

"He prayeth best who loveth best."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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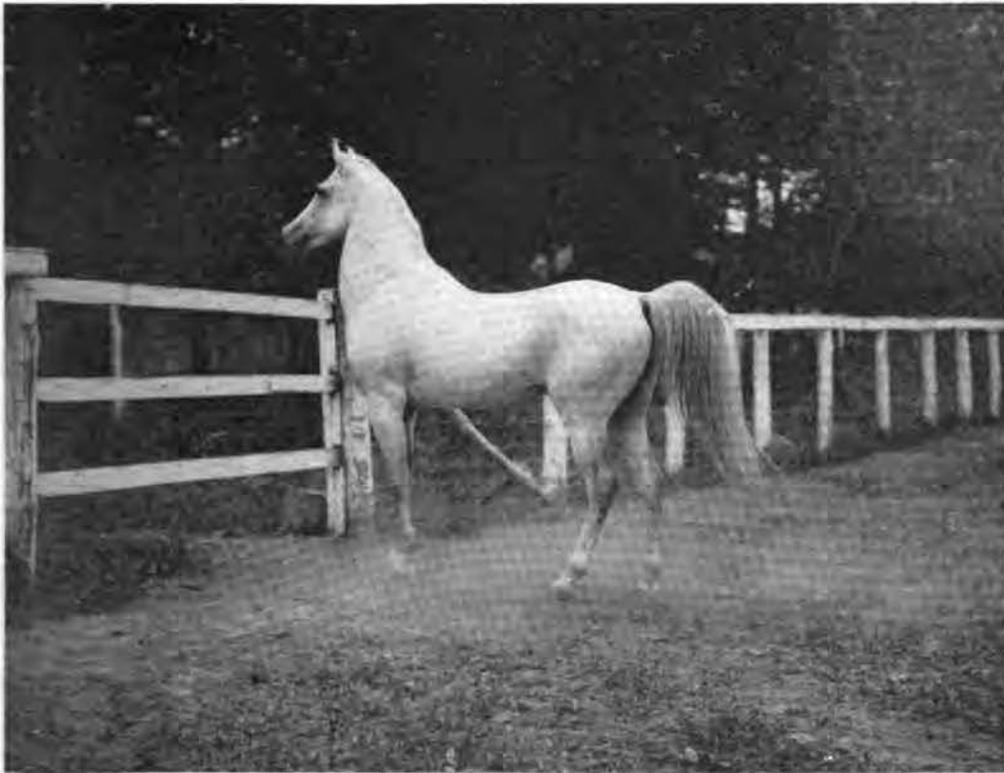
NOVEMBER, 1911

No. 1

Thanksgiving Day

ON this day all America kills the fatted turkey — all America that is in a position to do so — and feels called upon to give thanks festively. It is a purely American festival; there is nothing similar, for example, in England. It is a time when the majority

stern, strong people who pushed out from the old country for the sake of freedom—they had had a pretty rough time of it, all things considered. They did not let things slide much. They came over to this unknown continent, to the wilderness, and worked, fought, strove, put out their best endeavors, and didn't let up with it. Then



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MUSON, THE "LISTENING HORSE"

of the nation remembers benefits received, and celebrates them. It may seem rather a bad joke to speak to some of us about Thanksgiving; what have we to be thankful for? And yet the day might have a good wholesome meaning for even the least fortunate of us.

Think back to the first Thanksgiving Day. Those they felt they had a call to give thanks; that things were better rather than worse; that there was much to be glad about. They were right; when a man has struggled, when he has called upon the best that is in himself and put up a fight for it, he has a right to be glad. If he can't find any occasion for rejoicing in his outward

circumstances, he has a right to take up consolation out of his own soul. Indeed he has a duty to do so, which is more than a right. As some one wrote — a man that was crippled, always sick, poverty-stricken, deserted —

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How fraught with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

That's thanksgiving, with some credit to it. No silly nonsense, no cant there; real stuff; no faking. That's the kind of stuff a *Man* is made of — and we are all men — we are all human, there's no use forgetting it. Whatever may have happened, whatever mistakes have been made, still one is a man, and can turn, and earn such a feeling as that. What's more, the run of men in the world today, those who have not been unfortunate, who either have not met with grave temptation, or have not fallen to it, or have not been found out — need examples of this kind of stern sterling virtue; and it is the unfortunate ones who can best give it to them. The man who retrieves his mistakes and makes good in spite of them — that's the man that's the greatest help. While there's life there's hope; it's never too late.

In how many homes in this America will there not be an empty chair this Thanksgiving Day? — an empty chair that no one will see without sorrow? Well, the false step was taken; the thing was done, the mistake made; there is no need to think back on that. Perhaps that empty chair has taken the brightness out of many Thanksgivings, perhaps only out of a few. But what a change there would be in such a home, if the mother could look at that chair on Thanksgiving, and know that the one who used to fill it is making a good try at going straight — that he hasn't been deceived into thinking the past unredeemable — that he is remembering that he is still a man, and capable of the best things. There would be the right stuff in that mother's thanksgiving then.

If one only knew it, in the last resort, no one else can put a man down and out. Of course, lots of times other people do put one down and out; but that's because the one that suffered did not know his own possibilities, wasn't wise to the real state of things. So long as a man has got that knowledge, and means to stick to it, he can earn a new way for himself. It's never too late.

K. M.

Mr. Homer Davenport and his Arab Horses

MR. HOMER DAVENPORT, the most famous cartoonist of our time, went to Turkey a few years ago, to buy some Arab horses, and has since published a most interesting account of his journeyings and adventures in parts of Arabia never before entered by a Westerner.

He got his best luck by making a mistake. At Aleppo he called on an Arab chieftain, the political ruler of a tribe of half a million warlike sons of the desert, before calling on the Turkish governor; which by rights he should not have done. The Arab, however, was so gratified by this apparent mark of respect, that he forthwith presented Mr. Davenport with the most famous white brood war-mare in all Arabia; would not take a cent for it. Wondering why he should receive such a favor, Mr. Davenport learned that it was because he, the great American traveler, had done honor to the Arab before paying his respects to the Turk; the Turks being the rulers of the country, this was a most unusual thing to do.

The good results of Mr. Davenport's mistake were not to end here. A day or two after, the Arab chief was to return to his tribe, the Amazeh, and invited his new American friend to accompany him. So they rode out together into the desert and came to the immense encampment of the Amazeh; five hundred thousand fighting men under canvas, not to speak of the women, old people, and children. The men had all of them the appearance of great statesmen or philosophers; handsome and stately to a wonderful degree, most kind and courteous, and never off their dignity. But their one idea was always war; their one business in life the wild desert warfare.

They had a ceremony there, by which Mr. Davenport was made a member of the tribe, and blood-brother of the war-chief. They have two chieftains, the political chief who gave Mr. Davenport the mare, and the war-chief who made him his brother. This gave Mr. Davenport splendid opportunities of buying horses.

One of the horses he was enabled to buy was Muson, the listening horse. The story is that thousands of years ago the ancestor of this race of horses — the Arabian horses have their pedigrees kept, many of them running back for two or three thousands of years — was observed by the tribe she belonged to, to stand all day with her head drawn up and her ears erect, as if listening intently for something. Nothing could disturb her from this listening; it was as if she heard something that none of the tribe could hear. That night an enemy fell upon them and destroyed the whole tribe. After that, the mare never lost that attitude of listening; and all her descendants have carried their heads in the same strange way ever since. The picture shows Muson in this attitude — one that never varies. Mr. Davenport says you may hold oats just under her nose, and she will pay no attention. She still seems to be listening.

listening, for the approach of that tribe of enemies that so long ago wiped out the tribe her ancestor belonged to.

The Arab horses live with their masters, and have done so for thousands of years; consequently they have got civilized, so to speak, in a way that no other horses have; an Arab horse is always a thorough gentleman or lady, as one might say.

When Mr. Davenport bought Muson, the question

"you are now a free man; there are no slaves where I come from. Will you come with me, leaving your native country, and be my servant, or will you have your freedom and remain here?"

Said couldn't leave the horse. Mr. Davenport and he were at Point Loma for some months last year; and Said went round everywhere in his Arab costume. He is as bright and intelligent as can be; knows quite a lot of English already—did then, and no doubt does more now—a fine fellow, and like all those desert people, always courteous and dignified. Muson won't notice a soul, except Said.

M.

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What is a Man?

THE writers of this magazine always think of a man as a *man*, whatever he does or has done that is unworthy of a man. They desire to help him back to the conduct that is worthy of a man—that is to say, worthy of *him*. They think always of *him* behind the things he has done. He is a man.

That is not the usual judgment. People say for instance, *There is a thief*. But they ought to have said, *There is a man who has thieved*. A *thief* is the whole idea they form of him. He is whole thief, nothing but thief.

But he is not whole thief. He never is. He is a *man* who has made a mistake, or made an ass of himself, or got pulled off the right track, or got utterly blinded as to his real nature, or forgotten himself as a man. But man he is, all through it.

Well, what is a man? Say the word—*man*. Sounds good, doesn't it? Something noble in it, courage, large heart—all sorts of fine things lie in that word.

But men are usually *not* all sorts of fine things, sometimes all sorts of quite other things.

Nevertheless we are prepared to stand to our guns. There is a *man* in behind, whatever else is to the fore.

The word *man* has the idea of courage and openness in it. But here is a man who is a coward or sneak. How is that?

Well, somewhere inside him he *knows* that he is coward or sneak, and that "somewhere" is ashamed of it and would like to be different. That "somewhere," according to our view, is *the man*, but he cannot get into action.

In other words we say that everyone who is or does wrong is a man still, but pulled off his base by something in his nature that is not man. Human nature is a compound of man and not man. But people usually think only of the *not man* part. They say, Here is a thief



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SAID ABDALLAH ON "AZRA"

arose as to who would care for her. She had one groom whom she would tolerate—Said Abdallah, a young Nubian Bedouin. Anybody else might go up and make all the advances in the world to Muson, but she would never so much as look at him. The upshot of the matter was that the chief presented the Nubian to Mr. Davenport; he bought the horse and was given the groom into the bargain.

"Said," (pronounced Sah-yeed) said Mr. Davenport,

or counterfeiter or murderer, instead of, Here is a *man* pulled off his base by drink or morphine or passion or starvation or greed.

He need not have been pulled. If he had been taught from boyhood to stand in his own nature and say and feel *I am a man*, the man of him could have triumphed every time, could have been more and more fully all the noble and splendid and heroic things that are wrapped up in the word *man*.

We say that the *man* does not die, cannot be touched by death, has nothing to fear in death—provided he did not flinch from the situation and administer death to *himself*. After death the man knows himself as he is and sees how from day to day throughout his life he was pulled and pushed off his base. There, in that deep hidden part of the mind where each of us knows himself to be man however he may have failed to act the man, lies the certain knowledge that he *cannot be killed* and that in other lives on earth he will have other chances to be better, will have wiser training and guidance from the first.

We say also that in that deep part of the mind is the knowledge that all men are helped by a Higher Law, and that the very worst situations in which they find themselves are always fitted to be their opportunity to develop the qualities of their real manhood.

Therefore, as it were putting words into the mouth of that Higher Law, we say, *Stand up and be a man though the whole earth seems to be against you*. Get hold of that strength, of that power to forgive, to endure what must be endured, of that desire for noble life, that is always present in the depths of your nature. H. C.



A Happy Man

I FELIX, the writer of this, am a happy man. I repeat it: I am a happy man; a very happy man. I want to tell the story of what I had to go through in order to become so.

I was, I suppose, an average young man when I entered the employ of Mr. X., one of the prominent merchants of my native city. I had my ambitions and my desires; and expected by following the one to be able to achieve the other.

It would take me too long to describe Mr. X., who seems to me as if he were a man born on purpose to be an example to his fellows. Absolutely impersonal and the soul of honor, he was wise to a degree, his business instinct seeming infallible, so that we would all swear by the governor. While business was business with him, the relations between him and his employees were of a confidential, almost fatherly nature.

I had been in business a few years and was progressing in my ambitions when one day the bottom fell out of things. I do not propose to give full details of my mistake. Suffice it to say that though my salary was progressive I was going the pace, and had for some

time been living beyond it. Finding myself in a tight corner, indeed, in desperate straits, I—anticipated my quarter's salary; how, it does not matter. But though it was a risk, I tried to feel perfectly safe, assured that I could straighten out on quarter day, which was very close; my position being such that I could cover up my tracks. But I fell ill, and was confined to my bed, one, two, three days, and I was found out.

My employer came to see me when I was up but still confined to my room. Never shall I forget the great, compassionate heart of the man as he expressed his grief at what had happened. "I knew," he said, "that though your business abilities were very promising there was a side to your nature you would have to keep tight hold of. You remember my coming to see your mother as she lay dying, just before you left college? She told me of her fears, as well as of her admiration, for you. As you would be left alone when she was gone, she asked me if I would do what I could for you. She told me that you were rather headstrong, and that she was afraid you would sorely need a true friend some day. I promised her; and, Felix, I have kept my promise as well as a man could who had no home of his own where you could meet influences of the kind you specially needed."

"I know you have kept your promise," I groaned, with my head down. "Oh, my poor, dear mother! What would she think! What are you going to do with me?—prosecute me?"

"That is what I wish to talk over with you, Felix," said Mr. X. "I suppose you know what you have rendered yourself liable to?"

"No!" I said breathlessly.

"Ten to twenty years penal servitude, at the discretion of the Court." This he said with grave deliberation, as one who must inflict a cruel blow, but does it unflinchingly.

Oh the shame, the degradation of it! The suffering ahead! The name my mother was so proud of, disgraced; the best of men, wronged; I was a criminal; my career blighted—why had I not thought of all this before? In a flash the picture of my past rose up before me. I could see the first tiny beginning of this horror when, as a boy, I had deceived my poor mother and had overcome my momentary twinge of remorse in the vanity of having eluded her vigilance. I fell on my bed and sobbed, Mr. X. going to the window.

Presently he came across the room. He was not sentimental with me. He probed my heart to the core, showing a depth of solicitude for me and a knowledge of the weaknesses of my nature which amazed me. Then he spoke of my mother, whom he had known as a young girl; and how the example of her life had been a purifying, sacred influence with him, a light in days of darkness. Having dwelt on the dark, lower side of my nature which had led me astray, and using my mother to banish the picture, he revealed to me a nobler,

higher, purer, stainless Self whose presence I had ignored, whose promptings I had hushed.

"Oh, if I could only retrace my steps!" I cried bitterly.

"You cannot, Felix," he said. "None of us can undo our mistakes, our follies. We must pay the penalty, fulfil the Law. We can but turn our faces to the light and begin to tread the upward path."

I cannot tell how his words affected me; and more than the words, the confidence he placed in me, the belief he expressed in my unconquerable Divinity. The

my initiation. What I saw and heard, or rather felt—for all senses seemed merged into one sense—during that Silence, nor tongue nor pen can record: the yawning abyss; the demon hosts that surged and throbbed around me, menacing, threatening to draw me in; the light beyond; steadily the light grew stronger, nearer; the phantom host less menacing. Stronger and stronger grew the light; and now out of it welled a wondrous music which I perceived to be evoked by the "I will" of my companion.

While the music was sounding I repeated "I WILL."



RAJA YOGA CHILDREN GATHERING FLOWERS FOR THE SAN DIEGO COUNTY JAIL.
A service to which this garden has been entirely devoted for the past three years

loving tones of his voice laved my beaten spirit like a healing balm. "I will try," I said, "but —"

"No 'buts,' Felix," said he; "and leave out the 'try.' I am going to give you your chance. But first let us stand together for a few moments in silence. Look your lower self fairly and squarely in the face and refuse to be terrified or engulfed by it. *You are not it.* Claim your divine birthright, the deathless unconquerable Warrior Soul. Banish the demon, dwell with your whole soul on your 'I will.' Then with upraised hand I will sound 'I will,' and do you, in the spirit and strength of the Silence, repeat it—not to me, but to your own Higher Self."

Together we stood while I went through my fight,

The hosts of darkness melted away, and for a moment I was in the Light. . . .

After a few moments' further silence Mr. X took my hand and led me to a chair. Sitting down near me he unfolded his plan for me. A friend of his in the northern part of the State had a large fruit ranch for which he wanted a manager. He would recommend me and arrange that I should go as soon as I was recovered. He had already so arranged matters that none but the one who had found out my defalcation should ever know about it—and his discretion could be relied upon.

"I think you will find my friend a man worth knowing," he said.

Well, to make a long story short, I made good; and

I came to look upon my great mistake as the crisis of a *serious disease* which Mr. X. had saved me from. My new employer was indeed "a man worth knowing." Eventually he took me into partnership, and dying without relatives to leave his possessions to, left his share of the ranch to me.

My dear old friend, Mr. X. (for I could now call him so) used to visit me at the ranch from time to time, and on one occasion he unfolded another plan, and out of this arose my great happiness. After a grave experience, he said delicately, he had begun to take an interest in the Prisons of the State and had been put on the Board of Prison Commissioners. Many a man he had found who had paid a disproportionate penalty for his first great mistake. "You wouldn't believe, Felix," he said with a grave smile, "how many such cases there are."

Then he outlined a great plan of prison work in which I was to have the privilege of sharing. Since then my life has been full of happy endeavor. Through my own great mistake and the great heart of my wise friend, Mr. X., I have been able to do a little towards relieving the great blot on our age. And that is why I am, as I said at the beginning, a happy man; a very happy man. It is the business of my life to be happy, and to make these others happy.

FELIX

The Voice of Comfort

NO, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full choir of heaven is near—
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.
Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell—
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell;
'Twas whispered balm—'twas sunshine spoken,
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

Thomas Moore

How to Face It

THERE was a time, very long before any one can remember, very long before the times which history tells us of, when men who were unable to control their tendencies to wrong-doing put themselves voluntarily under restraint and in confinement, that they might be helped to find that self-control which they had lost. If those who are now in confinement would think of this and act as though their confinement and restraint were voluntary and not enforced, then they would find help in doing the noble things which in their best moments they want to do; and they would also find that they could rise above the pain of their surroundings, meeting conditions in a new way and with greater courage.

Katherine Tingley's Visit and Letter to the San Quentin Prisoners

THROUGH the courtesy of the Commissioners, Katherine Tingley, Foundress of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and International Theosophical League of Humanity, was recently enabled to visit San Quentin prison, and addressed a large number of the men in the chapel of the Institution. Unfortunately no stenographer was present to report her address, but we learn from a member of her party that the audience gave the closest attention to every word, their faces indicating the deep interest which her thoughts and suggestions aroused. Many came up to her afterwards to express their thanks and get a moment of personal interview. A few days later Mrs. Tingley was much gratified to receive a letter of thanks and appreciation, drafted and signed by a committee of the men. Her reply follows below. It is pleasant to record that the new warden is lessening the severity of the prison discipline and it is hoped that the men will themselves make yet further relaxation possible.

Point Loma, California, October 18, 1911

TO THE COMMITTEE,

INMATES OF SAN QUENTIN PENITENTIARY,
San Quentin, California.

Will the committee of men at San Quentin who so kindly wrote me their thanks for my short talk to them recently please accept my very sincere gratitude for the courtesy of their letter and the good will therein expressed.

It was a matter of very deep regret to me that I did not have more time at San Quentin, for there were some interesting subjects which I would have liked to present to the prisoners, and which I feel would not only have helped them, but would have made the strain of prison life more endurable both for the prisoners and the officials.

I intend in the early part of next year to do special work for prisoners; and my plan is so arranged that I am assured all the officials connected with prisons throughout America will be more than glad to encourage my work.

Now, if this can be done, the prisoners themselves will feel that a new day has come for all humanity. It is quite a secret my friends, so I must guard it lest it be taken up by others who do not understand human nature as I do.

I have been associated from the time I was a young girl, in my interest for humanity, with the suffering and discouraged, the unfortunate and the despairing; and through my varied experience in this connexion, I have learned to read human nature, and to a degree to understand its needs.

My experience has helped me to discriminate between the false and the true, the weak and the strong; and

I can assure you that I know of no power on earth that can meet these conditions as truly and as philosophically as the enlightening teachings of Theosophy.

If Theosophy were studied in the right spirit, what a help it would be to those who are listening to my words! How clearly the mystery of their own natures would be understood by them! How readily could they distinguish between the Higher and the Lower in their make-up! Then how soon would come the understanding how to apply the teachings to the life!

Each day would become a day of redemption, not only for those who are taking the first step to regain their rights as men but for all whom they would later contact. Theosophy is truly a messenger of light, seeking to work its way into the hearts of men and to give them

women are launched out into the great battlefield of life in ignorance as to their own real natures and the laws governing them; when we know that many have been nurtured under false conditions—in selfishness, pride, license, and insincerity—one wonders that there are not more prisons and more crimes.

I am sure that the most indifferent prison official will, if challenged, agree with me that the prisons are not houses of reformation in the sense that they should be; that they are the product of conditions that were established years ago when the disposition of the law-makers was to punish, with the idea that it might lead to reformation, in the same way that our devoted ancestors carried out (sometimes in an extreme way) the idea that "to spare the rod was to spoil the child."

Our prison system of today is to a very large degree the result of superstition and the spirit of condemnation of ages past, so contrary to the compassionate teachings of the Nazarene and other Great Helpers of Humanity. Remember the Sermon on the Mount, which is a rebuke to all who would condemn.

To be just, we must realize that it will take time to undo the results of these old and limited conditions and to have in their stead the more constructive and humane ones, and to bring the law-makers to a larger realization of a new responsibility that they have in



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RAJA YOGA CHILDREN GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE HILLSIDE FOR THE SAN DIEGO COUNTY JAIL

the key that will lead to happiness, which they so much need.

Some today may listen to my words and see no help in them; others may be half-hearted and wish they could believe and understand; but there are surely many who will read my heart and my hopes between the lines of this letter, and receive that touch which words cannot express; and then will come the beginning of better things for them. Scepticism has been the great stumbling-block for humanity all down the ages. It has ever stood between man and his divine possibilities. But when a man bestirs himself to right action, and begins to feel the possibility of a divine life in himself, then the door will open and he will find companionship and help all along the way, even in the most silent and most trying moments of his life.

My deepest sympathy is with those who are most discouraged; those who in their weakness have most abused their rights as men; those who are most condemned; for when we consider how young men and

the treatment of their brothers in prison.

They too must have our sympathy; for they also, in spite of many advantages which they have not always wisely used, have been born and nurtured under false conditions. They too are unaware of their divine rights and the possibilities, in the broadest sense, of the soul life. This, and the truth that Brotherhood is a *fact in nature* have never been presented to them; they have never considered these things in their true light, and thus not helped to make our prisons the open door to a higher manhood, as they no doubt wished to do.

There is no question in my mind but that many of the prison officials would like to see a change, as well as many of the law-makers and many of the most unselfish and best minds in the great work-a-day world; but they have not the key—Theosophy is the talisman.

I am grateful to the present officials at San Quentin and other prisons, to the Commissioners and Wardens, for giving my workers and myself an opportunity to meet the prisoners face to face and challenge them

to a reconsideration of the conditions that surround them.

"What a piece of work is man!" says Hamlet; "how noble in reason; how infinite in faculty; in form and movement how express and admirable! In action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a god!"

Surely Shakespeare had in mind, when he expressed these sublime sentiments, high ideals of humankind. In his intuitive moments he glimpsed the picture of a godlike manhood where the divine nature was in control and the animal in man was under subjection.

Here is something for us to think about. In order to change the conditions of our own lives, to kill out despair, scepticism, selfishness and unrest, we must chain the animal in our make-up; put it under subjection and accentuate the Divine Nature by a trust in ourselves, in our possibilities, in the power to re-fashion our lives. Why not begin now?

There is not a man present today who cannot stand on his own feet, "in his own boots" so to speak, and face himself as he is; meet his weaknesses like a man; and remember, that in order to bring about a change for the better, he must search for and nurture the better side of his nature; and he must meet all men in a just spirit.

Distrust in himself or in human nature should have no place. There should be no desire of revenge even towards those who have unjustly treated him. Forbearance and patience should mark every action. If this were done, hope would have an abiding-place in the heart and mind and it would be nurtured by right action, *by the most careful consideration of the discipline of the prison, thus working on lines of least resistance.*

These suggestions are self-protective and helpful and could prevent a man from having to meet what he considers injustice. Besides, they will help to eliminate the dark side of prison life, to a degree at least.

Simple as they are, they will afford a royal opportunity for the discouraged in the prison to regain hope and to begin to build the character for the coming years. Then, wherever they may be, they will be blessed with a peace within that all the prisons in the world cannot rob them of.

Think of it! To fill each day with a determination to make that day tell for good in every act and thought; to have the courage to meet all the perplexities of the daily life and to be ready, if need be, to meet death with a smile.

This is spiritual courage, and it can only come when it is sustained by the spiritual will. Preaching without service is of little avail. Remember friends, I am working for a new order of things; and that at Point Loma and all over the world there are thousands of devoted men and women who, realizing that Theosophy is the panacea for all the woes of the world, are putting their shoulders to the wheel with me to bring about real reformation in the truest and most unselfish sense of the word.

What humanity needs is the righteous life, the right

use of life. Be patient; be hopeful; trust in your Higher Natures; and leave the rest to that Higher Law which ever holds you in its keeping.

Friends, start new currents of thought and feeling in your prison environment; stimulate your minds to the godlike life; step out of your limitations (some of them, you will acknowledge, are self-imposed) into the sunlight of your better natures; let a new note be sounded within these prison walls; let its echoes reach the ears of humanity and help them; make San Quentin a beaconlight of right action!

See, friends, the faith I have in your better natures, the hopes I have for you. Let my words, like good seed, fall into good ground, that the harvest may come to you right there where you are, and that it may foreshadow a richer harvest under new conditions for the betterment of humanity.

I am indeed grateful for the help that many of the prisoners at San Quentin give our workers, Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Somers, Mr. Monges, and others. The more the spirit of co-operation is accentuated in this work between the prisoners and the workers, the more real help can be given.

Friends, let this work be a telling force in the prison life. See to it that you help me to make possible my coming again for a longer time, when I can do more good. Co-operate, if possible, with the officials of the prison. Let them see your earnestness, your genuine earnestness to do your part—the right thing. In this way you will challenge the best in them and make them realize day by day the richness and the helpfulness there is in the accentuating of the spirit of brotherhood.

Thanking you again and expressing the good will of all the comrades here to all the prisoners, I remain,

Faithfully yours,

[Signed] KATHERINE TINGLEY
President of the International Theosophical
League of Humanity

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A Telegram

The following telegram speaks for itself.

Point Loma, California, November 1, 1911

TO HIS EXCELLENCY,

The Governor of California, Sacramento, California.

I represent five hundred residents at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma and thousands of members of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world in asking your clemency and your humane consideration in the case of William Burk, now at San Quentin, who is to be executed December twenty-second. I beg that his penalty be commuted to life sentence. Capital punishment should not exist in the great State of California and I feel that the best interests of the people of the State would be served by reducing said Burk's sentence to life imprisonment.

"The greatest attribute of Heaven is Mercy;
And 'tis the crown of Justice and the Glory,
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity."

Yours most sincerely,

Katherine Tingley.

"The Best is Yet to Be"

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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No. 2

Greeting

WE men of earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise. We have enough!
We need no other things to build
The stairs into the Unfulfilled—
No other ivory for the doors,
No other marble for the floors,
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of every day—
Here on the common human way
Is all the busy gods would take
To build a heaven, to mold and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build eternity in time.—*Edwin Markham*



WHILE the bells are ringing on the outer plane, calling men to a recognition of the New Time, the soft, silvery tones of the compassionate Heart of Life are sounding forth their sweet music to the souls of men, calling them away from the paths of darkness, unrighteousness and despair to the ever-abiding Glory of a Truer and Better Life, and the Hope and Peace of a New Day.—*Katherine Tingley*



The World of Dickens

CHARLES DICKENS should certainly hold a very close and warm place in the heart and mind of every prisoner; for by the power of his pen and through the true pictures he drew of conditions, he accomplished most wonderful changes in Prison Systems.

His books so full of humor, also give us descriptions so vivid, so true to life, that after reading them we ourselves seem to be part of the story, and the characters to be real people: people we have met somewhere, at some time; so much so that we should not be astonished to meet them in the flesh. Jolly "old Mr. Pickwick," with his honest benevolent face, his sparkling eyes beaming on us through his spectacles—why, without hesitancy we should greet him, and shaking his large, fat warm hand inquire about his fellow clubmen, Snodgrass, Winkle and Tupman, and that most faithful of servants, Sam Weller. Being interested in prison and prisoners,

we should inquire about his sojourn in the old Fleet Street Prison, and want to talk of the changes that he brought about.

Aside from the many moral lessons Dickens' books teach, it is wonderful how absorbingly interesting his stories are. Take *Our Mutual Friend*; how closely we follow the various windings of that delightful tale; and what a capital fellow the Golden Dustman was! Then *Oliver Twist*; how concerned we become in following Oliver's fortunes: his falling in with "Yeggmen," and "Dips"; his schooling in their nefarious practices, and the unhappy results of it. In this wonderful yet lifelike story we meet the wicked Bill Sykes, and his "Jane," Nancy, following their life of shame, until the close of the book where events culminate and they make their bloody exit.

At this time of the year, "Dear old Christmas time," with its attendant festivities, we are reminded of Old Scrooge, and Tiny Tim, and honest Bob Cratchit, characters natural and true to life, every one of them.

Having read *A Christmas Carol* and of "Marley's Ghost" every Christmas for the past twenty years, and every year receiving therefrom the proper Christmas spirit, a true baptism of Brotherhood, permit me to recommend it as the "Christmas Story" to be read this year, and let Marley's Ghost visit us and bring to us the Three Spirits, "Christmas Past": "Christmas Present"; and "Christmas yet to come," and with them let us make the same journey as Old Scrooge. It will be time well spent. Is not the Past's Future now the *Present*? So naturally the Future's Past is also the *Present*.

He understood "the game"—Life; and its experiences were fully grasped by him. The emotions, the heart longings, the feelings of men, women and children in all walks of life were as an open book to him, and he was not afraid to paint them in their true colors; even the "man higher up" "got his." So vividly and truly does he analyse and portray feelings and conditions, that were it not taking license without opportunity of explanation, one could almost say, that he himself had been through all these experiences and was actually a graduate from a prison, an ex-convict. STUDENT

The Front Gate Gained by the New Way

IF the collective appeals of all prisoners could be reduced to one, it would come to this, "the front gate; I want out."

It is not strange that this is so, for no one relishes restraint; but the great error in the minds of the majority of Humanity is their idea of Freedom.

Strange as it may sound it is nevertheless true, *one can be Free even in a Prison.*

The general opinion amongst prisoners is, "the man who gets me out is my best friend." But he may be their worst enemy, or at least he might have done them a far greater service if he had left them in prison and assisted them to work their own way out through merit. For they have in their hands the power to write their own Pardon, to become Free in every sense of the term, and enjoy a Liberty and Happiness heretofore unknown to them.

We are agreed I think that the majority of men incarcerated in a Penitentiary are keen, bright, alert, full of ingenuity and shrewdness, but sadly lacking one great quality, "Self Restraint."

It is quite natural for the men as a class to rebel at any effort to bring about restraint, as their very nature and condition, their past indulgences, have ignored the balance wheel of "Restraint," mistaking reckless license for Freedom.

Here is an incident which happened in a certain Penitentiary in the West. In this particular Institution a part of the Sunday exercises consists of an open discussion on some topic. During one of these discussions the question came up, "Do we belong here?" and many expressed themselves very decidedly in the negative, a majority of them protesting their innocence. Then up rose one, and said:

"Look here fellows, I for one am guilty, guilty as a dog. When I first came here I thought and felt as most of you, and was bitter and sore against everybody, for I got a twenty years jolt just for passing a bad check for a very small amount whilst I was drunk. But since thinking it all over, and checking over my life carefully, I can see I had got off the square a score of times before that, and I have got just what was coming to me. I remember when I *was* square and could pass a policeman without having heart failure, and I remember well when I first fell, when that all changed and then every time I saw a man with a star it caused my heart to jump so hard I had to close my mouth quick to keep from

losing it. Booze and women should be given a wide berth. When a man gets drunk, stays out all night spending more on some woman than he has got, and then goes home all to the bad, hangs his hat on the gas jet, drinks all the water in the water pitcher, and in the morning starts out with that far-away feeling, he is not square and he is in the right frame of mind to turn any trick or through neglect of his duties cause suffering, serious loss and expense to somebody. Believe me Boys, he's headed for the Penitentiary, and he belongs there, until he learns his lesson."

This was from one who had gone the route, and commenced to see things clearly. Think it over and ask the question, "Can a man commit offenses against himself, cause suffering, anxiety, loss and heartaches to others and then justly consider himself wronged and abused when the Great Law of Re-adjustment demands the price *and at the same time gives him a chance to get hold of himself?*"

But, there's a "New Way"; the time has come for a better understanding, and there are "those who know," "those who stand ready and willing to help," and in a practical co-operative work we can regain solid footing and yet become recognized and respected as Men. We shall all have to do our part, no one can do it for us, it lies with ourselves, and the time is NOW, and the suggestion for the first step is a cheerful obedience to the Rules of the Institution, imperfect as they are, an effort to keep ourselves clean of body, think good thoughts, read good wholesome books, and we shall then set in motion the "Front Gate" to swing inwards, and our wish to be FREE will be realized and accomplished by the *New Way*.
D.



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HON. JOHN E. HOYLE
Warden of San Quentin Prison

A GENTLEMAN met John Quincy Adams on the street, when the latter had passed his eightieth year and was weak and trembling. He said, "How is John Quincy Adams this morning?" "John Quincy Adams is very well, thank you, but he is living in a very shaky house; the clapboards are leaky and the roof threatens to fall in, and I think he will have to move out very soon, but — *John Quincy Adams is very well.*"

EVERY noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the works of the world.

Number 16

NUMBER 16. That was the new name of John —, never mind how he won it during the long and eventful years of his growth from a frank, impulsive, curly-headed little boy — his mother's pet — into mature age. A growth; sprung from a bad habit learned from other boys after his curls were lost in long trousers, and which had since thrived to sap his moral strength and make a weak spot which gave opening for most anything to creep in and feed on him. In the years, the things of prey had so flocked in and filled him, and had become such familiars, that he had come to think of and consider them as being a part of himself, and let them run his house.

Well, here he was, Number 16, with plenty of time for thinking, and, as it appeared to him, at the end of his rope, jerked short and flung. So, naturally, he took a quick look about, and then back along the rope which led out of his cage into what had been his free running-ground. And the incidents of his life, strung along it, flashed out fast and vivid, like pictures from a magic lantern.

Number 16 gazed at these with a sort of tranced fascination: for he had never before seen them all arrayed as a moving-picture-show, nor with such a light on them. He scratched his head, dazed and puzzled about whether or not they belonged to him — were pictures of himself — until the last one flashed out clean and bright, and would not fade out. There it shone in a fair, soft light; the little curly-headed boy sitting on his mother's knee, she trotting and singing to him; he, watching in smiling wonder at the beautiful something in her voice and face as she sang. She had died some years ago with a broken heart — but always defending John; always her "Little curly-head," to her.

"Well kid," said Number 16, "some time since we were together. I had almost forgotten you; of course you don't know me, I've grown away from you so. No; that isn't it — you never knew me. I'm a new one on you — Number 16's my name. The man you may have sort of sighted is outside somewhere. I left him there, pretty sick; maybe he is dead! He wasn't good company for little boys. You go to sleep and — and dream about that song. Maybe you will hear your mother singing it again, and see her smile? Come and tell me about it. It would be worth a lot."

Number 16 brushed more than sweat from his face as he straightened up man-fashion, as nerved for an encounter. He could feel himself look manly and purposeful in the dark. Then he laughed low to himself, as one pleased with an idea. Yes, a new idea so strange to him and so full that it struck him as funny, and he began to talk it out to himself.

"You — that is, Number 16 — told the little curly-head that the fellow he may remember about, John, you had left outside sick, and that, perhaps, he was

dead. Why not you and I have a funeral and bury him, anyway? Yes, and we start out spick and span as a new fellow — as Number 16? Not much in *that* name to get big-headed over. It's a go, Number 16. The best thing we can do is to let John die, bury him, and resurrect the part that hadn't become ass as Number 16 — man-grown, but taking hold again where that curly-head begun to let go and lost his curls in long trousers.

"Yes sir! Number 16; that's just what we will do! For the whole thing is run by the way one thinks: and stone walls don't hold thought in unless one thinks about how hard and thick they are. Didn't I just now see *nothing* but thought — pictures running way out of here thousands of miles back to the little curly? That's our tip, Number 16! We'll open the gate and live where we have a mind to, while we stay in here where the yet living ghost of that ass of a John can't hitch onto this new man we are giving birth to, and ramp round dangling him in John's old ways — this new man we have started, Number 16, the New Man and the New Way."

And when in due time the walls disappeared and the gates shut behind him, that New Man did not forget the New Way he had promised himself. The joy of his higher freedom never deserted him. He is now respected and trusted; and, looking back upon his prison experiences, he finds himself *glad* of them for the opportunity they gave him to find himself. F. M. P.

*
Arise

ONCE, as the old legend goes, in the Golden Age of first human life on earth, the titanic forces of Envy and Desire arose to overthrow the divine in man and wreck his being. For at first his nature was pure and god-like and there was no pain nor evil.

Ever since, Man has found himself in the midst of the struggle, only too often blind and in the iron grip of the destroying forces. Nevertheless, would he but stand up in his own nature he could at once begin to regain all he has lost through the darker ages that have followed the Golden. Then the struggle takes on a new aspect and has a meaning. If he but keep his position with his eye fixed on the new way, then slowly but surely will he approach the portals of freedom. The sense of his divinity once aroused will become ever stronger and more certain.

None is exempt from this struggle, as all are united in the family-bond of humanity. And he who takes upon himself the task of fighting his way out of the dark valley paves a way on which many a weaker brother can follow. P. F.

*
NOTHING befalls any man save what is in his nature to endure. For the mind can transmute each obstacle into an aid, each stumbling-block to a stepping stone. — *Marcus Aurelius*

Reincarnation: the Soul's Hope

DAVID of old sang, "Why art thou cast down, O soul within me? Hope thou in God."

Hope stands behind every mind that has not entirely mutinied against the true Master, the Divine Soul. It is hope for the body's health, reunion with friends, the conquest of evil habits; and hope for peaceful and righteous days. Hope, the last soldier to quit the citadel, re-appears upon the slightest opportunity. Why? Have you ever asked why?

The soul knows that all is well, for the soul is old, and remembers that it has come safely through all vicissitudes. The brain mentality works dubiously and fearfully, for its experiences are so limited that it knows but little. It is the inheritance of brains that have worked in narrow, fearful, unreasoning ways, and it cannot understand the quiet feeling of certainty that exists in the human being it seems to be dominating. Theosophy, in recalling to men's *brains* the truth of Eternal life, explains this joyous hope. To all those upon whom life weighs heavily Theosophy holds out the truth of Reincarnation, the hope of the world, a certain cure.

Theosophy goes into the dark corridors with the light of hope. Listen: "Bill, you are not a criminal by nature. By rights you have all the possibilities of becoming one of the best of men. There has been some mistake, away back; you have missed one chance and then many, perhaps; you have been careless; there was no one to help you, but it is not late yet. You can begin just where everybody begins, right here, to get the upper hand of the 'devils' we have been feeding. You have all eternity in which to make amends, and think of these other poor fellows who haven't your ability nor your courage. Think of what you could do for them if you could straighten out your own mistakes!"

Many and many a despairing soul has awakened at the sound of the Theosophical teachings of Reincarnation to the consciousness of his divinity and stepped out of prison gates, free, fearless, determined to begin life anew. There never has been a moment in his career in which he did not know that he was greater than his actions and capable of good to as high degree as the criminality of his offenses.

To those who were born and reared in poverty and ignorance, Reincarnation shines like a star. Do you think a kind God placed you in that position that your distress might work his pleasure? Or does your heart tell you that you, once walking in the innocence of childhood, did not act nobly or wisely but chose the mean ways of life for pleasure's sake, wantonly? Does not your heart eternally chide you, urge you to make over your habits of life, to arise and take on refinement of speech and action through noble service and loving words, that you may regain the lordly position so long forfeited? My brother think of this.

The rich man may have forgotten why he has been entrusted with his wealth, and the poor man may wonder why he is not rich, but neither believes the answer to his question to be, "the inscrutable ways of God." If the man of wealth chooses to allow greed to control so that he robs openly or secretly, he knows, though he has never thought it into words, that the Law which brought him into this life will surely adjust matters. He will understand that adjustment if he should happen to get into a new body whose brain has closed out the secret of "making" money. If greed dominates him he is surely building a house in a locality where want will teach him generosity. There in a body as full of desires as now, and in an environment where he is powerless to gratify them, he will see that brothers in life must help each other to live. Then if he acts upon that knowledge he will build himself better and better habitations, so that when again he has remembered the secret of accumulating wealth, *justly* this time, he will have gained also the power of wisely distributing it. He will work theosophically, that is soul to soul, without a feeling bordering on contempt from the benefactor towards the benefited, nor a feeling of difference.

Out of this wild scramble for they know not what, come daily more and more weary souls to the resting-place of a knowledge of the endlessness of Life: Reincarnation until the adjusting pendulum ceases to swing. They enter then into the silent places of thought, learning from Conscience, that pleading voice of the old Soul, the lesson they have put off learning for so very long. They listen to the quiet voice that has been calling to them in great music, in the presence of magnificent spectacles, in the sunsets and the sunrises; and they stand face to face with their own Souls, listening; and listening they know that they and all that live are deathless.

A FRIEND

Fear Nothing

FEAR NOTHING, for every renewed effort raises all former failures into lessons, all sins into experiences. Understand me when I say that in the light of renewed effort the Karma of all your past alters; it no longer threatens; it passes from the plane of penalty before the soul's eye, up to that of tuition. It stands as a Monument, a reminder of past weakness and a warning against future failure. So fear nothing for yourself; you are behind the shield of your re-born endeavor, though you have failed a hundred times. Try slowly to make it your motive for fidelity that others may be faithful. Fear only to fail in your duty to others, and even then let your fear be for *them*, and not yourself.

Katherine Tingley

KARMA: that eternal Law expressed in the words: *That which a man soweth (in act and thought) that shall he also reap (in pain or joy).*

Reformation

As a man thinks and acts so is he.

THE writer has had fourteen years experience in the work at San Quentin Prison inaugurated and conducted under Katherine Tingley's direction. He has conversed with hundreds of prison inmates of normal or superior intelligence, who told him that upon entering the prison they were absolutely bewildered, and without hope.

Hungering for something beyond mere sentiment, desiring knowledge that would furnish a basis for the belief in the divine in man, becoming interested in these meetings and reading the literature furnished by the Universal Brotherhood Organization, the men lift their heads in a new hope and resolve. Once seeing the Truth a great change comes over them and many have said, "When I leave San Quentin Prison I shall be thankful for one thing—a knowledge of the teachings that I might never have acquired otherwise. For now I hold a deeper and broader view of life and of my own responsibility."

No means should be spared to assist men who are in prisons to strengthen the moral nature by teaching them that each of us experiences the results of his own acts; there is no favoritism possible in nature; and that everything which falls upon us is really an opportunity to strengthen some weak place in our make-up.

The writer has never conversed with a newcomer in San Quentin Prison who was not full of resentment, blaming others for his misfortune and imprisonment. As there is a constant daily inflow of men—three to five—entering in that state of mind, one can readily realize what an awful mental cloud hangs over this and other prisons.

Picture a colony of hundreds of men, "Grouches," to be contended with by the prison management, who by the way are not trained to cope with that condition but nevertheless must attend to prescribed duties. Is it any wonder that the officials sometimes lose patience with some men? But conditions are bettering. In evidence we cite a fire which occurred about eighteen months ago when inestimable service was rendered by the boys, fighting side by side with the officials. Will anyone contend that the change has come by chance? But are the new commitments better now, than they were in former years?

Not according to official statements, and the writer contacts in the newcomer the same "Grouch," blaming, and condemning others.

The fact is that the newcomer now occupies the same relation that a raw recruit does to a drilled company of soldiers, coming under the influence of a force that quickly puts him into tune with the general discipline and spirit of the company.

So in San Quentin there is a body of men who have crowded the Prison chapel for years at the monthly

meetings mentioned, and are making the teachings they have received a living power for reformation in their lives. Building up real character for themselves they thereby create better conditions all around. The result is, that after years of constant coaching along the lines indicated by Katherine Tingley, the men themselves have begun to lift the heavy cloud that hangs over all prisons. It is the common talk of the men at these meetings, some of whom have been in for half a lifetime, keen, clear thinkers and close observers, that the general gloom has been modified and that a cheerful co-operation between the inmates and the prison officials can now be obtained, and the appreciation of the latter is manifested in the facilities so courteously granted for the conduct of the meetings.

The State should be thankful that such interest is taken by the organization of which Katherine Tingley is the head, for she sees to it that neither time nor money is spared in the prompt and regular conduct of these meetings, that the inmates may not be disappointed, neglected, or embarrassed. It is to be hoped that the State may soon introduce special training for all men in prisons.

It will be seen that the teachings of Katherine Tingley in connexion with her work in prisons aim at Reformation by teaching men that "all life is governed by absolute unswerving law; that a man always reaps what he sows; that no man is so originally sinful that he cannot rise above all sin; that every good thought, every kind act, every effort of self-control helps to make men free, free from their own passions and weaknesses; and that every bad thought, every selfish act, every yielding to their lower, animal nature helps to make them slaves. Which shall we choose, freedom and happiness, or slavery and misery?"

H. S.

Three Great Ideas

The first idea is, that there is a great Cause—in the sense of an enterprise—called the Cause of Sublime Perfection and Human Brotherhood. This rests upon the essential unity of the whole human family, and is a possibility because sublimity in perfectness and actual realization of brotherhood are one and the same thing.

The second idea is, that man is a being who may be raised up to perfection, to the stature of the Godhead, . . . This noble doctrine was in the mind of Jesus when he said that we must be perfect even as is the Father in Heaven. . . .

The third idea is, the illustration, the proof, the high result of the other. It is, that the great Helpers of Humanity—those who have reached up to what perfection this period of evolution and this solar system will allow—are living veritable facts, and not abstractions cold and distant. . . .

Let us not forget these three great ideas.—*W. Q. Judge*

The Side Path

WE had gone gaily enough along the open road, my companions and I, and, though it was hot and dusty and there was a terrible crowd, still we got along fairly well, till someone suggested trying a short cut. There was a pleasant looking path just there, and a rippling stream just across that stretch of open ground, that was bordered by a small wood; it looked very tempting and easy, and it seemed ridiculous to stay among the crowd on the dusty road, when there was an easier way right there. Some warning voices were raised as we broke away from the crowd, but some followed our lead and took the side path.

Now I don't know how it came about, but I lost sight of the others, and found myself alone on the bank of the river that had been such a small stream a little while ago. The banks were either sheer walls, or sliding slopes, and the current was strong and deep. I was thirsty, but could not drink without danger of drowning, and now the river was muddy. Once or twice I heard a voice calling from somewhere across the desert, but I saw no one in the distance and no break in the horizon, that was like a ring-fence shutting me in.

Now my thirst became a fever that drove me to risk the treacherous slope; I crept down a little way, and then the soft soil did the rest; I plunged into the deep waters and was swept away. I heard the roaring of a cataract below, and struggled to reach the bank; the swirling waters were like hands that pulled me down and held me back, but I saw no human being nor heard a human voice, and the hands that gripped me were not human hands. I heard the roaring cataract come nearer, as the current swept me on, and then I thought of that pleasant-looking path, and that bubbling brook that tempted me to leave the road. Then I thought of those that had followed my lead, leaving the road to lose themselves as I had done; and the roar of the cataract grew louder. Now it was very near, and though I knew it was useless, I called out to those who had followed me, "Go back! go back! This is no road." And as I called, I heard voices near me, and I shuddered to think they were the voices of those that I had led away. I cried out again, "Go back!" and my voice came back in answering cries of agony, and shouts, and laughter, and low mutterings, and whispers, and the seething waters were a crowd of men like myself swept onward to destruction, by a river that we fed with our own passionate cravings.

But above the roaring of the human flood I heard a voice that was more than human, and, as I listened, the darkness lightened, and I saw a face so powerful, that I felt strong merely to look at it, and though I could not understand the words I heard, I knew that I was challenged to assert my own humanity, and to be strong myself, that others might be strengthened. This was the message as it reached my heart, and then I knew

that I was not alone nor ever had been, and I knew that there were those that waited to help us, but were powerless, till we helped ourselves, by helping one another to regain our lost humanity, our mastery of ourselves.

R. M.

"What's Your Game?"

RETURNING home late one night, the light from a street lamp falling on the face of a passing girl, revealed to me such a look of tragedy and hopelessness that I turned and spoke to her.

"Have you lost your way?" I asked, finding her in this neighborhood of fashionable homes on one side and the river on the other.

"What is it to you?" she answered.

When I told her that it would do no good to go farther, as a policeman stood by the river railing, she muttered: "What's the difference! If I can't reach the water, he will run me in as a vagrant and at least I will have a roof and perhaps a meal."

I persuaded her to go home with me, where I heard once more the old sad story of a comely country girl enticed to the city with alluring offers of work. Struggling against temptation she sought honest work without success until, penniless, she was turned into the street. I kept her with me until she had learned a trade and could support herself. During that time, I would often find her eyes following me with a puzzled look in them. At first she was suspicious of me, as if uncertain whether I were enemy or friend, but I took no notice, attending to my own work, and leaving her free to come and go as she wished.

One evening she said to me: "Will you let me ask you something? What's your game with me? You must have some reason for all this you are doing. I have watched, but you never preach or scold or even ask questions. There's nothing I can do for you because you are so busy all the time, there is no chance."

"Madge," I said, "your own words give the answer to your question. That very doubt you have had, that lost faith in anyone having other than a selfish motive of personal gain, has called forth the need of just the help I have given you — brotherhood. Back of your physical distress, I saw your ignorance of what you could be, your neglect in the past to live up to your best self which brought you to this trial. You have had your lesson; now what will you do with it?"

She did not answer then, but when she finally left me, she said, with a light in her eyes:

"I am going back to my home town. I can work there at this trade I have learned; but that is not the reason. I want to help some of the children make good as they grow up. I know they will if I can teach them some of your faith in their better selves, in what they *can* do, if they *will*."

M.

Give the Boys a Fighting Chance

"I 'LL do enerthin' yer want me ter, Mr. Miller," said Easy Grabo.

Easy was a strapping young fellow, full of life and energy; but the energy had been entirely mis-directed. He was strong as an ox. He could knock out any fellow in his district. Indeed, he could knock out almost any two fellows. Though he had done nothing criminal, as yet, nevertheless he was in a fair way for it: which the police very well knew, and therefore had a pretty sharp eye on him. They felt sure it was only a question of time, and that not long time, either, when they would have to jail Easy.

Easy had a great respect and liking for Mr. Miller, who understood "the boys" well, knew how to get in touch with them, and did what he could amongst them. So Easy had it in his heart to do something for Mr. Miller, and said, "I'll do enerthin' yer want me ter, Mr. Miller."

"Pshaw! Easy, you can't do what I want you to," replied Mr. Miller.

"I don't know about that, Mr. Miller," said Easy. "What der yer want me to do?" Pictures of doing-up two or three people were running through Easy's mind — that was evident.

"O, what's the use of talking? I know you can't do what I want you to. You hav' n't got stuff enough in you. You hav' n't got the grit. You hav' n't got sand enough."

Easy was stumped, sure enough; for of all things, Easy was stuck on his grit and his sand. He hadn't any use for a fellow that hadn't got lots of it.

"Well, yes, Easy! If you really mean to try, I'll give you a show. Come down to my office tomorrow morning and I'll put you in the shipping department. There's a fine man at the top of it, and he'll help you to get on your legs."

Mr. Miller knew it would be a pretty tough job for Easy to settle down to steady work, for that was something he had never done — more on account of his surroundings and bad bringing-up than on account of any thing essentially wrong in Easy himself.

"All right, sir," said Easy, "I'll be there, sure."

The next morning Easy showed up in good shape, and was put in his place in the shipping department, under a man who was of the right sort and understood fellows like Easy, and wouldn't expect too much of him at the start.

Easy had now fairly started on the hardest fight he had ever picked up in his life. He had been a tough customer, and he now had himself to fight with. But he had started into this fight with the intention of winning out.

H. T. P.

To HAVE what we want is riches: to be able to do without is power. — *George Macdonald*

Get Bigger

MOST people are like chickens before they are hatched. The outlook of the chicken is bounded by the wall of his shell. His relatives in the poultry-yard do not exist for him. His precious self is all he knows or cares about. But one day the shell cracks and he enters on the larger life. The chicken only has to wait, and Nature does the rest.

You and I however must make a distinct effort to escape, because by living shut up in our shell and thinking of ourselves, we harden the shell-wall and make it thicker day by day. What an awful prison-cell is our personality! What a wretched little world to live in!

The man who lives the selfish narrow life is keenly aware of the pains and pleasures that lie within that tiny fragment of the great universe which is bounded by his skin; but the sensations that exist outside this boundary line have very little reality for him. He reads of floods in China, of thousands wandering homeless in the pouring rain; but if he happens to have wet feet it touches him far more nearly. He hears of splendid crops all over the States, but the prosperity of the farmers gives him little joy compared with the fact that his private and particular apple-tree has ripened three fruits for the first time. I like so much the story of that Irishman who evidently knew something of the larger life, because when he was asked how he felt, he replied that he was all right in himself; but he had a toothache in his brother. That Irishman had cracked his shell. He had certainly hatched out and though he felt the pains of other people, yet he shared their joys as well. He had burst his prison walls and was a bigger, more developed man in every way than he who lived entirely to himself.

Next time your mate has lost something don't go on reading as though it did not concern you. Get interested. Bustle around and help him find it. This may be your first attempt to crack your shell, but by keeping on you will break free some day by pressure from the inside. You will begin to live in other people's lives. Your horizon will grow wider and you will enjoy the freedom of those who live to help their fellow men. P. L.



The Call for Help

WILL you let me live, will you let me live, will you? Have you ever heard this cry in the tremulous pleading voice of a suffering fellow creature, the moan of the helpless animal? If you have ever really heard it in all its shrill demand and pleading, and listened as it faded away to a far-away and ceaseless moaning, then you have received a command; a command to strive and strive to lift the burdens of those who suffer.

But sometimes, if the sufferer would stand up as a man, he could lift not only his own burden but that of another weaker than himself.

C. T.

Items Serious

DON'T brand a man as a criminal. Teach him that he is a soul and give him a chance. Let him feel that some one believes in him, give him the encouragement that perhaps he has missed through all his life and the lack of which may have helped to make him what he is.

Katherine Tingley

THE permanent things are the stars and the sun, not the clouds and the dust. — *Senator Hoar*

THE man who is true to the present, is true to his best; and the soul that wins the ground immediately before it, makes life a triumph. — *Ozora Stearns Davis*

SOME falls are means the happier to arise.

Shakespeare

WHERE the outlook is not good try the uplook.

AND the good or the ill of the life we lead
Is sculptured clear on the countenance;
Be it love and goodness, or sin and greed,
Who runs may read at a single glance.

Celia Thaxter

ALWAYS do as the sun does; look at the bright side of everything; it is just as cheap, and three times as good for digestion. Do it — if you can.

No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been.

Adelaide Proctor

WE can never go back—but there is never a point from which we may not go upward.

GIVE us to awake with smiles,
Give us to labor smiling,
As the sun lightens the world,
So let our loving kindness
Make bright this house of our habitation.

R. L. Stevenson

NOR knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent. — *Emerson*

A MAN never gets what he hoped for by doing wrong, or if he seems to do so, he gets something more that spoils it all. — *A. Maclaren, D. D.*

THE man who never makes mistakes never makes anything. Many chips, broken instruments, cuts and bruises, belong to the history of any beautiful statue.

No LIFE can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

Mercedith

Items Gay

"Now," said the photographer after he had posed his grim and ungainly sitter as elegantly as he could — "now kindly put on a pleasant expression."

Then something went wrong with the camera and there was a short delay. "Say, can't you hurry up?" growled the victim; "it hurts my face."

AN absent-minded professor came home one evening triumphantly waving his umbrella to his wife. "Well, my dear," said he, "you see I didn't leave it anywhere today!"

"I see, dear," said his wife; "the only trouble is that you didn't take one from home this morning."

THE witness, a sleek two-hundred-pound negro woman in a gingham frock and bandana headgear, was on the stand and talking volubly and excitedly despite the commands to *Be quiet, woman!* which the examining counsel thundered at her. At last the lawyer invoked the aid of the court to compel the dusky Amazon to confine herself to legitimate answers. "Silence!" said the judge, rapping on his desk. "Do you know where you are?" "Yes jedge," she replied; "I'se in de cote house." "Do you know what a court is?" asked his honor. "Cose I do jedge. De cote is de place where dey dispenses wid justice."

AN archdeacon engaged as a new footman a well-recommended youth who had served as stable boy. The first duty which the youth was called upon to perform was to accompany the archdeacon on a series of formal calls.

"Bring the cards, Thomas, and leave one at each house," ordered his master.

After two hours of visiting from house to house, the archdeacon's list was exhausted. "This is the last house, Thomas," he said, "leave two cards here."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," was the deferential reply. "I can't; I've only the ace of spades left."

LILLIE MAY came to her mistress. "Ah would like a week's vacation, Miss Annie," said she, in her soft negro accent; "Ah wants to be married."

Lillie had been a good girl, so her mistress gave her the week's vacation, a white dress, a veil and a plum-cake.

Promptly at the end of the week Lillie returned, radiant. "Oh, Miss Annie! Ma dress was perfec', ma veil mos' lovely, the cake mos' good! An' oh, the dancin' and the eatin'!"

"Well, Lillie, this sounds delightful," said her mistress, "but you have left out the point of your story — I hope you have a good husband."

Lillie's tone changed to indignation: "Now, Miss Annie, what yo' think? Tha' darn nigger neber turn up!"