamboat lines. And besides this the manual laborers for the factories can be more easily obtained and at more reasonable wages, and rents and living expenses of all kinds will be lower than in the densely populated Eastern and older settlements.

Everyone who will open his eyes will see what an immense agricultural era is, and will at once dawn upon the world from these United States, backed by the migrations of people from all nations. I say everyone who sees this must also know that we cannot buy our manufactures from the Eastern markets for our people, but that on the contrary we will want to make not only your own goods but utilize our surplus products in manufactures as to be able to ship abroad to the rest of the world in proportion to our resources.

Now is the time to begin to strike.

WM. B. KETCHAM.

Mendola, Mo.

CO-OPERATIVE MANUFACTURE.

Being called upon by our good editor for an article upon the ever-interesting subject of Co-operation, I am bound to respond, only asking that you study the forms presented, as I am only able to describe those that come from the Cabinet and from where we may expect nothing new. It may be new to us but we may safely calculate that these visions truly picture the lives and beings of a time that was all true and natural to those playing their part upon the stage of life at that period of our world's history; and the changing scenes, let us hope, are unfolding to us the mysteries of our being and that out of the past is evolving a time and a means that will make it possible for every person to attain to that higher life.

Space will not permit me to describe more than the form last out, the present one, and point out what I have seen by having been allowed just a little peep under the curtain of time.

The last form out was descriptive of life under Competition. Under this system, life has been one hard struggle for existence, no unfoldment has been made, and the world has been filled with Poverty, Crime and Suffering.

That form is followed by another, the present one, which is simply descriptive of the means of self-preservation. The stronger have oppressed and suppressed the weak until wealth has been concentrated into the hands of a few, made possible on account of their ownership of the great machines of production and distribution. These owners of this great wealth accumulations, though few in number, have learned not to fight each other. First two formed a partnership, then several of them combined their interests by forming a corporation, having

as they affirm a community of interests, and thus we behold the Trust.

While there has been Co-operation on the part of the few it has not lessened the burden placed upon the masses one iota; but it has been the means of giving them a vision of a higher and a better life that all so much desire, but which is unattainable except that all are comfortably Housed, Fed and Clothed.

Under what has been pictured to them as a horrible Octopus, with its arms bringing to its insatiate maw the wealth of the masses and which the politicians have declared must be destroyed lest we perish, they have beheld the beautiful picture of practical Co-operation, a picture when once seen is never forgotten but lingers in the memory like a beautiful rainbow, a promise of that better time.

As they behold the approaching hour of their deliverance they are forgetting their cold and hunger; their faces are shining bright as they tell to all the world about them the glad news, pointing out the way that we all may have the full product of our labor, when we shall fight together to live, instead of fighting each other to die.

The last form out needs to be studied well, as he has been the great educator and demonstrator of the age. He has produced wealth faster and in greater quantities than the world has ever seen before, and those who observe how he has done it, lose all their fear and are at once possessed with the spirit of Co-operation, and these signs of the times, these little peeps under the curtain are what will give us courage and strength to rend the veil of ignorance and enter into our inheritance, which is the Earth and the fulness thereof.

With the writer, to see is to act, so he has already commenced the successful Co-operative ownership of the machines of production in the manufacture of woollens. To see how simple, yet how intensely practical this plan is, certainly removes the scales from the eyes of him

who but dares to look; in fact, this one little peep under the curtain brings him out of the hypnotism of the past slavery and poverty into the glad, glorious realization of complete industrial freedom. You are invited to take a peep. Yours for the Industrial Commonwealth,

JOHNEY H. BEARRUP,
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

CO-OPERATIVE MANUFACTURE.

The Co-operative Manufacture movement has made rapid progress since the last issue of the Mountain Pine, and when this issue reaches the reading public more than 100 men and women will have enlisted to carry the glad tidings of Industrial Freedom to the thousands who are not only waiting but anxious to receive it and to become identified with its progress.

The big mill at Albuquerque is busy filling the orders as they come for Blankets, Woolen Goods and Tailor-made suits for both men and women and overcoats and cloaks.

The general agency work under direction of Woodrow and Lang, with headquarters at the home of this magazine, is becoming systematized and shows an immense increase in enthusiasm and practical work. More than 10,000 pieces of printed matter relative to the merits of the movement have been sent out during the last thirty days and over 500 personal letters written.

The whole plan is so simple, so fair and so promising withal, that to those accustomed to being grafted at every turn in life's pathway it seems entirely too good to be true; but to those who have investigated the subject of first cost of production as compared with the enormous cost and waste incident to distribution, readily see that when the consumer is brought face to face as it were with the producer, and that they equally, jointly and co-operatively own the machinery by which the product is manufactured,

sharing equally and jointly the profits arising from such joint ownership and manufacture and sale—they can see clearly why better goods can be made and sold at half the regular price and still leave an honest margin of profit which will increase the plant to greater capacity, extend to other useful lines, thus enlarging the market and bringing in greater dividends for equal distribution among the owners and users.

The investment feature is also attracting much attention among the advanced thinkers of the industrial classes. A chance to provide every child of the family with a piece of productive property is the hope and desire of every parent. Heretofore it has seemed that the best opportunity to thus lay up treasures that would finally at the proper moment mature for the benefit of the child, has been that of reliable Life Insurance. We have no fight on life insurance if it is honestly conducted, but the chances of making every child a little capitalist, allowing it to come to its majority a property holder, **the absolute owner in its own right of revenue-producing property that will increase in value as the years roll on, is now presented to every parent in the land.** Instead of paying out money every year, as in insurance, only one payment and then the machinery of production,

co-operatively owned and co-operatively operated does the rest. It will take 3 years for the dividends to mature the other \$40 necessary to allow the holder to own ten shares of stock at the par value of \$10 each, and after that the dividends will come to the child in cash every year and as the movement extends to the uttermost parts of the industrial field, as it will and must, these dividends will grow larger year by year. \$100 isn't much, but how many boys and girls arrive at their majority with even that much that they can call their very own? And again, in the family of five children, they could hold as a total counting the parents, Seven Hundred Dollars of stock and this stock after maturity will yield an income at the least calculation of \$5 per month. How many, many working families of that size would hail the little pittance every month of every year with great pleasure. How many things it would buy. What grand vistas of the future would unfold to their gaze when the economic condition surrounding them would be lessened even that much.

We append herewith a comparative statement showing the relative cost and resultant benefits accruing from 51000 life insurance, 20 year plan, costing \$800, and 100 dollars' stock of Co-operative Manufacture, costing only \$10 cash.

Comparative Statement

Of the Cost and Benefits of a \$1,000 20 year Life Insurance Policy and Ten Shares, (\$100) of Co-operative Manufacture Stock.

LIFE INSURANCE.

20 payments of \$40 each.....	\$800
Simple Interest on same at 6% per annum.....	\$504
	\$1304
Credit value of policy.....	\$1000
Out of pocket, (Cost of carrying policy).....	\$304

CO-OPERATIVE MANUFACTURE.

Cash payment of \$10 to secure \$100 worth.....	\$10
Simple Int. on \$10 for 20 years, 6%,.....	\$12.60
<hr/>	
Total Cash outlay.....	\$22.60
Credit value of the stock.....	\$100
Total profits.....	\$77.40
Dividends received on Insurance Policy.....	\$00.000
Dividends received from Co-operative Stock 17 years at \$20 per year.....	\$340
<hr/>	
To the good in cash.....	\$340
Saving on purchases because of Ins. Policy.....	\$000.000
Saving of 50% on clothing, shoes, gloves, under- wear, etc., estimated purchase of \$50 per person for 20 years at \$25 per year saved.....	\$500
<hr/>	
To the good in cash saved.....	\$500

RECAPITULATION.

To amount paid in excess of receipts to Ins. Co.....	\$340
By value of of Ten shares of Stock (\$100) over cost.....	\$77.40
By Dividends after machine matures stock.....	\$340.00
By savings in cash because of right to pur- chase all goods at Factory price.....	\$500.00
<hr/>	
	\$340 \$917.40
Add \$340 loss on insurance to \$91.40 net gain on Co-operative Manufactures gives to the latter a gain of.....	\$1,257.40

One payment of \$10 is all the cash you will ever have to pay for the Co-operative stock and you will receive in 20 years \$840 returns and have the stock left. No chance of lapses, no forfeiture, nothing to cause you to lose as in life insurance, but you get returns every time you make a purchase and get your dividends annually which is that much extra.

The estimated cost of the Insurance Policy is really less than is usual for men 30 to 50 years old. The savings on purchases will be much more than estimated here while the dividends will be at least 30 per cent instead of 20 as estimated above. A family of five will have an income of more than enough to clothe themselves in the best of raiment at a total outlay of \$50, or \$10 cash each and will own \$500 worth of producing property.

And then there is the moral side of the question. The influence of surroundings on the character of the child. Think you that a young man who is dressed in the purest of goods, realizing that they are an integral part of this great human family, knowing that they have an interest in the wealth producing machinery of the world, will be as listless, as careless of his future, as sour tempered, as revengeful as he who has been brought into the world only to slave and create wealth and see it accumulate into the hands of the well fed, well dressed portion who idle away both hand and brain and yet have all the comforts of this life while he works in shoddy, lives in a tenement and sees no ray of hope for his class except a repetition of his own life.

No vision of a happy home, with loving wife and romping children for how can he ask a girl no better off than himself to join her sunless life to his. On the other hand if both he and the girl are the possessors of property each look forward to the home making period with delight, and the world will be the better for the new home created under conditions devoid of restraint and across the threshold of which the shadow of the wolf will never come.

No such opportunity as is now presented in Co-operative Manufacture has

ever been presented before. The small cost of beginning, \$5, together with further payments of \$5, in monthly installments of \$1, each making a total cost of \$10, all the cash ever required, saving more than this every year on purchases and when the lines of production get further extended saving it every month in the year, after the machine has earned \$40 and placed same to your credit your stock is then paid in full and all earnings paid to you direct in cash, makes it the safest, easiest and best way to get a start in the world, though small nevertheless a start.

This movement is absolutely devoid of graft, watered stock, promoter's profits or any other form of exploitation. It is for the user and him only. It being for your benefit it matters not whether you take it or not. The plan is now before you, it is yours to choose or reject.

For further particulars, address,

WOODROW & LANG,
Green Mountain Falls Colo.

"Justice, only Justice shalt thou pursue that thou mayest live."—Isaiah

"By their Fruits Shall Ye Know Them."



Department of Occult Phenomena.

[We offer no apology for placing before the world truthful statements of the operations of the great laws of Thought Transference, Telepathy and Spirit return, the truth of which is generally recognized. We invite contributions. Give us the truth, the whole truth and no more.]

The Occult in Crystola.

Many of the members of the Crystola colony are spiritualists and during the past summer several seances were held in the parlor of the Abbott House that resulted in as wonderful demonstrations of the power and intelligence of those gone before as could have been desired.

Two of them were materializing seances and at least twenty forms appeared. The medium, before entering the cabinet, borrowed a coat from one of the audience and donned it. Then one of the ladies sewed it together in front and then sewed up her hands in the sleeves by sewing the ends of the sleeves together. The medium was in no sense a professional, never having asked for or received a penny for the use of her gifts, and gave the seances to gratify the desires of several who had heard of her wonderous powers and desired to witness them.

Unlike most materializations the friends of the spirits who took on the semblance of mortality were permitted to approach them alone as closely as they desired. One gentleman was informed that his wife wished him to go to the 'door' of the cabinet as she not only desired to appear to him but to touch him in order to give him positive proof that she was there. For perhaps two minutes he stood in expectancy before the curtain, then it was suddenly drawn aside and before him there stood, clearly recognizable,

the woman-soul that seventeen years before had pledged herself to him not for a few brief years of time but for the measureless eons of eternity. After standing and gazing into his eyes for a few seconds she quietly extended her right hand and tapped him twice on the forehead. Drawing it back, seemingly to gather more strength, she again extended it tapping him this time on the breast. Then in an instant she faded into thin air before him. There was no motion, no stepping backward or sideways, only a vanishing.

The next night he was again called to the curtain and two little white forms came out and he knew that his two boys were not under the white marble that marked their graves in a Kansas cemetery but were before him. For a moment they stood extending their little arms as if to caress him and then, like their mother the evening before, they instantly vanished from mortal sight.

Many others called for friends to come to the cabinet and appeared to them, convincing them that death was only the gateway between the two planes of life—the material and the spiritual. Fraud was impossible. Not one of those present doubted in the least that they saw, temporarily clothed in matter, real, genuine dwellers in the spheres of light—genuine materialized spirit.

There were fourteen persons present

ent; many of the forms walked out six to eight feet from the cabinet and were plainly seen by every one in the audience. They dematerialized while standing in the center of the circle. The room, sixteen feet square, was light enough for every one present to recognize every one else, though they were all seated around the walls and hence as far apart as possible.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Lang, Miss Lina North, Rev. John W. Ring, Milo Lang, J. W. Van Deventer, Aleck Green and Louis Eck of Crystola, Miss Gertrude Payne of Fort Worth, Texas, Rev. T. W. Woodrow, Dr. Emma Woodrow, Earl Davidson and Mrs. Mattie Martin, of Hobart, Oklahoma and Miss E. M. Weatherhead of Denver.

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present you, Gratis, a leather-bound, silk-lined, De Luxe Roycroft book. This volume is
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tle-page and ornaments were specially designed by our own artists. As an example of fine
bookmaking it will appeal to the bibliophile as one of the best books ever published in America.

TAKE your choice, one of these beautiful books with every sub-
scription for the PHILISTINE MAGAZINE and LITTLE JOURNEYS,

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The Rubaiyat - - - - *Omar Khayyam* Crimes Against Criminals - *R. G. In-*
Respectability - - - - *Elbert Hubbard* *gersoll*
A Dog of Flanders - - - - - *Ouida* Justinian and Theodora - *Elbert and*
The Law of Love - *William M. Reedy* *Alice Hubbard*
Ballad of Reading Goal - *Oscar Wilde*

ELBERT HUBBARD'S *Little Journeys* are now used as text-books in many
schools. They contain a wealth of historical information without ency-
clopedic dryness. The series of Nineteen Hundred Seven will be to the
Homes of *Great Reformers*. Subjects as follows, with frontispiece portrait:

JOHN WESLEY	HENRY GEORGE	GARABALDI
RICHARD COBDEN	THOMAS PAINE	JOHN KNOX
JOHN KNOX	BRADLAUGH	WYCLIFF
OLIVER CROMWELL	ANN HUTCHINSON	J. J. ROSSEAU

THE PHILISTINE, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK.

Enclosed find Two Dollars and I request you to send me *The Philis-*
tine magazine for one year, and *Little Journeys* for 1907, also the gratis De
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Date.....

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the
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language"*

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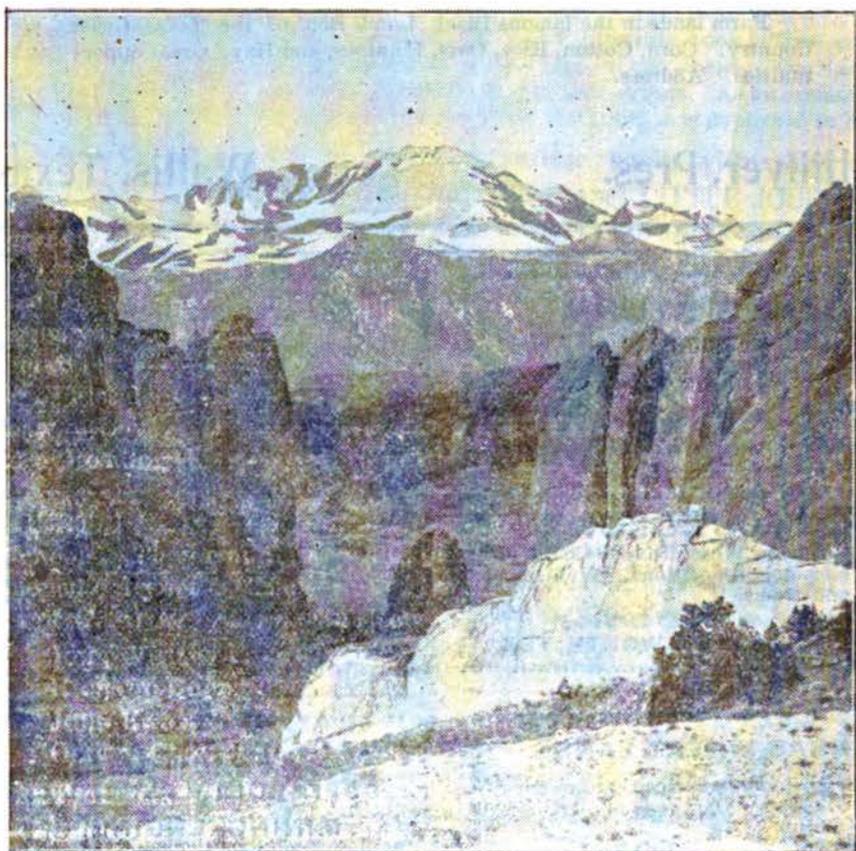
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*PIKES PEAK LOOKING THROUGH THE GATEWAY OF THE GARDEN
OF THE GODS.*

The Inclusiveness of Spirit Mediumship.

BY PROF. J. S. LOVELAND.

QUITE a discussion has been carried on here in California upon what Spirit mediumship includes. On one side it is contended that only messages seemingly of a strictly spiritualistic character are legitimately included in real spirit mediumship. While on the other side it is affirmed that whatever relates to our welfare whether it be spiritual or material, comes within the purview of genuine mediumship.

The issue is thus definitely made, and is within the province of the historical facts of the modern spirit movement to settle the question. That is the purpose of this communication.

The first thing demanding our attention is the character of modern Spiritualism. Is it a part of something else? If so then it is included in that other something. What is it which includes it? The general if not the universal answer is, that it is not included by anything; that it is not a part of anything else. But it is one of the Great Eras in the evolution of human progress. It reveals a distinctly new idea in the human consciousness, which is that all spirit phenomena are *strictly and only natural*. They are the product of natural forces used by spirit men and women to converse with those still in the physical form. All past spirit manifestations have been, in the human consciousness supernatural or miraculous; the producers being some god or superhuman personality.

It follows as a matter of course, that Modern Spiritualism includes that of the past, so far as the phenomenal happenings are concerned, and explains the law of their occurrence, thus abrogating the long centuries of superstitious belief.

The most careful scientific analysis has shown that the force made use of by manifesting spirits is the life force of the medium, and that this is the life force of univereal nature. Hence the proposition that "Spiritualism is the Science and Philosophy of Life" is accepted by the great majority of Spiritualists. *This makes it all inclusive*, and as mediumship has been the Revelator of that stupendous fact it follows that mediumship is all inclusive. It includes all the powers and attributes of man's real life.

Before adducing the historic facts of modern manifestations it may be well to query about the use of the terms material and spiritual, or of matter and spirit. Are there two distinct and totally unlike substances composing not only our organisms, but the universe? Some affirm, all is matter, others all is spirit. Who knows which, or if either position be true? The position of the prepondering majority is the monistic, that there is but one basic substance which manifests in an infinite variety of forms.

In reconsidering the dualistic notion of matter and spirit—two totally unlike substances—it is assumed that they act upon each other; but two absolut-

ely unlike substances cannot act upon each other. Contract is impossible. Their properties, attributes and functions can have no resemblance to each other. If either one be self-conscious, self-comprehensive, it can only comprehend itself or what in nature is like itself. The inevitable inference is that we human beings, are units; but like all of nature's organization, plural in our make-up.

The different phases of our complex being are necessary to adapt us to the varying phases of organic nature with which we are compelled to come in contact during our earthly experience. But it is the same I, the same self-conscious ego which forever affirms its self-hood, whether grappling the visible or invisible substance or energy of the universe.

We will now consider the historic phase of our subject. What was at first, and what has been the phase of our mediumship from the beginning down to the present time? Take for example the original mediums—the Fox sisters. Did the peddler, the first communicating spirit come with spirit messages? Instead he described his murder and his burial in the cellar under that house. The sisters and other mediums of that time were born and not developed psychics and the character of the messages were similiar. They not only included teachings in reference to the spiritual development of the seeker but also what specially pertained to the department of our physical life. They recognized the fact that here on earth our welfare as intelligences is as absolutely dependent upon physical conditions as those termed spiritual. Indeed, the physical

or material are the basic conditions on which the spiritual rests. Man is born a pure animal, and it is a long time before he can form any idea of what spirituality means. And if physical conditions are unfavorable he remains in that condition all through his natural life on the earth. In those conditions he is often born a thief, robber or murderer, and grinding poverty keeps him down in that fearful state.

Is it to be expected that spirits from the higher spheres seeing these terrible conditions will come and spend their time and energy in giving messages to those ignorant of their meaning, or neglect to point out the evil and suggest remedies? By no manner of means. And from the very first communications the physical needs have been the theme of the manifesting spirits. They have not ceased to urge reform in all the laws and institutions of humanity on earth. And it needs no special capacity to see that the confused and anarchistic condition of the spiritualist body is due to the neglect to heed the constant teachings of the higher intelligences. It is a very foolish and puny notion to suppose that by restricting mediums' messages to what is termed spiritual that we can cure the unfortunate condition of our cause; the reason of which lies in the fact that the great mass of professing spiritualists have disregarded emphatic requirements of the spirit world for co-operative effort along the line of altruistic brotherhood. That and that alone is real spirituality. And what is attempted to be palmed off as the only spiritual form of messages, is only the superstitious doctrine of the old church.

We will further consider this historic argument. The advocates of mediumistic limitations to what they term spiritual messages are decidedly foremost in accepting and advocating mediumship as taught in the Bible. They declare the Bible abounds with mediumistic manifestations. "Our Elder Brother" they affirm was the most wonderful medium. Passing the fact that such mediumship as we now have was a penal crime, punishable with death under bible law, let us consider the character of the mediumistic messages of the Bible. Among the Old Testament mediums the most distinguished was Moses. The first five books of the bible constitute the spiritual messages of that remarkable medium. And with the exception of the law punishing such mediumship as we have today, there is not a hint of a future state of existence, nor a statement anywhere that man is anything but an organized physical being. The Mosiac code deals only with materialistic relations and acts. The worship of Yahveh consists in sacrificing animals upon the altar with a constant supply of bread before the sacred box in the Holy of Holies.

The next great medium, Samuel, we find looking up lost articles and taking pay for his work. Spiritual to be sure and where he is compelled to play a part in connection with the woman of Endor, we have the only instance in the Old Testament of such mediumship as we have today, in which the medium received a communication from a person in the spirit world, whom she saw and heard in the exercise of her psychic gift, and the communicating
t was none other than Samuel,

and this as said before was then punishable by death. The message given was wholly materialistic—foretelling the outcome of the battle. Coming down to the New Testament, to the "Elder Brother," we ask; "What was the character of his mediumistic performances? Without assuming that he never inculcated spiritual doctrines it is enough to show from the record that he constantly included the materialistic; and that sometimes in a most reprehensible manner. Take his first miracle where he "showed forth his glory to his disciples." "He changed large quantities of water into firstclass wine." Here was a "spirit manifestation" of a very material character. At the well of Samaria he blended the two phases in his communication to the woman by telling her past and present.

On the Mount of Transfiguration we have the only instance of what might be spirit manifestation. But there are modifying circumstances which must not be overlooked. In the first place Elijah never died and it was largely believed that Moses was taken away without death. Again only three persons were witnesses and they were strictly charged to tell no one what they had witnessed. They were asleep or sleeping, this is to say their mortal sense consciousness was suspended, they saw and heard with the psychic sense when these things transpire. Again the message was in reference to the death of Jesus at Jerusalem. Peter mentions the fact in his second Epistle merely as an evidence that Jesus was the Son God.

Paul was perhaps the most distinguished medium of all the followers of

Jesus. Read his epistles and you will find all the phases of physical life discussed and rules laid down for its conduct.

The Book of Revelation is a series of most extraordinary communications and apparently covering all periods of time and reaching into the eternal future. It embodies all the variety of human conduct and all conditions of the church and its relations to the world at large. The claim is that the spirit revelation was one of the Ancient Prophets.

We should never overlook the past that the Bible from beginning to end deals mostly with people and not with persons. And where persons are the subjects they are the rulers or the representatives of the people.

Our modern Spiritualism has been more devoted to persons, but, at the

same time, the character of the church, State and Government have been aptly discussed and statements clearly made that the grand purpose of the controlling spheres of Spirit Life was the establishment of a new system of religious teaching and a new government.

Moreover it has been clearly shown that the physical welfare of man was an absolute necessity for spiritual culture and perfection which has ever been and is now the first strong point to be made in mediumship. Hence, as we have shown, the totality of the messages have embraced the dual necessities of the people—physical and spiritual—which have gone hand in hand through all the years, and from all the many mediums. And so they will continue to do, not only in time but through all eternity.

Sayings of ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

BY REV. JOHN W. RING.

All are born at the base of Mount Use:
Love is the cause of all effects and we
are the ends of love.

On every hand unfold innumerable
blessings and beatitudes.

If you are good, if you are great, the
secret will be found out.

Goodness is feminine, truth is masculine;
the first is warm, the second cold.

Eternity is composed of time as drops
constitute the ocean.

Reputation is but a brush heap at
best.

Friendship is the reward of Character.

Uses are the causes of creation and
the universe.

Truth is our only shepherd, but his
spirit is love.

Real beauty is spiritual and is therefore
immortal.

Nothing is quite certain of exemption
from solution and change.

You can hear the voice of intuition
only when you are tranquil.

The man makes the brain and nervous
system and not the reverse.

Physical Culture vs. Psychical Culture.

BY ARTHUR F. MILTON.

TIME was when the world needed no physical culture. It was embodied in the strenuous efforts for self-preservation. It is still a function where brawn supercedes brain effort. Thus it has become a science for those whose muscles are *not* exercised in the combat of existence; and is, for such, a much-needed culture.

Blood and nerves are the material agents between soul and body. Electricity is the medium between universal spirit and matter. Without water and mineral substances in a planet, the electricity of nature (centralized in the sun) could not give it the force necessary to create and engender life in its perfected state. Mineral substances alone would only permit the sensuous principles of spirit to pass into the planet and bring forth a bloodless generation; which, if it could develop into a higher race of beings like man, would be a heartless race.

We have some creations among the human kind very much akin to the aforementioned. They are all brain and no heart. They regard *mental* culture as the *summum bonum* of Nature's demand. It seems as though they were evolved from the mineral substances of earth exclusively—some assuming effects compatible with that combination called brass. For such physical culture would be advisable effort. It would incite heart action—through blood agitation—and permit soul to find admission into the outer

life and add to all mind a little love. Without the latter man is but an imperfect individualization.

Physical culture, then, may be considered a stepping stone to psychical culture; for, once the heart is moved in the right direction—touched by the “milk of human kindness” which heart action engenders—a new era rises before the “all mind” vision and softens the latter into accepting a co-partnership with the “all heart” fraternity among human kind.

Two halves make a whole. Physical culture alone is a material science; and even among this class there is a tendency to orthodoxy. While the exercise stirs the blood and heart, there are many who make that heart action serve a material purpose in diverting soul vibration in the direction of studying others rather than self. In that false attitude Physical Culture first becomes a fad, then a craze, to which everybody must be converted, however much physical exercise they get in their daily vocation.

Instead of a stepping stone to Physical Culture, the faddist steps back into the mud; and, in the end, like the “all mind” operator, has left out the essential to human perfection,

If knowledge perfects faith, it may be granted that charity, humanity or love perfects knowledge. In other words, to mind and physical culture add heart culture.

A Puzzled Philosopher.

BY J. G. SCHWALM.

VI 1700

IN REACHING out after the underlying facts and true ultimate principles we arrive everywhere at points where the mind no longer is able to define the subject under consideration. As the eye is able to view and define objects only within certain distances so the mind in its attempt to see and comprehend is limited on all sides.

On the verge of sight and comprehension by the human mind is the great conflict between men and their theories. Like two hunters who see an animal in the dim distance, and one of them thinks he sees a deer while the other is quite certain he is looking at a calf, so in all ages men have seen things differently because the subject was not within the range of definite observation. Men differ because one has a clearer sight than another and can discern the outline of an object where the other can see nothing. This is a fact which is to me a very good reason why we should be very careful in forming conclusions with regard to the abilities of others.

I am not writing for the purpose of discrediting the assertions of others, but somehow if what is professed by many so-called spirit mediums and those of "new thought" is true, I am as blind as a bat.

I have realized the power of thought in certain relations to the physical world, and I can understand how under certain circumstances by wishing

to look and act cheerful it is quite possible to do so. Now I am not saying that anyone cannot keep off disease and death indefinitely by thinking health and peace and joy, but the fact is people get sick and despondent and die, no matter how much they think health. As I said, I may not be able to comprehend how people can think health while they are being run over by a locomotive, and from the fact that they did not allow their minds to dwell on broken bones and bruised bodies they come out unscathed.

I am positively as liberal in this matter as I know how to be. I admit that others can see farther than I can, that some can do things that I can not do, but there is a strong sense of caution in my make up which tells me that there have been impostors in every age, and, since I cannot see what others seem to see quite easily I take their statement with much reserve and some doubt. There is what is known as stoicism which is as old as history, and when people tell me that they are healthy because they think health they, to my mind, exhibit a small fraction of that spirit which sings the *Marseillaise* while marching to be guillotined, or like the Indian at the stake who laughs at or curses his tormentors without manifesting a sign of fear or distress. It may be that there are different feelings and states of mind which make for calmness and serenity but I can't see it.

Faith healing and self determination of the future are beyond my vision and when I read in *The Mountain Pine* in an article on "The Power of Thought" by Dr Melvor-Tyndall that: "When we once comprehend that we are that which we *will* to be, and that only by choosing that which is harmonious can we hope for happiness," I am at sea. Is it stoicism, by which we can accept fate coolly and calmly; or is it possible that a drowning man in mid-ocean can think himself by his "thought-dynamo" actually and for a sure enough fact, into the sheltering cottage of his mother a thousand away? This is the question: Can a man think himself, if he *will* out of a stroke of lightning or out of a stroke of paralysis. Can one if he *will* think himself out from under a railroad wreck or out from under consumption, or insanity, or cancer, or out from under a thousand fatal diseases. There's the rub. If it were possible to be that which we *will* to be the world would certainly be a very different place from what it is, but perhaps it is better that the *will* and the *can* are as yet very limited propositions and must simmer down to actual facts, and where the matchbox of God's omnipotence can only be had by rising up to it and not by bringing it down into the borders of dream and fairy land visions.

In my philosophy, as in my experience, the saying "to fatal ills God gives no heed," still holds good, and and as to passing ills most any quack can cure them.

Now I am not saying that things that are impossible to me are not possible to others. Science for years has fought with the old thought and has

come out victorious in almost all its contentions. There are no divine institutions, no divine men, no divine books and there are no spirits in the sense of ghosts and spooks.

There is no power to save crops or destroy crops, or to heal the sick in prayer. There is no truth that to them that believe is given the power to work miracles or to drink poison and take up serpents, or speak with new tongues, or to lay on hands and raise the dead. All this is out of the question in the realm of up to date science and philosophy. Now comes this so-called new thought and drags out all of these old superstitions. That is, it seems so to me. But I may be wrong, and both the old and new thought may be right. It may be beyond my distance, but I cannot help to interfere and protest and sound a note of warning to those who run headlong after what I cannot see. And I look upon this show of an ability totally absent from my composition with a sense of humiliation and distress for being devoid of this power. Especially since I am not deficient in other accomplishments. My mind has served me well in the solving of all kinds of difficult problems and I have not been idle in the search after enlightenment in this matter. But every effort to see or take notice of spirits, or to read the thoughts of others, or to comprehend how a broken bone may be regarded as not broken or healed by any other than the natural law, or a thousand other miracles of the restoration and preservation of health has been a fearful failure. Tomorrow I shall go out in the snow with my leaky shoes, get my feet wet, take a cold and suffer

with a bursting headache and wince with rheumatic pains, while others by the power of thought can go barefooted at 40 degrees below zero and not even have a chill. I am perplexed, confused, chagrined, and exasperated at my inferiority among men.

But I have one consolation. There are others. Some of the "superior ones," with good luck, may last a long time, but the stage where, in the words of Shakespeare, they will be "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything" will come by and by to all. I lay more stress on good and proper conditions than on the power of thought to preserve me in bad conditions.

In this great health philosophy when all has been said, good food, good shelter, proper occupation and good sanitation are the best preservatives of health yet. As to the comfort and ease of our mind the doctrines of Epicetue about go about to the limit when he says: "if I have greatness of soul I do not trouble myself. Stay, wretch, do not be carried away! Take away the fear of death and suppose as many thunders and lightnings as you please and you will know what serenity there is in the ruling faculty." There are several ways to take away the fear of death. History is full of examples where the fear of death was completely vanquished. Perhaps the most famous was Socrates. But there are thousands of others. Among the savages we find that they defy the most cruel tortures with a serene disposition.

Hundreds of thousands of the ancient Greeks and Romans played with death like a kitten with a ball. The Japanese in their late war exhibited the same stoical defiance. Nathan Hale said that he regretted that he had but one life to give for his country.

The power of thought can give to each this faculty if the conditions and instructions are right, but it cannot ward off a single microbe if the conditions are wrong. It can, with the proper faculties, move mountains but without them it cannot move a grain of sand. It can plan and change the destinies of nations when the time and opportunity permits but without opportunity mind is as helpless as a stone in the gutter. There is a verge and limit to the possibilities of mind as there is to matter and all pretensions as to what mind can do depends altogether on conditions. For mind to overcome an army without material means is impossible as it is for mind to mend a broken bone or restore a lost finger or cure a torpid liver.

As I said before all these things may be possible, but they have never come within the limit of my observations and I must therefore regard them as doubtful propositions. I am, however, the most liberal of men and am open to the truth when it comes within my reach, but until it does come within comprehensive light I remain "with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives me to see it."

Sterling, Colorado.

Gleanings by Jeremiah.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF REV. JOHN W. RING.

To tell where self ends and spirit begins is a difficult task.

Spirit life and communion is the foundation of all religions in the world.

Kindness is a safe and certain investment.

Kindness never fails, its very breath is a heavenly benediction.

Love and sympathy cheer, strengthen and unfold the best in man.

Give your heart's best everyday and evening will hallow you with peace.

Be happy and let the world know it by your smiling face and encouraging word.

Give cheer and you will receive comfort.

Happiness is a natural condition in which we should live.

Be of good cheer and joy cometh.

Joy and peace attend the just.

The smiling face cheers and brightens and attracts much of the sweet in life.

Let sympathy move each and every heart to be ever thoughtful of others.

Thoughtfulness of little things fills life with glad joy.

Be happy and you will be natural; be natural and you will be happy.

Life is so replete with privileges that duties melt into joyous helpfulness.

Success is the fulfillment of patience.

At the fireside altar instill into the child's mind a love for country.

Love principle and defend it, but principle forbids cruelty, strife or war.

Love now and give of all the sweets you can.

The crawling worm may unfold to be a bright winged butterfly.

Each passing hour is laden with possibilities;— use what you can.

Learn well the smaller things of life, for they go to form the great whole.

Sense will beget cents; but in few instances has it been reversed.

All nature leaps up to make and sustain man.

Do well each little thing at hand and you will never be idle.

We need not expect to escape but best prepare ourselves to withstand.

Every effort is effective if made with confidence and trust.

Sleep.

BY MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

My name is sleep; twin brother I to
Death.

I lull the soul to sweet repose,
He charms away the breath.
More joyous I, and not so stern as he.
His name the theme for Psalm and
Dirge
And mine for sweetest melody.

I am not half so grand a soul
As my king brother Death;
Yet men will shudder at his name
And speak with bated breath.
Men love me for the very charm I
bring;
The parent hails me with delight,
I wait upon the king.

There is no spot in all this mighty
Universe.

Where I may not be found.
I work on sea, in air, on land,
And deep within the ground.
Men welcome me with open arms,
And toast me at their wine.
Joy, honor, praise and power—
All these and more are mine.

More gentle I, my touch is not so
cold,

A magic surcease for the woes of
life

Within my hands I hold.
My brother wears a dark gray robe
and cowl,

While I wear colors bright.
I bring to those who welcome me
Sweet dreams of pure delight.

Bright pictures 'neath my magic
touch

Before the eyes unfold,
And, in the place of shadows gray,
I fashion clouds of gold.

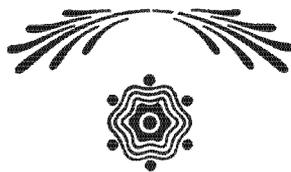
My brother Death and I together
walk life's way.

His thoughts are lofty and sublime
While mine are lightly gay.

I love him for grand traits
Which I do not possess.
My work to bring the joyous into
life,

And his to nobly bless.
My brother is a kingly soul,
Men know him not in life,
He stills the fever in the blood,
And puts an end to strife.

Denver, Colorado.



Whitman the Comrade.

BY C. B. HOFFMAN.

66 **H**E WHO touches this touches a man," says Whitman of his book, *Leaves of Grass*. This is almost literally true. The "Leaves" cannot be read without touching life in all its phases and moods. Whitman stands for the average man. He is the average man. In him is vocal all that lies dumb or but crudely expressed in the man of the crowd. Whitman is not barred from the transcendent heights, nor from the nethermost depths for these are contained in the daily life of the average man. He excludes none, neither the rich nor the poor, the educated or the illiterate for they all go to make up mankind, the great world-democracy. In "Leaves" nothing is common or insignificant, nothing is unnecessary. Everything in its place is instinct with life, well appointed, inevitable as part of the cosmic life.

Whitman does not fall into the confusion common to idealists and so marked with Christain Scientists, of denying evil. He denies nothing, accepts everything.

"All, all for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping
all,
Nature's amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards,
divine and certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities,
to spiritual images ripening."

Whitman never speculates or philosophizes in logical terms. He sings. He affirms. He lives. Still a divine

philosophy runs in a golden thread through *Leaves of Grass*. Didactically expressed, this philosophy teaches that Evil exists. It is the opposite of good. Without it good also would not exist. Good and Evil are the necessary and inevitable aspects of existence. They are the "pair of opposites" from the tyranny of which one cannot escape by denying the existence of either. Heat and cold are the elements of temperature. Without the one the other is unthinkable and temperature would be a lifeless abstraction. Without good and evil existence would cease—in fact they are the terms of existence—in contradistinction to Being. They are to be resolved into something different from either—something beyond the antagonism of the two elements. They are to be fused by the spirit of man into a harmony which is joy and peace transcending the analysis of the intellect. Good and evil—and matter—are illusions, but they are *real* illusions persisting as long as existence continues. Of that which lies beyond existence, from which preceeds existence, we cannot even speculate.

To the human soul Life appears, and must inevitably appear, in the terms of its existence—in dualistic, opposing elements. These elements translated into life give rise to the innumerable laws, moralities, creeds and customs which constitute the outer form of human life. The further away we get from the abstract idea of Good and

Evil the more the abstract idea or principle is imbedded in some concrete law or custom the more tenacious is man to maintain that the law or statement is the absolute truth. The letter is observed though the spirit has escaped and the "form" be dead. This also has its place and its use.

Limitation in knowledge and experience makes for dogmatism and intolerance. Great knowledge and a wide experience make for sympathetic appreciation of all views and beliefs until the dogma of absolute truth, absolute justice and absolute duty vanishes along with the belief in a personal God and Devil. Then life becomes plastic, a beautiful strain which rises in the majestic regions of the unknown and flows in endless expansion towards limitless unfoldment. Freedom is attained by identification with the All. We become the bond and the bound, the master and the slave. We are the knowledge and the thing known. In the rich language of the ancients: "I am the sacrifice and the sacrificial rite; I am the sacred formula and the fire; I am the origin and the dissolution, the receptacle and storehouse and the eternal seed." This is the attainment, the great Reconciliation of the conflicts, discords and world-pain. Evil thus comes to appear as a mere foil to good; a pretense by which the Almighty scares people into being good or a necessary condition of imperfection to be outgrown—as the universe or God was imperfect at one time and could only attain perfection "after a while," like a fall apple that does not "get good" until Spring.

To grasp this deeper meaning of the universal or absolute equips us to deal

effectively with the problems of life upon the relative plain. Intellectually we can know nothing beyond the relative although forced by the law of our being to postulate the Absolute from which arises the Relative. There is however an interior sense or faculty of the soul which may come into intimate relations with that which lies beyond the plane of the relative. Is this a contradiction? Yes, it is the contradiction of life itself.

Upon the relative plane appears good and evil, right and wrong, pain and pleasure to be resolved, as I have tried to indicate, by the soul into *that* which lies beyond the realm of appearances. This is the meaning of *Leaves of Grass*, the message of Walt Whitman. He does not reason or argue. He does not appeal to inspiration or to revelation. His method is the method of life, your life, my life, everybody's life. *Leaves* is a record of life, or, rather, it is the expression of life. It traverses all moods, all hopes and fears, assurances and doubts, joys and sorrows. It sings the glories of friendship, the love of comrades and of country, the ambitions of young men, the defeats and victories of old men, It stands at the open graves of babes and of white haired mothers. It translates pain into an intellectual ecstasy. It thrills with sex and pulsates with the passionate love of man and woman. It merges death into life eternal. "Do you think life well provided for and death the purport of all life not well provided for?" *Leaves* can be read like leaves from the book of life. One can read it intellectually, can discuss its style, its philosophy, art, religion,

as one reads other books, as one reads about things, or one can read it as one reads love in the eyes of the beloved, or joy in the touch of a friend's hand.

Whitman does not hold one man better than another. What one can attain all can attain. The urge of the worker, the passion of the martyr, the love of woman are tallied by the apathy of the loafer, the listlessness of the debauchee, the senility of the "rotton brained idiot." They are all the expressions of the one Life, in which "we live, move and have our being." They express the capacity of each. Heredity and environment, factors of the "world's will," have differed. No comparison can be made between them. Each is what he is by virtue of what has preceded—"I the acme of things accomplished and I the encloser of things to be." However I do not love them all equally or alike. I love that most which appeals to me most, which sympathizes with me, which completes me. "All things please me but thou pleasest me well." That which is unlike me, unlike my ideals, I cannot take or love much. Perhaps it is better than what appeals to me; perhaps it will do you good. It is not for me now. I seek that which I love, that which is mine. I try to escape from that which is unlike me, from that which is not mine. The same law obtains in the spiritual as in the material. That which is bread to another may be poison to me. For Whitman nothing is poison. He is universal. "I include multitudes" he cries. Considering humanity as a vast organism of correlated parts and individuals as centers or organs in this vaster organism Whitman would be

the central ganglion which sympathizes and expresses more the individual, and humanity the totality.

"What in you lies dumb I give voice"
 "One's self I sing, a simple, separate person, yet utter the word democratic, the word en-masse. * * * * of physiology from top to toe I sing, * * nor brain alone * * * * I say the form complete is worthier far. The female equally with the male I sing. Of Life immense in passion, pulse and power, cheerful, for freest action formed under the law divine. The modern man I sing." Not the ancient man, not the Greek or Roman, not the sages of India, not some other age, the modern, the Here and the Now!

"All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me, Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul"

Whitman transcends man. He is one of the first of the supermen. He is probably the most developed case of cosmic consciousness on record.

"My comrade!

For you to share with me two greatnesses and a third one rising inclusive and now resplendent;

The greatness of Love and Democracy, and the greatness of Religion." He identifies himself with every experience:

"I am the hounded slave, I wince at the bite of the days.

Hell and despair are upon me,
 Crack and again crack the marksmen.

I clutch the rails of the fence, my gore drips,

I fall on the weeds and stones."

Whitman, like Emerson was neither for nor against institutions:

"I have no chair, no church, no philosophy.

I lead no more to a dinner-table, library, exchange,

But each man and each woman of you I lead upon a knoll

My left hand hooking you around the waist,

My right pointing to landscapes of continents and the public road.

Not I, not anyone else can travel that road for you,

You must travel it for yourself.

Vice and crime are to Whitman but the darkling efforts of men in their struggle for experience which underlies all human action.

"I will make your songs outlawed offenders for

I scan you with kindred eyes and carry you with me the same as any."

The most daring, the most necessary and vital deed of Whitman is his justification of sex and sex impulses and crowning of woman as man's peer—his comrade-lover.

"I will show of male and female that either is but the equal of the other."

"And equal organs and acts! do you concentrate in me, for I am determined to tell you with courageous, clear voice to prove you illustrious. And I will show that there is no imperfections in the present, and can be none in the future.

And I will show that whatever happens to anybody, it may be turned to beautiful results."

"I will not make poems with reference to parts,

But I will make poems, songs, thoughts with reference to ensemble. And I will not sing with reference to a day, but with reference to all

days.

And I will not make a poem or the least part of a poem but has reference to the soul."

Of the mystery of body and soul he says:

"Was somebody asking to see the Soul?

See, your own shaps and countenance, persons,

Substances, hearts, the tree, the running river, the rocks and sands."

"All hold spiritual joys and afterwards loosen them;

How can the real body ever die and be buried?

Of your real body and any man's or woman's real body,

Item for item it will elude the hands of the corpse cleaners and pass to fitting spheres."

"Behold, the body includes and is the meaning, the main concern, and includes and is the soul;

Whoever you are, how superb and how divine is your body or any part of it!"

Whitman is the Great Comrade—the Supreme Lover. He feels as few have felt and still fewer expressed, the mystic union through love of the two which merges the individual soul into the Great Life.

"O Comrade close! O, you and me at last and us two only!"

Here is the merging of the "pair of opposites" into one solving the paradox of life—how identity is preserved and yet merged into the ocean of Being.

One may endeavor to grasp this experience with the intellect by comparing it to similar phenomena in nature and yet approach the matter but dis-

tantly. Perhaps the chief physical cause that love and particularly sex love promotes deeper soul union is the increased vibration of the entire body and particularly of the great sympathetic nerve ganglion.

Whitman no more argues or analyzes than does the sunshine or the star-decked heavens of a summer night, or the violet blooming by the wall, or the mother lying abed with her

first-born on her breast. He convinces by touching you, by taking you with him out upon life's highways and by-ways, by pressing the world-heart against yours so that you feel the pulse and urge, the ineffable joys and the nameless anguish of the world—of your brothers and sisters. Then he puts his arms about you and kisses you.

Enterprise, Kansas.

One of the quotations in this article is from the Baghavad Gita, the others from Blades

of Grass.

What is Astrology?

BY DR. HENRY WAGNER.

ASTROLOGY, in its universal application, is threefold: it is a religion, a science and a philosophy. In its application it is the scaffolding, the stair and the elevator to enable all classes of people to climb to the dome of God's temple, the Universe. It is a language of signs and symbols, and its alphabet must be understood before one can read the deep and hidden meanings concealed beneath these hieroglyphics.

In the English language we have twenty-six letters with which to write the learning of the world; the way in which these letters are arranged gives us the means by which to express an infinite number of ideas, and the same

is true of figures.

The twelve signs of the zodiac, and the nine planets with our earth comprise a language of symbolism that is scientifically, philosophically and religiously true to Nature's law of evolution on the planes of spirit, mind and matter. The zodiac of the Sun symbolizes the universal spirit as the ocean of unmanifested being in its involution and evolution, governed by the law of Polar Motion.

The zodiac of the Universal Mind is symbolized in ideas and words, while matter is symbolized in forms and colors of an infinite variety from the atom in mineral up to the atom in man, in

which we find the highest form of matter, the embodiment of all other forms in one as the miniature universe, or the epitome of Deity.

Man is made in the image of God, male and female created He them: positive and negative or dual opposites on all planes of manifestation be it mineral, vegetable, or animal.

The zodiac and its symbolical alphabet enables the student of nature to read the past history of our earth and its geological revelation.

The bibles of all countries are written in the language of symbolism. We must familiarize ourselves with this language in order to read and interpret them aright, otherwise our bibles are sealed books not understood by our wisest scholars. Pictures and symbols are used to teach children: the children of our race, when it was in its youth, had to be taught in this way; now that manhood has arrived for our race, we must teach them by the means of the language of science, philosophy and religion in their varied and complex uses as witnessed today in modern life. The symbols of the old and the new must be interpreted and explained to prove to man their same origin.

The infant races and the nature races are equally God's children. He created them and He supplies them with food suitable to their growth, both physically and mentally by means of the laws planted in man. The microcosm evolved out of the macrocosm. This is pure astrology as taught by our forefathers who gave us their knowledge. The chair in which the Pope sits in the Vatican has the zodiac carved upon it: this is significant to say the least, of his spiritual rule and symbolic of

his power and relation to the universe as an embodiment of nature's hidden mysteries revealed only to the astrologer who alone can read and interpret the meaning concealed in the horoscope on this chair, which in brief tells the whole story of the Pope's authority and power.

The history of Astrology is coeval with man. It formed the basis of all ancient religions and mythology, and is indissolubly interwoven with the sacred truths of the Christian religion.

Godfrey Higgins, the talented author of the "Anacalypsis," and an opponent of astrology, stated that, "Among all the ancient nations of the world, the opinion was universal, that the planetary bodies were the disposers of the affairs of men."

Simplicius relates that Calisthenes, who accompanied Alexander to Babylon, sent to Aristotle from that capital a series of astronomical observations which he had found preserved there, extending back to a period of 1903 years from Alexander's conquest of the city. Epigenes states that these observations were recorded on tablets of baked clay. They must have extended according to Simplicius, as far back as 2234 B.C. and would, therefore, seem to have been commenced and continued for many centuries by the primitive Chaldean people. The Chaldean astrologers were highly honored in Persia, at the court and by the people, as related by Plato in one of his dialogues. The Druids held the astrology of the ancient Chaldeans in equal honor, for it was, in fact, their religion.

Josephus states that astrology was practiced by the antediluvians, who

had it from Adam, who received his information thereof from God himself! He further states that Seth having received instruction in its principles from Adam, and foreseeing the flood' engraved the rudiments of the science upon two permanent pillars of stone, and that the remains of those pillars he (Josephus) himself had seen. He also relates that the science was taught by Enos and Noah, who preserved it to the days of Abraham, proving that Abraham was thoroughly versed in the Chaldean astrology. Abraham had learned the great secret of the Urim and Thumim—which meant the "Doctrines and Perfect Laws" and which has remained to this day a perfect mystery, inscrutable to the ablest of our philologists and the most learned of our divines, owing to their ignorance of astrology,

"More credit, yet, is to the Chaldean given,

What they foretell is deemed the voice of Heaven."

The Rev. John Butler, D.D., maintained: "That Moses did particularly understand astrology is apparent by his prediction of the tribes as to what should betide them for the time to come; for it was not by revelation, nor dream, nor vision, that he spake those things, for when it was so the Scripture was wont to say how it was so; and no such thing being alleged now, it follows that he spake merely of his natural knowledge, and besides, the phrase savours of mere natarul prophecy."

Much has been made by religious opponents of astrology of the injunction of Jeremiah, "Be not dismayed at the signs of heaven; for the heathen are

dismayed at them;" and the following passage has been quoted against astrology, "Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up and save thee," (Isaiah 47,13) But these passages are not in the least condemnatory of astrology as a sinful pursuit. They merely prove that the *heathen* were dismayed at the signs of the heavens because they were ignorant of the true God, and accordingly worshipped the planets as gods in order to propitiate them. Although the astrologers could foresee impending calamities by the signs in the heavens yet they were powerless to prevent their occurrence. Besides, these very injunctions prove that there *are* signs in heaven.

Jesus Christ's prophecy: "Great earthquakes shall be in divers places and famines and pestilence; and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from Heaven; and there shall be signs in the Sun, and in the Moon, and in the Stars;" was exactly fulfilled at the destruction of Jerusalem. Josephus relates that "a comet in the form of a sword hung over Jerusalem for a whole year."

In China, astrology was established at the earliest periods of its existence as an Empire and even Emperors were chosen on account of their astronomical skill. In the year 2513 B. C. this was the case with Chueni.

In the book of Job we read, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

I'll know the stars, which yet alone to gain

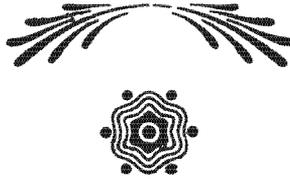
Is knowledge mean, unequal to the pain;

For doubts resolved, it no delight af-

fords,
 But fills soft, empty heads with rattling words:
 I'll search the depths, the most remote recess,
 And flying Nature to confession press;
 I'll find what sign and constellation

rule,
 And make the difference 'twixt the wise and fool.
 My verse shall sing what various aspects reigns
 When kings are doomed to crowns,
 and slaves to chains."

Manilius.



May bright angels]of Truth and Peace
 Guide each both night and day,
 And with a love]that ne'er will cease
 Fill each with strength alway.

J. W. R.

~~~~~  
 The heart that's pure is a mighty light,  
 Which shines in through the life of man,  
 A sun by day and a star by night,  
 And shows if he WILLS he can.

The clean hands do what the light reveals,  
 The good and the noble things;  
 Such a life each thorn with care conceals  
 But each fragrant flower it brings.

J. W. R.



# *The Mountain Pine.*

BY ALICE WOOD KIRKPATRICK.

O sentinel of the forest, thou dark mountain pine!  
What a battle with nature alas, has been thine!  
When dropped from thy brown mother cone to the ground  
By tempest and rain thou wert dashed all around:  
The winter winds scourged thee from rock unto rock,  
And each sharp icy sabre gave thy spirit a shock;  
Till at length worn and listless one bright quiet day  
Lodged in a crevice of rock, safely cradled thou lay.

The winds and the waters they raged as of yore,  
But thy trials had ceased, thy troubles were o'er  
At least for a season— thy being so small,  
Burst its battered brown cell, came out at the call  
Of the warm sun and rain and the air clear and free,  
A small baby pine— tender and green, fair to see.  
Thy young thread life roots, so soft and so white,  
Grew sturdy and brown in the sun's glowing light;  
And the things once so cruel grew subjects for mirth,  
As firmer thy feet were planted in earth.

And as stronger and greener and taller thou grew,  
The things once so feared grew dearer to you;  
The rains washed thy garments, the winds blew them dry,  
While the sun shone so warm way up in the sky!  
That thou climbed oh, so hard! and each day more joy  
knew—

Learning the secrets of life' neath the heavens so blue,  
Till at length a great tree like thy mother had been  
With broadened horizon seeing all she had seen,  
Thou stood in thy strength, proud, stately and tall,  
With a lesson to whisper in the ear of us all.



## Socialism Defended.

By C. F. DIGHT, IN MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, PROGRESS, IN REPLY TO  
AN ARTICLE AGAINST SOCIALISM BY SAMUEL BLODGETT.

IT WAS the great Herbert Spencer who said: "In proportion as we love truth more and victory less, we shall become anxious to know what it is that leads our opponents to think as they do,"—to differ from us in their views.

I Firmly Believe that Socialism is a Just Remedy

for our industrial wrongs. Mr Blodgett doubts if it will work successfully in all its parts; but if we both have the truth in mind as the end of our discussion, and I credit him with this, we then will each know if one of us has had a perception of something the other has not perceived.

It may here be added, that Prof. Zubelin, said recently in a lecture at the Chicago University that, "nothing is so disgraceful as not to know what Socialism is. There is nothing which looms up so big before us to-day.

It is the Greatest Boon or the Greatest Evil society has ever faced."

I infer from his article that Mr. Blodgett is well read upon the subject, for he says: "There is not the least doubt that well conducted Socialism would greatly decrease the cost of production and distribution." He also says that "before the people adopt such a sweeping innovation," as Socialism is, "they should demand a plan in detail which has never been given."

He wants to know how the little details of Socialism will work out. To this we reply, that to fill in all of the little details beforehand is never poss-

ible in the adoption of any new institution. Conditions which arise and which change from time to time determine what is best in minor affairs; but in all the fundamentals, the Socialistic program is full and complete, and to

These Seven Principles

as started in *The Progress* of October 13th, Mr. Blodgett makes no objection unless it be to the first one. Here they are again:

1st:—That the means of production and the distribution of wealth that are social and public in their nature shall be owned collectively.

2nd:—That all social utilities, being collectively owned, shall be democratically managed for the benefit of the workers and that profit making whereby one person exploits another shall be abolished.

3rd:—That all who can labor, shall be given opportunity to labor in the collectively owned industries, and shall receive, directly and indirectly, the full product or equivalent of their toil.

4th:— That those who can but will not labor, tho they may, should there be such under socialism, shall receive according to what they produce.

5th:—That each person may own privately as much non-productive property as he or she can earn by any honest labor of hand or brain.

6th:—That child labor in productive industry shall be abolished, juvenile education made universal, and that the old and worthy dependents shall have their interests protected and needs

supplied.

7th:—That the government shall be brought near to the people thru the initiative, the referendum and the right of recall.

#### Socialists Believe

that socialism, by abolishing the profit making and competitive system of business, and by establishing the co-operative commonwealth, will remove more than anything else proposed, the motive as well as the opportunity for political corruption and economic wrongs and that without destroying individual liberty or the incentive to worthy effort.

To agree on all but the first of these propositions, is to go a long way together. The first might better, perhaps, have been worded this way: "All those things upon which the people in common depend, should by the people in common be owned and administered."

By This is meant Collective Ownership and operation of the means of production and distribution of wealth that are "social and public in their nature." On this last expression, it was, that Mr. Blodgett stumbled and wants me to be explicit and mention those utilities or productions, if I "know of any that are not public and social in their nature," and those which are. Under Socialism the former should be owned privately, the latter collectively,

My hat is not a public utility nor socially used. It interests me only because it is used by me alone and for my individual comfort. I do not use it as capital with which to employ other people and make profits. So of my suit of clothes, my buggy, my library, my house which I own and live in and its

furniture.

These are things which none but the private owner of them, (and of course his family) uses, and uses for his own life and happiness.

These things are not Public Utilities, they are not socially used and are not social and public in their nature. They are not used as capital with which to employ other people and make profits for the owner. They are not productive property, and under Socialism any one can own as much non-social non-productive property as he or she can earn by an honest labor of hand or brain, and could save it up as now, if he chose to, for his support and comfort in old age, in addition to his old age pension. My hat, clothes, and shoes, then, are not utilities that are public and social in their nature. But the machinery in the mills, in the shops and factories, that is used with which to make hats, clothes, shoes, buggies, furniture etc., how of it? Millions of wage owners have to use this machinery to get wages, or starve; and so of modern machinery for the making of almost all commodities. This machinery is socially used, and is public and social in its nature, for millions have to use it and the whole people of the nation depend upon it for hats, clothes, shoes, etc. Unlike my hat, this machinery is used as capital with which to employ labor and make profits. The mines, forests and oil fields are also utilities

Of Public and Social Nature for in them millions of wage earners have to work to get wages, or starve, and the people of the whole nation wait on these utilities, also, for their light, warmth and shelter. The ma-

chinery of modern industry then, and land containing the raw materials for manufacture (coal, iron, copper, oil, lumber) are socially used, and are social and public in their nature; and the contention of the Socialist is that things upon which the people in common depend, should by the people in common be owned and administered. Why? Because no man is good enough to be another man's master, if he exploits the one who serves, and he who owns these things—machinery and land—becomes the master of those who must use the machinery, and they become his wage slaves. What results? First this. There are in this country today sixteen millions of such slaves; they are used to make profits for their employers; they find work and live only as they thus serve their masters, they are permitted to work only by the consent of another person, by the consent of him who owns the tools of industry, the means of employment, and this is coming to be felt a condition of abject slavery. Second. The wage earners receive but

#### A Bare Subsistence Wage,

and which for women wage earners in the United States, averages but eighty two cents per day thru the year; and for men about one dollar and forty cents per day, or \$450 for the year deducting wages for days when they get no work.

Third. The wage earners in manufacturing industries receive only about one fifth of the output value of their labor. Mr. Blodgett says they "now get the value of their labor as rated by the labor market." Yes, but Carol D. Wright, former Commissioner of

Labor of United States, is authority for the statement that in this "Labor Market" men are compelled to sell themselves—their labor power—for a wage that is only about one fifth of the value of the commodities which their labor creates. The remaining four-fifths of the value they create is confiscated from them, and is kept by the master—the employing class—for profits.

This Accumulation of Profits in the hands of a few employers with the power it has given them, and which they use to grab Nature's raw materials in the earth, has gone on till one per cent of the families in the United States now own more wealth than all the remaining ninety-nine per cent of the families put together and 10,000,000 of our people are underfed, underclothed and poorly housed, and that in this period of boasted prosperity.

Because of this confiscation of wealth from its producers; and their bare subsistence wage, and poverty which attends it, the home is destroyed for the laboring masses, because they cannot secure the means with which to maintain a home such as self respect demands and maternity requires; hence celibacy and the brothel; which latter Mr. Blodgett fears will be patronized by the working men, more and more if their wages be increased. Does wealth do this? What then of the wealthy classes? Shall we therefore keep the worker's income at the lowest possible point for his existence? He is poor and down: shall we keep him down? Socialism says, give him a chance to rise, that the condition of his children at least may be improved.

Mr Blodgett says "Give the laboring

man five times as much income, and he will have five times as much to spend for these debaucheries"—the saloon and brothel. We say give the laborer the full value of his toil, as Socialism would do, which means several times his present pay. Do this first because it is right, and, 2nd, by doing it you thereby supply the great essential for the reestablishment of the home among the laboring masses, and for the abolishment of the brothel and saloon.

Miss Francis Willard, after a lifetime

given to the study of intemperance, arrived at the belief that poverty is its chief cause. Socialism, would eliminate poverty among all who cared to escape it, while by removing all profit from the sale of intoxicants, it would destroy the incentive to engage in it as a business.

In our next article, if *THE PROGRESS* kindly gives space, we will answer Mr. Blodgett's question as to "How are the vast private and corporate ownings to be made public property?"

## December.

BY MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

Knee deep beneath the winter snow,  
The youngest daughter of the year  
lies low.

So still she lies in perfect rest,  
No rose or lily blooms upon her  
breast,

But holly berries gleam like crimson  
drops upon the snow,  
And in December's pale, cold hands  
are sprigs of mistletoe.

The wild north wind in winter dress,  
Grieves like some soul in sore dis-  
tress.

He loved the year's pale daughter,  
And with wooing bold  
He sought to win her heart so cold.  
But she was frail and fair  
And could not understand his lusty  
air.

She fairly trembled when, with fiend-  
ish glee,

He laughed aloud so wild and free.  
He sought to please her and he could  
not guess

Just why she faded like the dew-  
drop at the sun's caress.

But now while dead December sleeps  
beneath the snow,

Hang high the crimson holly and the  
silvery mistletoe.

And let the Yule log burn with bright  
and ruddy glow,

And cast its warm reflection on the  
snow.

While Christmas bells are ringing  
far and near

Let goodness reign and hearty cheer.



## Auto-Suggestion Among Physicians.

BY J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

NO CLASS is more completely governed by auto-suggestion or self-hypnotism than the Doctors. Medical students do not learn how to cure us but how to treat us according to the principles of the school to which they belong. Very few have brains enough to know that the books they study and the lectures they hear contain, for the most part, not facts but the opinions of the doctors who wrote them. Nor do they realize that there are just as many and as good doctors opposed to every alleged principle they are taught as there are in favor of it.

For example, ever since Dr. Jenner, who, by the way, was not a doctor legally, gave the world his theory of vaccination there has been much diversity of opinion concerning its efficacy and during the past year Dr. C. S. Carr, of Columbus, Ohio, has published a book containing the opinions received from 245 doctors practicing in every state in the union, who all declare it to be worthless as a preventative of small pox.

Some years ago a doctor in Arkansas published in different medical magazines a course of treatment for typhoid fever which he declared was an infallible cure. For the next few months medical magazines were full of articles regarding the treatment and at least half of the writers declared it of no value whatever, some even asserting that *every* patient they tried it upon died. Which doctor was responsible for their deaths, the one who de-

vised the treatment or the one who administered it.

The British Medical Journal, in a recent issue, declared that every new discovery in medicine and surgery has had to overcome intense hostility and active resistance. That is the doctors are so completely hypnotized by the books they study and the lectures they hear that they refuse to believe, until forced, that there is any truth beyond them. Thus when Dr. McDowell performed the operation of ovariectomy for the first time the three other doctors of his town had a mob gathered in front of his patient's home to lynch him if the lady died, as they positively knew she would because their books said so. But she did not die. On the contrary she made a complete recovery. When Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes asserted that puerperal fever was contagious a unanimous shout of derision went up from the doctors of New England. Their books said it was not—that settled it, and they kept on murdering New England mothers for at least a decade before they gained enough plain, common sense to avoid spreading the disease.

Even the now universal fresh air cure for consumption was declared to be an insult to the intelligence of the leading medical society of London, England, when Dr. Hugh McCormick commenced to advocate it.

And the worst feature of the auto-suggestion that rules the medical fraternity is that you, dear reader, and I,

and every body else, save the doctors themselves, must suffer and often die from it. Thousands, yes millions, of consumptives have died from sheer want of the fresh air that was forbidden them by their doctors; puerperal fever often counted its victims by the score in thickly settled communities before the doctors were forced to recognize its contagiousness and take common sense measures to guard against its spread. Malaria slew its tens of thousands annually in spite of quinine, podophyllin, and other nauseating drugs, until the germ-laden mosquito was banished by draining marshes, covering pools with kerosene and cleaning up generally. The yellow fever ravaged our Atlantic and Gulf coasts almost every year in spite of the treatment of the different medical schools but when Surgeon-General Sternberg announced that its germs were carried from victim to victim by the anopheles mosquito not a doctor in the yellow fever districts had brains enough to go to work and, by experiment, verify or disprove his discovery. But, in many localities, the people went to work and eliminated the fever by destroying the eggs and breeding places of the mosquito.

Every once in awhile the onward march of civilization compels the removal of the bodies from one cemetery to another and about one per cent are always found to have been buried alive. In almost every case of this kind an investigation will establish the fact that some doctor, after applying

tests that have been proved worthless many times, has pronounced the victim of trance or catalepsy dead and ordered the interment. Unless the catalepsy occurred during the progress of a contagious disease there could be no possible reason for the interment before decomposition commenced but the doctor, hypnotized by his medical training, ordered it and the friends and relatives of the supposed corpse, hypnotized by his order, consigned it to a living tomb.

Health is our most precious possession and the best way to preserve it is to abolish all "pathies" and other medical nonsense and, in their stead, teach the combined truths of all schools with good, plain, common sense as a base. If you are really sick, reader, does it matter whether you are cured allopathically, homeopathically, hydropathically, electrically, osteopathically, or by Christian Science or Magnetic Healing, if you are really made sound and well again? A cure is what you want, and the name of the course of treatment is not material if a cure results?

The mistakes of other professions may cause us financial loss, the mistakes of doctors very often mean death. And we, you and I, do the dying. Hence the importance of the doctor, our saviour or executioner, shaking off the hypnotic spell under which he now labors and finding the truth about the cure of disease wherever he can find it without regard to school or pathy.

## *The Illusions of New Thought.*

The world is littered with New Thought literature; the number of ministers, doctors and leaders of these ideas, offering instruction, advice, health, runs up into the thousands; ads wherein success, fortunes, immortality are offered free of charge are found broadcast in countless magazines; even churches are built and dedicated for the propagation of this new doctrine.

The so called New Thoughts are as old as humanity. Whoever is familiar with the intellectual and spiritual life of the ancients knows this as a fact, proven by classical literature. As the world has become bankrupt in developing the right uplifting thoughts; as she has gone through its various stages of development and failures, it comes at last back to its beginning, taking up the truly eternal and therefore the only world redeeming ideas applying these to the wants of our time.

But as long as we only think and speak, read and write about the independent, God-attuned soul life, we are still far from our goal; as long as we need advice and instruction, we have not yet realized the word God said to Abraham: "walk before me and be thou perfect." As long as we crave for money and luxuries, we still wear fetters; as long as New Thought is preached and demonstrated in special buildings, on special days, we are still in the old ruts of dependency and authority.

The New Thought Movement culminates in the words of Christ: "Be perfect and thou shalt not see death."

In order to reach this goal we have in part to do as follows: We have to

attune our thoughts to God, that is, our thoughts have to be continually centered in the one idea: "God's kingdom reign on earth. God's will be done on earth." We have to control our body, to clean and to purify it by right food, due treatment, clothing, exercise, and etc., in order to make it the temple of the divine soul.

These first duties done to our own selves, we shall then refrain from working for swindlers, liars and all those men who enrich themselves at the cost, and by the blood and the sweat of their helps; we have to establish co-operative concerns where men and women, according to their merits, share in the profits; we have to refrain from all low literature and shows and replace these by the very best and the very highest that literature and art are able to produce; we have to build houses or rather hotels where people live in communities—privacy can always be preserved and friendship may remain free from intimacy.

Our very lives, our very actions, our very personalities have to express and to represent continually this highest condition.

How all this can be accomplished, a woman of high and rare ideals and fully understanding practical realism, has demonstrated in a book which she wishes to publish, the results of same shall call into life such conditions as mentioned in above paragraph and demonstrated in her book.

Whoever will generously assist her in realizing this plan is kindly asked to enter into correspondence with her.

Address HIGH IDEALS.

*Care of Mountain Pine.*

# CRYSTOLA.

## *Its Numerical Significance.*

BY MRS. ELLA BALDWIN.

**E**VERYTHING in the universe is the embodiment of a vibration, and every vibration has its correspondent in some tone in the circle of involution of spirit and the evolution of man.

All vibrations have a numerical value or significance. The symbols of numeral qualities are the digits 1 to 9 inclusive. The alphabet is made up of letters, which are symbols, each representing a vibration as expressed in sound. Each letter has a relation to numbers and names, are a combination of the same. Thus, a name becomes a power, for good or evil, through the inherent vibration, and it is true "there is everything in a name." From this standpoint we will analyze the beautiful name

### CRYSTOLA.

The first letter C is 3 and symbolizes the Christ Ideal, the christening of humanity by the trinity "Father, Son and Holy Ghost;" the three occult principles of manifested life; the reproductive in God and nature. On the lower plain it signifies spirit, soul and body; substance, form and energy.

R is 9 and symbolizes the trinity of substance, form and vibration. Upon three plains of consciousness, physical mental and spiritual, the three triangles united. The equilibrium of the three plains, the at-one-ment of the

three, (suggestive of the 3 in 1 of the Orthodox Church.)

Y is 7 and signifies Solomons temple Sol-om-on is the idea, God, expressed in three languages, and occultly is wisdom, the temple of wisdom; man regenerated.

S is 1 in the 3 degree and signifies the very highest spiritualization of matter; the highest realization which can be brought into a physical demonstration.

T is 2 in the 3 degree (the 3 degree signifies the regenerative degree) and is the external embodiment of the highest spiritual expression.

O is 6, the manifestation of the equilibrium of spirit and matter, the Christ spirit in the flesh.

L is 3, Human fellowship, the highest expression of helpfulness to mankind even to the point of self-sacrifice.

A is 1 and signifies temple or physical abode; as terminating the name it becomes the body or the external expression of the foregoing letters or principles. The whole name is 32—3 Christ consciousness and life, 2 physically expressed. The sum of the two is 5, and indicates a mental illumination containing the Christ wisdom with a physical habitation on earth.

The name also indicates that during the 27th to 36th years after the first conception of the ideal it will mature into a perfect realization; during the

period between 36th and 45th years the foundation for physical building will be laid; from the 45th to the 63rd years it will be in process of perfecting itself; the 72nd year will see it fully what the name implies. Thus we see that the "fates" decreed that the ideal of helpfulness which the founder of the

great project of co-operation, has conceived and is bringing into objective expression, should be named according to the scope of the work in hand.

Mountain scenery and crystal rocks cannot compare in beauty with the occult significance of the word. May *Cry stola* fully fulfill herself.



## *Facts For The Curious*

By JNO. W. VAN DEVENTER.

"Coming through the Rye" has no reference to a field of that grain. On the contrary Burns referred to a small river of that name when he wrote the song. Just at that time a number of Scotch lassies living on one side of the stream worked on the other and waded it going to and coming from their labor. Their hands were employed in keeping their skirts out of the water and they could not resist when the boys kissed them. Hence the rhyme:

"Gin a body meet a body coming through the Rye,

"Gin a body kiss a body need a body cry.



When you call a man a rascal you, in reality, call him a lean deer. The word comes from the Norman-French and was brought to England by William the Conqueror. Deer were very

numerous in England then and venison was an every day dish. But a lean deer was not good eating and hence worthless and the Normans called it a *ras caille*. By degrees the name spread to other worthless things gradually becoming restricted to a worthless man.



The name Fitch is also Norman-French and means polecat. It is only slightly changed in the spelling from *fiche* or *fichet*, the present French name for that animal.



"Muscle" was originally "moussle," meaning "a little mouse." The play of the biceps under the skin of the arm suggested a little mouse running up and down to some imaginative physiologist, hence the name.

Jupiter, or Zues-piter, the name of the chief god of the ancient Greeks, is derived from the Sanscrit and means "the sky-father," or "the father in the skies."

• • •

Daughter comes from du-hater or du-hiter, a Sanscrit word meaning a milker.

Father comes from a Sanscrit word meaning a food provider, or when traced to its earliest meaning, "one who provides food by digging roots." Father and fodder, by the way, come from the same root.

Mother and mud come from the same Sanscrit root-word which meant "that from which life comes." India was as subject to drought ten thousand years ago when the Sanscrit was her chief language as she is now and the Ar-

yans quickly learned that no life could come from her soil when it was baked and dry. So they called the soil when wet by the rains or irrigation a name which meant "that from which life comes," and afterward applied the same word to females, both animal and human," and from it mud and mother are both derived.

Brother is also of Sanscrit origin and its root-word meant "a carrier," or "one who carries things on his shoulders." The original Aryans were a pastoral people and in their wanderings the younger, stronger, men of the family and tribe carried what they could on their backs. A common occupation soon gave them a common name from which our word "brother" is derived.



## The Progress of Crystola.

Crystola, the Beautiful, has entered upon her career. Mr. Chas. Heck, of Waldron, Indiana, is building a home on the townsite which he and his family will occupy in a short time.

Work has commenced on the paint factory, the foundation for a building 32x36 being laid. The work will not stop until the building is completed and the machinery, which is here in readiness, is in position. Lots are being sold quite rapidly and subscriptions to *The Mountain Pine* are roll-

ing in at the rate of several a day. Keep your eye on Crystola and watch a live town grow.

The Co-operative Manufacture is attracting, probably more attention than any other department of the movement. Thousands, in comparatively every state, are learning the power and benefit of Co-operation. Goods at factory prices "sound good". But dividends in addition to that heralds the glad song of Industrial Co-operation.

## *Individuality the Logical Result.*

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE WORLD'S NEW THOUGHT FEDERATION,  
CHICAGO, OCT. 25, 1906, BY DR. J. ALEXANDER MCIVOR TYNDALL.

THE assignment to me of this subject, "Individuality," is an evidence—a proof—of the truth of the New Thought principle that we "attract to ourselves that which we most desire."

I think that Individualism is my "hobby." I have heard it said that I am a crank on the subject, and perhaps I am, but it seems to me that upon this—the awakening of the individual consciousness—the individual responsibility, rest the success or the failure of the New Thought message.

The world is filled with systems, cults, creeds and methods of reform. Enough surely to bring peace upon earth if it could be accomplished that way.

Politically the principles of Socialism cannot fail to appeal to our common sense, our ideas of justice and equality and brotherly love. Politically it looks as though Socialism were designed to solve all the difficulties with which we have to deal.

And so it would but for one thing. That thing is individuality.

If human beings could be lumped together and driven like sheep wherever the herder wished to lead them, any of the methods employed in the past, at various stages of the world's history would have won out.

Our dear old mother Orthodoxy formulated an excellent device to lead the mob consciousness into the shelter of the fold.

So excellent were her plans that they have been copied ever since by those who would emulate her and so "save" the race upon the "kill two birds with one stone" plan.

But this subtle, unconquerable thing called Individuality has from time to time asserted itself, and some of the sheep have refused to be driven to shelter without investigating the manner of their "sheltering" and knowing something of the character of the "fold" into which they were being driven. (I suppose they had a "hunch" as they say out in Colorado, that the "fold" might be built after the plan of the Chicago packing establishments, and they preferred not to take any chances.)

At any rate there have been individuals who have stepped aside on the march, and they have reported the advantages of freedom from the devices of those who would lead us.

They have even dared to say that the very penalties attached to the privilege of freedom are to be welcomed and even embraced.

And so there has grown up in this era of the world, a sort of new species of human—the Individual.

The individual can never be labeled. He wears no dog collar. Like all newly-discovered species, he can't be classified, because he realizes that what he knows to-day is but a step toward what he may know to-morrow.

Doubtless many of you, like myself,

have often heard the criticism on New Thought philosophy, something like this: "But Dr. McIvor-Tyndall, if we think so much about ourselves and our own development, what will become of the rest of the world? Isn't it selfish to put in all our time upon ourselves and own affairs?"

I believe that this is what is the whole trouble with the world to-day. We have all thought we must attend to some one else's affairs.

Universal Individuality means that each of us must attend strictly to our own business (so you can see how far away we are from universal individuality.)

It is because of this ancient and long accustomed idea of leaders of special revelation and divine appointment that we find some even among these who advocate New Thought ideas, the desire to establish orders, found colonies or in some way get off in a corner by themselves and be led into the fold again by another route.

If we are going to be "put" here and there to "stay put" like inanimate things, we can't do better than to stick to the orthodox methods. If New Thought were to result in the establishment of various methods of salvation with churches and leaders, I would say that it has no excuse for being. But I think I can safely predict that such an outcome is not possible.

Each day finds us nearer the ultimate of Individuality—the logical and legitimate outcome of the New Thought teachings.

The enlargement of the individual consciousness precludes the possibility of sheep-like submission to the dogmatic rule of outward suggestions.

Once we have come into consciousness of the ego, the "I," the separate individual within the physical covering called the body, that moment we assert the "I" and take the consequences—the penalties if there be penalties.

And there generally are seeming penalties because we know that for the present at least there are advantages in labels.

Those of you who came here from various parts of the country know that had you belong to a certain religious denomination you could have obtained half-rate tickets. If you came as an individual you had to pay full fare. Like all good things there is a tax upon being one of these newly evolved species—an individual.

A woman came up to me after one of my lectures in Los Angeles last winter and said: "well, I always wondered what you called yourself (you see I had tried not to be labeled). Now, I know," she said, "you are one of those new-fangled God Almighty's."

I suppose she thought that would show me the error of my ways, but I only thanked her and told her I was glad she had recognized me.

If one has to be-labored we can't do better than to be called "God Almighty." It sounds inclusive.

But, you may ask, "Are we not individuals anyway? I know that I am myself; that I am different from those with whom I come in contact. My hair is black instead of red, and my eyes are dark instead blue, and thank Goodness, I don't do what So-and So does."

You know there are lots of people who think that this is Individuality.

But there is a wide distinction between personality and individuality. Personality is the sum total of externals. Individuality is the conscious use of Universal Power, and it is not dependent in any sense upon personal appearance and environment.

Individuality does not mean fame or distinction or wealth, and yet it is the highest attainment so far reached upon this plane.

It is the A B C of New Thought, that fame and honor and position—externals are nothings—less than baubles that break in our hands when we grasp them.

These things form part of the personality. They have nothing to do with the individual.

Individuality is recognized by the conscious use of power. By our conscious grasp upon the Almighty. (So you see that the term "God Almighty" as applied to the individual is as good as any.)

It is only when we recognize our unity with the ALL-POWER that we dare to stand alone.

It is because we have not recognized this grasp upon the Infinite that we have in the past leaned upon forms and ceremonies and personality. We have been unconscious of the unlimited power and satisfaction that comes to those who dare to assert the divinity of the "I" consciousness. We have been like a king seeking alms at his own palace gate under the delusion that he is a beggar.

The moment that we assert the right and the Omnipotence of the individual soul, that moment we have begun to claim our own. We have awakened from the hypnotic delusion that we are

beggars and we know that we are kings—rulers of our own destiny, master of our own environment.

We know that we are our own savior, our own judge, our own magnet of attraction, and that we need not beg or cringe or whine at the foot of the Infinite. We are heirs to all that life can give, and the supply is not niggardly.

We comprehend as in a flash of illumination what is meant by the old teaching that we are "free-will agent" and yet subject to the "law of God."

And this recognition but serves to make us conscious of our oneness with all life, instead of impressing us with the sense of aloneness or isolation which the unawakened soul dreads and suffers.

Instead of feeling as before we have felt that we alone have been singled out from the rest of mankind to bear a heavy burden, as a punishment for past sins ignorantly committed, we know that each unpleasant experience is merely a lesson that shows us whither we are tending. It is the blank wall that reminds us that there is "no thoroughfare" the way we are traveling.

I claim that nine-tenths of the world's population are asleep. The higher consciousness is drugged by the glamour of the senses. These people are individuals—that is they have within themselves the right and the power by which they may lay hold of the realization of Almightyness, but they have not established their positive relation to this power. They are negative individuals.

They are in the position of the beggar who is heir to a throne, but does

not know it.

You probably have heard it said that New Thought people are conceited. I know I have. I was lecturing one time in Butte, Montana (I don't know whether I ought to tell here what Mark Twain said about Butte, but perhaps it might serve as a warning to some of you should you ever be tempted to go there.)

Anyway, Mark Twain said: "If I owned only Butte and Hell, and had to choose between them, I would rent Butte."

As I was saying, I was talking one time in H—I mean Butte, and I tried to make clear to my audience the difference between the personality and the "I" consciousness. I spoke of the power and strength of the "I." At the close of the meeting a friend told me that the lady who sat next to her was perfectly disgusted with me. She said she never heard so conceited a person in all her life. "Why," she said, "he talked about 'I,' 'I,' 'I,' all the time as though there were no one else in the world."

What I want to make clear is the fact that this grasp upon individuality is not in any degree comparable with the self-satisfied person who attaches undue importance to his personality his wealth, his social or business position—to externals.

It is only by recognizing your integral importance that you can be of service to another, because real service consist in pointing out to another the truth that he or she is a factor in life. That he must uncover his own soul, assert his own ego.

Which means that he must claim his own salvation without dependence up-

on anything, but the power that is accessible to all.

The moment you begin to live another's life, or say what another should do, that moment you are "off the track" and inharmony is the result. No one can, by any possibility, avoid obstacles, or live harmoniously if he encroach by so much as a thought, upon the domain of another. This is one of the very first lessons for the candidate for illumination: To let each person about you live his own life in his own way.

The moment we say "If I were you I would do thus and so," that moment we have sown the seeds of inharmony, because we are usurping another's place and another's use of power.

This mental attitude of attending strictly to our own business as it were, does not involve the necessity for "aloofness" or the "holier than thou" feeling of the Pharisee. It is the attitude that comes from the knowledge that if you could fill another's place there would be no other place to fill. There would be only oneself.

The more we recognize our own distinct place and purpose, the more we respect that of another. The person who seeks to express his individuality does so without encroaching upon the domain of another by so much as a thought. The missionary habit is pernicious and is not possible to an awakened soul. The person who has attained the goal of individual soul awakening radiates help and happiness, just as the sun radiates warmth, because it is his nature to do so, and not form any desire to have his kindly offices returned, nor to spread any favorite method of "salvation."

The New Thought student in time

becomes the occult initiate, and this means the realization that, although we are one and interdependent yet we must each be a law unto ourselves.

We must stand alone, independent and yet recognizing our unity with all life.

We must be absolutely our own way and truth and light, because nothing that the external can offer, neither method, nor form nor ceremony devised by man, can alone promise free-

dom to the enslaved and slumbering consciousness.

I would say to those who are seeking light: Despise not experience. Do not seek to avoid what the world calls "temptation."

Seek light. Demand freedom. Grasp power, and let your individual will lead you, willingly taking the consequences of your choice.

One who does this, will in time find himself upon the heights—triumphant.

## Magazine Review.

**TO-MORROW:** Do you want to think real thoughts? Do you want to keep up with the times? Do you want the best and newest new thought? Do you want to help a magazine devoted to helping the poor and down-trodden?

Then subscribe for TO-MORROW, the leader among the mid-west new thought magazines. Parker H. Sercombe is the editor and he keeps it in the lead always. Address:

TO-MORROW,  
2238, Calumet Avenue, Chicago.

A periodical of especial interest to the rapidly increasing number of believers in the mental curing of disease comes to our table from London, England. It is the **PSYCHO-THERAPEUTIC JOURNAL**, edited by Arthur Hallam. It is full of the newest and best thought on mental healing, hypnotism and kindred subjects. It should be read by all who are interested in the mysteries of the mental self. Samples can be procured by addressing **THE PSYCHO-THERAPEUTIC JOURNAL**,

8, Bayley Street, Bedford Square, London, W. C.

**THE OCCIDENT** comes to us this month as full as it can be crammed with the best of new thought. Its editor, L. Frances Estes, is a deep thinker and profound student as is evidenced by her article on "Respiration." Pub-

lished monthly at Brockton, Massachusetts, at 50 cents per year.

**NOTES AND QUERIES** comes to us this month from Manchester, N. H. As a magazine of history, especially of the kind not found in ordinary works on this subject, it stands at the head of its class. Each number leads the reader into a new field, either of local history, secret society, religion, or some other the ordinary historian does not enter. It is now entering its 24th year and is published by S. H. Gould, Manchester, N. H.

**THE VOICE OF THE MAGI** for October ably represents the Brotherhood of Jesus—Ancient Order of Melchizedek, of which it is the organ. The Brotherhood is a new thought organization striving hard to bring some of the children of men nearer God. The magazine is published at Waldron, Arkansas. Price 50 cents a year.

**THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY** for October is full of the grand thoughts of the grand old religion it represents and is a feast to all who can appreciate the great, uplifting vibrations of Theosophy. It is the organ of the Theosophical Society in America and is published at 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, New York.

## Gathered From Everywehre...

[This department invites contributions of anecdotes, strange happenings, etc. For every one printed, we will give six months subscription to this magazine. Original articles preferred, but send in what you think worth reproducing, giving credit when possible.]

Minnie Reynolds Scalabrino, formerly of the Rocky Mountain News, Denver, now a magazine writer in New York City, has contributed a "Carrie Chapman Catt Box" to the Colorado Traveling Library in appreciation of Mrs. Catt's services in the campaign which secured full suffrage to the women of Colorado.

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If the men of the country who believe in reform displayed as much sound judgment and unselfish devotion as the woman suffragists do the social world would move forward so fast as to challenge the admiration of the Creator.—*Geo. H. Shibley in Referendum News.*

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The women of Minnesota protested so vigorously at the decision of the Attorney General that they might not vote at the primaries for members of school boards, that he has modified his opinion. He advises that the votes of the women be received and kept in separate boxes so that if any one desires to take the matter into the courts it can be done conveniently.

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The Czar has signed Finland's Constitution so suffrage for the women of the country is secured. They are even eligible to seats in Parliament which places them ahead of their Australian and New Zealand sisters, who possess full suffrage but are not eligible as members of Parliament.

At Louisa Courthouse, Virginia, a little while ago the women were permitted to vote to decide which of two teachers should be retained for the High School. The election was held in the Court House, there were regular printed ballots and the Richmond Leader says that this was perhaps the first time that ladies were permitted the privilege of voting in this State. After it was all over the district school board met and calmly elected the teacher—not the "people's choice", as indicated by the election — but the other one.

A good example of the way that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

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"The conspicuous weakness of the woman suffrage cause from the beginning has been the indifference of women themselves," says Ida Husted Harper in *Colliers* for Aug. 25th, "when every other argument against it has been made and answered, the opponents could safely entrench themselves behind this one, while legislators and voters could satisfy their consciences by saying: Until there is a demand from a larger number of women, we don't see any necessity for favorable action. What is the situation in this respect today? When the International Council of Women was founded in Washington, in 1888, and its objects were decided upon, woman suffrage was strictly barred. At its meeting in Berlin, in 1904, its delegates from the National Councils of nineteen countries, representing

about 8,000,000 women, stated that they had been instructed to vote for the adoption of woman suffrage as one of the principal objects for which this international body henceforth should strive. Such action was then officially taken without a dissenting voice, and the greatest organization of women in the world thus pledged itself to work

for enfranchisement. For the chairman of its standing committee on suffrage it selected the Rev. Anna H. Shaw, now president of the National Suffrage Association of the United States. And still there are those who keep right on saying; "Women don't want to vote, the movement is dead."

## *Department of Co-Operative Manufacture.*

FACTS AND FIGURES SHOWING ITS GROWTH, BENEFITS, ETC.

The Co-operative Congress recently held at Topeka Kansas was a notable gathering in many respects.

It was composed of some of the brainiest men in the country, men who have for years been the advance guard of progressive economic thought. Their deliberations were marked by earnestness and that courtesy which characterizes great minds.

They realized that we are now in the beginning of a new era; that the older days of graft, competition, war and waste are soon to be no more and could see the rising sun of co-operative prosperity, so soon to illumine the labor world with its beneficent rays.

The plan of the Rio Grande Woolen Mills was unanimously and heartily endorsed and a special vote of thanks tendered J. H. Bearrup, 'Uncle Johnny' for the splendid display of the products of the mill.

A committee was appointed to visit

the mill and report as to method of management, etc.,

The plan has also been endorsed by the American Wool Growers Association and another mill is projected as a result of their recent convention.

Considering the natural suspicion of the labor world the progress of this plan of Co-operative Manufacture has been phenomenal.

The producer knows that he is robbed at every turn; that his political convictions are but the footballs of the politician; that transportation combines fleece him coming and going. Nothing is free except salvation and there is a heavy freight charge on that. yet when a plan like this wherein all men are equal owners, where graft is impossible, where to be dishonest would be foolish, a plan so simple that he who runs may understand, a plan open alike to rich and poor, a plan that requires no initiation fees, no quarter-

ly dues, no subscribing to any faith, cult or creed, no social obligations, no change of residence. He looks askance and wonders what the world is coming to that men will actually propose a plain, safe, conservative business based upon the eternal principal of "equal and exact justice to all."

And so in the bewilderment of this new idea he staggers around trying to get his bearings. He asks many questions, leading pertinent questions they are, questions he does not dare to ask the promoters and beneficiaries of the present system he has given of his labor to uphold. He must know that this new deal is fair when he gets no fairness from the deal he has now; that these new men are honest when he expects no honesty in the competitive world, that there is no chance of failure when he gets his investment back on his first purchase and finally that

his interests are to be faithfully protected when his past life in our present system has been one continual betrayal.

But from all over the country comes the encouraging words of those who see in this movement the beginning of the new day. A day that will witness the producer in possession of the product of his toil; a day when he who wrongs one will be accounted as having wronged the race; a day wherein the jails, prisons and reformatories will become untenanted and in city, village and hamlet, in the mountains, on the plains and by the sea will arise the home of the toiler, a sacred bit of ground undefiled by the touch of the userer, safe from the Shylock of modern finance, the cradle of patriotism, the harbinger of virtue and the altar of love.

## Book Review.

K. Lamity's Harpoon comes to us from Austin, Texas. It, in a manner, seems to follow in the footsteps of Brann's Iconoclasts though it does not contain quite as much blue blazes and oil of vitriol. Still it is a very warm periodical as Senator J. W. Bailey will testify, if desired. It contains nothing in the least uncertain in its editorials and a sample copy will interest you even if you do not care to subscribe. Address K. Lamity's Harpoon, Austin, Texas.

• • •

THE LIGHT OF REASON, the organ of the Brotherhood or School of Virtue, has reached our table after a journey across the Atlantic

## Magazines.

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• • •

THE WORLD'S ADVANCE THOUGHT AND THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC, published at Portland, Oregon, is a very able representative of New Thought on the Pacific Coast. Its editor, Lucy A. Mallory, is one of the Old Guard of advanced thinkers. Her name has been familiar to all readers of new thought literature for many years. Price \$1 a year. Remit to Lucy A. Mallory, 193 Sixth Street, Portland, Oregon.

# Department of Occult Phenomena.

[We offer no apology for placing before the world truthful statements of the operations of the great laws of Thought Transference, Telepathy and Spirit return, the truth of which is generally recognized. We invite contributions. Give us the truth, the whole truth and no more.]

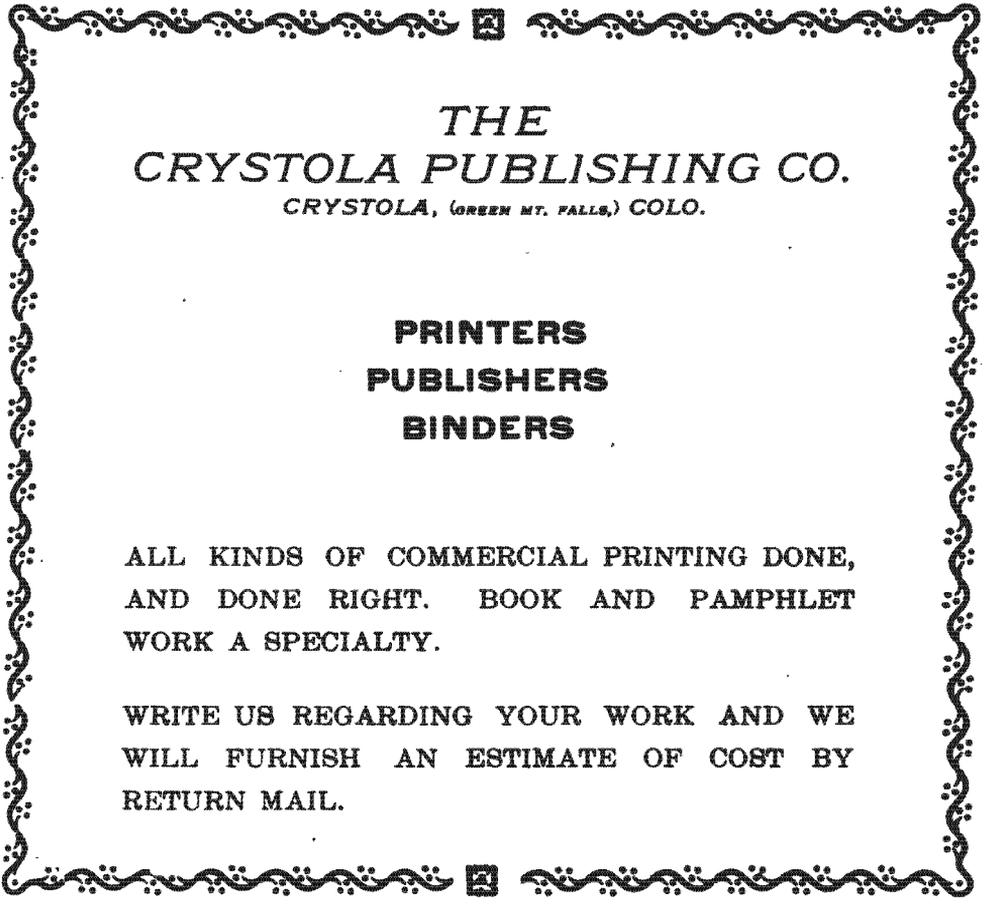
## HOW DID IT GET THERE?

Some ten years ago an old minister closed a long, useful, busy life at his home in eastern Iowa. When his personal effects were divided among his children a lot of letters and manuscripts were sent to a daughter living in eastern Colorado. On looking over the collection the love letters that had passed between him and his wife before their marriage were found with but a single one missing. It was one of his and his daughter and her husband deeply regretted its loss, as they desired the correspondence complete. The other letters written by him were in a fine, clear hand, carefully punctuated and free from errors. They were all written on the "foolscap" paper so much in vogue fifty years ago. But one was missing and his daughter and her husband saw no possibility of ever recovering it. Both were members of the M. E. church, the husband an ex-minister, and neither knew or cared anything about the phenomena of spiritualism. The husband had a box in which he kept his papers and other things of value. It was always kept locked and the key never left a ring he carried in his pocket and no one but himself ever unlocked it. About three months after they found the letter was missing he opened the box and noticed a large, folded paper lying on top of the other contents that did not look familiar. As he picked it up he saw it was a leaf torn from a

large scratch-pad. On opening and reading it he found it was the missing letter, correctly dated, written apparently with a sharp lead pencil in the exact handwriting of the old minister. The paper was fresh and new, the date was September, 1856—long before scratch-books were dreamed of. Who wrote it and how did it get into the box? Is there any other hypothesis but that the old man in the spirit world knew of his daughter's desire to have his correspondence complete and in some way, unknown to material brains, gratified it, tenable.

## A CORRECTION.

The last issue of *The Mountain Pine* contained an article entitled: "A Vision of the Lost Atlantis," credited to Mrs. Margaret Olive Jordan which was a mistake. The vision was given the world through the mediumship of Rev. John W. Ring. Mr. Ring was seated at his type-writer one day when an overwhelming desire to sleep seized him and he passed into dreamland sitting in his chair. When he awoke he found the "Vision" type written before him. The Princess Herculeina had taken control of his brain and fingers for the purpose of giving it to the world. The name, "A Vision of the lost Atlantis," was also incorrect, the island referred to being Muwaneyel, which occupied a portion of the Pacific ocean when Atlantis was queen of the Atlantic.



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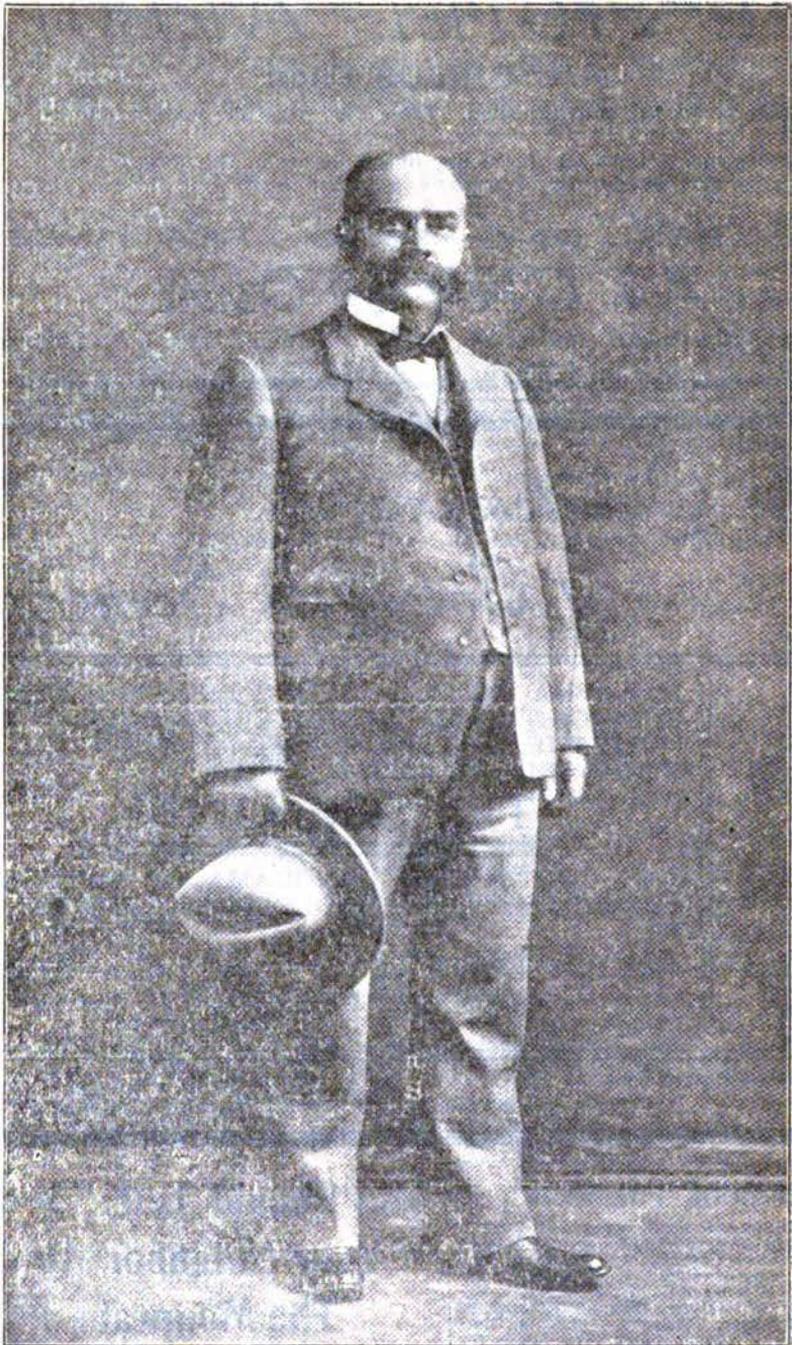
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*JOHN H. BEARRUP, Manager of the Rio Grande Woolen Mills at Albuquerque New Mexico.*

## *Mail Order Houses and the Parcels Post.*

BY J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

A CARD from Montgomery Ward & Co., in response to a request for a catalogue, received in November conveyed the information that they were not sending out any more catalogues for the reason that they had absolutely more business than they could attend to in their present quarters and were not seeking any more. They are building an enormous new building and have every bit of business they can handle until they get into it.

Sears, Roebuck & Co., have just finished a building one quarter of a mile, or 1320 feet, long, 300 feet wide and nine full stories above ground and at least three below to accommodate their enormous mail order business. It is made of iron and concrete throughout and is the largest structure, excepting possibly the great pyramid, ever erected by human hands. Yet just across the street from it are three more enormous buildings also owned and used by Sears, Roebuck & Co. And, in addition, they have many factories and branch houses. Rural free delivery has given a great impetus to the mail order business and the passage of a parcels post law would make it the great mercantile system of the country.

Of course the country merchant and the country editor are fighting it with every weapon at their command but the struggle is useless. The masses are the judge and jury and they will decide for the one that will supply their wants the cheapest and best.

And the decision must be in favor of the mail order house because it manufactures many of its goods and buys the balance direct from the manufacturers and the profits it saves by so doing are also saved by the buyer in the difference in the price he pays for the articles he purchases. In other words the country merchant pays a dozen profits on every article he sells and the purchaser pays them all back with the merchant's profit added. The mail order house charges one profit plus transportation, on the goods it manufactures, and only the manufacturer's profit plus its own and transportation on those it buys hence its prices are usually at least twenty-five to fifty per cent below those of the country merchant and that twenty-five or fifty per cent, in good, hard cash, stays in the purchaser's pocket and furnishes an argument that cannot be refuted in favor of buying of the mail order house. And that's all there is to it.

The next step is for the purchaser to own collectively the machines that make the goods he uses. To build the factories and divide the manufacturer's profits among those whose money and credit build and maintain the factory. This will also bring to the people absolutely pure goods at less than shoddy prices. The same goods at 15 to 25 per cent less than Sears, Roebuck or Montgomery, Ward & Co. Every factory in the land has been paid for by the profits on goods sold to consu-

mers. The millionaire is he who possesses the factory built by the producer and consumer and because of this possession levies such tribute as he desires.

The parcel post is to be owned by and operated at the expense of the whole people, then why not pass up the mail order houses who expect to and will make millions through its operations and go to the fountain head. Own the factory, distribute the prod-

ucts by the collective transportation utilities and equally share the profits. There is nothing Utopian about it. It is simply safe conservative business. The same kind the trusts are practising, the same kind the mail order houses are practising. When the people learn that after having earned five dollars it is as easy to keep it as to give it away the great economical lesson that will bring prosperity to every home will have been learned.



## *What Need You Care.*

SELECTED FROM "HUXLEY'S BOOK OF POEMS."

With all man's faults, the world  
moves on,  
There's growth in spite of whims.  
In spite of creeds and noxious weeds  
The right is sure to win.  
But never think your route be  
smooth  
When errors you'd repair,  
Doubtless the world will frown on you  
But then, what need you care.  
'Twas once supposed the world was  
flat  
And rested on the main,  
Copernicus pronounced it false,  
By that he lost his fame.

Galilea claimed it moved  
Was round instead of square,  
For that the Pope imprisoned him,  
But then, what need he care.  
For thus its been for ages past,  
When man proclaimed a truth,  
That lead from out the beaten path  
He's herald with abuse.  
Heed not the rabbling, thoughtless  
crew,  
Fearless the truth declare,  
In time the world will honor you  
So then, why need you care.

*E. R. Huxley, —1021 Scott St.  
Springfield Mo*



## Cheerfulness.

FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

THE cheerful man or woman is a blessing to every one with whom he or she comes in contact. There is no virtue in the world comparable to that of cheerfulness, and no person is more welcome than the one who always has a smile and a pleasant work. They are the salt of the earth.

Nobody, though his burdens may have been more grievous than the burdens of Job, has any right to be doleful and add his bit of shadow to all the shadows of the world. Cheerfulness is a duty incumbent on us all alike. It is just as much of a duty as honesty and justice and temperance. We owe it to ourselves and to others to look on the brightside.

Once upon a time the writer knew a cheerful girl. Once he heard her silvery laugh and through all of his life it will echo in his memory, a sweet and beautiful lesson. Her name was Mary, and she was a waitress in a restaurant, working hard many long hours each day, for a miserably small sum of money paid to her each Saturday night. She lived in the meanest surroundings and there was certainly very little in her life to inspire cheerfulness.

Her mother was dead and her father was a drunken outcast. Sometimes months went by without her seeing him, and when he did come home it was only to approach her and demand money with which to purchase more drink. The girl's grandmother lived with her and kept their little home. With the old lady and young girl lived one other person. Fifteen years before an elder sister had died and left a

helpless babe for Mary to provide for. The babe, it soon developed, was an idiot. It had not even the power to control its limbs, and all its life was spent sitting in an infant's high chair, staring with vacant eyes around the poor, but neat, little home.

The night the writer saw the interior of this home it was snowing out of doors and the air was bitter cold. Mary, the little waitress, swung open the door and burst in, returning from her work. The snow clung to her dark hair. Her eyes were bright and dancing. She laughed and it was like the song of a bird at sunrise, joyful, ringing and sweet.

And the helpless, impotent little thing, perched mournfully in the tall high chair, glanced up as that merry laugh rang out, and there came a light in the vacant eyes that almost seemed a smile. Even there was the magic of that angelic cheerfulness able to make a response.

What say you? Was the world not a better place to live in because of this cheerful girl, who shed sunshine over such a dreary waste of misery and squalor?

Cheerfulness is the greatest thing in the world, for it includes all other virtues. Who that has not charity would be cheerful? Who that has an uneasy conscience can always smile? Who that is selfish and sordid can find a pleasant word to say to all he meets? Look to it well. Cheerfulness is a duty, and if you are not cheerful something is wrong with you, somewhere, somehow.

## Old Comrades.

BY MISS ELIZABETH M. WEATHERHEAD.

Le's set down and talk, old comrade,  
Of the days we used to know.  
Le's forget we're old and battered;  
Le's go back to long ago.

When we both of us was youngsters,  
Didn't know a single care.  
Folks of ours was neighbor farmers—  
You lived here and I lived there.

Freckled faced, tow headed urchins,  
Full o' every kind o' trick.  
Them's the days was full and crowded.  
Comrade, you and I was slick.

Both 'o us was tall and awkward—  
Grew just like a stalk of corn.  
Green? You bet we was, old comrade;  
Green as grass in early morn.

Work was hard, but we enjoyed it.  
Appetites was keen and good  
Barefoot boys, on chilly mornins  
Frosty footprints through the wood.

Drivin' home the cows from pastur'  
Summer evenin's warm and sweet;  
When the pretty, pink cheeked clover  
Bent down low to kiss our feet.

Days when we went swimmin', com-  
rade;  
Noses burnt all shiny red,  
Blistered back, you 'member, comrade,  
Them was things we left unsaid.

Later on when we both carried  
Next our hearts a silken curl,  
Madder 'an two fightin' hornets,  
Jealous o' the same sweet girl.  
How she died and left us, comrade,

Then, how both of us forgave,  
Patched it up with tears and grievins  
O'er our sweetheart's grassy grave.

Then the war broke out, old comrade,  
Both o' us left girls behind.  
Didn't go on halves, not this tim';  
You had yours and I had mine.

How we fought agin each other!  
Friendship, then, was clean fergot.  
This limp sleeve, you 'member com-  
rade?

You was such a steady shot.  
How you nursed me and watched o'er  
me

When with fever I was warm.  
Paid me back, you did, old comrade,  
Fer the loss of my good arm.

But at last the war was ended,  
Fightin' days fer us was o'er,  
Both the gals we'd left, old comrade,  
They had shook us long before.

That was years ago, old comrade,  
Them was days as wasn't dreams,  
And, tho' we was broke and battered,  
Both o' us found wives it seems.

Glad to take us minus members,  
Knowed our hearts was good and  
true.

We had fought a good fight, comrade,  
I a rebel, Union you.

Le's shake hands across the border,  
Memory's picture still is bright.  
'T won't be long until, old comrade,  
We'll be droppin' out o' sight.

## How "Human Nature" Changed.

FROM WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE.

TO ESTABLISH a reputation as a prophet the first requirement is that the predictions be verified.

As is well known to our readers, *Wilshire's Magazine* has made many forecasts regarding social and economic events, leaving the trust question and its inevitable unemployed problem aside.

When the great earthquake occurred in San Francisco, *Wilshire's* ventured several apparently daring predictions, that drew considerable sneering criticism from the capitalist press.

It stated that the result of the earthquake would be a continued prosperity for the Pacific Coast and incidentally the rest of the country, because it would permit the investment of surplus capital for the rebuilding of the city, and insure employment temporarily to millions of workers.

This was ridiculed in the daily press, but the subsequent trend of events has shown it to be absolutely correct.

Relying on a press dispatch, *Wilshire's* stated that the suicide rate had decreased for the three months after the disaster, and said that such a result might naturally be expected. "Collier's Weekly" promptly denied the statement, declared that the opposite was more probable, and labeled *Wilshire* a demagogue and several other names of similar import. An official statement from the coroner's office in San Francisco confirmed the view we had taken, and "Collier's" when confronted with the proof re-

mained silent.

In the July *Wilshire's* we published the following editorial opinion:

"That the splendid effect on society in San Francisco of the throwing together in close organic union of all classes, for a number of weeks, as a result of every one being temporarily deprived of *private property*, will eventually show itself is certain. This throwing of people closely together is exactly what is needed in order to develop the highest type of man, and I have no question but that it will effect the development of a much finer and better society in San Francisco than has ever been seen before in the history of any American city. For a while each for all and all for each was the city law.

"San Francisco had all the knowledge of the 20th century, all the mechanical inventions, and all the advantages of living under what was practically a state of Socialism for a number of weeks. She had a vision of the social life of the future and it should profit her soul."

As might be expected, the editors of the daily papers found this so screamingly absurd that it furnished them with copy for weeks. The clipping bureaus sent us scores of extracts drawing attention to the queer mental twist of the Socialistic brain that could see happiness only in the greatest disaster. The editor of this magazine was ironically asked why we should not burn down New York, Chicago and Phila-

delphia and be perfectly happy. The way to make a man feel good was to destroy his property and set fire to his house. That was how the Socialists proposed to remedy things; fire and destruction were the agents they would employ to renovate society, had they the power. Socialist Wilshire had practically admitted as much.

Thus the daily press. It was apparently a great opportunity for the capitalist editors and they made the most of it. *Wilshire's* didn't reply. We had other matters on hand that needed attention. We simply waited until events justified the prediction. And as usual the justification has arrived.

Mr. Ray Stannard Baker is known to millions of the American people as one of the very foremost magazine writers of the day. In his special line of investigation and inquiry he probably has no rival. Absence of rash statement and denunciation are special characteristics of his work, and of all magazine writers he is the most liberally quoted on questions of fact where reliability and exact statement are required.

So far as we know Mr. Baker is not a Socialist, nor has he any connection in any way with this magazine. Yet had he been specially engaged to find evidence for the justification of our editorial he could have done no better service than in writing the article which appeared in the November "American Magazine." It is called "A Test of Men," but it might as justly have been called a test of the correctness of *Wilshire's* prediction.

Mr. Baker declares in opening that before the earthquake "San Francisco was no better and no worse than other

American cities. It was perhaps more intensely individualistic than some. It was an American city with American ideals marred by American corruption, concerning itself with business and small politics."

Then comes the following striking passage:

"But the catastrophe literally shook men out of themselves; when *property* went up in smoke, *selfishness* disappeared and in its place appeared, a miraculous *brotherhood*, the sort men have dreamed about, the sort philosophers have written in their Utopias, but few have ever seen. Men served instead of demanding service; they gave instead of receiving. They loved their neighbors."

"Mr. Baker continues, and we call the especial attention of the gentlemen of the pulpit to this particular paragraph:

"For a splendid moment this ruined city, San Francisco, was a Christian city. I don't mean necessarily religious or church-going. I mean Christian in the broadest, deepest sense, the essence of which is unselfishness and the love of one's neighbors. What Christ taught—men and women—not all, but the great majority practised in San Francisco for several weeks.

"I know these words (at first and before I get to the specific facts) will seem exaggerated and over-emotional to the outsider; it is strange, isn't it, and quite unbelievable that the Christian people (of course we *are* a Christian people) of a Christian city in a Christian country should for three weeks or more be Christians? Isn't it noteworthy that the principles we adopt as the ideals of our life should, when

reduced to practice, be adjudged almost miraculous."

This gentle sarcasm of Mr. Baker's explains the astonishment and derision with which the editors of the daily press greeted *Wilshire's* prediction in July last. With them as with most others, Christianity is a creed good to profess, but impossible to practise. They are correct, of course, under normal economic conditions. But the San Francisco earthquake was an abnormal condition, or a condition different to the present, and which gave an environment for the practice of Christian precepts. The people of San Francisco at first underwent no "change of heart," as it is called. What was changed first was their environment.

But let us return to Mr. Baker's account. Here is his description of how even the wealthy and selfish, the pleasure-loving who seemed to have no thought for their fellows before the earthquake, the political bosses and other supposedly unsocial characters were transformed by the disaster. We recommend it to those who are worried about how the capitalists will get along under Socialism:

"But the leaders were not the only men who forgot themselves; nearly every one else did. While their homes and business houses were threatened or actually burning, often while their own families were not in safety, men rushed to the work of helping save the city or of seeking supplies for the refugees. Rich young men who had never pleased anyone but themselves, came with their automobiles and carried dynamite or provisions or refugees for days on end. The very sense of *property* and of *property distinctions*

seems to have been wiped out and a universal spirit of *brotherhood* prevailed. Strangers met on the street and one gave the other money, or a coat, or a pair of shoes."

Critics of Socialism who eternally prate about the impossibility of "changing human nature" are respectfully requested to take notice of the foregoing passage,

Mr. Baker then goes on to show how the great business men were permeated with this spirit of brotherhood and unselfishness; how even the "soulless corporations" in this wonderful time developed souls and hearts." How the railroads carried refugees and freight freely, and how those who charged fares turned over the entire proceeds to the Relief Fund; how rivals and competitors in business and journalism dropped their bitterness and fraternized and worked for the common good; how race and religious differences were lost sight of in mutual help and association; how pretense vanity and hypocrisy disappeared, how there were neither idlers, paupers nor millionaires; how the latter stood in the "bread line" without humiliation; how the strong helped the weak; how drunkenness disappeared, and how sanitary conditions brought a general raise in the standard of health.

"In this halcyon time," says Mr. Baker, "the sick walked. In many cases men and women who were regarded as permanent invalids traveled on foot for miles in the streets, slept on the bare ground, ate whatever coarse food they could find, and—got well! Never in the history of the city was the general health of the people better than it has been since the fire."

Mr. Baker does not say anything about the decrease of suicide. But he did not need to. Under such conditions the incentive to suicide must have disappeared.

"There was no time for *property* or, at least a *sense of property*—it was surely a wonderful period in a city's history. It came near to fulfilling that famous definition of democracy, "The service of the best for the good of all."

While this wonderful period lasted, the grandest and noblest aspirations for the future of the city prevailed, unconnected with individual gain. Chinatown, it was decided, should not rise again. It was a source of income, but it was also a center of depravity and should never be rebuilt. Then came along the architect, Burnham, with his plans for the rebuilding of the city on a scale of public grandeur and beauty never before dreamed of. They were unanimously accepted by the dwellers of this Utopia. It was a time in which the grandest ideals had free play.

And now Mr. Baker shows the other side of the picture. How Utopia disappeared when capitalism and private property again asserted itself.

"The period of mutual aid-of "earthquake love"—lasted about one month; shorter in some directions of activity, longer in others. But gradually, a little here and a little there, personal greed and *private interests* began to break through. Men remembered themselves again.

"If Smith gets in on this, I must. I've got to live."

The remainder of Mr. Baker's recital is most depressing. He points out how the splendid ideals vanished into

thin air under the returning regime of capitalism. At a meeting of the prominent men of the city afterward, he describes the dissensions that arose regarding the Burnham plan. How the owners of lots and real estate wrangled and haggled and blocked every proposal looking toward the beautifying of the city, fearing that their private interests would suffer, or that the compensation was insufficient, or that some rival owner of real estate was getting a better deal. Mr. Baker describes one of these men, a big broad-minded man during the period of "earthquake love," looking back to that period with regret and despairingly exclaiming, "If we could only come together and say: "There's no *property* here, just men, and we want a beautiful city. We could adopt the Burnham plan in five minutes; but it can't be done. So the *Burnham plan has been forgotten*."

"Chinatown it will be remembered, was to be abolished. But, strangely enough, it is coming back to the old spot with no prospect of better buildings. Let us say it—it was only a Utopian dream, anyhow.

The eventual abuse of the Relief Fund is thus described:

"With the return of self-interest there seemed to spring up a determination on the part of thousands of men and women, deserving and undeserving, to get all they could out of the Relief Fund. The fact that there were so many millions of dollars of "our money" to be distributed, whetted men's appetites until they could not be restrained. Merchants, manufacturers, railroad companies, business men of all sorts, saloon keepers and

politicians rushed forward with claims—often for goods that in the helpful early days they had freely given to the unfortunate refugees. Apparently they regretted their own unselfishness."

Never was there a clearer or more striking proof of the Socialist contention regarding the effect of environment; never was there a more decisive refutation of the false and pernicious theory that the social welfare can be best subserved by each individual looking out for his own interests in a warring environment; and never was a forecast of this magazine more completely justified.

The reader cannot do better than to secure a copy of the "American Magazine" and peruse for himself this wonderful description of Mr. Baker's. It describes what is perhaps the best "sample" of Socialism that can be given under present conditions, and is infinitely superior, as such, to all the artificial co-operative schemes ever experimented with. It was a natural co-operation, a natural result of the catastrophe. It showed that the realization of the brotherhood of man only needs a suitable environment, and further, that the one discordant element is the private ownership of property. With collective property even in the midst of burning and blackened ruins, men develop the traits of brotherhood, the latent goodness inherent in human nature. With the entrance of private property, enters the regime of strife, hatred, meanness, and all uncharitableness, the principle of "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," that transforms human beings into beasts of prey.

San Francisco's Utopia has passed away, but the remembrance of it will

live long in the minds of the people of the city and bring forth fruit in time. They have had the experience even in the midst of apparent disaster, of the possibility of a better state of society in those wonderful days of "earthquake love." They have had in their own proper persons an illustration of the certainty of changing human nature in a changed environment. And they have had, beyond the possibility of dispute, the opportunity of observing the destructive factor whose entrance ended the brief reign of human brotherhood—the restoration of private property in the means of life—the returning regime of capitalism.

If the literal destruction of capitalist property could effect such a wonderful change for the better in human relations, what might not be expected from the abolition of the principle and the transfer of capitalist property to the collectivity? How much greater the results, were the property preserved and its characteristic of capitalist private ownership the only thing destroyed? And this, be it remembered, is what Socialism proposes.

To most men, Utopia is in the future. It is not given to many to look for it in the past, but such has been the gift of Fate to the people of San Francisco. The remembrance will bear fruit. San Francisco has had the greatest object lesson in practical Socialism that ever fell to the lot of any people of our own times, and the lesson will not be forgotten in the days to come.

Abolish private property in the means of life, and what now seems the wildest Utopian vision becomes sober reality.

The experience of San Francisco is a living testimony to the truth.

# *Socialism Defined.*

FROM THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

**T**HE Socialist theory is based on the historical assertion that the course of social evolution for centuries has gradually been to exclude the producing classes from the possession of land and capital and to establish a new subjection, the subjection of workers, who have nothing to depend on but their precarious wage-labor. The Socialists maintain that the present system (in which land and capital are the property of private individuals freely struggling for increase of wealth) leads inevitably to social and economic anarchy, to the degradation of the working man and his family, to the growth of vice and idleness among the wealthy classes and their dependents, to bad and inartistic workmanship, and to adulteration in all its forms; and that it is tending more and more to separate society into two classes,—wealthy millionaires confronted with an enormous mass of proletarians,—the issue out of which must either be Socialism or social ruin. To avoid all these evils and to secure a more equitable distribution of the means and appliances of happiness, the Socialists propose that land and capital, which are the requisites of labor and the source of all wealth and culture, should become the property of society, and be managed by it for the general good.

But while its basis is economic, Socialism implies and carries with it a change in the political, ethical, technical and artistic arrangements and in-

stitutions of society which would constitute a revolution greater probably than the transition from the ancient to the mediæval world, or from the latter to the existing order of society.

In the first place, such a change generally assumes as its political complement the most thoroughly democratic organization of society.

In the second place, Socialism naturally goes with an unselfish or altruistic system of ethics. The most characteristic feature of the old societies was the exploitation of the weak by the strong under the systems of slavery, serfdom and wage labor. Under the socialistic regime it is the privilege and duty of the strong and talented to use their superior force and richer endowments in the service of their fellow men without distinction of class, or nation or creed.

In the third place, Socialists maintain that under their system and no other can the highest excellence and beauty be realized in industrial production and in art, whereas under the present system beauty and thoroughness are alike sacrificed to cheapness, which is a necessity of successful competition.

Lastly the socialists refuse to admit that individual happiness or freedom of character would be sacrificed under the arrangements they propose. They believe that under the present system a free and harmonious development of individual capacity and happiness is possible only for the privileged minor-

ity, and that Socialism only can open up a fair opportunity for all. They believe, in short, that there is no opposition whatever between Socialism and individuality rightly understood, that these two are complements the one of the other, that in Socialism alone may every individual have hope of free development and a full realization of himself.—*Encyclopedia Britannica*.

We publish the above to let our readers see what the best authority in the world says of the movement that is rapidly becoming world-wide and promises universal domination in the not distant future. Late editions of Webster's dictionary, by the way, says that Socialism is putting the principles of the Golden Rule into practice which is merely an epitome of the Encyclopedia.



To BE is great, but all things are,  
 So greater 'tis to DO;  
 And both the greatest is, by far,—  
 To BE so Noble, Humble, True,  
 That Light and Love's in all we DO.

J. W. R.



## *At Peace with the Universe.*

WILLIAM E. TOWNE, IN NEW YORK MAGAZINE.

**W**E SELDOM realize even a small part of the consequences which flow from resentment.

It's the most natural thing in the world—for most of us at least—to resent many of the acts of other people. We even resent inanimate things, the weather, the pen which refuses to write, the book which cannot be found when wanted, and so on through the list.

And isn't it perfectly childish on our part, when we come to think it over, to indulge in such mental and spiritual debauches under such slight provocations?

But aside from such conduct we are doing serious harm to ourselves. We are laying the foundation of a habit hard to break, and which will cause us much unhappiness and often bring us sickness of body.

Resentment causes inharmony. That is, it drives the harmony away from the outer self and in toward the center of being.

To maintain harmony at the surface of being, in our contact with things and people, is to live at peace. We cannot do this unless we realize and keep in touch with the harmony at the center.

Most of us live almost altogether in the surface vibrations. Every little physical storm that ruffles the surface of being impresses us as something important and final and we vibrate with it,

But at the center abides eternal

peace.

The peace is there all the time, only we have become so absorbed in the objective life, we have so seldom taken time to become quiet and let the peace at the center find its way to the surface, that we are only conscious of the outer material life. When that fails, or we get things tangled, we feel that we have no resources left. We are at the end of our rope unless we have learned to retire within where peace abideth.

This entire universe which often seems to the superficial observer to be so full of inharmony and of cross purposes is based on the law of harmony. Stars, sun and moons silently revolve in accordance with this law.

And we, too, on the unseen, spiritual side are forever at one with that law.

To live in the consciousness of universal law of love and harmony is to live in heaven.

Jesus said that the kingdom of heaven would come to mankind when that which is within, i. e., when the universal harmony upon which our interior, spiritual and real life is based, should find expression on the outer plane. We must learn to harmonize the outer life with the inner plane.

To gain the sense of this inner peace—the "peace that passeth all understanding"—we need, perhaps, more than anything else, to be possessed of patience. Nature is ever brooding and patient, in all her processes. Hun-

reds, thousands of years does she consume, if necessary, in accomplishing her object. But we become impatient and look for immediate results, and when we do not get them we become discouraged and give up trying to understand the great law of being and try to drown our disappointments and lack of satisfaction in life by plunging into purely material pursuits.

Often we prevent the knowledge we seek from coming to us by our own eagerness and importance. It is only by letting go and dwelling much in the brooding silence that a real understanding of life and its true meaning can come to us. Only as we make ourselves good conductors of spirit, as Elbert Hubbard says, do we learn the truth of things.

I am told that one of the greatest inventors in America sits silent and seemingly passive for hours at a time, waiting for the inspiration which shall give him the knowledge which he seeks. Another world-famed inventor, connected with a government institution, and the author of over two thousand inventions, spends a stated period of time daily sitting in the silence whenever he has a great problem to work out. A famous artist, one who earns more, probably, by his newspaper sketches than any other man in America, says in a recent interview that he can always think of a fitting subject for a sketch provided he can be alone five minutes.

The great men of the world, those who have shown great genius, have all learned, consciously or unconsciously, to become quiet and passive to the Cosmic Life at the center of their beings and hence to interpret the messages of

which it is ever waiting to impress upon the outer consciousness, and thus express in the material life of the individual.

Anger, hatred, resentment, drive n the Cosmic Life, and prevent us from being good conductors for spirit.

Life is fluid, and it will not penetrate and manifest through us if we allow ourselves to become hardened and build around us a barrier of prejudice, hate, etc.

Only when we are at peace, when we have forgiven every one—even ourselves—do we get the divine message that is ever waiting to be delivered to us.

Great strain and stress are not signs of great accomplishment. It is in the silence, the lull that follows the battle, the reconstructive period, that the real and important work is done. Strife itself is a penalty that we pay for disobedience to the inner voice. When African slavery was introduced into the United States it did not come as an expression of the divine and universal love of justice in man, seeking to manifest in acts which would benefit the race. Instead it was a violation of that which is highest and best in man. It pandered to the brute instinct which seeks to acquire gain at any cost to one's fellow creatures. And in this instance the sin against the universe was so great, the violation of the Law of Life was so far reaching, that it could only be atoned for, and the scales of justice swung back to their true place by the sacrifice of one million lives and a vast amount of property.

Yes, it is true as Emerson says, that "man cannot wrong the universe."

That which we sow in violence, str

and discord, in opposition to the messages of peace and harmony which the Cosmic Life is ever whispering to us, is bound to come back to us in violence, strife and discord, increased and multiplied many fold.

I am much inclined to believe that the great cataclysms and violence in nature are in some way an outgrowth of the aggregate violence of the mass of mankind.

He who dwells in peace, in harmony with the law of his being, who seeks to manifest love instead of hate, who tries to be just to all, who is faithful in

his attitude towards Universal Good, will find himself protected amid all violence.

Not even death has terrors for the one who is conscious of the Cosmic Life through him.

All lasting peace, all sweet satisfaction, all the real joy of living are ours when we become conscious of our oneness with Universal Life. Then the changes which must forever continue to take place in the material world will no longer have any terrors for us. For we know the life of the spirit and that which is of the spirit endures.

## *Uplifting Me.*

Written for "The Mountain Pine" and lovingly dedicated to the Co-operative Brotherhood of Humanity.

BY AGNES BACON.

To spheres of love I feel thy hand,  
     Uplifting me;  
 To thoughts and deeds supremely  
     grand,  
     Uplifting me;  
 To seek for paths of righteousness,  
 Unfolding more, God's consciousness,  
 Thou art Great Go(o)d in all of this,  
     Uplifting me.  
 Across life's dreary, desert plain,  
     Uplifting me,  
 Behold the Watch Tow'r is thy name,  
     Uplifting me.

To love the Right, to try and be  
 More conscious of Thy will in me,  
 To feel Thy pow'r, which maketh  
     free,  
     Uplifting me.  
 I know, Oh God, within my heart,  
     Uplifting me,  
 A living, loving pow'r thou art,  
     Uplifting me.  
 And, like the sun at Thy command,  
 My soul responds to thy demand,  
 And loving bends to kiss the hand,  
     Uplifting me.



# One Deity, One Religion.

BY DR. HENRY WAGNER.

**A**LL creeds, dogmas, isms and sects, no matter by what name they are known, have their origin in the Spiritual Sun, hence, all are sun worshipers. This is absolutely true of every people on earth today, be they Hindoos, Persians, Egyptians or Christians.

The Sun is the father of all nations and races of people who inhabit the earth.

The time is here to teach the truth of God to all His children; they have been lied to long enough, and are starving for the bread of life. The various trees of religious truth can be compared to the different fruit trees: they each and all are good, some better than others, more beautiful and bear more and better fruitage. Variety is God's order of manifestation.

When we look out upon nature we find diversity in every department of life's expression. No two of a kind of anything, no two human beings alike, no two trees alike, no two leaves alike. Nature seems incapable of creating exact duplicates of anything. Why is this so? Hermetic Science answers these queries perfectly and scientifically to the mind of Nature's students: The Sun, the source of all life, moves through space at the rate of 108,000 miles per hour. Our earth moves in an opposite direction at the speed of 19 miles per second, hence the sun's rays are out at angles of every conceivable polarity at every fraction of a second of time which makes it impos-

sible for Nature, in her law of vibration, to produce a straight line in her nascent vibrations. All are curves or trines, squares or oppositions, which gives the infinite variety in everything in crystals, minerals, plants, vegetables, cereals, fruits and animals as well as in men. Variety is manifested in different species, in forms and functions.

Man being the culmination of all forms of life found upon the planet earth, nature culminates in the perfect man as a type of the Infinite Creator; God, hence man is made in His image, "male and female created He them." "Man and woman are the types of the Infinite One, and a perfect knowledge of ourselves gives us the key to unlock the Spirit's door to the mansions of truth, which, like the Deity, are infinite. "In my Father's house are many mansions" said Jesus: spiritual mansions, spiritual temples in which reside the blest, the good and the great of every nation: "As it is below, so it is above." We create for ourselves, by our aspirations, the relations we have to Deity. No two have exactly the same relations, hence infinite variety in the Creator's design. How, then, is it possible to have equality? We are equal in nothing, not in strength, mental, moral nor physical, nor in any other way.

Why then, do we try to deceive ourselves by saying that we are all born equal? This is the fundamental falsehood of our civilized races upon earth.

today. They are not equal nor alike except in essence of God's Spirit: they are one in this sense only, but not in any other sense. They differ in degrees of knowledge and wisdom as the stars differ in magnitude and splendor.

The "big trees" of California, like Hermetic Philosophy, belong to an age of pre-historic evolution; they are types of a past cycle of time and gave perfection in its growth, both physical and mental. These giants mighty in their stature and grandeur, and sublime in their perfect proportions, show us that Nature's laws repeat themselves in cycles of time.

We have only fragments of Hermetic wisdom handed down to us, but sufficient to prove that there were civilizations far in advance of our present races of men in the knowledge of Nature's laws. This knowledge has been concealed from all but Hermetic initiates. "Hermetic" means, sealed and secret, and applies to all secret societies, by whatever name they are known and, like the big trees their wisdom is seen only by the few, comparatively speaking; but the time has come to place these Hermetic teachings before the masses, that they too may know of the wonders of nature in her creations of cycles, during which time she grows to perfection, great and mighty trees, both on the physical and mental planes of evolution.

This present cycle, upon which the earth and its inhabitants have entered will surpass all past cycles in grandeur and perfection, when viewed from the mental plane, by reason of the greater and more perfect condition offered for growth. The earth itself is nearer perfect, hence, its offspring will

be proportionately perfect in mental and physical development, also in moral and spiritual knowledge and wisdom. This is the reason why the old systems of thought on every subject will be superseded by a more perfect type of expression.

This old earth is, for the first time, in its manhood, so to say, its past evolution has been that of the child and the boy, therefore, history records the facts of its doings that correspond to the stages of mental growth and development of the child and boy; but the age of manhood has been evolved and we naturally expect and look for manly acts that are in keeping with his present development: he has armed himself with the keen knife of action and with it has conquered the forces of matter. He has harnessed the lightning and made the electric fluid his obedient slave. All nature is under his dominion and he has control of it. His knowledge of self is the motive force for his present attitude of mind toward the forces of nature in their organic and inorganic expressions; he has the consciousness of his dominion over them, they become his servants and slaves: he has a right to use the forces of nature in any way his intelligence prompts or dictates.

Great and mighty changes are inevitable in every department of human life, especially in our social and religious lives. Nature's aim being diversity, not equality; toleration for each other's differences on social and religious subjects must become general and universal, each must be granted the liberty of worshipping according to their own peculiar views and inclinations from their standpoint of viewing

nature's God. A race of mental and intellectual giants will be the result of this broad charity, it will be in keeping with natural law on the physical plane of life, where we see the infinite variety of vegetable, animal as well as human life; no two exactly alike nor do they require the same in anything neither mentally, physically nor spiritually, therefore it is impossible that they could see their God with the same understanding, with the same knowledge of Him and His creations. Each must worship their God according to their own conceptions of Him. This broad tolerance of thought on every subject will evolve the highest and best in every human mind.

Liberty of speech, of press and of pulpit will reveal God in His infinite expressions through the minds of men. This diversity of expression will compel the truth to stand out in all its colors, forms and functions of infinite wisdom. Surely this grandeur, this sublime tree of knowledge is worthy of our highest and holiest thoughts.

Hermetic philosophy recognizes the truth that it is the "big trees" of human wisdom that it belongs to the prehistoric cycle of evolution, like the "big trees" of California, but does not deny other trees the right of being, of existing, nor of their relations and functions in creation, it only announces the truth of its gigantic proportions over all other trees of knowledge and wisdom that nature has, thus far, evolved upon this planet, not that she will not produce still more perfect growths of mental development as the planet becomes more perfect. Perfection comes from perfection by reason of the law of evolution that evolves

the potentialities of the Infinite One, therefore, this present cycle of time will manifest greater knowledge and wisdom than the earth has heretofore been capable of producing. Wonderful will be the achievements of the races of men during the cycle of the *man*.

If I may be permitted to outline a few of the many truths, discoveries and facts that are sure of being realized during the present cycle, I think my readers will agree with me that life is worth living to behold the works of the minds of men. New discoveries in every department of human thought and activity have already placed man in possession of nature's forces to such an extent as to make him lord of creation: he is, however, to realize his God-nature and demonstrate its power over the elements and forces of universal life, proving to himself his immortality and oneness with the Father and Mother, Deity, the great ocean of life in which we all live, move and have our being.

There is but One God, One Law, One Life. All are but parts of this stupendous whole. Petty jealousies, little meannesses, natural to the boy and girl, must be discountenanced by the man and woman races that are coming to take the place of the boy and girl races which preceded this cycle of evolution on this planet. The perfect race of human development, both physically and mentally, is being ushered in and will soon take control of affairs on this earth in such a way as to astonish and delight the survivors of the past cycle of the planet's polarity in Pices, the sign of the fishes, through which the sun has just pass-

ed.

History records the doings of the child races but the pages are blank, awaiting record of the deeds of the man races which the planet will bring forth in due time. Already we begin to see wonderful achievements in many department of human thought. The automobile, the electric car, the flying machine, wireless telegraphy, the telephone, the sceptorphone, etc., are only a few of the many discoveries of this new cycle which has in store for man much that he does not dream of as yet and which will revolutionize his thought and mode of living, his consciousness of himself and his God.

New systems of philosophies and religions will be formulated that will correspond to his mental development; new discoveries of latent powers of his God like being will astonish and delight him. Man's soul is a part of the Universal Soul, and when once awakened to that consciousness he becomes universal in his comprehension of

things; he is, then, Nature's poet who sees God in everything.

The airy forces are universal, they symbolize Deity in all, and the sun in Aquarius will bring about universal brotherhood: men will see in their fellows brothers, and will recognize them as brothers, because of this influx of the sun's vibrations through the *man sign* Aquarius.

Our ministers have lost their hold upon the people cooped up in their two-by-four creed: they are powerless to do good for the masses, hence their influence for good is limited to the few: they must come out of their creeds into God's sunshine, and discard all walls that shut them in, or out, as the case may be, from the Spiritual sun, the only living God, the Father and Mother of us all. When they do this they will free their flocks and themselves from every false relation to Nature and to Nature's God, and heaven, health and happiness will result for all.

## January.

BY MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

The world tonight is calm and still,  
 Not e'n a bird sends forth a vibrant trill.  
 A strange new world, all carpeted in white,  
 Save where the stars shed forth their light.  
 O majesty of God, O world so white,  
 His voice speaks in the silence  
 Of the winter night.

# THE MOUNTAIN PINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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GEO. B. LANG, Editor and Manager.

Zion City, the almost magical creation of John Alexander Dowie, is a thing of the past. It is to be entirely abandoned by the Dowieites. The new overseer, Voliva, in language fully as egotistical and nonsensical as the harangues of Dowie used to be, announces that he will establish a new Zion immediately with himself as Supreme Autocrat. It will be purely socialistic in everything but his absolute dictatorship. It will go the way of the old Zion in a year or two at most.

Ever since the first one was built the railroads have been killing the common herd by hundreds and thousands each year. But now a change in the program has occurred. In a recent wreck in Virginia, Samuel Spencer the president of the road, was killed instantly. He was in his private car with a number of guests and they were all killed but one or two. A half dozen more such accidents would render railroad travel much safer for common people.

Rev. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the noted woman preacher, hit the nail squarely on the head in a lecture on matrimony delivered before the National Woman's Suffrage Association a few days ago. She insists that young folks should be educated for matrimony just the same as they are for everything else. She insists that marriage

is a vocation, a real profession. Other professions require years of study and development. "For school teachers, for medicine, for law, for everything on earth are men and women educated except for marriage." She is right. Education would go a long ways farther toward solving the divorce problem than all the laws that can be enacted.

The people of Minnesota are getting so "oranky" that an honest trust can scarcely make a living in that state. Fifteen years ago it set its convicts to making binding twine and busted the binding twine trust within its borders. Of course state managed industries never pay but during the past twelve years the penitentiary of Minnesota has turned \$883,020.05 in good, hard cash into the state treasury as profits on the business and the farmers of the state have been saved many millions of hard earned dollars for the price of twine is held at least a third less than it was when the trust had a clear field.

And now the state proposes to give the farmers still another "lift" on the road to prosperity by manufacturing all kinds of agricultural machinery. In ten years the profits on this enterprise will probably pay the running expenses of the state. But the poor International Harvester Company—what about it? Has a poor hundred million dollar trust no rights in this glorious

land of the free. What are a million paltry farmers and their families when compared to its two dozen poor, multi-millionaire stockholders? It is to weep when one thinks of it.

Denver has had a morality "convulsion." The exciting cause was the proximity of the "red light" district to the twenty-fourth street school. One of the city's largest churches was packed by an indignant crowd and a vast amount of eloquence was poured forth and resolutions adopted which eased the minds of a good many people and the "convulsion" is past.

Not a single speaker had brains enough to know, or at least to express it if he did, that prostitution is one of the many evil fruits of our social and economic system and will last as long as the system does. No woman sells herself because she wants to. Want, unceasing toil at starvation wages, the vile environment that poverty compels her to exist in, inherited vicious tendencies and lack of sex education are the main causes of prostitution and they will all exist as long as our social system does.

If the ministers and others who at the indignation meeting rent the air to tatters with their senseless harangues would study the history of New Zealand and they might address future gatherings of a similar nature intelligently. Red light districts are absolutely unknown in New Zealand cities. During the last ten years prostitution and other social evils have practically vanished from the islands because the people in a great measure own the machinery of production and distribution and there is work at good pay and rea-

sonable hours for everybody. We must own the machines if we would be a free and virtuous people.

#### THAT SPURIOUS REPORT.

Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine has denied the sensational prophecy he was supposed to have written, in an article in the *Progressive Thinker* in which he discredits all of it and says it originated in the brain of a reporter of the *Boston Post*. The following is the prophecy as given in the *Thinker*:

May I have the space to correct a false interview printed in the *Boston Post*, of a prophecy I made in the November issue of "Occult Science."

In the first place, the *Post* refused to print the prophecy as I wrote it, and wrote up a sensational story which is a lie from beginning to end; not a word of the interview being true. Take 99 per cent from every alleged interview, and what is left is the truth.

I here enclose the prophecy as it appeared. Any conservative man of affairs could prophesy the same without appearing idiotic or a fool.

It is not often that I am urged to make a public prophecy, but when the spirit of prophecy is on it is wise to let the hand record what the unseen intelligences dictate. Let this message be circulated broadcast through the world:

That the (United States) ship of state is entering a stormy sea is evident by the dark black cloud which looms up in the East and that it will strike dangerous reefs or hidden rocks is shown very clearly. There will be first a stagnation of business, this begins in January, 1907, followed by a

cataclysm of untoward political events, in which many industries in the north and west will be forced to the wall.

The political situation appears in the form of a sphynx and it looks as though President Roosevelt will be forced to become a candidate for re-election. A black hand arises in the South-west and appears with fingers and palms in the act of grasping, and extends over the White House. This has reference to anarchy and it springs up suddenly, and asserts its strong hand in the House of Representatives. Wait! This seems impossible, but it is so, and the chairs of the House are seen in disorder and the men are combating each other. Such a riotous scene has not appeared in such a judicial place for many years.

Banks fail, and large trust companies are forced to go out of business. There are riots in Chicago, Kansas City and St. Louis. The dread of a revolution throws business into a panic and stocks tumble, industrials suffer a loss of from 25 to 50 per cent. Automobilists are held up by the infuriated populace, who throng the streets, because idle, as large factories once flourishing close their doors. This condition goes on for five long years without abatement. A brother's hand is raised against a brother, and still the end is not shown.

A warning is given to those with money. Invest in U. S. bonds or keep money in safe deposit vaults, as real estate will suffer and be a drug on the market. A great reaction sets in in 1912, and from 1908-12 there will be a final struggle, but not a revolution, nor will it be the end. This crisis will reshape public opinion so that truth and

not falsehood, facts and not fabrications, will be the fashion. No danger yet from Catholic sources, and the present situation calls for political and industrial rather than religious remedies.

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Andrew Carnegie who has made more millions from the sweat of his erstwhile slaves now says there should be a heavy tax placed on wealth. A law which would give to the producer a fair share of the wealth he produces would be more just, equitable and efficacious. "Andy" is a firm believer of the old hackneyed protection phrase, "Let the government take care of the rich and they will take care of the poor."

Such twaddle coming from the beneficiaries of an unjust system which has millionaires and paupers only hastens a day of final reckoning.

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Kidnapping as a form of Patriotism, as a means for the preservation of law and order has received the sanction of the Supreme Court of our country and no decision since the Dred Scott opinion has been so vital as the majority opinion of the Supreme Tribunal of our land.

Law abiding citizens depend upon the courts and when these courts so far forget the greater laws of individual liberty and God-given inalienable personal rights as to subvert them then indeed nothing but revolution can obtain.

The majority decision savors of demagoguery in that it dodges the vital question—can two governors legally conspire to deprive a citizen of his constitutional rights?

The evidence before the court, was according to their statement that the requisition from the Governor of Idaho for the arrest of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone was honored on Thursday by the Governor of Colorado. The men wanted were in Denver. They were not arrested until late Saturday night. Were taken one at a time as they were caught alone, denied the right to communicate with anyone, placed upon a special train and whisked out of the state. There was no insurrection in Denver. Not a doubt but that the result would have been as it is if the proper procedure had been taken.

The whole spectacular proceeding seems to have been a challenge to organized labor. The majority opinion says;

"Even if it be true that the arrest and deportation of Pettibone, Moyer and Haywood from Colorado was by fraud and connivance, in which the governor of Colorado was a party, this does not make out a case of violation of the right of the appellants under the constitution and laws of the United States. While it was true that they were, after the issuing of the warrant and before being deported, entitled to have the question whether they were fugitives from justice passed upon by the courts of Colorado, yet no obligation was imposed upon the agent of Idaho who was sent after the appellants, by the constitution of the United States, to afford them opportunity to have the questions determined by the courts of Colorado."

"No obligation was imposed by the constitution or laws of the United States upon the agent of Idaho so as to time the arrest of the petitioner and so conduct his deportation from Colorado as to afford him a convenient opportunity before some judicial tribunal sitting in Colorado to test the question whether he was a fugitive from justice, and as such liable under the act of congress to be conveyed to Idaho for trial there.

It will be seen that it is lawful for authorities to so time their actions that

*those arrested have no chance to assert their rights.*

In our opinion no more revolutionary utterance has ever emanated from a court. If that doctrine was put into general practice it would be the duty of the offender, either real or supposed to resist arrest with his life, and anarchy would be the result. It is the province and duty of all courts to see that every man has all the rights guaranteed him under the constitution. Their duty to protect the helpless from either intentional or accidental injury by the officers of the law. Yet here is an acknowledged conspiracy between two governors to deny and deprive three citizens of their legal rights and the Supreme Court sanctions it with the exception of Justice McKenna, who says;

#### *State Officers Real Offenders.*

"IN THE CASE AT BAR THE STATES, THROUGH THEIR OFFICERS, ARE THE OFFENDERS. They, by an illegal exertion of power, deprived the accused of a constitutional right. The distinction is important to be observed. It finds expression in *Mafion vs. Justice*. But it does not need emphasizing. KIDNAPING IS A CRIME, pure and simple. It is difficult to accomplish; hazardous at every step. All officers of the law are supposed to be on guard against it. BUT HOW IS IT WHEN THE LAW BECOMES THE KIDNAPER? When the officers of the law, using its forms and exerting its power, become abductors? This is not a distinction without a difference. It is another form of the crime of kidnaping DIS INGUISHED FROM THAT COMMITTED BY AN INDIVIDUAL ONLY BY CIRCUMSTANCES. If a state may say to one within her borders and upon whom her process is served: "I will not inquire how you came here; I must execute my laws and remit you to proceedings against those who have wronged you," may she so plead against her own offense? May she claim that by mere physical presence of the accused

within her borders the accused person is within her jurisdiction deprived of his constitutional rights, though he has been brought there by violence?

### *Violate Constitutional Rights.*

"CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS THE ACCUSED IN THIS CASE CERTAINLY DID HAVE, and valuable ones. The foundation of extraditing between the states is, that the accused should be a fugitive from justice from the demanding state, and he may challenge the fact by habeas corpus immediately upon his arrest. If he refute the fact he cannot be removed (*V. Corkrain*, 198 U. S. 691), and the right to resist removal is not a right of asylum. To call it so, in the state where the accused is, is misleading. It is the right to be free from molestation. It is the right of personal liberty in its most complete sense; and the right was vindicated in *V. Corkrain* and the action of a constructive presence in a state and a constructive flight from a constructive presence rejected.

"This decision illustrates at once the value of the right, and the value of the means to enforce the right. It is to be hoped that our criminal jurisprudence will not need for its efficient administration the destruction of either the right or the means to enforce it. The decision, in the case at bar, as I view it, brings us perilously near both results. Is this exaggeration? What are the facts in the case at bar as alleged in the petition, and which it is conceded must be assumed to be true? The complaint, which was the foundation of the extradition proceedings, charged against the accused the crime of murder on the 30th of December, 1906, at Caldwell, in the county of Canyon, state of Idaho, by killing one Frank Steunenberg, by throwing an explosive bomb at and against his person. The accused avers in his petition that he had not been in the state of Idaho, in any way, shape or form, for a period of more than ten years prior to the acts of which he complained; and that the governor of Idaho knew accused had not been in the state the day the murder was committed, nor at any time near that day.

### *Conspiracy Between Governors.*

"A conspiracy is alleged between the governor of the state of Idaho and his advisers, and that the governor of the state of Colorado took part in the conspiracy, the purpose of

which was, 'To avoid the constitution of the United States and the act of congress made in pursuance thereof; and to prevent the accused from asserting his constitutional right under clause 2, section 2, of article IV. of the constitution of the United States and the act made pursuant thereof.' The manner in which the alleged conspiracy had been executed was set out in detail. It was in effect that the agent of the state of Idaho arrived in Denver, Thursday, February 16, 1906, but it was agreed between him and the officers of Colorado that arrest of the accused should not be made until some time in the night of Saturday, after business hours, after the courts had closed and judges and lawyers had departed to their homes; that the arrest should be kept a secret, and the body of the accused should be clandestinely hurried out of the state of Colorado with all possible speed, without the knowledge of his friends or his council; that he was at the usual place of business Thursday, Friday and Saturday; that no attempt was made to arrest him until 11:30 o'clock p. m., when his home was surrounded and he was arrested and Chas. P. Moyer, arrested under the same circumstances at 8:45, and he and accused thrown into the county jail of the city and county of Denver.

### *Significant Facts.*

"It is further alleged that, in pursuance of the conspiracy, between the hours of 5 and 6 o'clock on Sunday morning, February the 18th, the officers of the state, and certain armed guards, being a part of the forces of the militia of the state of Colorado, provided a special train for the purpose of forcibly removing him from the state of Colorado; and between said hours he was forcibly placed on said train and removed with all possible speed to the state of Idaho; that prior to this removal and at all times after his incarceration in the jail in Denver he requested to be allowed to communicate with his friends, his counsel and his family, and the privilege was absolutely denied him. The train, it is alleged, made no stop at any considerable station: but proceeded at great and unusual speed, and he was accompanied by, and surrounded with, armed guards, members of the state militia of Colorado, under the orders and directions of the adjutant general of the state.

Who is it that does not agree with

Justice McKenna, that the most sacred principles of our government have been perverted by this decision. And as one of the after effects of this decision the public prints quote the governor of Idaho as saying that *these men shall never leave Idaho alive.*

No trial has been had, no one knows what the evidence is. The governor doubtless thinks, if he is correctly quoted, that if he has a legal right to kidnap a citizen of another state, he also has a right to try them in his own way and at the end of the trial execute

them without further ceremony. Yet such has been the history of the world. The King's bench decreed that no magna charter was necessary; King George advised that the colonists had no "constitutional rights"; Justice Taney decreed that certain portions of the human race were chattel property and now our Supreme Court says officers of the law may *legally* conspire and may *legally* deny to any citizen his lawful and constitutional rights. And thus history is made.

## UNION.

BY KATHARYNE CLARKE.

I stood at the foot of a mountain,  
 Looking upward toward the sky,  
 At the far distant, towering summit,  
 "Surely I cannot reach it," said I;  
 But I saw, just ahead, a beacon,  
 So invitingly urging me on,  
 That the fear of the treacherous ledges  
 In the surrounding beauty was gone  
 I started, alone, up the pathway,  
 Allured by the beacon's weird glow  
 Not once taking thought that it traveled  
 Apace with my footsteps below.  
 Soon the light reached the snowy capped summit,  
 As I watched silvery clouds o'er it roll,  
 Embazoned in letters immortal,  
 The word *UNION* appeared on a scroll.



## Gleanings.

BY JEREMIAH.

Life is full of brightness; let us enjoy it.

Let your face ever reflect joy, gladness and peace.

Look within; there is the fountain of true worth.

Live to DO, and DO; the world has need of doers.

Thoughts may build or destroy, as the WILL dictates.

Come drink from the fountain of love and have thy life renewed.

Live in the eternal present, Here, NOW.

Let memory hold in tender clasp the sweet and tender things in life.

Let us fill home with our rarest jewels of kindness, sympathy and love.

Let each passing day bear fruition of kindly thoughts and helpful deeds.

Cherishing a heart or drying a weeping eye is taking a step heavenward.

Unstained life's page lies before us; how carefully we should make an entry.

Plain but hearty sincerity will always attract, and he who comes will be glad.

Fill life to overflowing with joy and cheer and strength, and wisdom will be yours.

Spiritualism is the opposite of materialism, it warms with love, mercy and sympathy, each human life.

Smile in the face of life's storms;

they may not reflect your smile, but they will go away.

Spiritualism clears the mist between mortality and immortality, and we know as we are known.

A converted soul may back slide, but a convinced soul will always move onward.

Smiles play upon the human affections like sunbeams on the flowers, and when gone leave warmth and gladness.

Give joy to a saddened heart or cheer to discouraged fellow traveler, and you make a never failing investment.

The day may seem long and the burdens heavy, but evening brings rest and strength if we have but done the best we know.

Let each day find us stronger and more gentle; firmer for what we think right and more tolerant towards the opinions of others.

Some may smile for the anniversary of a life beginning, others weep at the supposed end; but we are filled with rejoicing every hour, for life, love and liberty are lasting.

Modern Spiritualism has girdled the earth with the light of joy and gladness; into millions of hearts has come peace and thanksgiving for knowledge of facts, not faith of fancy.



## *The Instinct of a Sheep Excites Comment.*

BY CONSTANCE WHITE.

THE old idea of a sheep being a poor weak creature unable to look after its own welfare, may have been all right in biblical times, but in the present century there is a new order of things.

Colorado has a sheep that is not only able to care for itself, but looks after the welfare of the cattle as well.

Strictly speaking, the animal is a product of Montana, where it was raised on the ranch of Jno. W. Springer. This particular sheep isn't any particular breed—just plain sheep, but the best of her kind. As a wool grower she is a great success, but she is particularly long on sheep intelligence and seems to know a great deal besides. If sheep and dogs and horses and cattle have languages of their own, this particular sheep is a polygot specimen for she seems able to communicate with all the other animals and make them obey. Whether she does it by mental force or some occult power does not seem quite plain, but the fact remains that this sheep has shown herself able to take care of the entire ranch in Montana and look after the stock better than man. Ever since the sheep has been a wee little lamb she has been a ruler. Her peculiar accomplishments saved her head from the block, for the workers on the ranch would no more allow her to be sent to market than they would allow a wolf to be her steady company. Some years ago she had the run of the ranch

She looked after the chickens, drove strange dogs away and notified the housekeeper when tramps approached. As a special watchman the little lamb should have worn a golden star. Gradually her field of operations spread over the thousand or more acres. In one large pasture was a particularly vicious bull. Nobody could approach his lordship without danger of being gored and that there were no fatalities is due entirely to the fact that men and horses were agile in jumping fences. He was named "Devil" and he won his title quite naturally, only the name was not mean enough for the beast. One day there came orders from Mr. Springer, in Denver, to cut out certain heifers from the herd in the pasture wherein Mr. Devil held sway. The cowpunchers and lineriders were quite willing to obey, but they knew there would be a fight. They prepared a strong wooden chute, into which they expected to drive the Devil and keep him fast while they attended to the other work. They arranged to rope the animal and drag him in if he wouldn't go otherwise, but after an hours excitement the devil was still at large with horns and cloven hoof and was looking for a cowboy soul to send across the Styx. Then came the little lamb with her mental powers and winning ways. She trotted jauntily into the big field and made straight for the devil. The latter stamped and snorted with surprise. The lamb didn't stop

to argue the matter but walked up and rubbed her nose against the snorting nostrils of the big bull. From that moment the big brute was her slave and when she trotted off toward the open chute her captive followed as willingly as though in a trance. When one of the cowboys rode up to shut the gate the bull's eyes snapped savagely and he prepared to charge, but the lamb calmly trotted between the animal and the horseman and stood still as though by some mysterious power she had been appointed the protector of mankind. Devil was silent, though nodding his horned head from side to side as if unable to comprehend what the intrusion meant.

Performances of this kind made the sheep the talk of a dozen Montana counties. She was looked upon as a most strange creation of nature and some said she was the re-incarnated spirit of some great person whose mortal body had been consigned to dust. But sheepie refused to tell anything about this. She was too busy looking after things other people were said to perform—and didn't.

As a collector of forgotten purposes this lamb should have had a throne and place in the gallery of immortals, for almost every day she discovered a gate left open which she promptly closed with her woolly head. She frequently found an animal too sick to be out on the range, and she promptly took steps to right matters. Often she would journey out to the distant herds and bring back an animal that needed attention of some sort. Sheep, horses and cattle in distress seemed to think this sheep was their guardian angel, and well she deserved it too.

In the spring of 1901 during the big blizzard that cost Montana and Wyoming stockmen thousands of heads of cattle, this little woolly specimen of the guiding star sect went out just as the fierce storm was brewing and rounded up the cattle in places where they could get shelter and food. With intuition that long preceded the warnings of the weather bureau, this little animal began looking after her flocks and not a single animal refused to follow her advice, and the result was that in this instance alone she saved for the President of the National Live Stock Ass'n., more money than her weight in gold would equal. The sheep's method of calling together her friends was simple. She would go into a pasture or out on the range until she came in sight of the bull leader of the herd. Then with a plaintive little bleat she would attract his attention. He in turn would bellow and start to follow the sheep. Then the herd gradually got in motion and was moved to a place of safety with more precision, less time, greater certainty and fewer cuss words than could be done by a thousand cowpunchers. Some of the cowboys say that during the blizzard two of their number were lost and that the sheep was sent out to direct them back to the house. It was the night the snow and sleet broke over the land and the sheep had come in from her forneys of mercy. The cowboys were around a warm fire, and of course the chief topic discussed was the sheep. It was arranged that two of the boys should slip out and go a few hundred yards from the house and call for help. They did so and the first aid to reach them was the sheep, although the rest of the boys

started out as soon as the cry was heard. Of course the little animal could tell by instinct which direction to go, while the men were compelled to listen and then search. But the men were well satisfied with the trial which demonstrated that should occasion arise when the sheep could save a human life she would neither hesitate or fail.



## *Roosevelt's Industrial Peace Committee.*

BY T. W. WOODROW.

II CONGRATULATE the President and people of the United States on his most noble purpose to establish in Washington an "Industrial Peace Committee" by giving for that purpose the \$40,000 awarded him for his services in behalf of universal peace.

The work of the committee will necessarily involve a consideration of the cause of industrial discontent and war and the fact of the discontent of labor is the natural effect of systematic oppression by which a few citizens have become enormously rich. Said committee must, of necessity, give publicity to the cause of discontent and make more manifest the fact of the discon-

content of the many poor as the natural concomitant of the fact of the extreme rich.

An active, efficient committee officially installed at Washington will do untold good. As long as a small per cent of the population are enormously rich the large per cent of the population will grumble in the discontent of poverty, and we cannot abolish commercial war without abolishing oppression and the cause, viz: systematic oppression, and establishing justice in equitable distribution of wealth among those whose labor creates it. Again I say: "Thank you, Mr. President, for this step in the right direction."



## FOUND, But Still Seeking.

BY ARTHUR F. MILTON.

SINCE the dawn of history we see a current of what has been termed superstition, coursing through the ages and engaging man's attention—all of which was but the soul's instinctive longing to find its origin. As the child seeks its parent to lean upon, the adult seeks its spiritual support.

But no man has ever found what he was seeking, outside of himself; and those who had found it within could in no way make it understood by the ignorant masses; except through symbolism. Thus we have idolatry—to be found still in nearly every community of this world's people—civilized and uncivilized.

Any sort of image worship is idolatry, and even the worship of one's pastor is not far from it. We may respect an instructor, but who would idolize him? A pastor is an instructor in moral philosophy—unless he knows nothing beyond his theology. If so he needs instructing, himself.

But he is the agency through which the searching soul finds comfort—the same comfort that the earliest idolator was seeking. Some find it pseudo-inimically, and which any long continued exalted state may bring forth. But it seldom adheres unless the individual in question has attained a spiritual vi-

bration superior to the material as an absolute quality. But this temporary exaltation typifies the real in spirit.

Neither faith, knowledge, nor profession can invite it unless stimulated by spirituality, temperance and justice, the first towards self, the other towards one's fellow-beings. Through the one, man attains power over himself, and through the other, over surrounding conditions.

The soul has two innate principles, but, like talents, they need developing. One is reason, which leads the soul consciousness to effects; the other is love, which makes it conscious to causation which is simultaneously its will or motive power.

Nothing moves without a cause—a power. And what steam is to locomotive, love is to the human soul—man. If he, therefore, exercise his reason and love righteously, he needs no other comforter. The soul will manifest to his outward consciousness as it grows in vibratory force. Man carries his God, his revelator, his origin with him. It is only a matter of becoming acquainted with his true self. And when he knows that he will have found what books cannot teach and what humanity has been seeking after since the dawn of reason.



## *The Laboring Man in New Zealand.*

BY J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

IF THERE is a remotest corner on the earth it is surely the wide expanse of the southwest Pacific Ocean. Its miles, in every direction, are measured by the thousand. The middle Pacific has many islands to gem its mighty expanse but the south is a watery desert, if such a thing can be said to exist. And yet right in the heart of this desert from 900 to 1,200 miles east of Australia lie three islands on which there is more contentment, happiness and prosperity, and less want and suffering than can be found anywhere else on earth. The three islands have about the same area as Colorado, or, approximately, 100,000 square miles, and about 1,000,000 population. In shape they are long and narrow, extending about 1,200 miles north and south and not exceeding 100 miles in their greatest width. In the north the climate is warm, almost tropical, in the south cold but not too cold for a luxuriant vegetation. A chain of high mountains, containing several of the world's most active volcanoes and also nearly all known forms of mineral wealth, extends the whole length of the islands.

Thirty, yes twenty, years ago their population was as poverty-stricken and miserable as the peasantry of Spain or Russia at the present time. Today they are universally conceded to be the most prosperous on earth.

For thirteen years they have had absolute industrial peace and uninter-

rupted prosperity. Of course the question arises at once in every mind: "how was it brought about?" By the people simply rising up in their manhood and womanhood and making the government in reality what ours is in theory, "of, for, and by the people."

Twenty years ago much of the best land in New Zealand was held by absentee landlords who were profiting by the labors of the poverty stricken people who increased the value of the property of the absentees by improving their own. But the people, by the ballot, taxed those lands so that their English Lord and Scottish Earl owners found that it was no longer profitable to own them. And they were sold to either the state or actual settlers.

Then thirteen years ago a commission of plain, common men—a miner, a farmer, a carpenter, a telegraph operator, and a country editor—were appointed to draw up a new form of government wherein all men should be free and equal from a legal standpoint in actual reality. The commission went to work and evolved the present form of government which has brought prosperity and happiness to all the people.

This commission did not propose a thing that was not fiercely attacked and denounced by press, pulpit and people, especially the middle and wealthy classes. They were called dreamers and fools and many seemingly irrefutable arguments were brought

forward to prove that their plan of government would only bring ruin, permanent, irrevocable ruin, on the country. But the committee, being stubborn Englishmen, kept right on and, by the power of the people expressed through the ballot, worked out their dreams and today the world regards New Zealand as terrestrial heaven for the poor man and the rich are better satisfied there than anywhere else.

Last year the leading commercial association met at Christchurch and, without a dissenting voice, testified to the peace, prosperity and happiness that reigned supreme in all the colony.

Strikes are an utter impossibility in New Zealand. All labor troubles are settled quickly and without cost to any one by boards of arbitration whose decisions must be final.

The government owns and runs all the railroads save two short lines. The universal opinion is that government owned railroads are never a success. In 1905 the 2,374 miles of government owned roads in New Zealand paid a clear profit into the public treasury of \$3,581,655, or at least \$3.50 for each inhabitant. Yet their freight and passenger rates are much lower than in the United States and they carry children to and from school free. The rate for government telephones is \$25 a year for unlimited service and in 1905 the government made \$40,191.02 on its telephones. Telegraph rates are twelve cents for twelve words and yet the revenue from the telegraph is not small. The government also owns and operates the coal mines and the New Zealander pays much less for his fuel than does the Yankee yet from

one single mine in which the state has \$320,906 invested it cleared a profit of \$55,512 in 1905. Of course all these different streams of revenue pouring into the public till diminishes taxation hence all are benefited. In 1904 the total imports of the colony was, in round numbers, \$66,000,000 and its exports \$73,000,000. But one thing in New Zealand has declined most alarmingly. In 1896 the bankruptcies numbered 412 with liabilities reaching a total of \$1,284,350. In 1903 there were 204 with liabilities amounting to \$440,095.

The government also runs the life insurance and invests the premiums in productive real estate and pay the profits to the policy holders as dividends, and so far it has divided \$5,006,425. In America the major part of the profits instead of being returned to the policy holders are used for "High dinners" where in addition to unlimited champagne, beautiful ladies (?) whose costumes are conspicuous by their absence, figure largely. Which is the better plan? But not content with providing, by cheap and absolutely safe life insurance for the families of those who die, New Zealand provides for the declining years of its people by old age pensions for all who need them.

The government runs a free employment bureau which last year found work for 6,555 persons of all trades and professions. It builds and rents houses to the laboring men and each month's rent is applied on the purchase of the house and a paid-up life insurance policy for five hundred dollars is thrown in for good measure:

Colorado boasts of its healthy climate but New Zealand has a lower

death rate. Denver is having convulsion after convulsion over her "Red Light" district and all our cities of any size have the same curse to contend with but prostitution is almost unknown in New Zealand.

Eight hours is a day's work there in all lines of employment and the holidays are many. And public libraries, halls, parks, churches, theatres and everything else that is wholesome and right abounds to occupy the leisure hours of the people. There is a state health department and the sweat shop and child labor are unknown. The factories and other places where labor is employed must be conducted on the most sanitary and hygienic principles possible. There is less drunkenness than in any other country of similar population. The women vote and are held to be the equals of the men in everything.

But New Zealand lacks two things

that seem to be essential to every other government on earth—Graft and Monopoly. It is utterly impossible for either to get a foothold there as its laws are framed expressly to prohibit them.

But its people lack one thing yet and this lack is defined by the Right Hon. Edward Tregear, Head of the Department of Labor, as follows: "Let no one think, however, that our prosperity leaves us without evils to combat. We have barely touched the fringe of the soiled economic garment. So long as the wage system endures: so long as capitalism holds the land, machinery and means of production, so long is the bulk of our population only a collection of well-fed, well-clothed slaves." In other words New Zealand needs to take just one more forward step—let the people own the machines instead of the machines owning the people.

## REVERIE.

BY HUGO DE GROOT.

The sunset's saffron burning  
 An azure sea is turning  
 Into gold.  
 My dim eyes scarce discerning  
 A tattered sail returning  
 Fills all my soul with yearning,  
 As of old.  
 Red on the waters beaming,  
 The harbour lights are gleaming,  
 From afar.  
 The boats like phantoms seeming,

Into the midnight streaming,  
 Go out like things adreaming  
 O'er the bar.

The swift years o'er me flowing.  
 Their silver strands are sowing  
 Through my hair.  
 I am so weary growing,  
 I soon must be agoing,  
 And soon my fate be knowing,  
 Over There.

*594 Second Street, Portland, Ore.*

## *Comments on the President's Message.*

BY JOHNEY H. BEARRUP.

**H**E SAID that the Farmer must be organized; that he must be educated; that you must know how to produce more.

I ask why the necessity for organization to produce more? Ain't it a fact that you have been told the reason for low prices was, that you produced too much? And ain't it true that when you have had good prices, it was taken away from you by the raise in price of what you had to buy back in manufactured things? If it ain't so, why did the Grangers in National Convention declare a tariff war on our manufacturing, when they, the manufacturers, charge more at home than they sell the same thing for abroad? And they in that convention declared that they would go so far as to change the Constitution, if it was necessary, in order to do this.

The President said he favored an elastic currency, for the purpose of assisting the bankers in the demands made upon them, and cited the rates that call money on 'change in New York recently commanded, as a reason and that the banks should have the means at their command of making money tight and loose (or words to that effect)—a sort of currency. It puts me in mind of a trade some of those Yankees made down there years ago, when by a play upon words, they led the poor Indians to believe that they would give a certain amount of money for land that a certain number of skins would cover; being agreed up-

on, the Yankee cut the skin into strings, and covered the land by going 'round it. You see, it was a skin game in which the skin stretched. This rubber currency is for the same purpose: it's to stretch out and go 'round a large quantity of your raw products when you have them to sell, and draw back so that you wouldn't know the same dollar when you have to buy the manufactured thing.

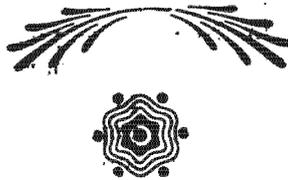
Don't you know that call money on 'change, means the money used in gambling on your products, and a manipulation of, and fictitious prices. Its gambling of the worst sort, pure and simple; that to it you can point as being the cause of most defalcations.

He calls attention to the existence of classes, by saying that agitators who incite class hatred must be suppressed. I ask you how your great organization comes about, if not through the work of agitation, showing you the necessity for organization. Its another play up on words. It is inciting class hatred when you organize, or your papers call your attention to your conduct and propose a remedy. Yet some of your papers have been given a great deal of annoyance by the Postal Department. For what reason? Stop and listen, and you may get a faint hint of it in the President's message. Why do I write all this? Its because the President is hypnotized into believing that it is right for you to pay toll to a machine owner, and therefore is not to blame. It is only recently that you

and I came out of the same hypnotic spell.

And I write this to bring the other fellows out; that's all. I want to expose to you these hypnotic conditions and show you, by the beginning we have made, how easy it is for those who have the illumination to supply. Co-operatively own the means of manufacturing these necessities, and to free themselves of the conditions existing in our mills, mines and railroads, of corporation, and trust (that the President speaks of in his message). You have kind of been thinking you would join this movement that "Uncle Johnney" is fathering. All it needs to make a complete success is for you to join. So you had better write today and get the plans, and become an agitator (*if you are not afraid*). There has been some mighty good men and women agitators in the world's history. I will only mention one, and he commanded his people to own things together. We would today be co-opera-

tively owning these great machines had not the Roman Government refused the early Christian the right of assemblage, and therefore destroying their community of interests. That man was Jesus Christ, the world's greatest Co-operator. And do you profess to believe His teachings "let no man call this his own, but rather these things are ours"? You say "This is our church;" "this is our schoolhouse" and you do not say these bricks or boards, marked or numbered so and so in that church are "*mine*." YOU go to that church or school as a home, and partake of its blessings and benefits, as is your right. How much more necessary that you should do this same thing with the Woollen, the Cotton and the Leather Factory, as you and your children are dependent upon them for clothing—one of the three things essential to a higher life. The other two are food and shelter. You can do it just as easy.



## Query Department.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to Dr. Henry Wagner, Box 717, Denver, Colorado.

Mrs. S. E. H.—Denver. "What becomes of the Soul at death?"

The soul at death enters the astral soul world immediately surrounding the planet. After purification it passes on to the mighty zones in the orbital path of the earth. It is in these beautiful zones that the spirit homes, in the true sense of the word, exist; your higher aspirations, your sublimest ideals are there; beautiful living realities entwined with the struggles, hopes, thoughts and victories of the twin souls.

Inquirer. "Was women the cause of the 'fall'?"

Woman was not the cause of the "fall." The real cause, per se, of descent into external conditions was the necessity for conflict with the grosser forms of life and matter whereby the soul could awaken the dormant, atomic entities of its own being. The fall was a necessity for further progress and the separation of the biune soul, the spiritual divorce, so to say, between Osiris and Isis was because of the impossibility of the soul sinking beneath the forces of matter when united. It was only by separation and weakening that power that elemental conditions could subjugate them for a time. There is nothing impossible to the re-united souls.

Mr. J. E.—MANITOU. "Can the future be foretold by the stars?"

Yes, future events can be predicted for the individual by the rules of as-

trology, providing the astrologer has a correct data to make his calculations from. The planets do not *compel*, they merely influence and predispose to certain actions and point out the present and future conditions and events that are likely to occur if not counteracted by knowledge and a strong will, for, "it is the wise man who rules his stars."

Miss M. H.—"How can I save another?"

Alas! It cannot be! Men and women must work out their own salvation and render unto themselves a just account of the deeds done in the body. In life mean your sympathy with others but do not suffer it.

JOHN J. D.—DENVER. Karma and Reincarnation.

The finest elucidation of these vexed questions can be found in the first volume of "The Light of Egypt," Chapter 3 for Karma and pages 52-53 for Reincarnation.

J. J.—BOSTON. Ecclesiastical Paraphernalia.

The antique man would blush at the mendacity of the modern priesthood who not only steal the images of the forefathers, but, reclothing them with the tinsel, varnish and pious patchwork of Ecclesiastical trumpery, set them up in shrines to worship as the legitimate offspring of divine inspiration.

NOVICE—BOULDER. "What was the

'discernment of spirits' mentioned in the bible?

The discernment of "spirits" of the early christians was nothing but lucidity, enabling the person to see the astral or personal projection of another. It is otherwise called "Magnetic Respiration," Clairvoyance, etc.

A STUDENT IN ASTROLOGY—DENVER.  
"Is Astrology an exact science!"

Yes, Astrology is an exact science. The existing faults lie with the astrologers and the lack of obtaining exact data from which to make their calculations. In these modern days there are but few scientific astrologers. The Heliocentric system is grossly in error as we do not live upon the sun. As we live upon the earth the astrologer must make his calculations, for all mundane affairs, from a geocentric center.

A DREAMER—FORT COLLINS. Your question concerning "dreams" and "visions" will be answered in the buary number of this magazine.

### A CORRECTION.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE:

Your proof reader made me talk nonsense by changing a word in my article "Whitman the Comrade," in the December number.

On page 353, in first column, 11th line from bottom—the sentence reads: "Evil thus *comes* to appear as a mere foil to good etc."

This should read—"Evil thus ceases to appear as a mere foil to good; a pretense by which the Almighty scares people into being good or a necessary condition of imperfection to be outgrown—as tho the universe or God was

imperfect at one time and could only attain perfection "after a while," like a fall apple that does not "get good" until Spring.

I take the pains to make this correction as the entire position hinges on the words comes and ceases. If evil comes to be a mere foil of good then tho Christian Scientist is right. However if evil ceases to be a mere foil to good, then Whitman and all those who recognize the necessary duality in all things are right. Good and evil are not positive qualities of two ever opposing forces. That is the old narrow unphilosophical dogma of a good God and a bad devil. Good and evil, pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, are relative conditions of Being which underlies and transcends all conditions. That which is good for me may be evil for you. That which is good for me now was evil to me in the past. Once I was a sincere Methodist—then the thoughts I now write and which are good would have appeared evil. The most vital and serious struggle of mankind is to free itself from the belief that evil is an inherent element in the nature of things separate and apart from and antagonistic to mans welfare. This struggle won, this emancipation effected, mankind will cease to hate and destroy. It will begin to love and build. The Christian Scientist says: "All is Good." This is not true if by good we mean the opposite to evil. The deeper truth is that good and evil are necessary conditions in the evolution of man—in the great Cosmic Drama. Man—the true self is above good and evil, they are his servants, one as much as the other. Pardon me for using the carelessness of your devil as an excuse for a preachment.

C. B. Hoffman, *Enterprise Kans.*

## Department of Occult Phenomena.

[We offer no apology for placing before the world truthful statements of the operations of the great laws of Thought Transference, Telepathy and Spirit return, the truth of which is generally recognized. We invite contributions. Give us the truth, the whole truth and no more.]

Professor Lombroso, the Italian physicist, contributed to the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* an account of two psychic phenomena which he investigated purely in the interests of material science. The article is entitled "Haunted Houses Which I Have Studied," and the professor confessed that he set about his investigations with nothing to be desired in the completeness of his skepticism.

The phenomena in question, however, prove to be beyond solution by any known laws of physical science. Frankly, the great criminologist admitted that for the first time in his life he was in the presence of the intangible and that he was worsted in his attempt to grapple with the unsubstantial.

"I was asked in November, 1900, to investigate some occurrences which had taken place at the house of Signor Pavarino by way of Pescatori, Turin. One phenomenon I was asked to explain was the mysterious over-turning of cups and jugs, which were precipitated to the ground by some unseen agency.

These occurrences were accompanied by loud knockings on the walls and the pulling of bells in various parts of the house. The youngest daughter was awakened on several occasions by blows aimed at her by unseen hands, and her body on examination was found to be covered with bruises, the result of severe pinchings. Her sister

who slept in the same bed, felt nothing and was not disturbed in any way.

The clash of rapiers was heard in the house at another time, accompanied by cries of anger and groans of anguish. Lights were also seen passing to and fro in unlighted rooms. An Alpine hat was continually moving about the room, and even when it was deliberately nailed to a chair an invisible hand precipitated it to the ground. All these mysterious happenings went on for eight months, and in regard to them I took the evidence of reliable persons, who testified that they had been eyewitnesses of the phenomena. Even when the bell-ropes were removed from the bells the tinkling continued at all hours of the day and night.

The scene changed to a house in the next street, by way of Bava, adjoining by way of Pescatori, where the newspapers of Turin began to chronicle mysterious occurrences of almost a similar nature to these which occurred in by way of Pescatori, cups and saucers, pans and kettles being juggled about by an unseen agency and causing at the time a most infernal row.

In particular, one circumstance was noteworthy. In the cellar, filled with full and empty bottles, much loss to the proprietor was caused by the smashing of the flasks by some unseen hand, but with every trace of method and willfulness in the way in which the breakage occurred. On my entrance into the cellar I lighted five candles, think-

ing that a supernatural spirit would avoid the light. On the contrary, I saw three empty bottles roll about as if pushed by a finger and break close by me. I made every possible investigation to discover a hidden trick, but to no avail. Several bottles were taken up in the air as if lifted by the hand and dashed to the ground.

The wife of the proprietor left about that time for a visit to her father's. While she was away the occurrences ceased only to break out again immediately on her return by way of Bava. The waiter of the house was then removed, and the occurrences ceased altogether, leaving it to be supposed, since no other hypothesis is probable, that he was the medium thru which the phenomena was rendered possible.

In May 1903, I was asked to investigate another mysterious affair which happened in the family of a printer named Mignotti, also in Turin. It was

noticed that when one of his children, a little boy, went to bed loud knockings began to be heard on the wall next to which he lay. A doctor, the police and myself were called in. We examined the walls and the rooms with great care.

As soon as the boy was placed in bed the knocking began. It was evidently conducted in an intelligent manner and it was possible to establish some sort of communication. It was only, however, when the boy lay awake that the phenomenon occurred. As soon as he went to sleep the knocking became very vague and indistinct. He was clearly the cause, tho beyond a high fever, when the phenomenon was most frequent, he was in other respects a normal child. I state these facts clearly and absolutely as I witnessed them and confess my total inability to explain them.



### *Editor's Note.*

In the making up of the forms of the December number, the following footnote relative to the article, "Crystola. Its Numerical Significance," by Mrs. Ella Baldwin was inadvertently omit-

ted.

"In reading the following article it must be remembered that Crystola was conceived in 1867 and therefore is now entering on the 40th year of its existence."

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# *Man and His Brain.*

*A Brief Study in Mediumship.*

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

THE constant detection of frauds by certain mediums who revel in physical manifestations is naturally most discouraging to the investigator who is seeking proof that spirits return and communicate with mortals.

Of course a shadow falls also upon the mental medium, though, usually there is nothing more tangible before the court than a claim for obtaining money under false pretenses. But the fact remains that all mediumship is under a cloud in the minds of many who have grown discouraged by the contradictions and mistakes, even in the family circle, untainted by mortal fraud.

It is natural that earnest believers should dream of conditions that would protect both sensitive and sitter from all errors and mistakes. Their idea is founded on the conception that the spirit is a natural truth teller if there is no mortal interference. A recent proposition by the editor of "The Annals of Psychical Science" reverts to the practice of the ancient oracle whose priests buried their sensitives in seclusion from public influence and freedom from worldly care. This editor begs for a fund of \$250,000 hoping to work a similar miracle on behalf of modern oracles, by removing monetary temptation from the mortal who is an instrument for wireless telegraphy between earth and heaven. Everything is ready but the cash. Just a glint of gold is all that is needed to in-

sure success.

The present writer sympathizes with such an aspiration, but proposes to present a few cold facts that render such a scheme impossible of success. A medium is a mortal who is sensitive to sights, sounds, and thought-expressions which find no echo in the mortal brain. There are many just enough susceptible to astonish their neighbors. They are probably psychometric and telepathic, which are everyday senses, and do not, necessarily, touch the line of communication with an unseen world. Just a step and the line is crossed, and the living and the dead meet. Most fortunately for the world comparatively few cross this line, and realize the experiences that follow.

The secret of the power by which mind can make use of matter is, so far, hidden in the safe-deposit of the divine, but the fact remains that certain cells in the human brain do receive and impart intelligence by means of vibration. A thought, whether received or imparted, is intelligence at work, using energy to compel motion in the brain cell. This is now accepted as a natural fact, indeed Modern Spiritualism is founded on the proved fact that a thought can travel across space and echo itself in a distant brain. If those brains be mortal the process is called telepathy. But if one of the intelligences has crossed the divide it is called spirit-return.

There is common belief that a man can at will control his own brain cells. That belief may sometimes be true, and sometimes it may not. No mortal has entire control of his brain, and we must remember that the man we recognize is known to us by his brain activity. He may be a musician or a mathematician—rarely both—and probably has a memory almost perfect in some phase, and nearly silent in others. His loves, his hates, his aspirations, his whole passional nature demand brain cells for their expression.

The man we know and see is merely an expression of manhood through certain cells, and leaves others inactive, and the marvelous fact, as yet almost unstudied, is that these unused cells can be suddenly called into activity, whereupon a very different manhood appears. The man who is a saint in daily life is leaving unused certain cells which the hypnotist can call into activity, whereupon the saint disappears, and a very active sinner may take his place. I refer the student to the profound work of Dr. Morton Prince on "The Dissociation of a Personality" wherein one patient has some six different expressions of her womanhood, each demanding the use of cells apparently unoccupied. This "Multiple Personality" is today a well attested fact. The thought I want to follow now is that the cells in the mortal brain used by an outside intelligence are most likely to be those unused, or least used by the mortal himself. In other words a medium will exhibit powers that we do not recognize in his normal life. These unused cells may thus be a source of danger when called into sudden activity by an

outside intelligence.

Yet further, the physiologist tells us that normal man makes use, to a large extent, of but one of the two halves or lobes into which his brain is divided. In case of injury to one he slowly learns to make use of the other. Science has seemed to teach that one lobe was little more than nature's precaution against accident to the other. Still the thinker will recognize that when the coming man acquires the full use of every cell in both lobes he will have powers that will evolve a manhood impossible today. For the dynamo that now limits his life's expression will be doubled in power. Meantime we see that not merely are there cells "to let" in the brain lobe he uses now, but much of the other lobe is unused capability to the intelligence that can wield and direct it. Such seems to be a fact in nature, marking the limitations and possibilities of man the mortal.

When we apply these facts to mediumship we learn a striking lesson in what we may call "the martyrdom of the medium." So far as a spirit expresses himself through the brain of a mortal we now see that his easiest pathway will sometimes lie through cells unused or but little used by the mortal. Thus while the form of expression which has become automatic in each of us may show but little change, the thought back of the verbal expression may be exhibiting a different personality to that known to the friends of the sensitive. That mysterious change demands for the most part, the use of brain cells which the owner rarely calls into activity.

Those who have studied the remark-

able changes in Miss Beauchamp's mental activity see at once that the girl whose life was that of a saint, as Dr. Morton Prince tells us, would have little or no use for cells which expressed passionial hatred and gross animal propensities. But those cells are there, all the same, and when they were called into activity M'ies B. exhibited a personality which Dr. P. calls "a devil," otherwise Sally Beauchamp. Other brain cells, apparently unused by the doctor's normal patient, exhibited, when active, several phases of womanhood with a distinct personality to each, and each personality living a life of its own, though using the one body. We must grasp this wonderful truth in its fullness if we hope to understand mediumship.

Let us take, as illustration, the case of General Grant, or any other person apparently destitute of musical sensitiveness. If by accident or hypnotism, you know, if you allow yourself to reason, that the cells for the expression of time, tune, harmony, etc., were all there in the brain and larynx, though unused by the man we knew, who could not tell one tune from another. No deity has said "let there be musical cells and expression in this brain," but cells already there have become active, and therefore another manhood has appeared. It does not follow that a spirit has suddenly appeared to control that brain. That may or may not be, but we are compelled to recognize the important fact the normal owner of that brain will exhibit a personality according to the use made of his brain. In one section he shows us a saint. In another section we see a devil. Apparently the same selfhood may ex-

hibit a number of very different personalities.

We must also notice that this natural fact works both ways. One to the injury, and the other to the benefit of the sensitive. If there were an outside influence—say a spirit—using the brain of Miss B., and that spirit were of the very pious variety, he would, of course, use the same cells as the saintly Miss Beauchamp, and, as a result, the normal girl would simply be a little more of what she was before, in other words, probably become a bigot and a fanatic. But if the usurping influence, whether a returned spirit or not, was the very opposite of a saint-like Sally, who made the life of Dr. Prince such a burden that he called her a devil—then that control would use, and have to use, portions of the brain which the good little girl had called into activity.

Now let us apply this fact, which the reader will recognize as truth, to the everyday sensitives in our streets and homes. Here is the man we call the good man. That means that he has little use for the brain cells that express animal passions and propensities. But if he be born sensitive he is some day exposed, perhaps in a public circle, to an influence that demands liquor and the indulgence of animal passions. We remember these cells are, more or less, in every human brain, and can be excited to activity. So that sensitive, who was before a good man, astonishes us by becoming a bad man because cells in his brain formerly little used, are now active. Of course there will be many intervals when the man seems his former self, with the old self active, but for the remainder of his earth life he will never

again be reliable as a good man.

A mortal of pure life is thus exposed as a sensitive to influences that may exhibit a very unbalanced mind. Sometimes good and sometimes bad. Mediumship is really the development of this tendency to use certain brain cells that have before been rarely occupied. Now let us remember that an accident or a shock, as with Miss Fancher, Miss Beaumont, Rev. Hanna and many others, may suddenly compel certain brain cells to activity and others to silence. We have at once a new personality, and perhaps several of them. The normal mortal has become what we call "abnormal" because his intelligence is using brain cells that were little used before. This changes the field of memory, and often the tastes and talents. For instance, in one of the cases the new personality shows marked talent in sculpture and music. The man had not previously exhibited either talent. Now for either of these gifts certain brain cells were necessary. Of course they were there but unused. A truthful person will become untruthful, as in French cases, and an honest man dishonest.

So far we see a normal mortal becoming abnormal. It is the same self or ego using very different portions of the one brain. And for our present study we mark it as the result of shock or accident. Such cases do not necessarily prove spirit-return. They do prove a changed personality. And they prove that the owner was not using certain portions of his brain till he was compelled to. Every experimenter knows that his subject is usually very different when under influence. That means that other brain

cells have become active. But hypnotism imposes the will of another intelligence on that brain. And facts of spirit return prove that other intelligences may sometimes be a human being who has a mortal body. So much we accept, and must acknowledge its danger to any sensitive who is exposed to such influences whether by shock, accident or the hypnotic will power of either mortal or immortal.

The point to notice is that no change takes place in personality save as an effect on brain cells. If that change be in the normal line the sensitive will be what he was before—only more so. It becomes doubled in expression. But if unused, or little used brain cells are called into activity you will hardly know your old friend or acquaintance.

The highest development of a man demands the use of his entire brain. Today most doctors tell us that one lobe seems held ready for use if the other gets disabled. But development means use, and there can be no development of limb or brain cell without activity. So the coming man, if he be superior, will have greater use of his brain cells—all of them. Each for its proper use and submission to the whole. Such a man will hardly be subject to hypnotic will power. He will be too much of a man himself. Accident or shock may disable him, but his developed brother will understand both cause and affect.

When we apply those truths to our mediums we must understand that a sensitive is, to that extent, unbalanced, and certain portions of his brain contains "cells to let." If those cells are, in anyway, called into activity we have a life and conduct that

show us a different man or woman. And we should all realize this is what mediumship means. It is true we hear of guardian angels and protecting conditions for mediums, but they are only guarding and protecting a limited manhood, and the more sensitive the mortal the more limited the manhood.

The ancient priest sought to protect his medium from outside influences, and measurably succeeded. That is impossible today. Our policy is to protect ourselves by suspecting the medium. It will not do to condone fraud. It is almost impossible, as we have seen, to protect a public medium against the use of her brain by inharmonious controls. The sitters, themselves, constitute a fearful risk to the medium in every public seance, and especially for physical phenomena. And that risk rests upon all of us, as the result of such influences and teachings.

The only possible safety is in the home circle where mother, father, son, daughter, friend surround the medium and protect her from hostile entrance. But better still is the individual struggle to uplift manhood to a point at which he may, without fear, give greeting to a spirit visitor and thus ennoble his own manhood.

There is another important thought that follows from these facts. We really know, and can know, almost nothing of the selfhood and conditions of our loved ones "gone before." We

never knew their actual selfhood in earth life, but only so much as peeped out through certain cells. But all may be different with them now, and myriads thus compelled to be silent who perhaps even promised to return. We only knew our loved one in earth life as she manifested through certain brain cells. What she may be now we cannot even guess. The tales of both heaven and hell told by inspired mouthpieces, are but attempts to realize the unrealizable, and to prove that which is impossible of proof.

We know the mortal has become immortal, and, personally, whatever I may believe, I KNOW, but little of the life beyond. It is our belief that many imperfections will disappear in the next life, and that will include both mental and physical. This will, of course, include the use of brain cells almost shriveled today from lack of use. But our friend will thereby become as different a person as any of Miss Beauchamp or Miss Fancher's personalities. This must woefully affect both spirit return and identification.

The all important point of this article is that we only use a part of our brain cells now. Therefore the use of the whole brain, or even of another part of that brain, if it become spirit, will destroy the identity of our spirit friend, so far, at least, as we depend upon memory.—Sunflower.

*San Leandro, California.*



## *An Ode to Earth.*

BY HARRY L. BROWN.

**N**O DOUBT many have heard people say, "isn't this a miserable earth," "isn't this or that a horrible looking place." It is not the earth that is miserable, or horrible looking; it is the ignorance of the one who makes the statement. They make things seem so through their ignorance for they have not tried to find the bright side. They do not see and understand the library, the earth on which we live. To me, and others who have tried to understand this great art work of Nature, it is beautiful. If people could understand the great volume of Nature, they would not make such ungodly remarks. No study, to me, affords more pleasure than the study of Geology.

Now let us study for a short time, by delving into the wonders and beauties of Nature. This is truly a wonderful and beautiful earth on whose surface we live. There are mountains whose hoary summits are lost in the clouds that envelope them, grassy valleys lying in beauty at their feet. Deep canons, where the sun never visits, through which rushing torrents flow continuously. Lakes that sleep in the arms of verdant hills. Rills that leap, with tinkling feet, over mossy ledges. Oceans tossing in restless might, grinding to powder the precipices that gird them. What a multitude, what a variety, of organic existence, we behold. Tall pines rearing their graceful heads reaching from the hills, mosses carpeting the damp ground in the vales,

eagles soaring above the clouds, humming birds flitting from flower to flower deer bounding through the forest, squirrels skipping from bough to bough, whales floating like islands in the ocean, animalcule exploring a drop or atom, and considering all these MAN, upright standing, upward looking, the fruit of the ages, the brain of the earth. How beautiful the earth. Nor is this all. Where the interior is exposed to our view, we discover beds of clay, red, white, blue and yellow. Sand, gravel and more solid beds of slate, sandstone, limestone, marble, granite and many others. In some of these we find leaves, shells and fishes, also homes of reptiles, birds and beasts Who has not desire to know the history of all these? Who does not want to know when the mountains were first heaped and looked proudly at the stars above them, or down at the world which lay at their feet? When the rivers first coursed down their slopes to the ocean? When the canons were first carved and what carved them. When came into being the grasses and trees: fishes, reptiles, birds and beasts and how many myriads became embedded in various rocks where their remains are found? Who would not like to study into the great library of Nature and learn the history of the world's wonders? You ask, "where is this book?" There is no man made book where it may be found. No library could contain one thousandth part of it. It is found written by Na-

ture's own hand. She has kept a faithful and complete record. The volcano has traced its turbulent history with a burning pen. The coral sea weed, fishes, reptiles, birds and beasts of olden times have written their life in plastic rocks for us to read. All has been recorded that has been done to bring the world crude state, into the condition of life and beauty that crowns it to-day. Men have read and studied this great volume for years, and the Science of Geology includes that which they have discovered. This Science is worthy of consideration by all. Farmers should study Geology for it treats of that which most concerns them. The question is asked, "what has the farmer to do with geologies?" Farmers would be better farmers if they did know. You ask a farmer, "what is this through which your plowshare is moving?" He will answer, "dirt or soil." "How do you think it was made?" "Oh I don't know, when the earth was made, or how." Take a pinch of soil and place it under a magnifying-glass, you will find a gravel bank. Most soil is made of sandstone by the wearing down of solid rocks. The mighty chisels of Nature have been at work. The falling rains, roaring torrents, swelling frosts and blowing winds. The solid rocks have been ground for ages,— powder and dust. The soil is that powder. The soil at all times is like that of which it is made. So much do

the soils resemble the rocks from which they are derived that in the chalky districts the soil is white; red in red-sand-stone regions and nearly the same color as the stones. By consulting a geological map and finding the kinds of stones found in a certain district one may know the character of the soil before visiting the particular locality; to what crops best adapted. The farmer of course is interested in what lies beneath his soil, especially if he owns his farm. Few dream of the value of their farm. They know how long and how broad, but few think of their farm as four thousand miles thick. Just beneath the surface may lie that which the hungry surface needs to enrich it. In Southern New Jersey the soil is much like the sea-beach, little better than shifting sand. Marl or green sand as it is called, was found underlying this and when placed on top the result was a great increase in value and productiveness. Prof. Rogers said, "after green sand was discovered, land that formerly sold for \$2 per acre advanced to \$37 per acre." See what Geology did for the farmer in New Jersey? What a grand, a beautiful earth this is when we begin to study Nature's great library.

I hope to continue these thoughts in the near future and discuss mineral wealth and what Geology has done in the way of mines. Seek and ye shall find. Investigate and ye shall know.

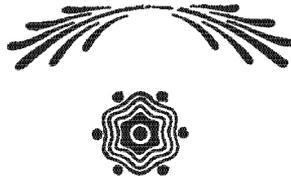


## Thought.

BY MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

A royal guest sits at my board to-  
night  
Whose presence maketh all things  
bright.  
Grim poverty and discord now take  
wing,  
Transformed, my humble room be-  
comes  
The royal palace of a king.  
Soft, gleaming lights in place of one  
weak taper small,  
And works of art now hide my dingy  
wall.  
The cold, bare floor is hid 'neath  
rugs of Tyrian dye,  
And draperies of the hue of sum-  
mer's sunset sky.  
The fragrance of a thousand flowers  
my very senses thrill.  
A master I, the world is good, and  
for me holds no ill.  
The forms of noble men and women  
fair

Are with me here tonight.  
And, with my honored guest, me  
thinks  
They form a pleasing sight.  
The shimmering light that gleams  
upon my royal board  
Reveals rich treasures that a king  
might hoard.  
And viands that might tempt a god  
to eat,  
In fruit and pastry, wine and meat.  
My royal guest is tall and gentle-  
eyed  
His voice is sweet and liquid as the  
note of bird.  
A mystic charm reveals strange  
power  
In every spoken word  
Rejoice, my awakened soul,<sup>o</sup> for what  
the hour hath brought,  
The guest who sits beside thee in  
royal robes, is *Thought*.



## What May Happen in 1908.

BY J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

THE Capitalists of the United States have been electing our presidents ever since 1880. President Roosevelt was, in a measure, forced upon them four years ago. They did not love him then and they hate him now with a hate that cannot be measured. A few weeks ago E. H. Harriman, president of the U. P. R. R., said in speaking of presidential candidates for 1908: "I'll take Bryan or Hearst rather than Roosevelt. We cannot be worse off than we are now with that man in the White House. I'll take any one rather than Roosevelt; *for, if it comes to that, we can get at the other crowd.*" To Mr. Harriman's remark J. J. Hill, J. Pierpont Morgan, the Standard Oil crowd and all the other capitalists in America gave an emphatic amen.

One reason, among many, for this feeling was the way the President swung the "big stick" and smashed the trust that flourished for a time under the name of the Northern Securities Railroad Merger. It was a sort of partnership between the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroad systems by which competition was destroyed and rates of all kinds enormously increased. On the appeal of the governors of six states in which the roads operated the President ordered Attorney-General Knox to dig out the facts in the case. He did so and reported that the merger was a clear violation of National law. He was ordered to bring suit at once and

did so, whereupon J. Pierpont Morgan rushed to the White House to try to hush the matter up. He said:

"It's all a mistake, Mr. President. the whole thing is simply a misunderstanding. We can easily compromise the matter. Let us get together and there will be no difficulty about a satisfactory compromise."

Mr Roosevelt replied:

"I'm afraid that you do not understand my viewpoint, Mr. Morgan. I am here to enforce the laws of the United States."

"But there has been no violation of law."

"Then you cannot be hurt."

"Yes: but the affair should be compromised."

"I am not here to make compromises," said the President. "There can be no compromise in the enforcement of the law."

Mr. Morgan returned to Wall Street very mad and very badly scared. He had been accustomed to issue orders to Mr. McKinley the same as to any other servant and they were always obeyed without question. Immediately after he returned to New York other representatives of the Morgan-Hill gang called on the President and Mr. Knox and the following dialogue ensued:

"You should have given private notice before filing a bill against the Northern Securities Company," said one of them.

"Why?" asked the President.

"We were taken by surprise and the action of the national Administration suddenly knocked the prices of our stocks to pieces in the market. You should have given notice for the sake of the innocent widows and orphans whose money was invested in stock."

Without the least regard for the feelings of the poor multi-millionaires Attorney-General Knox said heartlessly: "I would like to ask you, whether you gave advance information to the widows and orphans when you cornered Northern Pacific stock!"

The President executed the facial contortion he uses for a smile. In other words he showed his teeth. "The Government doesn't give notice," he said. "When it believes that a man has committed a crime, it arrests him, and then notifies him of what he is accused. Why should the Government give notice to one man and not to another?"

"But you might at least have notified five or six of the biggest men in Wall Street."

Again the president's teeth glistened. "I'm afraid that the little men would not have appreciated it," he said and kept up his attack on the merger until it was annihilated. In a message to Congress written after this and many similar scenes had occurred he said: "No man is above the law and no man is below it; nor do we ask any man's permission when we require him to obey it. Obedience to the law is demanded as a right, not as a favor."

These facts show why capital fears and hates the President with ample reason.

If Mr. Roosevelt is forced to accept

the nomination in 1908 by the proletariat of his party we may see capital supporting W. J. Bryan just as earnestly as it opposed him during his former campaigns.

Wouldn't it seem odd to see the Democratic managers with all the funds they could use, with free trains at their disposal on all railroads, with well-paid orators and brass bands galore all over the land and the G. O. P. left out in the cold completely? Without the support of the trusts and monopolies the G. O. P. would be almost powerless and Bryan would probably be elected by the very powers that defeated him before.

The workingmen and women, the great mass of the people, would not gain or lose in any event. It is a question as to whether Bryan would have the nerve to wield the "big stick" if he was elected. His orations and books show him to be much better in diagnosing diseases of the body politic than in prescribing remedies. Anyway the machine would still own the man and the masses would not gain anything directly.

But if they have the ability to reason, even in a small degree, Bryan's support, if not election, by the money power he has fought so long would be the greatest possible object lesson. They certainly ought to see that capital cares nothing for men or parties or the nation but only for itself. And they ought to grasp the idea that their only salvation lies in the annihilation of the money power by acquiring and operating the machinery of production themselves.

## *True Reason for the Centralizing of Wealth.*

BY HENRY WAGNER, M. D.

**T**HE SUN in Aquarius the airy sign which governs every expression of force on earth today, is the motive power behind the throne that governs our centralization of capital into a few labor saving methods. The air is invisible, universal and one. Centralization of the power of capital into gigantic centers of industry, is like the Sun controlling retinues of planets in their relative relations to each other, and also to their relations with the Sun in disposing of its vibrations as reflected rays of light and heat by means of radiation and absorption. This dual action is the center of motion of life, of creation in forms, both on the mental and physical planes of manifested life.

The machinery of trusts and corporations from which radiates all the power of united capital is natural and due to the Sun's vibration in air as an ocean of life and intelligence, infinite in potential power and expression. Only by centralization and co-operation can the greatest achievements be accomplished: each are parts necessary to the whole in every department of life, no two are exactly alike, yet similar in many respects, like the different organs of our bodies which co-operate to perform the necessary functions of life. This correspondence is perfect in every detail, both in man and in the universe.

We do not find fault with our brother because of the color of his eyes and

the form of his features, then why should we concern ourselves and find fault with him regarding his ideas of religion, of God, so long as he is honest, truthful and reliable in his dealings. Every man has a right to these inherent qualities and inherent idiosyncrasies: they are natural to his race and to his country, and they differ in each by reason of education and his polarity to planetary vibrations at the time and place of birth.

These facts are Nature's laws in operation all about us in everything including man, therefore, we should be wise enough to see and obey her admonitions of charity and tolerance toward each other, in all our differences on every subject, no matter what it may be. We will find that in changing with those with whom we differ that from their standpoint of viewing nature, we will be compelled to agree with them, and vice versa. The point of vision from which we view any subject gives us our ideas regarding it; change the point of vision and we necessarily change our ideas regarding the subject under consideration.

Truth is round, and like the sun, has its center and circumference from which it radiates in every conceivable direction.

Capital centralized can control the factors and forces of human affairs in a majestic way which corresponds to the Sun in its control of its retinue of planets which are only the medium for

the distribution of solar power: each radiates the Sun's rays with different degrees of vibrative force and power peculiar to itself. This Astrological knowledge was well known to the ancients. The Sun and planets co-operate in unison to accomplish the will of the Supreme Intelligence that called them into being. Capitalists obey this law of solar vibration without realizing that they are only agents working out the will of the Infinite Creator, the Infinite Intelligence that manifests throughout the whole organism of manifested life, in which each organ functions in harmony with all the other organs both in the microcosm and macrocosm, in mankind as well as in Deity. Each race and nation of human beings are bound together and co-operate as one organism, as expressed in our solar system and when they are natural in their functions all is perfect harmony and perfect health.

Disease results from any violation of duty or obligation to each other in the national as well as in the individual organism. As their functions are different each from the other, and peculiar to themselves, that must be allowed their liberty to decide for themselves what is right or wrong as to their individual rights.

This broad tolerance is absolutely necessary to health and happiness and harmonious co-operation with each other, just as it is in the body of Deity of which we all are but parts. Each one has the right of its identity and liberty to the full extent that it recognizes the rights and liberties of others, in other words, we should do unto others as we would that they should do to us.

Obey this first law of life and health and happiness and harmony will result to all God's creatures, whereas disobedience or violation of this law always results in disease and death alike to both nations and individuals.

I have pointed out the reason for all of our misery and suffering and the remedy to prevent and cure all maladies no matter by what name they are known.

Until we do to others as we would that others should do to us we must not expect heaven on earth; but when we do obey this law of Deity wars will be no more, disease will be cured and health result as the fruits of obedience to this law and God will be glorified by His children of every nation and tongue. The brotherhood and sisterhood of man and the fatherhood and motherhood of God will be realized upon this earth.

Neither have our able and eloquent writers upon the impending social and religious revolution given the true reason for such conditions. They all assign effects for causes; they see what is, but fail utterly to comprehend the reason *why* for all the discontent among the people.

The true, scientific reason is the Sun's passing out of Pisces and its entrance into Aquarius, from the creative realm to the realm of the Man. The vibrations of this sign as expressed by the Sun, and planets which are the mediums of the Sun, are such as to produce revolutions in every department of human thought.

The Sun symbolizes gold, the god of commerce and of this cycle of time, therefore mankind as a whole, with few exceptions, worship mammon. He

dominates their thoughts, acts and works as witness in the accumulation of wealth and its centralization in gigantic trusts, monopolies of the resources of Nature's products intended for all and held by the few.

This state of affairs cannot last long, revolution is inevitable. Swift-footed justice will overthrow those monopolistic centers of wealth and time will adjust all things as they should be for the general good of all mankind. It

is injustice to others for men to hoard either wealth, truth, knowledge or wisdom as all these things with the earth and the fullness thereof belongs to the children of God, and are theirs to use and enjoy each one according to his or her needs. No one should be allowed to monopolize the resources of Nature for individual gain. The coal, oil, gold, silver, copper, minerals, water and air all belong to the people and they should be allowed to enjoy them.



## *What is Texas.*

G. HERB PALIN.

A man once asked a native  
 What Texas soil would grow:  
 Said he, "I'll never tell you,  
 For really I don't know."  
 The soil's so rich in this great state,  
 Remember what I say,  
 That if I told you everything,  
 I'd not get through today.  
 Just take the products of the earth  
 From every land and clime,  
 And Texas soil will equal  
 The best grown, every time.  
 "Why, Sir," said he, "if walls were  
 built

Around us ten miles high,  
 We'd have the best of everything  
 And wouldn't half-way try.  
 We have our mines, our countless  
 herds,  
 And industries galore;  
 And hands that work, and hearts  
 that beat,  
 For Texas evermore.  
 And women fair, large men and  
 strong,  
 Our cities rich and great;  
 I'll tell you, Sir, what Texas is:  
 The world rolled in one State."



## February.

BY MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

'Tis February, darling. Did you know  
The wondrous secret hidden 'neath the snow?  
The birds have guessed it and have told it all around  
The story of the seed beneath the ground.  
The sparrow heard it first, his ear was keen,  
I'm sure he was not thinking of the leaflets green  
All tucked away so cozy and so warm,  
Away from wind, and rain, and storm.  
As Master Sparrow hopped along the ground  
He heard within the earth the queerest sound,  
As though a thousand dormant things  
Had felt life's vibrant thrill,  
And gently stirred in slumber deep  
Within the ground so still.  
That means they soon will wake to life,  
The darling little things.  
The snowdrop in her green and white,  
The violet with her wings.  
It means the flowers will bloom again,  
And leaves grow green 'neath Springtime's rain.  
It means the Maytime and the applebloom,  
It means the rosetime and the glorious June.  
It means a thousand fascinating things  
That Nature in her season always brings.  
Then darlings watch and wait  
For catkins on the willow tree.  
You'll know dear Nature's secret  
When the cunning things you see.



## Unity in Divinity.

BY E. L. DOHONEY.

THE YEAR 1906 is now a thing of the past; with the advent of 1907 we turn a new leaf in the history of the human race. And yet 1906 and 1907 and all the dreary years of the past and all the hopeful years of the future, as they cast their coming events like shadows before them, are a part of one stupendous whole which we call Eternity. In the almanac of the Almighty, Time is unknown; it is one Eternal Now. The eye of Omniscience scans with equal view the countless ages of the measureless Past and the unending epochs of the boundless future. This brings me to the subject, "Unity in Divinity." Or, as Pope beautifully expresses it, "All are but parts of one stupendous whole; whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Jesus, the Christ, defines God as spirit, and man, being "in the image of God,"—in other words a son of God—is also an immortal spirit and a part of God's infinite spirit, just as a drop of water is a part of the great ocean. The beloved John tells us "God is love" and, as He is omnipresent, it follows that God is an unbounded sea of love and men and women are but drops in it. This gives us a true idea of the eternal fact of Unity in Divinity. That God is all in all; that men are infinitesimal parts of God; that we are all children of God and objects of His parental care and providence; that his guardian angels and ministering spirits are ever surrounding us, protecting us against all physical and spiritual

dangers.

The ebb and flow of the great sea of divine love continually enters our souls, minds and bodies and we could not live a moment were it not for the power and presence of God's spirit. Therefore as parts of the Eternal Spirit and children of the Divine Father our existence depends on His omniscience and our allegiance is ever due Him as our divine Father. Religion, or human duty, is an individual matter between God and each one of His children.

The article of Mr. Tyndall's in your last issue on individuality is one of the best productions I have ever read. The true church of Christ consists of the mighty array of "the spirits of just men made perfect" in the celestial heaven and of those in the psychic realm on earth who have accepted Christ and are keeping His commandments to the best of their ability, whether they are inside or outside of the churches on earth. Earthly organizations are necessary for the purpose of serving our fellow men and doing good, but not to make rules of faith or exercise authority over the hearts and minds of men and women. *For our faith we are responsible to God alone;* but as through Him we are related to all other men and women as brothers and sisters, *our duty is loving service to all mankind.* This brings up the Brotherhood of Man which we have not time now to consider.

*Paris Texas.*

## *The Pathway to Heaven.*

BY REV. ALICE BAKER.

IT IS our purpose this evening to see if we can find some thought that will show us better how we may travel the pathway to Heaven, and lead us to understand this Heaven better, and lead us to know Heaven in its grandest sense. Here in this earth plane, when we contemplate taking a journey, about the first thing we do is to find out what is the best route to take. If we are going to California we are not going to take a road that will lead us eastward. In all of the material conditions of life, I sometimes think we act more in accord with the real spiritual laws, than we do when it comes to the real soul conditions within us. We are everyone of us seeking Heaven. We are everyone seeking to reach that great eternal goal of happiness. Perhaps one man seeks for it on the material plane, by the road of gold, another by the road to fame. Another one seeks it this way or that way. We find people in all kinds of material conditions. I care not where you may be, whether your habitation is a palace or a hovel. I care not whether you are educated, or so illiterate you do not know your alphabet. If we get at the rock bottom ground of your soul, you are seeking happiness. It matters not what your religious ideas are, what you believe or do not believe, you want to know whether after this life of care is over, you will lay your burden down and find the goal of happiness. That is the cry of the soul everywhere.

You ask us what Heaven is. We have had this problem all along down the centuries. We have had it analyzed for us in all of the various ways as different religions have analyzed it for us. Real religion is like everything else that is true. It is as natural as life itself. Heaven appeals to us in its true meaning at once. True, we have been taught, many of us that Heaven is away out beyond the skies, and that it is to be reached by climbing. The question for you and I, and for those who stand between the two worlds as teachers of this great truth is, are we describing it any better today. Are we living it any better, are we giving out the light any better. We claim to have gained knowledge by which we know for ourselves, and can show to our brother man the pathway to Heaven in a clearer way. Some times we see things in this material world that pain us. I presume all of us that are seeking for the upbuilding of the human race, has this same experience. I was talking with a gentleman lately very much interested in this line of thought, who like a great many others had many discouragements. While talking with him he made this remark; "I believe I will give up for a little while this cultivation of the spiritual nature that I am becoming so interested in, because I am not progressing as fast as I want to. I think I shall close that door for a little while. Material conditions are holding me back After I have over-

come them I will gain faster, and reach the goal I am seeking. I must get this money, and then I will reach out for the spiritual." How our heart ached to hear such words, and how the angels must have wept. The path that leads to spirituality is directly contrary to that which leads into materiality. We may not in a moment reach that goal of happiness after we have made money.

What mistakes we make in this life in trying to find the pathway to Heaven! It is true that many others are striving in all earnestness to find the true pathway to Heaven. Will they find it that way. No, it cannot be. The path is one of spirituality, and cannot be sidetracked. You know that the body in which this soul has a habitation must be cared for while on the earth, then the spirit also needs to be cared for. Sometimes Heaven seems nearer than at other times. Sometimes it seems that the angels are a little nearer, that the roses bloom sweeter, but sometimes it seems as though we needed the thorns with the roses. What of it? Can we not bear the thorns for the sake of uplifting the soul. It is not only those who give these thorns, but those of us who fail to bear them as we should, as well, that suffer. There are two conditions right here that will hinder our progress in the pathway to Heaven. There are persecutions and jealousies and conditions of error. If we do not bear them meekly, if we do not bear these burdens as we should, if we do not overcome, then we suffer intense agony and we are left by the wayside, and do not make our trip to Heaven as fast as we should, If we are trying

our very best to retard the progress of others, and if we get into such a condition that we cannot bear to see the roses bloom for another, if we allow jealousy, strife and envy to take possession of us, then we are retarding our progress and are not finding the pathway that leads Heavenward.

The path to Heaven is a beautiful path after all. It matters not about the thorns in it. It matters not if storms wash out the bridges. Can we not ply the oars a little harder when there are myriads of angelic spirits around us to help us. Would that each soul could ply the oars hard enough to cross the stream of adversity, persecution and strife, and come out victorious on the grand pathway leading to Heaven. Would that each one could gather within his own soul the strength and divinity of power that belongs to each individual soul. We do not say it is not hard. We do not say that some cannot do it easier than others, because the natural laws ruling the universe are ruling each one of you more or less, but we do say that as you become educated along these lines, that as fathers and mothers understand these spiritual laws, there will come to you a better knowledge and a better condition by which you can understand these great spiritual laws. The doors are opening up so wide, and the flowers are so beautiful that there seems to be no longer any excuse for not finding this pathway to Heaven understandingly.

Where is Heaven. How often this question has been asked, yet one word tells it all. Is it far away in the distance, or is it close at home? Are you and I in the heavenly world tonight!

Where are we? If we will turn the searchlight within we will soon find Heaven. Heaven is happiness, and happiness must come by deeds of kindness and love. The God within each one is ours. We will prove it to you. Let us look at the children. I care not where you find them. You will find their natural condition one of happiness. There is nothing so trying to see, and so heart breaking as to see children in drunken homes, or homes where there are other conditions that bring misery, sickness and hunger. Happiness is the inheritance of the children, and children, even in such conditions, when not starving or freezing will look up at you with a sweet smile and appear happy. What is the cause? It is the God within. It is Heaven. The child is born with the divinity within it. Its soul is a part of the all Life. The principle back of all this great truth is Love. As the child grows up it may find the pathway to Heaven, and be a true and grand man or woman, or it may take a downward course. "But," says one, "when we come to leave this mortal clay, do we not find happiness?" If you are in Heaven when you leave this body, you

will find that your condition on the other side. If you are in trying conditions here, you will find yourself for a time the same there. Heaven is what you make it. The divinity within you will sometime, somewhere lead you to Heaven. It is a law of the great, infinite source of all life.

Are we at the present time finding the pathway to Heaven in the right way? If we want to live in love vibrations, if we want to gather around us those who live there, we must understand ourselves, we must not get into a wrong condition. There is a work for each one of us. It matters not what you are doing in the material world, there is a spiritual work for every man, woman and child that has come into the light. Look at the places going to waste for lack of laborers. You have your work. I have mine. Angel visitors surround me and work through me for the upbuilding of the human race. I sometimes wish people would understand how the workers in this cause need their sympathy and help. If you cannot any more than speak a few words of encouragement, do it bravely, and the angels of light will guide you each day.



## *Appeal to the Believers in Co-Operation.*

BY JOHNEY H. BEARRUP.

**F**OR you to rally to the support of the National Co-operative Manufacturing plans of the Rio Grande Woolen Mills, they have had the highest indorsement at various conventions. There is but one way to do it, and that is, for those of us who are in earnest to go to work and interest others by a personal solicitation. And to this end we want you to work for this cause, (send for terms). Go out and tell the producers of all wealth that the reason they haven't got that wealth is that they let go of it, in its raw state. While they can only use it in a finished state, and that it makes no difference what it is that they produce and sell. It affects them just the same, so long as they buy this finished article or other articles produced in the raw state, by someone else that has had to pass it out of their hands and into other hands that own the machines of manufacture, that have the absolute power to *adulterate*, to *speculate*, and finally fix the prices for finished things by combinations and trust methods.

This is illustrated by the fact that in the short space of thirteen years, the producers of wool, have had to give from 75 to 300 pounds of wool for a \$15 suit of clothes, in which at no time has there ever been used more than ten pounds of his wool as he produced it.

Tell them that this is proportionately true, and applicable to any producer of raw materials that have to pass thru machines they do not own. Ask them

if it's any wonder that the direct and indirect owners of these machines are millionaires, when they have been able to retain from 65 to 290 pounds of wool out of the 75 to 300 pounds raised by the producer? At the same time tell them not to blame the men for having the illumination to own the machines, as it was their legal right, they struggled to get that ownership during the time of the imperfection of these machines. While you were directing your energies to the development of the vast natural resources of our country. Both have been wonderfully developed, but now that they are the producers cannot see where they can go much further in their direction, and that they find that they do not get the product of their labor. Show them how they can keep their products in their possession and get the full product of their labor, and how they can have a fair labor exchange with other producers by a simple Co-operation in owning the machines through which the raw materials must pass.

Show them that this is what the founder of the Rio Grande Woolen Mills has made a practical demonstration of in Woolens, and is prepared to do in anything that can be delivered direct to the individual. That now the most highly perfected machinery used in the Manufacture of Raw Wool, Cotton and Hides, will only cost them \$10 each, for a sufficient amount to supply the personal requirements for 100,000 persons. And that their own patron-

age of these machines furnishes the very best credit on which to secure operating capital, it would require about \$50 per capita to do it entirely on a cash basis. Now we claim for our plan that they are the only strictly business ones that has ever been presented, they are national in their scope and offer perfect Equality, Justice and the Golden Rule to all of the Producers Wage Workers and the Consumer, or that has received the attention and endorsement of your executive committee and state and National Conventions. So if you have not had these plans, write for them. Send in your subscription, get others to do it. No one can steal your money and keep it, or get away with it. If you can't send it all at once, send it part at a time.

Let's do this right now. We need not expect the fellows that have grown fat at our expense to do it for us. Ei-

ther need we expect luke warm ones and those that are afraid to do it. But it must be by the voluntary concerted action of such men and women as you and I that have made sacrifices and stand ready to make more if necessary. So meet this, our appeal to you, before we are in the position of our brother in the northwest, suffering for the want of fuel, while the wage workers have suffered for work, or enough to buy your products, all on account of Private Ownership of Machines that we can Co-operatively own.

Why should the present owners of Woolen and Cotton Mills not turn the keys in their doors. They have enough of your surplus products in their hands so they would not want. Just suppose they would do it. Guess we would wish we had got busy before. *Let's make hay while the sun shines.*



# THE MOUNTAIN PINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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GEO. R. LANG, Editor and Manager.

The average citizen thinks the New Zealand old age pension is all nonsense, and a very heavy financial burden on the people. But the average citizen don't know much more about his own country than a mule does about heaven. In New Zealand pensions are paid to peaceable persons who have spent their lives in honest labor. In the United States the enormous sum \$3,459,860,311.20 (three billion, four hundred and fifty nine million, three hundred and eleven dollars and twenty cents) has been paid since 1790 in pensions to those who tried to kill their fellow man—and maybe succeeded. It is all right to pension the old soldier who served his country four years in time of war, but why is it wrong to pension those who have served their country just as faithfully from childhood to old age in peaceful pursuits?

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A great deal is being said just now about "trial marriages" and the majority of the people are shocked at the idea. Did it ever strike you that all marriages are "trial marriages." Less than a year ago Judge Ben B. Lindsay informed the writer that during the six years he has served as County Judge of Denver and Arapahoe counties he has granted 4,000 divorces. This means 4,000 trials that failed and those who made them were given permission to try again—after waiting a year in

Colorado, or at any time in the states surrounding.

Our present marriage system has degenerated into a disgusting farce. "Trial marriages" would probably not elevate and purify it any but it is difficult to see how it could be degraded very much below its present level.

The real remedy is a careful education in the mysteries of sex and in all matters pertaining to marriage and parenthood. As it is our youth are educated in everything else imaginable and left utterly ignorant of these most important of all subjects.

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William J. Bryan will probably be a presidential nominee in 1908. In making his campaign he can save a lot of good wind by devoting his time to telling how far the president can go in establishing justice between the millionaire and the laborer, in reforming the many things that need reform in our government instead of exhausting his vocabulary in picturing the horrors of trusts and monopolies which the people already know considerable about.

Strenuous Teddy has started the fashion of doing things in the White House and his successor must keep it up if he wins a place in the nation's heart. Mr. Bryan is a man any nation should be proud of and would make a good president no doubt but he must remember that deeds not words

count. Look up some of his speeches in former campaigns and see how beautifully he diagnoses the diseases of our body politic and see if you can find any remedies prescribed that he could or would administer if he should be elected president. We doubt if you can. He can add many hundreds of thousands of votes to his ticket by finding out just what a president can do for the masses and telling it to the people in every speech he makes and pledging himself to do it.

The laboring man, you and I dear reader, has not been benefitted by the recent increase in wages. The State Labor Commission of Minnesota, in its report just issued, shows that the average increase in wages in the mines and factories of that state during 1906 was eight per cent, but the increase in the cost of all the necessaries of life was far greater. In addition house rent has gone up enormously so that the condition of the masses is really worse than it was a year ago. Of course the increase in wages is of some benefit in balancing, in a measure, the increase in the cost of living, but, measured in food and clothing, the American workman is really getting less for his labor than he got a year ago.

As a matter of actual, statistical fact the recent raises in wages, where they have occurred, only brings the wage scale up to where it was in 1892 and 1893. According to R. G. Dunn & Co., who are unquestioned authority in such matters, the cost of living at present is 25 per cent more than it was then, having gone up \$2 in December. Hence, if the wage be expressed in terms of rent, bread, meat and clothes,

instead of dollars and cents, the workman is getting 25 per cent less than he was fifteen years ago. But he hasn't brains enough to grasp the fact and really thinks he sees prosperity coming to abide with him in the near future.

When the people own the machinery of production and fix the price of the products themselves they will learn by experience what prosperity really means—and they will never know till then.

When your retail merchant asks you to transfer your patronage from the mail order houses to him because if you trade with home merchants your money will be kept at home he is either a fool or a liar. He can only keep about 20 per cent of it or the profits. He must buy goods or he can't sell them and he has to send away at least 80 per cent of your money to pay for them. The money you pay your doctor, lawyer, hotel keeper, blacksmith, or dentist is practically all kept and spent at home but not that spent at your merchant's. Don't your common sense teach you this?

The Parcels Post idea is occupying a good deal of the public mind just now. The retail merchants in fifteen different states are preparing a monster petition to Congress imploring it not pass the Parcels Post Bill. They are backed by the country press everywhere as it cannot exist without their advertising patronage. A parcels post bill, which is sure to be passed ere many years, would be a death blow to very many country merchants but it would

also be of incalculable benefit to the great mass of the people. It is a question of profit saving pure and simple. The only reason you can buy cheaper of a mail order house than you can of your own home merchant is because you pay fewer profits. The mail order house either manufactures its goods or buys direct of the manufacturer. It either manufactures or buys in very large quantities and saves in that way also and the purchaser profits by it. For example a citizen of Colorado Springs wanted a safe not long ago and sent to Sears & Robuck for it. After it came a local dealer reproached him for not patronizing home industry. He asked the local dealer his price for the safe and was informed \$60. The safe cost him just \$40 at the depot in the Springs. Had he purchased of the local dealer he would have, in reality, paid that gentleman \$20 to write a letter for him to some wholesale safe dealer or manufacturer and to notify him when the safe arrived. Isn't this so? And wouldn't he have been all kinds of a fool if he had done it?

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What is anarchy, anyway? A body of 400 well-to-do Kentucky farmers recently raided two tobacco factories belonging to the tobacco trust, set them on fire and inflicted a loss of \$170,000 on the trust. Had they been labor union men every paper in the country would have been full of it and the perpetrators would have been denounced in severest terms. As it is you never heard of it until you read this article.

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What did your last ton of coal cost you? The American miner produces very close to three tons of dusky diamonds every day he works and does not get more than \$1 per ton for doing it. Then it costs 15 cents, on an average, to bring it to the surface. Did the price you paid for your last ton indicate that any one was skinning you in the deal? 352,310,427 tons of coal was mined in the United States last year, or about four tons for each man, woman and child in the country. Yet many people have suffered for lack of it during the past few weeks. Why?

• • •

The people and the beet sugar factories have been having a monkey and a parrot time over next year's prices for beets and several factories, each having not less than a half million of capital invested, may be idle next autumn. Suppose the people owned these factories and knew just how much sugar a ton of beets would make and what it would sell for on the market? Do you suppose there would be any trouble in fixing fair prices all around? There certainly would not. The farmers only want justice to all parties—themselves included.

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### PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S SOCIALISM.

President Roosevelt being human has faults, but cowardice is not one of them. His late message to Congress is ample proof of this. No President has ever dared to tell the plain truth as he tells it. For example read the extract given below referring to socialism and see how beautifully he hits the nail on the head.

"It cannot to often be repeated that experience has conclusively shown the impossibility of securing by the actions of nearly half a hundred different State Legislatures anything but ineffective chaos in the way of dealing with the great corporations which do not operate exclusively within the limits of any one State. In some method, *whether by a national license law or in other fashion*, we must exercise, and that at an early date, a far more complete control than at present over these corporations—a control that will among other things prevent the evils of over-capitalization, and that will compel the disclosure by each big corporation of its stockholders and of its properties and business, whether owned directly or through subsidiary or affiliated corporations. This will tend to put a stop to the securing of inordinate profits by favored individuals at the expense whether of the general public, the stockholders or the wage workers. Our effort should be not so much to prevent consolidation as such, but so to supervise and control it as to see that it results in no harm to the people. The reactionary or ultra-conservative apologists for the misuse of wealth assail the efforts to secure such control as a step towards *Socialism*. *As a matter of fact it is these reactionaries and ultra-conservatives who are themselves most potent in increasing Socialist feeling.*

One of the most efficient methods of averting the consequences of a dangerous agitation, which is 80 per cent wrong, is to remedy the 20 per cent of evil as to which the agitation is well founded. The best way to avert the very undesirable move for the govern-

ment ownership of railways is to secure by the Government on behalf of the people as a whole such adequate control and regulation of the great interstate common carriers as will do away with the evils which give rise to the agitation against them. So the proper antidote to the dangerous and wicked agitation against the men of wealth as such is to secure by proper legislation and executive action the abolition of the grave abuses which actually do obtain in connection with the business use of wealth under our present system—or, rather, *no system*—of failure to exercise any adequate control at all. Some persons speak as if the exercise of such government control would do away with the freedom of individual initiative and dwarf individual effort. This is not a fact. It would be a veritable calamity to fail to put a premium upon individual initiative, individual capacity and effort; upon the energy, character and foresight which is so important to encourage in the individual. But as a matter of fact the deadening and degrading effect of pure *Socialism*, and especially of its extreme form of communism, and the destruction of individual character which they would bring about, *are in part achieved by the wholly unregulated competition which results in a single individual or corporation rising at the expense of all others until his or its rise effectually checks all competition and reduces former competitors to a position of utter inferiority and subordination.*"

When the President talks thus it is time for the common citizen, the unit of the masses, to do some thinking, to find a remedy for the political cancer

he describes. He says in reality that your sons and daughters have already had their initiative taken from them. That monopoly is rapidly destroying their chances for financial advancement no matter how hard they strive, or how talented and worthy they are—unless they, by some lucky chance, become cogs in the wheels of capitalism.

In other words he actually says we have all the evils of Socialism right now but none of its benefits; that extreme Socialism could be no worse than our present capitalism. Remember our great Republican President says this! Dare you call a Socialist a fool now!

And the conditions he mentions have developed while you were voting the old party tickets in obedience to the hypnotic spells of their orators and newspapers. Can you find the remedy by continuing to vote these tickets? Can a person find a cure for malaria by living in the swamp in which he contracted it? Hardly. Suppose you vote with your brains instead of your hands for a few years. Be a man instead of a political machine. If you will do this you will soon break your party chains and vote for the men and principles that will benefit you most. Suppose you go to looking for them and keep on until you find them. The word "Socialist" will have a new meaning then.

• • •

We are glad to note the continued progress of the "*Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*." With the January number,

the title of the publication will be altered to "*The Health Record*," and whilst pursuing the same policy as hitherto, and retaining all the old features which have been so much appreciated in the past, the scope of the Journal under its new title will be so extended as to include articles and news on matters of health and health reform generally. The Journal will be published, as hitherto, from the offices of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, 3 Bayley Square, London, W. C.

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## *Who are the Infidels?*

BY DR. GEORGE A. FULLER.

THE WORD Infidel has been applied to every teacher and reformer down the ages. Anyone who has given new ideas to the world, whose thought was in advance of the time in which he lived, has been termed infidel. The Christian church has hurled the word at the greatest thinkers, the greatest reformers, the world has produced—a synonym seemingly representing all that was evil in human life.

We as Spiritualists have been termed infidels by the Christian church for many years, and I for one am proud of the title I believe we are in goodly company.

Many of us can remember those wonderful lectures that were given to the world by that galaxy of noble men, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, all deemed heretics in their time, a Spencer, a Huxley, a Tyndall, and yet these so called infidels have been the saviours of the world.

Who are the infidels? The word infidel means to doubt, a lack of faith. Where do we find the most infidelity to-day? I say to you there is more infidelity to the square inch within the ranks of the orthodox church than is found elsewhere; a lack of faith, skepticism and disbelief prevails to a greater extent throughout the other religious denominations of the world.

Humanity is seeking for truth, no longer satisfied with faith and hope, but requires knowledge. The old ques-

tion still comes ringing down the ages: "If a man die shall he live again?" and the answer comes to every human soul who has wandered in darkness and doubt, "Turn your faces toward the light of Spiritualism, and knowledge shall be yours." You say to me, "Have you no doubters in your ranks?" and I answer, "Most assuredly we have, but I am not in sympathy with them." I am in sympathy with the investigator at all times, but these people (and we have many of them) who have been investigating for thirty and forty years and have not come to any conclusion ought to be born again, with brains enough to come to some conclusion in the face of the accumulated evidence that presents itself.

Who are the Infidels?

When the first cable was laid under the ocean, thereby seeking to hold communion with the land beyond the sea, the wise ones shook their heads and cried "Impossible!" A voice was heard and then the cable broke, and the world said with smiles of derision, humbug! illusion! But another cable was laid, and what was the result? There is not a child over ten years of age in our public schools to-day but knows the cable message to be an established fact. If we can hold communion with the inhabitants beyond the sea why can we not hold communion with the denizens of the spirit world as well? We turn to physical science and the teacher points to the laboratory to demonstrate its claims;

when we turn to Spiritualism we point to the seance room for evidence of the truths we present to the world, the foundation on which we stand. The evidence is presented day by day, both in private and in public.

But right here allow me to say, that which is of the greatest importance to our movement has been allowed to slip away, and that is the Home Circle. Rarely, if ever, do we hear of them in our midst today, and yet many of our greatest mediums have come out of our home circle. Speakers traveling through the country twenty-five years ago, arriving at their destinations Saturday night, would be invited to enter the home circle which would invariably be held each week in the home of every Spiritualist in the land. I remember one earnest soul who lived in the town of Leominster, who did much for the Cause of Spiritualism in the years past and gone, by securing lecturers and mediums each Sunday to present the truth to the people. There was one room in her house sacred to the home circle, with an altar dedicated to the truths of our glorious philosophy. Within that room on Saturday night she called her little family together, and whoever was a guest in her house, and herself entranced, there fell from her lips some of the most beautiful thoughts from those wise and loving souls "out there," and messages of love and consolation from the dear ones gone before.

It was my privilege to be present on many occasions of this kind. One occasion I well remember. There was present an agnostic. After the seance was over he arose and with tears streaming down his face, he exclaimed,

"I have been to heaven to-night as near as I ever expect to be in this material life. I have to-night secured evidence beyond the possibility of a doubt that my friends still live—evidence of immortality."

My friend, until we establish the home circle again in our midst we cannot hope to bring out the highest unfoldment of mediumship, for in the home circle the best results are obtained.

A few days ago a prominent clergyman of your city attacked Christian Science, calling it a humbug and delusion, and stating its followers were all insane. I am not a Christian Scientist, but when an attack of this kind occurs I believe every thinking mind should protest against it. In the ranks of Christian Science we find some of the ablest jurists, doctors and thinkers; in the ranks of Christian Science we find culture, education and refinement. We as Spiritualists have felt the lash in days past and gone, and we can truly sympathize with this new cult which has attracted to its ranks some of the most brilliant thinkers in the world, and which is doing a great work for humanity.

In the city where I now reside, the attendance at the Baptist churches is constantly decreasing. To create renewed interest, one of the clergymen of that denomination has introduced vaudeville, employing a whistling soloist to take part in the Sunday services. What would Jesus of Nazareth think if he were in our midst today. Think of a whistling soloist in the place of the simple teachings of the Master.

Upon one occasion in England there

was a meeting of the high church dignitaries of the land to discuss the ways and means of checking the growth of skepticism and unbelief within their ranks. The bishop and priest came down from London, the Rev., most Rev., very Rev. men with all the letters of the alphabet attached to their names, and all the titles the Church of England could bestow upon them, met together to solve this problem. Some of them handled it very gingerly, while others met it equally face to face. One good bishop remarked, "Why is it that the name of no noted scientist appears upon our membership roll? We have some scientists to be sure, but none of the great scientists, those that have made a name for themselves are found in our denominations, and why? Simply because we have nothing to offer them. What have we to offer a Spencer, a Huxley, a Tyndall, and unless some of us are bold enough to investigate this new heresy called Spiritualism we have no knowledge, no facts, to present to the world."

He was one of the brilliant lights of the Church of England. While he was criticised on every hand there was a few present who were in sympathy with the thoughts he expressed.

However, no one has ever heard of them accepting his advice, they neither affirm nor deny the claims of Modern Spiritualism; but have more than any other denomination let it entirely alone.

Down through the ages the attitude of the Church has ever been the same toward all the world's greatest thinkers and so-called infidels. After the law of evolution became an established fact and Darwin had long been an in-

mate of the spirit world, they removed his lifeless body and reburied it with all the pomp and ceremony of the Church of England.

What a farce! What blasphemy! Today ignored, to-morrow adored; to-day ridiculed, on the morrow honored and eulogized.

Some little time ago I was conversing with a clergyman and he said to me: "Come into our denomination and preach and be respectable, and we will give you a fine church and a good salary."

I replied, "How can I? I do not believe the creed of your church."

He answered "Oh! that makes no difference: you are not obliged to tell all you know; say nothing about it, preach the same as you are preaching now, only don't mention the word Spiritualism, and you will get along all right."

I said to him, "So you would have me become a hypocrite, would you? No, never! not for the sake of being respectable, not for the sake of a fine church or large salary. Keep on in your work if you will, you are making doubters day by day. Let them come over to Spiritualism and we will convert them and the light of Truth will shine across their pathway, all doubt will be dispelled in the sweet knowledge which is theirs."

The Salvation Army is doing a great work in our land to-day, in accordance with the teachings of the Master. A work that all our fashionable churches have failed to do. They are a faithful band of workers, honest and sincere in their beliefs, working for the upliftment of the poor and unfortunate in our midst.

Not long ago I was walking along the street in the city of Boston, and I heard the drum and cornet of the Salvation Army approaching. I decided to remain and listen to their services. It was a cold, dark night, a heavy mist was in the air, the pavements were wet and muddy, but there those faithful workers knelt and prayed, and pleaded with the hearers to lead better lives, to be better men and women, and then my spiritual vision was opened. I beheld a woman come floating down from the clouds, as it seemed, with hair disheveled, face pale and thin, tears streaming down her cheeks, with outstretched arms she hovered over that little band and I heard these words fall from her lips again and again: "Oh! save my boy! save my boy!"

For a moment the vision remained and then slowly faded from my sight, never to be forgotten.

I believe there are many mothers in the spirit world who can reach their sons and daughters in this life through the influence of the Salvation Army, and prevail upon them to lead better lives and in this way they are doing a

great work for humanity.

Oh! ye Spiritualists of the world, let your light shine out and illumine the darkened places; do not keep it under a bushel, make no apology for the truth you possess, but show to the world by every act of your daily life the knowledge and freedom that is yours, a knowledge of the wondrous possibilities of the human soul in the eternities yet to be. And man, the highest expression of Deific life, possessing God-given powers which lie latent within, shall some day find the opportunity for large unfoldment. I believe that sometime, somewhere, perhaps when we reach the sphere of an archangel man shall become a very God in himself, a maker and creator of other worlds. Out of the star-dust and the power of creative thought he shall call them into being. Such I believe to be the possibilities of the human soul in the eons yet to be. And in the coming years the light of Spiritualism shall illumine the world and its science, philosophy and religion shall become the savior of humanity. —The Progressive Thinker.



## *Gleanings.*

BY JEREMIAH.

Build well with thought and act, thy Character; this will beautify and eternity will glorify.

Humility begets Sympathy, Sympathy begets Love and Love is the fulfilling of the Law.

Devotedly seek for the Go(o)d in every one; your constant demand for it will bring it into expression.

The sphere of life is infinite; death is the passing from one phase of Infinite life to another.

Spiritualism nourishes the mental faculties with Knowledge and the heart with Love.

Time, which seems so extensive to us, may be as a moment in the thought of Eternity.

We are always **HERE**, so we had best make it pleasant by actively engaging in doing our very best.

Each life is full of tenderness and love, if it is but touched in such a manner as will bring it into expression.

Be devoted in the little things of life, and when sterner obligations come you will be qualified to meet them with dignity.

Sunshine clears away the clouds, even so will smiles clear away the gloom of discontent and discouragement.

If each will master self, making a true, noble character, the world will be inhabited with people of genuine worth.

A life without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; so have some purpose, some aim, and make it high and noble.

Leaders should cleanse the conditions with which they labor, and in order to do so must be clean, pure and exemplary.

Reason leads us to love right; will enables us to do right, and judgement rewards us in the act of loving and doing **RIGHT**.

Devotion to friends makes them responsive to kindness; devotion to duty make it responsive to your effort and it is soon accomplished.

The light which shines from without is temporal and may pass with the day; but the light which shines from within is spiritual and shineth unto that day eternal.

Teach the small child to be mindful of others in the detail of life; make the problem of life simple to the child, don't perplex him with too weighty comparisons.

Each passing day affords so much material for building character; the people we meet we may cheer and brighten, thus adding to our account in the great Bank of Love.

Shadows move with the light which shines around the objects which makes them; so bide your trust and patience if you are in the shadow, for soon, at the longest, the light will come.

## Life in the Tropics.

From a letter to one of the MOUNTAIN PINE staff we make the following excerpts believing they will interest our readers.

**P**ERHAPS a few lines about this country would be of interest to you and friends at Crystola. Costa Rica is only a small country bounded on the north by Nicaragua, on the south by Panama, on the east and west by the Caribbean sea and Pacific ocean. It is in productiveness a rich country, as its name, Costa Rica (rich coast) implies.

The Republic is a military despotism. All officials and judges are appointed by this power. The governing class are land owners. Land is not taxed and therefore held in large bodies. It is about the same as the condition of the working classes prior to the discovery of gunpowder in Europe, when Feudalism was the economic condition of society. Of course this country is a little more advanced than times I refer to—but very little. The great majority of the people are ignorant of what self-government means and will need ages yet to reach that step. Very little manufacturing is done and, therefore, labor-saving machines are not in use and such a thing as "class consciousness" is unknown. The country is agricultural and the working class, called "peons," live on these landed estates.

In the interior from 2,000 to 6,000 feet elevation is a beautiful climate. The vegetation of the temperate zone grows very well. Coffee is the chief crop and grows very well. In the lower latitudes the land is devoted to bananas. There are a few independent

planters, perhaps a hundred, but they sell to the United Fruit company of Boston and sell under a contract which will run out in 1908. The company or banana trust, at present is planting lots of bananas on its own land which is the choicest portion of Costa Rica. It has its own line of steamers to the United States and England and all business connections in these places established and the markets under control. As soon as their own product fills the demand all independent producers will be economically put to the knife. Of course these "Yaps" don't see this point, but they will soon enough, and if an economic depression or panic should come in the United States this economic knife would be applied, contract or no contract, to the independent planters. The trust is an artificial creation and its motto is "Dividends." Everything which, in any way, stands in the way of dividends must go. This is an economic law and the stockholders of this trust must move on the lines laid down by this law. There is no other course. The lands of the independent planters can then be bought for a trifle and they all will become "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the trust. At present capable managers are paid good salaries but when the time which I have outlined comes all these capable independent planters will be competitors for positions as managers and the wages will drop to a very low figure. This is coming, I know it.

The banana is not a necessary food and in a time of depression is among the first luxuries cut off by the laboring classes.

You will see by the foregoing that I am a Socialist, and have been for over 25 years. Have read and digested such works as Prudhomme's "System of Economic Contradictions" (anarchistic) and "Capital" by Karl Marx, and hundreds more of lesser note. I have in Oregon (my home) labored with the Grange, Farmer's Alliance and People's Party. I stumped every town and school house in my county (democratic over 1,500) and carried it in 1896 for the People's Party. In 1898 the People's Party discarded principle and joined hands with the long-eared democratic jackass for plunder and pelf. In open convention I denounced this deal, told them that this course would put the party on the level with the other two organizations and that after the election there would not be enough left to bury the People's Party. In 1900 I came to Costa Rica and have worked ever since for trusts and corporations. Of course I only worked with those reform organizations because I found the least resistance to my ideas among them, but I always told them that all measures which ultimately did not embrace Socialism would be palliative only. Socialism would produce economic equality, and without economic equality all other equalities are farces. I have to often laugh now over the ridiculous questions I have been asked in my discussions from people whose brain convolutions only responded to the vibrations of, "Dear God, bless me and my wife, my son John and his

wife, us four and no mbre."

I am a mechanic, blacksmith and machinist and can manage any work which requires iron, steel and wood in its construction. At present I have charge of four large stock farms with about 4,000 head of breeding stock composed of mares and stallions, jacks cows and bulls. There are over 10,000 acres in the farms. I have to be in the saddle from morning till night and it takes me about two days to get around the whole. We have four different kinds of grass, natural grass which is short, a foot high, and two other kinds "Para" and "Guinea" the last sometimes reaching a height of 7 or 8 feet and so thick that you can't see twenty feet ahead of you when riding in it. This makes it interesting as tigers and snakes are numerous. I killed a snake ten feet long a few days ago. A Tiger made nightly excursions among my cattle, killing five head. Finally we hunted him down with dogs and killed him. He weighed 154 pounds and was seven feet from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail. Such is life in the tropics.

The intellectual standard is not very high. Your associates are laborers who regard getting drunk as the highest enjoyment in life. Their religion is Catholic, with some Baptists and Methodists among the Jamaica negroes. The ruling class marry. The peon class live together till another fancy strikes them. There is perhaps a choice among the young at first when they commence to live together but it usually vanishes when the first child is born and while they some times continue living together they much more often separate. Morality

is unknown among the men, high or low. Of the women I had rather not say anything since they are the economic slaves of our economic system—and men also. Woman has borne and is bearing a double burden now. With her negative organization to man's positive she has had a hard road to travel and I have often thought when the equation is struck in the other life the worst will be on the level with the best of men.

American, French, German, Italian

and other nationalities are here. The Americans and English are the most exclusive. Sometimes they intermarry but not often. The French and Italians readily mix with the Spanish. No, I don't think you have missed very much in not traveling over this country. There is some fine scenery but it is the same all the year round. Always green. The days differ only in some of them being wet and some dry.

WM. H. BREESE.

*Santa Clara, Costa Rica, C. A.*



## Love.

LYLE E. SAXTON IN SUNFLOWER.

Celestial love attracts us skyward,  
 Terrestrial love attracts us earthward.  
 We float upward by the love power of aspiration;  
 We float downward by the love force of gravitation,  
 Yet, really, there is no up, no down,  
 To that individualized soul,  
 Who sees only God's love in all the parts  
 Uniting all life as One Whole.



## *A Blow at Our Free School System.*

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

COLORADO always leads the procession in everything good and now she has left the procession in the distance in a matter that is a disgrace to the whole nation. Our free school system has been attacked many times by foreign aristocrats but now it has been given a blow by one who boasts of his Americanism and his fealty to all things American. Governor Buchtel, in his inaugural message, recommends that tuition fees be charged all pupils attending schools above those of the common grade. He says they would appreciate them better if they had to pay for the privilege of attending them. Perhaps this is so. Perhaps heaven would be more enjoyable if the redeemed sinner had to dig up a ten dollar fee for St. Peter before the gate was opened. Perhaps the golden crowns promised the elect in the hereafter would have a brighter luster if those who wore them had to buy them at their coin value.

But in America children do not go to school to appreciate it. They go to be armed and disciplined for the battle of life, to be developed into the men and women of the future and Governor Buchtel says, in effect, that not embryo manhood and womanhood, not brains, not merit shall count in this development after it reaches the limit of the common school. Henceforth hard cash alone should open the path to the Pierian spring.

A tuition fee of less than ten dollars a term would be too contemptible to

think of, but how many fathers of large families could send their children to a high school if they had to pay such a tuition fee.

Four years ago the writer had the honor of presenting two medals costing over \$60 to the two best scholars in a high school graduating class. The winner of the first prize, a gold medal, was the son of a wealthy farmer; the winner of the second, a silver medal, was the daughter of the high school janitor, one of a family of seven bright girls and boys. To keep up with her class she had lived many a day on bread and milk and, in the vacation season, had earned many a dollar in the hayfield. The governor's idea would not have affected the boy but it would have barred the girl forever from the high school. At present her father is janitor in one of our great state schools and his daughters and son are among its brightest and best students. But the Governor would keep them forever in ignorance if he had the power.

The idea is a direct blow at the poor man, the unit of the masses, the one who has, since the days of Lexington and Bunker Hill, furnished the brains, the manhood and womanhood, that has made us the greatest nation on earth in all true greatness. Had some long-haired anarchist with a foreign accent, from a soap box on a street corner in Denver, dared to advocate the exclusion of the children of the rich from the high schools the Governor would

have been frozen with horror. Yet the rich could easily provide private schools for their children while the poor, whom he proposes to shut out, would be helpless,

Really Governor Buchtel's proposition is most amazing, coldblooded and heartless. Never before has an American dared to utter such a sentiment. And he could have said nothing that would have gained him more contempt from everybody. With the solitary exception of the Governor, everybody is perfectly satisfied with our free school system. Not only are they satisfied but they will not allow it tampered with. And we hope, for the fair

fame of our state, that its Governor will not again disgrace it by giving utterance to such unAmerican, unpatriotic rot. All those who know him intimately know that he has no use for the poor man, save in the role of a beast of burden, but he is very foolish to thus proclaim it to the world.

The relations between the classes and the masses are becoming more and more strained every day and such fool utterances add much to the tension. Some day it may break. If it does much of the blame should be given to those in high places who, like our governor, babble regardless of consequences.



Give Hope the fainting heart to cheer,  
Or Love to bless with Light;  
Contentment hovers sweetly near  
And Peace abides at night.

J. W. R.

## *Dr. Peebles in the Old Country.*

ALBERT J. CASH IN THE SUNFLOWER.

**Y**OUR papers have come under my notice from time to time and I have observed that Dr. Peebles is a contributor thereto. I have therefore thought that some notes upon his recent stay among us in the old country would be of interest to your readers. I need hardly say how much we English folk think about the old Pilgrim, or how we look forward to his visits.

I had just read his account of the dedicatory services in Rochester and on the very next day (October 26th) the doctor having landed safely in Liverpool, I received a telegram from him calling me to meet him at Euston Station. At 4:30 p m his train came in and I was duly on hand to extend an affectionate greeting. Farewells to his fellow passengers and the capture of his baggage being accomplished, I had the pleasure of escorting the traveller to his hotel at 18 Enosleigh Gardens, (Hunstanton House) where he has previously stayed.

On Sunday, Oct. 28, the doctor was present at the ordinary service of the Marybone Society at Cavendish rooms where he met with many old friends.

A most pressing invitation to visit Scotland had arrived and tho the doctor had not intended to do much speaking during his stay, he gave way and on Saturday, Nov. 3, undertook the long journey up north (at least we in England call it a long journey. You good people will only smile). The visit extended to Nov. 13 and from some

interesting notes very kindly supplied by Mr. James Robertson of Glasgow. I extract the following:

“Dr. Peebles has been a memory and inspiration to many who only know him by his books. I have been privileged to meet the doctor at intervals, and catch a new joy at each interview. Twenty years ago he seemed to me a link with the past which had its Edmonds, its Owens, and Hare and so many other pioneers who cleared the snow and helped to make a path in which we might walk dry-footed. Another decade has gone and still we have the giant laboring away with the same peace and fervor as of yore. By his faithful devotion Dr. Peebles has been rearing other giants who in due season will speak forth the message as he has done. We are grateful that we can still behold him at times. Our Moses, capable of leading humanity into pastures where peace and joy prevails.

“I could scarcely say there was any change in his appearance when I met him Nov. 3 and conveyed him to my home. The same energy and clearness of mentality. On Sunday Nov. 4 morning and evening, many were gathered to hear him. Among them was Dr. G. B. Clark, Ex M P for Caithness, who stood on the platform and gave expression to his long time admiration for the venerable pilgrim. The hall which holds 500 was crowded. I had the honor of presiding at the

evening gathering, while Mr. Young, the president voiced the sentiment of those assembled in the morning. It was a day, which left a sweet perfume, one which memory will oftentimes recall when the fires of inspiration may burn low within us and will again warm many to new life and effort.

"On Monday Mr. Young and I accompanied him to Greenock where a large gathering was held and where the seasonable word was poured out. At Gourrock he met one of our oldest Spiritualists, Mrs. James Bowman, who is about the same age as the Dr. The doctor left my abode on Tuesday, 6th, for Falkirk. Here again he had a warm reception which was followed the next night in Dundee where the cause is strong and prosperous. The next night (Thursday) found him in the ancient city of Dunfermline. On Friday, 9th, he addressed a large gathering in Queen Street hall, Edinburgh where Mr. Young occupied the chair for him. At night I received the weary traveller, glad to see that his labors in so many directions had not denuded him. We had a feast of sweet talk on the Saturday, of men, of principles and of the great future which Spiritualism must one day bring about.

"On Sunday, 11th we had a repetition of the crowds of the previous Sunday. The Doctor told the story of his travels in Palestine and brought in, at my request, the wonderful seance at Jerusalem."

(Note. In Mr. Robertson's diary of 1881 he had expressed something of a doubt as to the record of the seance being all true. Times have changed since then and Mr. Robertson has of course known and learned to love the

narrator. He showed the extract from his diary to Dr. Peebles and together they now enjoyed the candor of this early criticism.) "We did not need to argue any points. I have changed much since 1881 and can now quite readily accept the narrative as beautiful and true and not as an intrusion of the holy of holies. On Monday, the 12th, we had a grand social gathering to bid good-bye once more to the Doctor.

"In the first notice I wrote of Dr. Peebles I said men might go leagues to hear such a man and come back well repaid. Now after all these years I feel he is more worthy of our reverence than ever."

These are but random extracts from Mr. Robinson's very interesting account of the Pilgrim's doings in Scotland, but I must hasten.

From Glasgow the journey was made direct to Manchester where the Doctor arrived on Tuesday afternoon, the 13th. The same evening he spoke at the hall in Bridge street, Deansgate. "Some Reminiscence and Reflections" was the subject and the audience filled the hall and gallery. Mr. F. Newton occupied the chair. The editor of the "Two Worlds," Mr. J. J. Morse, was invited to say a few words and he warmly referred to his close personal friendship with the Doctor which dated from the year 1868.

On Wednesday, the 14th, despite wretched weather the hall was again filled and "The Seven Bibles of the World" was the subject of the address. Mr. J. J. Morse took the chair. On Thursday, the 15th, some fifty friends were bidden to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Herring to an "At

Home" given in honor of the Doctor.

Music, singing, social chat and dancing made a pleasant time and choice refreshments were served during the evening. The following morning the Doctor left for London,

The stay in London was only for a few hours as on Saturday, the 17th, he departed for Merthyr (South Wales) where he had been pressed to go. Here on Sunday, the 18th, the local Spiritualists gathered in the lesser drill hall, afternoon and evening, to hear the veteran and give him real Welsh welcome. Mr. H. W. Southey (Editor of an important newspaper, "The Merthyr Express,) presided and excellent meetings were held. The society held a reception on Monday evening, when there was a large attendance. Various addresses were given by the president, Mr. G. Davies, Mr. H. W. Southey, Mr. J. Hulbert and others. The Doctor gave a highly interesting address on the influence of mind over matter, and other points. At the close a vote of thanks was passed to the ladies whose fair hands had been busy in decorating the hall in charming fashion and also provided an excellent repast. The "Merthyr Express" of Saturday, November 24, gave a very good account of the above mentioned proceedings.

Tuesday, November 20th, saw the Pilgrim back again in London but not to rest, for arrangements had already been made for a visit to Fulham, one of our West London societies which the Doctor had started on its career only a few years previously. I had the pleasure of escorting him on this occasion and we arrived at the pleasant little meeting place, Colvey Hall, where a goodly number were pre-

paring to sit down to a very nicely arranged tea which preceded the evening meeting.

Mr. John Adams presided in genial fashion and in addition to a fine address from the Doctor, several speakers made appropriate remarks. The Doctor, at the request of the officers, gave the retiring secretary (Mr. W. Turner) an illuminated address as a recognition of faithful service. The whole function was a very pleasant one and the crowded audience stayed thru the whole proceedings, indeed the enthusiasm was so marked that the Doctor had difficulty in getting away. At last however, we managed to say adieu, and together we recrossed London, tired but happy, and I saw the Doctor safely back to his hotel.

"The Daily News" one of London's most progressive newspapers, had on this date a photograph and interesting account of Dr. Peebles. The article was headed "An Optimist at Eighty-five," and was of a reasonably complimentary character, considering the usual treatment which our Cause and its workers receive at the hands of present day journalism. Still I think we can say we are on the up-grade in this respect. It is about time we were.

The Doctor's next important engagement was at Cavendish rooms on Sunday, November 25, where he addressed a crowded audience mainly on the "Religions of the World." His hearers had a fine opportunity of hearing the venerable speaker perhaps at his best, and all heartily appreciated the service.

Monday evening was marked by a Conversazione of the Marlybone society at the new rooms in Hart street. Here, under the direction of the presi-

dent, Mr. Cooper, a capital program of music was rendered. Refreshments and conversation and a short address by the Doctor made the time pass quickly and pleasantly. Quite a feature of the evening was a recital by Mr. Wallis (son of the well-known lecturer Mr. E. W. Wallis) which revealed dramatic talent of a high order. The company was a large one and included many of the best known Spiritualists in London.

On Wednesday the Doctor spoke at the London Spiritualist Alliance and the following day, Thursday, he visited a friend at Oxford. Friday found him at the office of "Light" attending an afternoon meeting with Mrs. M. H. Wallis. On Sunday, December 2, he spoke at Princes street hall, for the newly formed "Spiritual Mission" Owing to somewhat limited space many were unable to obtain entrance. The hall was practically full at least a quarter of an hour before the advertised time of commencing.

A splendid organ recital preceded the service which was a beautiful one throughout.

The Psycho-Therapeutic Society had the pleasure of entertaining the Doctor on Monday evening and with this function his more public appearances closed.

"At homes at the residence of Mrs. C. L. H. Wallace, the well-known authority on physical regeneration, on Tuesday the 4th and again at Hunstanton House, the home of Mr. and

Mrs L. J. Watts, Wednesday 5th. These were among the closing scenes of his visit.

The real end of all came when I accompanied him to Victoria Station on Thursday morning, December 6th, whence he started for Marseilles by way of Dover. It was a pleasure to note that he was comfortably disposed in a pleasant saloon carriage and looking well prepared for his journey. Mr. Jos. Wallace Jr., who had met us at the station, joined in the farewells and after a few moments the train started, and once more our friend was on his way. It was my privilege to spend a considerable time in his company during his stay in London and I am pleased to record that he expressed himself delighted at his visit. Certainly we would have liked him to have prolonged his stay, for here he has so many friends that he would need many months of leisure, so-called, in order to satisfy the demand of all who wished to meet him.

We trust that he has pleasant voyages ahead of him, we trust that the Mediterranean breezes have blown softly around him and that invigorating sea-air may give him yet more strength so that he may be spared to come to us again. For we love him and would fain clasp hands again.

I must close here, for there is so much one would like to say about him and his doings, but space in these columns is precious and I have already used much.



## *The Trust in England.*

H. M. HYNDMAN, IN "JUSTICE," LONDON.

WHEN trustifiers fall out— You can finish the sentence for yourself. It really has been very funny, quite excruciatingly droll, to see the blackest of black pots and the foully begrimed kettle hard at it tooth and nail for the special amusement of those of us who have some little sense of humor left. Here is the Harmsworth gang, which has done more to degrade journalism by trustification and sweating than any other set of men on either side of the Atlantic, furiously denouncing the Lever crew for trying to adapt their own methods in the newspaper world to the soap industry. And the mass of the people imagine this absurd farce to be a serious play! How the proprietors of the motley list of advertisement sheets, Tory, Whig, Unionist, Liberal, Radical, Sham-Socialist, all run by the same owners for the purpose of profit and personal aggrandizement, must be laughing at their precious public, which thinks they are in earnest in attacking the still to be ennobled money bag of Port Sunlight. For my part, I haven't seen such a capital joke for a long time. "Vous n'avez rien à déclarer?" isn't one half so sidesplitting as this comedy of the great and patriotic Lord Harmsworth and his tribe on the subject of the iniquity of the Trust. What makes the whole piece still more enjoyable is the fact that several comparatively independent organs of anonymous private opinion, afraid of being

left out of the cast altogether, have done their best to rival the Harmsworth clowning on the same subject, neglecting meanwhile the really serious economic and social side of the whole question.

Now we Social-Democrats have no prejudices on the matter. We know quite well that the trusts are inevitable and that they constitute an economic advance. They organize production and distribution, save useless labor, curtail advertisement and make the best use of machinery. Instead of anarchical competition they substitute orderly co-operation and regulated trade. This they do not only nationally, but to an increasing extent internationally. "Competition," as Fourier wrote in 1825, when Marx was a child 7 years old, "will find its logical term in monopoly." It is so finding it now. The process cannot be checked under existing conditions. To try to prevent Trusts is sheer ignorance and foolish reaction. Moreover, denunciation of Trusts in themselves is as silly as denunciation of labor saving appliances. Both tend to render the life of the ordinary workers the hand to mouth existence of mere tools of the social mechanism. But that is because they are themselves handled by these new or more completely developed forces instead of handling them on their own behalf; not because the forces themselves are injurious to the well-being of mankind. Trustification is the last

form of developed capitalism: the stage at which individual employers and companies sink their antagonisms in common action—to secure, "greater and more certain profits. All the furious invective hurled at the Trusts, or even at their manipulators, is, therefore, quite out of place. The commercial travellers, the advertisement agent the local managers, the small distributors who have outlived their economic usefulness, have to go. Very cruel and brutal, no doubt. But then economic and social progress, amid a wholly unconscious and incapable population and proletariat, is always cruel and brutal, as all history tells us. Trusts have been built up on cruelty and brutality: some of it legal, most of it grossly illegal. Murder, swindling, poisoning, adulteration, child-crushing woman-sweating, man-rotting all go to the making of a complete Trust. But so they formed part of the process of development in the early days of capitalism which provided fortunes for "some of our best families." From the standpoint of abstract ethics, the entire system is as immoral and as infamous as it can well be. But Harmsworth, Lever, Coats, Rockefeller, Armour and Lipton, dangerous as they are to the community by the wealth and influence which they have acquired and use against the mass of the people, are, unknown to, and certainly unwished by, themselves, digging the graves of all Trusts, and preparing the way through collectivism for Socialism, quite apart from any cheating or adulteration or other infamy that may incidentally occur.

Why should we stop them? As Social-Democrats we don't wish to stop

them. We only intend to control their Trusts and own their social machinery; just as we intend to take possession of mines and transportation, and own and manage them. The rascality is an incident; the social progress is a fact. It is obviously much easier for the people at large to expropriate and socialize a few large corporations than to deal in like fashion with a number of small competitive enterprises. The Trusts are preparing the public mind for such action by their ruthless and uncompensated expropriation of other producers and distributors of all grades; just as the ownership of vast tracts of country by a few proprietors is forcing men to consider the immediate practicability of complete public ownership of land which peasant proprietary renders difficult.

More power to the Trusts, therefore, as tending to hasten on the social revolution.

It by no means follows, however, that mere municipalization, or even nationalization under our present wage slave competitive system, is of any great advantage to the mass of the people. That entirely depends upon circumstances. What is absurdly called Municipal Socialism—collective gas and water and electric and tramway wage-slavery, that is to say—may even head back the essential transformation by gulling the public as to the advantage gained. Thus the shameful maladministration of the nation-city of London by the Progs, Prigs and Puritans who have ridden rough-shod over us for the past eighteen years has not only been harmful in itself, but has actually helped reaction by the disgust and contempt their

unlimited incompetence has aroused. The rate-payers have been harried; the workers have not been benefited. And there are other municipalities of which the like may be truly said. The whole problem has, in short, been regarded solely from the profit-mongering point of view. If the trusts had been in control there would probably have been a genuine revolt against them long ere this. The pretense of popular management has, however, deceived Londoners all round.

So with the Post Office.. Some Socialists actually talk of the Post Office as a "Socialist Institution." Fiddlesticks! The Post Office is merely a national profit-mongers' Trust. It is a combination of a sweating-den for the workers with a swindling-crib for the public. The one object of the appointed State managers at the top, who are not subjected to competition, is, by the most unscrupulous use of both sets of machinery, to squeeze out several millions of profit, which are applied to the reduction of taxation on the well-to-do. A State Trust of this description, handled entirely on the lines of competitive wage-slave industry, is a curse to the country and tends, like the wretched bourgeois municipalism to close the eyes of the majority of

our countrymen to what is actually going on.

Precisely the same criticism applies to the other state departments, which recognize no responsibility whatever toward the workers they employ and sweat: as we can see from the wholesale discharges of state employees, without any attempt to organize the workless laborers, now being made under our hypocritical Liberals from the Government establishments at Woolwich and elsewhere.

Thus while we fight the Trusts on every occasion in every country we do so not in order to check their development or to break them up, but to prove to the mass of mankind that they have here ready to their hand the best possible means of working onwards to complete Social-Democracy; if only they will look facts in the face and clear themselves, as the propertyless disinherited class, of their idiotic prejudices in favor of private property which they never own.—Wilshire's

The above excerpt from an English magazine gives an idea of the struggle between the man and the dollar over there. And it is the same all over the world and can only cease when man's victory is complete.



## Query Department.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to Dr. Henry Wagner, Box 717, Denver, Colorado.

**DREAMER—FORT COLLINS.** Dreams and Visions. Our common physical senses are only the agents or means, whereby the Astral Spirit comes *en rapport* with the outer world to enable us to have cognition of actual existence; but the *spiritual* senses of the Astral man, which belongs to the domain of Psychological or Occult Science, are the means by which he can communicate with his inner Self and thereby obtain clear perceptions of the realms of the invisible to the normal eye.

In reality, then, man has a double set of senses, a spiritual as well as a physical brain. It depends entirely upon the definite harmony and the acuteness of the mental impressions of the inner self as to whether such impressions can be conveyed to the common, material, sleeping brain of the outer man. The higher those spiritual faculties are developed the easier it becomes for the real Self to arouse the sleeping hemispheres, to awaken into activity the cerebellum and sensory ganglia, the latter of which are always inactive and at rest during deep sleep. In the sensual man, as well as in the overwrought laborer, the sleeping brain is insensible to the touch of the Astral Soul, and such persons very seldom have any dreams or visions that are prophetic. The more spiritual a man is the greater his chance for receiving in dream and vision the correct impressions transferred to him by his ever living and ever wake Self,

and he often sees visions, and has dreams, not only during sleep but also in a state of wakefulness.

**H. W. P.—ABSTINENCE, ETC.** In answer to this I will quote from Porphyry: "Whoever is acquainted with the nature of *divinely luminous appearances* knows also why it is requisite to abstain from all animal food, and especially for him who hastens to be liberated from terrestrial concerns and to be established with the celestial Gods."

**DR. W. W.—DENVER.**—Soul and Spirit. If it were possible for a duad to exist in which there was a distinction without a difference we should say that such a combination was a perfect type of "Soul and Spirit." But as such is not in existence we will explain as best we can. The Soul is not the Spirit but it is that by which the spirit is known, in other words, the soul is the senses of the spirit.

**MRS. H. O.—LOUDSVILLE, GA.** Self Hypnotism is the Magnetic Sleep obtained by gazing at some bright spot such as a Magic Mirror, a globe of water, a drop of ink, etc., which temporarily paralyze the physical senses without inducing sleep, for the more our physical senses become lethargic the more our inward sense becomes quickened. This accounts for so many seeing visions just before falling asleep.

**P. P.—SORCERY, ETC.** The difference between Sorcery and Magic is; the Sorcerer or Sorceress is an igno-

rant instrument in the hands of dæmons and the Magician is their Master by the powerful intermediation of science, which is only within reach of the few, and which these beings are unable to disobey.

AN INVESTIGATOR.—The "Orb of Evil" or "Dark Satellite" of our earth

is, in reality, a "moon" but an invisible, magnetic orb. It is the Magnetic Vampire of the earth, the Eighth Sphere. This dreary and fatal sphere is the abode of the utterly depraved souls who have lost their Immortality and who thus become annihilated.

## *Department of Co-Operative Manufacture.*

FACTS AND FIGURES SHOWING ITS GROWTH, BENEFITS, ETC.

### *WHAT CO-OPERATION CAN DO FOR THE FARMER.*

Farmers in Kansas used to sell corn at 10 cts a bushel in trade, I have burned it for fuel at that price and found it much cheaper than coal that would cost \$10 per ton. Why was this? Simply that we did not have the cattle and hogs to feed it to, thereby being able to keep our raw products in our own hands, until it was in a state more suitable for exchange. Neither did we own mills to convert this corn into meal, that we might exchange with you for Cotton or Wool. Besides, that would not of helped us any because you could only furnish us with wool and raw cotton, which we could only use in the form of Clothing.

You did not have machines to make it into Cloth. You did not have a Farmers Union or even warehouses. So I guess that you sold Cotton as low as 5 cts a pound. You produced raw pro-

duce and believed what was told you. That you did not know enough to go into the business of keeping your raw materials in your own hands until you could convert it into a more suitable form for exchange. So you kept on trying to produce more.

You all worked like niggers and by the time you paid the toll, that is, by the time you turned over your raw product, and come to get back what you got in exchange, it was barely enough to meet your necessities. But you still believed the divine right to trade fellows, so you spit on your hands, kept the kids out of school, and cut in a little harder, finally the sweat loosened the scales from your eyes, and you came out of the Hypnotism, and you saw that these fellows that had been telling you to stick to your trade had actually secured 90 per cent of the wealth of the country. So you see the union did not start until you were forced to do it, until the time was ripe.

Neither will the producer own the machines, and keep his products in his own hands and get the full product of his labor until he is compelled to do so.

But that time has now come, the time is now ripe, and made so by what the Union has taught, we have found that when a million people will put in \$10 each, that it will furnish all the machines, their housings, etc., with which to make all their necessities in *Wool, Cotton and Leather*. That when they put in \$50 each in cash, that it's all that is required to carry on the whole business without borrowing but they have learned that the fact of their patronage is the very best means of credit, so they find that they can do these things, by the same means that the other fellow has, and by a scientific use of their credit, not a mortgage on crops, but by loaning his company his note, made good from the fact of

his patronage. After having the cash to own the machinery free from debt.

When we know how, things that appeared impossible, becomes easy. And now that we have the illumination let's do it. Let every man and woman appoint themselves a committee of one and swell the membership.

This is quite different from entering some game of chance. Clothing is a necessity, probably we never will paint the sky blue and go naked. So let's supply ourselves with the the best pure and as good as we produce the raw materials, and at a fair labor exchange Ain't that what the brotherhood of man means? Send in your application to the first *Co-operative Manufacturing Company* that has been offered to the producers. Its now started at *Albuquerque N. M. with wool*.

*Johney H. Bearrup.*

*Albuquerque New Mexico.*

## The Crystola Paint Co. Co-Operative.

High Grade Paints.

Purity Guaranteed.

GEO. B. LANG, MGR.

CRYSTOLA, Green Mtn. Falls, COLO.

## Gathered From Everywhere...

[This department invites contributions of anecdotes, strange happenings, e'tc. For every one printed, we will give six months subscription to this magazine. Original articles preferred, but send in what you think worth reproducing, giving credit when possible.]

A Des Moines, Iowa, school teacher, looking through the library for a book on animals, found "The Jungle" and took it home. She afterwards confidently told some of her pupils that she had learned so much about animals from "The Jungle" that she had become a vegetarian.—Appeal to Reason.

When a working man is tried he is tried before a jury of capitalists and a capitalist judge. When a capitalist is tried he insists on a jury and judge selected from men of his own class. That's why so few capitalists are ever convicted and why the work people always get an adverse decision.—Appeal to Reason.

The plutocratic press in New York, in San Francisco, in Chicago, in Denver and in other places too numerous to mention, frantically repeats day after day that the Western Federation officials will have a fair trial. So did Jesus Christ have a fair trial from the view point of the rich and powerful.—Appeal to Reason.

Only one boy out of a hundred who starts to school is able to go as far as the completion of the high school course. Capitalism kindly provides a place for the 99 boys in factories. Socialism would make it possible for all to complete the high-school course and take advantage of the higher learning. But you would rather keep the

capitalists fat than educate the boys. Would you?—Appeal to Reason.

### TREATS ORE FOR 96 CENTS A TON.

Craig and associates, operating the Anaconda cyanide mill, are treating from 60 to 75 tons of ore a day. All of the ore coming from the Clara D. claim of the Lexington company, under lease to the Union Leasing company, which is working eight or nine different properties.

It is stated on good authority that this mill handled this oxidized ore at a cost of 96 cents a ton, and that an extraction of 97 per cent and better is obtained. The Union Leasing company now has in sight in the Clara D. enough ore to keep the mill running at full capacity for the next year.

Messrs. Craig and company are now figuring on building an extension and increasing the tonnage capacity of the plant to double or triple the present capacity. Several other parties having good oxidized ore have been trying to make contracts with Craig & Co., but nothing can be done until they have enlarged the mill.—Ex.

### A NATIONAL SHAME.

The United States Supreme Court has upheld the kidnapping of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone by the governors of Idaho and Colorado. Little else could be expected from a court that holds "that even if there has been fraud in the method of removal, it did

not constitute an infringement of constitutional rights," and that it would be improper to inquire into the motives of the conspiring governors. "Those two gentlemen on the Supreme Court bench can and do twist the language of the Constitution to mean anything or nothing. Had three millionaire mine owners been kidnapped and subjected to all the humiliation that Moyer, Hayward and Pettibone were, there would be a different story to tell. But workingmen don't count for much before the court, and especially where the court justifies fraud in accomplishing a plutocratic end. The moral effect of this decision will be that the Idaho prisoners will have more friends than ever, while the United States Supreme Court will be regarded with more contempt than ever by the masses.—Cleveland Citizen.

### THE AGE OF CLAY.

In spite of the fact that the largest corporation in the world is devoted to the exploitation of iron and steel the people who like to look ahead are already prophesying the end of the iron age. It is pointed out that we can already compute the amount of iron ore still in sight, and the number of years which it will require to exhaust these deposits.

The question which arises is what is to be the substitute for iron. The experts have an answer ready. We will return to the age of clay.

Iron, according to the late Professor Shaler, is first to go out of use for re-

taining vessels. After awhile there will be no more iron buckets and bathtubs and boilers. The retaining vessels of the future, like those of our savage forbears, will be made of clay. Already a new spirit is entering the pottery of the world, and the ceramic industry is recovering the lost glories of its antiquity. Sheet iron will become too expensive for roofs and tiles will be more used. Even now they are regaining a vogue in American country houses.

Iron for structural purposes will follow the way of iron for retaining vessels. For all its shell of brick and stone, New York is a steel city, a masked dream of the iron age, a metal skeleton, incased. Sometime its steel skyscrapers and its steel bridges will be curiosities. The houses and bridges of the future, many of them, will be built of cement. Many of them are being built of cement.

The cement house is a modified version of the adobe dwelling of the Indians of the Southwest. It is the clay age reasserting itself in a novel form. In this form indeed that age is already on the scene, shouldering out the iron age in a thousand places. America produced only about a million and a half barrels of cement in 1897. Last year the output was 26,000,000 barrels. The supply is practically inexhaustible. It is claimed for the cement house that it can be erected in half the time of another house and at much less expense.

—Ex.

## Magazine Review.

**REASON** for January comes to our table fresh, bright and full of ideas. It contains the cream of new thought and is well worth the subscription price of 50 cents a year. Published by the Austin Publishing Company, Rochester, New York.

**LIGHT**, the magazine made famous by the brilliant Rev. William Stainton Moses, is an able exponent of Spiritualism in the British Isles. Americans desiring to keep in touch with Occultism on that side of the Atlantic should take it. It is published at 116, Martin's Lane, London, W. C.

**HIGHER SCIENCE** which in reality is a sort of Pacific Coast Philistine, representing the views of its editor, Franklin H. Heald, comes to our table for the first time, this month. Mr. Heald is a vigorous thinker and writer and his magazine is both entertaining and instructive. Price \$1 a year. Address Higher Science, Los Angeles, California.

**NEW THOUGHT** is as it claims on the title page, an organ of optimism. One cannot help being cheerful after reading it. It covers the whole field of New Thought. And it causes you to look upward, to see the light, to realize that you are in a good old world with a better heaven awaiting you. Price 50 cents a year. Address, New Thought, 1170, Caxton Building, Chicago, Illinois.

**THE OCCULT**, of Detroit, Michigan, is fully up to the standard of everything in its line. Its editress, Mrs. Dan M. Davidson, and a galaxy of

bright minds she has secured as contributors, are keeping it in the front rank of the journals of its kind. Price \$1 a year.

**THE LIBERATOR** for January keeps up its attacks on compulsory vaccination and many other things that injure the public health. Lora C. Little, the lady who conducts it, has "a mind of her own" and a command of language amply sufficient to express it. The children of America owe her their sincerest gratitude for her determined effort to keep them from being legally poisoned by vaccine virus. Her magazine is devoted to promoting good health and should be read by all who desire this blessing. \$1 per year. Address, The Liberator, 1114, 21st Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Among our January exchanges none is more welcome than "FELLOWSHIP," the magazine of human brotherhood edited by the brilliant, talented B. Fay Mills and his equally brilliant, talented wife. Their aim in life, as expressed in their magazine, is to establish the principle of human brotherhood not in theory but in actual practice. In other words they are trying to carry out the idea expressed in Will Carleton's lines:

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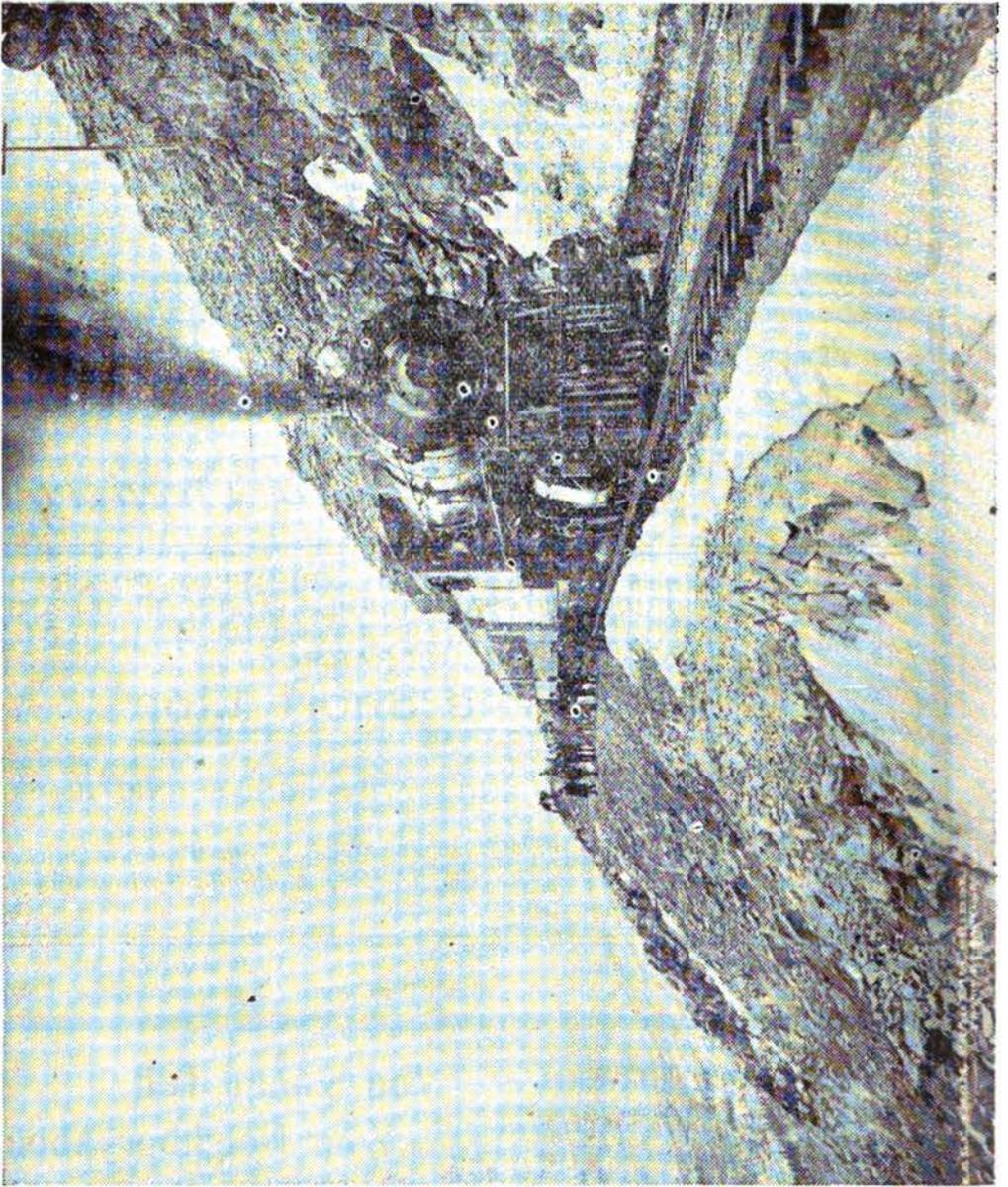
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## The Law of Correspondences. Relation of the Physical to the Spiritual Life.

The following article is taken from a volume entitled "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism" published in Cincinnati, Ohio, by Dr. N. B. Wolfe, thirty-four years ago. It is a bona fide conversation between the Doctor and Spirit Jimmie Nolan. Nolan was able to draw power enough from his medium, Mrs. M. J. Hollis, to speak in a clear, audible tone in answering the Doctor's questions. The Roebing referred to was Colonel John A. Roebing, who, after a few years more development, after building the Cincinnati bridge, conceived the ideal of the far greater Brooklyn bridge and died from overwork while materializing his ideal in stone and steel.

66 || THIS said, Jim, that all inventions, all the discoveries we make in science, are common with you in the spirit world. Is that true?"

"Nearly so. We have them more perfect than you."

"Had you the electric telegraph in the spirit world before it was discovered by Morse?"

"Yes: as fast as we can find better mediums than Morse, we give our improvements. To him was given as much of the principle as he could make use of in constructing his machine. He was a medium of our will to that extent. Others have received additional information, and still further acquisition of knowledge will enable you to make still further improvements."

"I perceive, then, you impart your ideas or information by installments? Can you improve on our present system of telegraphing, or have you anything better in the spirit world?"

"Baron Swedenborg revealed a great truth to the world in his disclosures of the law of *correspondence*."

"I understand by this, that whatever exists on earth has its counterpart in the spirit world."

"If you transpose your proposition, you will be more accurate."

"O, you would have me state it, that whatever exists in the spirit world finds its correspondence here?"

"You are approaching exactness." Let me state it: 'Whatever you possess exists with us more perfect than with you.'

"Have you anything more perfect than metallic wires for conveying electric currents?"

'Yes, we have electric currents without the wires. These are as appreciable to our eyes as your metal conductors, and the battery which enables us to transmit our thoughts is simply *will power*. We not only send thoughts but we *go* ourselves faster than you can conceive. Your metal conductors are simply the channels through which electric currents flow. We see these currents in the wire as you see the wire. We can outstrip them, as light moves faster than sound.'

"I understand, then, that you make this distinction between our wires and their correspondence in the spirit world. Over the first are transmitted electric currents alone, while over yours are thrilled electro magnetic currents."

Now, I am a little confused in apprehending this distinction. It sounds to me like 'tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.'

"I can't help that! By the aid of electricity and Puck, you say you can put a girdle round the world in twenty minutes; by the use of our *electro-magnetic* currents and *will power*, I can make the trip myself in half the time."

"Do you think these electro-magnetic currents will ever supersede the metal wires we have in use?"

"The time is near when, with an improved instrument, these celestial currents will be utilized for the benefit of the world, and not only convey messages from city to city, but they will become channels for the transmission of thought between the natural and the spirit world."

"This doctrine of correspondence is a little new. Will it bear a general application?"

"Certainly! That is whatever you possess, exists with us more perfect than with you."

"You strip us, then, of all creative power, and make us mere imitators?"

"Not exactly! It is only when you come in competition with the spirit world that we surpass you. Man in the form has created nothing valuable in the world that is not found existing here: You model our ideas the best you can."

"Jim, have you seen the great suspension bridge which spans the Ohio River at Cincinnati?"

"O yes; and have crossed it frequently with my medium and yourself."

"Well, isn't that rather creditable as a human achievement? You will ad-

mit that to Mr. Roebbling's brain we are indebted for this noble monument of his genius?"

"Do you know what a brain is, Doctor?"

"I have seen a brain!"

"Of a man?"

"Of many men, and horses too!"

Well, the brain of a horse and the brain of a man, in substance, vary little?"

"You quibble, Jim. You know very well I meant Mr. Roebbling's *mind*, not his material brain!"

"An intangible principle, which exists independent of matter, and expresses itself as intelligently through the brain of a bird as through the brain of a man. I will accept your substitution of mind for material brain, but wish to ask you a few questions, which may assist us to consider this bridge-building in a somewhat clearer light. First: What relation does mind sustain to matter? Second: Does mind exist independent of matter? And, third: Is mind so individualized that we can emphatically say it was Mr. Roebbling's mind that originated the bridge?"

"It is easier to ask perplexing questions than it is to answer them. I fear, instead of simplifying the bridge question, you are making it more intricate. Still, I answer in general terms, that mind and matter, if not identical, are at least so intimately related that the destruction of the one involves the loss of the other. That is, I do not think they exist independent of each other; therefore they become unitized, 'flesh of one flesh, and bone of one bone.'"

"That is a monstrous doctrine you profess to believe. Let us examine it. Mr. Roebbling, as you knew him, no

longer exists. His mind, inseparably wedded to matter, has been buried with his brain and body. That means annihilation according to the infallible laws of chemistry. The body becomes disorganized, and ceases to exist in a tangible condition. Your logic compels the mind to share the fate of the body."

"Jim, you have arrived at a conclusion repugnant to my feelings. All the instincts of my nature recoil at the thought of annihilation. I now perceive that I have been entertaining a conceit—an undigested notion—which like an iridescent soap bubble, collapses when touched. Make clear to my understanding the knowledge you possess on this subject of mind and its relation to matter. I will listen more and talk less,"

"Death is the act of divorcement of the *mind* from the body. The body perishes; that is, its form is resolved into elemental conditions. On earth, *mind clothes it-elf with matter; in the elemental world it clothes itself with spirit.* In its purest condition, mind is supreme intelligence; but when expressed through matter, its wisdom is less perfect than when it speaks thru a spirit form. It will thus be seen that there are two conditions of forms thru which the Supreme Mind expresses it-self. First: The earthy, or material form composed of concreted elements called matter. Second; The spirit form, which is really matter in its more sublimated or discreted condition. The latter form enables the expression of the higher truths, and transmits them to the coarser forms, which move on the elemental plane of life. Hence, the ideas of the natural world originate

in the spirit world, and the truths of the spirit world emanate from the Supreme Mind. Perfect organizations are unfolded for the expression of purest thought. Faulty organizations—alas! the world is full of them—can not grasp the higher truths of spirit life.

"I will illustrate my thought with the case in point. The suspension bridge is but an actual expression of an idea—the tangible of the intangible; the materialized, immaterial thought. The thought was spiritual, and found its expression through Roebbling's brain, as sounds are reflected through the bosom of the winds. Thus he only becomes the medium of the thought, not the originator—the inspired; not the inspiration. History is full of the grand achievements of men and women who have been but mediums for the outbirths of spiritual ideas. The natural world, you will perceive, is a necessity of the spiritual world. It completes the circuit of unfolding and progressing life. Through matter thus the spirit world proclaims its grandest truths. All men are mediums, to subserve some special purpose; but few there are who possess such fine strung harmony in their natures, that the highest truths may, through them, find expression. Of such was Haydn, whose soul thrilled with spiritual harmonies, which found expression in his immortal 'Oratorio.' Raphael's spiritual vision opened upon the sweet face of the 'Madonna and Child,' before he transfixed them upon the glowing canvas. Phidias gazed upon his 'Nemesis' and his majestic 'Olympian Jupiter,' as they lay dreaming in the unshapely blocks of marble, ere a chis-

el-mark was made or a hammer-sound was heard, fashioning them with dignity and expression. Shakespeare caught the inspiration of eternal verities, and marshaled them in deathless procession along the lines of his immortal verse. O, my dear friend, there is a world of beauty which the natural eye doth not see! There is a world of melody that the natural ear doth not hear. It is peopled with intelligences which but few understand. It is the source of natural life, supplying you with all that is true and beautiful and good."

"Now, Jim, stop this rhapsodizing and please answer me this practical question: *Could this bridge have been built without Mr. Roebling's brain to superintend its construction?* Now, stick to the point squarely, and no dodging."

"I have already stated that brain-substance, essentially, is the same in man and beast. You mean the *mind* flowing through Roebling's material organization? Mind is impersonal."

"Well, if that suits you better, answer!"

"No: not that particular bridge. It would be impossible to find another organization precisely like Mr. Roebling's through which *mind* could so exactly express itself. The bridge embodied the highest truths which Mr. Roebling was capable of receiving at that time. But one year later, he became the recipient of a new influx of ideas, which discovered to him errors that would have been corrected in the construction of another bridge. Man is eternally unfolding his faculties, placing himself thereby in more intimate relation with the causative world.

The Mr. Roebling who built the bridge at Cincinnati was not the same gentleman who constructed the bridge across Niagara River. Organizations through which *mind* develops itself are changing day by day. The mind of Webster, almost God-like as it was, flowing through a different organization, might be stale, vapid, and commonplace. Or it might, under more favorable conditions, exhibit itself with such grandeur and strength that all its former achievements would be dwarfed in comparison. Mind will exhibit its quality whenever a medium is found, whether it be through the brain of a Webster or 'Blind Tom's.'

"There are no two things exactly alike in the universe. All organizations of matter are individualized. That is the reason the suspension bridge could not have been constructed by any other than Mr. Roebling's mind. I fear the distinction I make between brain and matter—or, the better statement would be, mind and matter—is a little obscure."

"No: your distinction is well made; still I cannot surrender my brain-theory to your mind-theory without further illustrations. In the organization of the brain, is there not some center of motion wherein thought is generated, where there is a galvanic action of brain-glands by which all your spiritual ideas may be explained?"

"If there is such a self-acting organization in which a spring of intelligence spontaneously flows in the structure of the human brain, you should point it out, else you will be charged with the insincerity of following a devious fancy, rather than the guidance of a fact. The French wri-

ter, Descartes, advanced the thought that the *pineal gland*, which is a little soft, gray substance of a conical shape, situated just above the *quadri gemina*, was the seat of the soul and the center of mind. It is in this little gland—no larger than a marrow-fat pea—where the great creative power (of bridge-building) is born. Its tiny chambers become the picture galleries of all the ideas you illustrate in matter. All thought, all passion, all impulse, all action, springs from this common center. Do you think Descartes was a philosopher, Doctor? But spare your breath, for he has presented the best theory for the material origin of ideas that has yet been essayed. It is the only demonstrated argument that has as yet been attempted."

"As I am not a follower of Descartes, I may speak of his *pineal gland* hypothesis with entire freedom. It seems absurd to my mind."

"And yet no more absurd than to talk about a 'change of heart' which thirty thousand or more paid priests are doing all over your land, every day and night in the year."

"I fear you are irreverent, Jim. You have so little respect for the cloth."

I have but little reverence or respect for men or cloth, when they impede the influx of truth to the understanding of the world. It is good for us all that this 'pineal gland' theory is not true, else the old 'infallible' blatherskite would concentrate all his official cursings into one word, and call it *lightning*, which with pineals would be St. Bartholemewized in a jiffy, or be damned as 'flat as fips.'"

"Well, let the pineal glands go, and return to the bridge. I fear I do not

understand you exactly. Suppose I admit the *idea* of the bridge to have been imported by Roebing through the custom house of his brain: now that we have it in a materialized expression, have we not secured it for all time?"

"A prisoner you would make it? No, you have only secured the shadow of the idea. The idea, itself, is indestructible."

"But the bridge—"

"Is a mere shadow."

"A hundred thousand tons of granite and iron?"

"Yes, a hundred thousand million tons. Ideas are eternal, but matter has no permanent form. There are reciprocal forces ever at work building up new and destroying old forms. Children come and men go. So granite and iron. The destruction of your bridge is only a question of time, which, measured by eternity, is but half a swing of the pendulum of the clock of the universe."

"And these forces will destroy my body?"

"What if they do?"

"But I—"

"Will live, like the idea of the bridge, forever! Your body is nothing but a crystallization of elements about the form of your spirit. It can't think! It is not you, no more than is your old coat."

But your logic annihilates my body; and that is all I know myself to be."

"You are to be pitied! You startle at the thought of having your body annihilated. How does the annihilation of two cities impress you? Two have recently expired in flames. Do you expect them to be reorganized as they

were before their elements were liberated by fire?"

"But, Jim, there is a difference in the building material of a city, and the material of a human body?"

"Human bodies were burned with the cities. Did the fire discriminate in their destruction?"

"No."

"Of course not! The same elements are found in building material for houses that are found in the building material for bodies. Lime in the stone, lime in the bone. When chemistry discovers an element she calls it by name, and does not say it belongs exclusively to a cow or a dog or a pig-headed man, does she?"

"The body of a horse, I understand you to say is composed of the same elements as the body of a man? What difference, then, is there between a horse and a man?"

"Mind! And that only in quantity, not in quality. Thoroughbred horse-sense compares favorably with the 'scrub-sense' of the uneducated clod-pole."

"Jim, you have trotted around 'Rob-in Hood's barn several times, and have got me in a perspiration. Will you please tell me just exactly, and in few words, what you are *driving at*."

"Don't stultify the subject by 'lingo.' Do you not see that all my illustrations prove that ideas have a spiritual origin; that they are organized forces, seeking material expression to benefit the world; that *they* find you, not you them? Thus the ideal bridge found a medium for giving the best expression of itself *through* Roebing's organization. The telegraph found one in Morse. Steam begged of Fulton to

utilize it for the benefit of man. The spirit sewing machine could find no better medium than Howe. And impersonal truths have poured their inspirations into the receptive brains of all men that have lived in the world since the morning of Brahma to the high noon of Walt Whitman."

"I understand you, then, to reverse the accepted order of things. All our great discoveries, you allege, are but inspirations from the spirit world; that man creates nothing, only as he is acted upon by intelligence outside of himself; that he does not even discover law, but law discovers him?"

"Your statement is nearly correct."

"I fear this sort of spiritualism will find but few advocates?"

"That makes no difference in the status of truth. The multitude do not think. They follow the lead of the most noise. The 'still, small voice' is never heard by the boisterous rabble. Don't talk to me about the *unthinking* herd. One clear-headed, brave thinker, through whom the senate of the skies deliver their grand truths to the world, is worth more to mankind than a million purblind, bigoted, creed-bound moles and bats, who chatter and grin about their creeds, their baubles, and their splenoid churches."

"You would be crucified, Jim, if you lived in Cincinnati, for uttering such sentiments."

"I know that very well; but the truth would live without me. And yet Cincinnati is no worse than Boston, Baltimore, or Philadelphia. All cities are made up of money changers, stock-jobbers, pawnbrokers, factors, venders and drinkers of lager-beer, butchers, soap-boilers, tobacco-dealers, shop-

keepers, hucksters, and fashionable wine-drinkers. What appreciation can spiritual truths receive at such hands? Such people believe in the commodities they handle. Have they not stomachs to feed, backs to clothe, and respectability to maintain?"

"But, Jim, are they not happy?"

"O yes: 'tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true, that he is happiest who has most flesh and blood, the strongest sinews, and the stoutest stomach. But what of him as a spirit?"

"I don't know!"

"Think a little! Good-bye!"

## *A Man's Blindness.*

EDWIN L. SABIN.

He prayed the gods that they bestow  
The boon of noble rank; and lo,  
They raised him up and deified  
A woman pure to sit beside.

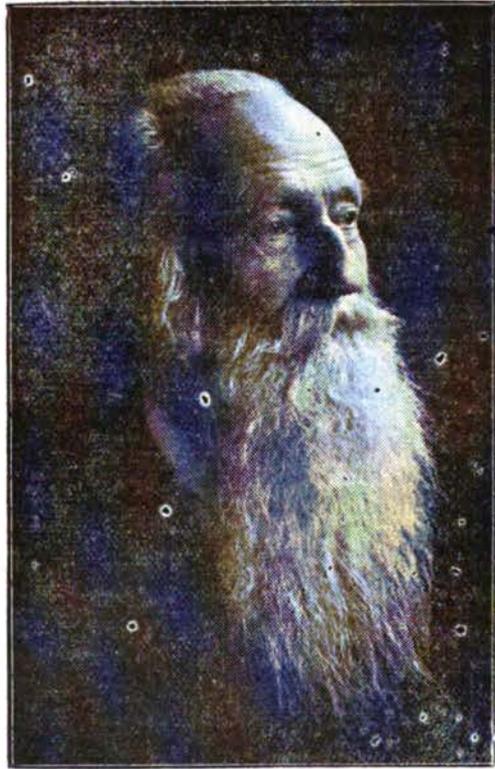
He prayed the gods for wealth: they  
heard,  
And straight the sought for gift con-  
ferred;  
For far outweighing gold or pelf,  
They gave a baby's dimpled self.  
He prayed the gods for fame: they

bent  
And granted, still benevolent;  
And peasant, prince, and artisan  
Wide knew him as an honest man.

Now rank and wealth and fame, these  
three—  
A wife, a babe, integrity—  
Were his; and yet at last he died  
Believing all had been denied.

—*From Fellowship.*





*Dr. J. M. PEEBLES.*

## Dr. Peebles in Australia.

CHARLES BRIGHT.

**T**HERE has always been a tender place in my heart for Dr. Peebles, as his was the first lecture on Spiritualism that I ever listened to some thirty years ago. This subject, although sternly tabooed at that time by the orthodox, was attracting great attention in Australia, and the Victoria Theatre, Sydney, where the lecture was given one Sunday afternoon, was filled with attentive listeners.

I remember as if it were yesterday, how Dr. Peebles walked onto the platform with a large piece of stone in his hand, went straight to the base of the spiritual philosophy by declaring that if that stone were exposed to sufficient heat it would resolve itself again into the gaseous vapor whence all so called "matter" is formed. It was a new aspect of Spiritualism to one like myself, who was then only an investigator and gave the subject a scientific turn that commended itself at once to my attention. This is, indeed, the foundation of the spiritual philosophy and of its every offshoot. Prentice Mulford, who may be claimed as the chief promulgator of advanced spiritual ideas, takes the evanescent character of matter and the potency of spirit as the *raison d'être* of his divine message to the world. This lecture of Dr. Peebles' and some purely scientific ones about the same time on Sound, Heat and Light, when the vibration theory, afterwards so ably expounded by Sir William Crookes in connection with a

psychic world, showed the limit of our bodily senses and the illimitable unseen forces around us, gave Spiritualism for myself the scientific and firm basis that its ablest defenders all over the world claim for it. And now by the latest American mail comes evidence that Dr. Peebles has not only defied time in his 86th year by an activity that fills columns upon columns of the American papers, but that he has begun anew also to attempt a solution of the deeper mysteries of this boundless Universe in his latest volume, "The Pathway of the Human Spirit," with the sub-title, "Did it pre-exist and does it re-incarnate again into mortal life?"

Those of you who remember the pamphlet issued about two years ago by Dr. Peebles on "Re-incarnation," and the strenuous opposition to this doctrine put forth therein against all-comers, will agree with our contemporary, London Light, that "his answer to these questions does not seem as decisive as of old." "Re-incarnation," Light goes on, "used to provoke him to his fiercest vocabulary, but he appears to have had a walk around to the other side of the shield and to see the connection between pre-existence to which he has always been friendly and the re-incarnation which he has always abhorred." Although he says in his preface that the arguments in favor of re-incarnation are "growing in favor" with him, nevertheless he in-

forms us that his "last word has not been spoken on the subject."

And who will ever say the last word on it? It is a subject on which people are strongly disposed to dogmatize, and for my part I am convinced that many will be the illusions dispelled, many the cherished dogmas shattered, when the spirit enters that wonderful spirit world where all is love and orderly evolution.

That the soul has pre-existed goes without saying to such as realize that the divine spirit of which every human body is the temple, is a portion of the universal spirit pervading all nature in which we live, move and have our being. Some of the greatest minds—F. W. H. Myers among the rest—who, though not Re-incarnationists are on the highest spiritual planes, believe that great Teachers are occasionally sent again either by their own volition or desire or at the behest of some great spiritual conclave in the spheres as special messengers. But we are all incarnations of the Divine Spirit with an eternity stretching before us of infinite progress, and our sure path is to be ever pressing forward "toward the mark of the high calling of God," leaving all questions that can never be definitely settled to a wider and fuller knowledge. And this in a measure is the attitude of Dr. Peebles, for he says in his introductory chapter people who have not thought along the line of the spirit's purpose will see that his aim has been to present tentatively the higher teachings of life and immortality in relation to involution and evolution" and has followed the injunction to

"Speak thy thought if thou believ'st it;

Let it jostle whom it may," to which sentiment I cordially subscribe. But let us be free from dogmatism!

For myself, the most delightful part of Dr. Peebles' book, "The Spirit's Pathway," is its charming introductory chapter, in which he devotes himself in a quite unexpected manner to a dissertation on Whitman with a few personal details. It would be difficult for me to explain in a short article the influence that Whitman has had on my own spiritual development. Whitman and the bible are my constant companions whatever else comes along. It is over a quarter of a century ago that when on a visit to the Blue Mountains of N. S. Wales with a party of friends that one of them passed me a volume of Whitman edited by W. M. Rossetti. Strange to say I opened the book at that remarkable poem "To You," and its stirring appeal

"There is no endowment in man or woman that is not tallied in you.  
There is no virtue, no beauty in man or woman, but is good in you,  
No pluck, no endurance in others, but as good is in you,  
No pleasure waiting for others, but an equal pleasure waits for you." struck me like words of fire. Then I turned to "Whispers of Heavenly Death," and found that here again was written that I had been in search of for so long—all my life in fact. "This is the only poet who speaks direct to the soul," I remarked as I returned the book to my friend—"The first man who dares in his 'Carol of Death' to welcome the Great Deliverer."

"Dark mother, always gliding near,

with soft feet,  
 Have none chanted for thee a chant  
 of fullest welcome?  
 Then I chant it for thee—I glorify  
 thee above all—  
 I bring thee a song that, when thou  
 must indeed come, come unfalter-  
 ingly."

Years afterwards, when I had read every line Whitman had written, I came across W. M. Rossetti's mention of him in a volume of letters in which he said to Mrs. Gilchrist, the biographer of William Blake: "That glorious man will one day be known as one of the greatest sons of earth, a few steps below Shakespeare on the throne of immortality." And so it was good to read how Dr. Peebles had, like the friend who gave me my first glimpse of the "Good Gray Poet," met Whitman in the flesh, had chatted with him on great themes and the great minds. "Longfellow," Whitman told Dr. Peebles, called upon him with Childs, the great publisher. "His manners," he said, "were stately conventional—all right but careful." "Was he at all like Emerson?" asked Dr. Peebles.

"Not at all. Emerson was as different as day from night. Emerson had the best manners of any man I ever met; by this I mean manners in the right sense; manners, words, thoughts, always right, yet never at any time suggesting preparation or design." \*

\* \* \* Dear Emerson! I doubt if the literary classes which have taken to coddling him have any right to their god. He belonged to us—yes! to us—rather than to them. It was Emerson who said on the first publishing of "Blades of Grass," over half a century ago, that "it was the greatest piece

of wit and wisdom yet produced."

About this wondrous life of ours that Dr. Peebles is endeavoring to elucidate, Whitman says:—

"O, but it is not the years—it is I, it is you.

\* \* \* \* \*

We stand amid time beginningless  
 and endless, we stand amid evil  
 and good,

All swings around us, there is as  
 much darkness as light,

\* \* \* \* \*

I believe Materialism is true and  
 Spiritualism is true, I reject no part."

And here we leave this great subject of Life among the stars and systems in which we are all being whirled along on our course, and for further information on Dr. Peebles' volume will ask our readers to turn to the excellent "Review" kindly furnished by our distinguished contributor, Mr. James Smith, while we proceed to ascertain what Dr. Peebles is doing now.

By the latest advices we learn that our enterprising traveller was just about to start on his fourth journey around the world, and that he will take in Australia on the way. This is good news for his many Australian friends. He was to sail from New York, we learn from "The Two Worlds" of October 19, on that same date for England, en route to India. Dr. Peebles has long desired to again visit that country and to speak in that wonderful land of Occult mysteries of the light that Modern Spiritualism is pouring into these newer civilizations and of the life-giving spirit it is infusing into every branch of modern thought. In Dr. Hensoldt's most interesting and learned lectures just given in Melbourne,

he spoke of the sadness that permeates the life of the Hindoo. Life is looked upon by them as something to be endured rather than a never-failing source of joy, so well defined in that splendid poem of Tennyson's, "The Two Voices." It is not until we get at the meaning of Life here as a school for the development of the soul that we learn to rejoice in it, and it must not be forgotten that Buddha in his "Day of Enlightenment," rejoiced as he felt himself at last "at one" in loving sympathy with every breathing, sentient thing. Life's lesson is not learned until we can rejoice in the face of difficulties and be independent of externals for the light that Love brings perpetually to the earnest soul. Dr. Peebles is full of this all-pervading optimism and his mission to India will be watched with interest by his many friends all over the world. As Tennyson says in that poem, "The Two Voices:"

"'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,  
Oh, life, not death, for which we pant,  
More life and fuller that I want."

Dr. Peebles, who may be said to be eighty-five years young, for his mind is as full of fire, his brain as active and his pen as rapid as they were at five and twenty, has just published a book entitled "The Spirit's Pathway Traced," as an answer to the question: "Did the Spirit pre-exist, and does it re-incarnate again into mortal life?" In a preliminary chapter he tells us it was written under the same powerful spiritual compulsion which urged him two years ago to compose "The Demonism of the Ages and Spirit Ob-

sessions;" and that when he paused for some assurance of the necessity of such work at the present time, the answer came in tenderest tones of earnestness: "Write—write! The time has come." And no one who is watching the direction of the currents of modern thought can doubt that the world is just becoming ripe for the illumination which a volume like this is calculated to bestow upon it. For the foundations of that great deep, which we call the human mind, are being broken up. Men are falling away from the faiths of their forefathers; the theologies of an ignorant and superstitious past are being renounced in all directions, with a feeling of wonder that they should ever have found even temporary acceptance; and while not a few persons are falling back upon Agnosticism, numbers are eagerly desiring the light that cometh from above. And never, perhaps, was the promise contained in the words, "seek and ye shall find," more abundantly fulfilled than at the commencement of what promises to be the most eventful century of the Christian Era, because assurances reaching us from those higher intelligences, who are co-workers with the Master, for the redemption of mankind from the dominion of Self, that before the arrival of the year 2,000 he will have completed his mission on earth.

We are glad to find that to the first of the two questions propounded by Dr. Peebles, he was enabled to furnish a very emphatic reply. "Pre-existence," he writes, "is, with myself, a settled conviction." And the reader will find in the succeeding chapters of this book, an overwhelming weight of testimony to justify that conviction,

which is likewise held at the present moment by 400,000,000 of human beings in Asia.

To the second question Dr. Peebles returns a more guarded answer: "That there is an underlying truth in the theory of re-incarnation, few with a philosophic turn of mind will deny;" and after rejecting the oriental idea of the transmigration of souls into lower forms of animal life as unscientific and, induced, ridiculous, he goes on to say: "But re-incarnation considered in relation to involution and as the descending arc of the circle, is not only plausible but logically true, and so I am a believer in re-incarnation in the higher esoteric sense of that all-to-often misunderstood principle."

Without re-incarnation it would be absolutely impossible to reconcile the appalling disparities of character, capacity, opportunities and circumstances which prevail among mankind

with the Sunreme Justice of that Divine Being who is "no respecter of persons;" while this great truth, as the present writer holds it to be, supplies a master-key wherewith to unlock some of the profoundest mysteries of human life.

"The Pathway of the Human Spirit" is a book to be read and re-read with increasing profit and pleasure, and as such I cordially commend it to the study of my readers; merely asking its gifted author, in conclusion, to rectify, in a second edition, the error he has fallen into on page 47 of attributing to the poet Longfellow the noblest ode in the English language, namely, that entitled "Intimations of Immortality, from Recollections of Early Childhood," which Wordsworth was inspired to write while he was on the shores of the Lake of Grassmere.

*The Harbinger of Light. Melbourne, Australia.*

A helpful word seems slight, a kindly thought seems less,  
Yet either moves the world on toward righteousness.

J. W. R.



*Dr. J. Alexander McIvor-Tyndall.*

## *The Unlimited Scope of New Thought.*

DR. J. ALEXANDER McIVOR-TYNDALL.

THE term "New Thought" seems to be one of those inexplicable things that spring from nowhere in particular, and instantly become popular.

It is an outgrowth of a popular demand for something less abstruse, less complicated and deep than metaphysical science, and yet something that shall express in a few words the almost universal tendency toward a brighter, happier and more optimistic scheme of "salvation."

Therefore it is impossible for one to formulate a definition of New Thought that shall satisfy every one's idea of what the term stands for.

To the average person "New Thought" means a kind of "rich-quick" formula as far as it relates to the acquisition of magical and immediate success.

To another it may mean release from the consequences of past deeds that have hitherto been regarded as "sins."

To another it represents an excuse for extravagance in dress and other expenditures, on the principle that New Thought teaches mastery over material things, and that therefore "New Thought says I should have everything I want."

Like the Bible "New Thought" is "all things to all men," according to their understanding, and therein, perhaps, lies the proof of its verity.

Truth is many sided, and looks dif-

ferent according to the angle from which one regards it.

One of the fundamentals of the New Thought movement, upon which all its various "schools" and phases are agreed, is the value of Optimism.

The realization that we need not beg and cringe and whine at the feet of an all-wise, all loving Power—by whatever name we elect to call this Power—is a perception that is almost universally recognize.

And it is one of the messages which the New Thought movement particularly emphasizes.

Another of the fundamentals of New Thought to which all thinking people will cheerfully subscribe is the fact that honesty, sincerity and truthfulness in practical, everyday life, as well as in ethics, is a "paying proposition," in actual returns of actual, practical, material dollars and cents.

Emerson long ago said: "Men suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can cheat anyone but themselves.

"Honesty is the best policy" because it is the best paying policy, and not because some autocratic ruler of creation has told us to be honest.

These, then, are some of the fundamental principles of New Thought upon which all representatives of the movement agree.

And these are not, strictly speaking, "new." They are concepts that have been voiced in all ages of the world by

those whose minds have been sufficiently illumined to perceive the Truth.

The "newness" of the thought lies in its application. Hitherto the valuation of honesty has been entirely on the spiritual side.

The practicability of the principle as an every-day working formula is just beginning to be perceived. In that respect it is "new" thought.

Another phase of the New Thought movement is the recognition of the possibilities of the new moment.

Many a career has been wrecked and many a life made miserable in the past by the pessimistic doctrine of "lost opportunities."

In sheer self-defense, poor, discouraged, disheartened humanity has been compelled to seek for some redress from the old doctrine of despair.

And lo, the seeking resulted in finding, the right kind of a knock has resulted in opening the door to a brighter, newer time—a time fraught with a present happiness, a present reward, a present satisfaction. This is the newness of the new philosophy whether we call it New Thought or not.

But, if the superficial New Thought advocate never gets anything more out of the philosophy than this one thing—the newness of life—the newness of life—and the realization that there are no "lost" days, no "lost" opportunities, no past sins to weep and wail and bend the knee over—he yet has gained even in this superficial realization of New Thought—an ever present help in the daily tasks and pleasure of his existence.

Many are prone to emphasize the

fact that "New Thought" isn't "new" but old, and, in so doing, they lose sight of one important point—the newness of every thought, and every moment—the "plussing" of the past knowledge and the past happiness with the NOW.

There are those who belong to the New Thought movement in its various branches, who believe in the immortality of the individual consciousness; and there are others who do not profess any knowledge of this part of the question, and frankly admit that they feel the need of a present happiness and a present good, and in so feeling and doing, they affirm the conviction that the future life—whatever it may be—will take care of itself.

Knowing that human nature has fed over-long upon the husks of the "to be," they are content to dwell in the NOW, confident in the realization that Life is All-Good, and that no dreadful Hell, or damnation, or destruction awaits any of God's creatures.

This is good philosophy.

It is great and high and wise that.

But there are others, who include in their definition and understanding of New Thought a realization that ALL LIFE IS ONE—that there is no wide division between the visible and the invisible.

That those whom we call "dead" are as vital as we are, and that we are not separated from them in consciousness save by our failure to realize the unity between all phases of manifestation, and failure to know the experience of Death, merely as a change in Life.

It was reported to me that a New Thought teacher and editor disclaims any belief in the intercommunication

between the visible and the invisible, or that those who have passed through the change of death can see or know anything of us here in this physical body.

This attitude is quite consistent with New Thought, because there are, as we have said, so many, many phases and degrees of understanding of New Thought.

And one must have several degrees before one may enter into the consciousness of the occult.

Such an attitude would be impossible to any one who knows anything of occultism, because he could not travel very far in his studies and researches without having found this truth for himself.

And here again we come to a point in the philosophy of New Thought by which we may see the "rightness" of the other fellow.

We could not be consistent advocates of the New Thought truths if we expected every one to think as we do.

The very essence of the whole metaphysical movement lies in the acknowledgement of the fact that each person is right from his viewpoint, and that we cannot limit or define the creed.

Coercion is death. We have had too much of it already.

It doesn't matter to you what some one else believes, and no matter how wise or great or good that other may appear to you, you are not to think as he does. You are to think as you think.

One of the important messages of the present awakening is the message of individuality—to let each one about you live his own life, think his own thoughts, express without fear or hin-

drance his own opinions.

We need this message.

We need the message of the importance of the tiniest ATOM in every manifested form of life.

The world has been prone to hold up for our copy one or two superior persons—especially favored personalities.

The scramble to get to the position thus held as a model has occasioned toil, strife, struggle, dissention, competition—unhappiness.

Now we are stopping long enough to think a New Thought, and this new thought we are thinking tells us that the place—if we could reach it—would not be worth the struggle.

We are learning that there are no "exalted" positions in the external world.

A king is no more important than a beggar—fame is a bubble that breaks in our hands when we grasp it.

The only thing worth while may be had without strife or struggle or competition.

That is to KNOW ONESELF, in that knowing we may know all there is to be known, because within each one is all there is—the consciousness of Being.

All this the New Thought stands for—and as much more as we individually comprehend.

There are no limits to the growth of the individual.

If one labels oneself some specific thing, one presumably keeps within the prescribed tenets of that one thing.

One is limited to the creed or the sect or society one stands for.

But with the individual there is no limitation, and what we know to-day is, we hope, but a forecast of what we

may know to-morrow.

Jesus himself said, "And greater things shall follow after Me." And why not?

Is the world to stand still?

It certainly doesn't, in point of fact.

Why should we not expect to "plus" the past?

What have we learned from the past—what has been the object, if we may not add to its lesson?

Whatever you do—DON'T LIMIT

YOURSELF.

DON'T think that you cannot do what has been done or what may be done. There is no past to opportunity.

There is only past to mistakes. The future holds untold possibilities, and they are all for YOU.

Not only for the rich, and the talented and the favored—they are for YOU, because YOU are the most important thing in the universe.

*Denver Post.*

## *Fellowship Heights.*

Strength of the mountain's rugged  
lift,

Strength of its rocky brow,  
Strength of the deeply cloven rift,  
The strength of God art thou.

Beauty of shadows lowly cast,  
Of treetops' shining green,  
Beauty of white clouds drifting past,  
Beauty of God is seen.

Joy of bird trilling clear and sweet,  
With flash and flutter of wings,  
Joy in his sky-flight, straight and

fleet,

The joy of God he sings.

Peace of the valley green and still,  
Peace of the soft brown sod.  
Peace of the upward rolling hill.  
Thou art the peace of God.

Beauty and strength and joy of God,  
Peace of the deep divine.  
Thou art in me, I am in thee,  
Thou art mine, I will be thine.

*Fellowship Magazine.*



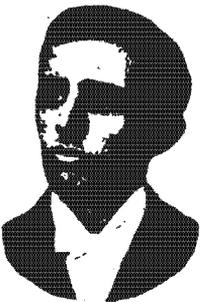
# THE MOUNTAIN PINE

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GEO. B. LANG, Editor and Manager.



G. B. LANG  
EDITOR.

In this day of graft, corruption and general debauchery in our political life, the only hope of the people is publicity, and to the evil doer the country press is a continual nightmare. Metropolitan papers are corporately owned—by stock companies—and editorially follow well defined paths all converging toward a common center—financial success. Not so the cross roads editor. His life, his thoughts, his ambitions are voiced in the editorial columns of his paper. No thought of whether the expose of a certain intrigue will bring him riches or fame. The public weal demands it, in his opinion and it is done.

Hence the party or corporation who stoops to questionable methods fear the country press, and all legislation that abridges the liberty of the press is directed at this branch of newspaperdom. The infamous Pennypacker bill in Pennsylvania is of this sort and its duplicate which, by the name of the Laton bill, is to be the law of Colorado, is now agitating the press of this state.

This law is professedly directed towards the big papers who cartoon events and hold august personages up to public ridicule. But the milk in

the cocoanut is the provisions which make a misstatement of ANY FACT libelous per se; which does not allow the truth to be plead in justification; which allows damages for "Lacerated feelings" whether libelous or not and finally gives civil damages in the sum of \$500 where such fact is libelous and in the further event that the plaintiff has not been libeled, has no feelings capable of laceration, no character to be destroyed, he may recover damages to his "business" resulting from such publication of facts. The bill is now before the Senate having passed the house. On second reading the bill was vigorously opposed by a number of senators. Senator Tully Scott leading the fight on the part of the democratic minority who voted solidly against the bill. They were aided by three republican senators. but the bill passed second reading and will likely pass the senate. 18 votes is necessary to passage but of the 23 republicans it is not known whether as many as six will deliberately defy the bosses and the interests or not. In the name of common decency, for the protection of the public and for the good name of Colorado it is sincerely hoped that the bill does not become a law.

The president has been aroused by the disgusting details of the Thaw trial in New York and seeks to have



*Senator Tully Scott.*

them suppressed. Teddy is liable to overheat himself, trying to regulate details of our social life. Newspapers print what people want and the cure for this disgusting tendency toward literature, that is risqué to say the least, lies deeper than suppression of court news.

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The railroads of the country are getting theirs this year and no mistake. In almost every state legislation bordering on the radical is being proposed and worse yet—as the railroads view it—being enacted into law. All this is well enough. When the people get enough of “Mergers,” “Traffic Agreements” and “rebates” they will come to the only sensible solution of the question—Absolute government control, the first practical step toward government ownership.

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All law, all privilege, all right at present seems to be for the millionaire. In Ohio recently a poor devil was sent to the pen for life for stealing four pounds of pork to keep him from starving. In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, twenty-eight cases against millionaires who have stolen, in various ways, many millions of dollars, were thrown out of court on account of alleged technicalities. Would it not be better for our country to raise up a nation of honest, comfortable, middle class people instead of millionaire thieves and unspeakable loathsome scoundrels like White and Thaw, and many millions of paupers who must steal or starve.

---

The working of justice, as exemplified by some of our courts, is a puzzle to all wisdom save that of the Infinite.

For instance in Chicago, on January 3 the month old baby of Chas. Patterson, a laborer, died. He kept it in his home five days while making a vain attempt to raise the funds necessary to give it decent burial. In spite of the recent wonderful rise in wages he could not do so. Finally, in despair, he took the little body with him when he went to his work in an iron foundry and threw it into a furnace where it was cremated. He was arrested and fined \$25 and costs. As he could not pay for the burial of his child of course he could not pay the fine so nobody gained anything. If he was compelled to work it out his family lost the wages he might have earned and their sufferings were greatly increased.

But did \$25 right the wrong? Can anyone by paying \$25 to some court clerk secure the right to toss the remains of his loved ones into a furnace and cremate them, if he can't afford to bury them. Or was the judge a plain, ordinary idiot? We are inclined to the latter opinion.

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Are riches a blessing? It is desirable to be a multimillionaire or is it better to have enough of “the world's gear” for comfort only?

The Thaw trial certainly answers both the above questions to the satisfaction of all thinking persons. Harry Thaw and Stanford White were both of good, honest American stock and no reason for their utter lack of manhood, except gross sensuality, can be assigned but the millions piled up and left them by their fathers. Their fortunes relieved them of the necessity of working, both had fine physiques and the best of health. While Thaw's home

was nominally in Pittsburg both lived in New York. Having abundant means they, like nine out of ten millionaire's sons, gave the freest rein to their passions and the trial, which is nauseating and disgusting the whole reading world, is the result. And the brother of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, while he had not the superabundance of wealth, of Thaw or his victim, has

made as contemptible a thing of himself as his means would allow him to.

But is wealth desirable? Are sons like Thaw and White, both direct products of their fathers' millions, worth the efforts their parents must have made to acquire their wealth? We think an emphatic negative can be the only answer to the question.



## *The Best You Have.*

F. H. SWEET IN THE FARM JOURNAL.

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 will come back to you.  
Give love, and love to your life will  
flow,  
A strength in your uttermost need;  
Have faith and a score of hearts will  
show  
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth and your gift will be paid  
in kind,  
And honor will honor meet;  
And a smile that is sweet will surely  
find  
A smile that is just as sweet.  
For life is the mirror of king and  
slave:  
'Tis just what we are and do:  
Then give to the world the best you  
have  
And the best will come back to you.

## *When Men Shall Fly.*

JOHN W. VAN DEVENTER.

**T**HE world never accepts a new idea of any kind until it is forced upon it. The importance of it matters not, the amount of health, happiness or hard cash it brings mankind does not count, the inventor or thinker is sneered at and, usually, persecuted until his brain-child succeeds in forcing itself upon the world. It was Commodore Vanderbilt's desire to make money coupled with his great business faculty that gave the world steam navigation. But for his greed, push and business talent Fulton's invention would have struggled for recognition a great many years longer than it did.

And now that the air ship, the aeroplane, that lifts itself and flies without a particle of gas, that darts here and there, up and down like a bird, always perfectly under the operator's control, has been transformed from a dream into a reality, the world does not seem to realize it, nor dream of the immense social, political and business changes it will bring as soon as its use becomes a feature of everyday life.

The Wright Bros., of Canton, Ohio, have flown at least one thousand miles in their aeroplane, having made several hundred ascents. Their longest flight was a fraction over 24 miles and it was terminated only by their supply of gasoline giving out. The flight was around a circular racetrack and a speed of 39 miles an hour was attained. They say the same expenditure of force

would have driven their machine 50 miles an hour in a straight line. Santos Dumont has flown a quarter of a mile in his aeroplane and is doing his utmost to bring it to perfection. Count Zeppelin's trial trip in his new, monster 400 foot air ship was a perfect success. It floats by means of a large gas bag and for several hours he flew over the lake at Zurich, Switzerland, sometimes skimming the water, sometimes ascending 2,000 or 3,000 feet, attaining a speed of 25 miles an hour and finally descending exactly at his starting point.

Wright Bros., aeroplane occupies a place in aerial navigation analagous to Fulton's Clermont in steam. It heralds the dawning of a new era in the world's history. Nothing can retard it unless, for a time, capitalism, realizing that its billions invested in railroads and steamships is in danger, lays its iron hand upon it.

But what does aerial navigation mean to the world? It means a complete social and political revolution in all lands and among all nations. National boundaries will all disappear in less than a century. As it is vigilant officials can collect tariffs and scrutinize passports as goods and people pass from country to country, but with air ships in successful operation this would be impossible. Man is confined to a horizontal plane now, then he will have added to his area a perpendicular extending at least five miles upward through which he will rush at a

speed of one hundred miles an hour wherever his fancy takes him and, as a result, custom houses, passports and stations for the detention and inspection of immigrants will soon become memories of the past.

Wars will cease. Of what avail will a 20,000 ton battle ship be when an aeroplane with a few 100-pound packages of dynamite, or some stronger explosive, sails quietly a mile or two overhead and gently drops its freight where it will be effective. One package, if it struck the vessel or the water near it, would send it to the bottom instantly. A single aeroplane with a dozen or twenty such packages could annihilate any army in an hour. If the Russian revolutionists had just one, capable of carrying a load of a ton, the palaces of Peterhof and Tsarskoe Selo could both be reduced to ruins in a few minutes and the Czar buried under them so deep he would never be dug out.

Travel will be revolutionized by the the aeroplane. It will attain a speed of at least 100 miles an hour right from the beginning. It will go in a straight line, it will have no obstacles such as rivers, mountains, etc., to contend with. It will rise above storms or shoot through them and only stop when it reaches its destination, hence no earth-bound conveyance can hope to compete with it. It will soon be developed until it will have a carrying capacity of several tons and it will then become available for the transportation of freight. Then wholesale merchants will have fleets of them filling the skies and retailers will each have one for their own freight business. Their directness in going and

coming and their great speed will more than balance their smaller carrying capacity when compared with freight cars. And the merchant will gather his stock direct from the different manufacturers saving many profits that he pays now and giving his customers greatly reduced prices.

Instead of many villages and small towns scattered over the country there will be half a dozen large cities in each state and people living a hundred miles from one of them will be nearer town in point of time than they now are when they live twenty miles out in the country.

Aeroplanes will cost much less than automobiles for the materials used in their construction will be far less expensive. Lightness will be the great essential, hence very little iron, steel or brass will be used in them. Aluminum will be the main metal, and light wood like bamboo and light, strong cloth the other materials.

They will increase crime enormously if our social system remains unchanged. As it is bank robbers, house breakers and other thieves have a very poor chance of escaping after they have committed their crime and, knowing this, those who are inclined to be criminals very often restrain themselves. But the air is trackless. Give a criminal with an aeroplane five minutes start and even Sherlock Holmes would be powerless. The Standard Oil Company has perhaps \$100,000,000 in gold in its bank in New York. Under present conditions it is safe. Even if a thief should in some way force a passage through the massive walls surrounding it he could not possibly carry away enough to justify his taking

the chances he would have to take to do it. But suppose he had an aeroplane with a capacity of five tons and carried away gold without interruption for two hours and then literally "vanished in the air." He could seek some "island in a summer sea," it would not matter where, and be a gentleman for the rest of his life—if it was prolonged for a full century.

When the aeroplane comes into common use there is no reason why the

north pole should not become a very popular summer resort. Every nook and corner of the world will be quickly explored, the Klondyke will be as accessible as any place on the map, and a trip round the world not nearly as serious as a trip to New York is now.

And men shall fly within a decade at most. The aeroplane is a success, the world needs it and it will come almost before you are aware of it.

## *Search for Truth.*

E. R. HUXLEY.

When will this plodding world out-  
grow

The dogmas of the past,  
Seek fearlessly the truth to know,  
And dauntless hold it fast?

When will they, too, discard the  
myths

Of generations gone,  
Who truth with sophistry did twist,  
'Till right was seeming wrong?

'Tis when from myths and legends  
free—

Rubbish of long ago—  
They'll cease to search on withered  
trees

Where fruit has ceased to grow.

Why needless trace some foreign  
field,

In search of golden grain,  
When home unceasingly doth yield  
The wealth you would obtain?

# Alchemy.

DR. HENRY WAGNER.

IT WILL hardly be expected that anything new can be said on this most ancient subject by me.

It was the Alchemist who first stated the problems that still engage Scientific men regarding God, Nature, Man, the search for gold, the elixir of life, the Philosopher's stone and the manufacture of precious gems and stones. The secret action of medicines prepared by those sages of old all goes to prove that they were dealing with the life forces of nature under the name of "Alchemy."

We, of today, deal with the same forces in nature under the name of "Chemistry." So the Chemist, like the Hypnotist, has only renamed his subject and enlarged it with his own experiences of nature's ever varied aspects of the same universal laws. The riddle of the universe is still unsolved; therefore, this subject is a living problem which is ever new to each generation of man as he appears upon the stage of human action.

It would require a large volume to even outline the history of Alchemy and the doings of Alchemists. I will, therefore, not attempt this at present, but confine my remarks to a brief exposition of my views on the subject and the best way to obtain a fair understanding of Alchemy or "Modern Chemistry," as it is called.

The science of Alchemy has for its object the study of the nature and properties of all the materials which enter

into the composition or structure of the Earth, the Sea and the Air, and of the various organized or living beings which inhabit them.

Every object, living or dead, organic or inorganic, becomes at once the study of the Alchemist. He is then a universal scientist, and as such must be familiar with all branches of science in their general outline and be familiar in detail with the spiritual or life forces that bind the universe together in one grand organism in which he witnesses Deity as Unity. One Law, one Life, and One Principle, is the basic foundation on which he operates to explain to himself the forces at work within and without nature in her varied aspects of life, decay and death, as observed in mineral, vegetable and animal creations in their infinite gradation from the monad to man.

It becomes apparent then that a complete knowledge and understanding of man reveals to him the universe; hence, the Alchemist strives to know himself. And this knowledge awakens within him consciousness of being. *I am, Deity is. I am in Deity*; consequently must be a part of this one Life.

Instead of attempting to prove life by deduction, the Alchemist accepts life as induction. He may be said to express the opposite forces of nature, or, in other words, to view nature from her inside outwardly, while the Chemist studies nature from without inwardly. This fact is self-evident and lands

both investigators, the Alchemist and Chemist, into self. "Know thyself" was the inscription written upon the Temple of Isis.

Our quickest, easiest and best method then to study Alchemy is to seek the Kingdom of Heaven within and thus demonstrate each for him or her self that all else shall be added unto them. Intuitive knowledge of nature and her mysterious doings can only come to us as we relate ourselves to her in silence, secretly and sacredly; hence, silence is strength. Deity is always silent in all his ways and works: Witness the growth of the vegetable and plant, tree and animal, atom by atom the transmutation goes on and life manifests growth, death and decay of every form without audible expression. The Alchemist can learn from this his greatest power by assimilating to himself, consciously this sacred silence, which speaks to him inwardly, his relation to truth, as manifested throughout all creation.

We may study books, analyze substance in all its forms until gray with age and we never can or will know the secrets of life from without. We must enter the within and vibrate to the Fountain of Life, in order to be at one with Truth. Banishment of our prejudice or preconception of all our ideas of right and wrong, of life and death, of heaven and hell, together with the issues that naturally grow out from them as dually expressed, will make us charitable in thought, word, and deed, for all and every condition of our fellows. The facts of life are all the Alchemist cares to know, as in truth he sees God manifested in all and through all.

*Charity and silence*, then, are prerequisites in the study of Alchemy in its deeper and anterior aspects of nature. "*Learn to know all but keep yourself unknown*," is the sage advice of every true Alchemist the world has ever known. The silent operations of the Alchemist leads mankind generally into the false belief this Hermit is a useless production of nature: hence, he has been stigmatized as "insane, divinely mad, and foolish." However, to him who *knows*, what matters it, what the masses say and think of him. His silent bliss, of constant usefulness to his fellows compensates ten thousand fold for all the stigma, slights and falsehoods hurled against him. This brings a peace of soul he alone can know and which the world can never give. To think the truth and silently project the thought form of health into our bitterest foe's mental or soul sphere, is to do good for evil. To launch forth upon mankind useful inventions through the mentality of those capable of applying them. Such as the use of steam, electricity, magnetism, and telepathy, implies a far wider scope of usefulness than falls to the king or queen of an empire. Such, however, is the life of the Alchemist. His wisdom shines forth through others outwardly and they get the credit for it here and now, while he will reap a just reward hereafter.

From what I have just said, you perceive the Alchemist to be a spiritual Chemist, as well as a natural one. To his consciousness, mind and matter are polar opposites of one force or essence of the *one life* and his equilibrium is such as to make him master of both. Hence all Alchemists are

true adepts and magicians who are constantly aiding God to carry on his silent, mysterious functions called necessity or providence. In other words, destiny through human and angelic or deific agency. To be thus related to life is to live consciously in Deity as an immortal part of an immortal whole called God or Deity.



## *The Pauper's Deathbed.*

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

Tread softly—bow the head;  
 In reverend silence bow—  
 No passing bell doth toll;  
 Yet an immortal soul  
 Is passing now.  
 Stranger, however great,  
 With lowly reverence bow;  
 There's one in that poor shed  
 One by that paltry bed,  
 Greater than thou.  
 Beneath the beggar's roof  
 Lo! Death doth keep his state;  
 Enter—no crowds attend—  
 Enter—no guards defend  
 This palace gate.  
 That pavement damp and cold  
 No smiling courtiers tread;  
 One silent woman stands,

Lifting with meagre hands  
 A dying head.  
 No mingling voices sound—  
 An infant wail alone;  
 A sob suppressed—again  
 That short, deep gasp, and then  
 The parting groan.  
 Oh! change—oh! wondrous change  
 —Burst are the prison bars—  
 This moment there so low,  
 So agonized, and now  
 Beyond the stars!  
 Oh! change, stupendous Change!  
 There lies the soulless clod;  
 The sun eternal breaks,  
 The new immortal wakes—  
 Wakes with his God.

## *Gleanings.*

BY JEREMIAH.

Proper thinking will produce proper actions, which will make life sweet and beautiful.

Love conquers death and our loved ones still watch over us with unchanging tenderness.

Let the sunshine of a pleasant countenance peer through the clouds of human experiences.

To live by the best light that falls upon your path is to keep pace with the strides of Progress.

Do well the little things, and they, like tiny steps, will lead you up—to heights of greatness.

Love of Home and Love of Country are so closely akin that one is necessary to the other.

My Country and my Country-men, I shall gladly serve with willing devotion and determined patience.

The experiences of this life are but causes; and the effect which they have upon us we determine.

Always think and act properly and the law of right will make each thing fit its proper place.

We are all members of one family and "all for each and each for all" will make us happy and prosperous.

Many may furnish you with material and suggestions of how to construct,

but you are the builder.

Are we masters of the storm and calm, or are we creatures, frail and dependent, moved by circumstances?

Live a life of cheer and gladness: live in these conditions even if you find it necessary to create them.

Spiritualism stands for Light, Love and Truth, and such qualities will make people unselfish and happy.

Liberty is a flower of rare beauty and fragrance, but it must be nourished by the devotion of its admirers.

Patriotism seeks no bloody conflict but endeavors to preserve her possessions with Tolerance and Peace.

Establish one minimum of effort in life; come to some conclusion as to how much you do or how much is done through you.

Each boy and girl builds with thought and act a character, which no one can change without permission of the possessor.

Be kind to each and every expression of life; there is so much in common between the kingdoms of Nature that all life should be respected.

There is but one Law,—Love; one Justice,—Mercy, and they move upward and onward. To live in harmony with the Law is to unfold the Best.



## *In the Disease Factory.*

MRS. LOBA C. LITTLE.

THE shoe manufacturer does not ask the Legislature to compel people to wear shoes. He relies for his market upon a natural need. Hence his business is a properly legitimate one.

Not so the disease producer: nobody, unless demented, wants disease: consequently in order that the smallpox factory shall thrive, it is necessary to force its product upon the people. This is done by securing the enactment of compulsory vaccination laws.

Though you are not compelled by law to use the product of the shoe factory, yet the manufacturer will be pleased and proud to show his plant and explain the methods of manufacture.

On the other hand, you are forced by the State to accept the product of the vaccine establishment,—and so have a right to be shown every detail in its production,—but it is to incur suspicion to ask leave, ever so modestly, to inspect a vaccine factory. I have just tried it twice and know.

“Are you a doctor?” is the first question, and when you confess you are not, suspicion deepens and amazing displeasure shows itself at your irreverent curiosity. Your extraordinary request is submitted to a series of officials of the concern who come and look you over and take turns at catechising you. If under this fire you can maintain an innocent demeanor, and if you appear to be impelled only by idle cu-

rosity, you may be allowed a glimpse into the mysteries of disease culture; you may see how the poison is secured with which a meddlesome government afflicts you and yours.

Finding myself late in June in the neighborhood of Glenolden near Philadelphia where are located the “biological laboratories” of H. K. Mulford & Company, with a friend I sought permission to visit them. We preferred our request to the workman who inquired what we wanted when we presented ourselves at what looked like the central building. He “would send a doctor,” and went out. A young man came in, who in his turn disappeared to send in another doctor. Then a soggy looking individual appeared who told us we would have to get a “pass” at the city office, those were the orders and he could not disobey. “Would it be difficult? What will be necessary?”

“Oh, no; a party of B. & O. doctors are coming down Wednesday morning, and you can probably join them.”

My friend thereupon gave up the quest, but Tuesday afternoon I proceeded to run the gauntlet of scrutiny at the down town office. Here an alert-looking young woman said I must see Mr. White, and Mr. White would soon be in from lunch. Was I a doctor?

It appears to be incomprehensible to these people why “the laity” should take any interest in a thing which “the

profession" has decided is good for us—on the supposition probably that we can't help ourselves, since the profession is in the saddle.

Mr. White, a suave and immaculate gentleman soon came in. After being informed aside of my desire and qualifications he entered into conversation to extend his knowledge. Finally to the western spinster who wished to add Mulford's renowned "farm" to her list of Philadelphia "sights," and who was about to leave the city, he said,

"Morning is not a very good time to visit the place." This perhaps because the next morning seemed to be contemplated, and was the only time left.

"But I understand a party of railway surgeons are going through the place tomorrow morning. Will it cause any inconvenience to add one to the party?"

"Oh, perhaps there is; I believe that is Mr. Brown's party. I will call him."

Mr. Brown came—he has the handwriting of smallpox in his face. No good reason seemed to offer for refusing my request, I was invited to join the party.

The next morning on the train I was introduced to the young woman from the city office who had been considerably detailed to save me from getting lonely. It was quite wonderful her interest in my travels and antecedents, and her joy over this chance to visit the laboratories was quite touching to see. She had been with the Mulfords for fifteen years and this was the first opportunity she had had to really see things there. How happy it made me to be the means of gratifying this yearning of years.

The half-dozen or so of substantial and attractive buildings are scattered over a rolling part-like expanse of grass with occasional shade trees and shrubbery. Our guide called attention to the picnic grounds where the Mulford employees—by the way they are several hundred all told—have their annual outing. Strange place, indeed, to make merry and eat and drink! A cemetery would be more cheerful, once you are in the secret of the place.

The morning was hot and there were some twenty-five visitors to gather in each room and witness the ceremonies in an atmosphere which must be kept free from the dangerous germ-laden outer air. Add to the number the priests, priestesses and sacrificed victims, and it will be seen that the experience was a trying one.

The first room we were taken into was wet and steamy and dead-smelling—as well as hot. Tightly closed windows shut out germs, but one shuddered to think of the fate of the myriads that came in with the twenty-five visitors,—in that dead air.

In the middle of the room was a table, and on the table a calf bound and lying on its back, its head—all but the nostrils—swathed in a bandage. Its legs were wide apart and (I think) tied in that position.

On the far side of the table stood the white-robed priest and priestess; he, tall, cadaverous, with iron-grey side whiskers suggestive of germ preserves; she, short and plump but with dark circles under her eyes. Both looked unhealthy: where germs don't thrive it is evident human beings cannot. A profound solemnity prevailed. The

calf lay quite still, and I wondered what it was thinking, and how long it had struggled before it gave it up as a bad job.

The cadaverous ghost began his lecture, of which I forbore to take notes lest I be cast into outer air. The first statement that made a lasting impression was, that *the calf, was dead*. I felt better when I found the one innocent and unoffending being present was beyond suffering. The doctor did not state whether it was the air that killed the calf, or the vaccination. He said, however, that it was their custom to kill their calves: it saved suffering to the calf. If this were the true reason they should be killed before being vaccinated.

"The calf's belly and sides up part-way were covered with long, close-lying ridges, and between the legs were several criss-cross patterns executed with precision and hinting at the possibility of some esthetic idea being mixed up with the medical hocus-pocus. On the unscarified spaces were scattered occasional small sores—pustules. The ridges and the criss-cross, the doctor informed us, were produced by very light scarifying and then rubbing in the vaccine. Nobody asked what it was they rubbed in. In fact almost no questions were asked by any of the doctors and the Western spinster with difficulty forebore.

Sucking calves are employed so as to keep them on milk and avoid the hay-dicillus. They are kept "in quarantine" two days, we were told; shaved, washed, "sterilized" and vaccinated on Tuesday; killed on Friday, "and we clean up on Saturday," said the doctor. Vesicles are not supposed to form,

just inflamed ridges. Then the doctor showed how they gather the vaccine. It is quite simple: a steel scraper, like a miniature road scraper only more hollow, has a handle to it, and in the hand of Dr. Elgin, with a rasping sound that would have been terrible had the calf been alive, it scraped from the ridgy surface a whitish substance looking something like soft cheese, but which was as the doctor said largely composed of epithelial cells. He apologized for the term "lymph" as applied to this substance, and said it was much better than the contents of vesicles such as formerly used.

As the priest scraped up the precious stuff, his female assistant with a knife emptied it into a very small earthen vessel which resembled an ointment jar or salve box. When one was full it was set on a shelf and another was taken and filled.

The calf in question was the only one about the place, dead or alive—they had just closed up for a month, summer not being the best time to make vaccine, but they would be obliged to make it in August again to supply the fall demand, since people were not yet educated to vaccinate (as they should) in the spring.

Then we were taken to a glass door through which we gazed—two or three at a time—at another white-gowned priestess, hermetically sealed up and grinding the sacred epithelial cells through a triturating machine which also mixed in the glycerine. Here was where the transformation occurred converting diseased calf epidermis into "pure" glycerinated lymph. It was a triumph—of imagination, and deserved to be preserved—as it was—in

a glass case.

From here we went into an attic, in the same temple where other females, like blue-and-white-ginghamed nurses, put the glorified and glycerinated into the tiny individual tubes, each of which is destined to infect one human being with enough disease to make him fit to mingle with Twentieth Century society.

There are three ways in which the disease is put up—the old fashioned dry point, the capillary tube, and the sealed tube. I do not recall which was considered most valuable. Being Mulford's all are doubtless good enough.

We were taken to the place where the glass anti-toxin syringes are made; to the anti-toxin stables, to the anti-toxin laboratory, and finally to the place where the horses are bled, and where we witnessed the operation upon a big fellow who had been first drenched with an antiseptic bath.

He stood in a sort of iron frame so that he could not kick or escape. A man took a sharp steel instrument and punched it into the animal's jugular vein, which caused him to cringe, and then the blood flowed into a glass jar through some kind of tube placed over the wound.

But the stable full of sick horses, fifty or sixty in number, some weakly tottering in their stalls, all suffering from the disease which had been inflicted upon them by these inhuman and depraved disease-mongers—great noble looking horses, or wrecks of horses, because the larger the horse the more blood he can give up—all this was enough to wring the heart of a horse-lover. You could not fail to be oppressed with the atmosphere of the

place. Disease, disease everywhere, and the silent suffering of the patient brutes, and the shallow, calloused wretches who are tormenting them—it is beyond the power of my pen to depict.

I recalled the impatient exclamation of a friend who is wont to say "I am sometimes sorry I was born a man!"

After describing the horses, it is descending to wretched triviality to discuss the preparation of the anti-toxin. The process was correctly given in the June Liberator.

In veal broth the diphtheria culture is made, and the toxin taken therefrom—with tri-cresol added—is injected into the horse. This is repeated until the horse is believed to have developed a serum of sufficient anti-toxic power; then he is bled; the blood is allowed to stand, when the red corpuscles settle and the serum can be poured off; this is the anti-toxin which is itself treated with tricresol before being placed on the market.

Another chapter in its preparation is the testing of it upon guinea pigs, in which these poor little creatures are tortured by the score.

The horses frequently die—usually, at Mulford's I am told; the guinea-pigs of course are kept and experimented with until they die.

All this to manufacture a poison that "cures" people of diphtheria, and in many cases kills them at the same time or soon afterward. They have the satisfaction, however, of dying cured, and of being cured in the regular way.

Anti-toxin is a worse than worthless humbug. It has been exposed here before, and also the manner in which

anti-toxin statistics are manufactured. It is a disowned and discredited thing in high medical circles, though the av-

erage medical charlatan still reaps a golden harvest from the credulous and ignorant by means of it.

### *Census Facts.*

"According to the census of 1900," said the man, who looked prosperous, "there are 16,239,797 families in the United States living in 14,474,777 dwellings, which shows that in some sections of the country there are a good many more than one family to a dwelling, as in some of the crowded cities, where the poor are packed like chickens in a coop. There are 6,920,143 families living in their own homes, but there are mortgages on 2,180,229 of these, the others being free. Nearly eight and one half million families live in rented homes. Of those owning their own homes over five millions are native whites, and 372,444 are negroes. Over 48,000 Indians have homes of their own, and 2,274 Chinese and Japanese. The average size of the families is 4.7 persons. The

density of the population is 25.6 persons to the square mile, with the greatest density in the District of Columbia, where it is 4,645.3, and the least in Alaska, where it is only one-tenth of one person to the square mile, or one person to every ten square miles. Of the states Rhode Island is the most densely populated, with 407 persons to the square mile; Massachusetts is next with 348.9; New Jersey third, with 250.3; Connecticut fourth, with 187.5, and Nevada last, with .4 of a person to each square mile. If the whole country were as densely populated as the District of Columbia, our population would be about thirteen billions of people, or about eight times the population of the whole world now."

*Appeal to Reason.*

## *Patronage, True Basis of Credit.*

JOHNEY H. BEARRUP.

**T**EN years ago one would have been considered crazy to have even talked about uniting the cotton and wool growing industries. Yet on January 19th, at Salt Lake the Wool Growers passed a resolution of fellowship to the Farmers Union, and pledged their support to them in Co-operative Manufacturing. And at Atlanta, Ga., on the 23d of the same month the National Union reciprocated and advised their Executive Committee to take steps to bring their membership into ownership of its stock. So we say the end of paying toll has begun, and soon the producers will be getting more nearly the product of their labor.

A few years ago we would not have known how to successfully do this, but higher education and a desire for justice led the way. The corporations have been the means of education, and made it possible, by the fact of the use of great machines. It's not long since a man owned and operated a business because he was a master of that trade but now there is hardly one article that is made entirely by one person. One person only makes a part, and people work collectively and the business is owned by the number of persons holding certificates of stock that are an evidence of that ownership. So these owners elect a board of directors who hire a manager, who in turn hires experts in their different lines, as this is a day of specialties. So a person may practically and most

profitably own stock in a number of industries in which he is unacquainted, giving no time to their management, but is engaged in some other pursuit with which he is familiar.

The producer, the consumer and the wage worker have finally awakened to the fact that it's the ownership of great machines that has concentrated great wealth into a few hands, as instanced by the fact that while the producer of raw wool only gets a few pounds of wool (and that adulterated) as a product of a machine in a suit of clothes. In other words he can only buy back ordinarily about 1 per cent of what he produces, and there have been instances where he could only buy 2 per cent where he has given 90 to 98 per cent toll. This being proportionately true of all raw materials is it any wonder we have commenced the end of toll paying by co-operative ownership of these machines, which is much more practical from the fact of our being patrons as well as owners. Therefore making it possible to have a use of credit that we have furnished the other fellow, free to him, without ourselves getting any benefit, as we have made his credit good by our patronage of him.

To make it more plain, John Jones, or the John Jones Mercantile Company, show that they have 10,000 people for customers who will buy from them \$100 worth each, making a one hundred thousand dollar business. Don't

you see that the wholesaler will sell him his goods on three, maybe six, months time; and that at the end of that time Mr. Banker will loan him the money to take up the balance of what he may owe. So you see it was your patronage of \$100 each that created his credit, and from which you derived no benefit. Now you will by co-operating establish a credit from which you will derive the profit yourself. This is a scientific use of credit instead of the abuse of it. It's giving to the consumer the benefit that he should have, and that arises from the simple fact of patronage.

Now, we have decided to loan our credit to our own company in the form of our notes for the amount necessary to supply ourselves with necessities. And we find the amount about half as much when we co-operatively own the machines at the source of the supply of the raw materials, and deliver direct to ourselves. We find the amount to be \$50. But so that there can never be any indebtedness against the machines (we only use the credit to buy raw materials, and give warehouse receipts on it, which of itself makes an excellent credit, besides our members' notes) we pay in \$10 of this amount in cash at one time, or we pay in \$5, or \$1 at the time we give our note, and pay \$1 a month until the \$10 is all paid in.

We use the initiative and referendum, elect our board of directors who hire manager and operatives, the same as any up to date business corporation does, and do the business for ourselves to suit ourselves. We will let the profits accumulate until those notes are paid off (that is, on the stock for which note is given,) adding to our compa-

ny's cash capital until it reaches \$50 per capita (those having paid cash for their shares will of course get their dividends in cash) making of our company one of the strongest in the United States; all under one management and it possible to take up any line that we find practical and to our benefit; keeping our forces solid and not scattered into a number of little companies that the enemy may attack and whip out one at a time.

Now comrades, any ordinary corporation issues to its promoters a large block of stock, they then turn this stock over to an underwriting concern, who get in some instances as much as 50% for selling the stock (called floating.) The insurance companies pay enormous commissions to district agents, commissions to local agents, and it all has to be paid by the policy holders. Of course it is right for those people to be paid for their time, especially when people will not do these things for themselves, and they will not until they are organized like the union is. Then they are prepared to save themselves this enormous expense.

So the best way is for each local to take this up and let every member become an owner of these machines.

Let us, as true union men, not use the old skin methods, but do this as brothers indeed should do to help each other.

You know the National convention would not advise this if they were not positive it would be of great value to every member. At the next meeting of your local find how many members you have, send in for the number of notes you want and we will send them

at once.

You will find this one of the means of securing new members to your local, and if you want to select a member from your local to solicit for Co-operative Manufacturing on a commission (if you prefer to do it that way) send his name and we will supply him.

Whatever you do, do it now, for now is the time for action. We will now have to put up the sample from which you will make your selection after becoming a member. You will then

place your order for fall delivery; these will all be listed, suits of clothes, blankets and underwear, and we will then know just how much wool to buy.

It will be bought and made into the things you have ordered, so that you will not be disappointed. Nothing will be made excepting we have orders in our hands, so this must all be done in the next three months. We should have your application and subscription in the next thirty days.

## BOOK REVIEW.

### THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN.

Man has ever striven to lift the black, mysterious veil that hangs between mortality and immortality. Instinctively or intuitively he realizes that earth-life, his first conscious existence in his upward career in the great cycle of necessity, is only a preparation for some higher, infinitely grander plane of life and he cannot, will not, stifle his longings to learn of that higher plane. As this knowledge is not "forbidden fruit," provided he comply with the conditions necessary to obtain it, it sometimes happens that some spirit that has "climbed far up the heights of life" in the spirit world returns, and for a brief time, controls the brain of some mortal and through his lips or pen gives us word pictures of life in the higher spheres. And oftentimes the spirit does not stop at this but shows how the life we live day by day literally lays up treasures for the higher spheres or prepares the way by which our souls shall ascend to the

lower ones.

Such a spirit was Ahrinziman whose life is told by himself in the book we name as the title of this review. "The Strange Story of Ahrinziman" is one of the very best of the many books that have emanated from minds in other planes of life. Its hero was a Persian prince and, for a brief period, ruler of his nation. Then, 2,300 years ago, he fell by the swords of the soldiers of another claimant of the throne. From his father, Artaxerxes Longimanus, he had inherited the kingly stature, the imperious, powerful will and, alas, the royal vices and passions. From his mother, a Greek slave, he inherited rare spiritual gifts, especially clairvoyance and the power of leaving his body and journeying into the astral world. From her he also inherited a germ of true nobility of character the sprang into life, blossomed and bore rich fruit centuries after he awoke to life on the astral plane.

His life, as he recounts its chapters,

shows, as vividly as words can show, how we live not for time but eternity. How if our deeds have been evil, if we have lived only for selfish purposes, if we have strove only for our own happiness regardless of others, if we have wrecked the lives and happiness of others in order to bring a few brief moments of imagined joy to our own, we have but accumulated a debt that we must pay to the uttermost farthing before one gleam of sunshine can reach us in the life beyond.

It shows that the only thing worth while, in time or eternity, is the development of the highest qualities of true Altruism and then exercising them,

The book is an encyclopedia of things spiritual and is well worth the careful perusal of everyone. You cannot read it without being benefitted, without feeling away down in your soul a desire to lead a grander, higher life. And when you have finished it you will feel that you have had as clear a view of life on both the lower and higher planes beyond the material as one of earth can have. Buy it and read it again and again and profit by its mighty lessons. For sale by

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER,  
40 Loomis Street, Chicago, Illinois.

THE CRIMES OF THE COWPOX RING  
The biggest little book that has come to our table in a long time is the one bearing the above title. It is by Lora C. Little, editor of THE LIBERATOR, Minneapolis, Minnesota. It is simply a brief history of 336 cases of vaccination in the United States during the past four and one half years that have resulted in the death or permanent disabling of the victim. In addition it

contains much other well written matter on the subject. Mrs. Little's only child was murdered by a vaccinator some years ago and she is fighting as only a wronged woman and mother can fight, to awaken the nation to the awfulness of the crime of vaccination.

No one can believe that vaccination is anything but a curse after reading her book. That it is valueless as a preventative of small-pox she makes equally clear. In 1902 there were numerous cases of small-pox in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the medical records state that but two or three among the number had been vaccinated. Mrs. Little hunted up 65 cases and obtained their sworn testimony and 42 swore they had been vaccinated. In 1903 there were many cases in St. Paul and she ran down 50 of them and 35 swore they had been vaccinated, ten of them twice and one of them three times. If this proves anything it proves vaccination is a fraud. The book should be read by every one. Price only 10 cents. Address, The Liberator Publishing Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Believers in Astrology, the Science of the Stars, will find much to interest them in THE PLANETARY DAILY GUIDE for 1907, just issued by the Portland School of Astrology, 266 Clay Street, Portland, Oregon. It is what its name implies, a guide to enable one to shape his or her life so as to get the greatest benefit of the forces exerted by the planets of our solar system. Price 50 cents, address as above.

## Query Department.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to Dr. Henry Wagner, Box 717, Denver, Colorado.

J. C.—DENVER. The Swastica, or Mystic Cross, is not only a symbol of the Sun's apparent motion from left to right, but it is the fundamental, or root idea, of the termination of the soul's journey, and also of the last sign of the Zodiacal twelve, Pisces, or the Fishes.

This sign was the symbol adopted by Fo, in the confines of Thibet, and was eventually introduced, 2,904 years ago throughout the broad dominions of the vast empire of China, under the title of the Tao Tse. Not only this emblem, but its ancient Order as well, has ever since existed, aye, and still continues to exist, throughout India, China and Ceylon.

J. R. F.—CHICAGO. The Symbol upon "The Light of Egypt" is complex. It is the sign of Spiritual Initiation and means literally, "I have pierced the illusions of matter; I am conscious that I am divine". The seven stars are the seven principles of nature. The Serpent is objective phenomena. The Arrow piercing it is the human soul, conscious of its origin, power and destiny.

REV. O. A. R.—UTAH. Let us not seek to explain everything; and when the explanation fails us let us not cast the anathema of ignorance upon truths which escape us; let us wait until the light is given us, or exhausted; instead of denying, let us seek it; it is behind or before us. The Magic Rod belongs to all, but it has to be found. Neither Moses, Jacob, Zoroaster, Pythagoras.

St. Paul nor St. John, nor the most obscure, nor the most signal prophets of God, were superior to what you may be. Only they have faith in the *supernatural world*, that faith which is a gift of God, and which human science does not teach. There are Sciences of Matter and there are Sciences of Spirit.

MRS. B. F.—LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. The Deluge. At the close of each great cycle, the polar and equatorial climates change places, the former moving gradually towards the equator and vice versa, and this exchange of climates is constantly attended by earthquakes and other cosmical cataclysms. The beds of the ocean are thus displaced, when a semi-universal deluge is the result, and, as popular tradition taught, at these two alternate periods, the world was in turn burned by fire and deluged by water.

Atlantis—the submerged Continent—is no fable. It was inhabited, *at the time of its submersion*, chiefly by the *fourth race of men*; its destruction also exterminated the last surviving remnants of the copper age, who had inherited the wisdom of the second race, mystically termed *the people of the silver age*. Modern civilized nations, except in a few individual instances, belong to the fifth race which is now rapidly drawing to a close, and the fore-runners of the next higher, or sixth race, are beginning to spring up in various parts of the world, and like shin-

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## *Thoughts from Novalis.*

BORN 1772, PASSED ON 1801.

Character is will, fully cultivated. . . . . festis itself.

If a man all at once truly believes that he is moral, he will become so.

The moral sentiment is the sentiment of absolute creative power, of productive liberty, of infinite personality, of the microcosm, of the real divinity within us.

At heart every man lives in his will. A firm resolution is the means of universal appeasement (or calmness).

Blame nothing human. All is good, though not good throughout, nor always, nor for all.

Are all mankind necessarily men? One can have other beings than men under human form.

We are more closely linked with the invisible than with the visible.

Nothing is more accessible to the spirit than the infinite.

We are near to awakening when we dream that we dream.

(To know) the future is not for the sick. The gaze of a well man can alone, with hardihood, lose itself in these marvelous paths.

God is a mixed conception, born of the union of all the soul-powers by means of a moral revelation.

It is essential to seek God among mankind. It is in human events, in human thoughts and sensations that the heavenly spirit most clearly mani-

festis itself. Where there are no Gods, there spectres reign.

For God there is no devil; but for us there is a chimera, unhappily very active.

The idea of the microcosm is the supreme idea for mankind. We are, apparently, cosmometers.

There is but one temple in the world and that is the human body. Nothing is more sacred than this sublime form. To incline one's self before man is to render homage to this revelation in the flesh.

Each malady is a musical problem; and the cure a musical solution. The shorter and more complete the solution the greater the musical talent of the physician.

Prayer is, in religion, that which thought is, in philosophy. To pray is to be religious; preaching ought to be a prayer. The religious sense prays as the organ of thought thinks.

A certain amount of solitude seems imperative to the development of the higher senses; and that is why it is inevitable that too extended an intercourse with mankind stifles the sacred germs; and that the Gods are driven away, for they flee the tumult of inattentive assemblies and the discussion of insignificant things.

The renunciation of self is the source

of all humility, as it is the base of all true elevation.

Love is the final end of universal history. The *amen* of the universe.

The intoxication of the senses is, to love, what sleep is, to life.

Every unjust action, every sentiment that is ignoble, is an infidelity to love, an adultery.

Love is the real supreme, the principle. All stories wherein true love appears are symbolic tales of magical events.

We must support sufferings for the reason that we inflict them upon ourselves, and that we only suffer in the degree to which we co-operate with our sufferings.

The flower is the symbol of the mystery of our spirit.

When you perceive a giant consider first the position of the sun, and observe if the giant is not but the shadow of a pigmy.

When our intelligence and our universe harmonize, we are like unto God.

The supreme task of culture is to grasp the transcendental "I," to be really the "I" of our "I." It is much less surprising that we fail to possess the knowledge and full cognizance of others. Without complete knowledge of ourselves we can never learn truly to understand others.

The more illimitable and complex becomes the horizon of the consciousness, the more mere individual grandeur vanishes and the more notably the spiritual grandeur of man increases and manifests. Susceptibility of limitation augments with the absence of

limits. Liberty increases with the development and facility of thought. Methods become more diverse, and the thinker is able to take advantage of everything.

Our consciousness proves our relation, our enchainment, with another world—the possibility of a transition—an interior, independent power, and a state outside of ordinary individualism.

Wishes and desires are wings. There are desires and wishes so slenderly in relation with terrestrial existence that, with certitude, we can postulate for them a life where they will become powerful pinions, an element which will upbear and support them, and islands upon which they can alight.

Man has ever imprinted a symbolical philosophy of being upon his works and actions. He announces himself in his gospel of nature; he is the messiah of nature.

The more he learns how to live, not in moments but in years, etc., the nobler man becomes. Disquietude, the little preoccupations of the spirit transform themselves into a vast, tranquil and ample activity which embraces a great number of things; and a beautiful patience appears. Religion and morality—those two ramparts of our beings—more and more solidly associate their seats. Each affliction of nature calls us to a loftier land, a nature higher and closer at hand.

Our lips are very often analogous with the two fire-spirits of Goethe's tale. The eyes are the higher sisters of the lips, they open and close upon a grotto holier than the mouth. The ears are the serpent which swallows with avid-

ity that which the fire-spirits let fall.

All is naturally eternal. Mortality and instability are privileges of superior natures. Eternity is the sign (*sit venia verbis*) of non-spiritual beings. Completion is the synthesis of the eternal and the temporal.

The seat of the soul is where the interior and external worlds touch each other. Where they interpenetrate each other, there it (the soul) will be found at each point of the penetration.

Pain and anguish mark the dreaming elements of the soul. Corporal pleasure and pain are products of dream; the soul is but partially awake; there where it dreams, as for example in the organs not subjected to the will (which, from a certain point of view, comprehends the whole body) it experiences pleasure and pain. Pain and the stimulæ of pleasure are sensations of the soul enchained.

If our bodies are nothing but a common central action of our senses, if we are masters of our senses, if we can compel them to act at will, can centralize them, then it only depends upon ourselves to evolve the body we desire. If our senses are but modifications of the organ of thought, of the absolute element, then, by dominating this element we can likewise modify and direct our senses at our own good pleasure. To a certain extent, the painter has already the eye under his control, the musician the ear, the poet the imagination, the organ of expression and the sensations (or, better still, he has in his power a great number of organs the action of which he re-unites in the organ of expression). The philosopher has an absolute organ: he

uses them (the senses) at will and by them represents the spiritual worlds to himself. Genius is only spirit applied to the active uses of the organs. Up to the present we have had but particular genius: it is imperative that the spirit should become total genius.

In the same manner that we transform into words the motions of the organ of thought, that we express them by gesture, that we imprint them upon our acts, in the same manner that we move and stop at will, that we coordinate and separate our movements; so also it is essential that we should learn to arrest, re-integrate and separate the interior organs of our body. Our entire body can be absolutely put into motion by the spirit. The effects of fear, terror, sadness, envy, wrath, shame, joy, fancy, etc., are adequate indications. There are, moreover, sufficient examples of men who have acquired an arbitrary power over certain parts of their bodies, habitually abstracted by will. Every man will then be his own physician, and be able to exactly feel his body. Man, then for the first time truly independent of Nature, will perhaps be able to compel the reappearance of a lost member, to kill himself at will, and also to obtain authentic explanations of the body, soul, universe, life, death, and the world of spirits. It will then probably depend upon himself to animate matter. He will oblige his senses to produce the form that he desires, to live truly in his world. He will possess the faculty to separate from his body whenever it pleases him; he will see, hear and feel whatever he wills, as he wills, and under whatsoever relations he desires.

Senses are to animals what leaves and flowers are to plants. Flowers are allegories of consciousness, or from the head. A higher propagation is the end of this superior flowering, a higher conservation. With men, it is the organ of immortality, a progressive propagation of the personality.

To retire within ourselves, with us signifies abstraction from the external world. With spirits, terrestrial life is analogically called interior contemplation, introversion, immanent activity. Terrestrial life is hence born of an original reflection, a primitive introversion, an interior assembling which is as free as our reflection. Inversely, in this world, spiritual life springs from an escape from this primitive reflection. The spirit unfolds itself afresh, emerges from itself, awakens this reflection anew, and in such moment says "I" for the first time. We see here how relative are introversion and extroversion. That which we term "to return" is properly "to go out," a re-adoption of the primitive form.

In reality the spiritual world is already open to us, is always visible. If, all at once, we possessed the requisite elasticity we would perceive that we are in the midst of that world. Our unhappy actual state renders a curative method essential to us.

Innocence and ignorance are sisters. But there are noble and common sisters. Vulgar innocence and ignorance are mortal. They have fine, but ephemeral and insignificant countenances. The noble sisters are immortals. Their lofty stature is unalterable and their front eternally reflects the light of paradise. They shall dwell in the heav-

ens and visit only the roblest and best approved of men.

We find ourselves in as incredibly diverse relations with Nature as with men; and even as to the child she reveals herself in childish fashion and graciously inclines towards his childish heart, so with the gods she is divine and corresponds to their higher intelligence. One cannot affirm Nature without speaking of a superabundant thing, and all effort towards truth when one speaks of Nature removes me more and more from the natural. We have already gained much when the effort to comprehend Nature ennobles itself into desire, a tender and discreet desire, which delights in a strange and cold being, which can then count upon a very faithful friendship. There is within us a mysterious instinct which diffuses itself from an infinitely profound central point. And when we are surrounded by the marvellous Nature that is perceptible to our senses and is at the same time that which our senses do not attain, it seems to us that this instinct is an attraction from Nature, herself, an expression of our sympathy with her. But one also seeks a country beyond these blue and distant forms; a lover of his youth, of parents, of brothers, of old friends and a very dear heart. Another believes that a future full of life hides itself behind these things, and he extends towards a new world his two hands which desire it. Very few stop tranquilly amidst the beauties which surround them or are content to seize them in their integrity and relationships. Very few there are who, stopping at details, do not forget the scintillating chains which bind in-

to order the different parts and thus constitute the sacred splendor. Very few feel their souls awakened to the contemplation of this living treasure which floats upon the abysses of the night.

Humanity is the higher meaning of our planet, the stair which joins it to a superior world, the eye which it lifts towards the sky.

All which we experience is a communication. Likewise the universe is a communication, a manifestation of spirit. The time when the spirit of God was comprehensible is no more; and the meaning of the world is lost. The letter only remains with us, and the apparation makes us forget that which appears. Formerly all was appearance of spirit, today we only perceive the dead reflection which we no longer comprehend. The meaning of the hieroglyph is wanting, and we now live upon the fruits of better times.

Chance itself is not unfathomable, it has its regularity.

Man began with instinct and will fin-

ish with himself. Instinct is the genius of Paradise, before the period of his separation (of the consciousness). It is essential that man divide himself into two and not alone into two but three, etc.

The meaning of the universe is *Reason*; it is for her that the universe is; and if it is at first the arena of an infantile reason which only just unfolds, one day it will become the divine image of its true activity and the scene of a veritable Church. Meanwhile let man honor it as the emblem of his soul which ennobles itself with him by infinite degrees. Whoever will come likewise to a knowledge of Nature let him cultivate his moral sense, so that he thinks and acts according to the noble essence of his soul; and Nature will open herself unto him. Moral action is the great attempt in which are resolved all the enigmas of innumerable phenomena. Who comprehends it and can logically apply it is forever master of Nature.

*Freely translated by Malcolm.*



# *If Christ Should Come To-Day.*

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

I have come and the world shall be  
shaken

Like a reed, at the touch of my rod,  
And the kingdoms of time shall awaken  
To the voice and the summons of God.  
No more through the din of the ages  
Shall warnings and chidings divine,  
From the lips of my prophets and sages,  
Be trampled like pearls before swine.

Ye have stolen my lands and my  
cattle;

Ye have kept back from labor its  
meed;

Ye have challenged the outcasts to  
battle,

When they plead at your feet in their  
need;

And when clamors of hunger grew  
louder,

And the multitudes prayed to be fed,  
Ye have answered with prisons or  
powder,

The cries of your brothers for bread.

I turn from your altars and arches,  
And the mocking of steeples and  
domes,

To join in the long, weary marches  
Of the ones ye have robbed of their  
homes;

I share in the sorrows and crosses

Of the naked, the hungry and cold,  
And dearer to me are their losses  
Than your gains and your idols of  
gold.

I will wither the might of the spoiler,  
I will laugh at your dungeons and  
locks,

The tyrant shall yield to the toiler,  
And your judges eat grass like the  
ox;

For the prayers of the poor have as-  
cended

To be written in lightnings on high,  
And the wails of your captives have  
blended

With the bolts that must leap from  
the sky.

The thrones of your kings shall be  
shattered

And the prisoner and serf shall go  
free;

I will harvest from seed that I scat-  
tered

On the borders of blue Galilee;

For I come not alone and a stranger—  
Lo! my reapers will sing through the  
night

Till the star that stood over the man-  
ger

Shall cover the world with its light.

## Marriage and Crime.

FROM FACTS ON MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

66 I CAN scarcely give you my thoughts; but I think that if a man and woman, who are unsuited to each other marry, the sooner they separate the better. To illustrate: A young man is enamored with a young girl who has been brought up in the lap of luxury, and they are married. He is determined to be a great man, if wealth will make him so, even if, in his ambition to attain that end, every good feeling within him is crushed out. They are married scarcely a year before they learn one thing—that they are separated in affection thousands of miles, although living under the same roof. The loveless wife soon learns deception. She has to steal from that man what she actually needs. After he has retired, and gone to sleep, she will search his pocket for a dime or half a dollar, to get some little needed thing. They live together year after year, but in her heart of hearts she feels that, if there was no law to take her in hand for it, she would take his life, to rid herself of the one she positively hates. She raises a family. I ask you this question, gentlemen: do you wonder that thieves and murderers are the result of this kind of marriage? I think you require law in the present day; but I am not speaking of low conditions but of the very highest. I have looked through the world often, and seen the misery from inharmonious marriages, and I have almost come to the conclusion that it is sinful

to remain in those conditions. It may perhaps, surprise you, but I think people should live together for a year, so as to know one another, before marriage. I would like to know, gentlemen, how many men there are in this city who act in the presence of a young lady, as they appear to us; and how many ladies are there who appear before gentlemen as they do in the presence of each other. We are frequently charged with bringing mischief from the spirit-world, in separating men their wives; but we only discover the mischief, do not cause it."

"In the spirit-land, do you communicate with each other in a language that is articulated as ours is."

"Yes: it would be a disagreeable thing to live in a world where there were no sounds."

"If you died without a knowledge of the French or German language, could you acquire a knowledge of either, in the spirit-world?"

"I could, sir, by impression."

"Then it would be difficult to have any secrets."

"There are no secrets. I am going to tell you something that is coming, and that will do away with all crime. The two worlds are ever drawing nearer to each other. You know, gentlemen, people are afraid of their deeds being known. They are not afraid to act, but if they thought that their acts were seen and known, they would try to act differently from what they now

do; and then there would be no deception between those who are to be married; and if there were none but harmonious marriages, that would bring about harmonious children. Now, I will ask you one question. If one of you were tempted to steal, would you not look up and down the street first, to see if any one saw you, before committing the deed? And if you knew their eyes were upon you, would you do it? It is just as natural to avoid eyes as it is to live. Do you see, if you had a real vivid consciousness that a spirit-friend was by your side, you would avoid, or be restrained from, doing many things that you now do? Let me ask you, if you knew that your mother's eyes were upon you, would you do anything that would grieve her.

"It would certainly operate as a restraining influence."

"I will tell you one thing. My medium is impressional. You may bring five criminals and five good men into her presence, and blindfold her, and if she does not detect which are the good and which the bad, I will never come back and speak in this world again. People never have thoughts

with regard to her that she does not comprehend at once?"

"Have you any inventions or instruments in the spirit world that we have not?"

"All the inventions you have come from the spirit world. I stated this to Dr. Wolfe when speaking of the electric telegraph and big bridge. We have an instrument now ready to be given to the world as soon as a proper medium is found to receive it. It is called a 'THOUGHT INDICATOR'."

"How does it act?"

"It in an instant indicates thought."

"Does it do this by means of symbols, such as our letters?"

"It does it by means of characters. The instrument I speak of will be used on earth in sixty years from now. You will not live to see it; but remember what I have told you."

"How does this instrument work?"

"It indicates thought on paper as if done by electricity—as rapidly as we think."

"Are such records now made in the spirit-world?"

"Many of our finest writings are given in this way."



## *Woman, the Image of God.*

BY ARTHUR F. MILTON.

THE life-force in the animal is manifest by two general principles—hunger and sexual impetus. In man by the same two principles spiritualized; viz: Intellectuality and Love.

This life-force generates in both sense- and self-consciousness. Only in man it is subject to perversion, when it becomes sensualism and selfishness.

Through pain and suffering, however, they are neutralized, and then become Intellectuality and Love.

While both are manifest in the male as well as female element, the first is stronger in evidence through the male being—the latter through the female element.

Man is therefore the instructor, woman the constructor of society. Without the one, the other would be without a vocation. The moral force in earth life is an effect of the equal balance between the two.

Equal rights under these circumstances become a matter of fitness involved in the duty assigned.

Is the woman qualified to do all that man can do? If so Nature overreached herself when she created man. But Nature's life-force embodied the intellectual as well as love-principle, and it was bound to express in accordance with that most in evidence of the two, and thus the two kinds of human beings on this planet.

Whether other planets furnish conditions for this life-force to express itself three or four-fold, may be possi-

ble; but lacking the principles that constitute such beings we cannot form any kind of conception concerning them. Or were this planet conditioned for but the one principle to manifest, material life would have a different aspect—also something beyond our comprehension.

But let us be orthodox enough to believe ours is the only real thing. If so would we reconstruct it?

Nature has led the way from the savage to the enlightened individual in a manner apparently best suited to the two classes of mortals—assigning to each a duty which seems best fitted to their respective spheres. She has given man the mind to form governments and surprises; to construct cities, erect temples, build railroads, invent machinery, found commerce, science and a means of protecting woman in her natural rights. And Nature has given woman heart to make all this worth while. Woman is the inspirer of it—the mother of those who labor for her rejoicing. Without her moral support man would soon fall into "innocuous desuetude," and without man woman might be a powerless heterogeneous Intelligence—a force without direction—excluding those who have learned some of man's ways. But extraneous to this she would be far from the perfection she has attained—both by duplication and self-effort. Ambition and aspiration are mutually inspired effects between the sexes; and

if Nature did give man more mind she gave woman more love; and if God is love, then woman and not man is the "image" of the Creator—the creature that man worships and ever has worshipped more than he ever did any unknown God.

That woman may be the image of God it is not necessarily said that man is the image of the Devil. It is true, those represented in art are never in

petticoats. But perhaps these only represent man in the future, as the angels represent woman.

There is no doubt that mind sometimes descends to diabolism—as love may deceive. But on the whole woman's chance for future happiness is the fairer. She, at least, never adulterated a mother's milk.

*The Sunflower.*

### *THE LIFE OF ALL!*

The chain of being is complete in me;  
In me is matter's last gradation lost;  
And the next step is Spirit—Deity:  
I can command the lightning and am  
dust!

A monarch and a slave, a worm, a God!  
Whence came I here, and how? so  
marvelously

Constructed and conceived? Un-  
known? This clod

Lives surely through some higher en-  
ergy,

For from itself alone it could not be!  
Yes; weary one! Thy spirit shine  
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of  
dew.

*Gabriel Romanivich Derzhavin.*

## How Some Fortunes Were Built Up.

BY J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

### *Commodore Vanderbilt.*

IT IS impossible to make more than a modest competence by honest toil no matter how many hours a day are devoted to it. No fortune has ever been made by work with the hands. Millions are only accumulated by the use of brains and there are only about five channels through which brains can work to produce this result.

These channels are:

1. Get control of some great, universal, public necessity and force the world to buy of you at your own figures. For example, John D. Rockefeller and his partners in Standard Oil, Cyrus McCormick, Elias Howe, and other successful inventors.

2. Get as many people to working for you as you can and, if possible, let somebody else pay them. For example, John Jacob Astor bought a lot of land on Manhattan Island, quietly paid the taxes and waited. Every man, woman and child in New York that worked at all worked for him and he paid none of them a penny except the few who built his houses or were his servants. Their labor built up the city and raised the value of his estate to at least 700 or 800 millions of dollars in about a century. Marshall Field paid \$3,000 a front foot for a lot in Chicago and let the city work for him ten years and then sold it for \$27,000 a foot.

3. Gambling in stocks. We regard

poker players and patrons of faro and roulette with horror. They are not allowed to mingle in good society and are regarded as criminals generally. Monaco is regarded as one of the earth's plague spots and is held up for public execration by press and pulpit everywhere but there is more gambling done on Wall Street every day in the year than at Monaco and every other gambling hell on earth in a life time. And it is gambling pure and simple. Stocks and bonds are used in place of cards and chips and fortunes, instead of a few paltry dollars, are the stakes. The pious Russell Sage was perhaps the best example of a Wall Street gambler millionaire.

- 4 Mining. Luck is an equal partner with brains here until the foundation is laid—the strike made. After that it is a matter of brains alone. Perhaps a hundred men found rich mines in the mountains of California and Nevada during the years that Flood, O'Brien and Mackay were dazzling the world with the flood of wealth they caused the Comstock lode to pour forth but the world never heard of them because they lacked the brains to utilize their discoveries and others reaped the profit that should have been theirs.

5. Get into a position where you can compel people to do business with you on your own terms. Cornelius Vanderbilt, or, as he is better known, Commodore Vanderbilt, is a fine ex-

ample of this method of becoming a millionaire. To begin with he possessed, in a very great degree, the mental make-up that one must possess to acquire any great wealth. He had what is usually called great business ability but which, in reality, is only good, common sense, or the power to think and reason correctly. He did not have a heart that any one was ever able to locate. He had no honor, if his business transactions are any evidence. He had but one desire, one thought, one ambition, and that was to make money—just make it—that was all.

He came of an old Holland family and was born on Staten Island, May 27th, 1794, the son of a boatman and farmer. In his seventeenth year he became the owner of a row boat and commenced life for himself by rowing passengers about or across New York harbor. He made and saved enough money by the time he was twenty-one to buy a coasting schooner. By the time he was twenty-four he had nine thousand dollars to his credit. Just at this point he brought his common sense into play. Steamboats were slowly coming into use and he saw the millions there were in their use in a harbor like New York where many thousand people have to cross the waters that surround the city, every day. In a sail or row boat the length of time a trip across took was determined by the wind and sometimes it was a matter of hours. With a steamboat it was only a matter of minutes at any time. Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, and his partner Chancellor Livingston, claimed a monopoly of steam navigation. But Thomas Gib-

bons was running a rival line and fighting them a battle in the courts.

Vanderbilt disposed of his sailing vessels and, much to the surprise of his friends, accepted the command of one of Gibbons' steamboats at a salary of \$1,000 a year. His friends, who labored under the delusion that they were wise, tried their utmost to keep him from doing this foolish thing. They were sure it doomed him to a life of poverty. But Cornelius had used his common sense. If Gibbons won his lawsuit any one could run steamboats around New York. Lawsuits were costly, therefore, it was better to let Gibbons fight while his nine thousand and more in cash was waiting to enable him to reap the fruits of victory. Meanwhile he was learning all there was to be learned about a steamboat. Gibbons finally won and was probably almost broken up by the cost. Immediately after the conclusion of the suit, when it involved Mr. Vanderbilt in no risk, he took control of Mr. Gibbons line of boats between New York and New Brunswick, New Jersey, and ran it for two or three years.

He then went into the steamboat business himself and before many years was the biggest steamboat owner in the world. His boats were the ferries between New York and the mainland, they were always crowded with passengers, they made many trips a day and his wealth grew with marvellous rapidity. He had the public where it had to do business with him on his own terms. Do you wonder that he soon became a millionaire.

A year or two before the civil war he commenced investing largely in railroads stocks and ironworks. His

already accumulated millions made him a dictator here and the years of unparalleled business prosperity right after the war enabled him to add to his millions very rapidly. His railroad stocks brought him into Wall Street and, with enormous wealth at his command, he was able to deal the cards—stocks we mean—to suit himself. No tinhorn gambler in a western mining town ever possessed any less honor than he, but the tinhorn's opponent often possessed a six-shooter while Vanderbilt's did not,

hence the Commodore was careful to deal himself the number of aces needed to win and more millions were piled up.

In brief this is the story of the Vanderbilt millions. The fortune is among the half dozen largest fortunes in New York and growing rapidly. His children and grandchildren seem to have inherited his financial genius and the enormous estate is handled in the manner calculated to bring in the largest revenues.

Don't allow yourself to think on your birthday that you are a year older and so much nearer the end.

Never look on the dark side; take sunny views of everything; a sunny thought drives away the shadows.

Be a child; live simply and naturally and keep clear of entangling alliances and complications of all kinds.

Cultivate the spirit of contentment; discontent and dissatisfaction bring age furrows prematurely to the face.

Form a habit of throwing off before going to bed at night all the cares and anxieties of the day.

## *The Day is Done.*

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.  
I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the  
mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er  
me,  
That my soul cannot resist—  
A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles rain.  
Come read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.  
Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time;—  
For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest

Life's endless toil and endeavor,  
And to-night I long for rest.  
Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;—  
Who through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.  
Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.  
Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.  
And the night shall be filled with  
music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

## *Gospel Miracles Not Authentic.*

(Rev. Henry Pinkham, Pastor of Bethany Baptist Church, of Denver, has long been noted for his independent, common sense views on matters scriptural. In a recent sermon he created a sensation by asserting that some of the alleged miracles of the Saviour were never performed)

He said in part:

"There are portions of the gospel that can hardly be regarded as belonging to the authentic history of Jesus, but that must be credited to the unscientific, miracle-loving character of the age in which he lived, to the the clinging influence of old views which prepossessed the minds of his disciples, and to their zeal in propagating their new faith.

"But when the most rigorous historical criticism has completed its work on the New Testament documents, there shines forth in undimmed splendor the most attractive, the most commanding figure in all the race, one well worthy to be chosen—as He has been chosen by the Western world—as the supreme example of nobility, the unrivaled leader by right of His moral preeminence, the spiritual master by virtue of His spiritual genius.

"That is what the doctrine of His divinity ought to mean to us today, and not that He had a strange, abnormal, monstrous origin, like that we read about in Greek and Roman mythology; not that He was omnipotent, able to walk on the water, raise the dead, Himself rise from the grave, nor that He was omniscient, acquainted with the past, present and future.

"As to the so-called miracles in the gospels, some of them are historical and some are not. A distinguished Christian scholar says:

"That Jesus quieted a storm by a word we do not believe today, and never shall believe again, but that he had remarkable power to heal the sick there is no reason to doubt."

"Let each alleged miracle stand or fall as a careful historical judgment may decide. The true greatness of Jesus will not be involved in the verdict. On the contrary, it is only when we discard the abnormal, only when we recognize our Master's genuine humanity, that His proper leadership becomes effective.

"There is a vast reservoir of moral enthusiasm that will be set free when Christians generally lay aside the traditional idea of a superhuman Christ—a mysterious member of a divine partnership, who transacts business involving humanity's weal or woe with the head of the firm—and substitute therefore a grandly human Jesus, one who has all the limitations that belong to our nature.

Orthodox ministers are wont to say with pathetic fervor: 'Poor, sinning, sorrowing humanity must have a divine Savior.' In this deeply held conviction my dear orthodox brethren are entirely wrong. The Savior that poor, sinning, suffering humanity needs is a human Savior that the goodness of God has provided in Jesus.

"There have been and are other saviors, of course. Every man deserves that title who has lived or died bravely for the cause of truth and brotherhood, paying the penalty of his loyalty to the right and making the world better by his self-sacrifice. But Jesus towers above all other saviors and deserves to be called The Saviour, by the comprehensiveness of his aim, the incomparable charm of his personality, the immeasurable breadth and depth of his love, and the unexampled pathos of his face.

"When we banish the superhuman from our conception of Jesus, two results follow:

First—Our admiration and love for him are increased.

Second—We obtain a new sense of both our duty and our ability to follow him, to be in our place and time what Jesus was in his.

"The well meant effort of Christian preachers to set apart Jesus from the human race by ascribing to him superhuman knowledge and power has deprived him of the honor that is rightly his, and which human hearts are ready to pay him.

"If Jesus possessed the consciousness of unlimited power, then we owe Him slight praise for the courage He showed in facing His enemies, and hunger and weariness and pain were not the same to Him that they are to us in our weakness. If He had per-

fect vision of the future, and knew the glorious outcome of His self-sacrifice, then He deserves less credit than many a martyr who has died for conscience's sake, not seeing how any good could result from his death.

"Only when we see that our Master was a genuine sharer in the weakness of which we are conscious; only when we perceive that he had to contend with doubts and fears even as we do, do we appreciate him justly, and give him his due meed of honor.

"And if our master shared with us our limitations and weakness, it follows that we may share with him his moral achievement and triumph.

"Discard the superhuman element in the conception of Jesus, and men will no longer say or think, when his teaching or example are set before them: 'He was divine; I am only human. Of course I cannot be as good as Jesus was.'

"The doctrine of Jesus' divinity has been the excuse of multitudes of those who call themselves Christians who have not even seriously tried to imitate their so-called Savior.

"The excuse is not valid. Jesus is our Savior only as we become like Him. We realize our highest capacities by coming in contact with their realization in another. What Jesus was in Palestine nineteen centuries ago you and I can be in Denver in 1907."



## *Psychic Research.*

DR. ISAAC FUNK IN "THE PSYCHIC RIDDLE."

**D**R. FUNK, editor in chief of the Standard dictionary, while he states that he is "not a spiritualist in the sense recognized by that term, is deeply interested in psychic research, because it seems more and more likely that by these efforts may be discovered marvelous powers of the human soul not yet fully recognized by the science of psychology." In a circular letter he says:

"My chief object is to make more easy for trained scientists the way to effectively help the psychic research societies in efforts to solve the psychic problem, a work which Gladstone declared 'The most important work which is being done today.'" Dr. Funk states:

"In the last twenty years scientists have learned to respect greatly forces and entities that are beyond the five senses. They now tell us that the inter-stellar ocean of ether must be there, we cannot see it, feel it, nor hear it, and yet it exists. Lord Kelvin thinks the electron, which is so small that it would take something like 100,000 of them to make an atom, and an atom is too small for the most powerful microscope to recognize. Radium, the x-ray, the discussion about the n-ray, the vibratory theory of the universe—all are making it easier and still easier every year for scientists to believe with Paul, that the invisible things are the more real things, that the visible, the audible, and the tangible are secondary

effects, not causes.

"Sir William Crookes, accepting the presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1898, in the presence of that august body did not hesitate to say that he had seen no reason to change his reports of actual spirit materializations witnessed and photographed by himself in his own home. In the April number, 1906, of the Annals of Psychical science—published simultaneously in Paris and London—that chiefest of the French physicists Chas. Richet, hotly defended his recent marvelous reports of materialization seances which he tells us he witnessed under test condition in Algiers—wonderful phenomena, spirits actually taking form so as to be seen, heard and handled. These extraordinary marvels Richet reported over his own name in a scientific magazine published under the direction of a committee made up of such well-known scientists as Sir William Crookes, Caesar Lombroso of Italy, Dr. Joseph Maxwell of France, Sir Oliver Lodge, men of international fame as trained scientists." Among Dr. Funk's thoughts of the power of the exalted soul to reach spiritual forces he says: "An old story is told of a French astronomer saying 'I have searched the heavens with my telescope and found no God.' A deaf man says, 'I have taken apart a piano and applied every known chemical test; and have sub-

jected each part to a powerful microscope and found no music.' Beauty, love, holiness, can be recognized only by those who are esthetical, loving and holy; the pure in heart see God, no other can. After all, the chiefest qualification for a psychic investigator is spiritual development. Every faculty within us is the best judge of truth up to its level. A developed soul knows its own way as does a migrating fish in the trackless deep."

Concerning spiritual life Dr. Funk says:

"The cell is the material unit of the living organism, but the cell is made up of matter which is constantly changing, yet we are conscious of the perdurance of our individuality. Memory persists. Can any one conceive of innumerable remembrances being pro-

duced by a cell or a combination of cells as yet persisting, while the cells are endlessly changing; or can he conceive of material cells comparing, arranging, and judging the products of themselves or of other cells. A scientist who has credulity sufficient to believe all that, will have no difficulty, when he gets the proper twist, to believe the hypothesis of spirits—to believe that our individuality has its truest body made up of refined, subtle matter of which the sensuous body is the outer, coarser expression to be cast aside at death as an overcoat is thrown off when we enter the house."

While Dr. Funk writes of himself as a student in search of truth he presents many illustrations concerning spiritual communication.

## TO THE OCEAN.

LORD BYRON.

There is a pleasure in the pathless  
woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its  
roar.  
I love not man the less, but nature  
more  
From these our interviews, in which  
I steal  
From all I may be or have been be-  
fore,  
To mingle with the Universe and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet can-  
not all conceal.

# THE MOUNTAIN PINE

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GEO. B. LANG, Editor and Manager

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Two geniuses have recently applied for patents on inventions that enable you to see who you are talking to over the phone regardless of distance. One cannot help wondering what mysterious power of vibration it is that carries the image of a man and the room he is in over perhaps a hundred miles of wire and reproduces it when you put the receiver to your ear. That is what the inventions do. But how? Wise ones say that the voice communicates vibrations to the wire that are rendered audible by the diaphragm in the receiving phone. Does the eye also impart vibrations that are rendered visible in some way? Really the world has no greater mystery than this.

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Dun's Commercial Agency is the standard the world over. Ten years ago, or in 1897, it reported the lowest prices on the necessaries of life since 1860. They have been steadily going up since then until now it takes \$109 to buy just what \$72 bought then, or an increase of just a little over 50 per cent in ten years. But it really costs much less in human effort to manufacture almost anything than it did ten years ago and it certainly costs no more to raise crops. The machine is doing more and more of the work of production in every line and is being improved almost daily. Wages have gone up some but has your income in-

creased fifty per cent? One great reason for the advance in prices of everything is that the machines own the people not the people the machines. Another reason equally as great is that the people are chumps and asses and submit to any imposition capital puts on them. When will they get a little sense and use it?

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The next time some fool tells you that Socialism means the destruction of the home and the pollution of the marriage ceremony, tell him to study the report on divorce just issued by the U. S. census bureau and see if he can make himself believe it would be any worse under Socialism or any other ism.

The report, which was compiled from official sources only, shows that three applications for divorce have been filed and two divorces granted since you commenced reading this article. Or an application is filed every two minutes and a divorce granted every three minutes somewhere in the United States. 70,000 divorces a year were granted on an average for the twenty years from 1877 to 1897, an increase of 100 per cent over the twenty years preceding. But the report does not, and cannot, show the many, many thousands of homes that contain not a single ray of happiness, that are homes in name and hells in reality. Not more than one unhappy couple in a

dozen seek relief in a divorce court. The others fight it out in private, and sometimes in public, as best they can and fill the world with children who are ruined before they are born.

Write the U. S. census bureau and get the report and see if Socialism or anything else can make the matrimonial situation any worse.

A Texas cotton raiser propounds the following conundrum in the Farm and Ranch: "We bought a four ounce cotton hat and paid \$2.50 for it. A 500 pound bale of cotton will make 2,000 hats which at \$2.50 each will bring \$5,000. The cotton raiser gets from \$30 to \$50 for the bale—where does the enormous profit go." The cotton raiser thought he was thinking when he gave the conundrum but he was not. Had he been really thinking he would have asked: "Why is the cotton raiser such a fool as to sell his crop for so little and then pay so much for it when he buys it back?" And the question is equally as pertinent when applied to any other farm product. And there is two answers to it. The first is: because the farmer, north and south alike, has never been taught to use his brains. His education, whether common school or college, for the most part was a cramming of dry, useless facts and theories. It may have been seasoned somewhat with new ideas regarding crop production and stock raising that were useful as far as they went but they stopped short with the production of the crop.

Why should not the cotton raiser know all about his cotton from the time it leaves his field until he buys it back manufactured? Why should he

not not know just how his hat was made and the exact cost of the making? He paid \$2.50 for it, he received 2½ cents for it when he sold it as raw cotton. The total actual cost of manufacture was not more than 25 cents, the other \$2.25 was profit, or steal, most of it.

The second answer to the question is that the machines own the producer while the producer should own the machines. Is there any possible reason why cotton factories, making everything that is made from cotton, should not be located right where the cotton is grown—one or two in each county—and owned by the cotton growers? Then each cotton grower could haul his cotton to the factory and get his goods at cost—or \$2.50 hats for not more than 25 cents and almost any cotton cloth for 2 or 3 cents a yard. When they get to using their brains and thinking real thoughts they will do this.

Do you remember not so very many years ago how the old party orators, both G. O. P. and Democrat, harped about the intrinsic value of gold and insisted that the law had no effect upon its value or price. The Populists and everybody else who could think insisted that the price was fixed by the laws of the United States and England and that intrinsic value cut no figure. They also said that while gold remained stationary in price it caused a rise or fall in the price of everything else. Or, as its production was constantly increasing it caused everything else to advance in price. The Populists and their brother thinkers were hooted at then, but in February the Wall Street

Journal, the organ of Wall Street, said editorially:

"This ignoring of the effect of an increased production of gold upon prices and interest, however is limited to the present time. There are few who deny that the enormous production of gold from California and Australia during the decade from 1851 to 1860 advanced prices of commodities and increased rates of interest. In that decade the world's production of gold was \$1,332,981,000, an annual average of \$133,298,100. The world's production of gold for the ten years ending with 1905 was \$2,894,589,000, an annual average of \$284,458,900. The world's production of gold in 1906 is estimated at nearly \$400,000,000, and it is expected that this amount will be exceeded during the current year.

"An increase in the production of any other commodity than gold, other conditions remaining unchanged, causes a fall in the price of that commodity. But the price of gold is fixed by the law of Great Britain, which requires the Bank of England to buy all the gold that may be tendered at the price of 77s 9d per ounce, standard, eleven-twelfths fine, and by the law of the United States which requires the mint to purchase all gold offered at \$20,672 for each ounce of pure gold."

So, after all, the Populists were right and the old parties wrong. Gold has only the value given it by law and is intrinsically worthless.

The Steel Trust in 1906 cleared \$133,912,896 in cold hard cash. Without increasing its earnings a cent in ten years time it can have \$1,339,128,960, or \$13.39 for every man, woman

and child in the United States, piled up in its coffers. It employs 202,437 men and counting in its \$100,000 a year president and all its other high salaried officers, it paid them an average of \$2.01 per day and cleared \$2.12 on each day's labor. Will some wise reader kindly tell us, in a logical, sensible way, why 202,437 men should be compelled to give up \$133,912,896 in cash each year, after they have earned it by the hardest kind of work, to a few hundred people who, for the most part, never saw an iron foundry and do not want to see one. True some of those millions enabled the President, William Corey, to leave his wife and live with a beautiful young girl as long as he desired and finally to send her to France to a magnificent palace he had fitted up for her, get a divorce from his wife and enjoy life generally. Some more of those millions enabled the ex-President, Chas. M. Schwab, to erect the finest pile of marble in America on the bank of the Hudson river near New York and yet others of them are enabling the real head of the whole concern, Carnage, to pose as a great philanthropist and scatter libraries broadcast over the land, and all of these are grand things, are they not?

But Lincoln, we believe, said: "Wealth belongs to him who creates it." If this is true Messrs. Corey, Schwab and Carnage are "blowing" millions that do not belong to them.

If the people owned the machines instead of the machines owning the people the employees of the steel trust would be \$133,912,896 ahead on their work for 1906. There might be a few less divorced wives and beautiful mistresses in French palaces if the people

owned the machines, and a few less marble palaces and libraries but there would be several thousand more good homes and several tens of thousands more happy wives and children. Which is the more desirable?

### *I Wonder.*

I wonder if ever a song was sung,  
    But the singer's heart sang sweeter?  
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung,  
    But the thought surpassed the meter?  
I wonder if ever the sculptor wrought  
    Till the cold stone echoed his inmost  
    thought?  
Or if ever a painter, with light and  
    shade,  
    The dream of his inmost soul be-  
    trayed.

*Selected.*

## Voice Color.

FROM REASON.

WHAT is the color of your voice? Mrs. Northesk Wilson, of London, says that Mr. Beerbohm Tree's voice was a deep red all the time he played the part of Svengali, though his natural voice has a far pleasanter hue and that Mr. G. P. Huntley, the British comedian, has a charming green voice, and various other stars sing and play in all the colors of the rainbow and sundry other tints, ranging from palest pink to ultra violet.

If your voice should turn out to be a pale gray it is a sign for Mrs. Northesk Wilson that you have highly intellectual parts, whereas should it prove to be a species of gaslight green it shows that you have religious feeling tinged with fear. Light green voices demonstrate their possessors to be adaptable; brown voices show selfishness, while a light purple bespeaks devotion mixed with affection. Mrs. Wilson tells the weary world that editors of the yellow variety have a low type of intellect, as evinced by their voices, and all philanthropists have the softest sort of pink voices.

Sir Oliver Lodge and other scientists have corresponded with Mrs. Wilson in regard to her discoveries and seem to think her theory has something in it. And of course the occult world would clap their hands with joy over her testimonies to their own teachings. It is confirmed more or less by researches recently made in Paris. Long it has been known that music has the power

of forming geometrical and other figures.

If some light dust, lycopodium, for example, is sprinkled on a horizontal plate, supported so that it is free to vibrate, and a violin bow is then drawn across the edge, a musical note will be produced, and the dust will be thrown up from the surface by the vibrations. When we cease drawing the bow and the note has died away the dust will settle on the plate in geometrical figures, the form of which depends on the pitch of the note. Recently the dust has been photographed while in the air, and it has been found that it there forms solid figures, to which the flat figures correspond, of which, in fact, they are the mathematical projection. The vibrations of sound thus are able to build forms in dense physical matter.

Mrs. Wilson, working along the lines of other experts, has discovered that voices not only have colors, but that these colors betray character. She has made elaborate studies of many types of people, even visiting lunatic asylums and other institutions where her researches demonstrated the fact that the same hues always attach to persons of similar disposition.

A singular phenomenon in connection with voice character is the fact that one may reform his voice. If a person learns that he has an immoral voice, say blackish brown, denoting malice and sensuality, he can decide

to rectify his disposition. After while, if he persist in the straight and narrow path, his voice will change as his disposition alters. After hard striving he may be endowed with a pale pinkish red voice, which, according to Mrs. Wilson, denotes high, unselfish affection, and then later on, may even attain the philanthropic hue of pale pink, denoting love for mankind.

An inebriate with a dark brown voice may take the pledge. If he keeps it he will be rewarded with the deep blue hue of purity. A jealous person with a voice that looks like a patch of burnt sienna, streaked with tongues of fire and struck by lightning, may develop a pale gray voice, signifying devotion to a noble ideal.

When Mrs. Wilson first began to see these colors proceeding from the voice of friend and foe, she thought there was something the matter with her eyes and decided to consult a specialist. Mark Twain has said, "When you see a ghost, count a hundred, and if he won't go away take a pill." Mrs. Wilson thought her physical health was at fault. The specialist whom she consulted pronounced her perfectly well, and said there was nothing whatever the matter with her eyes. It was then that she began to study the matter and to ascertain if there might not be some scientific explanation. Together with Mrs. Margaret Watts-Hughes she conducted a number of experiments along the line of making voice sounds to make impressions on external objects—witness the figures. Other scientists had long admitted the power of phonographs and other instruments—and Mrs. Wilson succeeded in demonstrating by means of a ma-

chine called the eidophone that every note of music had its visible form. Certain high pitched notes made figures exactly like trees, while others formed flowers and vegetables. It was found that certain notes had the power to make the grotesque forms resembling huge snails and other oddities. Vegetable growths, flowers, ferns, trees shaped themselves as the result of musical vibration.

Dr. Holbrook Curtis of New York a number of years ago photographed complete scales of geometrical figures produced by the voices of various celebrated singers, which show that although the same note or same number of vibrations always produce the same typical form, yet this is modified endlessly by the expression and personal characteristics of the singer, so it seems that each man or ego shapes even the ether waves and impresses them with his personality, a pure voice producing flowers, a harsh note charged with evil intentions bringing forth an aborted shape, thus giving a striking concordance with the thought forms of the man's aura, which are themselves the results of mental vibrations.

But the aura requires explanation. Mrs. Wilson and all occultists hold that every person is encircled by a luminous aura or halo. Not only is every person so surrounded, but all things, animate and inanimate, by a complex, subtle, emanation which to the clairvoyant eye not only is luminous but tinged with the most variegated colors, these colors indicating our ideas.

Dr. Baraduc, after special study in the matter, has been rewarded by obtaining a series of beautiful photographs, some of which already have

been published, in which the auras of different persons are imprinted clearly with vibrations, due to the tendencies or passions, ideas, and emotions. Moreover, Prof. Elmer Gates, of Washington, reported from his investigation of the aura that the material emanations of the living body or lower auras differ according to the states of the mind, as well as of the physical health, that these emanations can be tested by the chemical reactions of some salts of selenium, that they are characterized by various tints or colors, according to the nature of the mental impressions, and that forty different "emotion products," as he termed them, already have thus been obtained.

A recent instrument made by Prof. McKendrick, of London, graphically registers the number and form of the vibrations produced by musical sounds and spoken words in such a way that it may develop eventually into a new method of communication with the brain of the deaf and dumb through the nerves of the skin.

Our words, according to Prof. Mc-

Kendrick's instrument, consist of a succession of material, rather slow musical sounds, varying in pitch and quality according to the speaker's voice, and thus carrying with them the imprint of our numbers and figures, while beings on higher planes of nature only can be reached through different octaves of the same language—that is the same manifestations of form and color. This is the explanation of the origin of "mantras" and "incantation languages" for invoking supernatural aid. This unconsciously is illustrated by another strange instrument, devised by Mr. A. W. Rington, and called by him a color organ, for the production of color music. Through this ingenuous contrivance every note of music is connected with a shade of color, whereby a perfect parallelism is proved to exist between the sound vibrations producing the different octaves of musical sounds and the vibrations of the light waves, and the inventor says: "If our eyes could only see them the colors of the invisible spectrum probably would repeat themselves in octaves like sounds."



## *Just For To-Night*

Just for tonight, come back to me  
Sweetheart of long ago,  
Lay your soft cheek close to mine,  
Speak to me sweet and low.

Just for tonight, let me live again  
Back in memory land.  
Beckon me over the vanished years  
With a touch of your white hand.

Just for tonight, let me hear your  
voice,  
As you sung in the long ago;  
Sweet old songs that can never die,  
Dear heart, I loved you so.

Just for tonight come back again  
And we will walk down the past's  
long lane,  
When we were sweethearts, you  
and I,  
And life was spanned by a sum-  
mer sky.

Just for tonight, let me cast aside  
Earth's paltry pleasures, pomp  
and pride.

Just for tonight, come back to me.  
Kiss me till I forget

Just what it was that brought the  
tears  
And made my eyelids wet.

MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

Just for tonight, O eyes of blue,  
Beautiful eyes, you were always  
true.

Just for tonight, with you in my arms  
Drifting out o'er the sea of calms.  
Just for tonight, I am tired of life,  
Weary and sick of its endless strife.

Just for tonight, O pain and care,  
Let me hide them 'neath your  
beautiful hair.

Just for tonight, let me kiss your  
mouth,  
Warm and sweet as a breath from  
the south.

Just for tonight, with the touch of  
your hand  
Take me with you to the summer  
land.

Just for tonight, with only you,  
Your hair of gold and your eyes of  
blue.

Just for tonight, O away with care,  
To me you're a treasure, won-  
drously fair,

And you love me I know, for you  
told me so  
On that summer night long years  
ago.

# *The Coming Man.*

DR. HENRY WAGNER.

**S**CIENCE has demonstrated that every form of energy is derived from the sun. That life on our earth would soon become extinct if it were not for the sun's rays animating and vivifying life in its infinite manifestations. The atmosphere, which gives manifestation to lightning, terrestrial magnetism and the aurora borealis, is one of the same vivifying forces that express themselves in vegetable, tree, animal and human life. They are all the same under different manifestations of power.

The sun comes to us as heat and he quits us as heat, but between his entrance and departure the multifarious powers of our globe appear; they are all special forms of solar power.

History repeats itself in cycles of time regulated by the Sun's change of polarity from one zodiacal sign to another, which requires 2,160 years to complete, therefore the present cycle will manifest the full and complete influence of the sun in Aquarius, the sign through which he is now operating or manifesting. This sign represents Man in the zodiac and corresponds to Man in Nature as the highest manifestation of intelligence organized in form. As the thinking animal, man is the supreme expression of the Infinite mind, capable of analyzing the sun's vibrations through science, philosophy, religion and kindred subjects, which must and will be consciously evolved to his reason and understanding

through and by means of the sun's vibrations in Aquarius which will give a new expression of thoughts and ideas on all of these subjects, and this will be purely the outcome of this solar force in this sign of the man.

Aquarius is an airy sign, the lowest of the airy triplicity, and governs those vibrations from the sun's rays that externalize vapors, gases and forces such as compressed air, liquid air, hydrogen and nitrogen in all their relations to vapor and air. The coming man will naturally vibrate to these subtle, dynamic influences and naturally evolve the potentialities hidden and concealed under this symbolism. The scope of its science and philosophy is so vast and momentous as to take in all that pertains to the chemistry of photography as revealed by the camera and magnetic needle and this sums up the history of mankind on our globe as revealed by geology and archeology, two sciences that picture humanity in its mutations and transmutations, its involutions and its evolutions as the thinking part of matter and force or intelligence. Man is the highest expression of matter and force in organic form on our earth and expresses intelligence that is in keeping with his relation to nature in all her varied departments of manifested and unmanifested life both visible and invisible, material and spiritual. As he finds himself related to both and in the solution of himself, he has the key to

unlock the universe.

We do, therefore, declare for the coming Man a very high degree of knowledge in every branch of science, history and philosophy, as well as in religion; he will show himself master over the elements of nature by harnessing them and compelling their obedience to his will. His knowledge of himself as the only organized expression of Deity, in material form, will enable him to manifest his God nature and shine forth as he has never done before on this earth, by reason of his larger growth of mental capacity, fuller development of his latent potentialities and the hidden attributes of his spiritual being which he is beginning to recognize as his real self. This knowledge, together with the more perfected condition of the earth on which he lives, will enable him, during the present cycle, to wield a power and produce a race of mental giants capable of great intellectual force expressed in an infinite number of inventions, mechanical devices and scientific demonstrations of the power of mind over matter, which is of itself positive evidence of their relation to each other as the dual expression of the one truth and one supreme power and deific intelligence governing all.

The sun is the motive power of every force and intelligence, including man as the highest and best developed of all its evolved creations or manifestations of intelligence. He is only in his young manhood as yet and will gradually mature into the perfect man as the sun progresses farther into the sign Aquarius to evolve forth his full powers of expression and intelligence. We may look forward for 2,160 years

and say in advance what is more than likely to transpire upon earth regarding man and his unfoldment physically, mentally and spiritually as the sun's vibrations externalize the potential powers and attributes hidden under the symbol of the man.

A race of intellectual giants is certain to be the fruitage of this cycle as the personified wisdom of the sun manifested in the son of man. The old conditions of past cycles are passing away and will continue to decay until they are no more.

Nations are but the aggregations of individuals composing them. They have their birth, life and death, the same as individuals, the only difference being in the cycle governing them. Each cycle expresses its own latent powers and intelligence, which is always natural to the sign through which the sun is passing and cannot be forced into any expression but its own. This law is as fixed and unalterable regarding the cycles as the law governing trees, animals or men. Therefore, it is easy to say in advance what will be expressed by man during this cycle of the man and what the coming man will be, that he will be an intellectual giant and mental genius, capable of self government by reason of his mental development and control over himself and the elements that environ him, is self-evident. Government must conform its laws to this high end, as the mental growth of the race will demand it. Liberty of speech and action will shape themselves as justice requires to every demand made upon humanity in evolving its latent powers of mind and muscle. Mind, the superior force, will control and mani-

fest the Aquarian characteristics of intelligence in every department of human thought. Muscle must obey the demands and behests of the mental force and work out its supreme will through every avenue of expression. Labor and capital should have but one interest and one aim in expressing thought through invention and scientific discoveries. There is no law for man as a unit, apart from the whole race, therefore, he must obey the highest law of racial development and conform his individual efforts to the racial evolution.

The pioneers of a new country are always in advance of those who come after them as they must cut down the timber, burn the stumps and underbrush, plow and till the soil before its latent properties can be turned to profit, just so with the pioneers of this new cycle upon which the race is fairly entered. They must endure the fatigue and hardships of battle in the overthrow of the old conditions that belong to the past cycle. The sun's passover from Pisces, the fisherman, into Aquarius, the man, will overthrow all of our creeds and dogmas of theology and medicine as well as politics and this is the real cause for all the disturbance

the race has witnessed in these departments of human thought since 1881, the entry of the sun into the sign Aquarius. The tearing down and cutting off by wars, famines and disease as well as the conflict engendered in science, philosophy and religion has its correspondence on the mental plane as well as the physical; they go hand in hand in nature's evolution. Therefore, the coming race will utilize every condition for the influx of the sun's vibrations that will manifest its highest expression in human thought on every subject requiring the exercise of mind. We must look Nature's operations squarely in the face and not try to impede or obstruct her onward, upward march as she will slough off all fungus growth of whatever kind and nature that man in his ignorance and selfishness opposes as barriers to her onward march. Race succeeds race in cyclic expression as naturally as crop succeeds crop of fruit or cereal. We are apt to deplore the operation of Nature's law in this manifestation as it applies to mankind while we extol the same law when it is confined to the products of the earth.

*(Concluded in o. r next)*



# TRUTH.

MRS. C. K. SMITH.

1045 8th Street.

Embellishing what is false will never do,  
There is nothing beautiful that is not true;  
We must accept, and not ignore the facts,  
Altho our old-time faith it may relax.  
If for many thousands of years we have erred,  
And what we now now know conflicts with what we have heard,  
Our good forefathers in our youth would often say  
We should always accept what we know is true today.  
'Tis painful to think we have thus far been wrong,  
But we should no farther our errors prolong,  
But accept the truth as it is given now.  
And ever its principles boldly avow.  
Brighter and brighter, until the perfect day—  
Light shining ahead to show us the true way.  
Thus onward while we travel endeavoring  
Into the right path all the wayward to bring.

*San Diego, California.*

## *Municipal Ownership in Lincoln, Nebraska.*

F. W. BROWN, MAYOR, IN "THE COMMONER."

**C**ERTAIN newspapers having printed stories to the effect that municipal ownership in Lincoln, Nebraska, is a failure, F. W. Brown, mayor of that city, has issued the following interesting and instructive statement:

For the first time since their association began twenty years ago the fact that W. J. Bryan is a resident of Lincoln has been sought to be turned to the city's disadvantage, and its citizens have recently been pained to note that the fact that it is the home of Mr. Bryan has marked Lincoln as the victim of a cabal that is conducting a campaign against public ownership.

About a month ago there was sent out from this city a letter prepared at the importunity of such a cabal, the manifest purpose of which was to discredit municipal ownership of public utilities. It was a most glaring misrepresentation of facts, possessing such glib and glittering qualities of deception that it has challenged the attention of friends in this city wherever it has been published, and to all who are conversant with the actual facts stamping itself as the uncouth work of some one bent on distracting favor from public ownership of utilities.

This letter was sent broadcast for publication by any paper that would give it space, but up to date my attention has been called to its publication only in two papers, widely separated, the Philadelphia Record and the Seat-

tle Post-Intelligencer. Under the alarming caption, "Lincoln's Costly Work—Municipal Ownership in Nebraska's Capital an utter failure in Every Aspect—Loot, Ruin and Loss," the writer introduces his subject as follows:

'The incompetency of the municipal ownership or management of public utilities, and the hopelessness of the success of either plan, seldom has been more forcibly illustrated than in Lincoln, the capital city of Nebraska and the home of that distinguished politician and orator, W. J. Bryan. The fact that Mr. Bryan lives in Lincoln when he is at home has no direct connection with the failure of municipal ownership in the Nebraska capital, but it must, nevertheless, be taken into consideration.

"Mr. Bryan has preached to his fellow-townsmen for the past twenty years on questions of government, local, state and national. He believes in municipal ownership, just as he believes in federal ownership of the railroads, and the casual American might be justified in the prediction that the citizens of Lincoln, having listened for years to his exposition of the solution of the problems of local government, should have made some tangible headway toward the goal of success."

With the Mr. Bryan and government ownership phase of this many pointed misrepresentation we have no intent to

concern ourselves, as it is recognized here that Mr. Bryan is more or less able to take care of himself, but upon that part of the letter which reflects upon Lincoln and its water and lighting supply I beg to take issue with this cabal.

Lincoln is exceptionally blessed with municipal ownership of two of the utilities in operation here, the water works and the street lighting system. There is no sentiment here against municipal ownership simply because there is no excuse for such a sentiment. Nothing could be suggested that would arouse greater popular indignation than a proposition to turn either the water or lighting plant over to a private corporation at any price. The city is amply provided in both respects and everyone here feels the price at which these utilities have been supplied has been reasonable, and that what they have they get cheaply.

Being situated on no stream, except a small and sluggish affair known as Salt creek from the saline deposits along its low banks, Lincoln must rely upon wells for water supply, and out of the atom of fact that considerable expensive experimenting was necessary in finding proper locations for her wells, during the progress of which salt water was several times encountered, the cabal has erected a mountain of fiction to the discredit of municipal ownership. But in spite of the waste necessarily encountered in the subterranean search for fresh water strata, the city and its water consumers are still far and away ahead, financially, of what they would have been under private ownership, judging from comparison with cities where the

latter prevails.

The city of Lincoln has three separate and well equipped pumping stations, tapping different water levels, with a combined capacity of 7,500,000 gallons per diem. It has upwards of sixty-five miles of principal mains, and 570 fire hydrants, 5,624 services and pumps 2,200,000 gallons daily.

1881 (five years before Mr. Bryan located in Lincoln) arrangements were made for the establishment of Lincoln's first and only water works, at which time bonds were voted. On June 5, 1885, the city had laid eleven miles of pipe and had one open well in Salt creek bottom, with pumps of a capacity of two and a half million gallons and two 6-horse power boilers. It was then that the mains and machinery were tested and the first tap was driven. They had cost \$100,000. In 1887 there was a shortage of water encountered and provision was attempted for an additional supply which proved a failure, owing to impregnation with salt.

In 1888 the city climbed the slope nearly two miles and sunk another open well. The following year it was equipped to add a million gallons to the daily supply. During the three years following experiments were made with tubular wells at various widely separated points, which failed because salt water was encountered. In 1897 a permanent supply of fresh water was secured by a mammoth open well located up the valley of Antelope creek at the extreme southeast corner of the city and well away from the Salt creek bottoms.

These details manifest a sufficient reason why any plant the city may

now possess, might have cost a great deal more than it would be reasonably worth, and as given they but partially disclose the experiments effected.

But while all these annoyances were being encountered the people of this city were being supplied with water at just half what it was costing in any other western city dependent upon wells for supply, and today the people could readily sell their plant for far beyond what it has ever cost them.

Not only have the consumers been supplied with water at half the rental charged in other cities, but during all these years they have saved the enormous annual expense for fire hydrant rentals which they would have had to pay under private ownership.

It is conceded that errors have been made, but many of them were unavoidable and would have occurred under private ownership, whereby the consumers would have been taxed for water rentals.

The Lincoln water works, with all the duplication of work necessary, have cost the city \$538,476, and have a bonded debt of \$203,600; pays an annual interest of \$8,700; has gross earnings of about \$70,000, at this time per year, exclusive of hydrant rental and water for sewer flushing and other municipal purposes, which should add approximately another \$35,000 or \$40,000 to the gross earnings; expends annually on extensions about \$22,000, and for maintenance and repairs about \$32,000. Meantime it furnishes water to consumers at 15 cents a thousand gallons—no more and no less.

Since the plant was established, beginning with seventy-one hydrants in 1885 and ending with 570 in 1906, the

hydrant rentals alone under private ownership would have cost this city \$389,900 and flushing of sewers and other municipal uses of water; conservatively estimated at \$6,000 a year, or \$132,000 in twenty-two years, runs the saving in cash up to \$501,900.

A statement of Water Commissioner Deffenbaugh for the year ending August 31, 1906, shows running expenses, not including depreciation, to have been \$40,646.33, including interest on bonded debt, and the collections \$57,239.11, a net profit of \$16,592.78 for the year.

In Lincoln the average rental for the 5,624 services, big and little, is \$12 a year, and the average annual supply is 80,000 gallons. The average rental for a six-room residence is approximately \$7 a year.

I estimate that Lincoln, on its present basis, will make approximately \$93,500 this year out of its municipal ownership of the water works. I figure that under private ownership we would lose \$28,000 hydrant rentals, \$10,000 for water for flushing sewers and supplying public buildings. \$30,000 profits and \$25,000 in the difference in water rentals.

As to the lighting plant, it has been running but little over a year, and its operation has therefore been experimental in a certain degree. It is operated in conjunction with one of the water works stations, and has given, and promises to give, the most eminent satisfaction.

For many years the city paid a private company per month for arc lamps for street lighting, prices ranging from \$10 down to \$7.45 under its last contract in 1902 for all night lamps and

\$5.45 for midnight lights, moonlight schedule, operating at that time 180 lamps. Then the city adopted gas lights until September 1, 1905, when its municipal plant was installed at a cost of \$86,690.89. The figures as to cost are taken from the statement of City Auditor Pratt.

The annual report of Mr. Deffenbaugh, who, as water commissioner, is also in charge of the lighting plant, shows that for the initial year ending August 31, 1906, the total cost of operation and maintenance, exclusive of depreciation, was \$16,866.51. These lights have been all night lights every night, and of a candle power admittedly much superior to those furnished under private ownership. The city uses 330 of them, and the water commis-

sioner's statement shows that the average cost of them is \$4.26 per light per month. Steps are being taken now to authorize the city to equip the plant for commercial lighting with a view of further reducing the cost of public lighting.

These are some of the reasons why there is no sentiment in Mr. Bryan's home city against the municipal ownership at least of our public utilities. No man would have the temerity to intimate in Lincoln that municipal ownership has borne the semblance of failure here, and it is only the mendacious anti-public ownership intrigue that would exploit such an assertion, even as far away as Philadelphia and Seattle.

F. W. BROWN, Mayor.

## *Happiness.*

JOHN KEBLE.

There are in this rude, stunning tide  
 Of human care and crime,  
 With whom the melodies abide  
 Of the everlasting chime,  
 Who carry music in their heart,  
 Through dusty lane and wrangling  
 mart,  
 Plying their daily toil with busier  
 feet,  
 Because their secret souls a holy  
 strain repeat.

*Selected.*

## Query Department.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to Dr. Henry Wagner, Box 717, Denver, Colorado.

MRS. C. A. LEADVILLE. You must not be too anxious concerning your Soul's development to consciousness, nor fearful of your ultimate success. In the Lexicon of the Infinite there is no word that implies failure; In the manifestations of divine law there is no failure. Blot the word out of your vocabulary; to yourself *never* admit failure, much less express it and the mind and soul will gain strength and attain victory.

• • •  
J. B. B. TOPEKA, KAN. Yes, Love is absolutely necessary for perfect growth. A human soul without love, can no more perfect itself than can vegetation grow without moisture.

Love is the basis of true unfoldment. Within the realm of Infinite Spirit love is the Master. Love of Truth, love of Knowledge, love of all that is truly great; loving sympathy for the least and lowliest of God's creations. A healthful growth of Love will develop Justice, Mercy, and, above all, Charity.

• • •  
E. C. A. SEATTLE. Your letter is full of bitterness, scorn, suspicion and hopelessness. You, evidently, have allowed yourself to become soured upon the world or permitted other influences to do so. Cast those destroying qualities you are cultivating away from you, they are as a thorn in your flesh and soul. Look for and see the bright side of life and any apparent

clouds or obstacles that now obstruct your pathway will prove to be mere phantoms. True, they may not harmonize with you, personally, but that is no evidence of their worthlessness. Rest assured they fill a useful niche somewhere and somehow.

Let me give you a recipe given by a "Master:"

"Take of the essence of Patience 1 oz.

" " " Impartial Judgment ½ oz

" " " Faith and Hope ½ oz

Mix all together and you will have a sweet unction to strengthen the Soul."

• • •  
MR. T. R. A. OSCEOLA, MO. "What is Cosmic Consciousness?"

Cosmic Consciousness, like any other flashlight of spiritual inspiration and truth, is, on this plane, of very secondary importance, so far as actual value is concerned. It is wholly worthless as a realization of any truth at best, and even in its highest manifestation it is purely personal and means nothing to any one outside of this one's personality. Whatever idea or set of ideas happens to possess the soul of the person *their* Cosmic Consciousness will be colored by it. We have three notable instances, viz: Andrew Jackson Davis, Jacob Boehme and Swedenborg, whose at-one-ments were true but whose sub-consciousness' were possessed of different root ideas, hence, they differed very materially from each other. Unless you, yourself, be grounded in the very truth of things these ecstatic trance-

like experiences are of no value whatever, they are but the personal experiences of the person.

One living, vital, clearly expressed thought is worth a thousand hazy spiritual dreams.

• • •

FELLOW STUDENT. Immortality. The Immortality of the human soul depends upon action. The man or woman who lives a purely ignorant, worldly life, who does not in any sense feed the interior spiritual nature, drifts into a sort of mental decay and spiritual rot, and, at death, like the old tree, "as it falls so it lies," but if the tree is cut during its vital life, with vigor in it, it instantly sends up a second growth far more powerful and vital than the first. It is the same with man; if he die with spiritual vitality quickening his being then he lives on after death, bridges the abyss of the two worlds and has all the potentialities of a God

within him.

Immortality depends upon mental and spiritual vitality, not physical energy. The physical body is merely the earth, so to say, whose main office is the evolution of spiritual life, but man, mostly, makes it nothing but the basis and center of purely material ends. Jesus of Nazareth was right: "Lay up treasures where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break in and steal."

• • •

NEOPHYTE. SELF. Self is your most powerful enemy, your own selfish, earthly nature which you have undertaken to discipline, and the strength and dominence of which, hitherto, you have had no conception, but now that you have commenced the work of purification, as you rightly observe, you "begin to see such."

## *Department of Occult Phenomena.*

[We offer no apology for placing before the world truthful statements of the operations of the great laws of Thought Transference, Telepathy and Spirit return, the truth of which is generally recognized. We invite contributions. Give us the truth, the whole truth and no more.]

"Have you ever had a particularly striking experience leading to a belief in a spiritual existence?" was a query addressed to a prominent Colorado citizen and newspaper man of long experience when at Crystola recently. Unhesitatingly, his answer was "yes," and he proceeded to relate the incident

which we here give as near as possible in his own language:

"It was late in January, 1886. I had been in Minnesota for a few weeks on repertorial work for my father's paper and was suddenly assigned to similar work at the Cotton Exposition in New Orleans. Being quite a young

man and having been born with an inquisitive nature, I had occasionally, among other investigations, attended spiritualistic "seances" but had never had an opportunity to witness a materializing seance.

"Enroute south I had arrived in Kansas City about five o'clock in the evening and as I was engaged to spend the evening and night at the home of an English cousin, I went direct to her house. After supper. I chanced to pick up the evening paper and noticed that "Harvey Mott, the great materializing medium" was holding a "seance" only a block from where I was and at the Mott residence. That information was enough for a young man, so with a hasty explanation to the family, I excused myself and hastened to the Mott residence. The house was seemingly dark save for a hall light. Mrs. Mott answered the bell and informed me I was 'too late to be admitted' but 'could call tomorrow evening' I hastily explained that I was a stranger in the city and had to leave on an early train in the morning. She demurred but finally yielded explaining that 'it was against the rules to admit anyone to the circle after Mr. Mott had gone into the cabinet, but as you look like a gentleman, I'll run the risk and take you in.' Next she asked for my name or card, to which request I demurred saying, 'I'll give you my word that I am honest in purpose and as there can be no one in the house who knows me, any manifestation I may get will be the more satisfactory.' Again she reluctantly consented and conducted me to the back parlor where about 30 people were seated in an oval circle.

"I was given a chair directly opposite and about seven feet from the cabinet opening. The cabinet proved to be simply an ordinary clothes closet without a door. A simple portier curtain was hung in front of the opening. The gas light was turned quite low, but so I could distinctly see all parties in the room. In the corner back of Mrs. Mott stood a music box which was playing familiar harmonies in almost muffled tones.

"Suddenly the curtain opened and a very tall form stepped out clad in military uniform. He introduced himself as 'General Bledso; the guide and control of the medium, Mr. Mott.' He held the curtain aside permitting all to examine and be satisfied that Mr. Mott was seated in a chair in a dead trance inside the closet or cabinet. His voice was deep and commanding and after making a few appropriate remarks, he vanished from our sight without the curtain being moved.

"Several manifestations appeared for others in the circle which seemed to be satisfactory to them and quickly recognized. Then a small curtain in the center of the large one was pulled aside and the face of a lady of striking beauty appeared. She looked straight at me and quickly followed the glance with showing beside her face a large white lily. I could not place her. Then the large curtain opened and a full figure stepped out richly clad in white and holding out to me the large flower. A low voice addressed me, calling my christian name, which is a very uncommon one and which no one there could have known. In a reassuring manner she explained I 'did not know her in life' but she 'was the

half sister of the little girl who was living at my home in Iowa,' and that the flower was a 'symbol of her name which was Lily Blue.' I recognized the last name and the little girl described but had never heard of this deceased member of her mother's family. She called me to the cabinet and told me rapidly of a small inheritance from the girl's father which was left in western Kansas in charge of a neighbor (giving the name) and which was being turned into money and that the party was preparing to leave the country. The child's parents had been separated for some time prior to the father's death and the child knew nothing definite of her father, nor of the fact of anything having been left for his children.

"The 'spirit form' gave me the names and addresses of three parties to whom she desired me to write that night and mail the letters. A few general fully intelligent remarks followed regarding her sister and my family, when she faded from the sight of all, leaving me standing alone under the gas jet where she had called me to have me make notes in my book of names and amount. After the se-

ance I went to the old Wright House near by and wrote the three letters as directed. One was to my father in Iowa to verify the identity; one to her mother in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and one to an officer in Hutchinson, Kansas, indicating my information and requesting, if such a party was there, to ascertain 'if he had paid to the minor heir in Iowa her portion of amount left by her deceased father.'

Some days after, while in New Orleans, I received verification of all she told me including a letter from the officer, indicating that the man had, as the spirit said, turned certain property into money and was then ready to leave, and that there was no indications, up to that time, that he was preparing to send anything to the child and that he 'did not know where she was.' He left the amount (\$650) with the officer to be released upon proper showing. That showing was made and the money was received in Iowa before I went north two months later. I later learned that the mother had not known that the separated husband had left anything at the time of his death several years before."

## Magazines Worth Reading.

**THE OCCIDENT**, a journal of Higher Thought, published at 124 Highland Street, Brockton, Mass., by L. Frances Estes, Price 50 cents per year.

**FELLOWSHIP**, a magazine of New Thought published at 420, W 6th Street, Los Angeles, California, by B. Fay Mills, Price \$1 per year.

**REASON**, advocates Psychic Science, Education, Healing, Success and Social reform. The Austin Publishing Co. Publishers, Rochester, N. Y. 50 cents per year.

**THE WORLD'S ADVANCE THOUGHT AND UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC**. One of the best known New Thought magazines in America. Lucy A. Mallory Publisher, Portland, Oregon. \$1 per year.

**THE HARBINGER ON LIGHT**. an able exponent of Spiritual Philosophy, Psychology and Occultism in Australia, Mrs. Anna Bright Publisher, Austral Building, Collins Street E. Melbourne, Australia. \$1.50 per year.

**NOTES AND QUERIES**, a monthly magazine of notes on History published by S. C. Gould, Manchester. N. H. \$1 per year.

**THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY**, the organ of the Theosophical Society of America, is published at 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price \$1 per year, 25 cents a copy.

**THE VOICE OF THE MAGI**, a journal of Religion, Philosophy and Occult Science is published by The Magi Publishing Co., Waldron, Arkansas. 50 cents a year.

**A STUFFED CLUB**, a magazine through which the editor, Dr. J. H. Tilden, expresses his opinion of humbuggery, especially in Medicine. Published at 19, E. 11th Ave, Denver, Colo., by Dr. J. H. Tilden. \$1 per year.

**THE STELLAR RAY**, devoted to the science of Hypnotism. Published by the Astro-Publishing Co., Hodges Building, Detroit, Mich. \$1 a year.

**LIGHT**, an upholder of Spiritualism in the British Isles, is published at 110 Martin's Lane, London, W. C.

**HIGHER SCIENCE**, Another New Thought advocate from Los Angeles, is well edited and well conducted. Franklin H. Heald, publisher, Los Angeles. California. \$1 a year.

**NEW THOUGHT**, a magazine whose name signifies what it is an able exponent of. Published at 1170, Caxton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**THE OCCULT** is still another New Thought advocate. Edited by Mrs. Dan M. Davidson, \$1 a year. Detroit, Michigan.

**LIBERATOR**, a magazine telling the many dangers of vaccination. Edited and published by Lora C. Little, at 1114, 21 Ave. N. Minneapolis, Minnesota. \$1 a year.

**TOMORROW**, a magazine for people who think. You should send for Tomorrow, today. Parker H. Sercombe, editor. 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill. \$1 a year.

**COSMIC LIGHT**. A magazine well worth reading. Published by Cosmic Light Co., Nina Baird Editor, 419 E. 21 Street, Pittsburg, Kansas. \$1 per year.

**OCCIDENTAL MYSTIC**, the Western Spiritual Monthly. Devoted to Spiritualism and the occult and allied sciences. Arthur S. Howe, editor, Los Angeles, California. 10 cents a copy, \$1 a year.

**WASHINGTON NEWSLETTER**. An advocate of Divine Healing. Bishop O. C. Sabin, publisher, 1329 M St. St. N. U. Washington, D. C. 10 cents a copy, \$1 a year.

**FULFILLMENT**, a magazine of helpfulness, published at Denver, Colorado. \$1 a year. Grace M. Brown, Box 445.

**THE HEALTH RECORD**, formerly the Psycho-Therapeutic Journal, is the organ of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, London, England. Published at 3 Bayley street, Bedford Square, London, England.

**THE MIGHTY ATOM**, a magazine pertaining to the study of practical Psychology and True Philosophy. Published at 107, State Street, Rochester, N. Y. by G. A. Mann. \$1 a year.

**BIBLE REVIEW**, upholding advanced esoteric thought. Published at Applegate, California. \$.50 per year.

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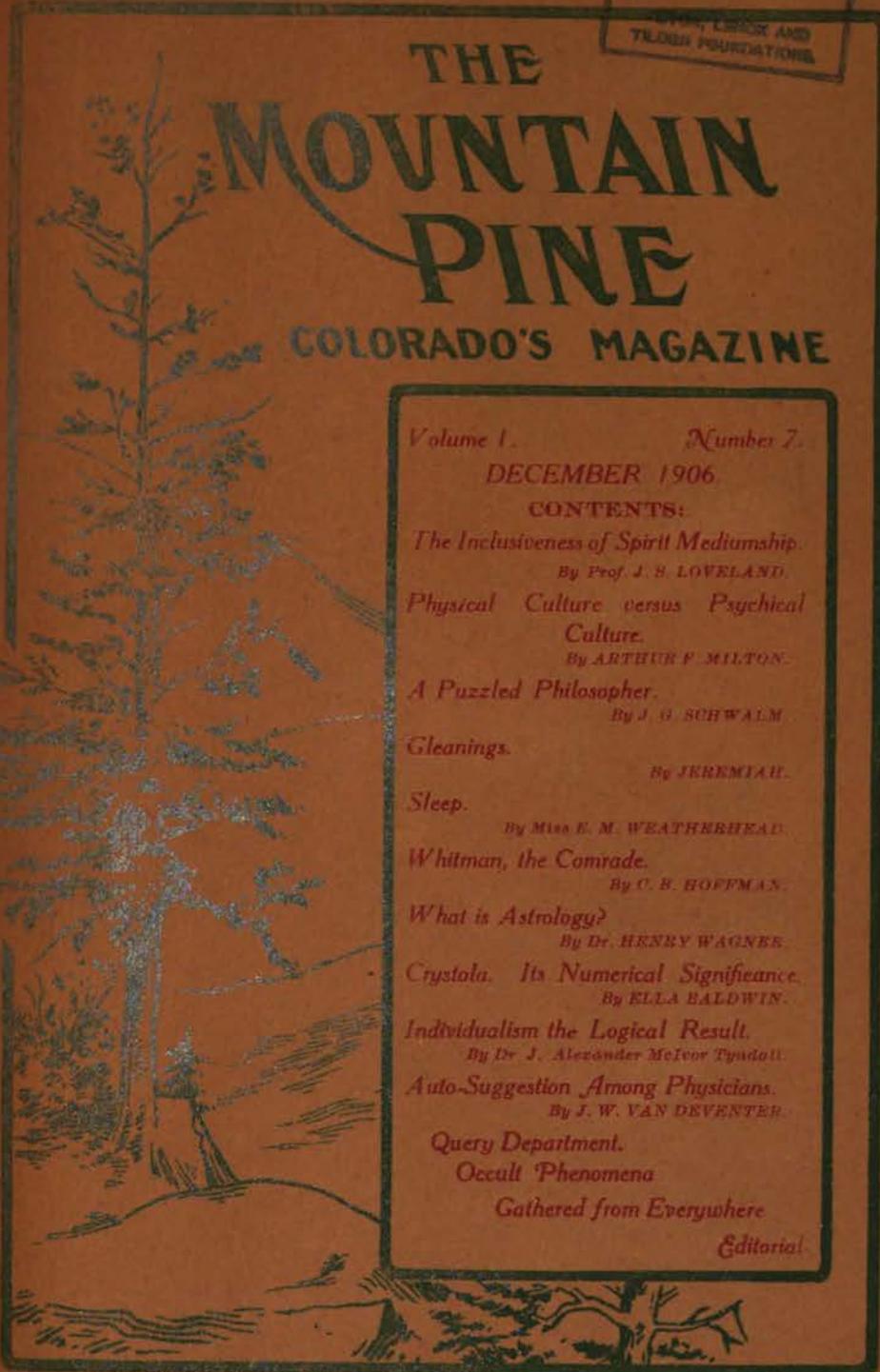


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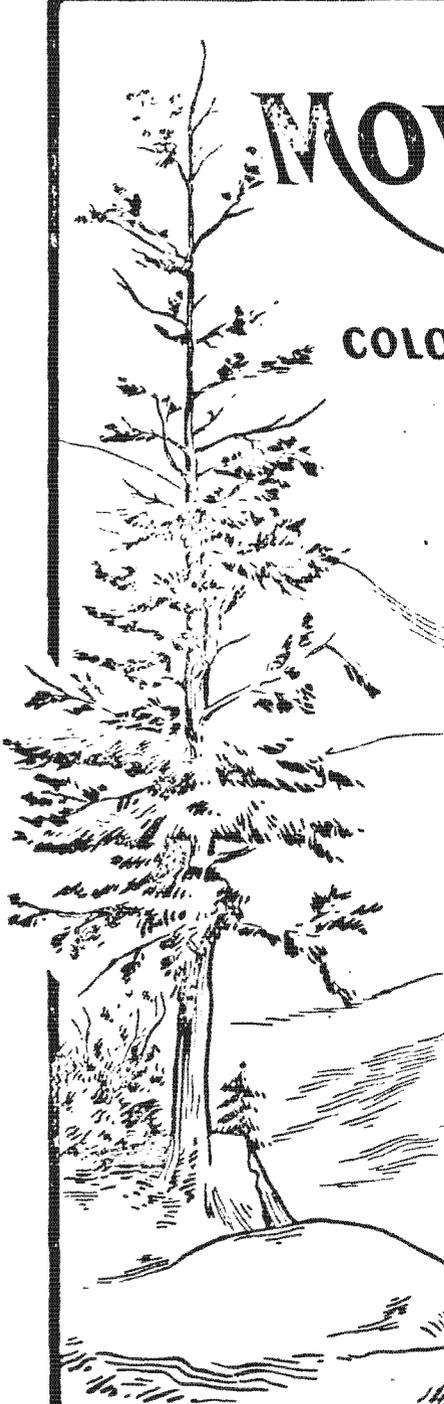
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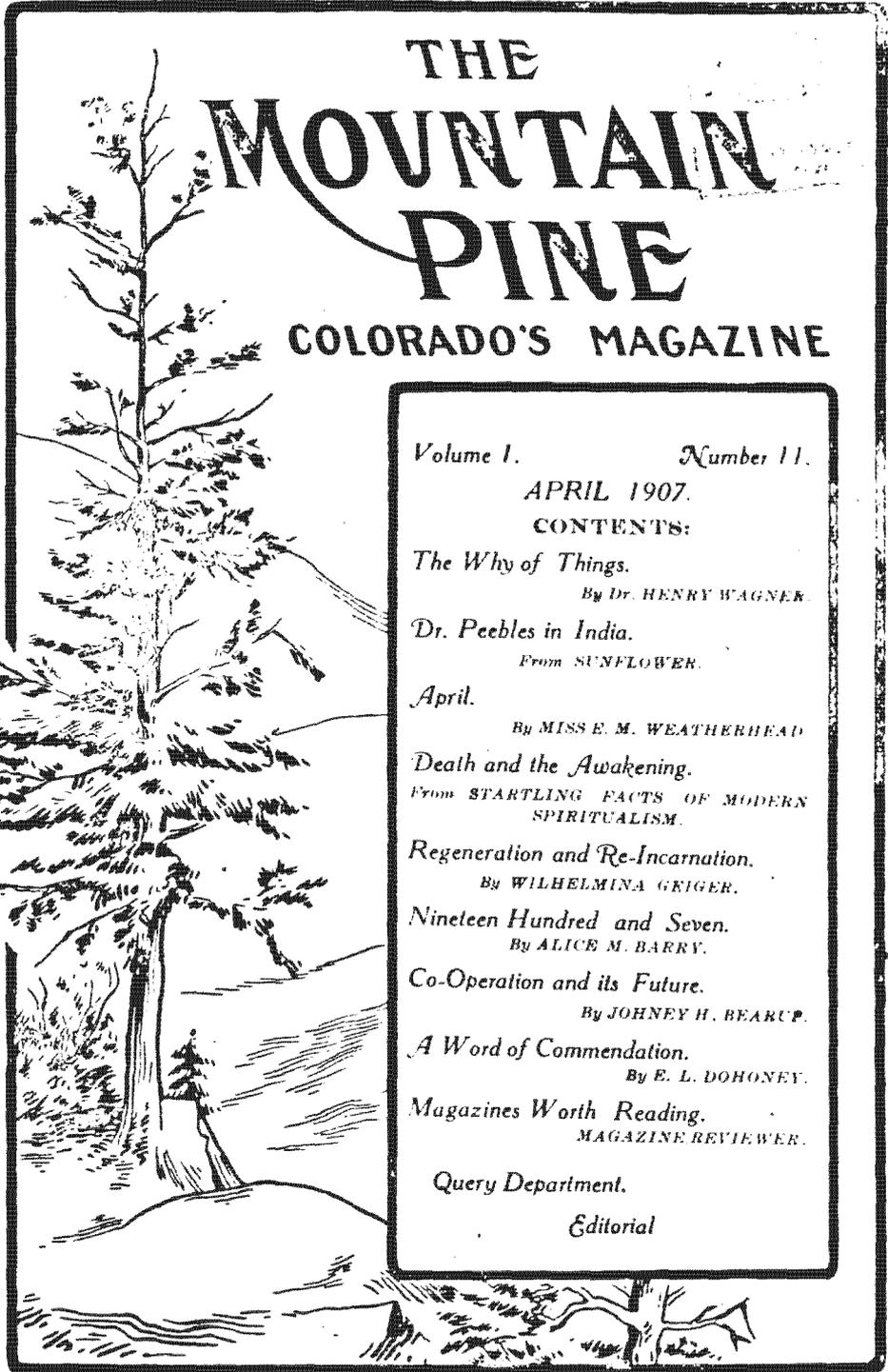
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