

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

There are no clouds
Yon side the sun.

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California

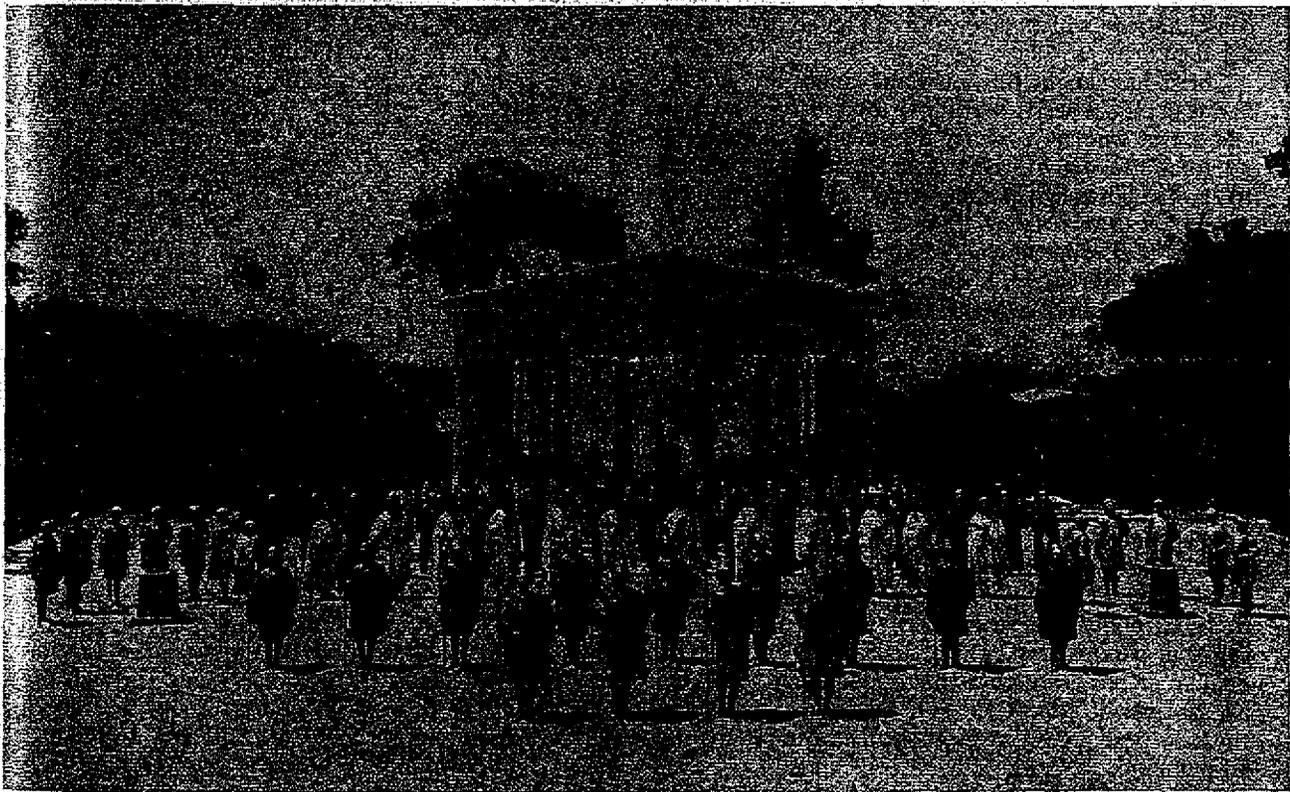
EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. XII

JANUARY 1923

No. 1



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

FINALE FROM THE OLD GREEK DRAMA 'THE EUMENIDES'

As Presented by Katherine Tingley in the Greek Theater, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

The Message for Today

(From a public address by Katherine Tingley in 1920)

IF ever there was a time when humanity should question the meaning of life, it is now; and if ever there was a time when there was an answer, it is now.

The principal ideas upon which we must build are, first, the essential Divinity of man, then his Duality;

that there are two forces working in his nature, one for selfish and worldly interests, pleasures and passions, and the other for the upward way, for the advancement of his spiritual life, working ever to attain the state of perfection which is man's destiny.

One of the special points I always try to bring out in this connexion is that if we study the general aspects of the world today, and particularly the religious aspects, we find many earnest and devoted people

depending to a very large degree upon the brain-mind judgment to interpret the laws of life, as found in the Bible and other sacred books. Now the brain-mind has its place; it is the seat of the intellect, it is like an instrument in the hands either of a master-musician or of one who is not a master-musician. As long as the lower forces play through the chambers of the mind, the real light, the real knowledge, the true interpretation, that quality of intuition that belongs to every man and is a part of his inner life, cannot be accentuated. To a large degree I feel that we are depending too much on the outward life, we are living too much in the external, our vision and our progress are limited by our lack of knowledge of the Higher Law; but if we could once realize that the real life, the ever-growing eternal life, is within, the mind would become receptive to the higher knowledge and to that state of consciousness which is ever illuminated by the inner light.

Christ has taught this, St. Paul taught it; you will find it in all the sacred writings; the greatest thinkers, and those who have given us the best examples of spiritual life, have accentuated this fact: that the truth, the knowledge, the revelation to man of the divine laws, must come from within.

I feel that if all down the ages from the very beginning of Christianity there could have been this intuitive profound grasp of the true meaning of religion, if the early Fathers could have had it, there would have been different results.

My effort is to lift the veil and to show humanity that there are potent forces within man, and above him, that can be utilized for the reconstruction of the human race — not merely the reconstruction of our country, but of the whole human family.

There must come an awakening some time. There must come a spiritual awakening; there must be new ideas, dynamic ideas, introduced into the human mind to bring about a resuscitation, so to speak, of the spiritual part of man, which shall be a basis for that quality of reconstruction that shall touch the home, all systems of education, and religion, and shall ultimately become the most potent factor in readjusting all mankind.

If we had no crimes, if we had no prisons and lunatic asylums, if we were all following the rosy path, if we were never sick and had no difficulties to contend with, I should be very much out of place, and you would have the right to say that my ideas are far-fetched; but you all know as well as I do that crime is increasing throughout the land, that unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age, that we have just emerged from a war of horrors, the cruelty of which has exceeded all that has ever been recorded in history, and so many people are asking, "Why did it happen? How could it happen? Where was God?"

Can we not see that the sowing of the seed began ages ago — that down through the generations and

generations of people there has been something missing, the missing-link so to speak, the lost Word; so that man, ignorant of his Divinity, not being conscious of that power in him, not having full trust in the divine Law, not being able to interpret these simple doctrines of life, wandered away from the path?

Look at humanity today as it is physically. With a few exceptions do we not see that there is a deterioration in the physical nature of man? It simply shows that we have not the basic ideas to depend on, to think with, to feel with, and to live by.

Now the Rāja-Yoga system of education, which is based on these reconstructive ideas, has brought out in quite an interesting way the possibilities of human nature that are latent in all. The term 'Rāja-Yoga' is a Sanskrit term, which I chose as covering, better than any I have found, my ideas in reference to education. It means 'Kingly Union' — the balance and harmony of the physical, the mental and the spiritual; for we cannot go through life one-sidedly and half awake; we have to reach a point of balance, and it should come to us in youth. I am very certain that if the whole world could have had the training that is given in the Rāja-Yoga College and School, we should have better conditions everywhere; life would be more joyful, more hopeful, more optimistic. The world is crying for something new, for something that will adjust human affairs and prevent a repetition of all we have gone through during the terrible years of the great war.

This is not a fantastic dream of mine, it is an absolutely proven fact: for the Rāja-Yoga System has been active for nearly twenty years; it has passed the experimental stage, and these results have been demonstrated. It is all so easy and so beautiful, if one can only understand the laws governing human life.

Now of course it is not to be believed that anyone who is seeking for truth can reach a point of satisfaction in a day or an hour, or that any teacher can impart the truth sufficiently to carry one through life even for a day or a week, or that books will do it; the best literature we have will fail you absolutely, unless right down in your hearts is that yearning, that longing, and that quality of determination that will make you push on daringly and courageously. Believing absolutely that brotherhood is a fact in nature, that all men are divine, that even the weakest and lowest have in them a spark of Divinity, there comes into our lives a deep sense of pity and compassion for all who suffer; so we are obliged to free our consciences by trying to lift the burdens from the people, to remove the stumbling-blocks, and to bring understanding and enlightenment for all.

In working for humanity I have visited many of the prisons in this country and in Europe; I have studied criminology from all sides of the question; and I have realized that crime will increase and so will

insanity, and that in the course of time we shall have new, unnameable diseases and many more vices, for the reason that we have not the key to the situation. Human life cannot be reconstructed, nor national or international life, until we have carried these ideas into the home, until we have reached a point where we can and should challenge men and women to take up home-life and marriage and parenthood more seriously — challenge them, and bring about such an awakening in the minds of those who control the home, that their responsibilities shall become so sacred that they cannot err. If we are to reconstruct human life, we must begin to build character, and we must do it in childhood; we must touch the plastic, flexible minds of the children with that indescribable something that is so exquisitely beautiful that no language can name it, something that will awaken the soul in their very childhood and bring them slowly and surely to that state of consciousness that will help them to meet the trials of life.

To reconstruct the nation, we must begin in the home, but according to my idea we cannot do this unless there is an understanding of the self. There must be self-adjustment, self-improvement; there must be self-endeavor, self-directed evolution. Then the souls of the parents and the souls of the children will blossom like the flowers in the springtime, and many wonderful things will come to add to the stability and the happiness of the home.

With this idea of reconstruction, though we may work hard and earnestly, though our Government may be successful in establishing a certain semblance of peace, yet for years — and I say it determinedly — we shall be under the shadow of such menacing forces that it will take all our intellectual and physical strength to bear the burden; and possibly after a few years we may have other aspects of suffering even worse than during the war. And under these conditions, when humanity begins to deteriorate, when the world's pleasures become so destructive that they tear men and women from their moorings and send them adrift — when it comes to this and we look at the whole picture with a larger perspective, then we shall begin to turn and ask more questions about life's meaning. From my standpoint I cannot see how permanent reconstruction can be begun in any other way than by man setting out to find himself, find his moorings, find his way, his divinity, his soul, and begin the conquest of life individually. But there can be no national and international reconstruction on a permanent basis of justice to all until the light breaks in on the minds of those in power, until the inner light comes home to them and refreshes their minds and lifts them to such a point of optimism and courage that they will find again in their hands the key that has been lost for ages — the key for the salvation of man, the redemption of human life.

The Horror of the Silence

I HAPPENED to be sitting at the club window one hot morning in the early spring, while Titus Harbottle was occupied in sweeping the walk below. Our janitor belongs to that class of people who consider that silence, whether of speech or of thought, is a blank, empty horror, and I could see that the dull monotony of the 'swish, swish' of the broom was beginning to get on his nerves. Suddenly the buzzer in the basement buzzed, and although Titus had already swept that section of the walk, he edged close up to the kitchen window and discovered a crack in the cement which seemed to be in urgent need of careful and prolonged sweeping. His little stratagem for obtaining some free entertainment was entirely successful.

After some confused spluttering on the part of the telephone, the raucous voice of the colored cook was heard in reply:

"Hello! Carter and Dangerfield, did you say? Well, yaas, I guess you'd better truss that chicken 'cos it's fer roastin', and say! That bird you sent us last week — talk about tough! I go'n put three carving-knives out of commish in tryin' to get it apart. I don' know but what we could use dat meat to rub out pencil-marks; but as fer eatin' "

At this juncture a cavalcade of loaded wagons lumbered past and drowned all lesser sounds in its thunder. As the last rumble died away, the voice of the cook with an angry edge on it sounded out once more:

"— Well, I'll tell you straight, we don' hanker after no more of your feathered Methusalers, with laigs like rubber and breasts with no more taste to 'em than a bath-towel, and if you can't send us birds we c'n eat, we'll have to go some 'ers else fer 'em, dat's all."

'Click,' said the receiver as it settled itself upon its customary hook. Silence resumed its sway, and Titus, satisfied that the crack was now clean, sauntered off to a distant stretch of the walk which yet remained to do.

"Is it not strange," I thought to myself, "that a man will listen to any kind of trash that has no connexion with his interests or his duties rather than be left alone with the silence? So long as he can hear the buzz of conversation, he enjoys the comfortable feeling that something is going forward, and that life is being lived; but when silence sets in, the abyss of nothingness seems to gape beneath his feet and threatens the extinction of his mental life."

To more highly developed minds, the seeming void of silence is the exhaustless treasure-house from which they draw their inspiration and the very material for their finished creations. A Mozart or a Mendelssohn, with no resources but that silence so abhorred by lesser minds, will weave celestial harmonies whose

strains will never die while music still retains its power to charm the ears of men. Milton within the silence of his soul, preserved amid the roar of London life, heard the bold rebel-fiend hurl his defiance at Jehovah's rule, and on the background of the "ever-during dark" which his blindness had brought upon him, beheld the flowery glades of Paradise and those infernal flames in which the fallen angels tossed in pain.

Before the worlds condensed from what appears to mortal view as hopeless, empty space, primeval silence must have brooded there; the storehouse where all sounds since uttered were contained in latent possibility, as children lie in tranquil sleep before the dawn awakes them for the coming day. The music of the birds, the roar of cataracts, the thunder of the surf upon the rocks, the hum of insects and the rustle of the forest-trees, were existent in the silence though as yet unborn and unexpressed. Silence is not an empty, barren void to those who can still the aimless flow of common thought in the search for their own souls, and in that deep quietude we may become aware of a continuing music that is infinitely full of meaning. As we gradually learn to find its inspiration, the walls of personality which hitherto have shut us in, dissolve and disappear, setting us free to enter on a new life of boundless promise in a region rich with everything we need to stimulate us to our highest possibilities. L.

Trusty

"I KNOW that fellow, the mean, sneaking cuss! Trying to curry favor by spying on his mates! How I hate him! I'd like to down him, the dirty rascal. He's doing time like the rest of us, if not for his own good, then for the good of his country. Curse him!" And so on, with bitterness of heart and tongue Jake Miller gave vent to his wounded feelings, expressing his attitude of rebellion against life in general, and in particular against the burden of his own irksome confinement.

He had been caught napping, 'off guard,' for a mean trivial offense, and oddly enough despised himself for it, having more than a sneaking regard for the more serious offenders who at any rate had had a good run for their money, and had created a sensation, which meant, of course, that there was an element of daring, audacity, and bigness in their crime which evoked a kind of public admiration.

The Trusty was such a one. And here he was currying favor, playing the spy, all his audacity and bigness gone. Curse him! Why didn't he take his medicine like a man and stand up to it! Faugh! Acting as a jailer, a keeper!

However, there *was* an element of bigness in this

particular Trusty, and the surprising fact was that he *was* taking his medicine like a man. But instead of 'standing up to it' he had already learned to stoop to conquer, and felt something of the real meaning of being his brothers' keeper, often making their lot easier without their knowing it.

"Brother," he said to Jake one morning. "you don't seem to be enjoying yourself here. You don't seem at home, like. Take it easier, pardner. You'll get through better."

The hot blood rushed to Jake's face and he straightened himself up —. But there was something in the other's look that disarmed him, and Trusty, saying: "Sorry I spoke too soon, brother. I didn't want to hinder you," left him, as he felt it, all of a heap.

For several days no words passed between them, until, when Trusty was passing Jake's cell early one morning, Jake called out softly, "Good morning, George." He stopped and returned the greeting.

Jake spoke in hurried whispers. "I've been having a dickens of a time since I came here. I was feeling very hot against you just when you spoke the other day. I'd like to know what you meant by being at home here and enjoying myself. Seems to me I never did enjoy myself anywhere, and perhaps right here is the place where I might begin if I knew how. Seems like what you said touched something that's been asleep, as if there's something that never had a chance, and wants one. I'm out of harm's way here, anyway, and if you've made good even here, well, I guess I can too, and I will. You haven't let it beat you. I won't let it beat me. *Shake, brother!*"

Trusty shook, saying: "Can't stop long just now, Jake, but you've got the hardest part of it over. Hold on to it for all you are worth and let the other drop. I know just what you've been feeling. We all go through it, though some stay in it. We're all brothers in misfortune inside here, and I'm not sure but there's worse outside the bars than many of us doing time here. That's what makes it so hard at first. But if you can take things when they're at the worst, and not let them crush you — why you're free already, and can bide the time of release cheerfully — and get ready for it. I guess you know what I mean, and you'll find out how to do it in your own way, as I had to in mine. So long brother."

So, there, as bottom dogs, these two brothers bore their burdens manfully, and despite seasons of depression fought the good fight to rehabilitate themselves in their own eyes, paying the forfeit of their liberty with a good grace and hopeful hearts, encouraging, heartening one another.

When Jake was released he left prison a new man. He went into it as the House of Bondage, snarling. It had proved the House of Liberation because he had desired and won true Freedom, rising above the chains of his own forging that had held him down.

Trusty was pardoned with part of his sentence

unexpired, by the Governor, who knew a man when he saw one and had watched his record.

There is nothing startling in this story; just a simple illustration of the New Way, not imposed from above, but born out of real Manhood, too strong for 'criminal tendencies' to smother. There is no 'criminal type,' but how many are letting themselves be smothered! What one can do another can.

If that spirit could dominate an entire prison that place would be the brightest spot in the national life, greater than any church, university, law-court, or legislature. If one prison were a place where the crooked could be made straight, from it would go out a light that would redeem and transform the entire national life.

R.

Swearing Off

"I SAY, Jim! I'm not going to swear off on a blessed thing this New Year. It swings one up on to a higher level than he is used to and a 'fall-off' comes. That discourages a fellow and makes him think—'What's the use?' But I have thought of one thing I *am* going to keep trying to do—easy like; not struggling—for that means strain and a let-go."

"You are, are you? Well, good luck! What are you going to tackle, Fred?"

"Oh, nothing big—just, *to be happy*. It's only a simple matter of how you think. Why, you can't say the word 'Happy!' without getting some of it into you! Don't have to think and puzzle over how you will be that way, what you'll do or where you'll go to be happy, don't you see?"

"What little I get of happiness I have to scheme and hunt for, so that most of the fun is gone in trying for the thing I start for."

"Yes, you look it, Jim; as though you were always reaching for a plum just beyond your fingers, straining for it and getting left."

"Well, things are everlastingly turning up which make a fellow sour. What are you going to do with them, Mr. Happy?"

"I don't have to bite into a sour apple: you may give me, do I? And I can smile at you for trying to get me to. If I let disturbing thoughts come in on me, or stay with me when they do, these are what make me unhappy, surely."

"Well, they ~~are~~ there, aren't they? What is a chap to do with them?"

"Why, Jim, the same as I would do with the bite of sour apple—spit 'em out of my mind, quick. It is just as a fellow lets himself think, that he is unhappy or happy. Most of us permit our minds to form habits of thought and let 'em trickle along in these as they please. I've done this till it would be a stiff job to stop it just by fighting them. So I'm taking the easy

and sure way, by *leading* my thoughts, hitching them to pleasant things and subjects. My mind will be tickled with these,—gradually get the *new habit*—and I shall be happy. Good-bye Jim. Hear the birds sing! Happy New Year!"

F. P.

Danger! Keep away!

MANY and many a man has suddenly found himself caught up by some tremendously irresistible force of evil and driven, like a rudderless ship before a gale, to utter shipwreck and ruin. After the storm, when he has tried calmly to think the thing over and get at the meaning of it all, he has rarely found anything but a hopeless puzzle. So he gives it up: "What's the use? . . ."

There remains, in the back of such a man's mind, a more or less hazy feeling of soreness, of resentment against whatever Power or Powers govern his life; he *thinks* himself the victim of an outside force which he could not possibly have resisted. This sense of having been wronged, this going about all day with a grievance against the universe, is altogether a very bad thing for a man, for it stands right in the way of his present and future happiness and usefulness.

In a recent article we discussed the fact that there exists everywhere in the universe a great building-power, an enormous creative energy, a WILL with which we can always connect our own personal 'machine,' provided our 'clutch' is working properly. We also touched on the fact of there existing an opposing force, one that destroys instead of creating, a dark side of the great Will, so to speak.

Now if I, while at work in a machine-shop and surrounded by wheels, shafts and belting, get too close to the latter, so that it catches me up and hurls me into the machinery, I naturally have to take the consequences. It doesn't matter how innocent I may have been or how ignorant of the danger; the belting didn't know anything about that.

In the same way, if I keep allowing my mind to play with impure thoughts, or my imagination to form pictures of gratification of passion and low desires, and then all at once I find myself whirled off my feet and driven to do that which afterwards will cause me great pain and remorse—why, I have no one nor anything to blame but myself. Getting closer and closer to the danger-line, the moment had to come when I put myself in the power of the dark forces of Nature—forces that are as irresistible, once they get hold of one, as those which whirl the earth and the sun and the whole universe of suns and worlds around in their orbits, unceasingly.

But the mere fact of my being a man means that I have it in me to keep away from this danger-line. I don't *have* to think in a way to bring me closer

and closer to that line, I need not live so as constantly to weaken my resistance to the destructive forces. "The will is free."

Nevertheless, how many men, knowing only too well how all this works-out, still let themselves get caught from time to time! They remind me of a small boy I once knew, in whose father's work-shop there was a machine with a set of cog-wheels on the outside. The working of these, one on the other, fascinated the boy. He would put his finger into the cogs of one of the big wheels, while no one was looking, and let it be carried slowly around until it was just about to be caught by the next wheel, when he would jerk it out. After three finger-tips in succession had been badly crushed, he gave it up! . . . However, he was never heard to blame the machine, as most men do when they get caught!

But there are also men who have learned how to be absolutely safe from this power that destroys. Like the Hollanders, they have gradually built up dykes to keep out the waters of this ocean, so that the land of their daily lives is wholesome, and beautiful to see. They know how necessary it is to guard their mind-dam; they realize that one small thought or feeling of the wrong kind can easily start a break and let in the whole flood. So they keep watch over their thoughts, over the feelings that give rise to their thoughts, over the will, and over that which stands behind the will: *desire*. And they keep pumping away daily at whatever evil seepage remains in their natures.

Such have begun to be real men. They are trying to be men *all the time*, and better men every day, without ever falling back into the animal state which lets in the destroying forces. For man was not intended to be merely "a little higher than the animals," but "a little lower than the angels"; nay, he is destined to become one day, through his own efforts, something far higher than the angels themselves. To be altogether a man is the greatest thing on earth. K.

Honesty Pays

"SOMEWHERE in America" is a good-looking, upstanding man of less than forty, putting in six days a week at hard, honest work — he's a professional man, but they work hard, too! — and getting a good deal out of life, as the following excerpt from a letter evidences:

"A little less than three years ago I started out to travel the 'street called Straight.' Haven't slipped or stumbled, and those three years have passed on flying feet. Seems now as if the past was a bad dream. And I imagined I was enjoying life then. But the last three years meant more than all the others rolled together.

"Honesty isn't a policy — it is just a common-sense and sane viewpoint, and it pays. Took me a

devil of a long time to discover that fact, but discover it I did."

Until three years ago the writer of the above had spent no small part of his time in prison.

He was a professional then, too — a professional bank robber.

"I never bothered with jobs that promised less than ten thousand," he said to me not long ago. He spoke modestly, without a shadow of boastfulness in his voice. Nor apology.

"It was exciting. I lived twenty years in ten. I made several big hauls, too. But it didn't pay half as well as the life I'm now living.

"Let them say what they will, nothing pays so well as a home — no matter how simple — and a good wife."

I asked if the woman he married knew he had been in prison.

"She did," he answered.

"She knew that, and she knew I was out of prison for good. We've had some hard sledding, financially, the last two years, but we've never complained. Of course, the name I now use is not the one I was born with. I'm not ashamed of my original name, but I didn't want my old pals to know where I was. They might try to get me back in the game, and I'm not going."

He smiled, lit a cigar and told me of several other men who had turned right about face and taken the "street called Straight."

Men can make good if they want to. No man ever falls so far that he can't rise again, if he makes up his mind in that direction. And every man may do well to remember this man's statement that "honesty is just a common-sense and sane viewpoint."

"And it pays!" — THE OPTIMIST in the Philadelphia *North American*.

"Falling"

MOST everyone who has ever ridden a bicycle can remember how, in first learning to ride, everything he tried to steer clear of came right at him. If there was a deep rut in the road, into it he went; a mud-puddle had the same compelling attraction; a harmless pedestrian simply couldn't get out of the way, while a telegraph-pole or a lamp-post was an irresistible goal. He got off right there.

However, once having mastered his wheel, these things in the shape of false goals somehow lost their attraction; the secret being that the rider learned to pay no attention to them, keeping his eyes upon the real objective and the path leading thereto.

Like the beginner with his bicycle, the traveler on Life's path is beset with similar difficulties. Pitfalls, stumbling-blocks and other obstacles, snares and delusions confront him at every turn. That he 'falls for' this, or trips over that, is simply for the reason that

he pays little or no attention to the path leading to Life's goal; or, still worse, is ignorant of there being any real goal at all.

The main thing, then, it would seem, would be first to determine just what the destined end of man's life here is, and after that to stick to the path which must be traveled in order to reach that end, learning to pay no attention to anything else, and, if he falls, picking himself up as quickly as possible. That the destined end of man is the same today as it was ages and ages ago is evident, and leaves no room for any sort of argument. The stumbling-blocks of today are also the same as they were ages ago, while the path trodden by the sages of antiquity is the same as it ever was. Read what these old travelers have inscribed on the sign-posts along the way. They wrote it down for us and exhausted language in their descriptions of the splendor of the great goal ahead of us.

STUDENT

O Little Self

John Masfield

O LITTLE self, within whose smallness lies
 All that man was, and is, and will become,
 Atom-unseen that comprehends the skies
 And tells the tracks by which the planets roam,
 That, without moving, knows the joys of wings,
 The tiger's strength, the eagle's secrecy,
 And in the hovel can consort with kings,
 Or clothe a God with his own mystery.
 O with what darkness do we clothe thy light,
 What dusty folly gather thee for food!
 Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,
 The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good,
 O living self, O God, O Morning Star,
 Give us thy light, forgive us what we are!— *Selected*

IF

Rudyard Kipling

IF you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs, and blaming it on you;
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 And make allowance for their doubting, too;
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or being lied about, don't deal in lies;
 Or, being hated, don't give way to hating;
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
 If you can dream and not make dreams your master;
 If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;
 If you can meet with triumphs and disaster,
 And treat both these impostors just the same;
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
 And stoop, and build them up with worn-out tools;

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
 Or walk with kings,— nor lose the common touch,
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
 If all men count with you — but none too much;
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds worth of distance run,
 Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
 And, which is more, you'll be a man, my son.— *Selected*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

The New Way Quotebook

THE HUMAN SOUL

"THE personal human soul is, in its highest form, a compound of spiritual aspirations, volitions, and divine love; . . . It thus stands as a link and a medium between the animal nature which its higher reason seeks to subdue, and the divine spiritual nature to which it gravitates whenever it has the upper hand in its struggle with the inner animal."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"IN a few hundred thousand years, no doubt, a new and superior variety of the human species will have been evolved. In the meantime perhaps it may not be a mistake to cultivate a friendly feeling for the sort already in existence."—*New York Tribune*

"BEGIN with a generous heart. Think how you can serve others. Then you shall find your resources grow. Your own portion shall not be left desolate. Strength shall be shed through you. Do the utmost with what you have, and it shall go far enough."

—*O. B. Frothingham*

"I TELL you the heart and soul of compassion are of more consequence than intellectuality."

—*William Q. Judge*

"IF civilization means anything at all, it means the increasing ability of men to look through material possessions, through clothing, through differences of speech and color of skin, and to see the genuine man that abides in each of us."—*David Grayson*

"THE mental representation of an ideal self may be made the most pervasive and persistent of ideas and may thus become the dominant principle of conduct."

—*Professor G. F. Stout*

STAND continually on guard over the beginnings of things. One impatient or angry thought, for instance, if not promptly checked, may open the door for a whole train of thoughts that will drag you down from where you belong.

If each morning on rising we will remember to lift the mind out of the night mists and fill it with the glow of some strong, unselfish thought, we shall lay a strong foundation for that day's work, and, so long as such thinking is sustained, all will go well with us. And by daily practice in this, it will become easy, natural, and more and more fruitful. But if the mind is allowed to drop, everything will appear out of focus; the weaknesses of others will become exaggerated in our sight whilst our own are excused or overlooked. The mind will be clouded with worry and even our physical faculties strained and warped.

How different if the note struck on rising be made to go on sounding throughout the day! Worry and irritation cannot touch the mind and it remains free to act sanely and justly. The limitations of yesterday fall away; tomorrow will not exist and the present alone will remain as the field of peaceful and confident action. The body will become responsive and every event can be met with courage and equanimity.

KEEP persistently at work to *make over* the mind.

The highest art is the art of true living, which like all the lesser arts, can only find expression through a technique slowly built up by daily practice, perseverance, and the constant pressure of a steady will. But it is an art that is open to all.

WHATEVER weaknesses are mine now, I myself bring out of the past. Whatever I then failed to conquer, that it is which now meets me again and will continue to meet me eternally until I settle the account with it. Why should I wait, then, or compromise, now that a new opportunity arises to strike a decisive blow for freedom?

WE truly open or close our own doors of opportunity. No law can operate without agents; no Providence can move of itself. It is the states we get into that bring us exactly what is due to us. And we can all of us learn to control these states. Thus we become the masters of our own fate, the guides of our own evolution.

LACK of concentration spells weakness of will. But each and every moment of the day brings opportunities for us to cultivate concentration—which means, to throw ourselves wholeheartedly and entirely into whatever we may be doing at the moment.

"EVER in the tragic moments of life, when we feel ourselves to be poor and orphaned, the majesty of the God in us makes us feel that the wrong and sorrow of the world are but incidents in a greater drama which will end in power, glory and love."

—*S. RADHAKRISHNAN, in the Hibbert Journal*

"CAN it be true that all growth, all development, comes from the expenditure of effort in trying to overcome some defect? In this sense does all strength have its origin in weakness? And if so, should we not rather welcome suffering because only through trials that tax to us our limit can the full of our powers come to fruition? As Schopenhauer expresses it: 'He who through such considerations has realized how necessary to our salvation are sorrow and suffering—he will recognise that we should envy others not so much on account of their happiness as of their unhappiness.'"

—*Dr. W. A. White*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"Sole root of sin in thee
Is, not to know thine own divinity!"

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. XII

FEBRUARY 1923

No. 2



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

TEMPLE OF HATHOR, ABU-SIMBEL, EGYPT

Ancient Egypt seemed to want all future ages to know of her faith in the soul's divinity and immortality. So she built vast temples and pyramids that time could not touch, and filled and covered them with colossal carvings of initiate kings, with indestructible paintings on the stone symbolic of her religion, and with hieroglyphic texts from her sacred writings. She has been called the 'Land of Immortality,' and belief in immortality was a constant power in the daily life of the people.

The Hope for Humanity

(From a public address of Katherine Tingley's
delivered in 1920)

WHAT a new hope, what a new meaning all life would hold, if we could only impress upon the minds of the age that out beyond all hearing and seeing and thinking, there are infinite powers controlling human life, that they are the immutable laws of life, and that these sacred and divine laws of the great universe hold us in their keeping just as far as we permit. But we do know, when at our best, when we are most unselfish, when we forget our prejudices and our weaknesses and our troubles, that we can rise to heights of conception and confidence in the beneficence of these Universal Laws. Then we have glimpses of spiritual life, and feel the touch of the immortal symphonies.

So my message, my effort, is to bring to the public mind as much as is possible a conception of a New Order of things, a new order of living, and a new order of dying. If we look at the world in its present state, or go back through the centuries, we shall find that we have been going down the line, so to speak, of human effort, half-satisfied, shut in with limitations that are really pathetic, doubting, fearing the tomorrow, dreading death; that, as a race, we have lost our way in a very true sense; and the reason is that in the ages past those sublime truths taught by Jesus and other great spiritual Teachers have not been rightly interpreted. We have attempted to explain these divine ideas and these immutable laws of life by the brain-mind alone, when the interpretation should have come from the divine side of man — the soul. The light must be sought for in a higher state of consciousness, which can be attained by effort and by striving to reach the highest point of rectitude all along the way. I have always said that we have many, many ideals, and we need no new ones. All we need is to try to put ourselves in place, so that we can truly support those great, ancient ideals by the example of our lives.

Certainly in the last few years we have had enough nightmares to awaken us. Among us as a people there has been more questioning in the last few years, I am certain, on the subject of death, than at any other time. The air is filled with questioning as to whence we came and whither we go. It is everywhere, and that sweeping, seething power of unrest among us all is becoming too much for one to bear.

What is this mystery of death? How can it be explained? What is the meaning of life after all? Our philosophy is optimistic, and we all know we cannot have too many optimistic ideas now; it shows most clearly that the soul, in seeking its goal, moves to other conditions, and so we define death as a rebirth. The body when it ceases to be useful and is

worn out, drops away from the soul; it disintegrates and blends with the earth-forces to which it belongs. We also know that this part which dies — not the part we love — holds an association of sacredness and tenderness about it because it had enwrapped the soul of the one we loved. But the soul, we say, goes into a temporary state of rest through the gate of rebirth into another world, and there, through the essential power of its divine nature, works on a line of self-improvement — self-evolution — in a condition that belongs to that state; and then, when ready, takes up active life anew.

Surely, once this conception is grasped, there will be nothing more in death to make us fear it, this conception that it is nothing more than an essential part of the great plan of human evolution, of the soul's evolution.

Now, how are we going to change the deplorable conditions of life at the present time? What facilities have we for reconstructing the human race, and particularly for reconstructing America? How are we going about it? We know that we are bound to follow on a line of retrogression, even in our best efforts, without that knowledge which I have spoken of. One system of thought will urge one thing, another system of thought another, and there will be separation, a pandemonium of ideas and good motives without any possibility of permanent result.

We know that Brotherhood is a fact in nature; we know that all life is governed by Immutable Law, and that Deity in this great universal plan of evolution has given us the privilege of finding our real selves, finding the richer part of our nature, reaching up to those ideals we have of effort and action, of self-sacrifice and love and service for our fellows.

If we had not been separated all down the ages by false teachings, we should not have had the late war. If we had been living even approximately close to the ideals and the teachings of Jesus and others, there could not have been a war, because there would have existed a spirit of unity running through the very blood of the whole race. Unity is based on the spiritual life of man; intellectually we have separations, in our ideas and our opinions, and the world is worn out with opinions and half-efforts and mere intellectualism.

As long as we feel that our lives depend entirely on the material side of nature, we shall educate ourselves and our children and our nation on merely intellectual lines. There must be a psychological wave of the New Life, there must be established in every nation a quality of trust in the divinity of man, and a rare quality of trust in our fellow-men. We must bury our prejudices and our misconceptions and our dislikes; we must set aside our mere opinions and step out in a godlike way, as we know we can, for our very hearts tell us so. If the heart-life had been lived, there would indeed have been no war.



So, if we are to reconstruct on a basis of security for a permanent peace and a permanent confidence between the nations, we must undoubtedly take ourselves in hand. It seems to me that, in this aftermath of the war, every human being is challenged now as never before. It is as if the very powers of the universe were pressing in upon us to bring to our consciousness a realization of the menacing conditions that surround us, warning us against the possibility of another war. If we are to rise and go forth in the glow of our soul-life, we must begin to study our own individual strength and our own individual weaknesses; and as far as I can see, I cannot conceive how the world is going to reach the point of understanding the laws of life, the laws that govern human beings, until soul-wisdom, in all its simplicity and beauty, is understood. Its optimistic teachings are enough to lift the world, if we would consider them, take them home, so to speak, and make them a part of our lives.

This Side Up With Care

COMING back from the ferry last Fourth of July, I fell in with Ned Strongheart's father. He was carrying a horseshoe in rather a furtive way, and in response to my question, he told me that he meant to nail it over his door for luck, adding: "I don't see as how it can do any harm anyway, and these bad times a man's a fool if he loses a chance to grab hold of any bit of good luck that happens to be floating around."

I replied that as far as I knew, the advantage of nailing up a horseshoe was not because it had any magical properties or brought us luck that we didn't deserve, but because it suggested a few helpful thoughts. "Some people," I continued, "nail it points down, perhaps to stand for the rising sun and other excellent things; but my fancy is for nailing it up the other way to represent a cup ready to receive something poured into it."

"I get you," said the old man with a knowing grin. "The big idea is to catch the luck as it drops from the sky and be careful to keep the cup open-side up to prevent it from falling out again. A fellow needs to hold on to whatever he can get, these days."

I had to laugh at his absolutely selfish point of view and then replied that what I hoped to find in the bottom of my 'cup' was some faint reflexion from the light of my higher self to illuminate the pathway that I have to tread from day to day.

"There seem to be two of us," I went on, "not only in me but in everybody, and the lower, ordinary self which rules our lives for the most part, is simply swollen up with its chesty self-conceit like a bubble in a tub of soapsuds, or a horseshoe with the points turned down. And it's very clear to me that this

lower self lacks the wisdom and pretty often the wish to guide our lives aright. We don't know the hidden evil of our own hearts; we are ignorant of the laws of life and we're altogether too much bent on 'having a good time.' Now if we would empty our minds of our puffed-up vain conceit and listen for the still, small voice that speaks within, I truly believe that help and guidance would be poured into the 'cup' for every time of need."

But the old man shook his head. He liked to see a fellow with some manly independence who could look after his own interests by his natural 'horse-sense,' and an empty tumbler in his judgment was a helpless-looking thing anyway, just sitting with its mouth gaping open and asking to be filled.

"That's where you make a big mistake," I interrupted, "though of course I'm bound to admit that you'll never get anywhere by sitting down and waiting to be helped. But a drinking-glass is a strong thing and rings harmoniously when it is struck, and while it guards the liquor which it holds, it does not consume it, but receives only that it may give. And a man has need to be strong too and resist bad thoughts, as a glass refuses to be dented like a pewter pot. He must preserve his inner harmony amid the strife and discord all around, and he must resolutely hold up his two arms, as it were, like the points of a horseshoe to appeal for help from on high, by which of course I mean the better part of his nature which is always trying to guide him right. Your idea of independence is all very well in its way; but just consider for a moment. Here's a mother and her child crossing over Broadway, when all of a sudden the child jerks loose and starts in to show his 'manly independence.' How's that going to work out for the child I'd like to know? And I do believe that when you look at the temptations of our lower nature, and bad companions, the most of us are about as well fitted to look after ourselves as a lost child in crowded Broadway.

"It's no use talking. A man may have the world at his feet and every prize of life within his grasp, and yet there are moments when he feels an empty, aching void these things can never fill. He yearns for the companionship of his higher nature 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks' as it says in the Psalms you know. Now the horseshoe with the points up, seems to me to stand for just that appeal, that cry for help from something higher than our everyday selves, and when, like a drowning man, we stretch up our hands into the darkness, though never a word passes our lips, there's an answering clasp, a friendly grip, and then we realize that we are not wandering alone in a far-off country, but that home is close at hand, and that peace and satisfaction are in a man's heart already if he could but find them. 'Those that seek shall find,' said the Nazarene teacher, and it certainly does sound almost too easy; but a mere look around is not enough, you've got to search

high and low, and long with all your heart like a hungry man for food, and then into the empty cup will be poured everything we really need. A weak, negative man simply hasn't the power to draw down the wished for results."

When I passed the old man's house last Friday, I noticed that he had nailed the horseshoe cup-wise over his door, and I have heard from several sources that his character has developed a softer and a sweeter aspect quite unsuspected heretofore. He is also more ready to accept advice and holds his opinions a little more loosely, so perhaps that horseshoe is getting in its work.

OBSERVER

Another Chance

ONE of my earliest memories as a boy in New England is of a blizzard one Christmas Eve, and of a stranger who came to our house seeking shelter. He could not have come to a better house or at a better time: ours was not a prosperous farm, but we kept 'open house' at Christmas, and made certain sacrifices of personal comfort throughout the year in order to be able to do this.

We had one of those huge old-fashioned fireplaces in which you could get right inside and sit around the blazing logs; and many a tale do I remember, wonderful to boys' ears, of my father's early experiences, told around those cosy fires. But particularly do I remember the stranger and the story he told. He was a frail, pathetic looking man, and I saw the tears rise to his eyes when my mother insisted on taking off his wet boots and putting slippers on his feet. This was his story as a contribution to the evening's entertainment:

"This is not the first time I have been caught in a storm on Christmas Eve. I remember, when I was a boy of about fourteen, being sent into town on that day, in order to get a medicine for my mother. While I was there an unexpected and violent storm sprang up, and though I could have waited a while and gotten help quite easily, yet I seemed obsessed by the idea that I must get home at once, and so I struggled through the storm. Neither my parents nor myself could understand my feverish anxiety, as I had a deal of common sense for my age.

"Well, I was lying on a couch in front of the fire that Christmas Eve, very exhausted and a little delirious. On the table near me were some roses that had been sent my sister from a friend in the sunny south. They had been packed in an air-tight can and arrived in fairly good condition, adding quite a unique touch to our Christmas decorations. One of them seemed to be wilting rapidly, and thinking that perhaps its stem had gotten out of the water, and there being no one else in the room at the time, I sat up and reached over to put it into place, feeling very lightheaded as I did

so. But the bowl must have been quite full of water, and some of it spilled on to the table. At the same time one of the petals fell and lay floating on the little pool thus formed. I lay back and watched the pretty picture it made, thinking how like to an old Spanish galleon it was, with its high prow and stern. As I watched, it seemed to my excited brain to be growing and expanding into a real ship, and I sat up again and reached over to touch it and verify my surprise. Yes, something solid met my hand. . . . There was a confusion in my mind —

"How strange! I had been dreaming that I was lying on a couch before a blazing fire. It was a quaint dream, because here I was, dozing in the listless mid-day heat of the tropics, serving as a boy on board a Spanish ship. Quite near by was a rocky island with most precipitous sides and what seemed the cone of an old volcano in the center, while on the side within view was a broad, sloping entrance that must surely have been cut sheer through the rock, it was so precise in its shape. But how unbearably hot it was. My head seemed to be in a whirl. . . . I could not connect my thoughts —

"Ah — yes! Things were becoming clearer now. My father was shaking my arm to wake me. Of course — I lived on the island. How odd to dream that I was away off on a ship looking at the island! But indeed it was time to wake: the last few days had been days of frenzied preparation for departure. A frightful earthquake had shaken our island; the volcano in the center was again in eruption, and the immense swinging stone that closed the only possible entrance to the island had toppled over into deep water. At any moment our old enemies might come into sight; sea-rovers they were, and evil — horribly evil. They had long coveted the possession of our island, with its unscalable shores and wonderfully guarded entrance; but by keeping ceaseless watch from the mountain-top we had always been able to detect their approach. Now our only safety lay in flight.

"I was to leave in charge of the first boat, and with me went my mother and sister. I was on no account to delay on the way, but to make haste to the mainland, and from there go into the mountains. My father would follow as soon as he was able.

"It was a two days' journey to the shore, and on the way it rained continuously, until at the end of the first day we were utterly miserable and dejected. Towards the next morning we arrived at a small wooded island. Surely it would be no loss of time to land and dry ourselves and eat: our added strength would easily make up for the delay.

"We succeeded after a deal of trouble and with much smoke in making a fire, and at dawn were comfortable and preparing to leave, when in the

distance we saw boats approaching. It was our enemies — the evil ones! They had seen the smoke! Oh, how we raced and strained! But they were many and powerful, and soon our plight was hopeless. With a bursting heart I cried out: "Oh, my father; if I had only obeyed you!"

"Someone was shaking my arm. 'What is it, boy? Why are you calling out?'"

"After all, it was only a dream that I was on the island. Here I was on the ship, the island was slipping astern, and the captain was smiling down on me with amusement. I told him what I had dreamt; and as he listened, his face grew thoughtful and serious. He made no comment, but a few days afterwards called me to him and spoke again of my dream.

"He asked me what I thought I would do if I had another such chance to look after my mother and sister. Now that very thing had been troubling me greatly. I could not get rid of the awful feeling of having sacrificed my mother and sister, although I knew it was only a dream; and I had been wishing with all my heart that I could dream it again, but dream it so that I had obeyed my father and saved my mother and sister.

"This I told the captain, and he was very pleased, and said: 'If you wish you shall have another similar chance. Listen; you know that I and my family have been exiled for political reasons, and I dare not land in this our colony that we are approaching. But my wife and daughter are hidden in the mountains, under the care of a friendly Indian. Would you care to carry a message to them, and with my Indian friend conduct them to the coast? There is not one on board whom I could trust to return with the ship if I should myself secretly land. If you fail I shall not hold you to blame; if you succeed I shall cherish you hereafter as my son.'

"I was most eager to undertake the journey, and the next few days were well occupied by the captain explaining to me the country I would pass through and the people I would be likely to meet. When at length I was landed and started on my journey, I had no difficulty in carrying out instructions, except from the over-friendliness of those whom I met. It was the rainy season, and they could not understand why a boy should refuse shelter and travel on in spite of the weather.

"And indeed my plight was becoming desperate after a week had passed. I had sacrificed everything I could to speed, perhaps unnecessarily; but the memory of my dream goaded me on, and I was determined not to fail in this trust.

"It was on the chilly mountain-heights and in the teeming rain that I came to the shelter of the Indian of whom I was in search; and when I had satisfied him of my identity by certain methods intrusted me by the captain, I insisted on being at once conducted

to the captain's wife and daughter, thinking that we would surely need to travel further into the mountains.

"The Indian replied that we would go at once, but that it would first be necessary to step into a cave near by. I followed him, wondering if by chance we were to travel under ground, thinking that would be a relief, as I was very wet and bitterly cold. But there was no exit to the cave, except by the way we entered, and in it no one but a stolid-looking woman and girl, to all appearance the Indian's wife and daughter.

"But at a few words from the Indian their gravity vanished. They sprang to their feet with every sign of excitement, their disguise at once apparent; and the woman came forward and embraced me, addressing me in my own tongue:

"My poor boy, my brave boy, you bring me news of my husband? He is well! He is free! Heaven be praised! But not another word now; you shall rest and be comforted. Daughter, tend those tired feet!" And she pressed me gently to be seated, kissing me tenderly on the forehead the while.

"The sudden end to my journey, and the reaction after days of strain were too much for my weakened body: I sank back on the couch in a faint.

"What was the matter? What had happened? Why was my mother bathing my forehead with a handkerchief as moist as her eyes, and my sister drying my feet? Oh, had I tipped the bowl over, and had the water run from the table on to my feet as I lay in a faint? Yes, certainly I would lie back and rest. I wasn't at all sure who I was or where I would wake up and find myself next, and it was not until next day that I told of my dreams within a dream, and we all enjoyed a good laugh over them."

— And that was the end of the stranger's story. I remember my boyish disappointment and my questions as to the captain's wife and daughter. 'What happened to them? Did they get safely on to the ship?'

The stranger replied: "Ah, boy; that was my feeling about it at the time. But in later years I came to bless the memory of it for its lesson of 'another chance' — another chance to repair injuries to others that seemed to be beyond repair, to make good, to try again. But you don't have to trouble your little head about that now. Suppose I make up an end to the story."

And he did so, to my great delight, filling it with breathless adventures, and finishing up by marrying himself to the captain's daughter. But of course it would serve no purpose to tell that part of the story; anyone can make up an end to suit himself. And also, now that I myself am older I see so much to ponder over in the stranger's story that the mere adventure of it seems unimportant. —E. D.

A New Use for Old Duties

I WAS trying to write. In another room someone was playing something on the piano; in another a baby was crying. And as I tried to write I was conscious of hearing sometimes the music and not the baby, and then again the baby and not the music. Then I would 'come to,' forget them both, and follow the train of ideas I was trying to write down.

I thought: there's that girl at the piano, obviously entirely lost in her playing, doing her best work and building herself into a fine pianist. And the nurse trying to comfort the crying baby, she probably hardly notices the piano, and is thinking only of her duty to the little one she has in charge.

And here are you, I said to myself, pretending to write. Why don't you close your mind to everything else and *think*. That's *your* present business. Time enough to listen to the piano when you come to play it yourself; time enough to 'mind the baby' when you've got to take care of it.

Efficiency — that's a great word today. We become more efficient in *everything* by becoming more efficient in *anything*. And efficiency comes from concentration. *Ergo*, why shouldn't we learn to practise full concentration on everything we have to do from hour to hour, making everything yield us something? That's what the days are for; that's what duties are for; that's what life is for — to yield us something we can use in character-building. Same old duties day after day? The point is, that one need not do them in the same old way! Put the mind on them and try to do them better day after day. At once, we feel something inside us that is approving and co-operating and helping concentration. If we aim for that sense of inner approval and co-operation all day, in all we do (including relaxation), we have the path to self-knowledge, to knowledge of that part of us that does not change (except to get more and more light) or die.

You feel different from day to day, even in different parts of the same day. This inner self is unchanged all along. It is you. That which changes is only the feeling and color and quality of *thoughts*, all conditioned by the body and by outer events. Get behind them to find yourself! The string on which beads are strung does not change just because it passes through black beads and white beads and beads of every other color. It might think it did and feel depressed when it was among the grays and blacks, feeling *itself* to have become gray or black.

Let us refuse to let life tyrannize over us, doing our duty better and better by all that it contains of duties, getting more and more brotherhood of feeling towards companions and associates — fellow-threads passing through *their* 'beads' from day to day. And so, through duties better and better done, through cheer-

fulness and hope maintained always, and through kindly thought and deed, we shall in no long time reach our true selves, recognise ourselves as souls everlasting, gods, if you will, and so enter consciously upon *real* life, no longer the victims of the 'beads.'

A 'THREAD'

Romulus' Hint (for daily use)

"ROMULUS, what do you suppose is the matter with me, that I can't get these roses to grow? Here I've been studying up on roses for these two years past, and reading everything I could lay my hands on. I've gone into the subject in the most scientific way and given these bushes the best of treatment. Yet I can't make the consarned things grow right! . . . Why, any ignorant old washerwoman will take a rose-cutting, stick it in the ground of her back yard, throw her dish-water over it once in a while maybe, and pretty soon she has a fine young bush. She will proceed to hack its branches off, by and by, without any notion of scientific pruning; she seldom or never digs around it nor give it any fertilizer; yet that rose-bush will give her loads of blooms, year after year, and will last half a lifetime.

"Now, just look at mine here! I declare it fairly makes me sick! What do you reckon is wrong with me, anyway?"

"Ah dunno, Mars Lewis, unless it's becaze de ol' wimmen dey jes' natchelly *lubs* dey posies an' you only wants somethin' to be proud ob, maybe.

"Dar's Mis' Charlotte now, down by de crick; why, she doan know nuthin' 'bout real gyardenin' nohow, lak me an' yo' does, but she sho' do raise some mighty scrumptuous roses: de fines' in dese yere pahts, sho' nuff. Mis' Charlotte, housomevah, jes' dotes on dem posies ob hern lak dey was livin' things. Why, I's seed her git up in de middle ob de night ter kivver up sumpin' she done forgot, fo' feah de fros' 'ud kill it. Dey's jes' lak little-chilluns to Mis' Charlotte, dey is.

"Den dey's ma wife Daisy. Dey ain't nothin' signatific 'bout her, no sah — 'ceptin' believin' in signs an' omens, and chalms and sich, she not needin' no book-larnin' for which. Yo ain't nevah seed ma Daisy's flowah-gyarden, is yo', Mars Lewis? Dis yere neighborhood ain't got none lak it, sah: sich giraniums an' hollyhocks an' 'sturtiums! An' as fer roses an' jessamines an' oleandahs. . . . (Course I does de heavy wuk; but Daisy she's de boss-ob her gyarden, same as she ib ob de house.) I suspec's de flowahs feels sumpin' ev'y time Daisy go by an' dey jes' wants ter grow an' grow. It 'mos' pears lak dey bow dey haid's an' try ter kiss her on de cheek as she come erlong de path. An' when she's at de wash-tub or doin' de dishes, she ain't fergittin' de gyardin'

nuther, tho' she sure do make dem dishes shine lak she lubbed 'em.

"It's jes lak raisin' chilluns, Mars Lewis. Ef yo' lubs 'em, yo' natchelly does yo' bes' ter tek kyare ob 'em, 'cordin' to de sense de Lawd done gib yo'. But ef you sets up ter raise yo' chilluns outen a book, lak Mars Sam an' Mis' Do'thy done, dey's sho' troubles awaitin' fer to fling yo' flat. Yassah!"

"I reckon it's not altogether the fault of the books, Rom. The trouble begins when we let our heads get the best of our hearts. Come to think of it, I never *have* had the feeling for these rose-bushes that I have, say, for my auto or my turning-lathe—although I was interested and wanted to have fine flowers."

"Dere yo' is, Mars Lewis: yo' wants de fine flowahs but yo' fergits wha de flowahs is got to come from."

"I see the point, Romulus; thank you. The reason men fail, then, must often be that they don't put LIFE into what they are trying to do.

"Have you ever heard the famous story of the sculptor who, while carving the statue of a beautiful woman, put so much of his life into his work that when it was finished, lo and behold! the cold marble had changed to flesh and blood, and the statue stepped down off its pedestal a living, breathing, human creature? Maybe there is more in it than a mere pretty story. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy — *whole self*,' aye? *As if you loved it, even if you don't and can't.*

"Anyway, you just watch these roses of mine in about six months!"

A GARDENER

Radio

By Archibald Rutledge, in *Scribner's Magazine*

OH NOT a word and not a thought
In the wide world shall come to naught;
No little love with sails of white
Shall vanish homeless in the night.

This wind that moves with fluting song
My plumed and purple pines among,
Shall wave dim palms in tropic nights,
Shall storm the white Himalayas' heights.

And every dream I mourn as dead
Or lost, is lyrically fled
Out of my heart into another's,—
While I have taken home my brother's.

At length shall break on Hatteras
The wave that Breton sailors pass
Blue-rolling westward, or shall run
To thunder on the dreadful Horn.

The tingling air is thrilled with spirit;
The universe I can inherit;
Mysteriously great and near,
Creation's throbbing heart I hear.

Of those elusions, farewells, flights,
That dim my days and haunt my nights,—
In all the lonely strength of wings,
Some heart shall make recoverings.

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League—no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

The New Way Quotebook

"DUTY is that which is *due* to Humanity, to our fellow-men, neighbors, family, and especially that which we owe to all those who are poorer and more helpless than we are ourselves." And a man's duty to himself is, "To control and conquer, *through the Higher, the lower self*; to purify himself inwardly and morally; to fear no one, and nought, save the tribunal of his own conscience."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"It will all depend upon self-mastery. The self below will continually drag down the man who is not self-conquered. This is because that lower one is so near the thick darkness that hangs about the lower rungs of evolution's ladder that it is partly devil. Like a heavy weight, it will drag into the depths the one who does not try to conquer himself. But on its other side the self is near to Divinity, and when conquered it becomes the friend and helper of the conqueror."—*W. Q. Judge*

"ONE should let every dawn be the beginning of a new life, and every sunset the close, and live these lives in terms of kindness and concern for the welfare of his fellow-men."—*Katherine Tingley*

"THERE is in every intelligent human being a Capability which is equal to every contingency, event and exigency; and will prove itself so if trusted in exercise. It is the divine Soul."—*F. P.*

"SEEK for truth: it is discoverable, because it is within you: it is within you, because the deepest, the universal part of you, is divine, a ray of that light which is God, the Universal Spirit, 'that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'"

—*Kenneth Morris*

"IF, in grief and pain, we cannot find the support of the soul, it is because, in times of good fortune and pleasure, we let ourselves be absorbed and forgot that we need the soul in the one as much as in the other condition."

"My mind is rambling along innocently enough from thought to thought; why should I trouble to control it or interfere with it at all? Because it may at any moment strike a trail that will lead you straight upon a hornets' nest!"

"THE steps of the ladder to the Light are steps of increasing friendliness and compassion for all men. Why not mount them? Why step off this ladder by moments of harsh and unfriendly and critical thought of others?"

"GIVE the best of mind and thought, and God unexpressed will dawn upon thee."

"STEADY your thoughts which have been running hither and thither, playing hide-and-go-seek with your best possibilities; sit in silence and find that 'unexpressed' which words can never bring forth. Truth will dawn upon you and you shall unburden yourselves and throw aside all misgivings, all doubts, all hesitancy, and never again shall you falter in the pursuit of truth. You will seek it because it is your heritage, because it is your life, it is the panacea of all your woes; you will seek it because you can wait no longer."—*Katherine Tingley*

"If a man could — and he can if he will — find that center of life in his heart which is the real source of his life on all its planes, he would find also the center of fellow-feeling with all his fellow-beings. That fellow-feeling, therefore, well cultivated, is the way to the understanding of and joy in real life and to conscious immortality."

"OUR little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys
With the more noble instinct that aspires."

"THERE'S a part o' God's creation very handy t' yer view,
All the truth o' life is in it, an' remember, Bill, it's
you."

An' after all yer science ye must look up in yer mind
An' learn its own astronomy, the star o' peace t' find."

—*JED FEARY, in Eben Holden*

"WE habitually underestimate the importance of self-discipline in small things. But it is only the strength gathered in these small efforts that can insure our victory over the great and sudden temptations."

"THE physical glow that follows vigorous exercise of the body can be duplicated in any one of the other parts of our make-up. We can have the glow of spiritual fire, the glow of mental activity, the life-giving glow of brotherly feeling in the heart, simply by exercising with a will the corresponding part of our being. We need not live in one room only of our many-chambered house."

"A high ideal consistently and faithfully pursued may be like the carrot tied in front of the horse's nose: it may never be quite got to, but it does bring about constant progress."

"WE fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll *not* fail."

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"From every chain thy self hath forged for thee
Thy Self can set thee free."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY
(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California

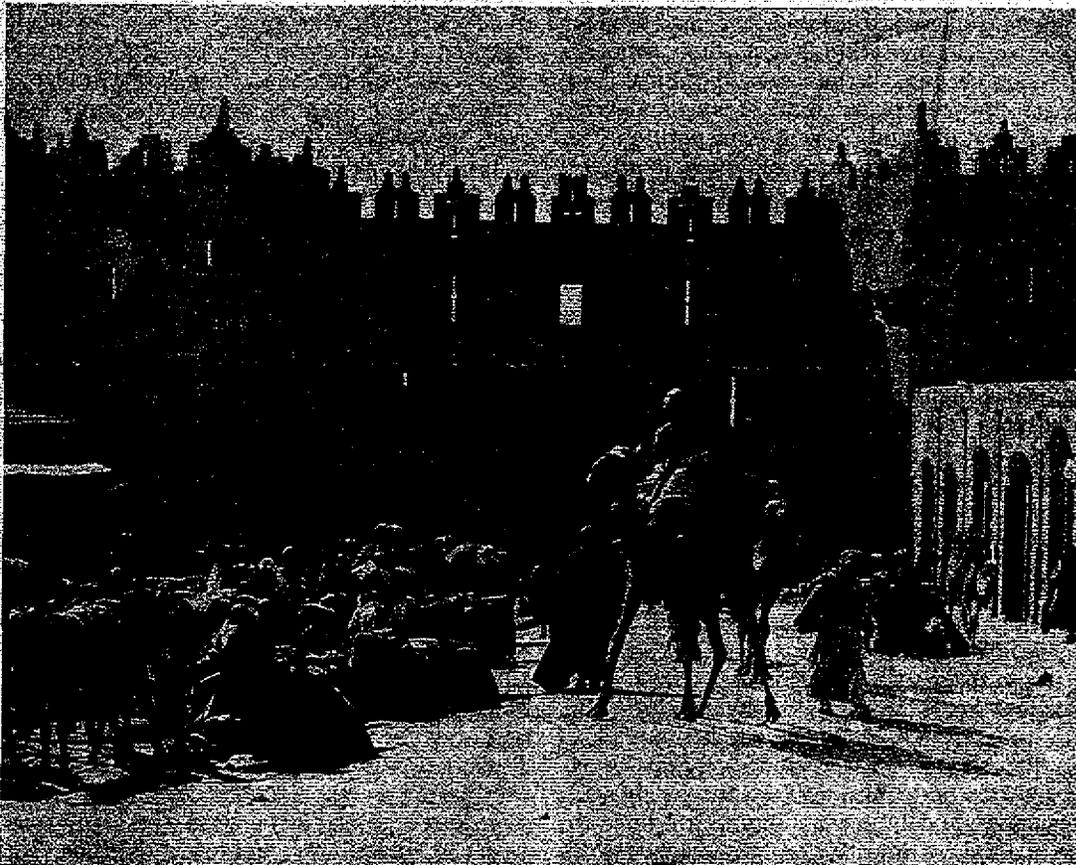
EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. XII

MARCH 1923

No. 3



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THE DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM

Just outside this gate is the skull-shaped rock believed to be Calvary or Golgotha, 'place of the skull,' literally.

The Solution of the Vital Problems of Today

From an address by Katherine Tingley in 1919

IN looking at the problems confronting human life today can we not see that the great need is what I would call spiritual courage, a quality which marks

one who has realized that he is essentially divine, which endows him with a measure of knowledge that can come to him only through his inner nature, which at that moment makes him conscious that he is something more than he seems, part of the universal scheme of life, and in harmony with the wonderful forces

of nature? In spite of his having made mistakes, in spite of having faltered, of having done injustice to others — once he realizes that he and every man inherits the power to be his own savior and can make his life an expression of divine law, that very fact will bring to him this superb courage. If all those who are looked to as leaders in the various nations possessed this pulsating and inspiring quality, a way would open by which the present threatening problems in Europe and in the whole world might be solved. There would come into the minds of those who are seeking the solution an inner light, an inner knowledge, and an inner and a higher understanding of Brotherhood. The force would be so great that it would not only touch the hearts and minds of those who are participating and helping in this great effort, but it would go out through the world, wherever there is unrest, suffering, discouragement and despair; it would touch the most indifferent, those who are but half living because of the seeds they have sown in the past; it would reach to all nations and bring a breath of new life and hope and inspiration, not only to them but to those who shall follow after.

We need the courage of our convictions, but how can we have this in the highest sense unless our convictions are founded on the granite rock of knowledge — self-knowledge — unless we know ourselves? The ancient injunction, "Man Know Thyself," has a greater urgency today than it had yesterday, because there is a greater demand upon each of us and upon the whole human race.

The darkness and ignorance in regard to spiritual things have been largely the result of following the letter of the law rather than the spirit; due also largely to the fact that the early Fathers had not reached a point of inner knowledge, had not sufficiently advanced spiritually to have the inner, higher Light of the Soul, and to know that there were two sides to the teachings which they were passing on to future generations; that the teaching which was given by the Nazarene to the multitudes was different, and was intended to be different, from that which he gave to those who, in seeking to follow the Path, had reached a point of spiritual discernment. All this was shown clearly by St. Paul, truly one of the most advanced exponents of the teachings, and I am very sure that I have the majority of thinkers with me on this point. In his letter to the Corinthians he wrote that he could not approach them as he wished, for they were not in a state of spiritual discernment, he had to meet them as living yet in a carnal condition, saying, "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able. For ye are yet carnal. . . ."

If humanity had today the quality of courage of which I spoke, if the human mind would but claim its birthright of spiritual knowledge, we should have a different system of education, a different race;

we should be nearer to a state of true Brotherhood, instead of being, as we are, near to insanity in the present condition of the world's affairs. For, as I have often said, unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age; we have but to look about us to see that this is so.

Brotherhood is a Fact in Nature — we cannot get away from it. It is only in our outer lives, due to the systems of education which have been followed so long, teaching self-serving, and self-aggrandisement — which are the aims of so many — that it seems not to be so, that Brotherhood appears not to exist as a fact. True, there are many splendid souls in the world, but how many really have the courage of their convictions? They work out their best endeavors from the brain-mind only; they have not the splendid impersonal courage and spiritual virility that are needed. They try, and hope, and have a certain quality of faith; they pray; but they are hemmed in, imprisoned as it were, by the limitations of their mental and spiritual life; they do not realize that the kingdom of heaven is within and must be found here on earth.

These thoughts are simply and crudely expressed, but my endeavor is simply to start new currents of thought and to awaken you to the realization that there is a wonderful latent power in every man, imperfect as he is, and discouraged and possibly hopeless as some are. There is in every human being a great surging power of the Divine. It is the urge of the soul that gives courage to speak out to the world in all simple acts of self-forgetfulness. But there are so few who recognise it; we have so little real companionship with the soul in life because of the ignorance of the age respecting the realities of existence — the result of the imperfect preparation of those who professed to be working for the benefit of human kind. And because of the obscurations of the deeper truths which have grown out of the mistakes of the early Fathers when the Christian Church was being established, humanity has lost its way and instead of turning to the Light within, it is all the time seeking for some revelation from without. This Divine Inner Self of every man has no form, but is, as it were, an Illumination to the one who seeks it; it is the Helper, the Warrior-Companion who never deserts one; never alone can one possibly be when working in consonance with the Higher Law; and when the time comes that the Light illumines the soul — Oh, the Victory! The triumph of one soul finding the Light, following the Way, taking an optimistic view of life, understanding that all life is under the governance of Immutable Justice, that the harvest will surely follow the seed that is sown in trust; and that "as ye sow, so shall ye also reap."

Accepting these few ideas — fugitive ideas, one might almost call them, — one no longer walks with crutches, hesitatingly and falteringly, no longer temporizes with the higher and lower natures, no longer



plays the part of the saint one day and crucifies the inner Christos on another day; but one follows the straight path, with a courage born of conviction, based on the knowledge of these superb truths which are within the reach of everyone.

Not until he seeks the Light within and finds the Higher Self, the Divinity within, and learns to love life because it is so sacred and because it possesses sacred moments and grand opportunities all along the way, can man come into his own. Realizing that there is no Chance in life, but that it is governed by Immutable Law, that if he is to work on the lines of least resistance he must find himself a part of the great Universal Life, that he must accentuate the spirit of Brotherhood in every act of his life — not in the large things alone, but in the smallest duties — thenceforth shall he carry with him a realization of the dear companionship that such knowledge brings.

The companionship of the Higher Self is no visionary idea, it is vitally real. Once you find it, as I have often said, never again can you lose it. It fills one's whole being; it changes the very atoms of one's physical body; and if you have as much faith in these things as I have, you will find yourself a new being, with new life, new hopes, and a new optimism. Remember that as you go on, every time you think high thoughts and every time you accentuate them in noble deeds, greater things are happening to you. And you will not seek these things in the spirit of self-serving; or for power, or to build up yourself in the minds of men; but you will come, all of you, like little children to the feet of the Master — the Divine Truth, the Central Light — sitting at the feet of the Truth in order that you may know the Self and find the Child-Life, the Christos Spirit.

Tuning In

HE didn't warm up to the subject of the radio in the way one might have expected; certainly not in the way some of us did. Still, on the other hand, he was far from being indifferent. He said it would be great to 'listen in' to grand, and even light operas, and to concerts, first class orchestras, individual artists and pipe-organ recitals, in particular, but that the kind of stuff most fellows would 'listen in' to was no good to anybody. Consequently he didn't agree with Sidewinder Bill, who said that every fellow ought to be provided with a little receiving set of his own. Sidewinder retorted that this 'first class' stuff of Bunkie's was highbrow, while Bunkie assured him he'd soon modify his opinion if he had the chance to try it out alongside of a steady spell of jazz and that kind of stuff.

Now Bunkie was a fellow who, quite unconsciously to himself, was in possession of what one might call

a fund of natural wisdom. He was a fellow who seemed forever striving to adjust himself to fit in with what he himself, within, *felt* to be true. Unlettered, yet in a way educated, he was a bit out of the ordinary. He was more like the Spanish peasant, a type little known outside of his own native land. I don't know where else one would go in order to find many more like him.

But it was in connexion with the radio, and his reflections upon this that I wished to say a few words. I tried to get out of this task by persuading him to write himself, but it was no go. It was about that vital process of tuning in that his remarks seemed worth recording. Tuning in, he said, *with the mind*, was the most important thing for good or ill that we did. He said that, taken as a whole, a man was both a receiving and a broadcasting station — "if he only knew it!" He frequently used to get this in. He said a man did his tuning in for the day when he first opened his eyes of a morning — that his very first thoughts did this, more than at any other time. It was like striking the key-note for the day.

Getting up in the morning was something of a ritual with Bunkie. He was cheerful enough; but while everyone else seemed to have something to say, he was like one deaf and dumb; you couldn't get a word out of him. I never suspected what might have been going on in that head of his until after the affair of the radio and this matter of tuning in came up. His theory was, that there were different layers of thought and feeling — different planes or states of consciousness — that a fellow might tap, as it were, or be in tune with, according to what mood he was in. These fields of thought and feeling he likened to immense reservoirs, with which a man might connect up at will. He explained that everyone had, within himself, all the connexions to these, and that he tuned in to one or another of them, according to his mood. He said the trick was to control the moods: to do this deliberately, positively, by kicking out of his mind the thoughts he didn't want; or, what was easier, to call up a thought of another and opposite character to put in its place, whenever necessary. He said there were thoughts that hindered, as well as thoughts that helped, and that it was entirely a matter of rejecting the one and inviting the other, a sort of mental discipline, yet awfully simple.

Among a host of reasons he had as to why a fellow should more deliberately rule his moods was the idea that a man owed a duty to the better, as well as to the worse part of himself; that in most cases it was only through carelessness or indifference that a fellow failed to give his Real Self anything like the chance it was entitled to.

He said he had thought a lot about the radio, and that the more he thought about it the more he was convinced that every man was a walking and breathing broadcasting-and-receiving station complete in him-

self. After having once realized this, the next thing to do was to learn to make some use of his outfit; his receiving set in particular. He had a notion that a man's brain was a far more complicated and sensitive instrument than any receiving set yet invented. The broadcasting part of it he explained as being more or less automatic, and to be going on all the time, as long as a man was awake, but that the tuning in process had to be learned, that it was one requiring careful, conscious adjustment and regulation, and that that was where the necessity for some sort of mental discipline came in.

He illustrated the main difficulty in this way: We'll say that station ABC makes a specialty of vaudeville and jazz, while station DEF is devoted to the news of the day — murders, hangings, suicides, fires, wrecks, and politics; and that GHI station is given to broadcasting talks on art, literature, and philosophy; that JKL is more concerned with new discoveries in medicine, inventions, polar explorations; what they are finding among the ruins in Egypt and in the Gobi Desert and that sort of thing; while another, say MNO, is set apart for broadcasting pipe-organ and other music, including grand opera, and what Sidewinder calls 'highbrow.' Now, it's taken for granted that you can't be in touch with all these stations at one and the same time. If vaudeville and jazz is what you want, you tune in to ABC; if murders, suicides, wrecks, and politics is what you're interested in, you must look to DEF. But supposing you have decided that the programs from ABC and DEF are no good to you, that you are fed up on that and will have no more, you will tune in for the programs that you find *are* helpful.

But now suppose that there was something the matter with the tuning coil of your receiving set, so that it wouldn't stay where you wanted it, but that it kept putting you in touch with first one and then the other of these stations every half minute of the time, with a tendency to slip back to jazz all the time. You can easily imagine the result. You would have a snatch of vaudeville mixed with a detail of some murder, or something of the kind, just as you were getting interested in some wonderful new discovery, or while you were listening to some beautiful music. You would not hesitate to call this unsatisfactory, to say the least. Yet that is just what happens right along with a man's mind. It wanders about, like your defective receiving set, and you think nothing of it: you are perfectly used to it, so you let it go on year in and year out. And when you come to die you see that you might almost as well never have lived, for all the real progress you made.

The pursuit of happiness has been held up as an inalienable right, and so it is; yet few know how to go about finding it. Money doesn't accomplish it. Criticizing everybody and excusing one's self doesn't do it. Nor does it depend upon what you wear or

what you eat; nor altogether upon what you see or what you hear. But it does depend upon what you think and how you feel. It depends upon raising one's self in thought, by tuning in to where the things that contribute to happiness are. It can be done.

REPORTER

The Great Search, and How

“SEEK ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all these things shall be added unto you.”
“Greater things than these shall ye do.”

I've always wished that I could hear some illuminating preachment about these two texts. I used to think them over when I was a boy and wondered how you were going to work to “seek the Kingdom of Heaven.” From what we used to hear on Sundays it seemed that seeking the kingdom of Heaven was done by trying to be a good boy. But though I did try — by spells — I never could notice that anything striking was ‘added’ to me. And being a good boy and doing good-boy things somehow never seemed like any kind of *seeking*. How, then, was the seeking to be set about?

Well, at other times the main idea impressed upon us was that we were to try all we could to improve our minds, study well, and read the necessary books. I could see that that led to *knowing* a lot of things, but I could not see that this either was exactly “seeking the Kingdom of Heaven.” And another difficulty was that Heaven was spoken of as a place you got to after you were dead, so how could you find it while you were alive?

I did not get any light on my difficulties and finally dropped them, just continued to try — by spells — to be a good boy, and ‘improved my mind’ as far as was necessary to keep out of trouble with the headmaster.

Later on, after leaving school, I got to reading science, forgot all about the Kingdom of Heaven, and learned that man was only an animal of a higher sort, more mind, but nothing that the animals didn't have in lesser degree. In other words I went through the phase usually called materialism.

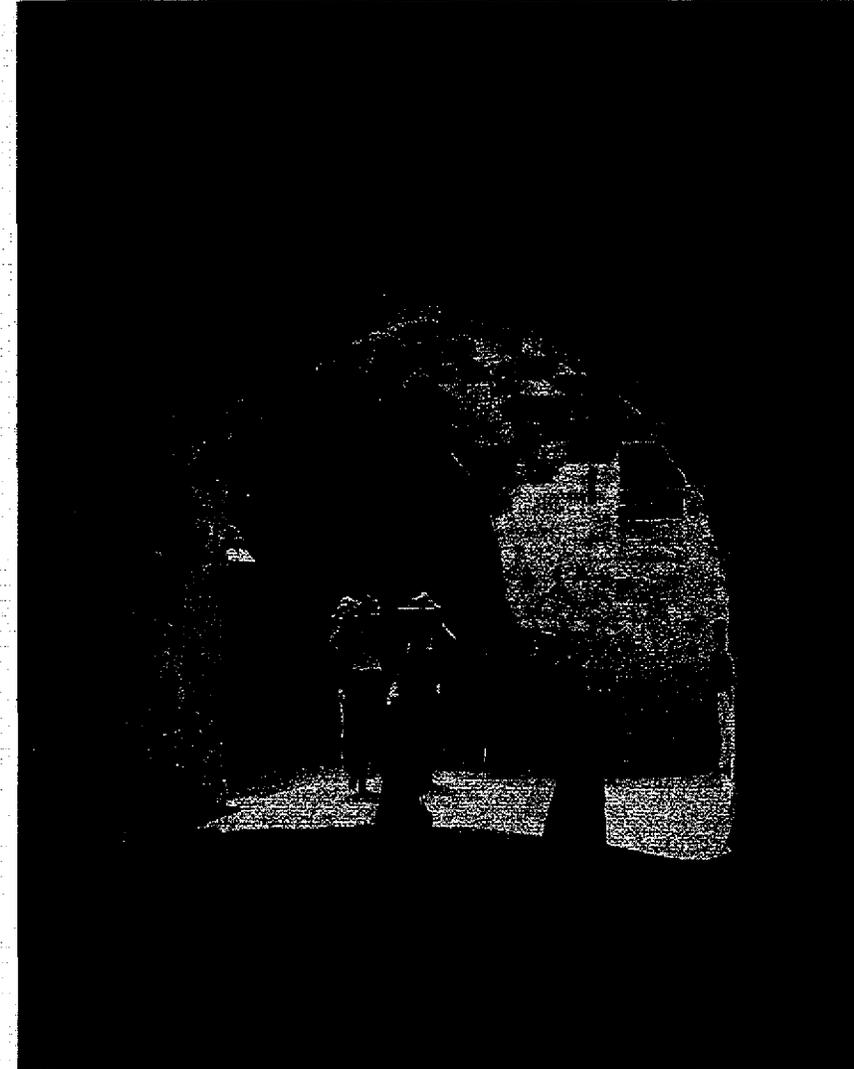
But it wasn't materialism, either. I never thought that mind was matter. Whatever matter was, mind was *conscious*; it was consciousness — at work in the way called thinking. It couldn't be matter, and it spent part of its time in thinking of *what matter is*. I could see, of course, that the animals had mind — that is, working consciousness; though their consciousness could not do as good work of this sort as man's. Even the insects and worms had mind, only still less, and also the little creatures in the dirty water of the puddles that I watched through my microscope. I could not see why the little specks of earth and stone

should not have their little speck of consciousness too, though it would hardly work as mind — in fact *everything* conscious in degree. It was all one scale of evolving consciousness, from the earth-speck up to man.

getting up and hilariously chasing a bee that he never caught. "I wish I could feel like he does," I said to myself. And then my old mother came down, as serene and sweet as ever, with her white cap and rippled hair. But there was my surly mood and my ugly thoughts to correspond with it.

Suddenly I thought, "Why, you fool, you can *see* your own mood and your own thoughts, and you can see the mood you'd *like* to have instead — yes, and have it too, if you'd put your will on to the job. Can an animal do *that*, see and appreciate and criticize his own mood and think of some other mood he'd rather have and then go to work with his will and *have* it? Imagine what isn't there in him and then create it? Can he stand back and look at his thoughts and alter them to suit himself, and think of what he chooses to select to think about, and have his thoughts any which way he wants? Can he speculate about what he himself is? Why, that's a set of powers that a dog hasn't any beginning of, even. Man's all that an animal is *plus* a something that can see and appreciate what he is and boss it and run it to suit himself to correspond with his imagining of what he would like to be. My mind, my feelings: well, what am *I* that has them? They may run me most of the time but I don't have to let them.

After that, somehow, "seeking the Kingdom of Heaven" seemed to have some meaning. Anyway it was clear that to seek *yourself*, or find yourself as you are *behind* the moods and thoughts was the first



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STREET CORNER IN JERUSALEM NEAR THE DAMASCUS GATE

Showing how the houses are connected by overhead arches. No wheeled traffic is allowed within the city, but the foot-passenger must pick his way amongst camels and donkeys, whose loads not infrequently jam the street from wall to wall.

Was there really no *radical* difference, I thought, between man and animal, nothing in man that animals had *none* of — at any rate none in an active state?

I came down to breakfast one day feeling (as I said to myself) as surly as a dog, wanted to kick everybody and everything. "As surly as a dog": — well, I looked out of the window and there was my dog rolling delightedly in the damp grass and giving a bark now and then just for the joy of it, and then

step. To keep feeling yourself as *two* — namely the mind and moods and personality in general, mostly a thing of tendencies and impulses that one isn't always entitled to be proud of! *And* the real man behind, with ideals of what he ought to be, and mostly unused powers of controlling and altering in every fiber that personal make-up that he has hitherto regarded as himself. There's the two: soul and mind, god (if he chooses to assert himself) and demon (if he

lets the other wholly run him its own way); heaven (if he will) and hell (if he lets himself be run down into the depths).

Well, that, I guessed was the way to live — by will and self-choice; and whatever was 'added' to me would come along in its own time along with the 'greater things' — whatever they might be.

And then I heard my old mother say in her old sweet voice, "Good morning, Tom, boy."

By the living Jingo! I had thought all those things between her opening the breakfast-room door and coming forward to the table! The surly demon was all gone, tail and hoofs and wings, and I felt as if I had had the biggest moment of my life and the biggest time. For, mind you, there was a sort of light suddenly come all over me and into me and through me that I can't describe and isn't in what I've written nor could be. And yet for that moment it was as if I'd heard a great secret beyond any wording.

CONFESSIO MEDICI

Mind the Feathers!

PETE, who usually delivers the bread, invariably delivers a good deal of conversation at the same time; but today he handed in the loaf with little more than a polite "good morning." I called at the bakery on my way home from the office to settle our monthly account, for I hate to keep a man waiting for his money when I have it by me. Pete was on duty and having receipted the document in due form, he broke out somewhat as follows:

"I saw a queer motto in Ned Hardwick's place yesterday: 'The soul is silenced while the tongue wags.' How's that for a motto? I know it set me thinking pretty hard. It seems that there's something inside of us that gets paralyzed when another something inside is pouring out a running stream of random, careless talk. It almost looks as though the brain and the tongue worked away all on their own sometimes with nothing to start 'em or stop 'em, something like a faucet that's out of repair that sizzles and gurgles the round of the clock. And I reckon that whenever a fellow buzzes without using his judgment, some of it is dead sure to hit somebody on a sore spot and get them all riled up, and then misunderstandings are liable to crop up and everything goes criss-cross and all because of a wagging tongue.

"Now here's something I've noticed: I don't mind the noise of carpenters at work, or the rumble of a cart, or the grinding of a mill, because I know that you can't get your work done without making a noise. But did you ever hear a door in an empty house keep banging back and forth on a windy day? I call that just awful. The other noises that we hear are made by people with a definite purpose in their minds as

to what they want to do; but that dreadful door always puts me in mind of a lunatic at play because there is no intelligence to guide it, and sooner or later it bangs itself all to pieces. In the same way I believe that if people let their minds wag their tongues without holding the reins, the mind, unguided by reason, bangs itself all to pieces, to say nothing of the harm that loose, unconsidered jabber does to the neighbors.

"Mind you, I'm a great believer in real, good conversation, and when a man has something worth saying, why let him turn it loose on the public; but it's the wagging tongue that goes flip-flap all the time for no good reason at all that gets on my nerves. And then what it says about the soul getting silenced while the tongue's a-wagging. That's something that would almost spoil a fellow's sleep if he thought about it too much I reckon. There's something deep down in every man's heart that wants to guide his life for good and yet is held back from helping him simply because that idiotic brain is spilling over with the poorest kind of tittle-tattle for the wagging tongue to scatter all over the country.

"The soul in a man, as I take it, is that deeper part of him that is there all the time; but which he pays very little attention to. Emerson said that it was like a god lying hidden in a hollow tree; and it's more than *hidden* in the most of us, it seems to me; it's *bound hand and foot* and can't help us unless we give it a chance by putting a padlock on that wagging tongue and paying some attention to an inside presence that can't make itself known to us except in the silence. What a strange idea it is that the soul, so wise and strong, is in prison and quite helpless to do anything for us unless we give it leave!

"I remember that my old mother used to say; think three times before you speak once, and I reckon it's a pretty good rule too. She sent me off in a hurry to buy a chicken one day when Uncle Jake turned up unexpectedly and I started to pluck it as I went along home. 'Now Aleck,' says mother when she saw me, 'suppose you go back and pick up all those feathers you dropped on the way.' I was scared pretty well stiff I can tell you, and I said: 'why mother, they're flying all over the States by this time.' 'Ah,' says she, looking wise, 'that's like the spoken word; so long as it's in your mind, it's under your control; but once it's uttered, there's no knowing where it may light, or what harm it may do.'

"Well, I guess you'll think my tongue's a-wagging all right; but I tell you that the motto gave me a body blow that sobered me up quite a bit. And I'll have to let up on this everlasting gabble, from this time forth and for ever." LISTENER

"LEARN benevolence — it is the only cure to a morbid nature." — LYTTON, *Godolphin*

En Paz

Amado Nerva

MUY cerca de mi ocaso, yo te bendigo, vida,
Porque nunca me diste ni esperanza fallida,
Ni trabajos injustos, ni pena inmerecida;

Porque yo veo al final de mi rudo camino
Que yo fui el arquitecto de mi propio destino;
Que si extraje la miel o la hiel de las cosas,
Fué porque en ellas puse hiel o mieles sabrosas;
Cuando planté rosales coseché siempre rosas.

Cierto, a mis lozanías va a seguir el invierno,
Mas tú no me dijiste que mayo fuese eterno!

Hallé, sin duda, largas las noches de mis penas,
Mas no me prometiste tú sólo noches buenas,
Y en cambio tuve alguna santamente serena . . .
Amé, fui amado, el sol acarició mi faz.
¡Vida, nada me debes! ¡Vida, estamos en paz!

(Translation)

In Peace

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AS I draw near the sunset of my day,
Life, I bless thee!
For never gavest thou me a barren hope,
Nor unjust hardships, nor pain unmerited;
Because I see,
Here at the end of my rough road,
That I was the builder of my own fate:
That the honey or the gall I drew from things
Was the gall or the honey I put into them;
For whenever I planted rose-trees, I picked only roses.
. . . True, it is
That on my prime is following the winter;
But thou, Life, ne'er taughtst me May were eternal!
I found, indeed, long the nights of my sorrows,
But thou didst not promise to give none but good ones,
And some there were, too, of most holy serenity. . .
I loved and was loved, the sun caressed my face.
Life, thou owest me nothing!
Life, thou and I are quits!

Don't Take Your Troubles to Bed

Edmond Vance Cook

YOU may labor your fill, friend of mine, if you will;
You may worry a bit if you must;
You may treat your affairs as a series of cares,
You may live on a scrap and a crust;
But when the day's done, put it out of your head;
Don't take your troubles to bed.

You may batter your way through the thick of the fray;

You may sweat, you may swear, you may grunt;

You may be a jack-fool if you must, but this rule

Should ever be kept at the front:

Don't fight with your pillow, but lay down your head

And kick every worriment out of the bed.

— Condensed from *Bindery Talk*

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And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."
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You may worry a bit if you must;
You may treat your affairs as a series of cares,
You may live on a scrap and a crust;
But when the day's done, put it out of your head;
Don't take your troubles to bed.

You may batter your way through the thick of the fray;
You may sweat, you may swear, you may grunt;
You may be a jack-fool if you must, but this rule
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Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"Thou art the jailor and the jailed,
The soul and the soul's enemy."

1136
Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY
(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California

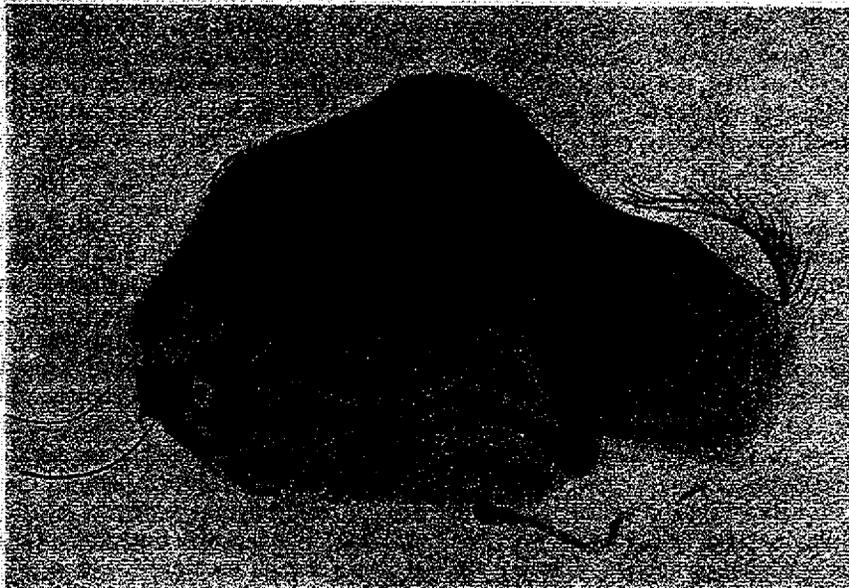
EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. XII

APRIL 1923

No. 4



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

PALAEOLITHIC CAVE-PAINTING OF A CHARGING BISON FROM THE ALTAMIRA CAVE NEAR SANTANDER, SPAIN

We don't know how many hundred thousand years ago the man that drew that picture lived, but if he incarnated again today and studied in the modern schools he couldn't do any better. The bison is evidently attending closely to the business in hand.

The Message of Easter

(From a public address by Katherine Tingley in 1919)

THIS is Easter morning and we are gathered here in the truest sense of the word to pay tribute to all that can possibly express the meaning of Easter-time — the Resurrection. We are going to forget all our worldly cares and misgivings; we must ignore that we ever had a sorrow or a disappointment or a trial; we must try to remember that we are divine expressions of the great Divine Life; and in the thought of Easter-time and of all its meaning, we

must find ourselves close to our highest ideals.

It is one of the greatest pities that poor humanity cannot always find itself in an exalted state, ever working in consonance with its highest aspirations and the noblest ideals that man possesses. A time like this is, to me, a very solemn time, a very beautiful time, when we can evoke from the innermost part of our natures something quite new, something that will bring home to us the power of the soul and make us feel more and more that we are essential parts of the great Universe, and that the future happiness, the future deliverance of humanity, ab-

solutely depend upon our making nobler and more unselfish efforts.

It is by contrast that we learn life, and if we look out into the world today we cannot find that quality of peace which it has been taught us all down the ages should be our possession, and we have not that quality of trust and confidence in the divine side of things that should be ours. We know that there is a great lack of these in the world, and that something has happened all down the ages to deprive us of our rights, some of our rights of thinking, feeling and knowing. Then the monster, so to speak — Fear of Death — has always been in our minds from the time when we received our first impressions of the meaning of the word. It has haunted us all along the path, in spite of all our efforts to break away from its psychology — all due to the half-teachings, the half-truths that have been presented in the name of religion. Religion must be a divine inspiration, the divine support of life. But, as peoples, we have retrograded; coming down through the centuries, we have lost the undertones and the overtones of the glorious message of Easter, and the joy of Nature and of the Master Minds of men who lived in the consciousness of the Christos Spirit.

There is a sacred music in those words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." There is in them an inner spiritual meaning that we might understand if we could move out into the grand Silences, if we could but believe in ourselves, find ourselves; if in our moments of silent prayer and aspiration we could deliver our burdens to the keeping of the Universal Law and find ourselves in mood and intent and with a spiritual love that no words can express, sitting at the feet of the Law — of Universal Truth. There is in them new life and hope and joy.

To steady our thoughts that have been running hither and thither playing Hide-and-go-seek with our lives all these times — that is what we must do; to sit in silence and find that which is unexpressed, which words can never bring forth — so powerful that these great truths will dawn upon us, and we shall unburden ourselves and throw aside all misgivings, all doubts, all hesitancy; then never again shall we falter in the pursuit of Truth. We shall seek it because it is our heritage; we shall seek it because it is our life, the panacea of all our woes; we shall seek it because we can wait no longer.

Think, just for a moment, of all the waiting souls on earth today; let your minds run for a moment across the water into the environment of the family and national life that has been so disturbed; see the pictures of despair and distress that are in the hearts of those without homes, possibly without shelter. Without this sustaining Divine Power that I speak of, how do they exist? While they have not the knowledge of it, yet because they are essentially divine, because the spark of Divinity is within every human

soul, it sometimes sweeps into their lives — God unexpressed — possibly when they are sleeping, when even thought is silent, and for a moment they lose sight of the awful pictures through which they have passed. In the quiet, in the silence, along the paths of Divine Service the soul breathes into the mind and into the very being a wee bit of comfort, just as far as the mind and being are prepared to receive it. And so they go on, touched in part by the Divine Spirit, but not consciously built up and sustained by it, not realizing its support, its inspiration, its life — this is why despair and hopelessness at times overshadow them.

We must not only think of the people across the water, but of all, here and everywhere, in all classes of society and all stations of life, from the poorest to the richest, from the unlearned to the learned, from the most degraded (as the world speaks of them) up to the most spiritual — from the lives of all there is something lacking. It is the knowledge of the one great key of Truth that man must have before he can go forward, before he can realize who and what he is, why he is here, and what life means — he must have this key before he can interpret the strange and terrible happenings in the world — the seeming injustices.

Find the life. Live it; know what is behind all these things that strain and trouble and hurt you, and bring you to points of despair, and you will find them explained in accordance with the laws of Universal Truth; you will find that Justice overrules even what seems injustice. This knowledge once attained, I hold that man can then begin to work on lines of least resistance. It will give him such strength that he can rejoice at being under the control of these divine laws, and through his own divine will, day by day, in the different processes of his experiences, he will journey on, slowly but surely, to the sunlit heights that we are all seeking.

Each year the Easter morning somehow echoes to us from the mighty and wonderful past something quite new. Humanity, in intent at least, is growing slowly under the very pressures that I speak of. There is a time in the lives of all of us when we shall reach a point of understanding; and when we reach that point we shall then be able to attune ourselves to the broader and deeper and grander conceptions of all the teachings of the past in their true meanings as they were given, and bring ourselves to see that after all, Life is Joy. Life is Joy! Each one who is living in the consciousness of his divinity, will tell you that LIFE IS JOY; that the sorrows and disappointments, and even the persecutions, can bring home to each something new; for it is in the law that men shall be ever changing, ever growing. These processes of the soul move him about from condition to condition, interiorly and otherwise, and the whole great purpose of life is to change, to grow; and how can we grow

if we do not struggle, and how can we struggle consciously, how can we meet life courageously, except we know the meaning of Universal Law, at least as far as it is adapted to our development, except we know the why and wherefores of life?

Now comes the thought most beautiful to me, the true interpretation of the idea of death! I have presented the subject many times, but it always has a grander meaning to me, and is connected with the thoughts that have been presented today, and with this beautiful Easter morning — this Resurrection-time. I am sure you will find afterwards, that as the soul passes out, in the silence, into the new birth, if your hearts are attuned to the deeper touches, that soul would say: "I am the Resurrection and the Life! I am the Resurrection and the Life!" And at such a time, instead of tears and regrets and pain and suffering, a great vista must open out to you. We have bridged the gap between the brain-mind and the soul and we are in the realm of broader thought; we are following the soul out into the NEW; we are freed from all those trials and difficulties that hold the body. While the body is going to dust, the soul is marching on, glimpsing the splendor of the Greater and the Grander Life afar.

The Never-failing Spring

A BRAHAM GOODBODY is always so full of original thought that last Friday, when owing to car-shortage we were working short time, I thought I would pay him a visit.

Abe was knocking down a nail in a little girl's shoe when I called, and glancing up to see whose shadow darkened the doorway, a grin of welcome overspread his newly-shaven countenance. He rose from his seat and dusting the visitor's chair with his apron, he pushed me down into it. Very soon we got to discussing the tide of cheerfulness, and the way it ebbed and flowed during the day; how at a sudden stroke of luck we soared into the sky, while an unexpected set-back sank us to the lowest depths. Abe went on to say that while that might be true of most of us, it wasn't for all. Mike Cosslett, for instance, was different.

"He always puts me in mind of the little spring by the turning to Shotover Farm," he said. "It's a little hollow no bigger than that basin; but up comes the water as cold as ice and as clear as glass, tossing the sand-grains and making them whirl like snow-flakes in a storm; and then the water goes trickling down the hill to join the Dingle Brook. Now that's Mike all over; whatever else runs dry, his spring of helpful cheerfulness never fails. Lots of fellers can be gay and frisky so long as they keep their health and money's plentiful and everybody gives 'em the

glad hand; but when anything goes wrong they pull a face as long as a fiddle and go about with no more spring in their walk than a sack of potatoes.

"Now 'tain't right to bob up and down like a cork that's tossed on the waves and can't help itself. A man ought to use his will like a man and keep an inner calm and cheerfulness all the time, and to do that he must crack the little egg-shell he lives in and open up his sympathies and step into the larger world that lies around. After a while he'll clean disremember his little private ups and downs which seemed to matter so much, before he hatched out of his shell.

"I do believe that Mike Cosslett has hatched out all right; for one fine day I found him looking over his peach-trees which were all pretty sick with leaf-curl and no hope of a crop that year, he said. I tell you he took his disappointment in the best kind of a way. He said he'd watch 'em closer next season and give 'em the proper treatment in time. Nature was still in the business of raising peaches, he said, and other folks would get their crops all right, though it happened that he couldn't, just once. Summer and winter and seed-time and harvest would keep coming right along, and if he could keep cheerful under the disappointment he'd get more real good out of it than the peaches would have done him.

"Mike's good spirits never seem to give out for the very good reason that he's geared up with the big, helpful forces in Nature and is consequently a big, helpful force himself and takes his fun out that way. He pointed out to me that even if a feller only barks his skin, there's something that starts in to heal it right away, and also that you'd very soon die of the poisons that you make inside you if the blood didn't mighty soon cut their claws and pull their teeth and put them in shape to be turned out of the body.

"Look at the cutting they've made for the new road to Piddington Rise; don't you know that for all it looks so raw and naked just now, by next spring it'll be all blanketed over with daisies and grass? I tell you there's a beneficent, creating power that helps everywhere, both in the world around and in our bodies. You just go to work and give it your assistance and you're bound to be chirpy inside 'cause you're living on the sunny side of life, and have taken the great kindly forces of life for your allies. So soon as ever you stop your whining about things going all wrong, and start in to help put 'em to rights, then everything changes in your life, like clearing weather after rain when the wind shifts round and the sun comes out.

"T'other day my old woman started in to give me a piece of her mind about the ink-blot on the table-cloth and some other little trifles like that. Well sir, while she was clacking away to beat the band, I got some thread and a needle and I just worked over that old blot so you couldn't see it without you used a double-barreled, extra-powered microscope. Sally was

letting off hot air; but when she saw what I'd done she got all softened up and said there might be some good in me after all. Which was a good deal for Sally to say.

"Now when I got up this morning I had quite a touch of lumbago; but since I got started on this shoe, and got to thinking about old Mike's ways and how much better Jenny would feel when the shoe was fixed, I declare I've forgot all about my bad back. What! Going already? Well, if you must go, you must, and that's all there is to it. Mind the loose board on the step as you go out."

After Abe's talk on the secret of cheerfulness, I felt it was up to me to do something, so I slipped into the wood-shed and borrowed the hatchet, and after pulling a nail or two from a cracker-box, I had that rickety old step in good shape in less than the shake of a lamb's tail. Abe was just tickled to death, as the saying goes, to see the good seed he had sown bear a harvest so soon, and as I walked home whistling "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," I thought the birds had never sung just that way before, and the flowers had never looked so living and peaceful and friendly.

P. L.

Entertaining

YOU knock up against some strange characters once in a while, and I reckon my berth-mate on that trip was as strange as any. He was a fellow who impressed one as always having something on his mind — "on his chest," as we say. He was a frail specimen, too, and that noddle of his was like a transformer stepping down more current than it was built for.

I didn't know what to make of him at first, and I thought I'd let him do the talking till I'd got his measure. By nature he seemed a silent sort of chap, though friendly enough in his ways. But now and then he'd start talking and give me a glimpse of his way of looking at life. And I soon came to realize that the things he had on his mind were quite worth while — to me, anyhow, if not to everybody. And after getting to know him real well I found him more interesting than many a book. I remember once reading to him from the Society Section of a Sunday paper: about how Mrs. . . . entertained so and so, and so and so, at a party Wednesday night, and how Mrs. . . . entertained at bridge whist and all the rest of it, and venturing some remark about how these good people wasted their time, etc., partly to see what he'd say.

"Well, I don't know," he said, "that they waste any more time than the average lot. They're wasting it outwardly, maybe, and the rest of us waste it inwardly, strings of worthless thoughts hour after hour

all day. There isn't such a vast difference in people, after all, and we're all entertainers, too. We are entertaining the whole blessed time, if we only realized it." He said that entertaining a thought was often of far more importance for good or ill than entertaining a person. That thoughts were living things and that after they were born in somebody's mind they were apt to get out on the air and become common property, floating around for anybody to take and maybe get poisoned with; and that, whether we knew it or not we mostly fed and clothed these casual visitants every minute of the day unless we were on to the game and were watchful what we harbored. For the most of them weren't worth their keep, to say the best of it.

We had many a good talk on this. He used to watch his own thoughts and moods like a cat watches a mouse. He told me of a time when he used to entertain grouches against circumstances and people till they made him sick, but now he had learned better. He said it took him a long time to find that some of his worst thoughts weren't really his own, but that he had foolishly adopted them, picked 'em up — tuned in, as it were, and so gave each of them a new lease of life at the expense of his own. Nobody who knew what he was about would ever allow this class of guests in his mental mansion. I don't recall his very words, but this was the idea.

He said much more in that connexion about entertaining and society, but without any bitterness. For one thing, he said that it was quite possible for a man to move in the best society and have the best manners, and at the same time be given to entertaining privately a class of thoughts that he would be ashamed to have known. What us fellows needed more than anything else was self-respect, some ideal of what was worthy of us as men. That if we had that we should naturally soon come to reject instinctively all unworthy thoughts, thoughts that would darken up our minds and do us harm. A man's mind could be trained into health just like the body and make as short work of noxious thoughts as the healthy body did of noxious germs. That it was an affair of practice and habit. There was no need to let the mind go its own gait wherever it liked. "How's this?" he said; "it's something I picked out of a book once, and it's stood me for a sort of a way-bill ever since." He got the back of an old envelope out of one of his pockets and read off this:

"Man's only way to win his great hope and to know the truth is to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating soul-existence. Making his mind and memory register beyond all future cavil or doubt what he then knows to be true, holding himself at his true dignity, guiding into right conduct all the elements of his nature, his body, mind and emotions, he will maintain from that moment strength and joy in life. That once done,

would he but stand in that attitude for a few weeks or months, he would have made of his mind a willing instrument of service, harnessed it to the chariot of the soul and dissolved away its limitations."

Up against Himself

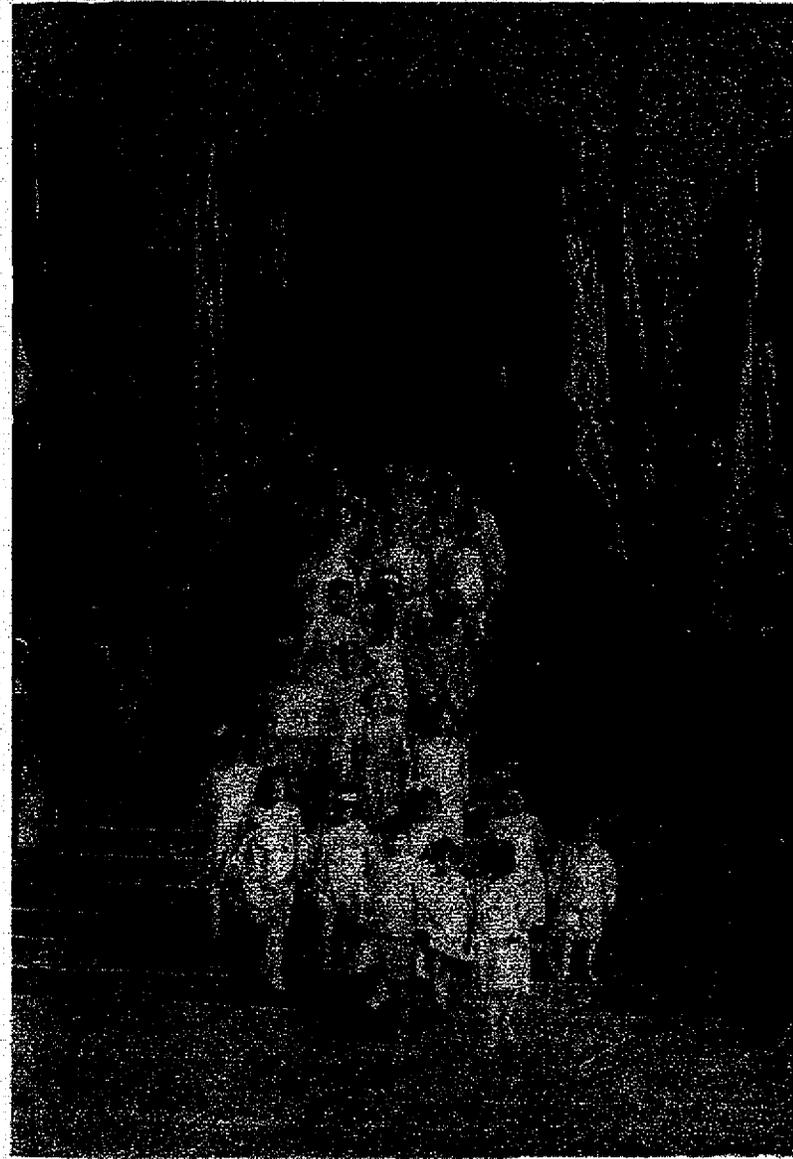
A CHILD'S life is sometimes made or marred by a single encouraging or depressing remark casually uttered by a parent and remembered forever. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," said a mother once to her little boy. Seventy years afterwards, as an old man, he told me that these few words had lain like a blight all along his life. He had never altogether been able to throw off the paralysis of will that the persistence of their suggestion in his mind had brought about.

I was reminded of this by something told me by an old friend of many years' standing. But in his case some words of his father's had, as it turned out, become an inspiration instead of a curse. Founded on absolute belief in the essential goodness of the boy's real nature, they might, in some other case, as easily have led to ruin as salvation.

Not long after striking out for himself in the world he had made a bad slip, run up against the law, and got a term of state detention — with the manner of treatment that is (and still more, perhaps, was) considered good enough and proper for offenders, along with a finish of brutality practised in that particular prison. But he proved to be one of the rather rare kind who can morally ripen instead of wilt under hardships and abuse.

One evening, when we were sitting together smoking, he became reminiscent and brought up some salient incidents in his life adventure. Of his boyhood he related that his father, a good man though strict to a fault, had been so much more careful in pointing out his son's faults to him than in commending his good qualities that the boy finally got the idea that he was essentially worthless and never like-

ly to be of any count in life. But the old man had once thoroughly surprised him by saying with great emphasis at the end of one of his interviews: "James, I want you to feel that you have in you the making of a very good or a very bad man. It's up to you to make the choice, my boy."



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

YOUNG FOLK IN AN INTERNATIONAL PEACE PAGEANT

At the Headquarters of the International Theosophical League of Humanity, Point Loma, California. They are coming down the steps of the 'Temple of Peace' between the lines of the flags of all nations.

He folded up his paper, put it carefully back into his pocket, and said:

"I don't say as I've *done* that, mind you, not by a long chalk. But I've put in enough work at it to know that it pans out all right if you stick to it."

REPORTER

"That was all," said my friend; "and he left me to infer which of the two he thought I should make of myself. But I knew. And what he then said became a moral bracer while I was under lock and key — is to this minute!"

He paused, and as I looked into his strongly-lined face there was determination and exultation, as though his long-dead father were saying to him: "Well done, my son." Then he went on:

"Yes, when a boy there was a little weakness in me which I hid from everybody and carried with me into manhood. It was like a little crack in my armor of character, widening as I grew up. And I went out from home into the big world to make my way with this concealed weakness, without knowledge of or trust in myself — a lack which my father's well-meant method of up-bringing had certainly been such as to foster. Temptations — a plenty. And in a nip, in slipped a giant through the widened crack. At first appearing a dwarf and hardly to be noticed, in no long time it toppled me down and turned me over to the state.

"The crash brought me to myself. I realized the cause. And father's words came out to my sight — inside of my head it seemed — in letters of gold: 'You have in you the making of a very good or a very bad man,' and I knew which it should be. There rose in me the quiet, fixed resolve to be the man he expected me to be, then and there, no putting it off.

"That same scroll of fiery gold is before me now. And I am here! Still striving to be the man father expected me to make of myself and never reckoning to come to a limit to the growing."

And as I looked at his face there was the glow, the light and hope, of a man who had conquered and will continue to conquer.

F. P.

Concerning the Use of a Pillow

IN thuswise did a strange thing happen unto me: I had risen from my armchair — my well-cushioned and comfortable armchair — and departed to another part of the house. And upon my return I did discover my cat in possession of my cushioned chair. Whereupon I said to myself that I was tired of that chair anyhow, and that the couch was much better. And indeed the couch *was* much better, for I fell asleep thereon and dreamed a dream.

Behold, the cat was no longer a cat, but was grown to a tiger; and the stripes upon his body were even such as should be upon a tiger, and the bulk of his body filled the chair to completion.

And I was greatly troubled, for it seemed to me that my armchair was as necessary to my life as was even my body. Thereupon I cast about me for some means to remove the tiger; and to my hand was

nought but the feather pillow upon which I had reclined upon the couch. Great and mighty, but unavailing, were the blows I struck with this; and there was not more than the ruffling of a stripe upon that tiger.

Whereupon it did happen that I woke up (which perhaps was just as well, as the tiger may have become annoyed in time); and I considered within myself as to what manner of dream was this, and whether there was not indeed some great truth in it. Was there indeed in possession of my peace of mind and body a great and powerful animal, grown from a small and insignificant one, and did I smite upon it with timid and futile blows?

How, then, should I hit it great and monstrous thumps, or with what weapon should I pierce it? Verily, I thought, the best weapon would be a sword, forged with much earnestness and thought, and tempered with a little common sense.

And I said to myself: Behold, in the future I will myself occupy that chair, and the cat shall lie at my feet.

JOHANNE

Toward the Goal

"NO one is so busy or so poor that he cannot create a noble ideal and follow it. Why then hesitate in breaking a path towards this ideal, through all obstacles; over every stumbling block, every petty hindrance of social life, in order to march straight forward until the goal is reached?

"Those who would make this effort would soon find that the 'strait gate' and the 'thorny path' lead to the broad valleys of the limitless horizons, to that state where there is no more death, because they have regained their divinity. But the truth is that the first conditions necessary to reach it are a disinterestedness, an absolute impersonality, a boundless devotion to the interests of others, and a complete indifference to the world and its opinions. The motive must be absolutely pure in order to make the first steps on that ideal path; — not an unworthy thought must turn the eyes from the end in view, not one doubt must shackle the feet. There do exist men and women thoroughly qualified for this whose only aim is to dwell under the aegis of their divine nature. Let them, at least, take courage to live the life and not conceal it from the eyes of others! The opinion of no other person should be taken as superior to the voice of conscience. Let that conscience, developed to its highest degree, guide us in the control of all the ordinary acts of life. As to the conduct of our inner life, we must concentrate the entire attention on the ideal we have proposed to ourselves, and look straight ahead without paying the slightest attention to the mud upon our feet." H. P. BLAVATSKY

If we had the Time

Richard Burton

IF I had the time to find a place
 And sit me down full face to face
 With my better self, that stands no show
 In my daily life that rushes so,
 It might be then I would see my soul
 Was stumbling still toward the shining goal—
 I might be nerved by the thought sublime,
 If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
 Speak out and take in my life a part,
 To look about and stretch a hand
 To a comrade quartered in no-luck land,
 Ah, God! If I might but just sit still
 And hear the notes of the whip-poor-will
 I think that my wish with God's would rhyme—
 If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
 How much for comfort my word could do,
 And I told you then of my sudden will
 To kiss your feet when I did you ill,
 If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
 Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained—
 Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
 If we had the time!

—Selected

"Do It Now"

George A. Turner

IF with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
 If you like him or you love him, tell him now;
 Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration
 As he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;
 For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it;
 He won't know how many teardrops you have shed;
 If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip
 it to him—
 For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind
 and sunny,
 And the hearty, warm approval of a friend;
 For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver,
 And it gives you heart and spirit to the end;
 If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you like him, let him
 know it;
 Let the words of true encouragement be said;
 Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,
 For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

—Selected

To Anyone

Witter Bynner in *Greenstone Poems*

WHETHER the time be slow or fast,
 Enemies, hand in hand,
 Must come together at the last
 And understand.
 No matter how the die is cast
 Nor who may seem to win,
 You know that you must love at last—
 Why not begin?

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League—no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

The New Way Quotebook

"THERE is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless spirit of Love, Truth and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore, bearing a different name in every nation, one Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves and has its being."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"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 on every plane of being are one and the same thing."

— *W. Q. Judge*

"OUR philosophy considers humanity as an emanation from divinity on its return path thereto"

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"ORIGINALLY the heart is in harmony with the Divine, But when caught in the various nets of the world It finds it not easy to avoid mistakes. But there remains a light shining through the gloom."

— *Chinese*

"THE youth who calls his pleasures by their true names has learned the secret of resisting them."

— *Mrs. Wharton*

"FOR know, the myriad miseries of mankind,
And the long reign of sin,
Come but of questing outward, for to find
That which abides within." — *James Rhoades*

"THE Present, if it will have the Future accomplish, shall itself commence. Thou who believest, begin thou to fulfil. Here or nowhere, now equally as at any time!" — *Carlyle*

"KNOW . . . that when all men have said 'Impossible,' and tumbled noisily elsewhere, and thou alone art left, then first thy time and possibility have come." — *Carlyle*

"BROTHER, thou hast possibility in thee for much: the possibility of writing on the eternal skies the record of a heroic life." — *Carlyle*

"LET me learn to look habitually on my fellow-man as I look on a landscape — taking no account, for the purpose of the picture, of whatever things would mar it, yet not blinding myself to their existence there."

"SELF-SATISFACTION means, of course, that the aim has not been high enough. For he who pursues the highest, along any line, is never defuded in this way."

"IN the individual soul alone is to be found the guide to God, the faculty which is itself divine and the revealer of Divinity to men." — *Plato*

"THE habit of concentration leads on to more and more prolonged *meditation*, upon deeper and deeper truths; for the mind meditating is the nearest thing to spiritual life — the one moment in which we cease to be material." — *Plato*

"LOOK within. There is the fountain of good, welling perpetually if you always dig."

— *Marcus Aurelius*

"WE are strong in the muscles we use, and it is so with every faculty of the soul, and every attribute of the mind." — *Aron*

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!"

— *Shakespeare*

"DON'T do anything till you do it, and when you've done it, stop doing it." — *W. Gillett*

"SURELY it is sufficient to spur man on to new effort — the suspicion that beyond mental culture, beyond art and mechanical perfection, there is a new, another gateway, admitting to the realities of life."

"THERE can be no final point, for life in every form is one vast series of fine gradations; and the man who elects to stand still at the point he has reached, and to avow that he can go no further, is simply making an arbitrary statement for the excuse of his indolence."

"FOR a man will sometimes, when in deep trouble, pray the gods to take this trouble from him. But again, thinking that the gods themselves had allotted him the trouble for his good, he prays them to give him fortitude to bear it. But at last, bethinking him that he is a man and therefore with somewhat of the godlike in him, he will pray them to awaken this godlike essence. And even as he prays he suddenly thinks, Go to! I am a man and shall best please the gods if I myself awaken myself to this godlike."

— *Stoic*

"In the workshop of my daily life, how much power am I losing from slack belts of indifference to duty, from needless friction of worry, from dirty bearings of thoughts of the wrong kind, from poor connexions of weak-willed application to my work? And how is the shop *lighted*? Is it kept clean and white, every corner of it lit up by the bright sunlight of sincerity? Or are its windows small, too few, or covered with dust and dirt? — Room here for some efficiency engineering of my own, I guess."

"WHY wait for outside pressure to arouse your sleeping will? Arouse it yourself!"

Whether Behind the Bars or Not

You are the jailer and the jailed,
The soul and the soul's enemy."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY
(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. XII

MAY 1923

No. 5



Lomaloma Photo & Engraving Dept.

ASSEMBLED FOR A REHEARSAL OF THE PROGRAM FOR THE COMING PEACE CONGRESS
YOUNG STUDENTS AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The Great Needs of Today

(From one of the writings of Katherine Tingley)

IT is a rare thing to find in the world, whether in America or elsewhere, a perfect physical type — man or woman. Occasionally artists secure models

that approximate something of the kind, but it is still more difficult to find even in those who approximate the real type of the wholesome, healthy man or woman that inside touch of a harmonious mental development which should be normal. Hence we can well imagine that in a few years under the pressure and the strain

of modern life the most perfect type that we know of will naturally deteriorate. Without a conception of the essential divinity of man, not knowing this as the central fact of human life, not realizing that all existence is governed by divine, immutable laws, not being assured that these laws are ever at hand, there naturally must come deterioration for the race.

If we are to rebuild physically, according to the highest standpoint, we must study causes perhaps a little differently from what we have before, and we must realize that the power of the mind depends entirely, in the truest sense, upon the higher nature, the divine part of man. If we could become conscious of the Divinity within, arouse it into action, through the mind, then there would immediately follow a reconstruction of physical life and a throwing away of much of the physical luggage and of the mental debris that most human beings carry with them all through life.

When the physical, mental, moral and spiritual aspects of man are brought into harmony with the laws of Nature, life takes on a new aspect. With the stimulating, all-inspiring and forceful divine quality of that inner harmony which cannot fully be defined — so great is it — and with the royal urge that comes from a recognition of the Divinity within, it becomes possible to build truly, to build the body as a vehicle, a temple for the soul. Then the whole being of man is lifted to a higher spiritual level. One who is imbued with this Divine Spirit, and who is seeking to eliminate all his acquired mental rubbish will feel an impetus, a new energy and a more determined will, that he cannot stay. Working through the mind, this power will bring about a balance of the whole nature, and there will come the knowledge of how to adjust oneself physically, mentally, and morally. Simply to announce these principles would not be sufficient; it would be but a half-doing; they must be built into the life and applied to the problems that each one has to meet from day to day.

We do many things that are noble and unselfish at times, we cannot help doing them; we do them with no great effort, because the Divine is within us and *will* speak in spite of the obstacles that we put in its way; it *will* announce itself occasionally; but in general the mind is shut in by a bondage that few can understand. It is weighted not only with the luggage that I have spoken of, but with the monster, as I call it, Fear. It is there, very big, very menacing; it is ever at our heels, ever before us, ever with us on every side. Why? Because we have no faith in ourselves; we cannot fall back upon, and stand secure in, the consciousness of our Divinity, of the weapons of the Soul, the spiritual forces that are ours, with which we can throw away all the luggage, overcome all the obstacles, and move out into life with our eyes eternally on the great goal of man's perfectibility.

We falter, we stumble, we become discouraged, we

turn to this remedy and to that remedy, this teacher and that, this book and that; and we have no certainty as to the deeper meaning of life and its duties. Such is the condition of humanity today. In spite of the bright lights that we have intellectually and otherwise — taking mankind as a whole — the great surging body of humanity is awry, and the more quickly we recognise it the more quickly we shall turn to the interior forces, to the light within, to the illumination of our very Souls, our Divine Selves.

Do not look for phenomena; do not expect any strange, startling manifestation of the Law expressing itself through you or for you. The divine laws do not work that way. They work in the Silence, in the inmost part of one's being, ever seeking to manifest, to be recognised, to serve, and to bring one physically, morally and spiritually to a state of consciousness that means Peace, and a full realization of the meaning of Liberty. In one's inmost nature, in the most calm and restful times of thought, one tries to reach out into something new; the very yearnings of the soul confirm what I say; the disappointments and heartaches of life all tell the story; because the outward things, the non-essentials in life, constitute a great psychological force that binds man in thought and act, in the home and everywhere; indeed, its mark is on all humanity.

As a people we live too much on the exterior line of thought and effort, and too little on the interior; we carry our weight of woe and suffering and half-truths and suspicion and misconception until we are weary. We begin to grow old when we should be young in the truest sense, because youth in all its richness and fulness *can* be found in life at seventy. It is the grace-notes in life that we let go; we miss the deeper harmonies, the exquisite divine touches in their silent processes. Think of how often we find them in music, in superb poetry, or in some noble utterance or act! But they do not stay with us; we ourselves move away from them. On rare occasions we do reach the heights, and give out our best just for a moment; but then we fall back and find ourselves in false positions — unless indeed we determine to go forward hour by hour, and day by day, doing our best, and carrying our burdens cheerfully, because we understand the Law of life.

Can we not recall how, when we started out in life, we planned this and planned that, years ahead? Perhaps we planned too much; for the mind, being subject to the higher laws, should work with a quality of trust and far-sightedness for the expression of which there is no language — a quality of trust that in one sense takes no heed of the morrow; that is, in the sense of distrusting what may befall. We plan and keep on planning, and we meet disappointments and heartaches. One sets a date, and says that this shall be so, placing such limitations on his life that the oil of the brain is almost exhausted with the plannings. Then

come the disappointments which break the life. It is pitiful, tragic!

But if every morning and every night, and indeed in all our duties, we can hold the idea that the higher laws do exist, that they brought us into life and will take us out of it — more mercifully than we ourselves can do so with all our planning — out into a greater, grander life — a nobler, sweeter life: if, holding to this inspiring thought, we seek to do our duty from morning till night, trustingly and lovingly, royally and faithfully, then we can look forward to the morrow with confidence. Truly, there must be common sense and judgment about the ordinary things of life; for if a man plants the right kind of seed in his garden, it is reasonable for him to look forward to the harvest. But there will be no worrying; there will be reliance on the Higher Law.

As one becomes conscious of one's own higher nature, there may perhaps be no outward proof, no illumination, for it is something that comes into the very surging of one's life, the pulsation of one's heart, the circulation of one's blood; one awakens to the consciousness that life is joy; one finds more cheer in the sunshine, sweeter fragrance in the flowers, and new music in the songs of the birds, the stars are more beautiful; one feels that something has come into his life that has never been there before. *It is findable, hundreds and hundreds have found it*; it does not come at any definite time; it is not heralded; it is a silent force that streams into one's nature and lifts the whole being into a state of understanding! With a noble act today and a noble act tomorrow, and a larger sympathy for humanity, we retire at night with some knowledge of what sleep means, taking it as the working of one of Nature's laws, that the great unrest of the exterior, physical life and its pressures can be eliminated, and that for the time the mind may rest as a child rests on the bosom of its mother. Such are the expressions of the Divine Law.

Can we reap the real benefit of sleep if we enter upon it negatively, in ignorance, carrying all our frets and worries, our dislikes, our despair, our hatreds, to bed with us? Can we expect that Nature will work for the building up of our physical, mental and moral life upon this line? Surely, no! We should go to sleep trustingly, as little children do, just as we did when we were at our mothers' knees, just as we used to do in the old nursery, in the days long since gone by. We must throw aside all mental stumbling-blocks; we must bring ourselves to a point of trust in the great and wonderful mysteries of life. We can pray in the inward sense, in the silence, simply holding within ourselves the aspiration for something better tomorrow, for something more sweet and true, for opportunities for a larger service, resting in the law of that which is true, whether we yet understand it or not.

We are all at the mercy of these laws I have spoken of, when we sleep. We are unconscious, unprotected

in a sense — simply asleep in the arms of Nature, cherished by the divine laws, if we will but work in consonance with them. Holding to this idea, it is a time of reconstruction of the whole being. We must carry ourselves through the day with respect for our physical bodies, not overdoing, not overeating nor overdrinking, not permitting any excesses, but just trying in all our thoughts and actions to get a little closer to the simple realities. And when night comes, when our duties are well done, then we can go to sleep in trust. The dear little babies have this trust, and why not we? Then, when we awake in the morning we shall realize that something new and uplifting has happened to us. We may not be able to tell what it is, but the seeds will have been planted, and the reconstruction of man will begin.

The great divine mission of man is to find Liberty and Life, through service, through the religious aspects of his nature. To announce the principles of truth is of little value unless something else follows. If man is to find real Liberty, he must follow the essential line of duty and service; he must live religiously; he must find his religion, and in the true sense this lies within himself. He is the master of his destiny; he is the commander; he can array all the forces of evil and cast them aside. He can bring forward the spiritual forces of his real, divine nature and make life superb and help to lift the burdens of humanity in a new way.

So, according to the Higher Law, in my interpretation, each of us is challenged — not challenged by a person, but by the conditions of our present age; and it does seem to me that we are falling far back from the real duty of life if we waste one moment in hesitating, one moment in hugging and holding on to our dear old luggage and letting our ideals die from want of putting them into action.

Miller's Job, and How He did It

“RUM idea, it may seem to you, but I reckon some men come on earth with a job to do of their own choosing. When they've done it, they quit.”

“‘Come on earth,’ you say?”

“Yes, that's just what I do say. That's what I mean. No need of a long philosophizing. The thing will be in what I was going to tell you.

“There was a fellow here once, call him Miller if you like, in as a lifer for a thing he never did, died here. After he was dead the cur that really did the thing, owned up — conscience-stricken, I guess. Pity his conscience was so darned leisurely. Miller stuck to it, in court, of course, that he was innocent. But never another word of that after he got inside here. Just went around as calm as you like. Fourteen years

he lived. But I tell you he was a benediction to this place. The authorities got to trust him pretty soon, somehow, and let him do pretty much what he liked, go around anywhere, into the infirmary and the cells and talk with the fellows. He didn't have any pull outside that I know of, though there was a well-placed pardon now and again that nobody knew just the how of. He'd drop in on the newcomers, specially the youngsters, the first evening and once and again through their early days — the black days as we call 'em. Stay quite awhile. I dunno just what he said, but whatever it was it sure did lift the cloud off them and give them a bit of hope and encouragement. Condemned cells, too, always. Well sir, he'd stay with those fellows — especially the night before the drop — and he'd somehow make 'em feel that death warn't the final blot-out that it looked to them, just passing along for a new deal, and with a heap more light than this side and more life and soul to it. Laid it out for 'em so's they could somehow see ahead a bit and had no more fear for what was coming — no, not even for the ugly moment of the drop.

"He'd get the rules kept, too. He made the fellows see — the reasonable ones, anyhow — that the rules was necessary for the smooth goin' of things, and that if there wasn't any there'd be just a wild anarchy. Some might be hard; some unnecessary, or seem so; but take 'em by and large the right and best thing was to stand by them. And anyhow that was the only way to get 'em softened and eased. I tell you there wasn't ten per cent. of the usual punishments for infractions after Miller had been here a while. And the rules did get softened and more considerate-like.

"But I guess his best work was in getting some of the fellows — the worst ones, too — to straighten up their characters. You see, he took long views, himself, and that was how he could get others to do it. 'This life ain't all there is to it, boys,' he'd say. 'And the main thing ain't so much what you can get out of it as what you can put into it. Just you live by that. You'll get a heap more real solid enjoyment from the putting-in business than the other way. It pays. Put in your best. Your best work, whatever the job is; your best good-will and help to the other fellows; and sympathy, just the same if they don't do the fair thing by you as if they did. Just let the putting-in spirit go right through you and out around all the time. I'm not any kind of a preacher, don't know the first thing of it. But I know, and you all know if you think of it, that the *Great Warden* works just that way, puts his Great Self and compassion and light right into this world, everlastingly helping and uplifting — *at work*, boys, always, not taking out but *putting in*. And if we want fellowship with this great Presence and to know about it and feel it and be sure of it and be in touch there, we must do the same: attend to the putting-in business all the time. And

that's the way to grow a big will and a big character and get ahead of our pasts and be real men.

"And then when we come to go through the Great Door we won't have anything to be ashamed of. It's *life* there beyond, for them as has learned here how to live. And the putting-in business is how to live. But the getting out all you can for yourself is *not* living and don't really get you any steady fun and enjoyment nor any real growing. No real richness to it. It makes an average man small and a small man smaller. Just think of life, boys, as stretching way back behind and way forward ahead. Maybe we didn't do so very well in that way back behind stretch before getting born here. And so, maybe (*I reckon it's so, anyhow*) we got born here into this bit o' life just so's to learn to do better altogether in the stretches way on ahead beyond the Great Door we're mostly so afeared of. And those that do accordingly and live by this *putting in all you're worth* system and not by the *getting out all you can* scheme, will be mighty glad later on that they had the common sense to do it. For I tell you, boys, that duty and friendliness and helpfulness and sympathy are the *putting in* prescription and let the Great Warden right into a man's mind and heart."

"And a heap more like that. Just plain solid talk man to man. And I tell you some of the fellows, lots of 'em, took a new hold on themselves and straightened up. And so the work that fellow Miller did here — well, it won't *never* come to an end. Good stuff like that spreads, I tell you, passes along from one to another and into the children. Why, you couldn't measure it, the influence of fellows going out from here with the Miller stamp on 'em.

"And out of that fellow Miller's own mouth you can get the point of what I've said. I don't reckon to know the full ins and outs of it, of course. But I do say as some fellows come with a special job for their bit of this earth. And circs. somehow work with them and give 'em all the opportunity to do what they want. Maybe 'circs.' is what Miller called the *Great Warden*. The circs., as in Miller's case, may seem a bit tough sometimes, but they sure are the exact circs. that provides the field with the work in it ready to be done. And I reckon that's the main thing that these big fellows like Miller, deep inside, really care about. They won't bother a whole lot so long's they get their chance to do their job, which, as Miller said, is putting-in and nowise getting-out. Thanks be for such as them to — well, Miller's *'Great Warden,'* say I. There's none too many of 'em.'" REPORTER

The Contentment of Pyecraft

"SO he called me an old loafer, did he," said Jim Pyecraft as we strolled along the beach one evening. "Well, I don't blame him 'cos I reckon



I look just that way to him. He's all for getting on in the world and works so uncommon hard at his correspondence classes that he natchally despises a feller who's satisfied with what he's got and chooses to sit still once in a while to take stock of the better things in life that you can't put into a cart and draw with a horse. It's all according as to how you feel about it, and if young Haskins thinks it's worth the hard knocks and the scrapping, let him go to it and win a good position and all the money he can honest-

blaze of crimson and the sea a deep, dark blue, while scattered right across the pale blue heaven a flock of cloud-sheep blushed from white to pink, and then from pink to rose, as the red glory made its way. Following the coast-line came a string of pelicans gliding so silent and so soft, while wavelets lapped the pebbles at my feet ever so gently all the time. I can't begin to tell you all there was to it; and I sure did pity that poor feller surrounded by beauty that money couldn't buy, but blind as a bat to it all. I can't

tell you in dollars what that sunset meant to me. I simply soaked up the calm of it right down into my heart. 'Twan't nothing to talk about nor argue about; but ever since I've felt that, come what may I'd only feel it on the surface, like those choppy little waves out there; and all the while far down below lies the water as peaceful as a little child asleep. There's more in a man's heart, I tell you, than any of us knows, and soaking up a bit of nature like this is one of the ways to find it. Ever since that evening, I've tried to make my home in the deep water as you may say, and a feller can't begin to compare the real life down there with money or outward comforts or anything else.

"I know that if I'd chosen to hustle, I could have got myself made the foreman of the new workshop they put up last fall: it would have given me a lot more spending-money; but d'you know, I shouldn't have known what on earth to do with it. Haven't I got this stretch of



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ANCIENT SANSKRIT BOOK, PROBABLY FROM THE LIBRARY OF A BUDDHIST COLLEGE-TEMPLE IN NORTHERN INDIA

The pages consist of palm-leaves bound with boards ornamented with little symbolic paintings. The numbering of pages 29 and 30 can be seen just above one of the cord perforations. The figures are essentially the same as our "Arabic" numerals, for it was from the ancient Hindûs that the Arabs learned their notation. The leaves are about 14 inches by 3.

ly lay hold of. He'll get there maybe, if he keeps on.

"Maybe I'm behind the times; but it seems to me that if a feller can make both ends meet, and has a job that suits him, and good neighbors and decent health, and a bit of unspoiled nature close at hand like this here beach, he's well off. Enough is as good as a feast I reckon, and a man can't eat two dinners or wear two suits of clothes. More money will get you a better quality of course; but what's the odds so long as you can say that you're fed and clothed?

"T'other day Haskins was sitting on that rock with his back to the sea and his head full of debit and credit and posting imaginary payments into a make-believe ledger; and all the while the sky out there was a

ocean and these cliffs? They belong to me as much as to anybody, and I'd sooner have the freedom of this beach and watch the shiftings of those clouds and the play of color on the water than I'd be general manager of the company with all the fuss and bother that goes with the job. I've got my head so stocked up with the sunsets that I've seen on this beach that I do believe that if I was to be laid up in bed for the rest of my life, it would keep me busy just looking over the collection with my mind's eye.

"No sir, dollar-chasing is a poor way to spend one's life, and however many of 'em you may grab a-holt of, you're never satisfied, but always want more, and then some. I've seen stacks of millionaires in my

time, but never a one of them that I can remember who had a real, genuine smile. Of course they could all of 'em make some kind of a crack in their face when they wanted to talk pretty and behave polite; but not what I call a smile. They all of 'em seems to be chasing something outside of them; but if they only knew it, the things that are really worth while are on the inside, and a feller don't have to hunt for 'em, 'cos they're quietly waiting to be picked up by whosoever will.

"Maybe young Haskins has got to learn by experience that money ain't worth all he thinks it is, and besides somebody must organize great businesses so as to make work for us fellers; but all the same I'm right glad it isn't my job, that's all. — Just look at that blazing ball of light slipping out of sight behind the curve of the indigo sea, and the clear gold of the open sky above, and the glassy smoothness of water in front of us! So long as I can get all this for nothing do you suppose I'm a-going to start out to chase the dollars so that I can buy something better?"

LISTENER

Every Man his own Poet

THERE are moments when the poet stands head and shoulders above himself. These are the moments when he writes his poetry. In that way of putting it, it is not that the inspiration descends upon him, but rather that he becomes what he really is in his true nature.

We all have such moments of elevation and could secure them daily by practice if we would, especially at the dawn and finish of our day.

The difference between us and the poet is that when he comes to his true self — or stands up out of his workaday self into his true self — the inspiration he gets takes a very noticeable and obvious form in his mind and brain, which he can show to himself in distinct ideas and write down in words for others. In the rest of us, who are not poets, there is not that unmistakable sign. But in one way we are better off for that. For as poetry is not coming in upon our minds and filling our attention we can give our attention to something else: namely, to what we are. We can, in that moment of light, realize what we are, our splendid and royal divinity, the light that belongs to us, our immortality and godhood, our power to be among men as a blessing, to be an inspiration-focus in the great ocean of life that flows to and fro into and around the minds of men.

To get these moments, clearer and clearer, is only a question of practice day by day or night by night. If we follow up this practice faithfully there will come a moment of sudden and complete realization. We shall see ourselves as at once in the routine of daily life — and beyond it in the unfading light of the

greater life, beyond it in the region that death cannot reach to and cannot trouble. So if it is a fine thing to be a poet, each one of us has it in him to be in another way, just as well as he, a holder of the golden key, a citizen of the City of Light.

STUDENT

The War in a Man's Fortress-City

EVERY human being may be likened to a fortress-city; the walls his outer body, himself the inner stronghold, his city tenanted by friends — of his higher nature, and by enemies, the forces of his lower nature.

Between these elements of his dual nature there is a ceaseless contest going on: his friends trying to sustain his rightful overlordship; his enemies to defeat them, gain control of the city and himself, and hold him subject, to the end that they may be unrestricted in their every desire, not knowing that in their final victory would be not only his but even their own destruction.

Under these conditions it would seem that the man would always sustain his friends by throwing his weight on their side. But in the contest, and not being familiar with the real nature of all his tenants (not always knowing which are his true allies and which his foes), he becomes confused and is of double mind; now favoring one and again the other. For on whichever side he looks with most favor or indulgence, that party wins.

And so the war goes on with mixed and alternate successes and repulses, now of his friends, now of his enemies. And the Lord and his city are kept in constant disturbance and disorder, so that he cannot give his whole attention to its regulation and government. Its building up is retarded, its ways disorderly and dirty, and he himself becomes distraught, deranged, depleted and inefficient as a man and ruler.

So will the war go on, for years or a lifetime, as the Lord of the fortress chooses to throw his power of will with his allies and their reinforcements — the gods and Powers of Light, — or with his enemies sustained by all the powers of passion and desire.

This is the contest and war every man and woman is engaged in from moment to moment. And in each one is the power of will to turn the tide of battle for or against himself: whenever he so *wholly* wills, to stand victor over the enemies of his own household or be defeated and subjugated. It rests with him alone to become master of himself, his city and citadel, unconquerable by any and all foes.

STUDENT

EACH little victory, by whomsoever won, is a victory for the whole human race. All beings are benefited since all are inseparably bound together in one whole.

Angel and Demon

"IN every man and woman born into this world (as it doth seem to me) God putteth some of His infinite self whereby all things are possible in degree greater or smaller; for to the God within us all things are possible, 'tis our very humanity that limits our potentialities. Confidence in this power within us is a mighty aid to all endeavor whereby we, our coward flesh notwithstanding, may attempt great things, and though, being human, we oftentimes fail, yet this very effort strengthens and ennobles us.

"Who art thou," cries Flesh, "to adventure things so great and above thy puny strength to perform? Who art thou?"

"I am God," answers Man-soul, "since finite man am I only by reason of thee, base, coward Flesh." Thus (to my thinking) in every man is angel and demon, each striving 'gainst each for the soul of him; whereby he doeth evil or good according to the which of these twain he aideth to victory."

—'Martin,' in *Black Bartlemy's Treasure*, by

JEFFERY FARNOL

The River Sings

E. M. Wilson-Haffenden in the *Observer*

"FORWARD," the river sings,
 "On, on,
 No turning back for me.
 Each day, undaunted, forth I run
 To meet the things to be.
 So growing, strengthening, conquering, I
 Daily fulfil my destiny
 Till fuller may not be.

Then I, refulgent, sure, benign,
 My memorable banks resign,
 Relinquish my familiar land
 And spread my waters free.
 Over the unresisting sand,
 With eager flowings I expand
 To meet my welcoming sea."—*Selected*

Always Be the Best

IF you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
 Be a scrub in the valley — but be
 The best little scrub at the side of the rill;
 Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,
 Some highway to happier make;
 If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass —
 But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, some have to be crew.
 There's something for all of us here;
 There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,
 And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail;
 If you can't be a sun, be a star.
 It isn't by size that you win or you fail —
 Be the best of whatever you are.

— *Selected from Bindery Talk*, November 1921

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to:
 THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

The New Way Quotebook

"THE identity of our *physical* origin makes no appeal to our higher and deeper feelings. Matter, deprived of its soul and spirit, or its divine essence, cannot speak to the human heart. But the identity of the *soul* and *spirit*, of real, immortal man . . . once proved and deep-rooted in our hearts, would lead us far on the road of real charity and brotherly good-will."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"BROTHERHOOD is a fact in Nature. It is inherent in all mankind. It is based on the essential divinity and immortality of the human soul, which has been concealed and even killed by the materialism of the past decades. The purpose of evolution is to liberate the divine powers latent in man. This can be accomplished by means of self-discipline and true universal brotherly love of mankind. By depending upon this inner divine unity no differences of creed or caste can prevent the accomplishment of the evolutionary purpose. Such is the teaching of the ancient Secret Doctrine of the East, which does not dogmatize, but appeals to common sense. The bond which binds man to man must become again manifest and strengthened, if the miseries of the present age are to be removed."— *Katherine Tingley*

"WE insist that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in nature. Our denying it does not disprove it. It simply puts off the day of reward and keeps us miserable, poor and selfish. Why, just think of it! If all in Chicago, in the United States, would act as Jesus has said, as Buddha has said, as Confucius said, as all the great ethical teachers of the world have said, 'Do unto others as you would have them do to you,' would there be any necessity for legal measures and policemen? All the troubles of the world would disappear in a moment if men would only do one-quarter of what they could and what they ought."— *W. Q. Judge*

"HE who strives to resurrect the Spirit *crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions*, and buried deep in the 'sepulcher' of his sinful flesh; he who has the strength to roll back *the stone of matter* from the door of his own *inner sanctuary*, he has the *risen Christ in him*."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"GENTLEMEN, this sacred idea, universal peace, all nations bound together in a common bond, mediation substituted for war — this holy sentiment — I ask you is it practicable? And I answer without hesitation, Yes! I do not merely say it is capable of being put into practice, but I add that it is inevitable, and that its execution is only a question of time. The law which rules the world is not, cannot be, different from the law of God. But the divine law is not one of war — it is peace."— *Victor Hugo*

"THE path that leadeth on is lighted by one fire,— the light of daring burning in the heart. The more one dares, the more he shall obtain. The more he fears, the more that light shall pale — and that alone can guide. For as the lingering sunbeam that on the top of some tall mountain shines is followed by black night when out it fades, so is heart-light. When out it goes, a dark and threatening shade will fall from thine own heart and root thy feet in terror to the spot."

— *Translation by H. P. Blavatsky of an ancient Eastern text*

"THE soul may be and is in the mass of men drugged and silenced by the seductions of sense and the deceptions of the world. But if, in some moment of detachment and elation, when its captors and jailors relax their guard, it can escape their clutches, it will seek at once the region of its birth and its true home."— *Seneca*

"WE are so preoccupied with the current of our thoughts that we have lost the knowledge that we are anything *but* that. Progress lies in attaining the power to turn away from it and look *up*. Why not pay a little attention now and then to the Light *above*?"

"If you want help and sustainment from Above, the best way is to start giving it out around you to them as needs the help and sustainment worse than you do. There's always a plenty of such if you'll look out for the small signs of distress a fellow don't know he's giving. Then what's Above will recognise you as one of Its agents and come right along and fill up your cistern. That's the *strong man's way*, I reckon."— *Abner Day*

"It is not hard to perceive one's duality — the personal to-itself-chattering mind-man, and the silent, watching Soul. But the Soul seems *so* silent, just a presence. There seems no way to hold the mind upon it till we can fully realize and understand what this presence is and that it is our true self. And so, in a moment, we let ourselves lose our awareness of it and slip down to the level of our common thoughts for the rest of the day."

"ALL common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend."

"TRY it for a day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind. Compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction with that on which you have allowed it to grow up, and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate."

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"In the weakness of strength there is strength."

PLEASE FOLDING WITH CARE
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

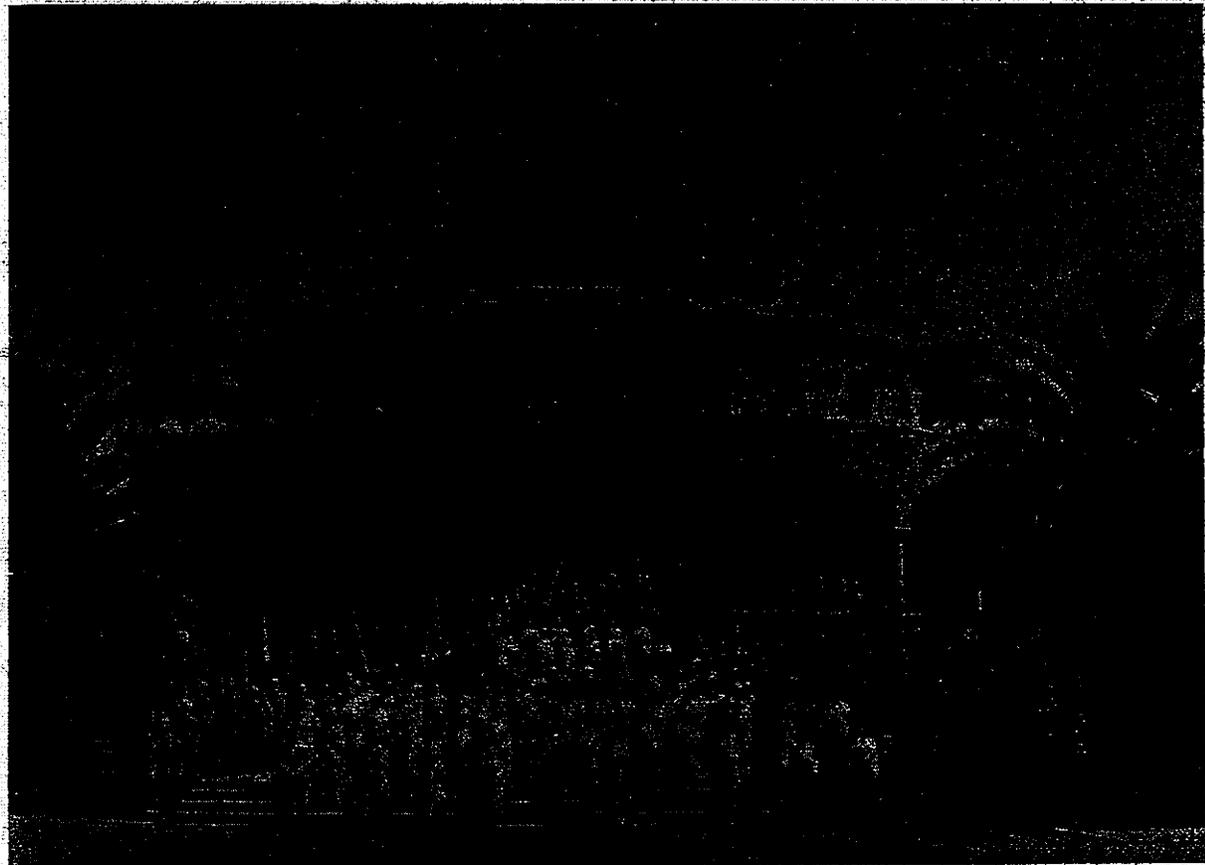
EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. XII

JUNE 1923

No. 6



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ACTIVE WORKERS OF THE MEN'S AND WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUES
WHO WILL TAKE PART IN THE FORTHCOMING PEACE CONGRESS AT
THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Man's Divinity

From one of the writings of Katherine Tingley

It seems to me that one of the greatest mistakes which we as a people make today is that we do not value time as we should. So we grow careless

in seeking the greater knowledge which is the key to many of the most serious problems of human life. Through self study and right thought and right action man can find an entirely new viewpoint, can understand himself — to a degree at least — and begin to hope and trust. When he understands the necessity

for self-directed evolution, that he must evolve through his own efforts, he will begin to find himself; he will reach that higher state of consciousness which belongs to the immortal man, which will sweep into his life, touch it with new energy, and bring an illumination to crown his efforts and his aspirations. If he be a musician we can understand what grand symphonies will sweep into his life; if an inventor, we can conceive of profounder insight into what he is aiming to do; and ultimately he will find that the brain-mind, which the ordinary man so entirely depends upon, is but an instrument which must be used by this higher power.

We can go into all walks of life, even down to the humblest, the most unfortunate and distressed, and realize that this great idea is true and that the Christos Spirit is in every man. There is no monopoly of it; it belongs to each and all. Accepting this idea, intuitively at first and afterwards realizing it more fully, the development of the character follows, sometimes slowly but always surely. It was the power of the Christos Spirit which Jesus possessed in a higher degree than those whom he taught; it is the divine fire in human life; it is that which should hold each one to the highest ideals and standards; it is that part of his immortal nature which gives him the power of self-conquest, this glory of the Christos Spirit awakened in him.

If we could interpret this idea of the Christ-Spirit rightly, realizing that each man possesses it, how very different human life would be today! How very easy it would be to understand that in self-directed evolution, in the growth of all things, just as Nature teaches us, there must be suffering! But if one is conscious of one's divinity, of the great urge ever dwelling in the heart, one can endure suffering patiently. For suffering sanctifies the life; it opens the mind to higher purposes, higher aspirations, more strenuous efforts, and a larger trust in the eternal verities. If there is anything that humanity needs today, it is to have a larger trust in the divine things of life, to have a royal and superb trust in oneself, in one's mission, in one's divinity.

Mere intellect with no touch of the divine in it, shuts out and obscures the light of truth and leads one to turn away from the inner Christos Spirit. One who follows this limited, negative path of life is self-sufficient, egotistic. He may read and study and work and may have high purposes; but in a sense he is alone; he knows nothing of the companionship of the soul. But the man who is conscious of the Divine Spirit within, ever guiding, ever urging him to grander efforts, is never alone. There is a companionship that is ever with him, in the desert, in the caverns of the earth, under the greatest sorrow, it will always be his.

Accepting the idea of the Christos Spirit and the divinity of man as the first step, working it out in the mind, in time it becomes a ladder by which man may climb to a higher state of consciousness. It opens a

wonderful volume of knowledge, an understanding of death and rebirth. It shows the glory and richness of what is called death — that it is but rebirth, simply a throwing off of the old tired body that has worn itself out, simply the freeing of the soul from the body that it may go forward to another school of experiences, moving along the path of human perfectibility. It points to another and a higher life, to a state and condition that is man's heritage. One has only to study silent Nature to gain helpful lessons. Just as Nature works in its wonderful silent processes, so does the soul of man. It seeks its own, not at some special place, but in a condition wherein, freed from the body, it shall rest and gain strength and knowledge, where it shall re-live in the silence all the old victories; and then, having learned the lessons that the victories taught, it pushes on to new experiences.

Perfecting Mental Movie Pictures

"WELL, boy, what is it?" old Daddy Plummer asked the sad-looking youth in the end bed of the prison hospital.

Young Benton started, as if caught off-guard. But in the other's face, he saw the sympathy that understands, and said frankly:

"Why, I suppose I am up against what every one has to face here — a twin trouble, any way you take it. It's a toss-up which is worse, the awful lonesomeness or the rubbing up against the other fellows who get on my nerves. You look contented enough to have figured it out. How do you do it?"

"It's mostly a matter of who you have with you. I felt just as you do until I added to and subtracted from the list of people I entertained until I had a fine, satisfying set of acquaintances."

"Sounds like a society matron at a pink tea. Are you joking or out of your head, Daddy?"

"Oh, I'm not out of my head, at all, and not quite in earnest."

"But you have almost no callers."

"That's where you guess again, sonny. I make most of the calls, but a good many are returned, too. You see, when I came here, I was too lonesome and touchy to see much good in any one or to show much good in myself. Luckily, I soon feel sick."

"Luckily?"

"Well, it turned out that way. Several times I got delirious, when the fever ran high; as it dropped, I came to myself slowly enough to sort of link up my delirium with my every-day state. Somehow the scorching heat and nausea and general misery seemed to be all through my mind as well as my body. I saw all my enemies and the people and places and things I disliked crowding around, and passing along, and coming back again and again like an endless movie.

"They all seemed dissatisfied with themselves and me and everything, and they were helpless to change anything. Worse than all, they made me feel I was mostly to blame. Heaven knows, I thought crossly, 'I didn't make Jake Smith a conceited bully, or Andy Clarke a tiresome bore, or my sister-in-law so vain and gossipy, or make my job so hard and dirty. All these were facts before I ever saw the people or places."

"At first, I raved and swore at them; but they only looked worse, and more of them came along. At last, I begged them to go away, and my most hated enemy's picture, or ghost, or whatever he was, said: 'We can't go away. We've no place to go but in your mind. We belong to you; no one else sees us just like this; we don't like it, but you've made these shapes for us, and we have to come when you call us up; the road you made to us first, you've been over so often, you've made it mighty easy for us to get across to you, any old time. We are only half-done pictures anyway. Why don't you finish us up, or let us alone?'"

"Well, it all seemed real enough that somehow it was up to me to right things, so I asked, rather humbly, 'How am I to finish you?' He said: 'It's your job to find out. You've made a mean mess of things for yourself and for us, by lime-lighting all our faults and leaving out what good we had. No wonder you're sick and miserable, reeling off such a film inside of yourself all the time.'

"Now though I half knew that my brain was befuddled, these living pictures seemed to mean something. I couldn't forget them, even when the fever left, and the first day I sat up, their meaning struck home suddenly. Johnson was doing nurse duty then; his homely face and awkward ways had always jarred on me; but now I noticed how he tiptoed past the sleeping men, and how he kept plenty of fresh water for every one, and as he helped me back into bed, something in his eyes made me think of my mother. As he tucked me in, what with weakness and gratitude and a new liking for him and shame for not seeing his good points before, I couldn't keep the tears back. It struck me that his good points much more than offset the others; and here I had made a mean, false copy of him right along, putting in the worst and leaving out the best, and making a mutilated, unlikeable Johnson for myself to look at. He pretended not to see the tears, when he said: 'Was I a bit rough lifting you? Truth is, I'm not cut out for a nurse; but we'll do better tomorrow.'

"Then I knew that because his awkwardness worried him, he was bound to overcome it, little by little. Just the look on his face set me thinking that if I'd stop picking flaws in others, instead of in myself, I'd find more good in them and in me too. The whole case was all the clearer because I'd been sick enough to have to let go of things generally. It was a good

chance to take hold in a new way, and I started in on Johnson. As a result, my mental picture of his character now is listed with my best friends. I've revised my whole reel of acquaintances, and do you know I believe the good I find in them helps them to make good. I could tell you a lot more of what it has done for me, too."

"I'd like to hear it."

"We'll talk again, sometime. Time to take your medicine and get forty winks now, boy." ARTIST

"**Whatever thy Hand Findeth to Do . . .**"

"WHY, I only took off my glasses a minute ago and now I haven't a notion where I put them."

"Well, moral: keep your mind all the time on what you're doing."

"Moral not accepted, my boy. The mind's made for something better than being tied down to every little no-account move you make from moment to moment."

"Quite right, made for something much better, better than any of us have any notion of. But we'll no more get to that without steady practice in taking notice where we put our glasses and such like things, than a would-be pianist would get to play fine sonatas if he had a habit of taking no notice after the first few notes he struck what his fingers were doing; or was accustomed to let his fingers wander along through a lot of snatches of this, that and the other tune that happened to present themselves. What chance would that sort of thing give him to become a first-rate player? Wouldn't you tell him that if he proposed ever to get anywhere, he must begin by putting his whole attention on what his fingers were doing, by seeing to it that they played exactly and only what he intended them to play, played it right through, and played it in the best possible fashion?"

"Well, that's the idea. The great pianist comes to his powers by never playing a careless bar. Only by this attention to the rendering of every bar and line does he come to his best powers. He can only reach and express the *soul* of his music when his technique has thus been made instinctive."

"Just you read a long sentence out of a book with what you call full attention, and then look up and see whether you can repeat it to yourself. You'll get through a dozen words and then have to stop and refer to the text again. That place where you have to stop and do that was either the place where in the first reading your mind took a (perhaps unnoticed) recess from attention and wandered a moment, or where in the subsequent repeating, it found it easier or more interesting to wander than to keep the thread. And the thread being dropped could not be found again."

"You said the mind was made for something better than being tied down to all our little casual or routine doings. Quite right. But it was also made for something better than slipping about and wobbling and wandering — or rather, something better than the state of debility that that sort of conduct produces. Though that is a state so universal that nobody notices its ordinary degrees. Maybe there's nothing in the universe that the mind couldn't enter into and render for us and make comprehensible to us if we had it in perfect training. The mind is a reflector. It reflects the words of the book to you, and then their meaning. It reflects the music you hear and then its meaning as the composer meant it and felt it as it came upon him. It reflects the form of the trees in the forest for you, and then the pressure and power of the mighty life of them and evolving in them. It can reflect the meaning and thought of all creation. How much would a man be likely to be upset by the little worriments of daily life if he had trained the mind to that point? A wonderful instrument, the mind! It is capable of reflecting the clattering of dishes in the scullery, or the music of the spheres as they cycle in the blue!"

STUDENT

The Divine Spark

TO think that we would have to put up with him for a long three weeks' voyage! And there was his wife, too, although she did not make herself unpleasant, as he did himself, yet she looked fit company for him.

The fellow went around the ship looking for arguments — loud, noisy, up-on-the-stump arguments. You couldn't get away from him. He would edge his big ear into a conversation and take the first opportunity to raise Cain. It was some satisfaction to notice one of the officers taking his measure from the darkness outside the smoking-room as he orated inside: medium height, light hair, scar on left cheek, etc. We wondered whether they would take his thumbprints at the end of the journey.

Well, let's forget him for a while. There were two stowaways on board, and they had been set to work painting. One of them was an ugly-tempered fellow, and a broken nose didn't make him any less unpleasant to see about.

You know how fair-skinned people burn easily in the sun. Well, this fellow was one of that sort; and by the time we got to crossing the equator, his arms and shoulders were burnt into great blisters; and the poor boob couldn't even lie down to sleep. Nobody took much notice of him; he was only a stow-away.

But next thing we noticed was the argumentative pest and his wife putting ointment on the fellow's

raw skin, and tying him up with rags where they could.

Somehow no one else had thought of that; and the pest and his consort went up many degrees in general estimation. And right after that, and perhaps because of that, the pest mended his ways and began to be pleasant. So after all they didn't take his fingerprints.

Human nature is a wonderful study. In its lower aspects it can be anything from merely unpleasant to as black as Hades. And the possibility of all that is in each one of us. In its higher aspects it ranges all the way from mere affability up to Divinity. The possibility of all that is also in each of us; and at every step of the way the path of progress is labelled "plain human sympathy."

Maybe the 'pest' and his wife were further along that path than any of the rest of us, who never thought of doing anything for the burnt boob. E. D.

Mark Tapley

"CLEANLINESS is next to godliness," mother used to say as she looked at our finger-nails when we came down to breakfast and sent us upstairs again for some further commerce with the nail-brush.

We were not impressed, even though mother told us (erroneously) that the proverb came out of the Bible. Godliness did not appeal to us as a desirable acquisition. It somehow suggested a long face and not having any fun.

We weren't very rich and sometimes father could not afford to let us have that summer fortnight by the sea that we used to look forward to so intensely. And mother would say, "Well, boys, you must try to be happy here at home this year. We can all learn to be happy in any place." But keeping happy when you hadn't anything to *make* you happy seemed harder than keeping clean. In that case it must be next to godliness than even cleanliness. "Happiness is next to godliness" — how does that sound? *Godliness* is short for *godlikeness*, which certainly sounds better. *Godlike* is a fine word and suggests something very big. How could merely being happy stand next to that?

Happiness comes from good luck and such things. But the sort that is next to godliness is the sort you *make in yourself* (and compel to stay with you as a constant Companion) whether luck is good or bad and circumstances pleasant or unpleasant. There are points of bright light in the darkest situations. Happiness comes from the acquired habit of looking for them and is completed by the acquired habit of feeling friendly towards everybody. These two habits awaken the higher part of the mind, hitherto sleeping, the part which, when awake, makes the man godlike and consequently gives him the knowledge of his im-

mortality and also gives him the proper view of death.

This habit of creating your own happiness requires some perseverance for a few weeks. *Bad* habits can create *themselves*, and do in us all, unfortunately. Good ones need some effort, and this best one a good deal of effort, usually. Some people have a little of it by nature and so are always very welcome everywhere. They are just inside the door of their divinity, but do not appreciate the splendid things there are in the further-in parts of the mansion, the great rooms up the staircase, may not even notice the staircase at all. So they don't give out all the fine helpful influence they might if they knew where they stood and what they had.

There is nothing strange in the fact that happiness depends on good-will to others. The great Light of the World is the very supremest essence of good-will itself and of joy. There is no way to let this Light into us but by letting it out all around. The more we let it out, the more comes in, and it has no limit. "There is joy (happiness) in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." — repenteth of having hitherto failed to let in anything good to himself and out anything good to others.

So there is the path, the *New Way*. What's the matter with it? It's common sense to hunt up happiness, isn't it? Well, this way makes it a steady thing. Come on, boys! STUDENT

The Man Behind the Mask

HE was sitting with his back against a tree, eating his noon lunch: just a common 'Hunky' of the road-building gang, with flashing dark eyes swift to kindle with anger or to dance with laughter, a swarthy face with high cheek-bones, and a great mop of wavy black hair. A fellow hard to get on with, one would say: too 'touchy,' too personal altogether for peaceful contact with his fellows: good-hearted, perhaps; one couldn't tell.

As I sat studying his features and imagining a character to go with them, a shaft of sunlight moved slowly over them. I shall never forget the effect! It was as though a mask were being lifted, revealing underneath it a face shining with a remarkable glory and beauty and peace — a marvelous transformation, indeed. Contentedly munching his apple, Serge was himself quite oblivious of it. But there flashed through my mind the words "made in the image of God," and with it the memory of that other old teaching, that man is in reality a god, a divine being, inhabiting an animal body, but capable of raising himself — his whole nature, physical and all — up to the stature of godhood. Before my eyes I had the prophecy revealed, a picture of what our common human clay

will some day become, when our work of transforming it has been accomplished. Like the rest of us, Serge had not yet awakened to the fact of his divinity, that was all.

The beam of sunlight passed on, and left again the everyday face, *the mask*, as I now felt it to be. Somehow, since that day, every time Serge comes in sight I find myself looking for a repetition of that revelation. The strange thing is, that I do get flashes of it through the mask; did they never show before, or is it not rather that my eyes are now open? One is apt always to see what he is looking to see.

Out of this simple experience, so natural yet so suggestive, has grown another. I have come to see that the whole world is constantly being lit by these flashes from the Divine; one sees them everywhere. And, here and there, I see that Light able to break through the masks that hide it, shining steadily and clearly: *the most beautiful thing on earth*: through the eyes of a little child, often; from the face of some bed-ridden sufferer; in the patient smile of a tired, over-worked mother; on the brow of the man who has conquered himself in order that he may be better fitted to help those about him; about the silvered head of one who has learned the meaning of this life of ours and is ready to pass on to the next.

"Seeing is believing"; he who has once seen and recognised the divine light in another will find it there again and again. He will learn to shed his own personal masks and be his true self, a center of happiness and helpfulness and strength. And above all, instead of forming judgments, necessarily warped and unjust, regarding the characters of those about him, he will ever seek, with what patience may be needful, for the signs in them of "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." K.

How Infinite Good Itself Must Be

Gilbert Thomas, in the *Book Monthly*

LAST night I mused before the fire, alone;
And, as I thought on this thing and on that,
There suddenly rose before me, as I sat,
The faces of all the friends that I have known.
A very motley company, I own!
Yet was there none in which there did not shine
Some small, peculiar hint of the divine —
One ray, at least, from the great Luster thrown.
And then I thought of all the earth's myriad men,
Living and dead and yet to be — each still
Revealing his own glimpse of the one Will,
His own fresh gleam of the one Radiancy; —
Till all my heart and brain grew dizzy then,
Thinking how infinite Good Itself must be.

God Speed the Plow

"To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life."—First Object of "The International Brotherhood League."

WELL do I remember thinking, as I watched the great procession through the streets of London at the Jubilee of Queen Victoria of England in 1887, and the long line of notables taking part in it, that there was not one who could bear himself with greater dignity, or seemed more truly noble without conscious pose, than my friend Jack Cracknell as I saw him one day behind his plow waiting to start the first long furrow. He stood all ready to begin, his honest face bronzed by exposure to the wind and sun, his muscles tense, his body straining forward like his horses, eager to begin.

There lay the earth waiting for man's awakening touch, and all over the island hungry Britons were trusting blindly that the plowman in the field would do his part and make the all-producing soil bring forth abundant food for all who live by bread.

I like to think that it was not altogether the lure of his wages that urged him on, but that to some extent at least it was the wish to help the world along and carry on the work his birth and training had assigned him as his part in life. But perhaps if he was unconscious of any motive, that made him all the grander, for then he served the world like some great Nature-force whose action is impersonal and free from any thought of self.

And now the last instruction has been given, and with a cheerful shout to his team he tightened his grip upon the handles, the heavy framework creaked, and as the horses leaned upon their collars the shining coulter pierced the level sod. The well-matched team warmed to their work; and as the plow-point gashed the turf, long ribbons of the rich, brown earth heaved over on their grassy backs and the first stage of the providing of the world with bread had well begun.

It is on the broad shoulders of humble workers like Jack Cracknell and his kind that Humanity's life rests. For, wrote the wise Solomon, "the profit of the earth is for all. The king himself is served by the field"; and so, fitting rapidly before the mental eye there moves a long procession clad in fabrics ranging all the way from common corduroy to China silk and all alike dependent on the work of such as Jack. And children too, although they know not whom to thank, are unconsciously trusting in Cracknell's willingness to toil. Whilst at the end of the long-drawn line, come even our household cats and dogs and cage-birds, all owing their lives to the plowman's labor.

A feeling of reverence steals over me as the plow creeps up and down the field, for the body of man is

the temple of God, and the plowman is even now preparing the material from which these shrines are built. I feel that I am present at a sacred ceremony and no words of mine shall break the stillness or disturb the solemn rites. Statesmen and judges, artists and men of science are of course all indispensable; but just now the rugged figure of Jack Cracknell guiding the plow and cheerily calling to his horses, seems the grandest and most dignified of all in his intense devotion to the present duty, and his sublime unconsciousness of his place in the great scheme of life.

Each in his proper place and each contributing his special act of service, though it may seem to pass unnoticed and of little worth. Thus do we weave from day to day a fragrant garland formed of the flowers of mutual help, invisible but strong, that binds the units of the human race into an undivided whole. "Nothing is great and nothing small in the Divine Economy."

Jack's work allows him little time to cultivate his mind. But after all the thinking faculty is only part of our mysterious life; and surely duty faithfully performed establishes a claim upon the Law of Universal Justice which will ensure that ample compensation will be given. Futurity lies all before him and illimitable time for recompense to the uttermost detail, and for the unfolding of every possibility of growth.

A Prisoner and His Flower

(From *The Square Deal*)

A flower was sent to a condemned prisoner by a wheeling florist and this is what that sweet flower brought to memory.

AS I sit in my cell and look upon this sweet flower, my mind wanders back to my boyhood days, and as I gaze at the purity and waft the fragrance of this gem of nature, I picture myself as I was a few short years ago, before I started drifting down the stream of life to an unknown end.

Life is full of cares and sorrows and so many of us start out upon this highway without the knowledge of the many temptations which drag us down to destruction.

If you will notice this same flower as it grows older and older, the leaves wither and drop off one by one. This is the way your friends leave you just as soon as you step from the straight and narrow path. Finally the last leaf has fallen off, nothing is left standing but the stem. That is the way we find ourselves standing alone in this world, with all our former beauty and sweetness gone; with not one true friend left who will stick until the last, except our dear old mother.

After the beauty which this flower once possessed has faded and disappeared, and it doesn't look as

though it is worth while to spend any more time or labor on it in order that it may live and stand among the other plants, enjoying the sweetness of life; but if the florist, standing at the head of this vast garden filled with human plants, who has the power to dispose of them in whatever manner he chooses, would take this same plant and give it another chance and thorough testing out, some day it may stand forth and be the pride of the garden.

Just another chance is all I ask.

Take any man who is almost lost and care for him as you would this flower in order to have it bloom again and be pleasing to the eye; do you not watch over it and take pride with the unfolding of each leaf? What greater love could you show for your fellow-man? There never was a human being born that did not have a few hidden buds buried within their hearts and just a little kindness, a few encouraging words will cause these same hidden buds, that were given up as lost, to burst forth and bloom again in full.

But are we aware that this same flower will never bloom so nice or look as sweet to *society* as it did in the days that are past and gone? But it could be made presentable and should not be cast aside forever.

We all know there is a vast variety among the human plants. Some will thrive and bloom very quickly with just a little time and care, while there are others that require much more time and attention before you get any results for your labor. But the flower that takes the tenderest care and the hardest labor; when it does burst forth in all its glory, gives you more joy than the one that grew without your help.

May this message reach the heart of some mother's child who is drifting blindly down the stream of life — who have passed beyond the danger signal on one or more occasion, and who, thus far, have ignored its warning. May they take heed from this message before it's too late. This is my prayer.

WORK & HOPE

The Noblest Revenge

DON'T strive to get even. The greatest of all time-wasting is time wasted on revenge. It not only is a waste of time but also of gray matter, nerve force, vitality, soul juice and life reserves. The desire for retaliation is the most dangerous lust that enslaves human beings.

When you wish to hurt him who has hurt you, you want something that irritates you while you want it, disappoints you when you get it, and makes you feel mean after it's all over.

You can't get through this life without meeting people who injure you. There will be people who snub you, those who betray you, those who cheat you, envy you; besides all the spiteful, malicious, weak and venomous swarm of human mosquitoes, worms and wasps.

If you stop to chase each of these to punish them you will have no time for anything else.

If you allow yourself to think of them they will poison you till your mind is as sour as buttermilk, your sleep is ruined and your hours of leisure turned from content to wretchedness.

Forget it.

When Jesus said that about turning the other cheek, he was not talking impossible idealism but plain sense.

The people who spiritually arrive are the forgetters.

Here is a sentence to paint on your wall where you can see it day by day: "An injury can grieve us only when remembered. The noblest revenge therefore, is to FORGET." — *Selected*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

The New Way Quotebook

"He who strives to resurrect the Spirit crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions, and buried deep in the 'sepulcher' of his sinful flesh, he who has the strength to roll back the stone of matter from the door of his own inner sanctuary, he has the risen Christ in him."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"Two forces are ever active within us, and the sooner we get away from the idea that temptation comes from without, the sooner we realize that we must look within both for the temptation and the power to overcome it, the quicker we shall come to that knowledge which belongs to every man — that he holds the Key, that either the Kingdom of Heaven is within himself, or a hell, the possibilities of which exceed anything that the men and women of today ever heard of or imagined. The forces of Light and of Darkness are within."— *Katherine Tingley*

"OUR philosophy considers humanity as an emanation from divinity on its return path thereto."
— *W. Q. Judge*

"Be content, as you are is the good law's care for you. Expect nothing; for the good law will bring to you all you have earned and nothing else. No king nor power, save yourself, can either hasten or retard you wage. And against you the good law will win finally — with happiness for you. So divine is the care for you; your regard for the law and its Giver, the Supreme, need be your only concern."— *E. P.*

"THE man who is all bound up in his personal thoughts and feelings is constantly poisoning his own body and brain, and is producing for himself causes of sickness, pain and death. At best, he only half lives, and his influence in the real world is very small — although in his own little world he may fill the whole horizon."— *K. R.*

"Success is not in never failing, but in never fearing to begin again."— *Henry F. Cope*

THE WAYS

"To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low,
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go."— *John Oxenham*

"OPTIMISM is the faith that leads to achievement. Nothing can be done without hope."— *Helen Keller*

"NEXT best to natural, spontaneous cheeriness is deliberate, intended, persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate, and can so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not a hereditary gift."

— *Helen Hunt Jackson*

"SOME people when they come to the least obstacle capitulate without firing a shot at the enemy. This is poor warfare."

"Be one who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."— *Browning*

"THE brain is like a dense forest, and our thoughts are backwoodsmen blazing a trail. When once a certain thought has passed through, it is easier for the same thought to come again. That is habit. It is easier to fold a piece of paper again in the same crease than in any other way. That is habit. So, to create a habit of cheerfulness, we must send cheerful thoughts along again and again, until the trail in our minds is thoroughly blazed. Then it will be easy to be cheerful."— *R. P. Anderson*

"WHEN things first got to goin' wrong with me, I says, 'O Lord, whatever comes, keep me from gettin' sour!' Since then I've made it a practise to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid and smile."— *Mrs. Wiggs*

"SELF-DISTRUST is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers."— *Bovee*

"SAY to yourself, 'Well, I have made a false step, now I must go more carefully and watchfully.' Do this each time, however frequently you fall. Above all, do not be discouraged."— *St. Francis de Sales*

"MOST jobs, like most sums in arithmetic, are well within the possibilities of the cheerful and daring. When a truly hard one comes, the habit of going ahead is a tremendous factor in overcoming it; and the world is often accordingly surprised by the spectacle of victory where defeat was looked for as a matter of course. 'Who would have thought he had it in him?' is a world-old cry. The optimist may not, in truth, have it in him, but is reinforced by his belief in the backing of the universe when a man works hard and cheerfully enough — a belief that seems justified at least seven times out of ten by results."

— *Priscilla Leonard*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"The day always comes to those who hang on tight."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. XII

JULY 1923

No. 7



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE HOMES AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Residence of Mrs. A. G. Spalding, President of the Woman's International Theosophical League.

Evolution and Peace

(From a recent public address by Katherine Tingley)

THE first thought I would ask you to consider today is: What is man? And this opens up the subject of evolution, so vitally important for us all

because it leads us to see humanity's great possibilities.

It is utterly impossible to find the secret of life, explain its mystery, and fathom the depths of human nature, without profound knowledge—such knowledge as will make you have more pity today than you had yesterday, such knowledge as will bring you

closely in touch with the Infinite Laws, such knowledge as will make you feel, if you are big enough (and you ought to be) that you are absolutely treading a new path. The path may not be clearly outlined to you at first; but within the very depths of your soul, you will begin to find conscience working in a new way. How grandly it does work, if you will let it! It will open new vistas for you every day! It will enable you to turn new light on the baffling problems of life! Awaken! Find the soul! Find the response within you! Follow in confidence the path pointed out to you by the Seers of old! When evolution is rightly directed, for high purposes, we shall have conscience sweeping to the front, and we shall be amazed at the glorious results of right action.

If humanity can discover what evolution means, it can soon find out what life means. And in finding out what life means, we can begin to feel our responsibility. The deeper meanings of life cannot be imparted by anyone to another. The mind of the questioner can only be directed to these deeper things. He must let himself feel the divinity of his own soul, fall back on that colossal higher self in human nature which Christ developed and manifested, which will come to every man if he will open the door to it. The destiny of man through evolution is spiritual knowledge and spiritual strength. Every man is challenged to ask himself: "Which part of me shall be the conqueror?"

The trouble is that many men, even those who profess to be looking for the truth, want all their thinking, all their praying, all their salvation done for them. That is where evolution is retarded. Civilization is held back by the non-thinking people. We might offer them our best books, the discourses of our greatest teachers, and they would all be dead matter until they challenged themselves and did some real thinking for themselves.

So the question is: Which way are you growing? Are you evolving to the spiritual plane of vision, illumination and the sense of justice, or are you just dragging along, waiting for the time to come when you will have your name on a card up there in the cemetery? It is the state of mind of humanity that keeps us as we are today. Imagine the hard time that Christ had to awaken spirituality in the people of his day. They had forgotten their ancient civilization and wisdom and had been to a degree sleeping in savagery. And the world has been doing very much the same ever since.

There are minds that will say: "What is all this talk about the divinity of man? I never see any divinity manifested." But let a man once commence to feel that he himself is divine, and he at once begins to change the world for the better and awaken the divinity of others. Right within the corners of these little brains of ours — for they are awfully little, else we should see bigger results — right within the very sound of our voices and the pulsation of our hearts,

there is a force which *can be evoked*.

Now, if just this body of people here could let their hearts the belief in the Infinite Law, that divine, why, in spite of the fiendish things I read about daily in the newspapers of man's failure to act divinely, of his failure to treat his fellow-like brothers, this soul-power that I speak of be evoked. If this were done, do you not believe our newspapers would be filled with something other than reports of murders, suicides, divorces, kidnaping, and bloodshed? Would we not have the world that we breathe pulsating with the grand and noble thoughts of men?

How long would it take a body of people filled with the enthusiasm that I have and the belief in the divinity of man to bring about new conditions in the world? How long would it take just one man to bring this audience to a point of enthusiasm that would bring home to you the idea that the world must come to accept the principle of Universal Brotherhood? Opportunities are coming to us to insist that national differences shall be settled by arbitration and that high-minded men can get together and discuss their differences intelligently and decently, and listen to anything but PEACE.

How quickly a mob can be stirred up! But think of the psychological effect of a body of men enthused with the spirit of peace, proclaiming a less war against war — doing nothing that could interfere with the real life of our civilization, but something that would permeate humanity like the great mother's love, intensified and intensified, until it came such a powerful psychological force that it would be irresistible.

But, alas! everywhere in individual, civic, national and international affairs, we meet arrant cowardice. With most men the question is not, "Is it just?" but "Will it pay?" And this is not in any evil intent. It is simply through ignorance. Men are not acquainted with their colossal self, their big, divine, sympathetic, god-like self. The soul is the soul.

It is a simple thing to say, but everything is wrong when everything is not right. And it is our business to make everything right as far as it is possible for us to do so. Look at some of the boys in our jail. I go there quite often. A man is there sentenced to be hanged. I suppose he was a clean man when he was a youth as most young men are. Perhaps he had not made the mistakes that you have. But he lost self-control; he let himself carry him on the downward path. He got his nature fired up, and he murdered. In a short time this poor fellow will be hanged. They will read about it in the newspapers, and then he will be forgotten. This is one of the blots of our civilization. They had a mother and a father. His weakness was doubtless accentuated by the very atmosphere of the world, by the love of money, the love of se-



the desire to control and get ahead which are everywhere manifested. But modern 'civilization' hangs him. And today other little babies may be coming along, sweet and pure as far as we can see or know. But in a few years from now, these little children may show brutal tendencies that are more menacing than those in the man who is going to be hanged—and this because we have added to the brutality of the world by deliberately murdering a man in cold blood with the sanction of the law. We have to study psychology and the dual nature of man before we can handle these terrible problems rightly.

When I think of the young folk, the babies, the little boys and girls, who will be coming along in the next ten or fifteen years, I cry: "Mercy! What are we going to give them? What have we in our progeny now to be proud of?" The time will come, unless we make a change, when it will seem a sin before the Higher Law to bring a child into the world. The unborn are pleading in the silence and through the hearts of men, for something better for the children that are to come. We must put our shoulders to the wheel, be up and doing, and fight for the true evolution and salvation of civilization. Unless this is done, the psychology of all that has happened in the last war and of all that menaces us will, as the Irishman says, "down us," and we will evolve in a direction that will make a sad history for our beautiful country.

And so, with my heart full, my mind weighed down with the injustice and suffering of the world, I still have hope. That is the one thing that keeps me up. I have an optimism that makes me smile even when those who are listening to me are ready to give up. Why do I feel so? Because the Infinite Law eternally holds the souls of men in its keeping. It opens the door for them all to understand and become worthy representatives of the human race, urging them to gentleness, mercy, compassion, and love of justice. These qualities will lift the world out of its present degradation and bring hope and peace and joy to you and to others. I have such faith in this Infinite Law that I can conceive of a time coming when we shall have even more beautiful flowers than we do now; we shall hear more beautiful music from the birds, and the animal kingdom will be of a different nature, and humans will walk like gods upon earth!

The Rising Sun

THE last time I was in town I stood for some time at Conklin and Atwater's window admiring a pretty painting of the sun just glowing up in the east over the hills beyond the bay. Suddenly my meditations were interrupted by the guttural croak of Jim Slowcombe's voice in my ear:

"I wouldn't have that picture hanging in my room.

A melancholy subject, to my thinking—the sun dying out of sight, light growing dim and nothing but darkness in store."

"Jim," I said, "either your soul has gone to sleep or else your liver is out of whack this morning. I could eat my breakfast before that picture for ten years and get an inspiration every time. The *setting* sun? It's the *rising* God of Day, you jackass! Look at the freshness of the early morning, the darkness in full flight, and that gorgeous gold track along the water. Of course, if you like to throw a gloom over the picture and call it a *sunset* there'll be no law to stop you, but the gloom is your private contribution and no fault of the painter's. If you choose to surround yourself with mental fogs and look at everything through *that* atmosphere, every kind of a sunrise turns upsidedown and glooms at you as a sunset."

Slowcombe seemed to be a trifle meditative for a moment and while he was turning his pipe around in his mouth, I noticed that the picture was not a painting but an unusually good specimen of the color-printer's art. Being in a generous, sunrise mood I said:

"I'm going to buy that picture, Jim, for you to hang where you can see it every morning. But just you call it *sunrise*, my boy, and let some of the sunrise idea get in all through you before you quit your room, and then you pay it out all round you on to everyone you meet for the next two hours. Sunrise means a fresh start and new beginning and cheerfulness and all sorts of energy and large-hearted outgiving. It'll build you all over again, mind and body, and you'll encourage all the rest of the fellows you meet to be feeling the same heartened-up way themselves."

Slowcombe was pleased at the little gift, I could see, and also inclined to think there might be something in the new idea. But just by way of a final kick he did remark that the sun was rising—if it was—only to set later on, and that there'd be night anyhow in a while.

"You're dead wrong on that," I replied. "As the old Earth rolls around on its axis the sun's beams are always striking some fresh mountain-top and scattering the darkness in his royal, liberal way. He's making morning somewhere all day long. You take that picture home and fix it where you can see it first thing you see anything when you wake of a morning, and try the sunrise idea."

I reckon it got under Slowcombe's skin after a while. Certainly a gradual change took place in his character after that. His voice became less suggestive of a frog with a sore throat and his step lost something of its elephantine shuffle. He took a new start in life, and began to be known as a pleasant and helpful fellow to have around. He told me himself, later on, that his work went better and he'd got to see a lot of good points in some of the other fellows that he couldn't abide before, and his wife and the kiddies were positively glad to see him come

home at suppertime. "That picture's more or less in the back of my noddle all the time," he said. "Kind of sunrising away to itself right along."

PICTURE-MAKER

Butterfly Minds

"'WHATSOEVER thy hand findeth to do,' etc.; well, it seems presumptuous to say so, but I've never been able to agree with that. The whole mind on every mechanical routine trifle one has to do? Absurd! Such little matters as that don't need the whole mind. You can just as well think of something else the while you do them. Besides, a fellow's best thoughts often pop into his head while his hands are busy over some simple thing. You're a psychologist, Jim, or think you are. What have you got to say about this? Grind out some wisdom."

Jim stopped sweeping out the tent — we were camping out and it was his day to attend to our domestic arrangements — sat down, filled and lit his pipe, and began to hold forth.

"Discourse will be under four heads, my boy. You've wantonly let yourself in for it, so lend me your long ears that I may pour wisdom into their furry depths.

"First, then, if you let your mind think of what it chooses as you do some manual, mechanical thing, whilst it is true that your best thoughts may, as you say, 'pop into your head,' it is just as likely that your *worst* thoughts may. You may think of something funny and get a grin out of it, or you may think of that low-down thing Jones did to you yesterday and get fired up so hot over it that you can't cool off all the rest of the day; or of that equally low-down thing *you* — being human — did once, and get all chilled and broken up about it. Even winged seraphs like you and me have done things — aye? — that we'd just as soon not look back at and usually get no good out of if we do. We've turned a new leaf. What's the good of grizzling over old dirty pages except to see that we don't let the new clean one get that way? Now, this red-hot affair with Jones, and that disreputable old page in the automatic life-diary, would never have turned up to bother you and fizzle away your brain-oil if you'd got the habit of keeping the mind on whatever you were doing. You might, of course, at some proper time, deliberately sit down and go over that affair with Jones in your mind and so lesson yourself and strengthen yourself that if any such thing occurred again you *wouldn't* lose your temper; or so go over that other affair in the past that if the situation presented itself again you *wouldn't* do the shady thing you did, whatever it was. But this is very different from having the mind scare up those matters at its own sweet will and altogether out

of season. — So there's count number 1 in this discourse.

"Now beginneth count number 2. How much time do you spend looking for some little thing you just put out of your hand without noticing, two minutes ago, and can't for the life of you remember where you dropped it? How often do we make some cussed little mistake or omission in what we're doing — or a right big one now and then — just because we were thinking of the *next* thing we're going to do, or of some job we've just finished, or of some other affair altogether, instead of the precise job we're on *now*? (You observe I sometimes say *you* and sometimes *we*. That's so's you shan't feel too lonely in the matter of these indictments. I've got a failing or two myself, though you mayn't have noticed it. — Now hold on; *I'm* doing the talking.)

"Count number 3. Here begin the positive gains from the practice of this concentration. — The first gain in practising and perfecting and eternally using the power of holding the mind down second by second on whatever one is doing, is, that everything finally comes to be done in the best way that thing can be done, from making a bed and sweeping a floor upward; that new and extraordinary powers of observation are developed so that you see a hundred things in everything and a hundred aspects of everything — from a sunset and a flower upward and downward — where the ordinary man sees one or none; that you get a unique control over the body in its smallest movements; and that this is the only way to get such a control over the mind that, whatever you do decide to turn it upon, it will be able to follow that subject to the furthest limit and show you inwardnesses of it that you never dreamed of. There's not one of us that has the least notion what the mind, well trained in this way, is capable of perceiving, doing and creating, and learning. And the hours of practice are sixteen per day, and maybe twenty-four after a while. — No, I an't going to amplify that last clause just now. You're not sufficiently developed.

"Count number 4. Consider this as the peroration to the discourse. That it is only when a man has practised this power of mind-holding and got well into the swing of it, that he can begin to understand that the mind is not he himself, but an instrument in his possession. (At least it ought to be. Pretty generally he's in its possession.) And then he gets on to the grand question of life: What am *I*? That's a question that can't be answered, can't be even much asked, till we get so's we've found the mind to be something outward of us, an instrument that's so occupied in using itself any way it chooses that it will hardly allow us to use it at all, still less allow us to still it down into silence while we try to get a feel of what we are in behind. A man's really the soul of his mind; that is to say, he's a soul.

"Well, you let yourself in for this. I didn't begin it.

Now you must let yourself out of it the best way you can. Where's that broom? I forget just where I put it down."

ONE OF THEM

"I Know"

"YES, I know his name as well as I know my own, but for the life of me I can't just think of it now, though it's right on the end of my tongue."

the geometric properties of a triangle— as indeed we all do. But in this case the boy did not previously know that he knew. How much else do we know, without knowing that we know, without any suspicion of the depth of our knowledge?

Some children have from the first an instinctive sense of honor. Nothing would induce them to lie or steal. They know something, but do not know that they know it, still less can they express it. If they try to, perhaps all they can say is that it's wrong to do such things. They may want to steal, but they



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ONE OF THE CAVES OF POINT LOMA

In the vast life of the earth the map of land and ocean ceaselessly changes and every coast-line tells the story. The land washes out and becomes sea-bottom, and the sea-bottom is upheaved into land again, ready for new life after its bath.

A common experience with us all. We know something and know that we know it, but somehow can't get hold of it. How much else do we know, and know that we know, but can't say? Maybe a lot of it, the very best of it, won't go into words at all. And maybe, because we can't say it we neglect it, forget it, come to let ourselves be persuaded that there's no such knowledge there. One kind of faith is really knowing and admitting to ourselves that we know something which yet we can't express.

In one of Plato's dialogues an ignorant boy is represented as being called up and dexterously questioned till, little by little, he is made to see that he knows

want not to still more. They feel *rightness* in themselves, and love it, are at home in that feeling. Later, under wise training, this deep love of rightness, or at-homeness in rightness, this unknown knowledge, may come out into known knowledge of themselves as souls, realization that they are souls. The little gain resulting from a theft or a lie looks no gain at all against the background of immortal being. For, along with the knowledge of our soulhood, comes the knowledge of our immortality as souls. We knew, before. Now we know that we know. But even then, the expression of the knowledge, the words "I am an immortal soul"— is a poor affair compared with the

splendor of realization. So that is what we mean when we say that man is divine: that deep within, he is a self-knowing soul.

But in life, with all the thronging preoccupations of his brain and body consciousness he does not know his own knowledge. It is for each of us, by the power of silence and aspiration, to find himself as a soul, to bring his unknown knowledge into the known, to realize.

STUDENT

The Right Slavery

A "SLAVE to your own thoughts," are you? That would not necessarily be an evil, I think, if you had previously determined which kind of thoughts you would be a slave to. The mind will often concentrate itself on something, can't be pulled off. In fact a man's a nonentity in life if he hasn't got that kind of mind. He must get it or stay a cipher. And it can be got, this mental vitality.

A man may, then, be a slave to his mind if he can will to what line and sort of thoughts he will be a slave. Complete boss and slave at the same time.

Watch a great inventor or scientist. Can't get his mind off what he's inventing or discovering, and doesn't want to. Finally he gets the great idea he's after. He's a slave, if you like to put it that way, but he is in tune with his own slavery, goes along with it, likes it, is happy and satisfied with it.

Every man gets a touch, a feel, once in a while, that he's something more than he ordinarily seems to himself, especially every man that's aspiring to better his life and straighten up. He'd press ahead with that feeling if he knew what it was that was going on in him just at that moment.

What's really happened is that for that moment he's got a little nearer what he really is deep inside (or high overhead, if you like). In another way of putting it, it's a touch of what he *can* be.

The feeling doesn't last. He gets pulled off by his ordinary run of thoughts inside of a moment. Here's what I mean — something I have modernized a little out of an old book:

"Man stands now and then at the foot of the stairway leading up in ever-increasing light to the very temples of the gods. But from that place many paths spread out, leading away from the stairway, promising gratifications of sense and of mind of every sort, so that, eagerly trying to search out and taste what they offer, he loses all perception and memory of the stairway, or thinks it perhaps a dream, illusion or fancy. So his life passes. And it is not till the clarifying hour of death that he sees how that it was the pleasures offered by the paths that were the dream and illusion and that he has once again missed his opportunity. But if nature is the great temptress,

it is also she who will offer him again and again his possibility of self-redemption."

Man is pulled off *from himself*, then, by his ordinary run of thoughts. From the moment he appreciates that, he knows there's *two* of him: the high sort of self he's becoming for that moment, — and the self of his ordinary run of thoughts and feelings. What he's got to do is to follow up that high self that *isn't* this ordinary run, that stands back of it, that's ever so much greater and finer. He's got to get the habit of standing back, so to speak, from that ordinary run, from the ordinary self, and now and then day by day getting in (or up) to the other, if possible finding the other as a constant presence. It's the soul. And his job is to lift up his mind more and more to an awareness of the soul, his greater self always present in him. When he can get himself as thoroughly swept up in that job, as much a "slave" to it as the scientist is in his invention, he's found the path, the stairway. And every fellow that has ever tried it out knows that it brings more and more that kindness to others, that sense of comradeship, of desire to help and to spread around all the good he can, that ever shining good-will, which we get just a faint adobon of on Christmas Day.

Get run by that. Be a slave to that — that's the way into the ranks of the great workers for humanity. And though your work for the world's good may be limited by circumstances and mostly unknown afield, you are inwardly helping the spiritual pathway of thousands whom in this life you may never see and who will never know what is helping them and making their hearts lighter.

REPORTER

Mind-Wandering

"PEOPLE say: 'One can't help one's thoughts.' But one can. The control of the thinking machine is perfectly possible. . . . People complain of the lack of power to concentrate, not witting that they may acquire the power if they choose.

"Without the power to concentrate, — that is to say, without the power to dictate to the brain its task and to ensure obedience — true life is impossible. Mind control is the first element of a full existence. . . .

"'What? I am to cultivate my mind in the street, on the platform, in the train, and in the crowded street again?' Precisely. Nothing simpler! No tools required! Not even a book. Nevertheless the affair is not easy.

"When you leave your house, concentrate your mind on a subject (no matter what, to begin with). You will not have gone ten yards before your mind has skipped away under your very eyes and is looking round the corner with another subject.

"Bring it back by the scruff of the neck. Ere you

have reached the station you will have brought it back about forty times. Do not despair. Continue. You will succeed. You cannot by any chance fail if you persevere.

"By the regular practice of concentration (as to which there is no secret—save the secret of perseverance) you can tyrannize over your mind (which is not the highest part of you) every hour of the day, and in no matter what place.

"I do not care what you concentrate on, so long as you concentrate. It is the disciplining of the thinking machine that counts. But still, you may as well kill two birds with one stone, and concentrate on something useful.

"It is not my suggestion. It is the suggestion of the most sensible, practical, hard-headed men that have walked the earth. I only give it to you at second-hand. Try it. Get your mind in hand. And see how the process cures half the evils of life—especially worry, that miserable, avoidable, shameful disease—worry!"—From *How to live on 24 hours a day*, by

ARNOLD BENNETT

Some Reasons for not Revenging an Injury

BECAUSE that's the instinctive animal way of doing. To snarl back or snap back therefore makes you more of an animal and less of a man. It's not consistent with dignity.

Because you haven't done anything to cure the other man's willingness to wrong anyone he feels it safe to wrong, and his spite against you in particular is increased. At the first chance he will revenge your revenge.

Because it increases the sum of evil in the world, both you and the other man being worsened.

Because there was an opportunity to develop will by your restraint of the instinctive impulse, and you lost it.

Because whenever you take revenge you have been 'run' by something in your nature. Whatever you may think of yourself, and however you may feel if you succeed, you are a morally weaker man. If you are trying to make progress in character-building, you are forgetting that every act of forgiveness is a stone in the structure, every act of revenge the collapse of what you have already built.

Because Divine Law will at the proper time and in the best way take that man in hand and deal with him sternly enough but yet so as to better him. Your revenge worsens him and will itself require some of the same treatment! The Law knows its business and is not calling for our assistance.

Forward is the great watchword, forward hour by hour, day by day; forwards to ever finer and greater manhood. Taking revenge is getting sidetracked.

When a man comes to die he has to face again in memory all the times when he took revenge and all the other times where he kept on keeping on. Which will then look best to us?

STUDENT

By meeting what seem the small events in the right spirit we are really solving the greater problems of life and shall one day come through to peace with the Higher Nature victorious.

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League—no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

The New Way Quotebook

THE THREEFOLD HUMAN NATURE

"THE Human Soul, the Mind, stands as a link and medium between the animal nature of man which its higher reason seeks to subdue, and the divine spiritual nature, the 'Master' in the sanctuary of our souls, the 'Higher Self,' to which it gravitates whenever it has the upper hand in its struggle with the animal. This personal or human soul is therefore a compound, in its highest form, of spiritual aspirations, volitions and divine love; and in its lower, of terrestrial passions imparted to it by its association with its physical or animal vehicle, the seat of all these."— *Arranged from one of the writings of H. P. BLAVATSKY*

"THE 'right performance of duty' means the mental state in which it is done, for the mere performance of an act has no moral quality in it, for even a machine may be made to perform acts usually done by men. The moral quality resides in the person inside. The performance of a good act is no virtue unless the person within is in the right attitude of mind. Many an apparently good act is done from selfish, hypocritical, crafty or other wrong motives. These are only outwardly good. So we must attain to a proper state of mind, or mental devotion, in order to know how to perform our actions because they ought to be done, because they are our duties."— *W. Q. Judge*

"THERE is no fun in doing things that are easy. The real sport is in doing things that are hard. That is a game worth playing."— *Cyrus Curtis*

"THE difficulties which dishearten one man only stiffen the sinews of another, who looks on them as a sort of mental spring-board by which to vault across the gulf of failure on to the sure, solid ground of full success."

"So, with a gallant heart, through every adverse accident of sorrow, and of fate, to turn to the sun, to strive for the heaven; this it is that gives knowledge to the strong and happiness to the weak."— *Bulwer*

"THOSE who complain that they have no chance should study those grand lives whose very grandeur is a result of the superhuman efforts they were obliged to put forth in order to conquer the seemingly unconquerable difficulties over which they had to climb to the hill of victory."

"THE Indians have a half belief that when one slays an enemy the strength of the slain enters the slayer. Certain it is that a man who slays a seeming impossibility is stronger in proportion to the difficulty overcome. The great men in every calling prove this statement true."

"BUT it were a gloomy, pessimistic philosophy, indeed, to consider only the travail of life. It yields more than 'cries and groans and tears.' In spite of pain and sorrow, and afflictions that might well crush hope, ambition, life itself, man proves the immortality of the soul within him by rising superior to everything that would hold it tied to earth. Where sorrow is sown, he reaps joy; out of darkness he brings light; out of discord, harmony; out of the mantle of despair he fashions a bright-hued garment of hope; endowed with godlike powers, he shows again and again the limitless possibilities of the soul, the innate grandeur of the spirit that dares to say 'I will,' in spite of all handicaps."

"THERE is a state of mind and soul which, if persistently held to, must in time bring the whole being into harmonious adjustment, so that good health comes and stays. It is a positive state, and requires a firm and unrelenting will-exercise. It lights the heart-fires, which, lighting up the inner chambers of the mind and soul, purify and purge of infection even the physical atoms of the body. This in the end is the only true secret of good health."

"SOME of the ancient philosophers regarded the body as necessarily the enemy of the soul, hampering and confusing it. Maybe it is, to some of us. But not to all of us all of the time. The body, truly, often tries to draw us back from the performance of some duty, and is then an enemy. But when that same duty is being energetically carried through, the body will often be found to cease its resistance and be a content and pleased co-operant, sharing afterwards, in its way, in the sense of duty well done. Man, as he knows himself in life, stands between body and soul, and if he faithfully and splendidly serves his soul, his body will come more and more to share in the light and energy he is getting from that soul and become at last his ever-willing helper in all his doings, an instrument responsive to his every touch. Then only is individual life a harmony. The child is healthy and joyous by gift of mother nature. If the man would be the same again he must win it."

"FOR when every year I find the daffodils bringing up their glory of color and beauty of line with unflinching perfection, I cannot but think that man, made in God's image, was meant to be still more beautiful in his thoughts and deeds even than they. Then surely what man was meant to be must be the only true reality of what he is. All else merely happens to him."

— *E. Temple Thurston*

"DON'T try to do day work in the darkness of the night. The night is the time of repair of brain, nerves, body and mind. You can't repair an engine while it's working."

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

Keep on keeping on, that's all

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY
(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. XII

AUGUST 1923

No. 8



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ACTIVE WORKERS OF THE MEN'S AND WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUES WHO TOOK PART IN THE PEACE CONGRESS AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, OPENED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY JULY 16, 1923

Superb Manhood

HERE and there are repeated in tradition and recorded in history the lives of rare example of nobility — superb men and women — heroes, war-

riors, and lovers of the race; embodiments of what we in our best moments know to be the true life, worthy of a soul, worthy to be lived by us as men.

There is surely no one living who has not had the great good fortune to see, at least from a distance, or

perhaps contact closely, someone who aroused the better side of his nature, who was to him an example, in a greater or less degree, of those high qualities which we all love and admire. No man who watches himself, his thoughts, tendencies or desires, is ignorant of the two opposing powers which, now one and now the other, hold sway in his life. What is it that gives us the power to recognise and love superb moral strength, high purpose, unflinching determination, heroism, nobility and purity? To recognise, shrink from, and despise cowardice, meanness, impurity and all forms of vice? Is it not that the seeds of these, both the good and the bad, exist in ourselves? Indeed, it is not possible to recognise in another that which we are incapable of attaining. The fact of our recognising these qualities is evidence of our power on the one hand to attain to the higher, or on the other to sink down to the lower. We are the battle-ground, and in ourselves is waged the fight between good and evil. We recognise the noble and true, and then, forgetting the better, we permit the lower to rule.

How many of us can look back to more than rare moments of absolute self-control and self-dominion? Yet a superb manhood requires that we shall stand, not as rulers of ourselves for a moment, but always, with absolute and perpetual sovereignty.

Too long has humanity been weighed down with the dogmas of original sin and inherent unworthiness; yet these dark shadows are not the teachings of Christ, or of any of the great Helpers of the world. They taught Divinity as man's origin, perfection as his destiny. They held out to him the possibility of a superb manhood. How great a hope then comes into our lives when this is known and felt to be true! How great a change will be wrought in the life of humanity, when limiting creeds and dogmas have given place to glorious hope, and superb courage shall again thrill men's hearts!

The obstacles that we meet may be many. We have the obstacle of the transmitted habits of a long line of heredity; for if heredity be so strong that *physical* likeness is handed from parent to child, how much more the subtle influence of thought and desire! Truly the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children; and, as we must all recognise, the enemies to our progress are teeming in our own blood. If the body, mind, and soul were separate from one another, special qualities might be cultivated in one part of our nature without regard to the other; but the whole nature of man is interblended, and no one part can progress very far save as the whole progresses in perfect harmony. Should we not then use this power of heredity, by so purifying and ennobling our lives that those who come after us shall be born with the love of all that is high and beautiful, pure and true?

The first requisite is that we shall realize that a

superb manhood is possible — possible in part even for us now, possible in its entirety for us, if not in this, yet in some other life that shall be ours. It is ours *now* to begin to make our lives noble, to feel *now* the stirring of the divine life in us, to follow examples of that superb manhood that stands as a beacon-light and guide to a shipwrecked world.

Let us keep before us the picture of such a superb manhood — perfect harmony of mind and heart and soul; the body clean and pure, alert and erect; the superb gesture, the balanced mind, the heart full of high purpose, throbbing with noblest impulses, our whole life a life for others! C. L. H.

Our Household

“A MAN'S foes shall be they of his own household.” *Shall be, note. Shall be when?* As soon as he resolves to make any kind of steady effort. For this effort is *against* something in his own nature, and this something resists being disturbed or stood on.

It is easy enough to let your boat float on still water or with the stream. But put your oars out, and you find the water is now resisting your progress. It does not want its inertia disturbed. Yet if it did not resist, that is, did not have that inertia, your oars would have no purchase and you could not move an inch. You can say that as soon as you determine to move actively, the water becomes a foe, yet it just because of that hostility that you can accomplish your purpose and get somewhere.

The thought of accomplishing some advance, of winning some goal, is of course a mere thought, and standing alone, has no power. It becomes a power as soon as you put your will into it. What you have really resolved is to use your will in that particular direction. Will is the power that overcomes inertia; it is the one activity in the universe. Wherever there is action there is inertia lined up against will. It is inertia that becomes the foe in the household of the man who proposes to use his will; inertia, the desire not to — which may take the form of a desire to do something easier or something else, or to go on doing the usual thing. The strong man is the man in whom will prevails.

The desire not to take the new step may hide under all sorts of reasonable-looking shapes. Say a man knows that he eats too much and decides to cut down. Immediately he will have to face inertia, in the form of the desire to go on overeating as usual. When he puts up his will strongly against this he may find the mind filling up with fears and with thoughts that he will not be getting enough for proper sustenance, that his health will suffer, that it is not wise suddenly to change old habits, and so on. And amidst these he may lose sight of the sure knowledge he had before — that for his own good he should cut down his food,



coming perhaps at last to doubt whether he was right after all. If that doubt prevails, inertia has won and will be conquered. His foe was of his own household and has come out winner. Any resolve, even, say, the resolve to do an hour's serious study every evening, has to run the same gauntlet of opposition.

The opposition may come from further out. A man who a few years ago (let us say) decided not to drink, probably found that the urgency of his comrades to take drinks with them became at once much greater — in addition to the increase of his own desire as soon as it found that there was some danger of its being denied its customary gratification. (*Customary*, of course, covers the idea of inertia.)

Even 'blind' circumstances seem sometimes to combine to make it more difficult than usual to carry out a resolve. *Seem* to? They *do*. For, in a degree that few of us suspect, outer circumstances do respond to our inner attitude. We create our path as we go along far more than we think, create it and line it with aids and obstacles, draw around us circumstances that are a close fit to our natures. Things do not happen. The universe, the flow of events, is not blind. It watches and responds to us. Like the water, it seems to oppose when in reality it is lending itself to the stroke of our oars. The man who resolves to keep serene will find that for a while the circumstances of his life are actually more calculated to irritate than they were before, in addition to the extra sensitiveness to irritation that his resolve has brought about in himself. He resolved to use his will more than before and so unconsciously called on difficulties to become more than before. If they did not, his will would have no more to employ itself on than before.

So the arising of obstacles of any sort in the way of a resolution merely means that you have begun to move, your oars are out, flat against the cheek of the waters of life.

And remember again, that the universe is a school, and is meant to be. It watches the scholars and helps them — partly by resistance, partly by furnishing opportunity step by step for the use of every power we have.

And again: that a man's 'household' is, firstly, the elements of his own nature, the powers and inertia and will and ideals and weaknesses therein; secondly, all the other humans of his circle, with whom he interacts every moment, whom he influences in every change in his consciousness and who influence him by every change in theirs; thirdly, the universe of flowing events, so seemingly blind, is also a part of the 'household' of each of us, quite as truly as we are members of its vast household. There is not one of us that escapes its watchfulness. Just as, in every act, we act upon it, so does it in reply adjust a suitable reaction upon us. If we do wrong it adjusts a suitable pain — suitable, because the pain is such as to be an

opportunity to gain some growth of character from it. If we do not respond, by making some sort of effort of will, it brings back the opportunity later on in a new form. It no more lets us alone than we can let it alone. It, and we as parts of it, keep up a counterplay of will and inertia — the desire to be, or go on doing, as before. In it, will works always toward the *onward*, upward. When in us our will also works always towards the onward, human life will have triumphed over death and become unending joy.

Will needs exercise for its health and growth. Any exercise of it is and must be against inertia. And its possibilities of growth have no limit. STUDENT

The Bird and its Feathers

"THAT was a mighty fine bird till you came to pull the feathers off him."

South Africa. We were camping in the woods and I had been out to shoot our dinner. The bird, as Joe said, had seemed a fine one as to size and was certainly gorgeous as to plumage. But when he was plucked naked for the pot there was next to nothing left of him.

Whereat we fell to moralizing. Fine-looking birds that come to nothing when their feathers are gone are just as common among humans as on the high trees. And they get rated by their feathers not only in their communities but even more in their own minds. Once in a while one of them gets caught in something shady, plucked in a law-court, and sent naked behind the bars. It must be an uncomfortable time! For they had reckoned themselves by their feathers and felt good at seeing the same admiring appreciation of them in the eyes of their fellow townsmen. But the adventitious importance is gone now and there may not be much left, perhaps a very small affair indeed — they had never suspected how small.

Don't let us laugh at them. We nearly all have some feather-pride. "The clothes make the man," says a French proverb. We all know how different is our feeling when dressed for company from the feeling that gets into us when we don the work-stained overalls.

Sometimes a man's 'feathers' are his body. He's six feet tall, or an athlete, or has a fine nose, or is an expert pianist. At any moment a street accident may break his legs or stave in his nose or dislocate a finger — and those feathers are gone.

And sometimes his feathers are his mental equipment. He values himself on being good company because he can tell a good story, or he is a ready speaker at the club, or he learns and remembers easily anything he studies. But a little hardening of his arteries or some other chronic trouble may strip him of *those* feathers, and he too finds himself naked.

But what is there left when the feathers are gone? What is it that gets naked? What is the real thing in there all the time? How can we get to know about that and so begin to spend some time in the cultivation of what no amount of plucking can rob us of?

The 'real thing' in there is the real man, he who is behind heredity and what heredity clothes him with, who is his own heredity, who existed before and will exist afterwards but who forgets himself in his 'feathers,' waits to be awakened to himself. Its name, perhaps, is 'I'; but that is a name that the feathers have stolen and use all the time, till 'I' and the feathers seem to be one and the same.

Another name, we might say, is 'Silence,' because the feathers keep up such a constant clatter of talk — inward among themselves or outward to other bundles of feathers whom we regard as the 'reals' of other men but who likewise have their true self waiting to be awakened — or, if you like, awakened to their true self. And the awakening is done, partly by continuous acts of will and determination carried out against the resistance of the 'feathers'; and partly by a certain power that comes from the practice of silence, the silencing of brain-chatter and the search for or feeling after what the silence holds. For it is the 'feathers' that have made us forget our divinity and immortality so that we are absorbed in the happenings of the little passing hours and days and, in the quest for the little temporary pleasures that the days offer, miss the real joy that belongs to us, — in a word, miss our true selves hidden deep in the 'feathers' that constitute personality.

Well, you can think a lot of fine things in the peace of the quiet woods after supper with your pipe under the moon. But how about holding on to them tomorrow morning?

STUDENT

Never-Worry William

"NOW I tell you," said Jim Burgess, "it will be a mighty serious business if that pump and the pipes don't get here on this train. Once the water gets into the workings the bottom will heave and they'll close the pit for repairs; most of the gang will be laid off and I shall find myself in the very worst kind of hot water with the management. Well, we've done our level best, I'll swear to that; so let's not worry, but just sit down under the bank, light up our pipes and take it easy till the train comes in. Worry won't help us out any, I reckon.

"The greatest feller for not worrying that ever I met was William Wiseman. Never-Worry William, the boys used to call him, and sure he deserved the name all right. You couldn't feeze him nohow. If things turned out all right, — well, they *was* all right, and he went on to the next job. If things was all a blamed muddle from start to finish, — well, that

was all right too, as far as he was concerned. He knew he'd done his part as it ought to be done, and if the plans was laid out wrong, or if the other fellers had slipped up on their end of the job, 'twas no concern of his. He'd just look back and try to see where the hoodoo had come in, chalk it up in his skull for future reference, and quietly pass on to something else. But there was one thing that stuck in his head like a rusty rivet in a hole, and that was that worriment just wore a man's heart out and never did a particle of good.

"Some guys I know are all the other way. If the job turns out well they brag of what they did to help it along, and crow like a rooster on a post at sunrise. If things go dippy they're down in the mouth at once, and you'd think to look at them that they'd taken their Bible oath they'd never smile again. There's lots of fellers who let their minds paint pictures of what might happen if things should chance to go askew, and make themselves melancholy mad by hatching out bugaboos in their thinking-shops. Now, Never-Worry William used to say: 'Tis time enough to meet troubles when they come a-knocking at your door, and 'tain't no manner of use to hunt 'em up with a lantern.' I never saw a chap so calm and easy in his mind, and I reckon 'twas that made him such a steady worker. No ups and downs, no brainstorms, no laying the blame on the other feller, and no taking all the credit to himself, but just cheerfully plugging away at his job, year in year out, in heat and cold and wet and fine. I often used to think that he'd got more of the real thing in his simple line of talk and his steady way of carrying on, than a lot of these here book-learned, highbrow, college-bred guys, who have never really been up against it and gotten right down to brass tacks.

"Of course some fellers will tell you that the power to stop the machinery, when the worry-wheels are buzzing away at top speed inside of your skull, is all according to the temperament you're born with. 'It's a gift,' they say, and if you're born with the worrying kind of brain, you're bound to worry whether you like it or not. Now I don't deny that it comes easier to some fellers than to others to put the brake on; but I hold that a man who is a man has got to put up a fight for a cool head, and not sit down and let his mind tear itself all to pieces because it isn't an easy thing to keep it steady. If I was one of the worrying kind, I'd die fighting the habit, and if we reap according as we sow, and if we don't go out like a spent match when they lay the body under the grass, then somehow it's going to help us that we didn't let the worry-wheels buzz just as they liked. I can't help thinking that we shall be the better for it that we put up some kind of a fight to keep sensible and sane, for I reckon that a man in a worry is on the high road to real madness if he don't look out for himself.

"There goes the whistle, and that's the train rounding the corner by Slattery's Bend. If she's got the pumps aboard, all right. If she hasn't there'll be no cuss-words from me. It will be too bad if we don't get the pump, but it would be a worse thing if we should lose our peaceful minds, which are the only kind of mind with which a feller can live right. Pumps and pipes and all those things are on the outside, but a mind boiling with worry—that's inside of him and he'd better look out.

"There's our pump on the second car, boys. Let's get a move on." A WORKER

Everyday Life

IT is the everyday life we shall have to do with always, the everyday life of change, full of perplexities, small, petty, and often mean, and of worries about what may never happen.

So, considering that every day will be perpetual, it will be good sense to look about and see how we can pass it most happily. Surely, the greatest happiness is in the Service of Life, working to make it truer and better. But in shirking this God's work we can make ourselves miserable, others uncomfortable, and fret Life by giving the right of way to our pesky little troubles.

What would we think of a merchant who filled his store with nasty bits of stuff that no one would buy, when with the same expenditure on some worth-while goods he could be a service to the neighborhood and make his work pleasant and profitable?

Who really wants to live a narrow, petty life, when by simply breaking the habit of small thought he necessarily creates the habit of large thought, ensuring him happiness and growth? Our minds can as easily be trained into one as the other. There is not a nature so small and mean that it will not expand and improve right along by practice in larger and nobler thoughts.

Happiness is the prize all humans seek to have, and all gain more or less of it. The trouble-drawer, strange to say, gets his out of being miserable! He tells of his troubles with a kind of pride, and he feels

an inward satisfaction when told how miserable he looks. Yet even he will not find it difficult to enter into a larger life of real happiness and mental health—to the great profit, likewise, of his *bodily* being.

It requires only that he form the habit of instantly dismissing from his mind every disturbing thought immediately it enters there, routing it with some pleasant or constructive one. Don't attempt to fight it or reason with it, and don't let it reason with you. Bounce it out as a nuisance.

A week or a month of this as a persistent practice, and the trick is done. Thereafter—freedom from troubles! For one has become a mental athlete, to surmount, look down on, and so overcome them on the instant.

Is not this freedom worth the trial? It is waiting for everyone. Any one can make this his everyday life during eternal life—growing freer and happier every day. F. P.

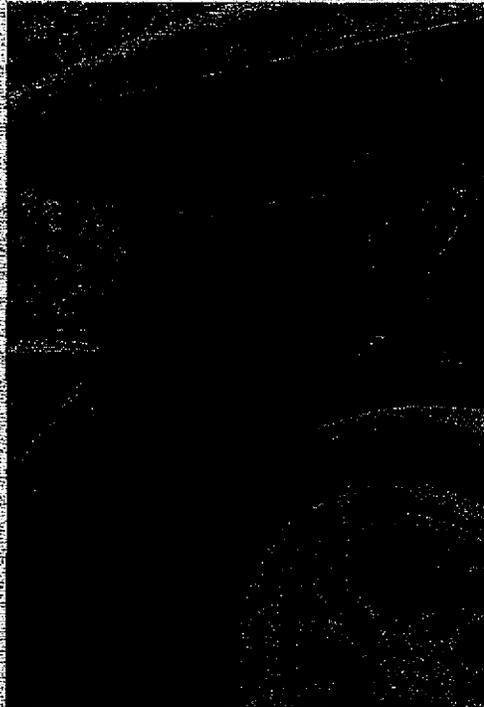
As Concerneth Fighting

BEHOLD! on a certain day now past, when I had opened my morning paper to see how fared it with the world, I marveled greatly at the number of people who had journeyed a great distance to see a prize fight. And I was grave when I considered that many had perhaps put aside the payment of their grocer's bill in order to attend; but I was not a little comforted when I reflected that most likely the grocer was there also.

Whereat I read a little of the matter to see in what manner the wordly had disported themselves; and it was interesting. So, being a sober and sedate man, and one with a reputation to sustain, I looked out the door to see that none in passing might misjudge my motives; whereupon I read on to where it said "continued on page six." And it was very interesting; therefore turned I to page six and continued to the end.

Greatly I marveled as to what made the matter so enticing; and then it was plain to me that we are by nature fighters and the lovers of an honest scrap.

But we surely travel too far and unduly delay our grocer's bill, not being wise as to what manner of conflict we should be interested in. For there is a



Lansland Photo & Engraving Dept.

IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK

(The bear is not meaning any harm. He's merely indicating his willingness to accept any little trifle of refreshment that the visitors might feel moved to share with him. And they shared.)

mighty and a valiant conflict to be had within our own breast, with a most crafty fighter, and without the softening of gloves. Verily it will last and never lose interest; and will continue day after day, week inward and week outward, year following year, life following life, with an ever-increasing happiness.

Also in it you will keep not the gate receipts to yourself. Everybody will share in your gain, for your increased strength and ability will help others. The very nature of your fight will determine that, because you will be battling for the conquest of comradeship over selfishness, and in it you will learn to forgive your enemies. Assuredly, to learn the meaning of comradeship is the first step upward towards true knowledge and the light.

Truly it is a valiant fight, and there will be more of that kind in the papers some day. And all the other kinds will have vanished in the all-pervading peace and happiness.

JOHANNE

The Magic of Good Ideas

I READ the other day about a youngster being kidnapped by a 'wild man' out in the hills. As he was leading her away she began to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He let go of her hand right away, and she walked back home.

Sounds like a tale out of the 'Sunday Storyteller, doesn't it? But don't let that idea get away with your judgment, because that tale is the genuine stuff. There is real help to be had by calling to mind something that deals with the higher, spiritual side of our nature, when that 'wild man,' the demon of our make-up, is leading us off. This fellow is more dangerous than one out in the hills: him we can dodge easily, but the one we carry with us always—he needs dodging.

But you need to have these helpful ideas ready to hand when they are wanted. Write them down in your own words and commit them to memory. And as a preparation for getting rid of big troubles, practise getting rid of the more simple ones, such as that gloomy feeling you perhaps have when you get up in the morning. Our state then is often best described as that of a man looking through a megaphone from the big end: he can't see enough to keep cheerful on. The scheme is to reverse the megaphone and get a wider view, a big idea, something outside of ourselves; and then the gloom lifts. If you can't remember things, write them down and stick them on the wall where you can't help but see them in the morning. Practice along this line gives us power to deal with the 'wild man' when he comes along.

The great secret of coming through along this line is to remember that whatever success you have is certainly going to help out someone else. Things

are naturally built that way. Our weaknesses are part of the general tendency of the times towards self-indulgence. We live in a sea of temptations like a fish in the ocean. But when we put up a fight against these things we clear out some of the sharks from the briny, and help some other poor fish to get a better chance. We're all in the swim together. And remember there's always another chance. E.

Man and his Moods

SOME people have changing moods—they are either 'all up or all down'; and, while they may be pleased to call one of these states weakness and the other strength, both are really different forms of weakness. They are polar opposites, and together represent an unbalanced condition of the vitality and mentality. When this state of affairs reaches an extreme degree, it comes under the ken of the doctor, and the patient is said to be neurotic. An unstable condition of the mind and emotions can set up the corresponding condition in the body; and, conversely, the body, thus disarranged, can react upon the mind and emotions. The patient may thus rotate in a vicious circle, the mental and physical symptoms acting and reacting, and intensifying each other.

Excitability of any kind is a great obstacle to progress. Extremes of one kind generate extremes of the opposite kind. The disastrous failure of so many good resolutions may be traced to this cause: they are made in the heat of a reaction, under the drive of disgust and compunction. The law of the pendulum holds good, so far as the vibrations are concerned; but, since progress is made in spite of the vibrations, a better illustration is that of a sailing ship, advancing to its destination by alternate tackings to the right and left of the direct course. Nobody is able to sail a direct course before the wind, in his conduct; for, in addition to his prime motive, aimed straight at the goal, there are numerous lesser motives; and thus he is carried from side to side, though progressing all the time. As he gains experience these vibrations become smaller.

Our moods change because they come under the dominion of an all-prevalent law of vibration or alternation, which characterizes nature. But there is something in us which silently accomplishes its purposes despite these distractions. It is the Soul, the real Self, the one who is living the life and fulfilling his destiny. A man's desires are at variance with his Spiritual Will; and this Will thwarts those desires and brings them to frustration; and the man, in his ignorance, rebels. He does not yet comprehend the Law that is ruling his life, so he perhaps calls it Fate or Providence, and regards it as inscrutable. Yet it is really his own Will; not his personal will,

which consists of desire attracted by illusion, but
the Spiritual Will guided by Knowledge. — H. T. E.

Keep It Up!

Gerald Massey

THERE'S always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take,
Yonder the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene,
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

His weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward,
We climb like corals, grave by grave,
And pave a path that's sunward,
We're beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard camps today,
The rear shall rest tomorrow. — *Selected*

Try

FULL many a race is lost
Ere ever a step is run,
And many a coward fails
Ere ever his work's begun.
Think big and your deeds will grow,
Think small and you'll fall behind,
Think that you can and you will —
It's all in the state of mind.
If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You have got to think high to rise;
You have got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.

— *Selected; author unknown*

Things Will Come Your Way

L. E. Thayer

HANG on! Cling on! No matter what they say,
Push on! Sing on! Things will come your way.
Sitting down and whining never helps a bit,
Best way to get there is by keeping up your grit.

Don't give up hoping when the ship goes down,
Grab a spar or something, and refuse to drown,
Don't think you're dying just because you're hit,
Smile in face of danger and hang on to your grit.

Folks die too easy — they sort of fade away,
Make a little error and give up in dismay,
Kind of man that's needed is the man of ready wit,
To laugh at pain and trouble and keep up his grit.

— *Selected*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

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From Some of the Writings of Katherine Tingley

"MAN cannot find his true place in the great scheme of human life until he has ennobled and enriched his nature with the consciousness of his Divinity, of his Divine, Inner Self."

"WERE you to be told that just outside the door great minds were waiting to give you the secret of acquiring fabulous wealth, you would not stop for anything. Yet that which you would hope to gain belongs but to the perishable, fleeting, material side of life. Why not make as great an effort for the knowledge that will give you the secret of right living, reveal to you the mysteries of life?"

"MATERIALISM and the merely intellectual view have carried man out upon a sea of unrest and dissatisfaction, while the real man, the Divine Man, has been ignored. As a result, the finer knowledge — which is right at hand if we could but perceive it, for it lies in the very being of man himself — is inactive and obscured."

"RIGHT within the corners of these little brains of ours — for they are little, else we should see bigger results — right within the very sound of our voices and the pulsation of our hearts, there is a force which can be evoked."

"My whole aim is to bring out the spiritual possibilities of the individual. Individual effort towards higher things! That is what I aim to inspire, that each may come to know himself better, that there may be a spiritual 'rounding-out' of the character and the life. If we can see the individual rising in the strength of his divine heritage, the power of his spiritual rights, then comes a clearing of the mind, a lifting of the veil that hides the truth."

"IN such endeavor the student finds the sacredness of the hour and the day. There is no time for compromise or for delay. The lazy, the indifferent, the selfish and the egotistical will not be interested along such lines of research; but the one who is stirred by the simple conviction that he is immortal — not in some nebulous future life, but *here and now* — that man feels the touch of the Divinity within."

"THERE is a great discovery which each must make for himself: that human nature is dual and that a battle is ever going on between the Higher Self and the lower, the angel and the demon in man, — the immortal part and that which is made up of passions and desires. When the higher dominates, there is knowledge and there is peace. When the lower rules, all the dark despairing elements of human life rush in upon the unguarded soul, and too often suicide is the result."

"WE live in an atmosphere of gloom and despair, but this is because our eyes are downcast and riveted to the earth, with all its physical and grossly material manifestations. If, instead of that, man proceeding on his life-journey looked — not heavenward, which is but a figure of speech, but — *within himself* — and centered his observation on the *inner* man, he would soon escape from the coils of the great serpent of illusion. From the cradle to the grave his life would then become supportable and worth living even in its worst phases." — *H. P. Blavatsky*

"THE student who knows anything about life insists that Universal Brotherhood is not a mere theory. It is a fact, a living and ever-present fact, from which no nation can hope to escape. No man can escape from it, and every man who violates it violates a law, violates the greatest law of nature, which will react upon him and make him suffer. Our denying it does not disprove it. It simply puts off the day of reward and keeps us miserable, poor and selfish. Why, just think of it! if all in Chicago, in the United States, would act as Jesus has said, as Buddha has said, as Confucius said, as all the great ethical teachers of the world have said, 'Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you,' would there be any necessity for legal measures and policemen with clubs? All the troubles of the world would disappear in a moment if men would only do one quarter of what they could and what they ought. It is not God who is to damn us to death, to misery, it is ourselves." — *W. O. Judge*

"EVERY man who is trying to move forward in the highest sense, to open up his inner nature and get at the Light there, passes through states in which the unworthy deeds of his past, long forgotten, start up here and there in memory as if revealed and awakened by the moving beams of a searchlight. Then his heart is chilled and hope fails him and he feels that such a creature as he can have no chance of attainment. But instead of giving way to this state let him go on confidently. It will trouble him but a little time, will be less at each recurrence, and is indeed a mark of progress." — 'STUDENT,' in *The Century Path*

"THE quality of our *doing* depends upon the quality of our *being*. What we *are* works out, according as circumstances permit, into what we *do*. So no matter what the outer circumstances may be that limit your action, *be* each day what is highest and best in you. One thing at least we can *do* each day for our fellow-men: think one strong, helpful thought and write it down. If at that moment it was sincere it has become a part of our being."

"THE soul contains in itself the event that shall presently befall it, for the event is only the actualizing of his thoughts." — *Emerson*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"Doing anything worth while?
Well, keep your mind on it!"

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

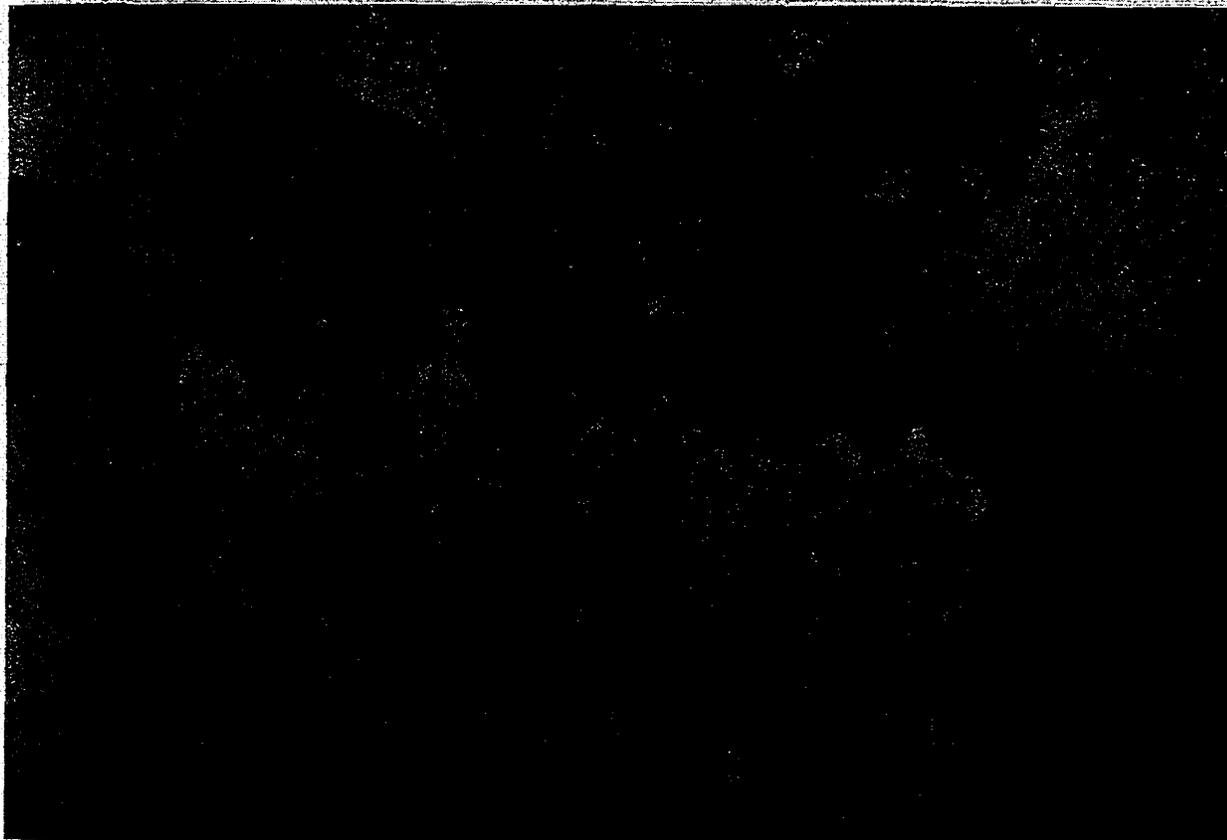
Edited by HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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Vol. XII

SEPTEMBER 1923

No. 9



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THE LITTLE PEACE-MAKERS. AN ITEM IN THE PEACE CONGRESS AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, OPENED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY, JULY 16, 1923.

Just Common Sense

WE are all in the bond of Brotherhood. The trouble is that we don't feel it. Why is it that I get relief if I tell my troubles to someone? It does not make the troubles worse, or I should not

do it. It does not leave them as they were, or I should not do it. It is because I get a little sympathy from the other man, even if *very* little. Why does his sympathy lighten the troubles? For as facts, happenings, they remain exactly what they were, of course. I have still lost my money or my child or had an

injustice done me, or one thing or another still continues to trouble me.

The other man has taken over a little of my trouble, or has passed over to me a little strength to bear it — though, strangely, without any loss to his own strength. The fact that this passing over is possible and has actually occurred, shows a unity of us. It is possible for no words to be spoken on either side, and yet that the lightening of the burden shall occur. Some men do that for you by their mere presence, even when you have not said anything about your trouble.

Suppose all men were of that sort, — society made up of such rich-natured, deep-souled, large-hearted people. Where would be *anybody's* troubles? What a society! Yet it is coming, some time, when there will not only be Brotherhood as a fact — just as it is a fact now — but when men *feel* it as a fact.

The man who relieves your trouble by his mere presence has come to be such a man by constant cultivation of the feeling of Brotherhood, always at it, likes it. Everybody likes it who tries it even a minute.

Let us think it out, and understand, that the mere fact that one man can respond to the troubles or joys of another demonstrates that unity, that co-nature, which is expressed in the word Brotherhood.

Some men are very unsympathetic. But in the case of even the worst of such there is at least, say *one* other to whose troubles or joys they respond to some degree. And let them know of a sufficient calamity, and their sympathy will for a moment, at any rate, become a real power. There is a center in them where Brotherhood obtains, however small or unawake. If there were *none* of it they would be *outlaws from life* and on the way to be snuffed out.

By a *big man* we mean a man whose center of Brotherhood is awake all through and felt and cultivated and acted on constantly by him. By a small, contemptible man, we mean a man whose Brotherhood center is hardly at work at all. He is not happy, though he tries all the time to get so. It is because he is trying to live apart from life. For life is the spirit of Brotherhood and radiates out all through a man (and beyond him) from his center of Brotherhood. It is the real self or place of self. We say the selfish man is working all the time for himself, for his own interests; — not at all! He is neglecting himself, the *true* self, and neglecting his own interests. Consequently he is out of touch with the place in himself where happiness is, and is away on the edge where he is pursuing phantoms of it that he can never catch up with for more than a moment. If you want to be happy — don't lie to yourself by saying you don't — get in tune with life, with the deep fact of life — Brotherhood. Have your sympathy with trouble and joy in others always on call. When you see faults in other men — haven't *you* got any? — don't snarl at them or feel contemptuous or bitter. 'Criticism' is seeing the faults of others through the glasses of

acerbity or contempt. (Curiously enough at first sight, even telling one man of the faults of another shows the fact of Brotherhood, though it is getting away from Brotherhood, for you want the man you tell to share your attitude.)

Stephenson recognised the fact that steam expands. He got in line with that fact, invented the steam engine, and became to an extent a great man. Recognise the fact that Brotherhood is a fact in nature, get in line with it, and you are on the way to be a great man to an extent that has *no* limit. Once that consciousness is tuned to the fact of Brotherhood and has got the large, clear atmosphere that comes of that, it is then (and then only) competent to do its best along any line to which it may be directed or that is natural to it — invention, science, art, what you will. We all know that a man could not do anything as inventor, composer, or thinker, while his mind was just then perturbed with ill-feeling towards anybody, and that he would at once be rejoicingly able to do his best if the quarrel were suddenly resolved in a brotherly reconciliation. We know that. But we do not all know that the mind that has got rid of unbrotherhood and rancor, altogether, none at all of it left — that is, in short, in tune with life — we do not all know that such a mind is *always* at its best, always ready to produce and grow and see into things and create whatever is on its line to create.

Our minds, by their very nature, are always ready to grow, to take a new step every little while. But each time one of those 'every little while' comes along, there is some block in the shape of rancor or dislike or a quarrel or a snarl or a nasty critical feeling towards someone — and that opportunity for the step of growth is gone. So we mostly stay the same size, morally and mentally, all the time, live and die the same size.

Finally, the Brotherhood center in us, being always in touch with universal life, is the part that does not die. The *unbrotherhood shell* is the mortal, always within the range of the scythe. To seize hold of our immortality requires, therefore, that we seize hold on the undying center.

So the sense of Brotherhood is *science*, for it is knowledge of the deepest truth in nature; it is, when carried into practise, an *art*, a very fine art; it is a very competent *religion*; and leads us to the Heart of the World; it is a *path*, on which all our powers ripen gradually; it is a *philosophy*; and it is *common sense*, for it is extremely and permanently pleasant. What more do you want? STUDENT

Don't Blame the Scenery

LOOKING through old papers, I came across some verses I had written years ago, when I had a fancy for trying that kind of thing. They consisted



of two poems, with a period between the writing of them of over seven years; and they called to mind some of my early experiences.

When the first was written, I was a single man, had a good job, and could afford to give myself a trip when holidays came around. But what a gloomy, moody grouch I was! Looking back now I can see that I never got any real enjoyment out of anything. And to think that I used to try to put my feelings and thoughts into verse!

Presently I'll give you a sample of what I used to write. It was written on a particular holiday that I am not likely to forget, at the seaside and during the sunniest time of the year. The reason I remember it is that when I returned, the boss called me on to the carpet and asked me how I had enjoyed myself. I said that I had made the best of it, but did not find it very exhilarating. He replied that that just about expressed his own position with regard to me: that he had made the best of me, but did not find me exhilarating; that I was fairly capable in my work, but acted as a kind of general blight around the place, and took a lot of the fun out of the day's work. And so he had prepared references for me, if I cared to have them, and here was a month's pay in advance. Good morning!

I took the pay, scorned the references, and left in a white heat of indignation. I think it took me until that month's pay was gone to realize that I was really fired,— it seemed as though I wouldn't admit it to myself. Fired for being gloomy! I a blight on other fellows' happiness!

But 'rent due' is a fine thing to bring anyone down to hard facts; and so I decided I would just step down town and take up another job. At the end of a month I was still looking for that job, and had moved to cheaper quarters. After that I moved again to something still cheaper, and about that time I began to consider whether after all there might not be something undesirable about me.

After a lot of patience and humility I got an interview with the manager of a big firm in my line of business. He turned out to be a fiery old gentleman, and when he wheeled around in his chair and caught sight of me he yelled: "Good lord! haven't I got enough troubles around the place without having to see you every day? Go away, boy! You're like a rainy day."

And right there I swallowed all my false pride and asked him to give me a job somewhere out of his sight. The idea seemed to tickle him. He considered a moment and said: "Huh! all right; put you in the cellar. Start right away." And so I descended to the packing room, to a job I had always regarded as 'mere laboring work.'

It was the luckiest experience of my life. I discovered that it's not the kind of work you do, but what kind of man you are that matters; and so I set

to work and learned to be cheerful instead of spreading gloom around. In course of time I graduated to the office — I really had some ability in that line. I even found a girl that was willing to put up with me, and I was a proud man when at length I was able to take the family to the seaside — my first trip that way for the seven years I spoke of.

Now, here's where the scenery begins to come in. I hadn't tried writing poetry since I was at the sea before — had too much else to think of; but now I got an itch to try again, and here was the first verse:

"The day draws all too quickly to its close,
And wave speeds after glistening wave, to fall
And crawl in leisured happiness, and spend itself
In gleeful ripples on the pebbly shore."

After that there was something about the sea-gulls. But that's not important; here's the peculiar thing about it: when I got home, I dug out my old portfolio where I used to keep my 'poems,' and when I opened it, here's what stared me in the face, written at exactly the same seaside place seven years before, just before I was fired —

"The dreary day drags onward to its close,
And wave but follows wave to fall and crawl
And spend itself in frothing waste and drear
Monotony upon the littered shore."

At first I wouldn't believe I had written it. I surely hadn't forgotten being fired, but I had no memory of the verse — the strenuous years in between must have obliterated it. But there it was; I *must* have written it. And as I said, it was done at quite the same place. When I wrote that gloomy stuff, I hadn't a responsibility in the world, and had money to burn. When I wrote the last lot, I'd had a seven years fight, and it was the first long holiday I'd been able to afford.

What do you make of it? It's plain to me that a fellow's happiness doesn't come from outside of him at all. It was while I was in the packing cellar that I learned to be cheerful; and it didn't come from my surroundings, but from my own determination to *be* cheerful.

And I discovered the greatest secret in the world: that it doesn't matter what circumstances you find yourself in, you can get a glow of happiness by living as a true comrade with those around you. You may be in a position that sends you downhill physically, but there's a magic in simple kindness and consideration for others that brings happiness in spite of that; and something will radiate out from you and light up your surroundings, just as it did for me on that second trip to the seaside.

You may think that a seaside is an easy place to light up; but what about that first trip of mine, when I was such a fool? If I ever find myself like that again I'm going back into the cellar with the packers. J. D.

Turning off the Steam

"KEEP on keeping on." It would be hard to pack more wisdom into as few words. For you never know at what moment the 'keeping on' may bring you victory in what you are keeping on at.

It takes exactly as many turns to *unwind* a ball of string as to wind it.

That was what I was thinking. And I got discouraged. I had let a very bad habit in on myself through a number of years of yielding to it. Now that I had taken a contract to get over it and was finding that I got beaten every time, the case seemed to get more hopeless the more I philosophized. "Keep on keeping on"—that was a good maxim, of course. But the bad habit was the wound ball of string. Every turn in the winding was made by a yielding to my temptation. So the corresponding *un*-turn must be made by a *not*-yielding. But the temptation was always too much for me, now. I had not won a single victory over it with all my efforts. All the unturns yet to do; not one accomplished. And even if with great effort one *were* accomplished, all the rest would be there, perhaps hundreds of them, each requiring the same effort! I hadn't got the stuff in me. Perhaps I could do *one*. But an almost endless succession! Clearly the thing was hopeless. I must go on to my grave with that accursed habit unconquered. And the grave would not be so far away unless I did conquer!

Some poor fellow gets behind the bars. The first day is an appalling stretch of gloom and horror. He looks forward. "Hundreds and hundreds of days like this ahead! It can't be lived through."

You know where he is wrong. The next day won't be *quite* as bad; the next a shade less so. In a week there will be quite a lift. The surroundings are becoming something like a habit. In a month he will be interested, even, in his surroundings, will have found alleviations, to an unexpected degree got accustomed. In other words the weight and gloom of the first day is no guide to later days, has thinned out. His mistake was to multiply the gloom of the first day by the number of days ahead, and of course the product looked as if it must kill.

It's the same with a fellow who is stricken suddenly blind. At first it seems as if life could not be borne. In a year, probably, he is enjoying life as much as before the accident and has found that nature always compensates.

I have said that my habit gave pleasure—of a low sort. "What," I thought, "no more of that pleasure?" Life looked rather grim stretching along and along and never another go at that pleasure. This dark picture grew all the darker when with a great effort I did forego *one* yielding to my habit. I could not face the thing. I could not say, "I won't do that any more."

The ball of string was a bad analogy. It isn't like that at all. Drop it!

You've seen an engine run along after the steam's turned off. Quite a while, due to inertia. But you know it *will* stop. Suppose the brake is put on. The engine still goes, but it will now stop much sooner.

Up to pretty recently I had gone *with* the habit, enjoyed it, made no resistance in my mind, in fact dwelt on it in my mind.

Then I seriously looked the situation over. There was nothing to be said *for* the habit, a thousand things against it. I came to look on it, even while yielding, as a degradation, against my dignity as a man, a soul. I had a new attitude. That was beginning to turn off the steam. The engine kept on running, partly by the steam still going, partly by the inertia it would still have for a while after all the steam was turned off. I made my attitude firmer, kept reviewing the situation, kept trying to feel myself as above such a failing, a soul that had forgotten its dignity as something born of Light—as every man is. The steam was off at last, though I didn't know it. I had won out now and then before that, but not with any idea that I could keep it up. But now I began to see that the pleasure was about gone out of that thing. The pleasure that still seemed to be in it was mainly the still-persisting memory of the pleasure that *had* been in it. It was just a habit that now had no more real pungent life in it.

And so finally it fell off.

The moral of all this is, that a man must gradually teach himself a new attitude of mind towards a failing he wants to get over. Let him get the habit of feeling himself *above* that failing, especially just after he has failed and when he would otherwise be inclined to feel the failing above *him*. We must win our victories first in *mind*, keeping it up all the time; and then rush in suddenly and take them in *fact*. Try it. And when you have taken one, think: "Well, I did that *once*. So the power to do it must be there, somewhere in me, or that couldn't have happened." In point of fact the steam was actually off then, and though some more spurts of it may whisk in pretty steadily for quite a while, they are all the time less even if they don't seem to be. Keep on keeping on, even if you can't see that there's any "*on*" resulting at all. There is.

STUDENT

Tides of the Inner Life

THE week had been a wet one, but that Saturday afternoon, as I walked to the car with Al Jones, it began to clear up, and the leaves unfolded in the warm sunshine while you watched. One would have thought that everyone would be rejoicing with the feel of the spring in his bones; but not so Al.

"It's like this," he said, "only a week or so back I was as chirpy as a cricket, and when I wasn't whistling aloud I was making music inside. Kind of good feeling to everybody all the time and no trouble to keep it. But today it seems as if all the good in me was dead and buried. I can't sing any more than a black crow, and I feel as if I wouldn't want to lift

an honest man yet who didn't allow that very often when he'd been trying his hardest to live up to his best he'd take a tumble and find himself in the mud. Life is made up of ups and downs, and a fellow has no call to get worried over them so long as he keeps on trying. The very fact that you're bothered over that dead feeling is a sure sign that you're keeping



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

IN "BALANCED ROCK PARK," AT HIPASS, ALONG THE SAN DIEGO AND ARIZONA RAILWAY.

This is the highest point on the line, 3,660 feet above sea-level. Sixty-three miles further east, at El Centro, in Imperial Valley, the line descends to 49 feet below sea-level; and thirty-four miles beyond El Centro, on the Southern Pacific Line at Calipatria, it further descends to 183 feet below sea-level.

a finger to help my best friend. Think of a surly bear and a greedy hog and a bilious army mule all packed together under one skin—and that's me. And all for no reason that I know of. It's plum discouraging, that's what it is."

"All my boy," I said, "when you've reached sixty-three you'll know you're suffering from something as common as measles. It's nothing to worry about, man. They used to tell me when I was a kid that 'The path of the Just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day'; but I guess the word 'Just' must be intended for something we haven't got to yet and anyway I haven't found it work out that way with me. In fact I never found

up the fight and are on the win. You don't want to get proud of yourself when the tide is running strong, nor yet to feel discouraged when the water goes down and leaves the mud flats all exposed. I tell you it's just because there's something great and splendid inside of you that makes you feel discouraged and dissatisfied. If you were *all* cur you'd be perfectly content with your own snarling and snapping, now wouldn't you? But there are two of you, and it's just the to and fro of the battle you're feeling, and nothing to worry about. All you've got to do is to keep the push as steady as you can and be sure that in ways you can't now see you're helping some other fellow to do the same. As I see it, our business

is to use the force of the flowing tide to help us to get a little higher; and when it ebbs, as ebb it must and will, we'll hold on like grim death and try not to lose the ground we've gained. By and by we shall get to a steady place of peace where the tides don't reach, for tides belong to Nature, and by rights we're above Nature and don't forever have to be swept back and forth with the coming and going of the waves.

"Well, here's your jumping-off place; so good-bye till Monday. And don't think I've been preaching at you any more than at myself. We all need a friendly word now and again. And maybe an old sailor who knows the ropes a bit can give a few pointers to a chap that's come on board a bit later than he has."

THE OLD SAILOR

Mike Said:

"DON'T think you are a cripple because you have lost a limb or two. It is the mind that counts. You know, there is no such thing as a cripple if the mind is all right. Don't spend your time thinking about the things that are gone and can't be brought back. Think of what you have. Keep your mind working and you can accomplish wonders."

That sounds rather trite, doesn't it — a little like Pollyanna talking through her hat? Well, there are very few folks who have any license to give out that free advice — but the man who made that statement was one of them.

Mike Dowling gave that advice. Mike Dowling lost both legs, his right arm, and some fingers of his left hand in a Minnesota blizzard, when he was fourteen years old. He lived that advice, — and had a right to give it.

Now they are going to build a hospital for crippled children, up in Minnesota, in memory of Mike Dowling, who died two years ago. That's what the Minnesotans think of him. You see, he didn't quit. Penniless, maimed, at the age of sixteen he was put in a county institution. He made his way to the board of directors, told them that if they'd give him just one year in college he would guarantee to take care of himself the rest of his life. That was the last charity he ever asked. And that wasn't charity — it was sound business.

Mike Dowling made good. He taught school, ran a skating rink, did odd jobs, ran a newspaper — finally went into business and began to make money. More than that, he made himself an outstanding influence in his state — what kind of an influence you can imagine. There are literally hundreds of young men forging ahead in that state today, through Dowling's direct help. How many he helped indirectly, only the recording angel knows.

What he said, then — he was talking to disabled

soldiers when he spoke the words we've quoted — is absolutely the 'straight goods' to everyone who faces life with a handicap. And what those trustees did when Dowling asked for a chance at college, is a lesson to everybody who wants to help handicapped boys to make their own way.

— From *The San Diego Union*

The Japanese View of Silence

(From a recently published Japanese book by S. Ikeda)

EVERYONE in Japan is familiar with the little statues representing three monkeys, known as *Koshinzaru*. One monkey holds his hands over his eyes, the other over his ears, the third over his mouth, meaning "See not, hear not, speak not." The word *zaru* has a double meaning. It means either *monkey* or *not*, and the little statues owe their existence to this play upon words. The saying is constantly in everybody's mouth, especially when reproving children. What one sees or hears should not be blurted out incontinently. Even if one wishes to say something, he should not let it slip out thoughtlessly, but should ponder it previously in his own mind. That has become the first rule of life for us Japanese.

We are taught from childhood to receive glad and sad tidings alike with impassive composure. It is as if we stood on a little island in the ocean unshaken by the great surf that beats upon it. The older we grow the more it becomes a second nature, and it finally makes our hearts as steadfast as stone. Little men, who let themselves be carried away by every gust of feeling and are excited to ejaculations of joy or pain, appear contemptible to us.

When Sakamoto Ryuma, the great Sumari of Fosa, first visited Saigo Takamori, the two men sat facing each other for a full hour without exchanging a word except the formal salutations of greeting and farewell. Later, when Sakamoto Ryuma returned home and informed his friends of his visit, he said: "Saigo is certainly a most interesting person. I never enjoyed visiting anyone so much as visiting him."

And Saigo likewise said to his friends: "Sakamoto is certainly a wonderful person!"

This first meeting led to an intimate friendship between the two men, which lasted the remainder of their lives. Such a silent meeting is called in Japan 'a heart talk.' Men who do not know how to talk with their hearts are thought lacking in culture.

By the expression 'enjoy one's self' we understand to commune silently with one's own heart, to be in a condition of restful, beautiful, natural peace, to be filled with pure, profound, religious thoughts, to be plunged deeply in philosophical meditation, to stand

in intimate intercourse with nature. This means to commune with nature, to become one with her, to identify one's self with nature like the blowing of the wind. But this does not require that a man be alone or sit motionless. One can labor or journey or abide in a great company while in this state. So, when you ask a Japanese where God is, he will answer: "God is always with me," or, "He held my hoe with me when I was working in the field."

It is all-important for men again to learn to think seriously and profoundly, to know true living in its full meaning and significance — to live. The salvation of mankind is to be found solely and alone in healing and ennobling human thoughts and sentiments, in attuning the heart to nature and filling it with her deep seriousness. So long as our present absorption in physical pleasures and material things continues, our statesmen and reformers will labor in vain to make men and human society healthy and happy.

Wealth and poverty, happiness and sorrow, war and peace, exist in our world. Human society is full of inequalities. So our only recourse is to deal with the inequalities and differences which are found everywhere among men, in the privacy of our own hearts, so that no one shall cherish discontent and rebellion in his breast. That is the first step toward abolishing strife, and the first moral command for each of us.

An Invocation

"PEACE To All Beings!

We have worked too long in the shadows,

We have lain too long in the dark —

Let the light shine!

The nations have battled for glory,

The people have fought for food,

The strong have grasped at power,

Each against each has struggled, seeking his own salvation.

Let the strife cease!

The heart of the world is PEACE, and its light is LOVE.

A new year dawns, a new age opens.

It is a New Order of the Ages!"

"Optimist after optimist, in the lists of time, breaks lances with the impossible, unhorses it, un.masks it — and behold! the possible." — Priscilla Leonard

Man-making

Edwin Markham

WE are all blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making if
It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the work unless
The builder also grows. — Selected

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

From the Writings of Katherine Tingley

"ONCE the duality of human nature is admitted by science, our asylums will become great schools of study from which a deeper understanding and a larger compassion shall come. For without a study of the Self *in its duality*, mental disorders cannot be understood."

"WHEN a man has the courage to analyse himself, his purposes, his motives, his very life — when he dares to compare the wrong things in his life with the right ones, in the spirit of a love for humanity sufficient to make him willing to lay down his life for it if need be, he will find the secret of living. This is what I mean when I say that we are ever being challenged — challenged by the better side of our nature to stand face to face with ourselves. That is the challenge — to reach out in recognition to the Divinity within. For this Divinity, this Knower, this Spiritual Companion, is ever pleading to be listened to, ever waiting to be recognised, ever ready to help and serve that it may bring the whole nature of man to its standard of godlike perfection."

"THE two forces: the physical dominated by the spiritual, the mind illuminated by treasures of truth and inspiration from the Higher Self, these two, working together, will bring about results that are unbelievable. Nor will it take all eternity to bring about these things. The very atoms of our body can be touched by the fire of divine life and brought into harmony with the mind and soul, controlled as the master musician controls his instrument, by the Higher Self."

"For life is Light and Light is life, and the Christospirit is in everything in degree. Could we but sit at the feet of the Law like little children, could we free our minds from misconceptions and learn from Nature and listen to the Christos-voice within, oh, what revelations would come to us! We should then be able to say, *This is immortal and that is mortal; this belongs to the animal nature of man, and that to the spiritual.* The power to do this is the power that we need, arousing us from the dead, so to speak, and bringing to us light and illumination."

"I THINK each of us is a focalization to a point of all the good and all the evil elements to which we have given conscious life in the past. At each moment, as we consciously incline towards good or evil, one or the other feeds into and fills the mind. And it is obvious that the point of connection with either is that failing or virtue to which we are most inclined. However small a point, it must, if encouraged, lead to and involve all the rest on that side of the stores of our nature and the universe. If this is true, it follows that to give our *conscious* volitional backing to any fault or any failing, is an *immensely pregnant move downward.*"

"YES, there are still men, who, notwithstanding the present chaotic condition of the moral world, and the sorry *débris* of the best human ideals, still persist in believing and teaching that the now *ideal* human perfection is no dream, but a law of divine nature; and that, had mankind to wait even millions of years, still it must some day reach it and become a *race of gods.*"

"Meanwhile, the periodical rise and fall of human character on the external plane takes place now, as it did before, and the ordinary average perception of man is too weak to see that both processes occur each time on a higher plane than the preceding."

— H. P. Blavatsky

"As the diamond can only show its perfection by being ground, so we, and we should not bewail the process, no matter how painful, by which our characters are perfected." — W. Q. Judge

"WE think that when we are driven out of the usual path everything is over for us; but it is just here that the new and the good begins." — Tolstoy

"LET us ask in all truth what we mean by 'the soul.' What we can assert positively about it. Is it not the truth to say that we mean our longings, our ability to hope, our thirst for knowledge infinitely greater than we have — for life infinitely greater than we know — for happiness infinitely greater than we experience? Is it not our ability to feel that lack, that *emptiness*? And the instinct that we were created for things greater than things on earth? Is it not the inward tragedy of unfulfilled desire? This sounds like the truth." — Charles D. Stewart

"If a man, by steady effort, is able to raise his sunken chest and straighten his drooping shoulders, then he can also raise his powers of will, of faith and dependence on the infinitely wise and compassionate laws that rule the universe, of which his own Higher Self is the administrator for him."

"THE very best thing that can happen to a man is the next thing. If he has found the truth of that, he is past his troubles."

"SILENCE is the absolute poise or balance of body, mind, and spirit. The man who preserves his selfhood ever calm and unshaken by the storms of existence — not a leaf, as it were, astir on the tree, not a ripple on the shining pool — his, in the mind of the sage, is the ideal attitude and conduct of life. If you ask him, What is Silence? he will answer, 'It is the Great Mystery. The Holy Silence is His Voice.' If you ask, What are the fruits of Silence? he will answer, 'They are self-control, true courage or endurance, patience, dignity and reverence. Silence is the keynote of character.'"

— DR. CHARLES EASTMAN: *The Soul of an Indian*

For Prisoners and Others
Weather Behind the Bars or Not

"The utmost for the highest"

FIXING AROUND WHAT CAUSE
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

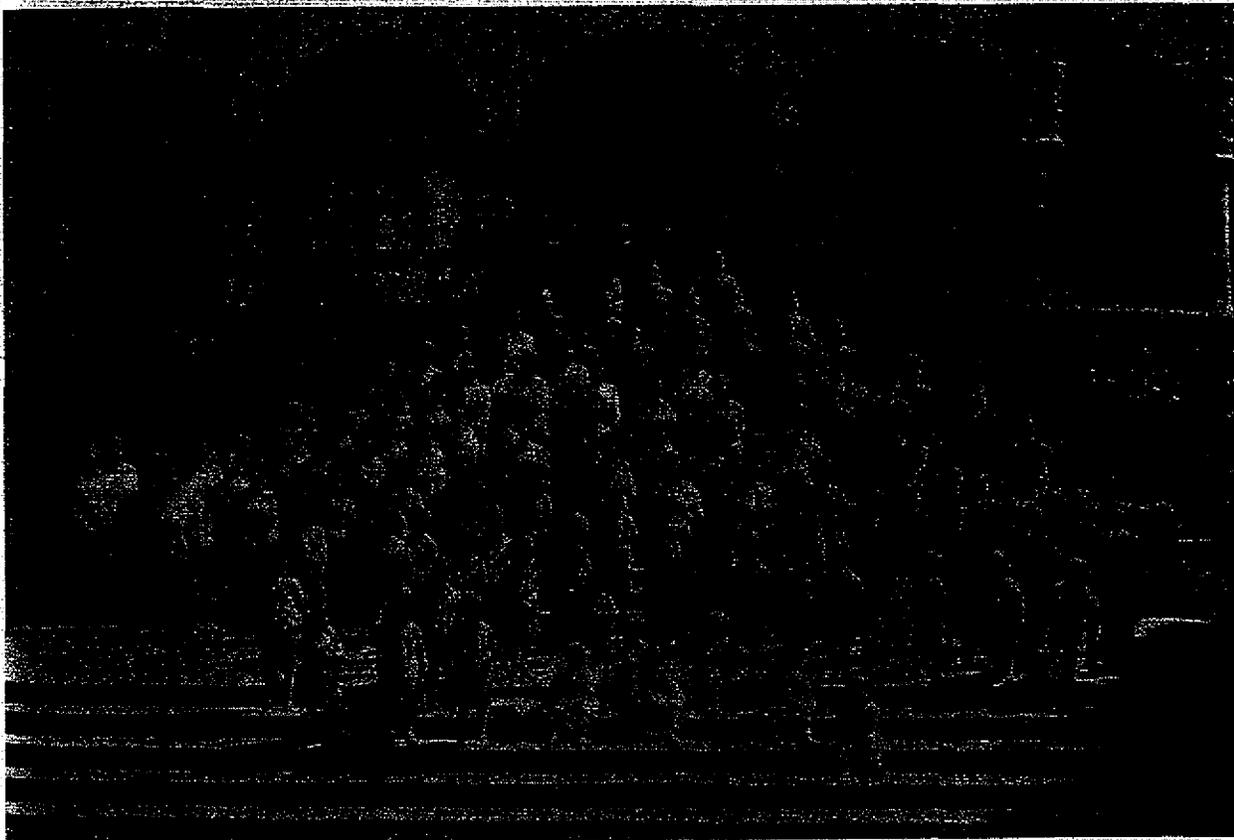
EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. XII

OCTOBER 1923

No. 10



Lomaloma Photo & Engraving Dept.

PEACE WORKERS OF THE FUTURE: STUDENTS OF THE RAJA-YOGA COLLEGE AND ACADEMY
POINTS LOMA, CALIFORNIA, FOUNDED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY IN 1900

As to the Prisoner

(From some of the writings of Katherine Tingley)

DON'T brand a man as a criminal. Teach him that he is a soul and give him a chance. Let him feel that someone believes in him. Give him the encouragement that perhaps he has missed all through

his life, and the lack of which may have helped to make him what he is.

I believe in the Divinity of Man. I believe that the potential God-life is within the murderer, the thief, the outcast, and that there lives no one who has it not. Why, then, do these types exist?

Because human nature is dual. In the life of the

man who has made his mistakes we can see the forces of evil, the forces of the lower psychology, gradually taking control of that life until a certain point is reached — a climax; and then the man who is under their sway weakens and falls, in spite of his education, his intelligence or his wealth. Why? Because the subtle psychology of ignorance, selfish ambition or vice, has broken down and ruined the magnificent human system which is the temple of God.

If the hopeless, discouraged men in our prisons could be made to realize the potential strength of their higher natures, the latent spiritual force that lies within them waiting for the call, they would have the key to the problems of life.

Fear the criminal? Not I; *he* is labeled. It is the criminal who is *not* labeled whom we must look out for. We suffer more today from the class of wrong-doers who cloak themselves in hypocrisy and move among men unsuspected, than from the labeled class.

Aye, today I would rather trust myself in the hands of a murderer than in those of a hypocrite! And what discerning person would not?

The secret of this work is sympathy with the souls of men.

Somewhere, at some time, we have failed in our duty or we should not have criminals in our midst. It is part of the Divine Law that we shall have just this result, however, until we awaken to our higher duty to our fellow-men.

The marvel is that with so little knowledge of their inner natures, the dual forces that sway them now this way and now that, men do not go further astray. The marvel is, truly, that there is not more crime in the world, considering the obscurations on every hand in the mental life of man.

Criminals lose faith in humanity before they lose faith in themselves. Why is this the case? It is because so many declare them to be 'sinners.' They have made the gulf so wide between themselves and the so-called 'criminal classes' that the latter make their own little world of criminality and become psychologized by it.

Let those who stand forth today as spiritual teachers, helpers of humanity, read their consciences, study their own natures. Then let them answer at the bar of justice as to why so many unfortunates drift into prison. And we, in the twentieth century, boasting of our civilization, support laws that consign them to the scaffold!

The thinking world today is quite ready to admit the influence of psychology; to admit that thoughts, in a sense, are things, and that the invisible, the intangible, the seemingly unexpressed, are sometimes the most potent in making or marring character. This has a great bearing upon questions of prison-reform, for imprisoned men move and live, month after month and year after year, in a psychological atmosphere of condemnation and of gloom. Reminded

that they are outcasts, quite shut away from the world, forgotten and condemned, knowing only that the outside world is whirling on, moving on, *indifferent*, they learn to hate humanity, for they have learned to hate themselves. They do not understand nor will they see that discipline is necessary and is best. They meet little, perhaps, that is sympathetic or compassionate — few signs indeed that we are our brother's keeper. This is not the case in every prison, but it is the case with the great majority. The marvel to me is that these men do as well as they do, for they enter discouraged, and discouraged they come out. The very fact that so many really reform is to me proof of the Divinity of man. And yet these men are our brothers, and sometime, somewhere along the way, we have done our part to encourage them in mistakes. We are pushing them into discouragement and crime even today by our unwillingness, our apathy, our selfishness, our unwillingness to admit that we have any duty towards them.

Let us look ahead ten or fifteen years and picture some of our hills and valleys presenting a new feature in twentieth century civilization — a something that is splendidly remedial; and that is, hospitals for the weaklings, the more unfortunate whose unbridled passions have carried them so far beyond the pale of society that prison-walls close in upon them.

There would be gardens and fields, and there would be houses and homes. I dare conceive a plan by which these prisoners should not be separated from their families. They should be cared for in such a way that they would understand quite well that they were under a certain restraint — but no more, perhaps, if we were very thoughtful, than we give to certain invalids. They would feel that they were in a hospital, in a school, with everything so helpful about them that there would be no inducement to rebel.

I have had many years experience in prison work, and I know that many of these men and women, possibly most of them, if properly encouraged and helped, would arouse the strength of their higher nature and in the course of time become valuable citizens, some of them, ultimately, law-makers, teachers or reformers. How dare we say this could not be? How dare we stultify the possibilities of the soul of man? Can we not let the imagination soar as far as this into the broad arena of spiritual life?

What Socrates Meant

“‘MAN, know thyself!’ — I suppose that old Greek chap thought he was saying something pretty good. But don't every fellow know himself?”

“You can't walk up a ladder if you never see it because of steadily looking the other way.”



"All right, but where does *that* come in?"

"The old Greek chap, as you call him, his name being Socrates, wanted everybody to walk up the ladder towards the light of their own divinity, because there are incredibly fine things to be reached up there. He was pointing out the ladder."

"What is the ladder?"

"Exactly, its steps are just that self-knowledge that you think everybody has. We *don't* know ourselves. And so come all the troubles of human life, including the war just over — if it is over. We think of ourselves as being something — or several things — which we are not. While we do that we shall have to feel, as happening to ourselves, things which are really only happening to the thing we think we are — death, for instance, which happens to the body only, not to the man *in* the body!"

"Well, if you're not anything you think you are, how are you going to get straight about it?"

"By doing things. It is by *doing* something about it that a man learns anything in a real way. You couldn't learn much chemistry out of a book alone. You must *do* the experiments."

"What are you reckoning a man must *do* in order to know himself?"

"There's only one way to get into action. You hear a lot of talk sometimes about 'ruling yourself.' It means well but it's badly said. Strictly speaking you can't rule yourself. It's yourself that has got to do the ruling of all in you that is *not* yourself."

"Men think they die because they think themselves to be the body which does die. Getting self-knowledge is the only real cure for the fear of death. Till we get it we are all more or less the prey of every mood that the changing bodily states induce in us. And among the rest, of the most depressing of all moods — fear."

"And then, besides thinking ourselves to be the body we equally think ourselves to be the mind and consequently accept and go along with and act upon any thoughts that may happen to be thrown up in the ordinary ceaseless churning going on in the brain."

"Well, if a man isn't his body and isn't his moods and isn't his mind, what is he? And if the doings of neither body nor mind are *his* doings, what *are* his doings? How's he going to get himself into action? Mind-action, thinking, you say isn't *his* action; body-action, movement, also isn't *his* — according to you. Don't you see, you've got him tied up too tight to stir at all. What are you going to say about that?"

"What he's got to do is to tie *the other things* up too tight to move — except as he chooses. Isn't that action? Don't you see that what we call self-mastery is really the mastery of the other things, of bodily appetites, of moods, of thoughts? What is it that is then doing the mastery if not the man himself? Self-knowledge comes from self-mastery because it is the self in action as master, as doing the mastering. It's *will* action we've got to be doing. I don't say that

every time a man subdues an appetite or turns some rotten thought out of his mind he's therefore got self-knowledge. Yet he's taken one step, he's begun. But he must do it with the thought of what he's about, with the feeling of himself as the ruler of his own domain and the intending ruler of all that shall go on in his own domain. The unhappy man is one who is the prisoner at the heels of his own thoughts. He can never tell what they'll do with him, what kind of a thought-storm may be coming along with the next thing his mind thinks of. And the low-down man is one who is the slave of his own appetites and lusts.

"And the other way about. Happiness, permanent happiness, comes from the mastery of mind; dignity, elevation of character, come from mastery of appetites. The man who practises these as the way to find himself by bringing himself into constant will-action — this man has got sight of the ladder of self-evolution and increasing self-knowledge, has come to the foot of it and is beginning the ascent to the heights of his own divinity. All human weaknesses come from our thinking ourselves to be something we are not and acting accordingly. When a man has strong impulses and the strong determination to dominate over others, we call him a strong man. But he is not. His real strength will only come when he takes in hand the task of dominating his impulses and his ambition.

"A man can't get the feel of what he really *is* till he's seen what he *isn't* and seriously begun to get himself into action. And it's a kind of inner action — this will work — that mightn't give a single outward sign of what was going on — except a kind of dignity and weight he would soon have. But he's on the way to the greatest reward in human life. He won't have to *believe* in immortality. He'll know it. That's part of the natural knowledge of the man that has come to know himself." A LADDER-CLIMBER

International Good Manners

YOUNG Edward and his father were planting cabbages on the other side of the fence one evening, and while I would not give away family secrets for a king's ransom, yet what I heard was so very much to the point that I felt it really ought to come out in print.

"Now look e here, Teddy," said a gruff voice, "I don't expect you to talk like a book of sermons, but you've just dropped four words that I can't put up with nohow. You've called Chinamen, 'Chinks,' and Mexicans, 'Greasers,' and Japanese, 'Japs,' and Hungarians, 'Hunkies.' It may be that you've met up with some low-down specimens of these races that you think deserve no better respect, but I tell you this, young feller: When you're dealing

with folks from foreign parts you've got to consider the honorable nations they belong to and not to call them out of their right names. You may think you're doing it just for short or all good-humored-like. But it sounds like slighting them peoples, and the way a man speaks is pretty soon the way he *feels*. And the words and the feelings corresponding gets on the air and you're doing your bit to make them other honorable nations feel sore agin us and want to get even.

"You take some pride, I hope, in being a native of God's own country: — very well then, suppose you're walking where them Mexicans live some fine day and you hears one of 'em refer to you as a 'Gringo' or an 'Am,' or passes some funny remark about 'a merry cur'; how'd you like it I want to know, eh? I rather guess from what I've seen of that hot temper of yours you'd be very likely to say something forcible with your fists by way of reply. Isn't that so?"

"Just look at China f'rinstance. Their ancestors were weaving silk in the finest way, and writing first-class poetry, and painting silks and vases and teapots, and carrying on a high-class philosophy and religion while the folks back in England where we mostly sprang from was running wild through the woods with nothing on their skins but a little blue dye by way of overalls. With other nations as with other men, it makes for good relations all round to show 'em consideration and courtesy and respect their feelings. Of course I wouldn't ask you to call Bill Crowther who empties the garbage-can 'the Honorable William Crowther Esquire,' nothing like that you know; but you might call him William once in a while instead of just 'Garbage,' see?"

"That's all right Popper," I heard a squeaky voice reply, "but if I go kow-towing to every Tom, Dick, and Harry, the fellers will think that I'm pretty small potatoes myself. I don't want to act door-mat for other people's feet, No Sir!"

"Now I tell you," growled the deep bass voice once more, "you never made a bigger mistake in all your life than to think you'll lose other people's good opinion by showing proper respect and courtesy. 'Tis t'other way round altogether. A boy who can show genuine courtesy gives sure proof that he's counting on good qualities in the other fellow, and once you've recognised a good quality it 'ud be mighty queer if you couldn't make some kind of a stagger to get it yourself. Now that's a promising beginning that you can't say where it will bring you out. And besides that, in treating a man with respect you make a kind of call to the better nature that's in him and maybe instead of acting common and ornery, he'll take hold of himself and call to mind some good resolution he's made — way back in the past it may be — and pull himself together and act up fine and surprise himself and his friends too. You never know where that sort of thing will lead to. It's infectious, I tell you.

"If you go and treat other fellows as if they were

the dirt under your feet they'll *act* dirt as like as not — to you, anyway; but once you make 'em feel that you expect something of 'em and ten to one they'll meet you fair and square and on the level. A wise old chap I knew one time did often use to say that God was everywhere and didn't live somewhere up in the sky only, and being everywhere he must naturally be in everybody. 'When you meet a man,' he used to say, 'you shouldn't just think of him as if he was only a person, but make a private salutation to the God that's in him, hidden up as it may be.' Now there's something for you to chew on, Teddy my boy."

Just then a neighbor started in to beat a carpet and I missed the rest of the good advice. L.

"Ending Right"

WE have a heap of ideas and feelings inside us that need explaining. But we're so accustomed to them that we never think of making them stand up in front of us and give an account of themselves.

You've just finished reading that novel and you feel pretty good about it. The villain got what he ought to, and the fine young hero came through his troubles and was properly recompensed for his courage and self-sacrifice.

Hold on to the words 'ought to' and 'properly.' You see, we've got it fixed deep in our minds that villainy and selfishness *ought* to get into trouble, and that courage and self-sacrifice are *entitled* to reward. The universe *owes* reward to one and punishment to the other. But whilst we feel that, we are sometimes inclined to think that the universe does not always pay its debts!

This feeling — that right and wrong should be evened up — is what we call sense of justice. How did we ever get it if it isn't in the real working of things? Can a natural law sometimes work and sometimes not? Can it be flouted and checkmated by anybody? It may be delayed, but it will surely get there!

You could say that the villain's villainy was the *cause* of his troubles or punishment, couldn't you? And that the hero's fine conduct was the *cause* of his last-chapter happiness?

In the physical world it couldn't happen that a cause didn't have its proper effect. If there's an extra big sun-spot there *must* be magnetic disturbances on the earth. A cause and its effect are two ends of one and the same thing. That's why we instinctively feel that one of them *has* to be followed by the other. It is for that very same reason that we feel that bad conduct ought to be shown in the novel as followed by punishment. Pain of some sort is the effect of the deed, two ends of the same thing, though one end may be a good way from the other. Cause and effect

is the great law of the physical world. It must also be a law at work (in what we call a moral way) in the human world. In other words, wickedness of any sort *must* bring about troubles, pain, or disaster of the same degree, as you may say, as the offence. But not necessarily at once. The effects of wrong-doing on the doer might be delayed a good while for one reason or another and will yet inevitably get home in the long run.

So we need not wonder how we get our deep sense of justice; how it happens that we feel that wickedness ought to have pain as its effects — just proportional to the degree of wrongness; how it happens that we think that rightness and courage and unselfishness ought to be finally met with happiness; why we feel that a novel that does not end that way ends 'badly' and leaves our sense of justice outraged. "He's got his desserts": we see how came that idea of 'desserts,' of justice. If a man does not seem to be getting his just desserts we feel that something is out of gear, things not running as they should be, a natural law not working (!), cause not followed by proper effect. We have that feeling, the feeling for 'justice,' for 'desserts,' because it corresponds to the law of the universe, the very gearing of the universe. And it is a gearing adjusted for the promotion of man's highest evolution. The mind of the youngest child has the essentials of this idea of justice.

But if so, then this gearing of things, the gearing of full punishment to wrong-doing and of happiness and other kinds of reward to right-doing — this cannot be dislocated. It will show up in the long run to the last detail. Our deep and inborn sense of justice shows of itself that death does not wipe out our scores. The man who seems to 'get away with' a piece of wrong-doing has got his full score waiting for him somewhere on beyond. And when he's met it there's a still further 'on beyond' in which he will have a chance to show whether his punishment taught him anything or whether he chooses to try another fall. For punishment is a lesson. What's the worth of a lesson unless there's a chance to show that it has taught what it was intended to teach?

And there's nothing to worry about in this, either. For if a man's made a perfectly sincere resolve to straighten up his ways, that resolve is itself a cause and a mighty strong one, with good effects to match. It's going to be taken fully into account and put down to his credit. A man who's genuinely straightened up is not going to find anything that happens to him too much for his shoulders. The universe wants just that kind of a man, self-redeemed by his own struggles.

"Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap." Steady right striving with yourself and genuine brotherhood to all your fellows will bring along a pretty good crop for your reaping! No man has a past that is irredeemable.

STUDENT

Taking Account of Stock

PERADVENTURE, when I went to the big store in our home town to buy some things, and also to settle my running account, I met with the Unexpected. One of my debtors had surprised me with a goodly number of shekels, so that I was buoyant in mind and flush of purse. I went down street with the tread of one about to pay his bill in the nick of time.

My purse had the key to the situation, and my nose fore-sniffed whiffs of the fragrant Havana which, betimes, comes back with a receipted bill. Oh, yes, Jones & Jones would welcome me this time, I thought, as I reached the store corner, and then — Instead of the usual lure of the store front, I came up against a blank wall of broad window-shades, and on the door was tacked this crisp notice: "Closed. Taking account of stock."

Just then, Jones, Sr. rounded the corner, gave me an appraising look, and said briskly, as he unlocked the door, "Come right in!" Forthwith, like Mary's lamb, I followed him in and down the center aisle, noting on every hand clerks, male and female, busy with pencil and paper-pads. The counters and shelves were in orderly disarray with endless and countless things being measured and counted and recorded where they were sorted out, — each after its own kind, like the assorted animals that history filmed as they filed up the gang-plank of Noah's Ark.

Well, being in for it, I paid my debt and got the Havana premium for keeping Jones & Jones waiting for their money — just long enough. Through the private office window, I saw that the clerks had some job on their hands. So I said: "Tell me: my business is so different, do you have to take account of *everything* you have got in stock?"

"Yea, verily," he said, "not only that, but we note everything we have *not* got that the business calls for, and begin to go after it."

"Then stock-taking has both a plus and a minus side to it," I said. "Which is more important?"

"Both," he answered promptly; "they are live issues that go together. What is minus is as much a part of the game as the negative pole is part of a magnet. We let the customer know that the minus quantity is ordered, or on the way, or ready to be unpacked, so that in his mind's eye he can see it moving his way. It is amazing how much figure the minus sign cuts in calculations."

Jones had set me to thinking. I carried home something more than the Havana. I have pondered much about taking account of stock in myself, trying to figure just what parts of my nature are in the plus state and what are minus. Believe me, there are some surprises coming for any one who tries it, and you may as well keep mum about the details, for it is all you can do to believe them about yourself. But here is

one confidential tip that you may get what you can out of, in testing your own case: It is human nature to keep so busy *re-counting* the best things in our make-up that stand for a good outer showing, that we overlook the importance of getting after what we *lack* to make an ideal of our Business of Life. We mull along, indulging a poor kind of satisfaction, by comparing the best in our stock of character with others who fall short in the same special lines. So we largely miss the novel and liberating sense of largeness that comes with striking out to go after the missing points of all-round character which the human equation calls for. Minus qualities become plus limitations in trying to handle what character stock we have on display or stored away in mind and heart and body.

Of course, stock taking is not a money-making operation. But there is no more profitable deal than to shut out everything else and then have an honest reckoning of your whole equipment for doing the Business of your Ideal Self.

STUDENT

Libeling the Universe

“POOR old Jim! Six feet under ground now.”

“Now, Tom, look here —”

“Yes, yes, I know. *He* isn't under ground. It's just a way of speaking.”

“It's a way of speaking, my boy, because it's a way of *thinking*. And if it wasn't, it would get to be by the saying of it. The way to come to think a thing is to *say* it a few times. The mind finally makes a fast picture for itself out of the words. That's the sole secret of the fear of death. We picture ourselves just as we speak of and picture others — as rotting under six feet of cold soil. What sort of an idea is that for the children to get from us? What sort of an idea is that to be allowed to live generation after generation in people's minds, spreading and spreading like an infection? Why, man, it's a deadly poison, a great gray-black fear all over society. And it's a libel on the universe and on divine compassionate Law! You're picturing the universe as a permitted death-house.”

“Let's get this thing straightened out. The departing soul is passing on into peace and light, isn't it?”

“Yes, I believe that.”

“You think it instantly forgets those it leaves behind?”

“Impossible!”

“Remembers them with love and desire to help and give them its new sense of peace and light?”

“Sure!”

“Mightn't it be that if they thought of the departing soul in this way and tried to feel its peace and light they would not only help it in passing along but would enable it to get its new message for them clearer and fuller into their hearts?”

“Seems likely. Don't know as I've thought of that.”

“And that if their hearts were all darkened with the sense of their loss and with their personal grief they would make its way more difficult and make the new message almost impossible of delivery in its wordless way into their hearts?”

“Yes, yes.”

“So the black garments and all the outer signs of loss and despair are out of place, not in key with the real situation?”

“Yes, for those of us who can think of it in this way.”

“And one of the very wrongest ways of thinking is to think that the burying of the *body* under the earth and its resolution once more into the ocean of general nature-life has anything to do with the freed soul, or that in its new light the soul even knows of any of this business or would care of it did —”

“Go on.”

“In other words people have got their thoughts at the wrong end; on the left-off *body*, instead of on the soul, and that if at every death we all kept our thoughts on *that*, in another generation death would have become for us what it really is — a benediction for the soul and some initiation into light for those that remain: in other words, again, the right view of death, spread abroad among mankind, taught to the children, and as it were saturated into the air, would be always, generation after generation, thinning the veil between this life and that. We love with our hearts, our spiritual hearts, not with our brains and brain-thought, and the hearts of those who love each other are in constant interplay of response, on earth or elsewhere. Death cannot interfere with or alter this communion, deeper as it is than words, deeper than what we call thought. To grieve is but human nature, natural, of course. But remember that grief, the ordinary personal grief, would fair draw the freed soul back again. Let it pass on! And along with that let us remember that while it passes to new experiences which necessarily could not be made comprehensible to our brain-minds, the heart-link is forever unbreakable and is the power that will sometime bring about reunion of those that loved.”

“So let us oust from the mind once and for all that 'six feet under the ground' nightmare!”

—A protestant.

“THE achievement of the *power to achieve* is greater than almost any given achievement. Yet it may be got through any achievements that challenge our inertia. The power to achieve may even be got through failures if the failures did not include failure of determination. In a large view nothing is defeat but that. The growing tree has been known to bend round the overhanging rock and then come up straight again as soon as it got past the obstacle. It had never lost its determination.”

—A. K. Grainger

The Best Reply

Author Unknown

THERE ain't no use in kickin', friend,
When things don't come your way,
It does no good to holler round,
And grumble might an' day,
The thing to do is curb your grief,
Cut out yer little whine,
And when they ask you how you are,
Jest say, "I'm feelin' fine."

There ain't no man alive but what is
Booked to get his slap,
There ain't no man that walks but what
From trouble gets his rap,
Go mangle with the bunch, old boy,
Where all the bright lights shine,
And when they ask you how you are
Jest say "I'm feelin' fine."

Your heart may jest be bustin' with
Real or fancied woe,
But when you smile the other folks
Ain't really apt to know,
The old world laughs at heartaches,
Be they your own or mine,
So when they ask you how you are,
Jest say "I'm feelin' fine."

Forget It

HAS some one played a scurvy trick? Forget it.
Has some one soaked you with a brick?
Forget it.
Don't let the memory endure,
A scheme of vengeance will not cure a single sore,
You may be sure — forget it.
Has some one used your name in vain? Forget it.
Don't call upon him to explain. Forget it.
If you are straight and good and true,
It boots not what men say of you —
Don't fuss, or pause the rag to chew — forget it.

—From *Bindery Talk*

OPPORTUNITY

E. R. Sill

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,

And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears, — but this
Blunt thing —!" he snapt and flung it from his hand
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day. — *Selected*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

The New Way Quotebook

"EACH of us can relatively reach the Sun of Truth even on this earth, and assimilate its warmest and most direct rays."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"To be silent with the mouth is much; to be silent with the ears is more; to be silent with the mind is most. For it gives both power and peace."

— *William Q. Judge*

"WORDS have been tried, innumerable words shaped into innumerable sentences called creeds and dogmas, but Silence has not yet been fully tried — Silence, where nothing comes between the individual and his memory, his love, his God. Silence is the real worship, the real understanding. Only in Silence can man draw near to the things that cannot be communicated by words."— *C. Lewis Hind*

"MANY a man has never found himself until he has lost his all. Adversity stripped him only to discover him. Obstacles, hardships, are the chisel and the mallet which shape the strong life into beauty."

"THE angel of our higher and nobler selves would remain forever unknown in the rough quarries of our lives but for the blastings of affliction, the chiseling of obstacles, and the sand-papering of a thousand annoyances."

"THERE is a strength
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found?"— *Mrs. Hemans*

"It is a simple fact that the will to do anything can and does, at a certain pitch of intensity, set up by conviction of its necessity, create and organize new tissue to do it with."— *George Bernard Shaw*

"BUT try, I urge, — the trying shall suffice;
The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life."
— *Robert Browning*

"GREATLY begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime, —
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."
— *J. R. Lowell*

"OUR doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt."— *Shakespeare*

"I HAVE found that the enemy lays down his heaviest barrage just before he strikes his flag."

"THEY chattered all the way home on the beauty of a lecture they had heard on 'The Power of Silence and its Inspiration.'"

"NOTHING wears out the brain so much as thinking of the *next* thing to be done whilst *this* thing is yet unfinished."

"DO not think out loud. Digestion of ideas, like digestion of food, is not a public function, but a personal affair, to be done silently. Conserve words, so that when you speak, you will say something, and not merely talk."

"EVERY atom of compassionate energy that a man sends out in the thought for others, comes back to him like a thousandfold reinforced echo in his hour of need."

"BY observing how many come to us for help when we are trying to live our best, we can get some idea of what opportunities for service we miss when we go our way in indifference."

"HE that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven."

"ALL ordinary thinking is a preparation for action, a preliminary actual action on a small scale, a rehearsal, a passage of some force into the channels of action, and thus an expenditure. The action may be merely speech. It may be attended by much feeling and is always attended by *some*, which again is an expenditure of force. Where the thinking is to try out in imagination the effect of a proposed act, as one does in considering a move in chess for instance, it is legitimate. But ordinary thinking is not thus purposeful; it is automatic — that is, goes on of itself. By such thinking, while doing something else, we divert part of the current which that something should get and thus not only starve it but waste force and fail to do the thing well and learn to do it better, whilst encouraging the same process for future occasions. Let us reverse this habit, concentrate, and be silent."

— *Psychological Studies*

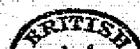
"THE true optimist achieves his greatest victories at the gates of defeat."

"NO man can grow great qualities in himself while he ponders small ones in others."

"THERE is no failure save in giving up."

— *M. M. Clark*

"THE day always comes to those who hang on tight."— *James Logan*



For Prisoners or Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Just as you take it,
Obstacle or step."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY
(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California

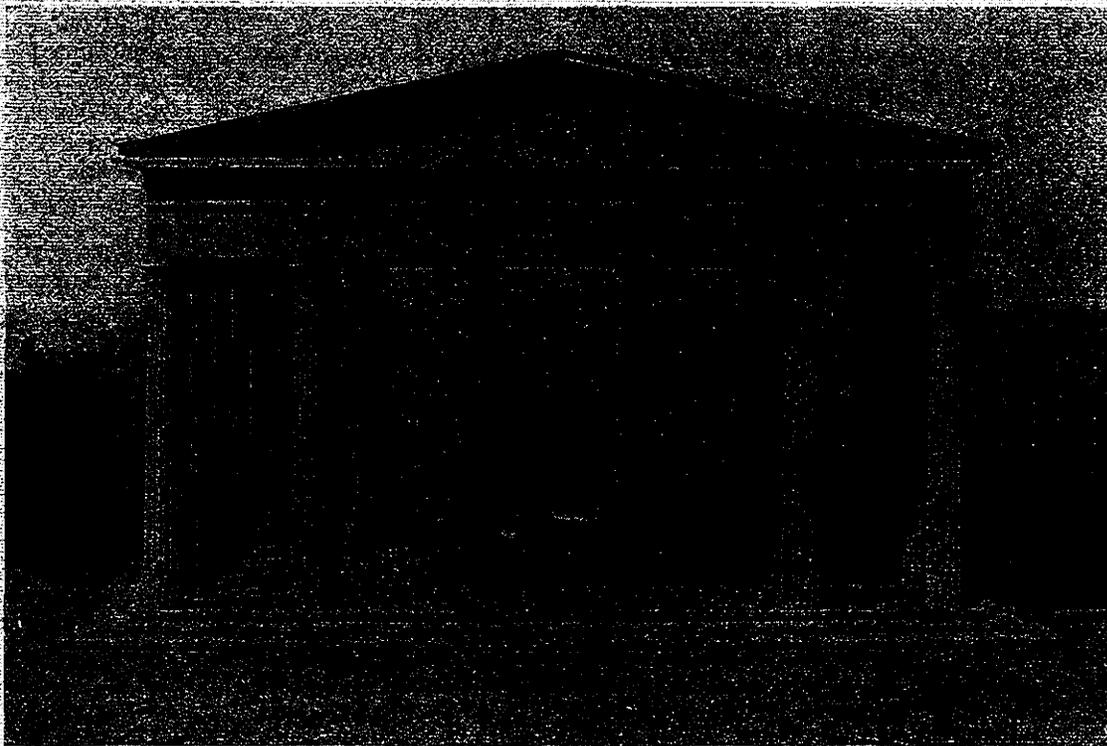
EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. XII

NOVEMBER 1923

No. 11



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE STOA IN THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Built by Katherine Tingley in 1901, the first Greek Theater built in America. Beyond stretches the Pacific Ocean.

Reconstruction

(From some of the writings of Katherine Tingley)

I AM always thinking of reconstruction, for it is a time of new things, new light, and very great help, if we invoke it. The reconstruction of humanity! How shall we set about it? The first step,

I hold, is to declare to man: *You are Divine! There is within you soul-life, and if you will to bring out that life it will reveal to you the truth; it will make clear every step that you take. Greatest of all, it will reveal to you your duty.* For humanity at present is working largely on mistaken lines of duty.

Duty is misunderstood as Justice and Equity are.

Yet if we could free ourselves from the limitations of preconceived ideas — ideas that are literally riveted into the mind — we could move out into the free air of harmonious thought and action, and would know what duty is. The things we believed in yesterday we should believe in no longer; the false gods we have worshiped in our home-life and the life of the nation, would vanish in the presence of the New Light.

For the light is only waiting to be perceived. You can find it for yourselves, although since all have evolved differently, in different environments, under different conditions, and up to different points of understanding, one cannot say *when* or *how*. To establish a set rule for reformation would therefore be unwise. This we do know, however, that with the motive pure and the soul ever urging one upward, one moves forward naturally on lines of simple duty, and thus into the light of the higher nature and of Truth.

Let us bring into life as an active, potent factor that knowledge which is not to be purchased, for it is only to be won by the surrender of the lower nature — the passionate, the selfish, the lustful nature — to the Christos-spirit, the God within. Then let us call forth this inner, Divine Self, that it may illuminate the mind and bring man to the heights of spiritual discernment, to knowledge of the Higher Self and realization of the true life.

We shall never possess the courage that rightfully belongs to man as part of the Divine Law, until we know that *we are souls*, until we have opened new doors of experience in our lives, interpreting life according to this Law and the higher knowledge of our being.

When with great effort a man has clarified his nature, when he can say, *Get thee behind me, Satan!* — then he has entered the path of self-development. Though his lower nature may meet him at every turn of the path, never can he fail if his purpose is pure. The godlike qualities of his higher nature are disciplining him because he has said *It shall be so*.

Greater than all Christ knew was the divine compassion that he felt; and it must have been when on the heights, sounding the harmonies of the soul in his compassion for humanity, that he looked into the future, beheld the divine possibilities of those who were to come, and said, *Greater things than these shall ye do*.

The mentality of man will never be fully developed until he has made his own the enlightenment that comes from self-knowledge. And yet each holds this rare possession within his heart of hearts. It belongs to all men; they have but to claim their own.

O ye men and women! - Sons of the same Universal Mother as ourselves! Ye who were born as we were born, who must die as we must die, and whose souls like ours belong to the Eternal: I call upon you to arise and to see within yourselves that a new and brighter day has dawned for the human race.

This need not remain the age of darkness, nor need you wait until another age arrives before you can work at your best. It is only an age of darkness for those who cannot see the Light, for the Light itself has never faded and never will. It is yours if you will turn to it, live in it; yours today, this hour even, if you will hear what is said with ears that understand.

Arise then, fear nothing, and taking that which is your own and all men's, abide with it in peace for evermore.

Credo

CREDO, a Latin word meaning *I believe*. *Creed*, an English noun derived from the other, meaning a statement of what is believed. It is usually restricted to a statement of *religious* belief.

"He just got what was coming to him," — said often enough of a man who finds himself landed behind the bars. It sounds simple and offhand, but there's really a *creed*, even a *religious* one, hidden in it. It means that the man did something (because he *was* something, for doing is an outcome of character) which caused a *suitable* result to start 'coming' after him. Finally it arrived.

The speaker showed that he had some conception of rightness, of justice — which is already something of a religion, and that he more or less clearly ascribed to the rightness inherent in things the power to work itself out in proper results upon those who act *un*rightly. That is a bit of a religion and a bit of a *creed*, however poor the shape which it may have taken in the speaker's mind and however he would whittle it away if you confronted him with a statement of it.

Most men have at any rate that much *creed* and religion. But it will bear a lot of extension in several directions. Let's try one of them.

There's a rightness in the heart of things, tending to adjust events. There's a rightness in us, corresponding to the inherent rightness in things at large, so that we have a sense of what is right and some desire (most of us) to get that sense into action as right conduct.

It's that quality common to man and 'things in general,' to man and the universe, the common rightness, that we need to consider, the way the linkage works out.

Here's an ambitious young fellow, supposing himself possessed of all sorts of fine capacities to which his present job gives no outlet. He curses fate and feels himself ill-used. In our present use of the words, he thus shows himself to have an imperfect religion, no complete *creed*. For his attitude means that he thinks the universe takes no account of him, has no link with him. Its rightness or justice is not working in his case. It is not giving him the chance



that he thinks it ought to. *Faith* in the universe would mean faith that just as wrong doing starts a penalty coming along after you, the two being two ends of one cord: so, real capacity in any direction must start an opportunity for its exercise coming along towards you. It may take a long time coming up with you, but come it must. For as in the other case, capacity and a full opportunity for its use are ends of one cord, one end in you, the other out in the coming events which contain the opportunity. Faith in all that is a well-based faith, and he who has not got it is not opening his eyes wide enough.

"Man is a seed thrown into life for the development of all its possibilities," is not so very well said. For some seeds fall on sterile ground and die without any development. To get the saying right you've got to suppose a ground that slowly kept altering its nature till at last there came a change that was exactly suited for that particular seed. In the meantime the seed could be occupied in developing itself inwardly so as to be better prepared for the opportunity when at last the ground is right.

That complaining young man is making a mistake. The job now in front of him, which he despises so much, is already opportunity. There is something latent in his nature which he has not yet brought out, and this is his and its chance. We say he lacks something — for instance strong sense of duty in regard to small things. But he did not lack it; it is there hidden deep inside. And it made a call upon opportunity, which was replied to by a situation crowded with small irritating duties requiring to be done. If he fully attends to them, if he calls out the necessary endurance and sense of honor and fidelity, he will get all the situation was intended for. Then it will pass along and he will get the response to some other part of his nature, some capacity which he complains of having now no chance to use and develop. All will come in time. Everything we do is better done, every faculty better expanded, if we did well what came before, if we expanded to the utmost the faculty that was previously in action at the front.

Opportunities for great good and great development are often misused as opportunities for evil. A man is in a position of trust, for instance. It is a special call to him to bring up out of his inner nature the quality of honor and it came upon him because of the call of that latent, hidden quality in him for its opportunity to develop. He may prostitute it into an opportunity for betrayal of trust. And then the other end of that cord — which may be a very long one — is But that too will turn out to be opportunity.

Let us have this religion of trust in the universe, trust that opportunity after opportunity comes along, every single one answering to some latent or only partly developed quality in our natures, called to us by that quality and answering to it point by point. So that in the long run every noble quality and capaci-

ty will have its utmost evolution and we become as gods in our perfected humanity. The universe is a great home for us. Time and life stretch along, never broken. We have not done with life and time, nor got out of this mighty home, just because this body has worn out! We take too short views of things. Opportunities don't cease and evolution does not cease, and great latent capacities in our minds and souls don't lapse just because this body gets too tired to run any more or happens to get into mortal trouble. Death itself is an opportunity, though we may have to come close up to it to see that. It passes along just like any other opportunity, and it is up to us to get all it offers.

Don't let us get misled by the seeming accidentalness of things. There isn't any accidentalness. Look into the worst of situations you get into and you'll find it presently softens a whole lot in its hostile expression and finally will show that after all it was all the time having an eye to your welfare and development. The universe is our friend, however it may look at times when we are despondent. STUDENT



"Getting it Over"

"I COULDN'T seem to get it over, somehow, that night. I don't know what was the matter. Kind of cold and slushy outside. Maybe that's what got into the crowd."

"What do you mean by 'get it over'?"

"Over the footlights. We actors have a sort of feel when we're not getting hold of the audience. Can't explain it; none of us can."

"People get restless?"

"No, no; often nothing you can see. But we sense it all the same. It's just a feel, and we know how it's going to be that night the minute we get on the stage."

"Sort of thought-currents between you and the audience?"

"Well, yes; *feeling*-currents more like. Some nights the crowd on the stage and the other out in front seem almost to make one family. Not a point lost; all friendly and jolly. Then some other time it'll be all the other way. No sympathy, no 'currents' as you call them at all."

It reminded me a little of something an old prisoner once told me. He said the parole board used to meet every three months and spend the day determining the claims of the applicants. All that day there was an atmosphere, so to speak, of strain and tension through the prison, felt almost as much by those who had not applied as by those who had. All the men used to notice it.

They had capital punishments in that prison, but the date of the black day when six or seven were to be sent on beyond was carefully kept from the rest of

the men — usually even the fact that there were any such. But all the hours of that day it was as if black night was on the hearts of the hundreds of men — all that were anyway sensitive, at least — and yet not one per cent guessed the reason of the chill and depression that was on them. And those that did kept silent about it.

They write books nowadays about the 'psychology of the crowd' and the 'crowd mind.' This is the very thing I'm talking about. It means that besides the strictly personal mentality that each of us lives his little separate life in, he's really pervaded and soaked through by a much larger mind, the collective mentality of humanity. And much more of what he feels and thinks comes from that than he has any idea of. He might have more idea than he does, though, if he would take notice. Mustn't it have happened, for instance, that while the Japanese earthquake was doing its vast destruction and a whole nation was in horror, we felt something — we couldn't tell what — couldn't place it — a depression, a gloom we knew no way to account for? Some did, anyhow, and spoke of it.

You don't have to go so far afield as that. Aren't there some men and women we feel the better for being near, whether they say much or not? And some men we feel chilled and *eviled* by, though there's nothing in what they say or seem to do that accounts for it? I believe that the moral progress of humanity — what there will be of it — depends mainly on the scattering throughout society and the nations of certain men and women, mostly unrecognised, who are like lights in the dark, souls with a passionate love of right, an unbreakable will to right, a steadfast will for the welfare of humanity. They may seem to be ordinary citizens; often they may not know themselves as the power they are. But if we could 'see' with other eyes than we have, they would seem of another order from those who hardly have a thought but for themselves and their own interests and pleasures.

All of us, because there is something of divinity in us, have power to make ourselves one of these. Once we recognise that there is a 'wireless' radiation of thought and deed and feeling from each of us, first out to those immediately about us and then further and further out in widening ripples, we have seen the path to the ranks of humanity's real lights and inspirers and sustainers. We shall recognise that we cannot do a wrong without making it easier for some weaker man to yield to the same temptation. We cannot stand up to a hard duty, or speak up for right, or give sympathy, or lend a comradely helping hand, without making the path of right easier for all those with whom we have any sort of link, even if only the link of common confinement behind the same prison bars.

No one is really alone. In a sense we live in the company of all our fellows. Unknown to them and

unconsciously to ourselves there is an inter-touch of mind all the time. We are steadily helping or hindering, doing something to redeem or debase.

You want light and strength yourself? Well, use what you already have for the general good. Put it out on the air. Stand up as morally straight as you can. Do right with all the power you have, *in order that some weaker fellow may feel it and get heartened.* That gives you a much better result than doing it just in order that you yourself may be kept clean. It is the way to come into the great brotherhood of those whose work keeps humanity from another reign of darkness, those who keep ideals burning.

STUDENT

A Fable Retold

BEFORE I sit down, boys, I want to tell a little old story. Rudyard Kipling told it at a recent meeting of doctors in England to which he was invited. But I don't think he quite got the full of it.

Man had just been created, or rather put together. He was a compound of the animal earth-forces, and spirit. And being partly spirit there was of course a partial divineness to him.

It was this divinity that made the earth-gods jealous of him. "He's made of our stuff," they said, "but he's also got divinity. And that will enable him very soon to raise himself beyond our sway. What shall we do?"

So they agreed to steal his divinity from him, and did so, so that he seemed now to be just earth-forces and earth-instincts even as they were, but without their intelligent cunning and nature-magic powers. And he had no will, only desires.

Where were they to hide what they had stolen so that he could not get it? For they knew that among his desires was *one* that would never let him have perfect content amid his low pleasures. It was this one upon which, while his divinity was with him, it had shone, and it retained some of the glow. So this one shining desire — the only one he had that did shine and was not of earth, the desire for the light — would, they knew, never leave him in peace but keep him searching, searching, searching, for his lost light. If they hid it anywhere on the earth he would come upon it sometime. If they hid it in the heavens he would sometime find a way to scale the heights.

"I will hide it," said their chief, the creator of all the earth-gods. "Look," and he placed his great hand upon it. In a moment he opened his hand and behold it was not there.

"Where is it?" they cried. "What hast thou done with it, O Father of all desires?"

And he answered, "I have hid it *in the body of man himself*, deep in his consciousness, the most difficult

place of all for him to find it in. He will go all over the earth for it and it will not be there. And the charms of earth-life will so beguile him that he may perchance forget to search. And even should he raise his eyes to the sun and the heavens, his earth-blinded vision will perceive naught of their divinity. Wherefore it is well hidden till the day when he shall search no more outside himself, neither in the elemental earth nor in the veils of the sun, but verily *within*, within that one desire that still hath upon it the light of his divinity. But should he find that, he will have found also the divinity of all the heavens, and both I and ye, ye poor earth gods, will alike be subject to him."

"What shall we do," they said, "to beguile him so that he search not within but ever look outward?"

"Make all things pleasing unto his senses so that his mind shall be preoccupied with the quest for pleasures. Then shall ye and I be ever in safety and man's eyes remain unopened."

And such is the way, boys, that it mostly is to this minute.

REPORTER

The Light behind the Clouds

I NEVER shall forget that ride one summer's day along a barren stretch of California coast. The rounded outlines of the brush-clad slopes were tinted with a blended harmony of grays and greens and browns, while here and there lay patches of the crimson ice-plant lending its vivid coloring in welcome contrast to the somber landscape overcast by low and gloomy clouds.

The day had been a sunless one from early dawn; and though no trace of fog concealed the rolling hills, the tints were all subdued and not a single ray of sunshine pierced the cloudy roof above our heads. As we approached our journey's end the day was near its close, and riding towards the cliffs we heard the fitful lapping of the leaden-colored sea upon the rocks below. A brightening spot among the clouds that overhung the western waves challenged my roving glance; and as I checked my horse the better to observe the scene, I saw a brilliant shaft of silver light shoot through the rift and falling on the waste of waters light a little patch of glory on the shifting sea. The memory impression of the day so near its close was suddenly transformed; that momentary gleam redeemed the day from utter gloom, and in the place of dull and featureless monotony, my mind now holds the picture of a silver ray in brilliant contrast with its background of an ashen sky and the smooth surface of a level sea.

As with a day, so also with your fellow-man — you cannot make your final summing-up merely because you may have watched his sordid, passion-clouded

course of life for many years. While you are noting how the oft-repeated self-indulgence brings its inevitable penalty of pain, a sudden flood of glory from an unsuspected flame within may rend the veil that has been weaving all this dreary time. Some struggling ray sent by the hidden soul may pierce the gloom, and in its vivid flash your fellow-traveler may in a single moment be transformed, so that you see him for that moment transfigured as a god and shining with the splendid promise of heroic deeds in days to come.

The light burns steadily behind the thickest clouds man ever raised to shut it out, and even in the life of those who never showed a spark of anything except the red and smouldering glow of passion and desire, the most astounding possibilities may lie waiting to break their way to full expression and transform a ruined life. Let us expect the heavenly gleam in all who wear the human form and never give up hope of anyone, nor faith in the undying divinity of human nature. And even though one passes behind the veil with all his grander possibilities still unrevealed, let us remember that there is limitless futurity before us with limitless opportunity for the growth of every noble human quality.

It sometimes seems that by our follies and mistakes we are self-sentenced to a long, dreary lifetime to be occupied with following our evil habits and repeating helplessly those trains of thought which had their origin in selfish, personal desires in days gone by. And yet at any moment we may make a confident appeal to something deep within ourselves which only waits our recognition and support, to break the chains that bind us to our past and lead us to a radiant future bright with the rosy promise of the dawn. STUDENT

Gold versus Home

A GENTLE old man, who went by the name of 'the Shepherd,' used to wander about one of the goldfields of Western Australia. They called him the Shepherd because he always carried around with him a piece of quartz with a well-formed star of gold showing on it. The poor old man was weak in his head, and he spent most of his time looking for a mine — his lucky star was going to lead him to it some day, he reckoned.

He was a saddler by trade, and an excellent one, too; but you couldn't keep him to a job for more than a couple of hours at a stretch — he would give over and wander off aimlessly looking for gold.

He used to live over on the eastern side of Australia, in one of the mining towns of New South Wales, with his wife and family. But he wasn't crazy then. His wife was one of the sweetest and most sensible

women you ever set eyes on, and there were half a dozen boys and girls growing up around them. There was no end of work — well-paid work — for a man of his trade, and he had the most comfortable house in the town: fruit-trees and a garden, and a couple of horses and a cow out on his own paddock.

But the gold-bug was always biting him, and he would save up until he could leave a bit of money with his wife, and then off he'd go looking for a mine. His big idea was that he wanted to give his family a good education: move them all into Sydney and send them to school and college.

Well, he always stayed away longer than the money lasted to keep his wife and family, and his wife would just buckle to and do a bit of washing for the neighbors, or take in sewing, or do almost anything that would turn in an honest penny. But it was pretty tough; and by the time he would get back she'd be done up — and he wouldn't have found his mine.

Then he would set to work at his trade, and straighten up the garden and get everything comfortable again. His wife used to try and get him to see that they were far happier as they were than if he did happen on something rich. The children had no wish to be highly educated, and she reckoned that if she could rear them to be good, honest fathers and mothers they would find their greatest happiness that way.

But maybe his education idea was only a 'gold-fever' excuse; and he'd hold on as long as he could out of respect for his wife, and then off he'd go again — and to work she'd go before he got back.

Well, he did strike it rich eventually; sold out to a company and got more money than he ever dreamt of getting. But while he had been fooling about after gold, his wife's health had been failing; and instead of taking his family to the city to educate them, he had to take his wife down there to specialists. After about a year of trying one and the other, she died, and he went off his head with the shock of it.

A 'friend' of his wanted to try his luck over in the west, and it was easy to persuade the poor fellow to pay both their passages across. So his family lost track of him entirely for about ten years, and he himself had no idea as to who he was.

They found him eventually, and his eldest daughter and her husband took him to live with them. He got quite all right again, and was as cheerful as a cricket when I last saw him — and working hard at his trade, too. I reckon what brought him round was the 'homey' feeling about him: his daughter was just the same kind of motherly woman his wife was.

Maybe his 'lucky star' did do him some good; but not the way he reckoned it would. Anyway he had found out there are two kinds of 'gold' and which of them was the one you could rely on for steady comfort. And that's a pretty good find. D.

Mad Trees

FOR various symbolic reasons some of the ancient philosophers compared man to a tree and even spoke of the 'man-plant.'

Could you conceive of a tree gone mad? A tree that instead of putting forth a steady crop of green leaves to collect and store the sunlight, had but a few of these — just one here and there, or perhaps even none at all? Instead, motley and vanishing crops of leaves of every chance size and shape and color, useless for the collection of sunlight, never still an instant, falling to the ground as fast as they appeared, decaying quickly and then poisoning the soil.

What are thoughts properly for, — these leaves that we throw out from our minds, which stay but a moment, and then fall useless? Leaves are to store the energy of sunlight and use it for the preparation of new material for growth. A tree grows in proportion to the number of its leaves, their size, their permanency. The increasing height shows the way in which the leaves have done their duty, every one contributing something.

Some men can hardly do the simplest duty, so incessantly are their thoughts away from the matter in hand. They read a page of a book and hardly know what they have read. Appearing to listen to what you tell them, their scattery attention hardly holds on through a dozen words.

The real function of thoughts is to enable us to do everything to the utmost of efficiency — and, to be constantly getting *light* and generating the energy for real growth of every sort. But *our* thoughts, unlike the leaves of a tree, *dissipate* and *scatter* energy from morning to night and mostly *hinder* instead of promoting our growth in character and the rational (to say nothing of spiritual) life. They consist of useless memories and anticipations, fears, echoes of past conversations, snatches of what we have read, unpleasant pictures of other fellows, chance wishes for a thousand things we have not. Let us be honest and admit that ninety-nine per cent of the whole daylong crop is worthless or worse. Verily we are mad-trees, putting out foliage that takes from our lives and energy instead of adding to them, that cannot absorb a ray of the omnipresent spiritual life essence, and that finally kills us a hundred years before there is need for us to die. We have been mad so long that it is not easy for us to get sane. Still it can be done!

Some men seem as if they had an undertone of rich inner life sounding all the time. They do about the same things, perhaps, as you and I and there may be nothing very remarkable in their talk. But you are conscious that something more and higher is going on in them all the time. The perennial foliage is the real thing, storing the energy of light and life. No leaves are useless; all serve them for some real purpose. A man is, of course, a very complex 'tree'.

His life is a thousandfold richer than that of the outdoor trees. But as every leaf of a tree has its duty and does it, so every thought of ours should have a definite job and be so guided as to do it. If we were to practise this but for a week, we should find the guidance getting easier, thoughts getting less rackety and useless and troublesome, less inclined to be busy with personalities (our own included there), more concentrated on what we were doing, more conducive to efficiency, more aware of that higher life always in us and about us of which we know so little.

The boys in the school jeer behind his back at the weak tutor who can't keep them in order and get obedience. I almost imagine that our thoughts must jeer at us when they get together at night for our inability to do anything to control them. Let's begin to establish a little discipline and make these leaves useful — serve us instead of pulling us wherever they choose.

STUDENT

Undismayed

James W. Foley

HE came up smilin' — used to say
 He made his fortune that-a-way;
 He had hard luck a-plenty too,
 But settled down and fought her through.
 An' every time he got a jolt
 He jist took on a tighter holt,
 Slipped back some when he tried to climb
 But came up smilin' every time.

He came up smilin' — used to it
 His share of knocks, but he had grit,
 An' if they hurt, he didn't set
 Around the grocery store an' fret.
 He jist grabbed Fortune by the hair
 An' hung on till he got his share.
 He had th' grit in him to stay
 An' came up smilin' every day.

He jist gripped hard and all alone
 Like a set bull-pup with a bone,
 An' if he got shook loose, why then
 He got up an' grabbed holt again.
 He didn't have no time, he'd say,
 To bother about yesterday,
 An' when there was a prize to win
 He came up smilin' and pitched in.

He came up smilin' — good fer him!
 He had the grit an' pluck an' vim,
 So he's on Easy Street, an' durned
 If I don't think his luck is earned!
 No matter if he lost sometimes,
 He's got the stuff in him that climbs,
 An' when his chance was mighty slim,
 He came up smilin' — good fer him. — *Selected*

IF man would fully honor whence he sprang,
 He must by training wear his daily lot —
 Like to the way God wears the Cosmic Robe;
 Hence, all the woes, the joyful times as well,
 Which instant follow on the act that caused
 Or fall upon him from the lap of Fate
 (Deposits from the unremembered act)
 Incessant teach him how to wear the dress
 Divine — to bear himself the likest God.

— I. L. Harris, Sen.

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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The New Way Quotebook

"MEDITATION is silent and *unmuttered* prayer, or, as Plato expressed it, 'the ardent turning of the soul towards the divine; not to ask any particular good (as in the common meaning of prayer), but for good itself — for the universal Supreme Good' of which we are a part on earth, and out of the essence of which we have all emerged."— *H. P. Blandsky*

"ALL our obstructions are of our own making, all our power the storage of the past."— *W. Q. Judge*

"EACH man is his own creator, creating his future life by his present."— *W. Q. Judge*

"AGAINST ill fortune temporary and limited, however appalling it may seem, you have it in your power to put up an endurance limitless and eternal. A man may always be greater than any possible ill that comes against him; in the night and jungle of this disaster-haunted world, all that the wild beasts are roaring at him is this: Trust, you fool! and you are our master."— *K. V. Morris*

"OUR bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or supply it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills."— *Shakespeare*

"NOT in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat."

— *Longfellow*

"NOTHING is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind."— *Eliphas Lévi*

"How strange it is that mortals blame us Gods
And say that *we* inflict the ills they bear,
When they, by their own folly and against
The will of fate, bring sorrow on themselves."

— *Homer*

"PAINTERS have painted their groups and the center-figure of all,
From the head of the center-figure spreading a nimbus
of gold-colored light,
But I paint myriads of heads, but paint no head
without the nimbus of gold-colored light,
From my hand from the brain of every man and woman
it streams, effulgently glowing forever.
O I could sing such grandeurs and glories about you!"

— *Wall Whitman*

"A JOURNEY of a thousand miles commences with one step."

"BEFORE you can manage men you must learn to manage yourself."

"Do innocence. Take heed before the act:
Nor e'er let sleep upon thine eyelids steal
Till the day's acts thou thrice hast scanned —
What done, what done amiss, what left undone.
Go o'er the whole account nor aught omit.
If evil, chide thee, and if good, rejoice.
This do, this meditate, this ever love,
And it will lead thee into Wisdom's Path."

— *Pythagoras*

"If we were less absorbed in our external affairs, if we took advantage of a faculty which, as Plotinus says, '*All possess but few use*,' we should be conscious of a spiritual and eternal world around and within us, a world in which there is no death, and in which beings are separated from each other not by distance but only by discordance of nature."— *Dean Inge*

"SUCH as men themselves are, such will God Himself seem to them to be."— *Cambridge Platonist*

"WAS the trial sore?
Temptation sharp? Thank God a second time!
Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his fool,
And so be pedestaled in triumph?"— *Browning*

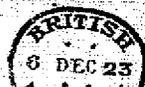
"NEW day, new hope, new courage! Let this be,
O soul, thy cheerful creed! What's yesterday,
With all its shards and wrack and grief, to thee?
Forget it, then — here lies the victor's way."

— *James Buckham*

"I BELIEVE that bereavement is the deepest of all initiations. In performing this office it partly explains itself. Without it I think we should never penetrate much below the surface of life. As has been said, 'The life that has not known and accepted sorrow is strangely crude and untaught. It can neither help nor teach, for it has never learned. The life that has spurned the lesson of sorrow, or failed to read it aright, is cold and hard; but the life that has been disciplined by sorrow is courageous and full of holy and gentle love. Without sorrow life glares, it has no half-tones nor merciful shadows. Sorrow is a gentle teacher, and reveals many things that would otherwise be hard to understand.'"— *Dean Inge*

"HE who listens to the voice of flattery is lost. One swallow does not make a summer, and one fine deed does not make success."

— *Edgar Guest*



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For Prisoners or Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

On Christmas Morn
The heart's reborn,
All in the golden Light.
Old English Song.

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

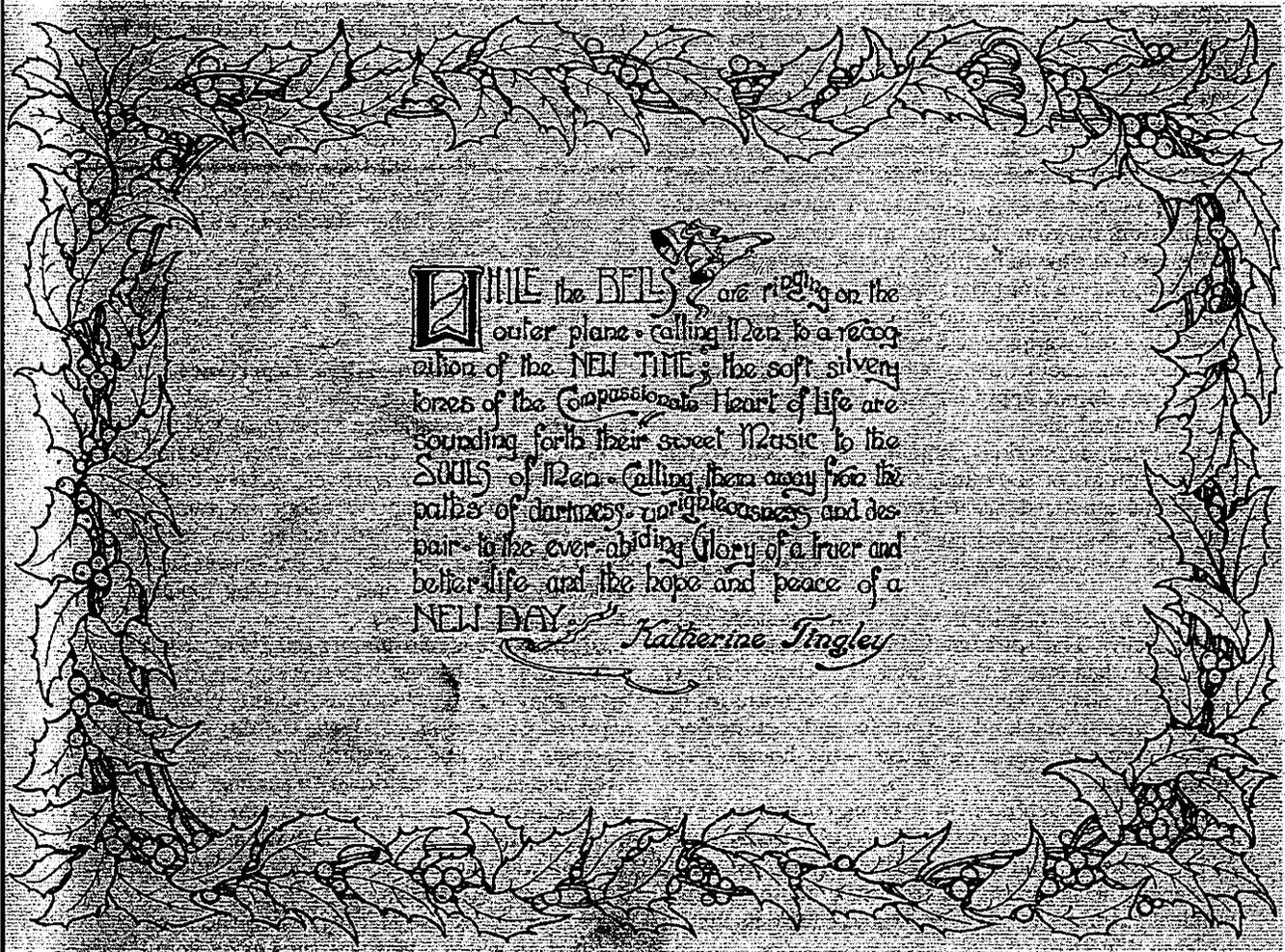
EDITED BY HERBERT CORVIN, M. D.

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Vol. XII

December 1923

No. 12



WHILE the BELLS are ringing on the
outer plane • calling Men to a recog-
nition 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 • ~~wrangle~~ ^{wrangle} ~~concern~~ and des-
pair • to the ever-abiding Glory of a truer and
better life and the hope and peace of a
NEW DAY.
Katherine Tingley

Self-Study and Self-Control

(From some of the writings of Katherine Tingley)

SELF-ANALYSIS, self-study, self-control! These are the divine, protective power, the golden keys to an understanding of the Higher Self in each. Oh that you might realize what books of revelation are piled up on the shelves of your own lives! Study your own duality, and then put your mental house in order! Have a spring-cleaning, and fit the brain-mind to become the repository of noble and beautiful thoughts, with the Spiritual Self — which is *yourself* in very truth — standing at the portal!

I have no time to write a volume on this subject, though there should be one in every school and home, but under the pressure of the heart-ache which comes to me when I see one who is fitted to serve the world superbly yet dominated by some weakness or obsession that is absolutely foreign to the Real Self, I must say a word here and a word there, as I can.

Have you thought of that Higher Self to which you aspire,— your true self? This thought and meditation is the first step to an understanding of the real nature of the inner and outer man. It clarifies your whole being, unloading and separating from you much that you have hitherto thought to be yourself, helping you to an understanding of the valuelessness of much that you have hitherto desired and perhaps thought necessary to your welfare or peace of mind, separating the chaff from the wheat in consciousness, conferring added power of insight into human nature, and discrimination in your dealings with men.

We are too slow in looking at these grave problems of human nature from the practical standpoint. Yet this is just what we must do if we are to go forward on the path of self-conquest and real helpfulness to others. We may talk about duality all day, but what does it avail if we do not apply our knowledge to the conditions of actual life?

It is in the mysterious chambers of the Self, within the very atoms of the mind, that the little weakness, the all but unnoticed vice, take root and grow, marking the subtle beginnings of an evil that is worse than a crawling, venomous reptile ready to spring at your throat.

To reconstruct mankind we must arouse more faith in the Self. The spiritual failure becomes such because man has lost faith in himself. That is always the initial step. Then comes loss of faith in his friends, then in mankind as a whole, and soon he finds himself living in a strange house — the house of the lower nature.

No one, thoroughly set in a wrong course, can ever be brought to a realization of that fact by words alone. Why? Because the lower nature is, for the time, master of the situation, master in the house of mind, inimical naturally to whatever would enable its victim to learn the truth.

We all know that the inner man is true, eternal, strong, pure, compassionate, just. The outer is too often weak, wavering, selfish: its energy arises out of desire and ambition. Yet it is the instrument which the soul, the inner, seeks to perfect in compassion. It is in this outer nature, usually physically dominated, that arises the common feeling of 'I', and it is to the blending of this with the real 'I' that evolution tends.

Victories are won first in thought; and the habit of substituting a good thought or picture that arouses compassion or any part of the spiritual nature, or a grander idea going in any way beyond the personal or sensual one, is easily learned.

I find myself thinking the same thing today that I did yesterday, holding the same ideal but with each day living closer to it, nearer to the warmth and glow of the real life. Soon habit is established, the habit of aspiration and self-control, the foundation of character. Were this knowledge universal there would open new paths in life. We should have no disharmonies, no war; we should have *religion itself*, religion that would lead us to see the beauties of nature in a new way, to study humanity in a new way, and to find the virtues of our brothers and cultivate them so understandingly and generously that in time all hatred would disappear.

It is indeed time to think along these lines, for the spirit of hatred has passed so deeply into our natures — sucked in, so to speak, as the rain is sucked into the earth — that it will take no end of spiritual sunshine, no end of spiritual virility and splendid hope to bring us to a higher standard, with its promise of ultimate perfection.

A Christmas-Eve Experience

HERE is a remarkable experience which I had in Australia one Christmas-time. We had a sheep 'station' on the Darling River, in New South Wales, out in the back country, about six hundred miles from the coast, and had invited the neighbors to spend Christmas with us. As the season had been an unusually fortunate one, everything pointed to a merry time.

Of course, it is midsummer out there at Christmas-time, and if the mercury doesn't slip up to 120 degrees by midday out on those vast inland plains, you feel deprived of something. Well, the day before Christmas was a hot one all right, but strange to say, the river, instead of being down to summer level, was up to flood, owing to unusual rains far higher up. It wouldn't stay up for long, but while it was running high all the 'billabongs' would fill, and the game would come in swarms.

You see, along the Darling, when the flood gets up to a certain height, the water runs *away* from the river



in creeks or 'billabongs,' as the natives call them, and spreads out into shallow lakes. So we got the launch ready and set off up the river to where we were sure to get our Christmas dinner. But we hadn't got more than a quarter the way when the launch went back on us, and we set out to walk the rest.

But it was no kind of weather for walking, so presently we laid down to rest a while under the gum trees. Away off on the treeless plain there was a fine mirage of lake and forest that would have deceived anyone not used to the lay of the land. But we were not to be fooled, and we dozed there in the shade before continuing our journey.

Presently I jumped up and said, "Well, we had better be getting on now." But here was an odd thing: instead of there being only half a dozen of us, we were now part of a vast crowd. There were thousands and thousands of people in an endless stream traveling along the bank. The river itself had become immense, and was covered with innumerable things: sometimes we passed places full of shipping; sometimes it was like a vast lake full of game; it seemed to continually present some new aspect of teeming life.

And the crowds of people kept on and on, hurrying and hurrying; some boisterous, some silent, but all moving on and on endlessly — seemed to be all creation there. You know that distressing sensation you sometimes get in a dream that you have been doing the same thing for ever and ever, and are going to keep right on doing it for ages without end? Well, that's how I felt: I had forgotten where we were going and what we wanted. If I could only stand still a moment and think the matter out! Why were we keeping on and on? Where had we come from, and where were we going?

With a great effort I braced myself against the crowd; but they jostled me and pushed me on impatiently. I watched my chance and climbed a tree, though my companions tried to drag me back. "What's the fool doing? Come on, come on," they yelled. I disregarded them, and they passed on and left me.

But it was not enough to get above the crowd: I wanted more quietness. Away off on the plain there was still the mirage, and I determined to go over towards it. That wasn't easy; it was like crossing a flood. I tried to explain to some of the impatient ones where I was going; but they reckoned I was crazy.

I got beyond the crowd and crossed the plain. Here was a strange thing! The lake and forest were no mirage — they did not recede as I approached; rather they seemed to advance as I neared. Almost before I knew it I was walking on the grassy bank between the lake and the trees. I did not attempt to argue with myself that I had been in that part of the country for years and that there couldn't be such a place, because somehow it carried with it the conviction of

its own reality. The further I went on into the forest, the quieter and clearer my brain became; and a sense of great peace and joy grew and grew in me and reached its climax when I suddenly came out into a grassy glade with the clearest and stillest pool in it that I ever saw.

What a silence and happiness was there! — a silence so deep that thought itself was stilled. Indeed there was no need of thinking: I *knew* now why we were traveling on and on by the river. The nearest I can put it in words is that the whole scheme was intended to be a great song of joy, a magnificent harmony that left nothing to be desired — a universal brotherhood. I drank a little from the pool, and turned back to tell the others what I had found so that they too could get the same peace and knowledge.

That happened a long time ago, and I have learned since that you don't have to go to sleep under a gum tree in order to find that place of peace and knowledge — actual, unarguable knowledge. It's in a man's own heart for the finding; and he finds it by stemming the tide of ordinary, sensuous life, by being a true comrade to his fellows and by aspiring towards the Divine. As he strives towards it, it advances towards him, and before he knows it he will find a new life springing up in him; and he will *know* the real purpose and meaning of living.

By the way; we got our Christmas dinner — two fine brush turkeys, each of them over twenty-five pounds, and ducks to spare as well. — D.

How to Play the Piano

APPARENTLY I was listening in at the middle of a conversation and as it did not seem to be giving away any secret, and anyway as I should never see the speakers again, I stayed listening in.

"Moods, moods! I never seem to know where I am with 'em, leastways never where I shall be tomorrow. One day I feel as nice as pie to the fellows, pleased to see 'em every one. Tomorrow, like as not, I'll wake up and find myself hardly able to stand the sight and sound of 'em. Sort of all through grudge against everything. Happy one day, no clouds anywhere and no difficulties to meet. Another day nothing but clouds and difficulties and fears of something ugly turning up. The body, I reckon. Depends on the state *that's* in. Lord, what slaves we are! They call the body a keyboard 'whereon man plays what tune he will.' *Does he!* Seems to me more a keyboard that plays what tune *it* will — if you're so complimentary as to call it a tune. Pretty rough 'tune,' mostly! Gettin' born on this old earth ain't like sittin' down to a new piano, though it may look like one. It's really a tough old thing made up of bits from your parents and your grandparents and your aunts, may-

be, and uncles from way back. And it's got its own ideas of what it's goin' to play and starts off on 'em directly you get your hands on the keys. And you've got to listen and go with the 'music' and see everybody take it for *your* music and reckon you up accordingly. Some of it you like and are willing to stand for, and some you hate but have to stand for that too."

"Pretty good grumble," said the other fellow. "But see now, the thing ain't as hopeless as you make it out."

"Yes, yes, it's better'n it was, I know. I'm more my own self more of the time than I used to be. But there's heaps of room for improvement yet, I tell you. I snap out at fellows about the same way I used to, but maybe it's over quicker."

"I don't altogether go with that piano simile of yours. You've got to make it too complicated for easy working. Fill it out and it'll have to be like this:

"Some morning the piano wants to make an ugly noise and is all set to do it. And you say to yourself you feel as if you could snap everybody's head off.

"But that ain't what you need to play out loud, or rather, let the piano play. Suppose you say 'Good Morning!' to the first fellow you meet, as polite as pie, cordial-like and with a friendly smile lookin' out of your eye. And then the foreman comes in to ask you for his day's instructions and consult up with you. And what you *feel* that particular morning is, 'Oh *you* again, you everlasting nuisance!' But you don't have to let that out on the keyboard, not a sign of it. 'Come in,' says you, all cordial. 'How's things goin' today? You look a bit worried, old man. What's the trouble?' That's the tune you actually do manage to play, whatever the *piano* wants, if you've decided to tackle this mood proposition. And it's a pretty nice tune and it gets into the wires and sticks there and mixes in with what else is there. You've got to think of this body-piano of yours as takin' note of what you make it play and remembering it — aye, and trotting it out again sometime, little by little, just because it's there to come.

"A fellow ain't helpless against his moods. Maybe he can't change them right in a minute or a week. What he can do is to act and speak as if he didn't have the ugly mood, as if he had the cheerful, genial, alert mood he wants — even if the ugly mood is so bad he don't even seem to himself to want any other. 'Playin' a part?' Just so. But you get to *be* the part.

"It comes to this: In the early days of this piano of yours, if you *felt* ugly you *did* ugly and *spoke* ugly and consequently registered the ugly on the wires and registered it good and hard. And naturally it comes back and comes back now when you don't want it and wish it wasn't there. Now turn about! Play the tune you want (whatever else the *piano* wants) and keep registering that! And little by little it'll change the wires and you'll have a piano that just *wants* to do the way you want it to do. The body

is a register of all we do. It registers a feeling that corresponds to the words we utter and the things we do in relation to our fellows. And if we put those words and those deeds right, right feeling will be registered — good, it's worth noting incidentally, for even bodily health — and being once registered will damp out all the rest and come out on their own account all the time. That's the way a man can change his nature to correspond with his NATURE — and *that's* godlike if he'd only teach himself little by little to give it a permanent outlet. And the game's easy and only wants a little sticking to."

And then came the first call to dinner and I shoved for the dining-car. REPORTER

Old Man Parsons gets a Present

I ALWAYS look upon old Mr. Parsons as a very deep student, not because he is a great reader, but for the reason that he studies life itself. The only value of books, so far as I understand the matter, lies in their power to help us to an understanding of life; but Parsons goes straight to the life that is being lived around him and studies that at first hand. He was patching an old coat when I called and he 'turned on the tap' somewhat as follows:

"No sir, I'm tired of these 'practical' fellers who talk as though they had no use for anything that you can't check up on a pair of scales or put in a barrow. Say a word to 'em on anything in life that goes deeper than the dollar question and they ain't there. 'Twould make a fellow discouraged for humanity sometimes if he didn't see a touch of the other side now and then that heartens him all up.

"Why only last week I got something from a newsboy that did me more good than a five dollar bill in my pocket, and yet it was nothing you could weigh on the scales nor eat for your breakfast neither. It was like this: It had been raining hard all night and was coming like cats and dogs that Tuesday morning and I was feeling my rheumatiz something fierce. Well, the first trouble was that it leaked into the kitchen 'cos the man I asked to fix the roof had been putting it off from day to day just through laziness I reckon. Then a feller who'd promised to pay for his suit called in to let me know that he simply had to get a wrist-watch for his best girl and would I let his little account stand over till Christmas. Of course it was up to me to smile and tell him it would be perfectly all right, though I needed the money badly just then. When I came back from the grocer's I found that the heels of my shoes had just melted away, being built of brown paper, and I began to have such a poor opinion of my fellow-creatures that I was ashamed to be one of 'em as you may say. I had just made up my mind that old man Noah had

made a big mistake in building that floating menagerie of his and cheating the Deluge of its lawful prey, when I heard a stamping on the steps outside and Jackson's boy breezed in with the paper, his face all over smiles and the ring of the morning rooster in his voice.

"Gee whiz! Mr. Parsons," he says, "it's coming down like everything outside, but I was bound to leave you your paper if I died in the act." Now I'd told him not to bother about the paper in stormy weather — him being a bit weak on the chest you know — but that young feller was so chock full of grit that he wasn't agoing to disappoint a customer if he could help it. Up went my good opinion of the Human Race. It wasn't just the getting of the paper, you understand, but to know that there were still some people who'd pretty nearly die rather than slip up on a kindness or an obligation; and after he'd run off in a regular cloudburst I seemed to feel the sweetest music inside of my vest for all the world like a cage of singing birds.

"I suppose that little slip of a boy will never know the value of what he gave me that wet day. But I tell you that ever since then, when I've been tempted to slack up on my job and just let things slide, I've gritted my teeth and made up my mind that I wouldn't give other folks the chance to feel about their fellow-creatures as I did that day before the boy turned up with the paper. I've always tried ever since to give everybody who has come into my shop a present if you couldn't put a value on — a better opinion of human nature in general, and a greater faith in themselves because they belong to such a fine bunch of fellers."

"Yes indeed," I chimed in, "and there's a big truth in what some poet wrote that: 'We live by admiration, hope and love.' It's a dead sure thing that unless a man has some idea of what the Human Race has got it in it to be, and sometime will be, he's little better than an ox. The hope of a great ideal of what human life is going to come out into is something that you can't put a price on and yet a man who's got that singing inside of him has no earthly reason to envy a millionaire. What's to hinder a permanent Christmas Day all over the earth from now on?"

"Not a thing," said Parsons, "except that men ain't yet got the idea that it could be." L.

Playing the Great Game

IF you over-eat, even at one meal, a certain corresponding amount of digestive trouble follows.

The English scientist, Huxley, compared life to a game of chess. Your opponent is Nature. She plays perfectly fair, but she never fails to take her full rightful advantage of every single mistake you make.

In our illustration the over-eating was a mistake and she took advantage proportional in degree to the degree of the mistake. She might however delay till a good number of mistakes of some sort had been made and then even them all up at one time. That may be the explanation of some very serious blow that reaches a man for a relatively small transgression. It is an evening up of a long line of transgressions that seemed to pass unnoticed by our great opponent.

Huxley called Nature an opponent. But it is obvious in his own statement that she is also a friend and teacher. She isn't wanting to win the game or take revenge for our mistakes. She wants to teach us not to make those mistakes or to fill up weak places in our character or get us to prune off vicious growths that spoil our symmetry and sap our strength.

Sometimes the 'moves' we make in this game are not outward and visible at all, and yet possibly get a reply. A man may for years have been accustomed to have everything just as he wants it. That's not a very bracing situation, is it? He comes to feel, hardly knowing it, that he has a sort of *right* to have things softer for himself than they are for others. That's a seed of all sorts of possible evils,— pride, arrogance, disregard of proper consideration for others, and so on.

Some time comes the return 'move.' He suddenly gets into a situation in which he may find that he cannot get *anything* just as he wants it, may not even get his rights, is treated perhaps *worse* than any of those about him, and receives no consideration at all from anybody. In times of prosperity his personality had — perhaps without his having had any suspicion of it — thrown out a vicious growth and it is now up to him to prune it. The new situation will either keep with him steadily or keep recurring till he does prune it. It is up to him to prune it at once by a new mental attitude taken up — an attitude of *not* thinking himself entitled to extra good treatment — or to suffer and whine or curse for as long as he chooses; till, in fact, he is 'on to' the game. Developing in the heart the sense of brotherhood would be his quickest way to do the pruning. You might say that humility is the way. So it is if you mean the feeling that you have no *title* to anything better than anybody else, that you are ready to take share with your fellows in the ups and downs of life. Ups and downs follow each other for all of us: not in any chance way, but as a lesson from our great 'opponent.' A man who gets an 'up' and thinks it due to his own merits may be quite mistaken. It may be merely an essential preliminary to his having a pretty sharp 'down.' A valley calls for a hill.

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if I say nothing, and trouble is coming for me. The opponent is watching and will surely not omit the return move when the time comes. Brotherhood is always a good safe move for us to make.

The return move of the opponent is always for the best. It is always so arranged as to be provided or lined within with an opportunity. There is always something to be got out of the situation. A man who was confined to his room in semi-darkness, not allowed to read or do anything, because of an attack of eye-inflammation, told the writer that while he didn't want another spell of the same he wouldn't have missed the experience for anything; though when he heard the doctor's sentence it didn't seem very different from a sentence of death. In a few days he found he was catching up with his arrears of thinking and realizations and has never been the same man since. Life took him into her confidence and showed him something of her purposes and meanings. He found the stern 'opponent' to be a *friend*, after all.

Never get taken in by this opponent's appearance. She is *always* a friend, and not in the least more so when she is heaping favors on you than when she is acting her sternest. The secret is, that this life is not all there is to us. We were before and we shall be after. The opponent takes long views of us and we take very short ones — just this life. But a chess-player's life does not end because that little two-by-two game has! But he's learned a little better how to bear reverses without growling and successes without getting top-heavy.

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The Philosophy of Trust

"IT was a rough bit of experience, but now as I look back I'm glad I had it to go through."

Not a very uncommon remark. The man feels that he got something out of the hard time that was of value to his character.

But his outlook was too limited. He had the hint and could have seen much further. This, in fact: That *all* painful experiences are valuable to us. That is what life is for — to put us through valuable experiences. And the most valuable at present are the painful ones. In the view of the great Power that runs all things — and which is fully represented in the heart of every one of us — every man has the makings of being a valuable and essential co-operant to its work. And that is why his experiences throughout his life have a value and meaning and reason,

and not only the separate experiences but the whole lot taken together, the life as a whole. A life is one great step in our unfolding, and the innumerable separate items of experience are the separate little steps that make up the great step.

If we would *trust* more, we should see this better. And trusting more would save us from wasting so much effort in trying to sidetrack painful things and get more of pleasant ones. The real philosophy of trust consists in taking what comes along, doing our full duty by it as it comes, and trying to understand the hint it is trying to give us. Pleasures and relaxations will come in their due and natural quantity. They cannot be in the long run increased. So why strain so much to get them in advance of their natural coming and quantity? In the very straining we are almost sure to seize some that are quite harmful, should not be had at all, and will require considerable doses of pain later on to cure us of their effects and at the same time of the wish for them.

Pain will always do a valuable work upon us, well worth having done. But naturally it will be much more valuable if we try to look carefully into it and see what its message is, what strength we can get out of it. It is correcting something or building something in us. "He that hearkeneth to the reproof [properly, *correction*] of life shall abide among the wise." To resent it is to waste our store of a very high form of mental energy, an energy that is capable of becoming Wisdom itself and also Will. Irritation, resentment, hate, are a sort of alcoholic and heady fermentation of it into a poison for ourselves and others. Solomon said, Get Wisdom, get Understanding, and he was speaking of this very power, the power to understand what life is for, to see its promise in all its divine light, and to will our own co-operation.

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don't entirely sum up the total of right relations to our fellows, but they come mighty near it.

Who of us that has ever had a friend cannot remember the sustaining qualities of a friend's faith, in some trying time? Who of us has not made demands upon the patience of a friend? Who has not found refuge in the security of a friend's loyalty?

It isn't at all a waste of time to take a moment or so from the pressure of small daily tasks to consider things of this sort. Money, influence, ease, power — all the attributes by which we measure 'success' are actually insignificant things beside the possession of true friendship, and when any man calls upon us to think of the deep foundations of friendship it is a privilege to respond. Few of us are toiling upon any achievement that will outlive a homely, ordinary friendship.

Faith, patience and loyalty ennoble the man who exerts them. They bless and comfort the friends of such a man. Call this a truism, a preachment, or what you will. It's worth thinking about.

— Editorial in *The San Diego Union*, Nov. 18, 1923

The Quest

J. H. Cousins

THEY said: 'She dwelleth in some place apart,
Immortal Truth, within whose eyes
Who looks may find the secret of the skies
And healing for life's smart!

I sought Her in loud caverns underground,—
On heights where lightnings flashed and fell;
I scaled high Heaven; I stormed the gates of Hell,
But Her I never found

Till through the tumults of my Quest I caught
A whisper: 'Here, within thy heart,
I dwell; for I am thou: behold thou art
The Seeker — and the Sought.— *Selected*

The Clearer Self

Archibald Lampman

EACH mortal in his little span
Hath only lived if he hath shown
What greatness there can be in man
Above the measured and the known;

How through the ancient layers of night
In gradual victory secure,
Grows ever with increasing light
The Energy serene and pure;

The Soul that from a monstrous past,
From age to age, from hour to hour,
Feels upward to some height at last
Of unimagined grace and power.

Though yet the sacred fire be dull,
In folds of thwarting matter furled,
Ere death be nigh, while life is full,
O Master Spirit of the world,

Grant me to know, to seek, to find,
In some small measure though it be,
Emerging from the waste and blind,
The clearer self, the grander me! — *Selected*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the County Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

THE NEW WAY. Subscription price (Domestic), Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions per year \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

The New Way Quotebook

"HE who strives to resurrect the Spirit crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions, and buried deep in the 'sepulcher' of his sinful flesh; he who has the strength to roll back the stone of matter from the door of his own inner sanctuary, he has the risen Christ in him."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"OUR strength lies in keeping positive; in holding a steady joy in our hearts; in a momentary meditation on all floating great ideas till we have seized them and made them ours; in a meditation with the imagination on the life of humanity in the future, and its grandeur; in dwelling on the conception of Brotherhood."—*Katherine Tingley*

"ALL our obstructions are of our own making, all our power is the storage of the past."—*W. Q. Judge*

"YOU can never tell how far an apparently insignificant bit of good work may spread, for it is like a stone thrown into the water in the endless succession of its ripples."—*Katherine Tingley*

"A NEW heaven and a new earth? There ain't any need for 'em; they're here already, allus was here. It's a new man to live in 'em that's wanted, a man that's willin' to see 'em. The same old heaven and the same old earth, I tell 'ee, looked at with seein' eyes. But that's eyes that's been cleared with brotherhood. No other way to it."—*'Uncle Amos'*

"EVERY person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself."—*Gibbon*

"THERE are things which we must try to attain, yet it is not really the attainment that matters; it is the seeking. And consequently in some sense the real victory is with him who fought best, not with the man who happened to win. For beyond all the accidents of the struggle . . . there is the presence of an eternal Friend. It is our relation to Him that matters."

—*Gilbert Murray in The Stoic philosophy*

"SOMETIMES, looking backward, it appears to me that nearly every piece of good luck I ever had led directly to a bad result; and all the things I thought were bad luck when they happened, in the end turned out to be the foundation of opportunity."

—*Col. E. M. House*

"THERE'S a somewhat doth remain from all sweet kindly words that's food for the sayer, nourishing as well his heart as the heart of him he speaketh with. Nourish others, then, if thou wouldst have nurture for thine own best part. Otherwise thou starvest mortally when thou mightest have immortal plenty at no cost."—*From an old mystical tract*

"ALL who become men of power reach their estate by the same self-mastery, the same self-adjustment to circumstances, the same voluntary exercise and discipline of their faculties, and the same working of their life up to and into their high ideals of life."

—*J. G. Holland*

"THE only real success worthy of the name is that which comes from a consciousness of growing wider, deeper, higher, in mental and moral power, as the years go on. To feel the faculties expanding and unfolding, to feel the leaven of truth permeating the whole being, this is the only life worth living."

"I FIND nothing so singular in life as this, that everything opposing appears to lose its substance the moment one actually grapples with it."

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne*

"IF without pride, egotism or ostentation, I can declare myself a Man, then there will be no need that I proclaim it with my mouth. For men will know it as I go along the streets in silence. And they will come to me for help in strengthening their manhood. And the same is true if I am honest, loyal or noble, or have any virtue. Likewise, if I am false, mean or ignoble. For I advertise myself in the least thing done or not done."—*F. P.*

OPPORTUNITY

"MASTER of human destinies and
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk, I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death, but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury or woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore—
I answer not, and I return no more."

—*J. J. Ingalls*

THE WAYS

"To every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a way;
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low,
And in between on the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro.

But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
Which way his soul shall go."

—*John Oxenham*

