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In this connection I will quote one of many such testimonials from people who, after learning what Socialists really teach and believe, find that they constitute a political party that is striving only to establish a system of justice.

Comrades: I take the Appeal to Reason, Social Democratic Herald, The New York Socialist, The Daily Call, the Chicago Daily Socialist, New Jersey Socialist, International Socialist Review, the Seattle Socialist, Labor of St. Louis, the Clarion, Wilshire's, Wage Slave, Miner's Magazine, The Socialist Woman, the Appeal's Monthlies and Quarterlies, the Referendum; did take May Beals' paper until a short time ago; the Daily and Weekly People (must send for Daily People again right soon). Have taken nearly every Socialist paper published in the English language printed in the United States and Canada. I am an attorney at law, necessarily an exploiter, was at one time a member of the Christian Church, many years ago wandered into the field of infidelism, then an agnostic. Was a Republican, then Silver Republican, then Populist, then SOCIALIST. As a Populist and Silver Republican supported Bryan, supported Green Clay Smith for President many years ago, when I was a Prohibitionist. Socialism has taught me a new way to study Christ and His teachings, and though I am possibly still what would be termed an agnostic, am a firm believer in Christ and His teachings.

Why this long display of my history?

Simply to say that I consider *The Christian Socialist* the greatest, the best, strongest and wisest Socialist propaganda paper published. Your for the Co-operative Commonwealth.

J. C. HARKNESS.

Northport, Wash.

No; Socialists do not teach infidelity. On the contrary, they

teach the common brotherhood of man and the universal fatherhood of God. Brother, how much longer are you going to serve the devil by supporting a system that arrays brother against brother, the strong against the weak?

No; the Socialist doesn't teach infidelity, nor vote for it either. Wonder who does?

"Breaking Up the Home" or "Free Love."

In the City of New York there are fifty thousand prostitutes, and other cities have them in about the same proportion. Of course it is obvious that there are more loose men than women; otherwise these women could not make a living. Our modern Christians, however, hold up their hands in holy horror at the girl who has been led astray, yet open the doors of their homes and trust their daughters to keep company with and marry these girls' seducers and equally guilty paramours.

While it seems that some few girls are naturally bad, appearing to have inherited immorality, yet a majority of this vast army of women in the long scarlet lane of shame, numbering into the millions, were forced there by the present economic system you have been supporting. With scarcity of work, inequality of wages paid for the amount of services rendered, tenement house conditions, and utter hopelessness to rise above their miserable lot of perpetual servitude, of one ceaseless grind of toil in factory and sweat shop at a miserable wage, with the poor house in their old age, is it any wonder that thousands fall by the wayside?

When a girl is out of work, or finds she is unable to support herself on the \$3.00 per week, and also yields to a "gentleman friend," who offers her a life of plenty, she is not deliberately a fallen woman, but a victim of our merciless system of exploitation. Socialism would throw its protecting arm around woman, and say to the pimps and seducers: Stand back! Give that woman an equal opportunity to rise as high as any other woman. You shall not rob her of the wealth she creates and of the divine right to develop into true womanhood. When that is done the brothel will cease to receive recruits. Even many of its present occupants will welcome the opportunity to escape the present living hell into which you have forced them, and make good women.

I am aware that, according to the practice of modern moralists, a woman, if she takes one false step, can never atone. What are you who judge her, you seducer or co-partner with her in her life of shame? You who are without sin cast the first stone. You women who deliberately sold your bodies to men in marriage for wealth, how are you so much better than the woman who sold her body for food and shelter, in fear of cold and hunger? If yours is legal prostitution, hers is illegal prostitution. That's all.

May the Christian fathers of the land wake up and may a merciful God hasten the time when mercenary marriage or legal prostitution, and the red light districts, into which millions of innocent, helpless women and girls are forced, will be obliterated by giving woman—God's brightest jewel given to man—economic freedom and justice.

According to latest reports there are in the factories and sweat shops of the United States a million married women working; also 5,000,000 children. Is it not plain, without any comment, that crime follows such conditions, when women receive for making cambric dresses, waists, lined, \$1.20 per dozen; making night gowns with embroidery and tucked yokes, thread furnished and embroidery cut out by maker, \$1.00 per dozen; silk waists, 98 cents per dozen; shirts, 30 cents per dozen; neck ties, \$1.35 per gross; knee pants, 50 to 75 cents per dozen; fancy vests, \$1.00 to \$3.00 per dozen; trousers, \$1.50 to \$9.00 per dozen; coats, \$3.00 to \$18.00 per dozen, with percentage off for carting and delivery. (See North American Review, October 9.)

Again, listen to Frances Willard, who said at the World's Convention of W. C. T. U., held in 1897: "Poverty and dependence are the curse of women, and all the world. The hunger that cries out for bread, and the cowardice that can not cope with death, leads women into that awful commerce worse than death, which is the awful blight of our country." Prostitution is the inevitable result of our present economic system, which forces women to earn their living in the factories, sweat shops and department stores, where their poverty is taken advantage of, and, being paid a wage that will not support them, the way is pointed to prostitution as a means of bettering their condition.

In speaking of the wage paid women in the stores in New York, the Working Woman gives the following figures: "In our largest store the wage is \$2.40 per week; in another \$2.90. Young girls are much sought after; those just out of school.

The most of these having homes, can work cheaper; but a majority have either to pay board or help support a family. The average wage nowhere exceeds \$4.50 per week, while the very cheapest board costs \$3.00; besides car fare, fuel and washing costs extra. Also, a saleswoman is expected to dress neatly. Is it any wonder our slums are over-crowded? (Quoted from Rev. Chas. Vail, P. S. of S., page 112.)

You, Mr. Reader, know these things to be true; also that both the old parties neither condemn nor offer any solution for creating better conditions. You know that the teachings and practices of either will only increase them, yet you knowingly go to the ballot box and vote to continue this present economic system, which in cruelty and inhumanity shames very hell itself. If I wanted to make out the devil to be meaner than he is now described, I would accuse him of being the father of the present system.

Yet you miserable parasites accuse us Socialists, the only political party in the world that stands pledged to apply the only remedy that can correct this hellish system, of "free love." Ours is the only party that offers these women the wealth they create, and wants to forever put a stop to this robbing, cheating, lying, thieving, profit system, which is contrary to every Christ-like principle. Yet you who have licensed these things by your vote, and have either profited thereby, or hope to do so, call respectable people free lovers, and say Socialism is going to break up the homes! Truly did Christ say: "From the Holy One Himself they withhold not their tongues from evil, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

You who accuse us thus know what the fruits of your old party vote were, I presume. You are the "free lovers," and you go right on voting to keep this million-strong army of prostitutes increasing until, as the struggle for a living becomes more intense, you can multiply it by the hundreds. So don't blame me when I think when you talk about respectable people teaching free love that you are simply *reflecting your own debauched soul.*

Now, my dear reader, I don't believe you want this system to continue. You realize that, as time goes on, judging the future by the past, the chances for enjoying the good things of life are becoming more and more strained, while the number of helpless poverty-stricken people is increasing and, for aught you

may know, *your child* or *grandchild* may be a victim of this heartless system. Therefore, I believe you will cast your lot with the only party that insists that every child shall receive a complete education; that every woman shall have her complete economic freedom, and that she shall enjoy the wealth she creates and have a voice in the making of the laws under which she lives. Again, to make it plainer, every man, woman and child shall have an equal opportunity and enjoy the fruits of their labor, which, for the last time let me say, can only be done by the public ownership of all the public means of production.

May God and the prayers of suffering millions guide you to a decision in this matter. May the heartaches, the suffering, the tears and sobs of millions of helpless women and children and the prayers of thousands of loyal Christians reach the throne of the God I worship, and may His servants realize they are responsible for the conditions on earth today. May they all awake from the sleep they have so long slept and go to the ballot box and vote to establish a system of government that will give every man the right to labor and enjoy the wealth he creates.

I know that time will come, because, Blessed Lord, Thou hast declared that the time would come when peace would reign on earth, and its people should know war no more forever.

Competition is war and represents the devil.

Co-operation is peace and represents God.

What side are you on?

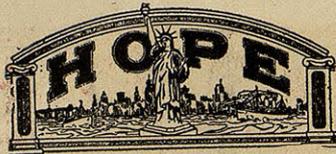
Mark well, God knows. Adieu.

Hicks-



"JIMMIE HIGGINS"—HE'S ALWAYS ON THE JOB

HOPE



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CAPITALISM is the germ of poverty.

MOST capitalists are so crooked they would cheat themselves playing solitaire.

LIFE may as well drop that little suggestion. The Socialists no longer take Life seriously.

THE SUPREME COURT has given the Standard Oil Company six months to dissolve. Oh, you dissolution!

MOST EVERY ONE of us would rather take our chances on being an agitator here than to be a white-robed aviator over There.

THERE ARE more real benefactors of society to be found on soap-box pedestals than are found on marble ones, in musty halls of fame.

WE SOMETIMES shudder to think of what the budding young Socialist orators would do if Mr. Marx hadn't dashed off that little book of his, entitled "Kapital."



RULES FOR SOAP-BOXERS.

No. 1—Be sure your "understanding" is good.

OMNIPRESENT SOAP-BOXER



YOU can find him any evening,
In 'Frisco, or in Chi.;
You can find him down in old
Noo Yawk,

If you are passing by.
You can find him down in Texas,
Or any place up north;
You will find him with a soap-box,
Agitatin' all he's worth.
And you'll hear the same old story,
It's sweeter 'cause it's true—
About the pleasant things the
Common wealth will do for you.
Sometimes he is a Marxian,
Right from the letter M;
Sometimes he is the other kind
That wants to go for them.
But the gist of all his message,
If you hear him talk to-night,
Is, "Workers, workers of the world—
UNITE, UNITE, UNITE."

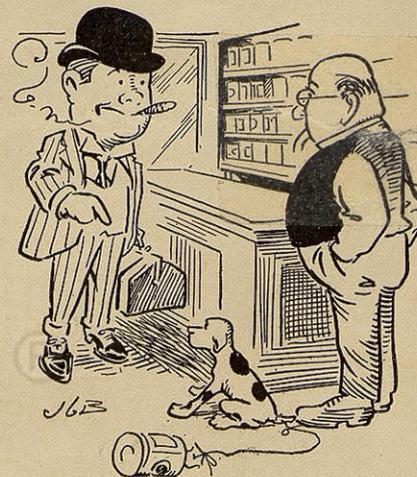
AS WE CRAWL TO PRESS, the Milwaukee Socialists were still doing business at the old stand, and giving perfect satisfaction to the great majority, despite the shocking, bold and even almost untruthful tales which have been put into circulation recently by the capitalist press dispatches.

"WHAT CAN ONE Socialist in Congress do?" is the sneering query, often put to us by the critics. Well, brothers, you can't expect one lone, honest Socialist congressman to undo the crookedness, the vileness, the graft of a thousand old party congressmen gone before, but he is at least making a dent in it—and that's worth something.

OUR REGRETS.

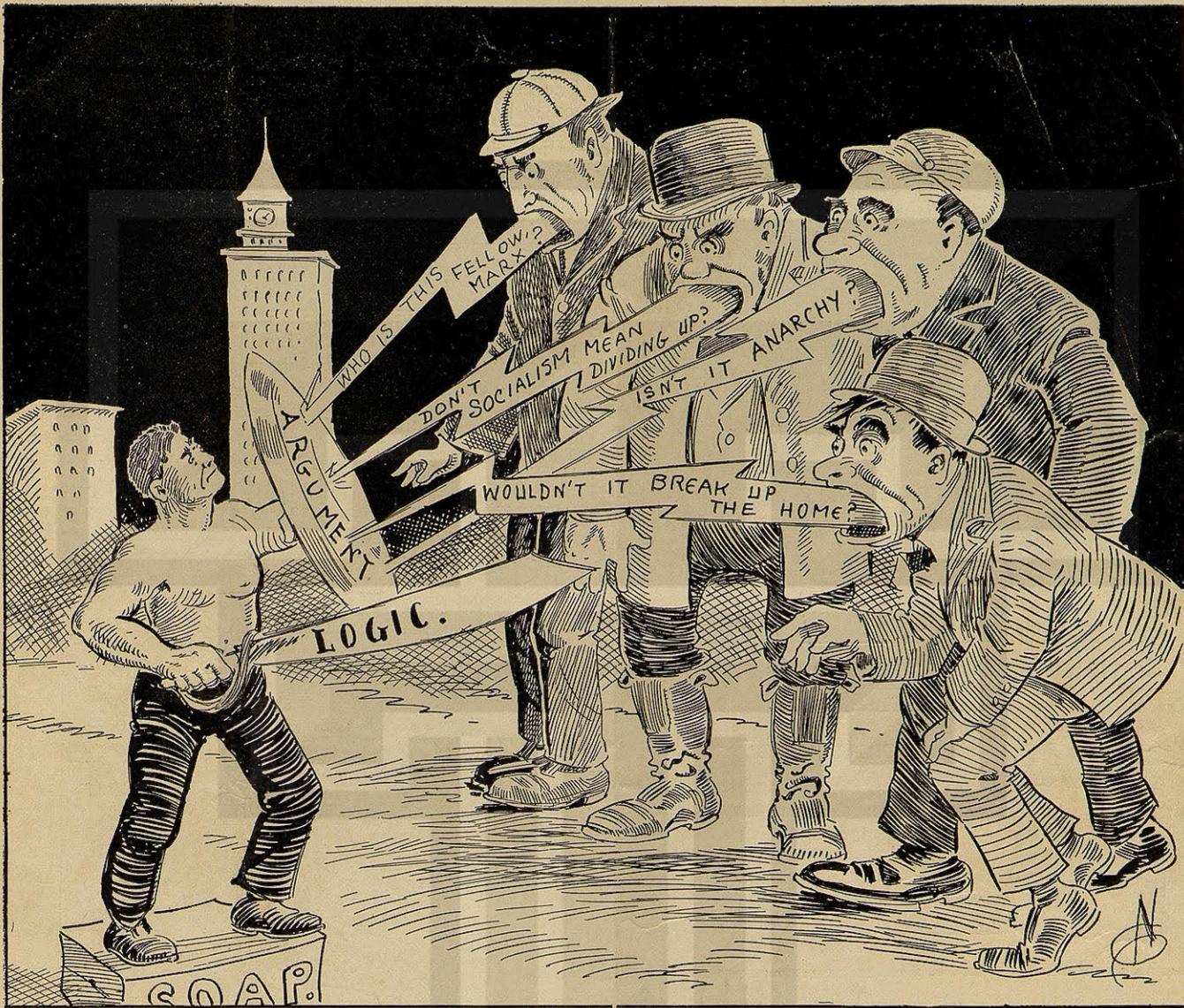
OWING TO PRESSING engagements, the editorial "we" were unable to accept a kind invitation and attend the coronation blowout of King George V., defender of the faith, etc., in England, this month.

PORIFIRO DIAZ, who has been for many years in Mexico, as dictator, has resigned his position, to take up another less strenuous and more lucrative position elsewhere. Porifiro is one of the best dictators hereabouts, and Mr. Morgan, his employer, dislikes to see him go. So long, Porf.



DRUMMER: "I see you've added canned dog to your line of canned goods."

HOPE



AJAX SOAP-BOXER DEFYING THE LIGHTNING.

SOME FOLKS who fail to "beat the game" excuse their awkwardness as "honesty."

MORE APROPOS.

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Bobby, some day you may grow up and be president."

BOBBY: "Not on yer life. If I ever get as fat as Taft I'll travel wid a side-show."

ECONOMIC DETERMINISM.

JONES (in grocery store): "That there feller preaching on the corner ought to be arrested."

GROCER: "Oh, I guess he doesn't hurt anybody."

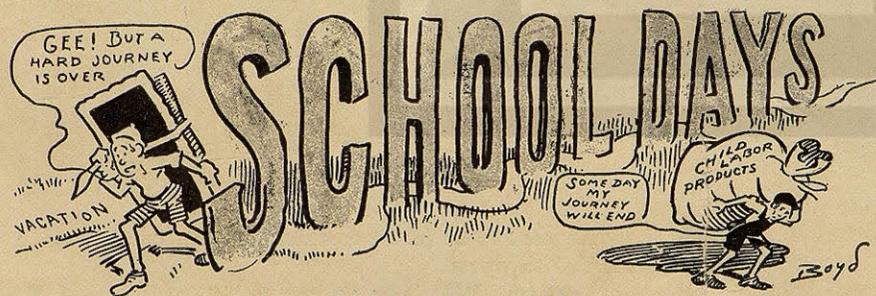
JONES: "Do you know him?"

GROCER: "No; but he was in here a little while ago and gave me twenty-five cents for that box he is standing on."

SHE STILL MOVES.



F Comrade Marx were alive to-day, and would take a stroll along our earth's highway, he would find ten million brothers advocating all in tune that labor and its fruitful toil, by all means, should commune. If he visited the reichstag back in old Germany, he would see comrades soaking Kaiser Bill in sweetest harmony; he'd hear Socialists expounding in the British parliament; in a dozen other lands decrying profit, interest and rent. If he came o'er to America, walked beneath our nation's dome, he'd find old Comrade Berger a-feelin' right at home; and in every nook and corner in the land of free and brave he'd find old Capitalism with one foot in the grave; no doubt old Karl would sit him down, perhaps he'd broadly smile, as he perceived that workers' chains were going out of style.



A GLAD ENDING—AND A SAD ENDING.

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HOPE



SEASONABLE HINT: Swat the Fly.

LET'S BE "PRACTICAL MEN."

WE WORKERS have nothing to lose and everything to gain. The earth is our soap-box, the stars our audience, the universe our territory, eternal love and divine brotherhood our message to go throbbing forth on the radiant shafts of hope. But at that we don't want to forget to vote.



HE'S BEGINNING TO FEEL IT.

ORATORICAL STYLES.

SOME orators can't orate till the bands begin to play, until the lights are shining, and the crowd is blithe and gay; then they march up to the footlights and grandly let her roar; and for a boresome hour or two shout things we've heard before. They prattle long on custom and about the grand old flag; how we should follow leaders and never let our spirit lag; how we must bow our heads in reverence for the gang that's in, and never murmur or complain if we fail to get the tin. Oh, most any kind of creature that makes a verbal noise, can rattle off the kind of stuff to please the capitalist boys; but the lad that makes a hit with me is not the limelight kind—he's the boy who raves not of the flag, but appeals right to your mind; his platform is a soap-box and he wears no full-dress suit, no corner is too dark for him—this Socialist galoot; he cares not for the loud hurrah, nor for the good-will of the mob. His message is: "you workingman, you've got to own your job." Sometimes they hit him with a brick, or put him in a cell; but no matter what they do to him, he does his duty well. Oh, any kind of soft-eyed mutt can make a regular speech; but I love to hear the soap-box lad who makes old freedom screech.



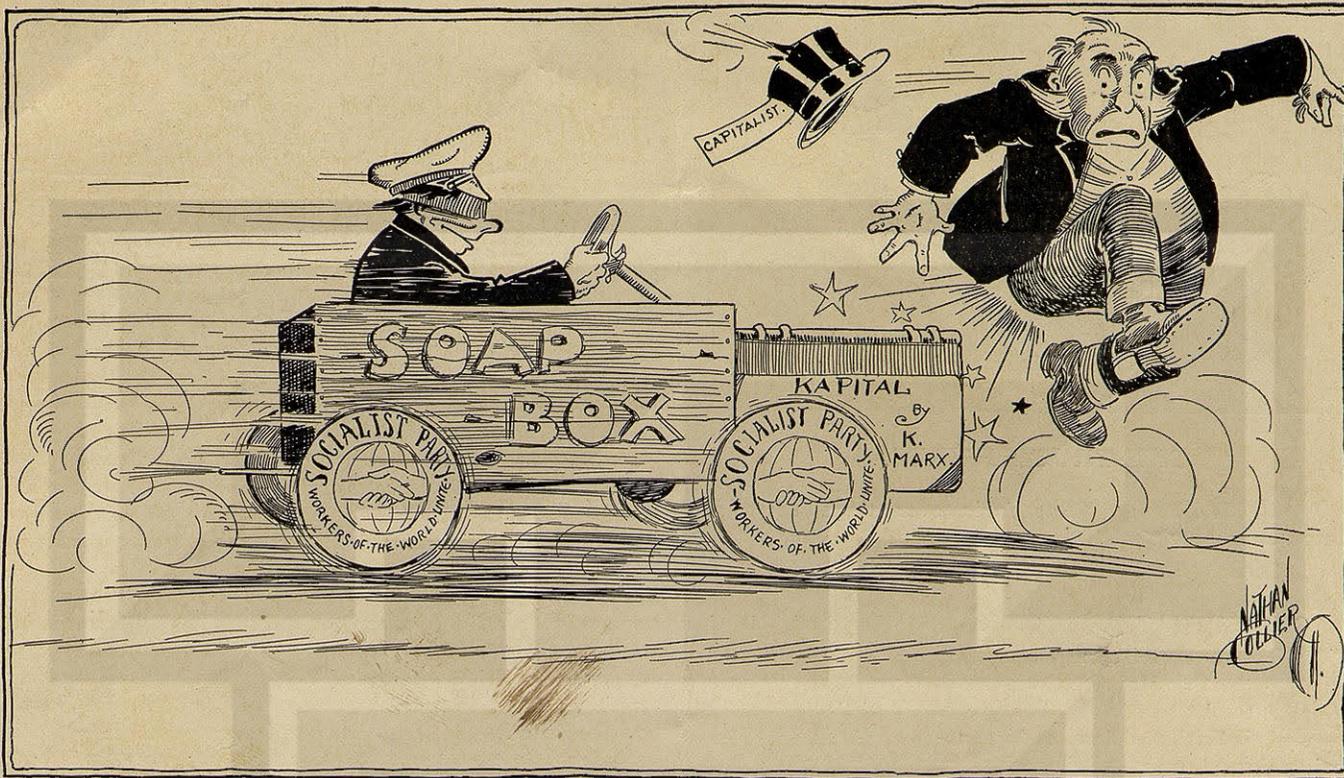
NO HOPE!

"He used to be just a common burglar, but he's gone from bad to worse."

"That so? What's he up to now?"

"He's a private detective."

HOPE



HONK! HONK!

BOOST FOR 1912.

ALREADY, HOPE, the valiant little warrior, has drawn his sword—pardon us, his pen, which is mightier and much safer—and is going forth to do battle for victory in 1912—and every year thereafter.

We long for the flash of battle, the crash of oratory, the spilling of vituperation, the flow of beer from the ranks of the enemy, the burst of rhetoric, the loosening of logic, and the glare of the defeated politician. *Up, guards, at 'em!* Socialism expects every comrade to do his "durndest." What we want for 1912 is

- 1 presidency,
- 1 vice presidency,
- 1 Senate,
- 1 House of Representatives,
- 1 united working-class of America.

After that, things will seem a bit easier, and this will appear like a rosy old world, after all.

ABHORRENCE OF SOAP.

WEARY WAFFLES: "How'd yuh like to be one of dem Soculists, Raggy?"

RAGGY RUFFLES: "Not for me; I might come in contact wid one of dem soap-boxers."

"WHEN I CAME TO CINCINNATI," relates Oscar Ameringer, "I was hungry and broke, and I did not speak the language. I saw a man digging a ditch in his back yard and I signified to him that I would like to have the job. He understood me, handed me his spade and I dug all morning, but I didn't get a meal or a piece of money. That fellow was a doctor—he was broke himself. He put me for five minutes on the shocking-machine, and gave me a bottle of blood medicine."

IT WAS A CROWDED MEETING. A Socialist speaker who was a great stickler for harrowing details, Marxian facts and a very slow, drawling talker, had the floor. He had talked dryly for nearly three-quarters of an hour—and had finally gotten down as far in his "ten-minute address," as the stone age. The audience, which had been patient, shifted itself rather uneasily and a few persons arose and went out.

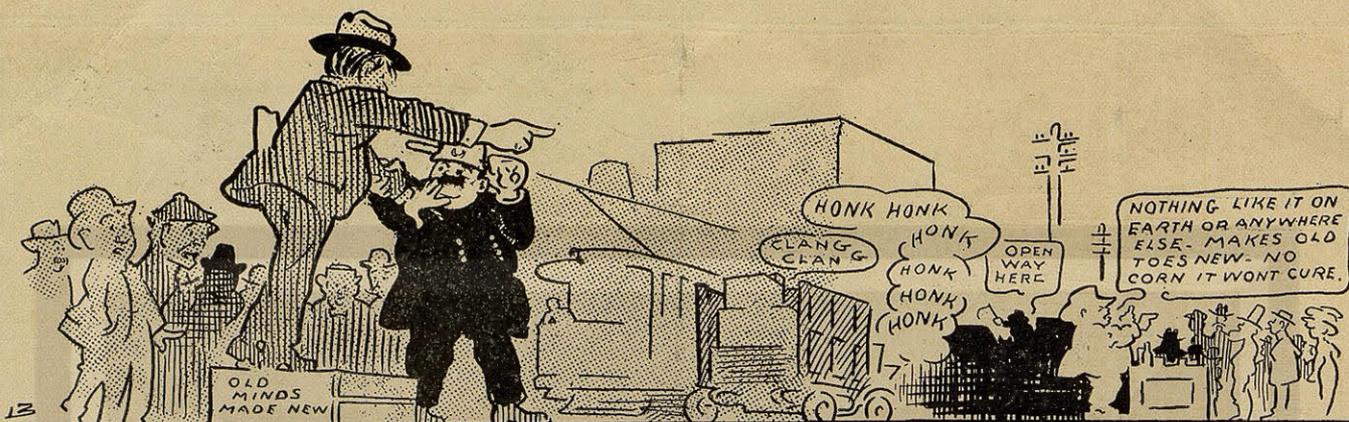
Suddenly a kind-hearted comrade leaned over and whispered:

"Hasten, brother, or there won't be anyone here by the time we evolve to the Socialist era."



"WELL, WHAT OF IT?"

HOPE



THE TRUTH HURTS.

SOCIALIST: "That fakir over there seems immune from arrest."

COP: "Yes; but what he says isn't so."

OUR SYMPATHIES, JOHN.

MR. J. D. ROCKEFELLER, of the Standard Oil Company, is to be condoled. For years judicial meddlers, seeking notoriety, have been interfering with Mr. Rockefeller's business institution and trying to "bust" it. For many years previous to the present high state of organization of Mr. Rockefeller's company competitors of various caliber tried to do the same thing, but without success. John D. and evolution won out. What a lot of silly rot, this noisy "trust-busting" is. Nearly often it represents nothing more than the whine of jealous competitors, who would turn back the clock and revert us to the dear old days of cut-throat competition, when labor fared perhaps even worse, under a thousand masters, than it does to-day under one. This nation owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Rockefeller, not to his prated childlike manners, his religious devotion or his nobility of purpose, which have been actuated by selfish motives, but to his wizard-like powers of organization.

After years of hard, tireless work, he has practically gotten the oil industry of the nation under one head, working with as much unison as the postal department, and perhaps more, as Mr. Rockefeller doesn't tolerate waste, and it is now an easy matter for the government of the United States to take entire charge of the oil business and operate it for the benefit of the people—much easier than to perform the same act with a thousand individual companies, representing no more facilities than the present Standard Oil Company, which our high tribunal, the Supreme Court, has ordered dissolved. We bet a cast-iron dollar to a doughnut that the

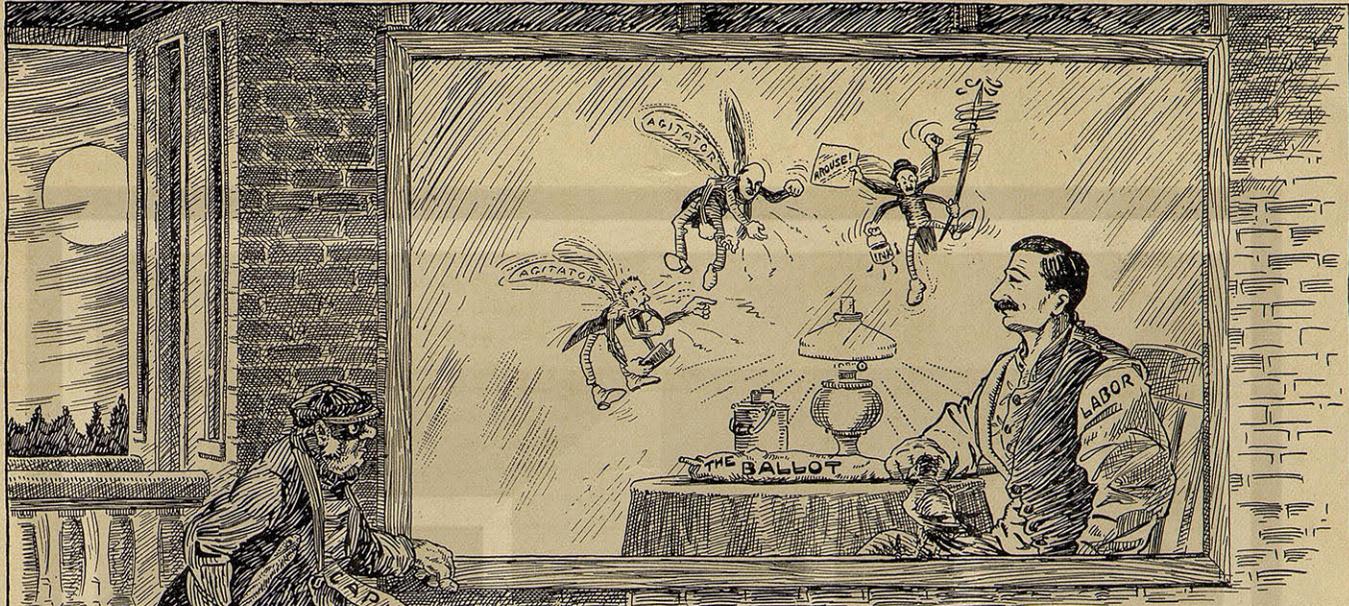
Standard Oil Company won't "bust," dissolve, or disintegrate. It will continue, in its evolutionary stage, until it has reached perfection, and by that time the human intelligence of the American people will be sufficiently enough enlightened to elect Socialists to office, who will take over this and other industries that belong to the people, instead of electing "trust busters" and

other "unreasonable" and fussy old individuals who merely harass the captains of industry without in any way helping the working class. The Socialist official will go to the head of this animal to control it; not stand back like a "trust buster" and merely throw stones through John D.'s stained glass windows.



FREE SPEECH.

HOPE



HURTING BUSINESS.

THE ONE OUTSIDE—"I wish them blooming flies wouldn't keep him so wide awake."

OH, sweet June brides, we greet you,
We greet you, every one;
Full well we know your troubles
Have only just begun.

THEY NEEDED IT.

THE Socialist soap-boxer had just finished his impassioned appeal to the intellect of the throng assembled along the public highway. The mob dispassionately listened to his appeals with immobile faces, incomprehensible. The soap-boxer sadly folded up his paraphernalia and started away. "Right this way, ladies and gentlemen, get your heads examined, for 15 cents," came the clarion call of a fake phrenologist, who had moved in closer to take advantage of the crowd. "This is something everybody here needs." "How appropriate," murmured the soap-boxer to himself, as he moved on in search of less impregnable skulls.

DAFFY-DILS being all the rage, HOPE'S office-boy has taken it on himself to devise the following:

If Niagara Falls would Maryland in the Mississippi?

If Debs made a speech would a Capita-listen?

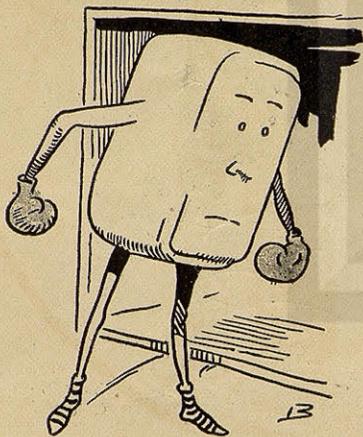
If Arkansaw razorback hogs what did Tennessee?

If Virginia gets a New Jersey what will Delaware?

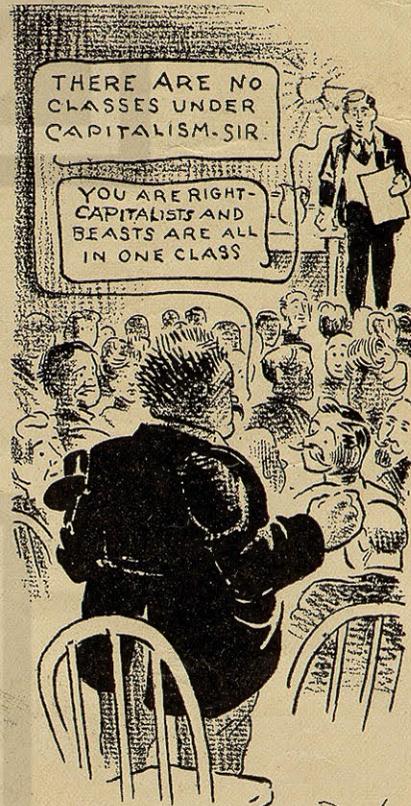
What would Colora-do if she saw Wiscon-sin?

If Maine has gone Democratic where has Ore-gon?

- Striking
- Oratory
- Annihilating
- Prejudice
- Bustling
- Onward
- Xercising
- Every
- Right.



A SOAP-BOXER.

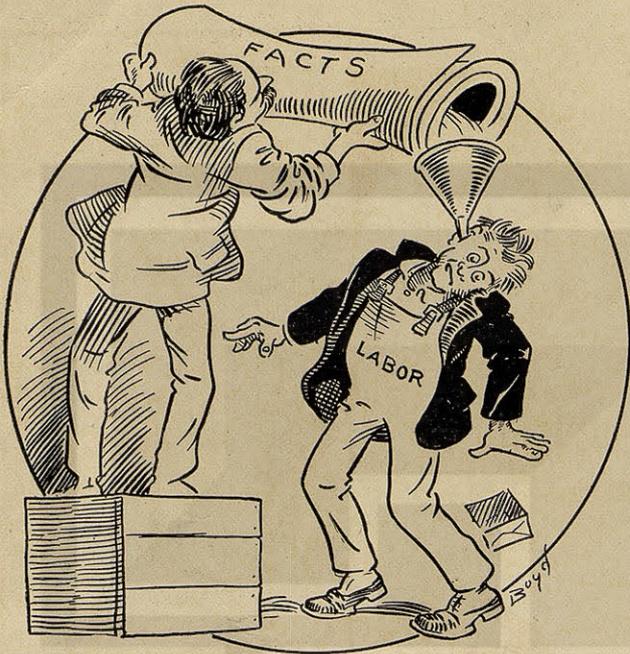


NO DISTINCTION.

"PA," said little Jimmie, "does the U. S. Senate ever purify politics?"

"Well," answered the father, "they seem to be doing a lot of whitewashing lately."

HOPE



WHAT EVERY SOAP-BOXER KNOWS.
The Hardest to Convince Are the Ones Most Benefited Thereby.

THE MUTE APPEAL.

WITH all due reverence to the soap-boxer who has made it possible, no one can deny that the best present-day means of propaganda is the printed page. Properly designed, it can be made to present the burning truth to millions, where the soap-boxer with difficulty reaches only hundreds. No corrupt police officer can successfully interrupt the message of the printed page; no inclement weather, no noise, no bully, can drown out its voice. Noiselessly, forcefully, it goes from mind to mind, forming itself indelibly upon the reader's brain. Where the verbal message of the soap-boxer was often broken, and often fell imperfectly upon his hearers' ears, the message of the printed page is a concrete, living human thing, that can be read and re-read and passed on and on.

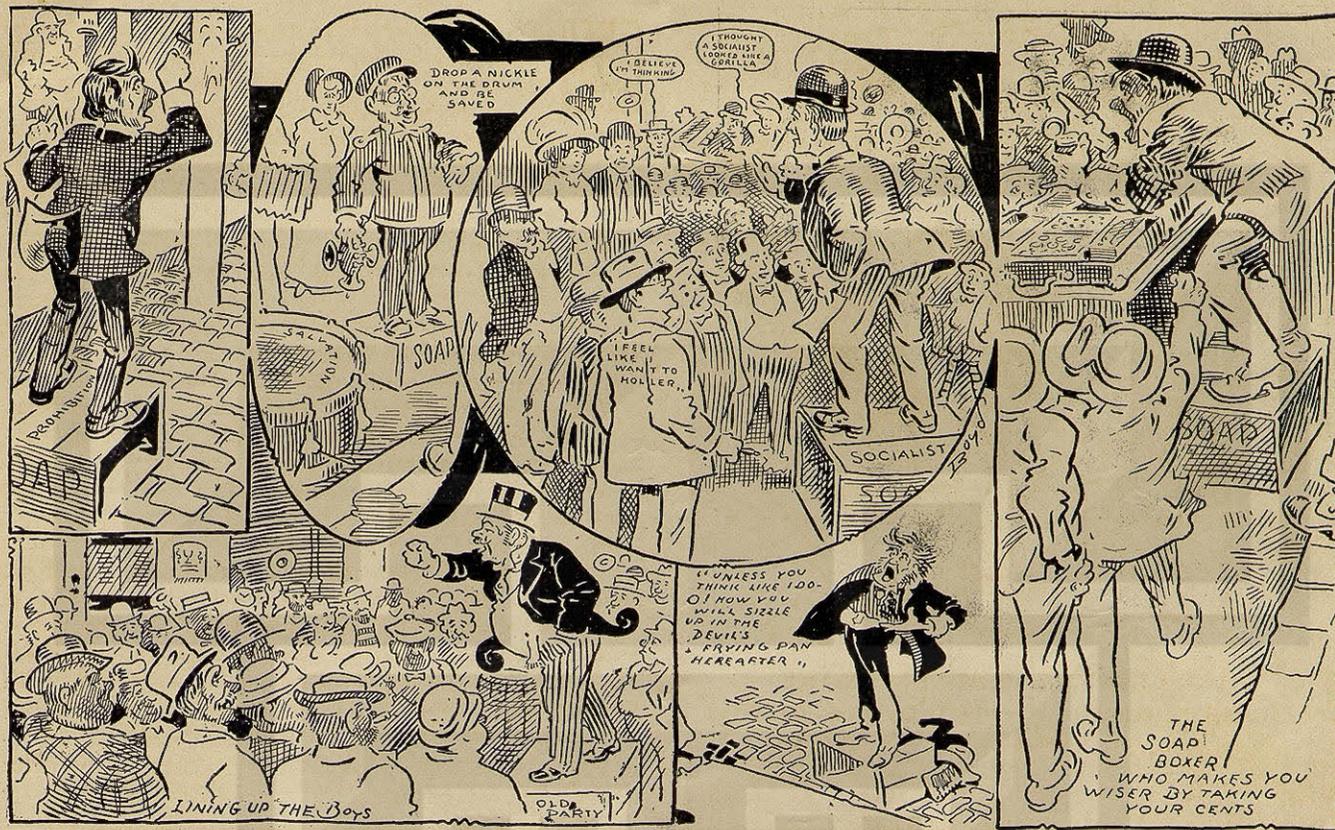
The soap-boxer does not regret that he is fast being succeeded by the silent soap-boxer—the printed page. He smiles in the knowledge of the good work he has done, to awaken the interest, and open the eyes of those who would read the printed message.

SOMETIMES, when mighty Labor shows its solidified strength, we read in the papers, about the way we have "skeered" the capitalists. This "awful fear" is a hackneyed phrase. Really, the capitalist class, with its army, navy, detectives, spies, thugs and whole retinue, has no FEAR of the working class. The feeling is only one of contempt. It will only learn to fear us when everlastingly too late.



AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

HOPE



SOME SOAP-BOXERS—A FEW OF THE 57 VARIETIES.

WHAT does this "Let Him Be Poor" mean? It means let him be weak. Let him be ignorant. Let him become a nucleus of disease. Let him be a standing exhibition and example of ugliness and dirt. Let him have rickety children. Let him be cheap, and let him drag his fellows down to his price by selling himself to do their work. Let his inhabitation turn our cities into poisonous congeries

of slums. Let his daughters infect our young men with the diseases of the streets, and his sons revenge him by turning the nation's manhood into scrofula, cowardice, cruelty, hypocrisy, political imbecility, and malnutrition. Let the undeserving become still less deserving; and let the deserving lay up for himself, not treasures in heaven, but horrors in hell upon earth.—*G. B. Shaw.*

EVERY BOY in America can't be president, even if some old mollycoddles insist that they all have the chance. Under Socialism, every boy will have equal opportunities with the president, which will afford him a much better chance in life, even if it will spoil a favorite 85,000,000 to 1 shot.

ORATORY.

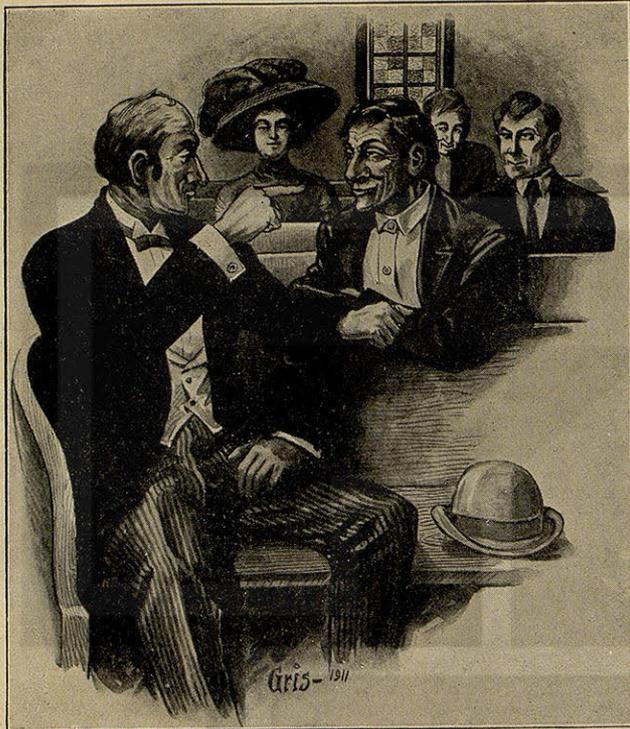
A COMRADE WHO was selected to preside, desiring to do the job with credit to himself and the local, committed to memory his introductory remarks, and dressed as he deemed proper for the occasion, in a long Prince Albert coat, with hand thrust in his breast, he struck what he considered a dramatic attitude and began:

"Friends and Fellow-Citizens: Were I gifted with the oratory of a Demosthenes; had I the wit and satire of a Henry Clay, the magnetism and logic of an Abraham Lincoln, I'd—I'd—I'd—!!" Horrors! He had forgotten his speech. During the pause after the third "I'd" a little squeaky voice out in the middle of the great audience piped up: "You'd raise hell, wouldn't you?"—*Appeal to Reason.*



HOW HIS FIRST AUDIENCE LOOKED TO A. PROLETARIAN SOAP-BOXER.

HOPE



NOT SO AMBITIOUS.

Deacon Good—"Brother, don't you want to go to heaven?"
Sinful Sam—"No; not yit."

IT isn't so much the soap-box that counts as what's ON TOP OF IT.



SOME ARE BORN GREAT—



OTHERS ACHIEVE GREATNESS—



WHILE OTHERS HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM.

A SUITABLE LIFE-PRESERVER.

THERE USED TO BE a traveling free-lance in California by the name of Thompson. Thompson was very witty, and quick at repartee. He spoke one time at Vallejo, California, where the government navy-yard is located. A marine interrupted Thompson repeatedly. Finally, the latter asked him, quite innocently: "Did you ever fall overboard?"

THE APPLAUSE THAT IS WORTH WHILE.



APPLAUSE is desirable. The "well done, good and faithful servant," will be among the best things heard after the "work-a-day" world has completed its task. But the applause that counts is not always the applause of the present hour. Often the faithful artist pursues his task unsung, unnoticed, unrecognized, by the casual observer or the passing throng, while the less skillful carver of stone, pounding upon the temple's walls, hears the praise and plaudits as they fall from the lips and ring from the hands of the superficial masses who live only on the impressions of the moment.

But to-morrow, and the day after that, as the beautiful temple displays to the eyes that can see, the finer sculpturings, the devotion-compelling forms fashioned by trained hands, educated taste and loving hearts, the grosser work is forgotten; and though the artist-creator may not hear it, an anthem of praise is sung and hands applaud—and what is best—this applause is not forgotten, but repeated by every remembrance of the artist who dared to ignore the present clamor and worked what he felt was true to the best within himself.

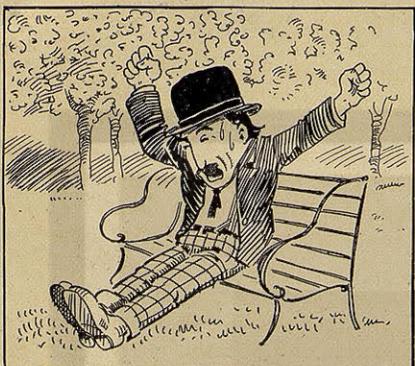
Men and women, fellow-workers, as we speak to the audiences who hear us, perform before the spectators who witness our efforts, or labor unnoticed and unknown, let us strive to so do our part, that when we are no longer present to hear and see the work done, the results produced, the impressions kept alive, may compel those who know, to bestow upon us approval unasked but merited. Then, whether they applaud as to-day or not, we shall have received THE APPLAUSE THAT IS WORTH WHILE.

—Arthur E. Gringle, in The Lyceum World.

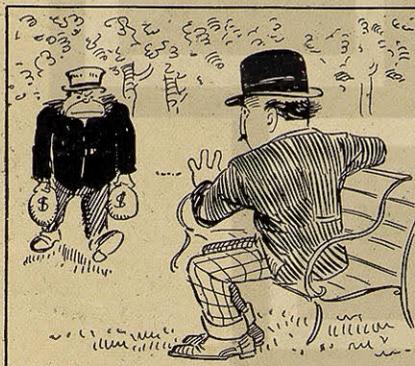
"Neyer," said the marine, "but what has that to do with it?"
"Well," said Thompson, "I was just thinking if you ever do fall overboard no great harm can possibly come to you. Your head will keep you afloat."

HOPE

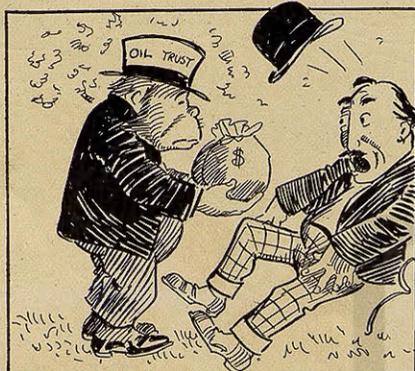
GET-RICH-QUICK RUDOLPH HAD TO GO AND WAKE UP!



NO. 1—RUDOLPH: "Oh, ho! ho, hum! Gosh! but it's hot. I'm as tired as John D. Rockefeller after a hard day's work on the golf links. Methinks I will enjoy a quiet siesta."



NO. 2—RUDOLPH: "Maltese cats and little kitties! Look who's here—a second cousin to an orangoutang, as I live! Wonder what he intends doing with all of those bozambolos?"



NO. 3—OIL TRUST: "Here's a million dollars for you, sir. The Supreme Court has ordered me to dissolve, so I have no further use for wealth."

WHAT'S THE USE?

H HE SHOT and shell were flying thick.

Suddenly a hoarse cry went up from the lips of the general, safely hidden behind a tree:

"Save the flag, boys! Save the flag!" he shouted.

"Save the flag an' get shot," retorted a brawny patriot. "Not on yer life. Why, you can buy another one for fifteen cents."

EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN.



AMONG the towns which Big Bill Haywood always will remember is Rockdale, Texas. While speaking at the opera house in Rockdale, Haywood had two amusing experiences on a single night. He was describing the outrages committed upon the miners in Colorado and went into a discussion of the lies scattered broadcast by the capitalist press. "There is, for example, their talk about Pettibone dope, which they claimed was a tremendous explosive." Here Haywood happened to shoot out his foot, and kicked over one of the footlights which exploded, to the great amusement of the audience and to the consternation of Haywood. But even worse than that had to happen to Bill on that fateful evening. When he came upon the stage a little girl dressed in white presented Haywood with a beautiful bouquet of roses, which Big Bill laid upon the table behind him. During the course of his address Haywood happened to lean against the table. The thorns on those rose twigs attached themselves to the seat of Haywood's trousers, and when Bill walked over to one corner of the stage in order better to emphasize a point, he carried the bouquet with him. He remained thus decorated for a not inconsiderable time when the titter of the audience finally warned him, and Big Bill, who knows how to appreciate a good joke, even if the joke is on himself, has many times since laughed about the occurrence.

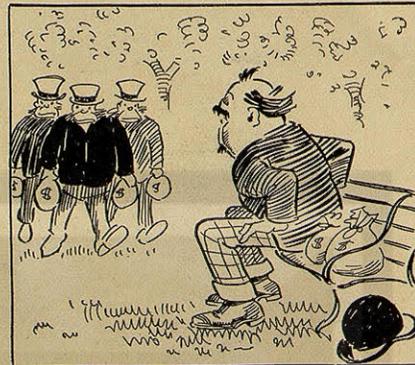
RALPH KORNGOLD.

SOCIALIST PARTY LEADERS.

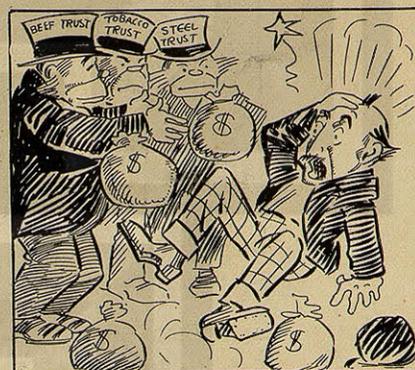


WE HEAR much of the "leaders" in the Socialist movement. We read with much interest their interviews, their opinions, their advice, their criticism, and then—do pretty much just as we please.

There are no "leaders" in this movement—in spite of the fact that some persons earnestly endeavor to play this part. They are merely fanning the air with their mimic greatness and foolish gestures. A true Socialist cannot be led. He is a thinking animal. Persons with less developed intellect may follow a bell-wether leader and praise things as good because the leader says it is good, but not so with the true Socialist. He moves, not individually, but collectively—not at the cajoling of leaders, but with the broad sweep and conviction of a sense of right, a sense of betterment. Self-seeking leaders confuse, lead astray, cause factional disputes and dissent often from the main point in view, in their peacock strutting and

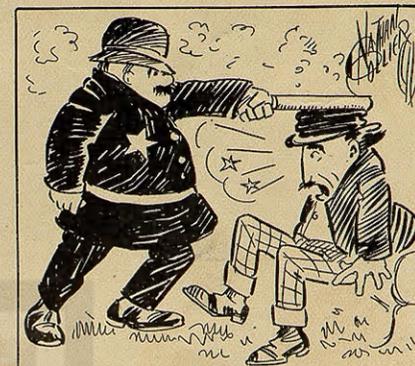


NO. 4—RUDOLPH: "Hully gee! Here comes the rest of the orangoutang family."



NO. 5—TRUST CHORUS: "Take it, Rudy. We're all going out of biz—order of the court, you know."

RUDOLPH "But, gentlemen, I assure you I am not running for the Senate. I must be dreaming—"

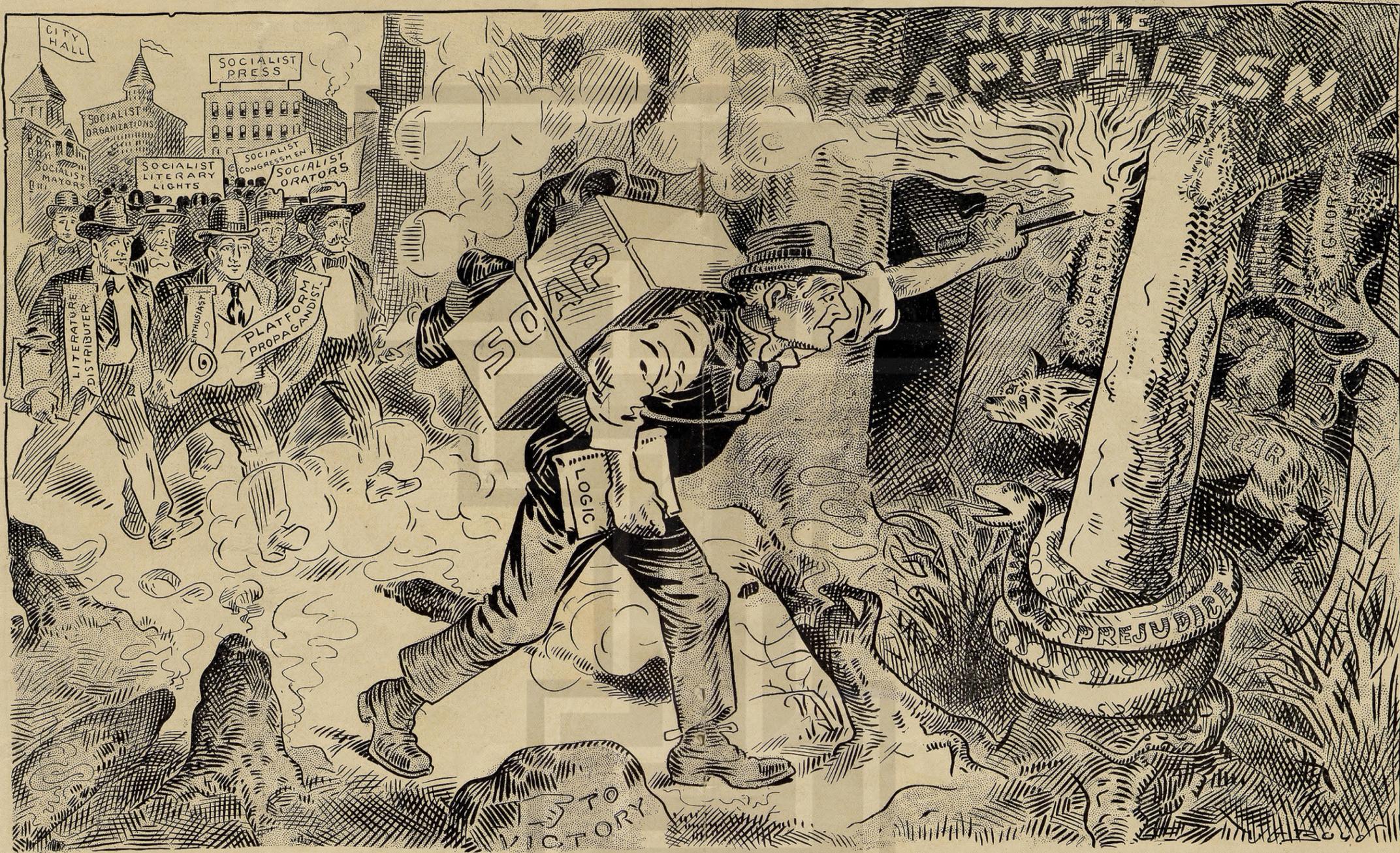


NO. 6—COP: "Shake a leg there, bo. We don't allow any 'unreasonable' slumber on these park benches. Do you get that?"

love of applause. Hence the undesirability of casting our destinies in the hands of the few. Our destiny is in the keeping of the rank and file—the only place where it can ever be safe. We trust that some of the little tin-horn generals of our party will kindly take notice, and stop making themselves ridiculous, by trying to lead somebody. It's all they can do to keep up with us.

Incidentally, we might add that "Every issue of HOPE is a Soap-Boxer's Number."

HOPE



BLAZING THE TRAIL.

The Soap-Boxer—Sturdy Pioneer of Progress.

HIS is the beginning of an epoch of victory for the co-operative commonwealth. Battles are now easily won, achievements easily gained. The first rosy hues of the great dawn to come are lighting dull, cheerless faces with the radiance of hope. To us it all seems so natural—a mere stage in evolution.

Few even think of the old-time soap-boxer—the pioneer of progress, who, with the blazing torch of liberty and

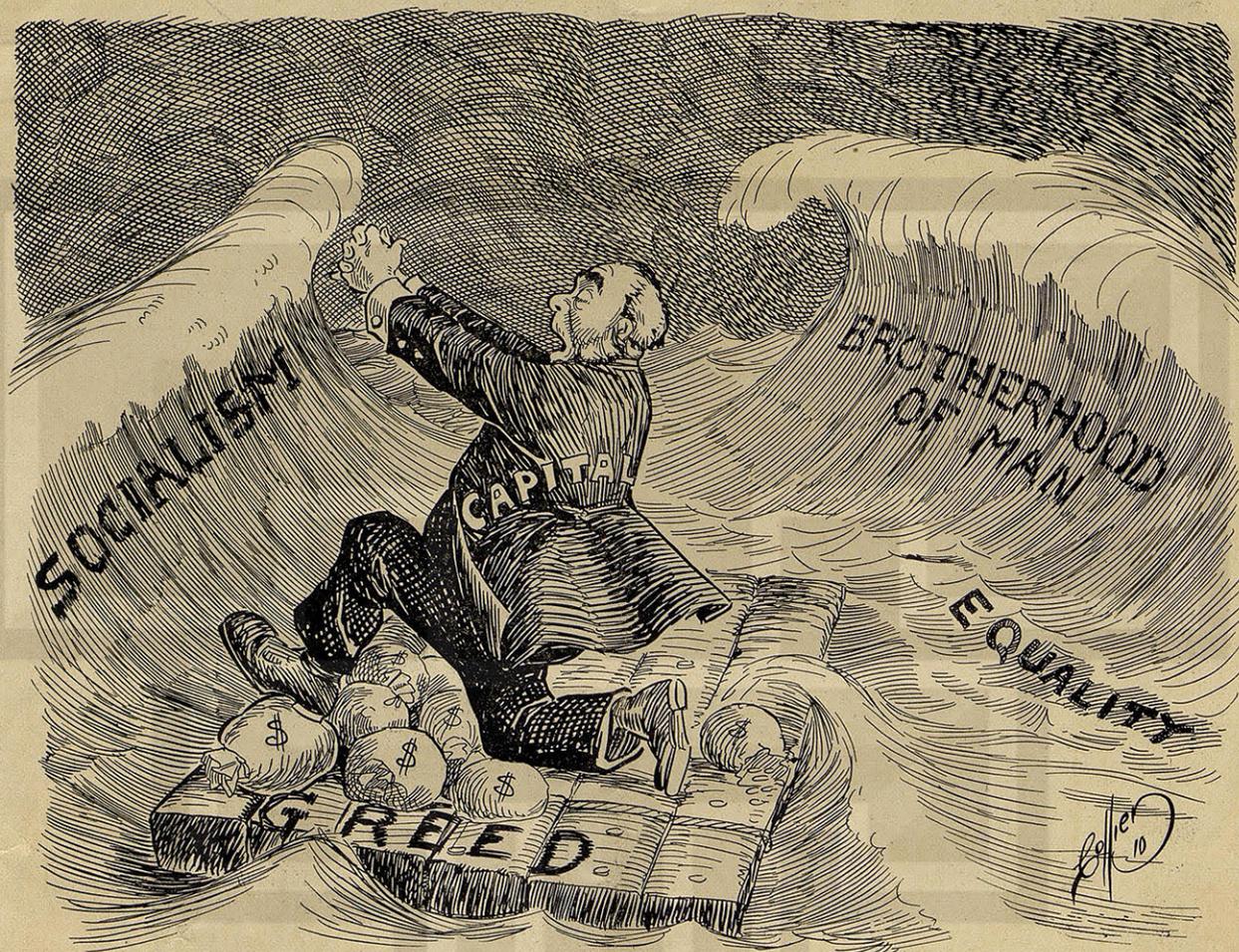
reason held aloft, blazed the trail through the jungle of capitalism, into ignorance and fear. From his efforts have come the easy paths of present-day victory. Our march to-day is with the same firm, confident tread of the soap-box pioneer, who went forth to conquer prejudice, but we are multiplied by the million. These pioneers who, many of them, went down before the bludgeons of tyranny, or swung from the

despots' scaffolds, little dreamed of the fruits of their labors—little dreamed that the matty jungle would be penetrated with the shafts of light from a thousand Socialist presses, little dreamed that the executive halls of this nation would seat men who would respond to the hearts and call of that magic word "comrade," little dreamed that where they plodded the weary highway swift "Red Specials" would spin

across the rails of this continent, spreading the same old story—the brotherhood of man—little dreamed that the largest halls in the country would be too small to seat the crowds eager to learn his message.

The victories of to-day, the shouts of working-class triumph, belong not to us—but to the sturdy old messengers of hope and solidarity, the soap-box pioneers.

HOPE



ADRIFT ON THE TIDE.

THE EFFEMINATE young man, spotlessly attired, descended lightly from his automobile, which had drawn up to the curbstone.

"Choimes," he drawled, "bring out the munitions of wah!"

James, the butler, reached into the car and produced a dainty, inlaid mahogany soap-box, each corner of which was festooned with pretty bows. Dusting off an already spotless spot on the boulevard, he carefully placed the box down, and assisted the effeminate young thing to mount it—then withdrew gracefully. Displacing his cuffs, and shooting his manicured fingers through his hair, the lady-like creature inhaled a deep breath, as deep as his eight-inch chest would admit, opened his mouth, full of gold-filled teeth, and began:

"Fellah workahs—"

"Wot is it, Bill?" asked one grimy workingman of another in the passing throng.

"Huh, don't you know—that's one of them 'parlor Socialists' we read about."



NOTHING TO CROW OVER.

NATIVE (proudly): "Yes, siree, Hiram Moneybags is the richest feller in this whole county. Why, he owns half of this here town."

TRAVELER: "Huh! I think you boobs would be ashamed of yourselves for letting him get away with it."

J. B. OSBORNE, THE AGITATOR, relates the following experience from his childhood: "I was born in Georgia, and during the early part of my life lived on a farm. Once a circus came to town, and I asked my mother's permission to go see it. She gave me a half a dollar and let me go. Now, I didn't know what a circus was like at all. And when I came to town and saw the bright posters with representations of animals, acrobats and clowns I thought that this was the circus. However, a moment later I heard the blare of trumpets, and down the street came the circus parade. Then I saw I was mistaken. Surely, that must be the circus. But I still had the half a dollar in my pocket, and this puzzled me. So I asked a man standing beside me: 'That is the circus, isn't it?' 'Sure,' answered the man, 'that is the circus.' 'Well,' I said, 'but whom do I pay?' 'You pay me,' said the man. So I gave him the half a dollar and went home again, quite satisfied that I had seen the circus."

HOPE

ARTHUR M. LEWIS, the Chicago lecturer, had once a very unpleasant experience with a big black cat who is the mascot of the Garrick Theater, and who is said to have spoiled many a dramatic situation. Lewis was just finishing one of his fine perorations, and with his arms outstretched towards the audience, was saying, "Civilization is marching, marching on," when slowly and gravely, as if it were keeping time with Lewis' sonorous voice, the big black cat came stepping across the stage in front of Lewis, and disappeared in the opposite wing.

GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK, of "War What For" fame, once silenced an interrupter as follows: "Your mother," said Kirkpatrick, "tried awfully hard to make a gentleman out of you; now you come before a crowd of several hundred people, and say, 'My ma failed.' Is that a nice way to treat your ma?"



SLOUGH: "Who is the greatest hero, in your estimation?"

DOUGH: "The cop who pinches a Socialist soap-box orator."

ORATOR: "Now, what is the question of the hour with the working man?"

VOICE: "Generally speaking, it's 'Is it dinner time yet, mate?'"

RETORT SARCASTIC.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, the well-known writer and lecturer, in an address on woman suffrage, said:

"A famous editor was arguing with me the other day.

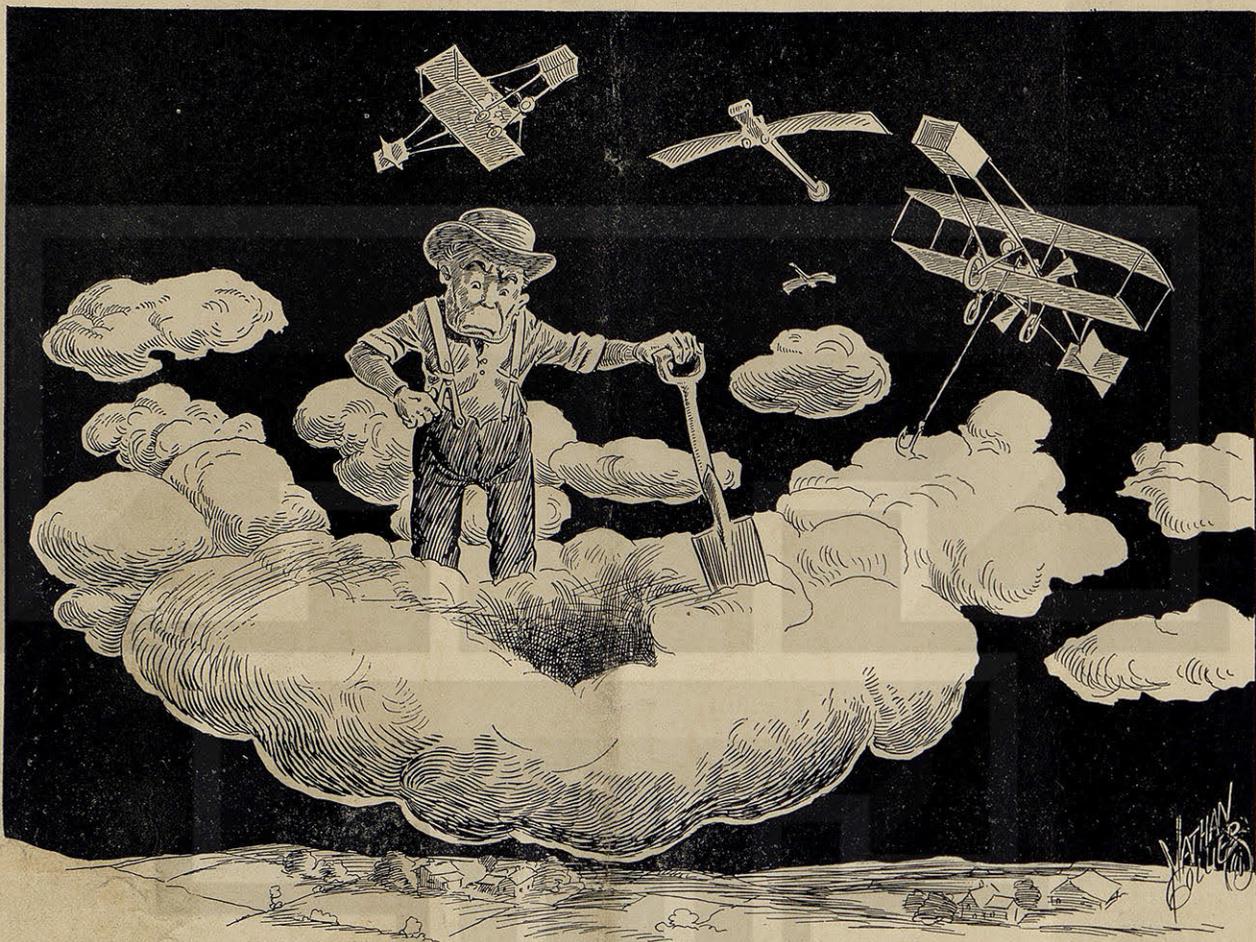
"'But,' he said, 'women can't pretend to be men's equals. Take war, for instance. Suppose a war arose between us and England, or us and Germany, or us and Japan, what would you do then, madam?'"

"'I'd do the same as you would,' I answered promptly. 'I'd sit at my desk and write articles urging other people to go and fight.'"



"Truth From His Lips Prevailed with Double Sway—
And Fools Who Came to Scoff Remained to Pray."

HOPE



NOTHING DOING.

MIKE: "Sure, the guy that sez 'Ivery cloud has a silvery linin' didn't know phwat he wuz talkin' about. There's divvle a bit av silver in this wan."



"Where are you going, My Pretty Maid?"
"Any Place that's 'Reasonable,' Sir," she said.



IN MART and mine, and power-house,
At derrick, desk, and loom,
The many make the wheels go round

To gather wealth—for whom?
To build the "Stately Homes" for them
That sow not, nor go reaping,
Yet deck themselves with gold and gem
And leave the hungry weeping.
—Neville Noller.

FORTUNATE FIDO.

"HAS Fido had his cutlet, Jane?"
"Yiss, mum."
"His sponge cake and wine?"
"Yiss, mum."
"Well, eat your bread and cheese and pop off to bed."—*Labor World.*

IN MOST CASES.

BIFF: "What's the difference between capital and labor?"
WHIFF: "Well, you loan me twenty dollars—that's capital, see?"
BIFF: "Yes, and if I want to get it back—that's labor."

HOPE

WHEN SOCIALISM COMES—

THE TEN LITTLE REDS.

TEN little cities standing in a line,
The Socialists grabbed Milwaukee—
Then there were nine.

Nine little cities—not a one was straight,
The Western comrades captured Butte—
Then there were eight.

Eight little cities, each a grafter's heaven,
The Reds captured Berkeley—
Then there were seven.

Seven little cities, in an awful fix,
Flint wasn't hard for Socialists—
Then there were six.

Six little cities, with parasites alive,
Girard fell for Socialist votes—
Then there were five.

Five little cities graft-ridden 'till they're sore,
O'Fallon Socialists shook off the graft—
Then there were four.

Four little cities, exploited as could be,
Nebraska Reds got busy—
And captured two or three.

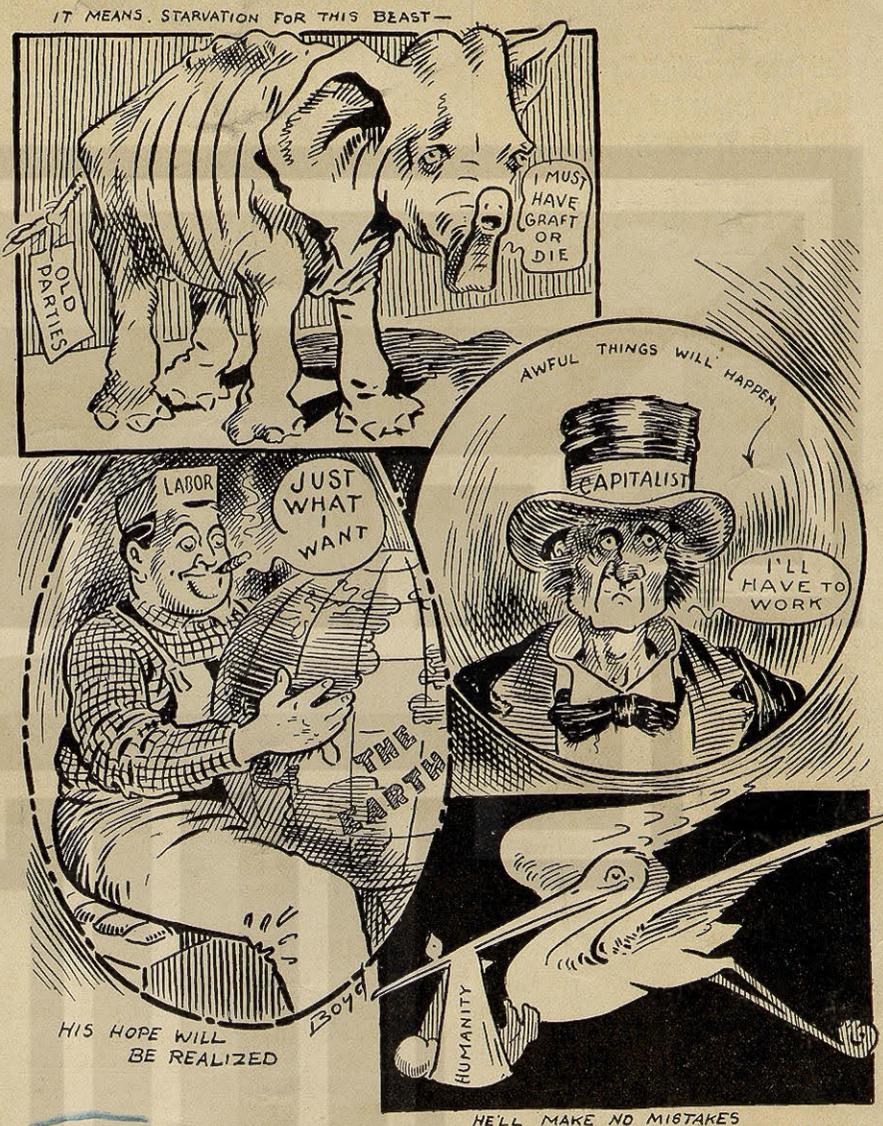
Three little cities, feeling mighty blue,
The Socialists got Two Harbors—
I guess there were two.

Two little cities, with capitalists on the run,
Greenville Reds all voted straight—
Then there was one.

One little city, didn't want to roam;
Joined a score of Socialist-towns
Not mentioned in this pome.

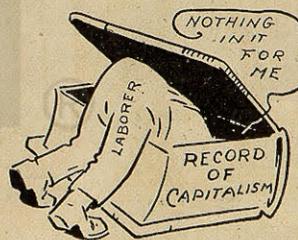


LABOR: "Bet this is another attempt to try and dissolve the labor unions."



THOMAS HICKEY, THE INIMITABLE Texas agitator, was once received at a depot by a young man, who said, blandly, "How do you do, Comrade Hickey; come right along," and patting Hickey on the shoulder, he added, confidentially: "We've got a friend in hoops waiting for you." Thomas Hickey looked the man over, and began to grow suspicious: "Undoubtedly a plot to discredit me and the Socialist cause," he murmured, "by getting me into a mixup with some woman." So, while his new-made acquaintance went to look after his horse and buggy, Hickey immediately made himself scarce and proceeded to walk towards the town, which was some five or six miles distant. In the meantime the young man was greatly puzzled. He went to town alone along a different road and was just receiving his twen-

tieth scolding from the committee for having lost Hickey, when the prodigal agitator came walking in. Of course, every one was glad to see him. Explanations followed. "The friend in hoops" proved to be nothing more serious than an inoffensive little barrel of lager beer which the German comrades had secured to be consumed at the picnic where Hickey was to speak.



EMPTY.

HOPE

LIFE'S SECRET EXPOSED

New York Call Turns Searchlight Upon "Near-Socialist" Publication and Refuses to "Take It Seriously"

DUPED SOCIALIST EDITORS BLUSH

Comrades Who Supported Capitalistic-Socialistic Sheet Hang Heads in Shame

LIFE IS a funny proposition, after all. *Life*, the serio-comic publication, which was cheerfully heralded a few months ago by unthinking and credulous Socialist editors as an "out-and-out Socialist publication," has at last failed to longer deceive. Like all other near-radical magazines, owned and controlled by capitalists, it sooner or later had to rub off the radical veneer. It did it sooner than was expected, by some of the joyful comrades, who took it seriously and subscribed.

Life's real position toward labor is aptly displayed in an editorial in the "Joy-Riders" number of *Life*, excerpts of which appear below, together with comment from the pen of Charles Solomon, in the *New York Call*.

"Sympathize as we do with the insurrectionary forces now operating in society, we are not able to take the view of some of the brethren about the arrest of McManigal and the two McNamaras for dynamiting the Times Building and the Llewellyn Iron Works at Los Angeles," says *Life* in an editorial in the "Joy Rider's Number," in which the attitude of organized labor and the Socialists toward the McNamara affair is discussed.



MR. N. Y. LIFE, THE GAY DECEIVER.

He Posed as Miss Socialist's Friend—but Proved to Be a Wolf in Cheap Clothing.

CAN'T UNDERSTAND.

Life cannot understand why the labor and Socialist movements have become so excited over the arrest by the "highly competent sleuth, William Burns," of men charged with the destruction of life and property. It offers the assurance that the arrested labor men will receive a fair trial, and as much as declares that the characterization of the arrest as conspiracy against organized labor is unwarranted. *Life* insists that Burns is a "highly responsible detective," and that to suspect him of other than the most disinterested of motives would be doing this benefactor of humanity a gross injustice.

While *Life* does not say so, from the tone of the editorial one unfamiliar with the facts of the case would infer that in the arrest of McNamara and his fellow unionists the leaders of a coterie of assassins had been captured, and that to presume their innocence is a course decidedly unpolitic and condemnable.

The editorial can be ranked for its insight into actual industrial conditions



MISS EASY SOCIALIST.

Victim of *Life's* Infidelity.

"I'm not peeved," says she, "only chagrined at my own stupidity."

with Roosevelt's article in the *Outlook* and the statement from the Los Angeles district attorney, recently published in the metropolitan press.

A GAY DECEIVER.

Appearing as it does in a magazine which has been classed with Socialist periodicals for its radicalism, this editorial holds a lesson for the working class. The working class can place no faith in capitalist publications, even though they have radical tendencies. In the extreme moment they must fail to express the true proletarian viewpoint. This is because they are not class conscious because they do not primarily speak for the workers, but do so only as a pleasant and profitable diversion. Only the labor press can be faithful to labor's interests in a crisis, because it understands labor's history aright, its travail, problems and aspirations. The so-called "progressive" press is dependable in a moment of stress, as exemplified by the McNamara article in *Life*.

THE OLD EXCUSE.

Life deprecates the cry of protest and condemnation which has gone up from the labor and Socialist movements over the McNamara arrest. It cannot understand why Victor Berger should have brought the matter before Congress, demanding an investigation.

Such is the appreciation of a "progressive" magazine of what confronts labor. Will labor be the wiser for this example?

"They (the trade unions) cannot win with dynamite," suggests *Life*.

They do not intend to. To intimate that labor was associated with such a

program is to cast a slur which labor should resent.

Contributors to *The Call* has recited the story of the bitter antagonism between organized capital and labor on the Pacific Coast. Labor has not yet forgotten the Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone case if *Life* has. A review of the facts concerning the above is not necessary here.

One fact remains to be emphasized. Labor must support its own press. Dilettant, pseudo-radical publications can never truly represent labor. Publications speak for the sources of their strength. When their advertising columns are bought up by large business interests, and when their circulation comes from the capitalist and middle classes, they cannot be expected to fight labor's battle. Only that press will speak fearlessly and uncompromisingly for labor which derives its strength from it. Labor's indifference to the imperative need of supporting its own press is woeful. And yet when McNamara and his comrades are acquitted, as they must and will be, labor will have its press, such as it is, to thank for the victory. The capitalist press, particularly that section of it which "sympathizes" with labor, is doing all in its power to create sentiment against McNamara and all organized workers. The effect of such editorials as the one in *Life* is particularly vicious. Under the pretense of dispassionate fairness, it insidiously infuses into the minds of those who read it doubt as to the innocence of the arrested labor men. We know what to expect from the avowedly capitalist press. Their statements in regard to labor are coming to be received with allowances. But it is the "progressive" press and its editorials, like the one in the "Joy Rider's Number" of *Life*, that vitiates and disconcerts when united resistance is most needed.

Labor must support its own press. It is the supreme need of the moment.

It is to be hoped that certain Socialist editors, who have foolishly given space that should be used for Socialist propaganda, to the promotion of free advertising for such radical capitalist publications, because they seemingly "endorsed" Socialism, will heed the logical advice of *The Call*. Socialism will thrive ably without the sanction of ultra-respectable publications or bodies—and better so—without.



LIFE'S BETTER HALF.

"I don't mind *Life's* little flirtation with that silly young Miss Socialist. It was nothing serious. I hold the legal claim on him."

HOPE

A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

THE incident which left the most amusing, as well as the most instructive, impression on my own mind occurred at the corner of Oak and Townsend streets, in Chicago, somewhere around the year 1900. It was in the days when the movement was ultra "scientific." When the primer text-books of the soap-boxer was Marx's "Capital," Morgan's "Ancient Society," and Darwin's "Evolution of Species," etc.

In those days we generally started our speech with the fire-dust of the cosmos and traced matter through all its evolutions and ramifications from that period to the moment we were speaking. I was long on science on that occasion. After describing the nebular hypothesis (the "planetesimal system had not been discovered at that time) I finally found a germ of protoplasm and traced that through all its biological stages until it developed into a very low form of the Genus Homo.

From this point I traced man through all stages of his existence, expatiating on the "economic interpretation of history," according to Marx, and geographical and climatic interpretation according to Buckel.

As an illustration I pointed out the difference of the complexion of the people. I traced the complexion from the black of the negro at the equator through all gradations as we traveled north until we reached the blue-eyed, fair-haired Scandinavians. When I had told that audience about all I knew, according to the custom of the day, the meeting was open for questions.

THEN IT HAPPENED.

The audience was composed mostly of Scandinavians. A sonorous-voiced Norwegian, with a touch of melancholy and a strong dialect, said: "Mister Spaker, I would like to ask you one question:

"All right, my friend," said I, "go ahead."

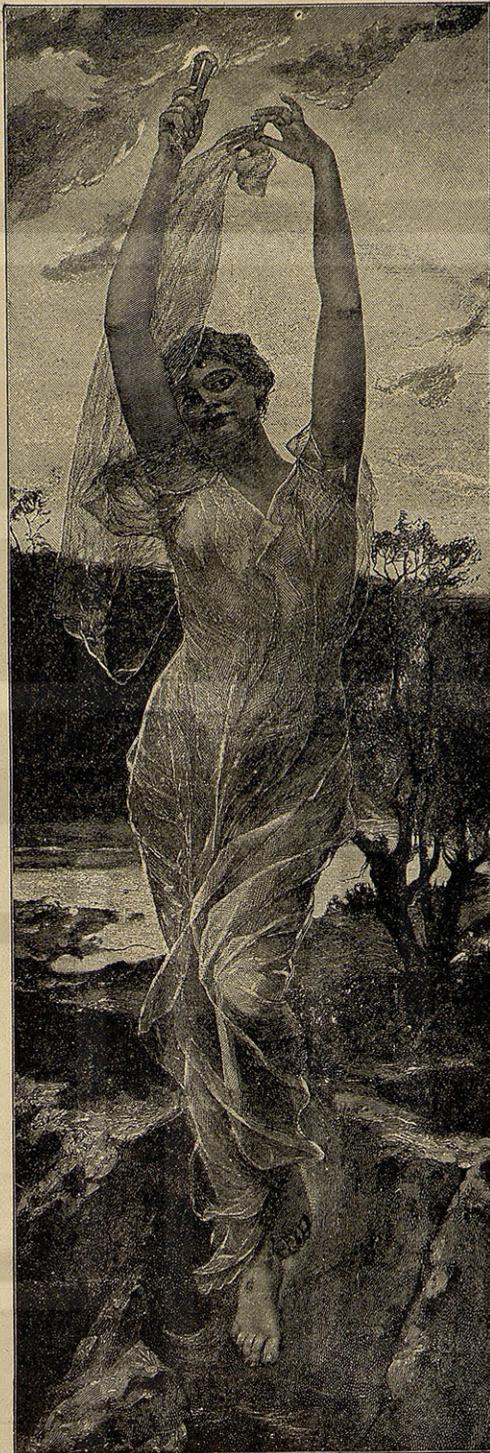
Here is what he threw at me: "Do you mean to say that if I had been born in Africa instead of Norway, I'd be a nager?"

I am in doubt to this day whether the Norwegian workingman was kidding me or whether he was serious in his inquiry

A. W. MANCE.

LIVING UP TO AN IDEAL.

"I'D RATHER BE RIGHT than be president," shouted the orator. And at the last report he was living up to this determination.



THE SPIRIT OF HOPE.

WILLOWY, WISPY creature of Dawn,
Madly, gladly, she leads me on—
On to the paths I've dared not tread;
O'er vale and crag I've quickly sped.
Oh, fickle maiden, thou art Hope,
For through the dark abyss I grope.
I long to linger near your side,
To press you to me—oft I've tried.
I'd love to feel your silken tresses,
And embrace you with my strong caresses;
But as you near my willing grasp,
Just as our hands we almost clasp,
When things seem rosy, bright and gay,
You up and scamper far away.
Oh, fairest Hope, why dost thou roam,
And leave me sad and blue at home?
Your light I see a-flaming bright.
Come, tarry here with me tonight.
My heart for you has lots of room.
Return, fond Hope—I'm filled with gloom.

THE PURPOSE OF THE CHURCH.

PRESIDENT TAFT, the Unitarian, recently lent his august presence to a military field mass in Washington, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic church." After much mysterious, but usual, official "chasing out of devils," parading of flags and singing silly national hymns, which, by the way, are so bad, that a prize of \$10,000 awaits anyone composing a new one that will contain truth and reason, the Rev. Mr. Eugene Del McDonnell, H. P., C. C., delivered himself of the following for the edification and approval of our robust executive and others of equal intelligence: (The comment in parenthesis is our own).

"You should be here to-day," said the priest, turning to Bill. "You should be here (*he was there, of course*) "not only to show respect to the memory of the dead (*he certainly has but little for the living*), but to also show your sympathy with the great work the Catholic church is doing in this country. For no matter what may be said of the faith she teaches, this much all men must grant her—she stands on the side of God and God's laws (*and the Pope's*), and against atheism, Socialism and anarchy."

HOPE does not take it on itself to affirm or deny the great "work" the Catholic church is doing for this country. But we do grant the reverend McDonnell's claim that "she" is doing everything possible to thwart the growth of Socialism—and vainly, we might add.

CAESAR'S DEATH.

THE noble Caesar lay upon the cold paving blocks of Rome's principal thoroughfare, hard by the foot of Pompey's statue. The Honorable Brutus had just delivered his famous uppercut to the jaw, and the traitor Cassius had delivered his solar plexus. The noble Caesar raised himself on his elbow and whispered to his beloved friend, Mark Twain—I mean Marc Antony—"Oh, Marc, 'tis hard tuh die this way; you can see that I'm not drunk; I always could drink with the best of 'em, and now I have been killed by a couple of Roman punches." And he closed his eyes and kicked over the traces.—N. L. Collier.

"ANY OLD DEAD FISH can float down stream, but it takes a live one to swim up," says the wise guy, who throws his bait for the up-bound suckers.

THE WORLD OWES us a living, but it's awfully slow in paying up.

He'll Certainly Need a
Cold One



HOT! HOT! HOT!

THINGS ARE GETTING WARM FOR THE PLUTES THESE DAYS. IT ISN'T ONLY THE WEATHER; IT'S THE BURNING, SCATHING WRATH OF A PEOPLE WRONGED THAT IS GOING TO MAKE THE OLD SYSTEM CURL UP ITS TOES AND FRAZZLE LIKE A JUNE BUG ON A RED HOT STOVE.

And HOPE, with its usual enterprise, will commemorate the rising temperature by issuing in July

"A HOT NUMBER."

AT FIRST WE DECIDED TO CALL IT A "CAPITALISM NUMBER," BUT THAT DIDN'T SOUND EUPHONIOUS, SO WE CHANGED IT TO THE "HELL NUMBER," AS THE INTERESTS OF CAPITALISM AND HELL ARE MUTUAL. But in order to give the devil his due, we have BOILED it down to the HOT NUMBER.

Even the cover design of this radiant issue will be done in boiled oil—and it will be printed on asbestos paper.

You won't mind the summer weather when you read this sizzling issue. Summer will seem cool in comparison. WE ARE SIMPLY GOING TO MAKE MR. PLUTE JUMP OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE. WE'VE BEEN ROASTING HIM RIGHT ALONG, BUT NOW WE ARE GOING TO DO HIM UP BROWN.

IN SPITE OF ALL THIS—

WE WILL STILL TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS AT OUR REGULAR COOL AND REFRESHING PRICES. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

TO DEALERS—In bundles of five or more, 5c per copy.

WARNING.

We must again request dealers to place an ample order for this number in advance, as "The Unlucky Number" was sold out ten days after its appearance. **ORDER NOW!**

HOPE

CONSPIRACY

of the Money and Land-Owning Kings
of the Period of the War of the

REVOLUTION

EXPOSED IN

"United States Constitution and Socialism"

BY SILAS HOOD

A book of 32 pages containing the real truth about our "patriotic" forefathers. It has history not found in our school books. These are the articles which recently ran in the Social-Democratic Herald and for which there was so large a demand that they had to be printed in book form.



EARN who the real patriots were then and *who the traitors are now.* Adoption of the United States Constitution was the result of a monster conspiracy and every citizen of America should know the truth. Washington and Franklin not spared. Hamilton and Hancock exposed. White slavery, kidnaping, murder, debtors prisons and political trickery. It Contains Reference List for Historical Research in Libraries.

Push the sale of this book. It is good propaganda.

Single Copy 10c, 25 Copies \$1.75, 100 Copies \$6.00, Postage Prepaid

SPECIAL OFFER

We will soon start to publish a daily, probably as early as October 1, 1911. The bigger the list of subscribers for our Weekly, the Social-Democratic Herald, the better for our proposed daily. This list will form the basis of our circulation for the daily. We are therefore so anxious to increase our number of weekly readers that we will send a copy of this book and the Herald for five weeks to four different persons, and a copy of the book to you, for just one-half the price of the books, 25 Cents.

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BLERIOT'S MONOPLANE! GUARANTEED flier. Aluminum, bamboo construction; runs by motor; 50 cents, coin; prepaid; worth \$1.00. Owens Novelty Co., Box 843, Butte, Mont.

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HOPE

THE PROGRESS of the PRESS

AN adroit and clever bit of newspaper enterprise was displayed recently by Paul Hanna, a reporter for the *New York Call*. While the excitement over the McNamara kidnaping case was at its height, most Socialist editors were tearing their hair for good, first-hand copy. Hanna, upon learning that General Harrison Gray Otis was in New York, "bearded the lion in his den." In fact, he bearded two lions—the second being John Kirby, Jr., head of the National Manufacturers' Association. Hanna, not content with writing a story from his imagination, called upon the above mentioned capitalists in the privacy of the Waldorf-Astoria and found out just what they thought of Socialism, and did not leave until he had explained thoroughly just the attitude of the Socialists toward the present system and its defenders. A three-column interview with the owner of the *Los Angeles Times*, and champion labor hater of the country, bristling with human interest, was the ultimate result of Comrade Hanna's enterprise. This bold stroke of journalism, typical of the staff of *The Call*, is winning that paper much deserved praise from every source. It is this "carrying the battle to the enemy" that does things for Socialism.

THE RED FLAG is now waving in front of the bull of capitalism at New Albany, Pa. John B. English has hold of the staff.

Every effort is being put forth by the Milwaukee Socialists to complete the establishment of their proposed daily paper in time to do battle with the corrupt, boss-ridden daily publications of Milwaukee before another election rolls by. Here's success, boys.

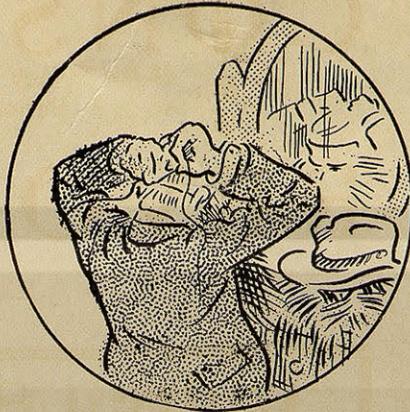
THE INDIANAPOLIS REGISTER is a newsy, well-printed eight-page weekly, published by Local Marion County, Indiana. In make-up and clean typography in general it is a good example of all a live weekly should be.

THE COMING NATION appeared last month in a new dress of improvements, better display, illustrations and paper being among those most prominent. As the editorial features of THE NATION have always been "par excellence," the bettering of the quality of the paper stock was the only feature where improvement was possible. THE NATION is sure a comer, and a high-grade publication which reflects the highest qualities of the Socialist party.

THE APPEAL TO REASON is launching one of its red hot campaigns under the slogan "Socialism for California." Here's hoping. THE APPEAL usually gets what it goes after.

THE MASSES keeps step with its initial program of offering a high-class co-operative magazine to the working class. Striking cartoons and illustrations by Art Young, Balfour Ker and other well-known artists ably supplement the interesting stories of fiction and fact in this splendid magazine.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, "the fighting machine of the working class," now has a circulation



HE KNEW WHAT THE CROWD EXPECTED.

of nearly fifty thousand copies each issue, which aptly proves that militant, class-conscious propaganda is what appeals to the men who toil.

Belleville (Ill.) Socialists are now sending out THE ALARM daily. It is a wideawake publication, filled with good local and Socialist news.

THE SOCIALIST VOICE of Seattle has joined the chorus against capitalism. It is issued fortnightly by the Central Committee of the Seattle Socialists, and says something in an able manner every time it speaks.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, edited by one of the most progressive and enterprising women in the country, has moved her headquarters back to Chicago and is now located at 5445 Drexel avenue. THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN is the publication for women who have reached the thinking age.

Something Worth While on Each Page

"Every page of Hope, the Socialist Cartoon Magazine, contains very interesting miscellany and humorous matter," is the concise way The Fourth Estate, America's leading publication review, voices its approval of this magazine.

In view of the fact that every publication of consequence in the United States reaches the editor of The Fourth Estate, we feel highly complimented indeed.

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combine the qualities of a confection, a delicious food and an ideal system regulator. They are clean, pure, wholesome. Ten pounds for \$1.00 by express, charges collect.

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Send us a **ONE DOLLAR BILL** and we will send you everything listed above by return mail. This COMBINATION OFFER is limited and you will have to act quick. Address POLITICAL ACTION, Brisbane Hall, Milwaukee, Wis. Desk No. 19

HOPE

From Our Readers

NO LIMIT HERE EXCEPT SPACE

HOPE MAGAZINE:

Dear Sirs—I wish to say that I am highly pleased with your illustrated monthly. I have been a reader of *Life* for some time, but I find that HOPE has all of its virtues (and then some), while at the same time eliminating the unessential and unimportant features. I shall take great pleasure in boosting your illustrated comic periodical. I have been looking for something of this nature for a long time. I think it is a most excellent propaganda publication.

Yours truly,
T. KJOS,
Vancouver, B. C.

DEAR HOPE:

Hot weather is upon us, and it is hard to get people to read very much, especially something about Socialism.

To offset their indifference, I have for several weeks been posting cartoons and clippings from your paper on fences and conspicuous places around town.

These are cartoons that cannot be seen in the other publications, and they tell a whole lot.

In addition to being a good means of advertising your publication, I believe it is also an excellent way to get people to thinking about Socialism.

Suggest you devote a few lines in every issue of your magazine asking comrades to do the same, allowing enough of the page to appear so that readers can see from what paper the clipping or cartoon was taken.

It might be advisable to tell them how to mix us a cup of paste; that is, how much flour, water, etc., to use. A little glue makes it stick all the better.

These cartoons should be displayed where people pass or loiter, wherever possible.

Yours fraternally,
GUY MACK.

Editorial Note: HOPE will be pleased to supply at actual cost printed copies of any of its cartoons, suitable for posting, in quantities of 500 or more. Write us.

RESTITUTION OR RESTORATION?

HUBBY: "What did the grocer do about that bad egg he sent us this morning?"

WIFIE: "Oh, he made it good."



A NEW STATUE OF LIBERTY.

THE SOAP-BOXER.

THERE was a soap-boxer named Kale,
Made a speech and was shoved into jail.

When he asked the cop, "Why?"

The cop said with a sigh:
That he made the poor capitalists wail.

OUR ADVICE DEPARTMENT. Conducted by Ima Mitt.

HOPE MAGAZINE:

In your last issue you say that you do not want anyone to send you loans or donations. Do you expect to discontinue publication?

HUSTLER.

No, but some other Socialist papers might if Socialists sent in their loans or donations to us.

DEAR HOPE:

What is the best propaganda book for Socialists?

SOAP-BOXER.

We will advise you when we have it ready.

DEAR SIRS:

I have been reading your clever magazine for some time, and enjoy it very much. However, I notice that you have quite a few articles on Socialism and it seems you are becoming rather Socialist. Will you give me the reason for this?

A READER.

Can't help it. Hope was born that way.

DEAR EDITOR:

Would you print some poetry in your magazine if I furnished it to you?

A MUSE.

Yes. We are sending you our advertising rates. Copy should be in by the first of the month.

DEAR HOPE:

Do you think that Lorimer should be retained in the Senate?

SYMPATHIZER.

It all depends how much whitewash there is left.

DEAR EDITOR:

In your last issue one of your correspondents mentioned Harem skirts. Have you any idea as to what the next style of skirts is going to be?

OBSERVER.

Yes, we have an idea; but we blush to think of it.

EDITOR OF HOPE:

I am a young man of twenty-three, just out of college. What would you advise me to do, so that I can rise up in the world?

AMBITIOUS.

Get an alarm clock.

LOGICAL REASON.

TEACHER: "Why did Washington cross the Delaware?"

JOHNNY: "'Cause he wanted to get on the other side, ma'am."

Lelara Boer. Brandenburg Texas.

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10 CENTS

THOUGHT



JULY, 1910

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SOUL-CULTURE division is given chiefly to the inherent potencies and how to bring these into full expression.

Scientific Prayer—Without attacking others' chosen means or objects of prayer, teaches definitely a method and a direction to govern prayer to obtain what one desires—this is indeed scientific.

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Theology, the fourth division, is a brief declaration of a scientific conclusion.

This is a beautiful book of 12,000 words, 64 pages—a book of pure art, science and inspiration. We design and make our own books, employing the best artists to express our ideas in book making to harmonize with our author's innate simplicity, neatness and delicacy. Our reviewers have said our books are unsurpassed and probably unsurpassable from the art standpoint. We prepay postage on all of our books.

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The New Psychology—100 pages, 6x10: In cloth, \$1.25; fine leather, embossed, \$2.00.

Mind the Builder—20,000 words, heavy fibre bound, 50 cents; leather, embossed, \$1.00.

Soul-Culture—12,000 words, bound in Old Cloister, 25 cents; leather, embossed, 75 cents.

Tyranny of Love—15 cents.

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THOUGHT

A Magazine of Practical Psychology

SHELDON LEAVITT, M. D., Editor

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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TO THE MAN WHO DRINKS.

BY SHELDON LEAVITT.

III.

Your emotions do not need stirring, for they are already sufficiently in evidence, and it is sometimes because of them that you resort to drink. In your moments of silence thought cannot be diverted from a review of those experiences which haunt you. Memory pursues you with a whip of scorpions, and, inasmuch as you regard yourself as a helpless victim of conditions, you fly to some diversion that will break the harrowing monotony. To you "life is just one damn thing after another," and yet you cannot endure getting out of the rush and roar of it. To be alone and unoccupied is the deepest hell of your imagination. You try to make yourself believe that you are having a good time, but you know that it is a delusion. The complex in which you find yourself is not due to a love of sport, as that in itself and in its effect is not to be deplored; but it is due to the irritation of brain and nerves which proceeds from the drug with which the circulation is loaded. Action and reaction are equal, and the tension artificially excited is followed by a reaction which drops you into the gaping jaws of a slimy mythological beast.

The worst part of it is that you have let your feelings convince you of their dominating power. They rule you with a rod of iron, and you, like a drivelling idiot, bow in submission to them. They have you hypnotized and continually cry in your ears, "I am king! I am king!" But, feelings always were liars, and are not to be trusted. The hypnotic victim can break every band that binds him IF HE WILL. There is no holding a man down who IS BOUND TO RISE.

NOW I SUBMIT, IS IT NOT ABOUT TIME THAT YOU GET YOUR EYES OPEN AND BEGIN TO ASSERT YOUR SELF-COMMAND? LET THE DAYS OF YOUR INANITY SPEEDILY END!



SUCCESS.

To turn the key
Prosperity
In success's door,
Be a man of
Energy,—
Idleness abhor.

Take no stock
In the talk
That the idler's doing.
Fortune, too,
Will unlock,
Keep pursuing.

Nor take a place
In the race
For ungodly gain,
So disgrace
Can ne'er efface
What you may attain.

Make a start
Take a part
In some noble cause.
Who enlarges
Wealth of heart
Poverty outlaws.

—J. W. Jack.

FEAR AND WORRY.

BY PARLEY P. WOMER.

*We grow skillful in using the brain by using it, just as
we learn to fence by fencing; and it is man's
privilege to choose whether he shall
control environment or be
controlled by it.*

MAN is born to a heritage of fear, and there is reason to think that up to a certain point it is useful and helps to subserve his good. A distinguished psychologist has declared that not only does every one fear, but that every one should fear; that such a thing as an absolutely fearless state in man cannot be found; that in some form and in some degree it is needed by all. *The great problem is not how to eliminate fear, but how to control it and keep it from becoming morbid.* As some one has put it, the problem is how to gauge it to the power of a proper reaction.

It is an interesting fact that fear is common to all the forms of animal life. It is said that even the earth worm is acquainted with fear and at certain times its action is impelled wholly by fear. By reason of fear the wild creature is guarded from a thousand dangers. Even in the case of the lower creatures, however, it is evident that the fear which up to a certain point is useful, becomes after that a disadvantage and a means of evil. I once saw a rabbit so completely paralyzed from fear from the discharge of a gun at the distance of a few feet that it sat perfectly still in its tracks until the hunter

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seized it, although apart from two or three small bird shots through its long ears it had suffered no other injury. It is a well-known fact that many birds when wounded but slightly will fall to the ground as though struck by lightning, panting and palpitating with fear, with wide staring eyes.

It would seem therefore that up to a certain point fear is useful, but after that it becomes an evil. Either the man or the animal who fears wrongly and in undue proportion suffers thereby a disadvantage. It is said that Aristotle defined education as learning to fear in due proportion those things which deserve to be feared.

Even to enumerate the fears which afflict otherwise healthy minds is well nigh an impossible task. In olden times it was the fear of ghosts, witches, demons, warlocks, and other unreal and harmless things. All through the Bible times and until within very recent years men believed in evil spirits or demons and in demoniac possession. Many diseases, especially those of a mental and nervous type, were attributed to the influence of evil spirits. Even today the vast majority of mankind believe in the existence of a malign spirit who divides the rule of the world with Deity and who is next in power to the Deity. Closely related to these fears were the dreadful superstitions of history which from time to time drove whole communities and nations into epidemics of nervous fright and panic. Men in other ages lived in a dark cloud of fear. Thus it happens that many a man is born to a heritage of abnormal fear. He has it stamped upon him before his birth. He is reared in the midst of it. His whole life is passed in the bondage that it imposes, and thus his whole selfhood has become cramped, limited and depressed. What can be expected after generations of chronic fear and debilitating worry, clouded still more deeply by the pictures of an angry and vindictive God and an endless hell which have been so universally upheld? There is occasion for surprise, when we reflect upon it, that health exists at all. It is only the goodness of God, and the boundless vitality that has flowed from Him, even though we have been unconscious of it, that has been able to neutralize the morbidity under which we have lived. Happily for this generation the steady advance of knowledge is shutting us out from these oppressive shadows.

There are still many fears, however, which science has not reached and manifestly cannot reach. Such is the fear of business failure, the fear of sickness, the fear of losing one's health, the fear of losing some friend or loved one, the fear that one's family may be left helpless, that one's old age may be dependent, and other fears of a similar kind which are prevalent even amongst those who represent a high grade of character and intelligence. It is indeed true that to some extent science has helped to aggravate rather than to remove fear. While other ages feared from witches and demons they at least did not think of the disease germ that hides itself in a dust moat, hurls its broadside from a drop of impure milk, or of dirty water. The fear of microbes and bacteria that is felt by many is nearly if not quite equal to the superstitious fear of ghosts that was felt in other years. The advance of

science has helped, also, to aggravate rather than to correct the fear of accident that is felt in our day.

Closely related to fear and growing out of the attitude and temper of fear is worry. The habit of futile regret over past mistakes, follies, sins, the miserable forecasting of the future, and the constant bearing upon the mind not only the real troubles of the present but those which might have been and which are likely to be yet. In the words of the poet Shelley:

"We look before and after
And pine for what is not;
And our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught."

Worry is a universal evil, but in this country especially the habit is so



Gargoyles like these abound in old cathedral architecture. Is it any wonder that the minds of people have been filled with fear?

aggravated that it has become a national calamity. It is said that Europeans can readily distinguish Americans in the streets of Paris, St. Petersburg or Berlin by the worn, anxious and harassed look which they wear upon their faces. If it is true, as some one has declared, that licentiousness is the sin of France, and drunkenness is the sin of England, it is certainly true that worry is the sin of America.

It is not only among the poor, struggling and disinherited classes of American life that worry is prevalent, but among the comfortable and prosperous as well. Sometimes among the abject poor there is a reckless indifference, a brutish sort of stolidity, a flinty-hearted Stoicism, which seems to have passed beyond the power of feeling. Among the classes higher up the

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habit of worry is, also, exceedingly marked. Charles Wagner declares that the explanation is found in the confusions of our complex modern life which have caused many to lose their moral self-control.

A great deal might be said about the futility of fear and worry, and about their disastrous results both to the body and the soul. Medical literature abounds with expert testimony to their deleterious effects upon the bodily life, in deranging the circulation, impoverishing the blood, wasting the nervous force, and preparing the way for disease. Much might be said, also, of the evil of fear and worry in impairing the resisting capacity of the soul. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If we sow fear we shall reap the results of fear in a weakened body and exhausted nerves. If we sow worry we shall reap the results of worry in a body that is impaired and opened to disease.

Of greater practical importance, however, than to know the evil that fear and worry produce is to know how to meet fear so that it may be overcome, and how to meet worry so that we may escape from it into an attitude of rest. There is upon record the case of a young man who was confident that he had inherited a terrible disease. His father's family had succumbed to it, and although it had never come to the surface in his father's life he was confident, nevertheless, that he had inherited a taint. So great was his fear that he could not even see the name of the disease in print or hear it spoken without experiencing a terrible dread. However, he set himself deliberately to the task of conquering his fear. He persistently cultivated his physical strength and he told himself that he had little reason to fear. He put the truth about himself before his mind and he kept it there. He transferred his thought from his fear to the truth about himself, and under this rigid self-scrutiny he slew his fear, and saw it die and knew himself to be free.

The incident suggests a rational and effective method of dealing with the temper of fear and worry. It is the method of quiet and reasoning reflection. Think out the truth about yourself, and about the situation that you fear. In nine cases out of ten it will not be nearly as bad as the picture that has been conjured before the mind. Transfer the thought from your fear to the truth about yourself. That is the principle of self-education, and the whole idea of auto-suggestion brings us back at last to the fact of self-education.

The ordinary admonitions not to fear and not to worry are like telling one who walks awkwardly to walk gracefully when perhaps he has never learned to do so, or like telling one who speaks poor English to speak properly when perhaps he has never been taught the principles of correct speech. What must be done is to replace the one state of mind by another, the state that is abnormal, for one that is more simple, wholesome, and natural. Experience shows that it is possible to efface undesirable mental states by suggesting to ourselves better and more wholesome states, and to replace hurtful pictures by suggesting to the mind pictures of another type. One may create an ideal picture for himself that will so absorb his attention that it will in

Thought

time completely efface the picture that fills the soul with fear and worry. *Any picture that one creates for himself and accepts with confidence and holds persistently before the mind will at last fill his mental horizon and determine the attitude of his soul,* and it is for us to choose the character of those pictures.

There is still another line of approach. You are troubled with fear and worry; what if you should begin to trust? Do you really believe in God as a Christian ought? Do you believe that in the goodness of his providence

*When the road is hard an' rough,
Keep a goin'!
Peg away both night an' day,
Don't go worryin' 'bout yer hay,
An' no matter what folks say,
Keep a goin'. —FOULDS.*

only what is best for you can come from Him? If you thus believe there is absolutely no place in your life for worry, or for morbid fear.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." That is the admonition of the great teacher. That is the standing rebuke to a fearful and distracted spirit. Get this thought before the mind and keep it there and it will prove a daily help. "The sovereign cure of fear and worry," says Prof. James, "is religious faith. To him who has a firm grip upon the vaster and more permanent realities the hourly vicissitudes of his personal destiny seem very insignificant things."

THE SILENCE.

BY H. AYLMER HARDING.

In the still deeps of gentle quietness
Kind Angels bless
Each careworn soul who to the silence
goes
To ease her woes.
While to the realm of vast celestial space
Th' aspirant centers whither face to face
She views the universe from wisdom's
holy place,
And from her height sublime perceives
all life is good
In cosmic brotherhood.

On wings of faith the soul takes up-
ward flight
Beyond Earth's night,
And enters interstellar soundless spheres
Outside Time's years.
Each shining orb that flowers Heaven's
canopy

Sustained by MIND in Life's Infinity,
Symbols a hope fulfilled in future states
to be,
And with this vision falls upon the soul
the balm
Of holy calm.

Thus in the silence shall each one that
waits
Find open gates
To realms of inspiration pure and free,
And thus Truth see,
Till she return empowered once more
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And, mindful of her spiritual birth,
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THE PSYCHIC FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

BY E. L. JUDKINS, M. D.

III.

Religion in the Family.—Before proceeding further I may be permitted to say a few words with regard to an element of strength, health and happiness in family life of the greatest importance. I allude to the subject of religion in the family. The religious spirit is found among all peoples and in nearly every human heart. There is probably no one wholly without its impulses. It appears to be an integral part of the human mind. We all feel that there is a power above us, around us and within us greater than ourselves, and that it is available to us in times of need. This power is sensed by us in degrees, the variance of which determines the closeness or nearness of that power. The thought of the people is leading them away from a conception of a distant deity and is bringing Him into a nearness and giving Him a character which awakens far greater confidence and love.

Having a realizing sense of the existence of a superior Power, call it what we may, there is a natural tendency of the human heart to yearn for protection by power, for strength and for guidance. When we feel the effects of law with which we have not yet become familiar, and in consequence suffer, we are led to cry out for deliverance. In a sense such a spirit is indicative of weakness, but it is no discredit to us to feel ourselves negative to so superior a Power. The truth is we are positive only to those things which are below us, and are negative to those that are above us.

In reaching out toward this higher power and seeking its aid we pray, and prayer thus becomes a part of our daily life. If all desire is prayer, then surely we all pray. Whether we realize it or not we are in daily communion with the Power above us.

Prayer is to be encouraged in the family. It need not take the form of "family prayer." It may not call together any number in its periods of communion and petition. It may be only the individual whose heart goes out towards a Being who to him is formless, but potent. Jesus himself said: "When ye pray enter into your closet; and, when you have closed the door" . . . The Pharisees prayed much in public and this form of prayer Jesus denounced because it is so apt to degenerate into nothing but form. Whenever we can pray in the spirit of prayer, whether it be in public or in private, then let us pray. Personally I am averse to formal prayer and believe prayer should be mainly limited to a quiet hour of communion.

By praying much we get on familiar terms with this Power and cultivate an availing faith. We are not likely to have much faith in one whom we rarely approach and whom we put to the test only now and then; but our faith

is strong in those whom we reckon superior to ourselves and with whom we come into frequent and intimate contact. It is always so.

The matter of faith cultivation is of the utmost importance, since without it we can do nothing. No element of truth is of more value in the family, no element of truth can be instilled into the minds of children more easily than this very one of faith, and, preferably, faith in God as He shows himself in individual expression. Children are commonly an exemplification of faith in their parents, believing what is told them because the subjective in themselves so largely predominates.

The reader may be surprised at the foregoing, coming as it does from a physician rather than a preacher; but the religious spirit is so essential to both health and happiness that he has felt impelled to inject these thoughts at this point with relation to it. In order to obtain complete mental action—in order to develop full and sane living—we have to consider truth from the religious, the philosophical and the scientific standpoint. Omission of any one of these is fatal.

The Silent Hour.—That we may live our lives to the best advantage it is essential that we observe regular periods of prayerful contemplation. We should "enter into our closet and close the door." We should dwell for the time being in silence, for it is there that we find open avenues of communication between the subjective and objective sides of our nature. It is well for parents to encourage their children to observe such brief seasons, pointing out to them the advantages growing out of the practice. But it is unwise for us to enforce such a rule upon ourselves or others. Observance of the quiet hour, prayer, attendance upon religious exercises in general ought always to be spontaneous, and is to be *encouraged* rather than *enforced*. The human mind is inclined to resent all attempts to *drive* it into the kingdom; and we believe that very few have ever got far into the kingdom who were impelled thereto by fear. It is only when we earnestly desire the benefits to be derived from religious observances that we obtain from them the best results. In the past they have been too strictly enforced. I recall from my own experience many instances illustrative of the unhappy effects of religious coercion. As the result of such action I used to long for the time when I should become my own master, and many a most unhappy Sunday have I spent because of the inactivity and monotony of it. I do not doubt that strong aversion to all forms of religious exercise has been awakened in the minds of many children, to their detriment.

Whether the children in a family enter into the observance of a quiet hour or not it is well for parents to do so in order that they may give wise and effective exercise to their parental prerogatives and obtain the other benefits to be derived therefrom. In choosing an hour it is better to fix upon one that can be observed with daily regularity. It is a mistake to fit the quiet hour into irregular moments of leisure. If necessary one should be willing to sacrifice convenience in order to provide for such an hour. In the early part of the day, and perhaps in the very early morning, is the most profitable hour to

be found. refreshment good mental

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be found. The mind is then relatively free from care, the body is full of refreshment from the rest of the preceding night and conditions favorable to good mental control can be more easily established.

The exercises of the quiet hour should be sufficiently varied to prevent monotony. With such a purpose in view let it be remembered that affirmation, auto-suggestion, reading, contemplation, prayer, mental and physical relaxation, mental concentration and physical tension may all form a part of the exercises of such an occasion. It is good practice during such an hour to go over the entire body, energizing with thought every part of it and giving it a strong impulse towards normal action. Unsettled problems should be brought to this hour and concentrated upon with the assurance that their solution will thereby be materially aided. Out of the intuitions rising to consciousness or stimulated into development by the occasion we construct the best framework for our final solution of life's difficulties. The parent, sometimes burdened with the care and responsibility of the family, should carry her trials and responsibilities into the quiet hour with assurance of securing guidance and help. Disobedient and vicious children should be held up before the imagination in the form of true ideals. They should be seen in detail as their parents would like to have them in life. By doing this faithfully from day to day one finds the subconsciousness of such children gradually working them over to conform to the ideal thus established. Weak children, that is to say children weak in both mind and body, can thus be transformed into children of strength. Diseased states will become states of health; disobedience will be overcome; and all adequate response will be secured. In fact, out of this quiet hour—this hour of communion with God as he manifests in our deeper selves—we may construct in our own lives and in the lives of those in whom we are interested, expressions of strength, health, happiness and usefulness.

The Question of Diet.—Turning from these things which pertain directly to mental and spiritual welfare, we shall briefly discuss some of the details of hygienic living. First, with regard to diet. Much has been written and many theories have been advanced with regard to what we shall eat and what we shall drink—what supplies, in short, we shall directly give our bodies for their use in construction and repair. It is a matter of much importance and we shall do well to give it our thought.

At the very outset I want to combat the commonly held opinion that food which in any way distresses is necessarily harmful, and, therefore, to be avoided. It is by doing hard things in life that we develop strength. It is by moving in lines of small resistance that we develop weakness. Many who are willing to admit the truth of this with regard to matters of mind and morality, forget that the same law applies with equal force to the management of the physical. When we do a hard muscular task we suffer lameness and even pain; but we have no right to infer from this effect that the task was harmful and one to be avoided. It is only by suffering temporary inconvenience that we are able to develop muscular power. It is for similar reasons,

I insist, that we are not to be deterred from eating certain articles of food, which, in the average person, are found to be harmless, merely because in us these very things have awakened suffering. Just as surely as we yield first this point and then that with regard to diet because of suffering, just so surely will our digestive faculties become more and more impaired. We should train ourselves to do hard things, and the rule applies with just as much force to our digestive organs as to other parts of our bodies.

There is here no intention to insist upon the use of food that, in its very nature, is unwholesome; but merely to teach that there are not so many peculiarities of physiological action among individuals as is commonly supposed. We may all learn to eat substantially all wholesome food. We can even cultivate a taste for what at first is extremely disagreeable. If parents, in supplying their children with food, see to it that nothing essentially harmful is introduced, they may thus encourage their children to partake of a variety with no fear of harm. Children should always be forbidden to limit themselves to those articles of food most pleasing to their taste.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TRUE SELF.

BY SHELDON LEAVITT.

May not we regard Consciousness, with its keenly-attuned senses and delicately constructed brain and nervous system, which provide the media of facile adjustment to environment, as the Surface-Man, the Subconsciousness, with its sublime attributes and faculties, being the True Ego? I think so; in which case we are larger units of a gigantic Whole than we have commonly thought.

And now, if this is true—if the essential Self is dependent on sight, and hearing, and feeling, and smelling, and tasting, with its physical reflexes excited by these functions, for most of its valuable data upon which to build action and to draw inferences, does not Consciousness constitute the essential factor in our present temporary relation though it be only superficial and subsidiary? On the side of general wisdom and the suiting of the temporary to the lasting purposes of being as well as the wise adaptation of the individual to the general and the general to the individual, the Subconsciousness is the all-important element. For on the side of the subconscious man reaches away back into Infinitude. It is the side of energy, of wisdom and of love, while consciousness is the side of the afferent, of facile adaptation and efficient suggestion. On the one hand is endless power and on the other the medium through which that power obtains its advices and by which it holds its conscious relation to things material.

Finally, then, when we keep the Surface Man unimpaired, through wholesome living and thinking, may not we implicitly trust the True Ego, in its wisdom, to work out every life problem and secure to us what is most conducive to our well-being from every point of view? Verily we may; and that assurance ought to allay our fears and remove all doubts from our consciousness.



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SANITARIUMS VERSUS VACATIONS.

BY EVA E. MAHLER.

Every once in a while, prior to my introduction to the new psychology which is transforming life for me, I gave completely out and there seemed necessity for sanitarium treatment. I believe that a change was all that was really necessary: a complete change, but not necessarily as expensive a one as is involved in a sanitarium.

Did you ever read the story of the evolution of roast pork? People had heretofore eaten their meat raw, but, a man's house burning down, he pulled out the smoking remains of the porker (for this was in the days when the pig was literally kept in the parlor) and, burning his fingers, put them in his mouth to cool them and got the delicious taste of roast pork. The remains were devoured, but the discovery was kept a secret. Desire, however, called for more roast pork, and each time a house was burned down to secure it. The attention of the law was called to these frequent fires; an investigation was ordered, and, in some way, the hot meat was given to the judge, who, in turn, licked his fingers (primitive days those were), and recognized the delicacy of the flavor. Hereafter conflagrations were the order of the day and the town bid fair to go up in smoke,

till some wise man or woman discovered that it was not necessary to burn down a house to cook pork.

In like manner, if one recognizes the necessity, the delightfulness, of frequent but temporary changes of environment, possibly these long, expensive sojourns in sanitariums could be avoided.

The monotony of the average woman's life, even though it be supplemented with clubs and libraries, calls for a complete change periodically. Some want quiet, and rest, and time for meditation. Others want life, a glimpse into the world, possibly of fashion,—at any rate into another world. These desires for the time gratified, life flows freely on.

Learn this of your wives, oh ye men, and insist on frequent vacations! Learn this of yourselves, oh ye women, and take them. It will pay well, for one month in a sanitarium costs enough to provide several delightful outings.

So, sisters of mine, let us get out of the rut and renew our strength by temporarily letting go of the home ties, when they get too irksome, and taking vacations that we may gather power to perform our duties more graciously and acceptably.



MAN'S POWERS.

BY H. H. PORTER.

A man at his work ought to know two things. *First*, that he will increase exactly in the measure that the quality of his work increases; *second*, that he has the mind to put quality into his work, and that advantages for cultivating his mind are all about him, almost as free as the air.

The trend of things is to take from the muscles and brains of a man the drudgery of yesterday and load it upon the brains and muscles of steel. If he doesn't realize that this is the meaning of all so-called labor-saving devices, he will suffer for his ignorance. It is a hard proposition, and it is relentless. That is why so many have cried over their falling behind.

But if it is exacting, it is also benign. How many men, not understanding the progress of invention and the consequent reduction of the labor of men, have literally been forced into other occupations where the quality of work was higher? And how many have thus been lifted up into higher selves? How many have turned out better products and turned in larger salaries?

Of course, it is better not to be forced. Human nature revolts against pressure. A man would rather see the things for himself, and work out his greater usefulness with a feeling of having made a discovery. This revelation not only of conditions to which he must adapt himself but also of his ability to do high-class work in the world, is coming every day to men in all stations of life.

Go higher. That is the universal command in the bosom of the man at his work. Let it be understood that the call is just as heartening and necessary in the office, the shop, the home, as it is in the mill. And let it also be clear that the means are at hand for every man in the world to put quality into his work.

Where, then, shall a man begin? With himself and within himself. There is the starting point. And though he may travel far and learn many things, he will also come back to himself and his work. He will find out that civilization, which is a big word, means only the incessant demand that he will raise his efficiency and do that one thing for which he is best fitted.

Such a single, peculiar ability or talent is in every man. There is, thank goodness, something in each one of us, also, which will lead the talent to high-grade efficiency. The work which most of our forebears did was not the sort of work that we should do. That is not in the least disrespectful to them; it is rather a sign of growth, a sign that quality, brains, finer organization of our higher faculties, are needed and are ready for service. It does not mean that we shall necessarily be as rugged as they were. Quality does not depend upon sinew and weight-lifting. The fact is, persons who have prowess of this kind are not generally doing quality work. It is doubtful if we can have big, bulky muscles, such as would dig a ditch with

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ease, and yet be capable of the finer work demanded. You see the steam shovel does much of the digging now. The men whom it displaced are not as tawny or as knotted with brawn as they were, because they are called to work which requires more refinement, more intelligence, more exact co-ordination of their higher faculties. They are, in fact, more delicate, and cannot stand the hardships which once they did not notice. Look at the wheelbarrow and the automobile: the first requires no attention and never gets out of order; the ills that befall the second, if it is not scrupulously cared for, are legion. And yet would one prefer the former to the latter?

Of course a man wants a healthy body. But first he wants to know what a condition of health really is. He need not make a passion of health-seeking nor a pest of himself. He can determine quietly, day by day, whether or not he is producing both the quantity and the quality of work

for which he is fitted. He knows if he is feeling right and if he is making better work-stuff than he did yesterday. He knows by unfailing signs if he is drawing too heavily upon his nerve force and his brain power. He knows if he is going downward or upward; and he knows how to guard against decline and inefficiency. Ordinary good sense is not far away from any one of us. To heighten a man's working power and usefulness it may not be necessary for him to do anything but his work. Outside helps may not be needed. It is not so much the things about him as the things within him that call for steady cultivation.

Whatever else a man learns, one thing is certain: the world wants high grade brains to do high grade work. The more quickly men respond, the easier will life become for them and the richer will be the fruit of their labor. There will be no lamentation about the mechanical substitutes for men when men learn that they are superior to any work that may be done by machinery.



THE highest of all selves, the ultimate Self of the universe, is God. The New Testament speaks of man as body, soul and spirit. The body is the thought-form through which the individuality finds expression on our present limited plane; the soul is a man's consciousness of himself as apart from all the rest of existence, and even from God—it is the bay seeing itself as the bay and not as the ocean; the spirit is the true being thus limited and expressed—it is the deathless divine within us. The soul therefore is what we make it; the spirit we can neither make nor mar, for it is at once our being and God's. What we are here to do is to grow the soul, that is, to manifest the true nature of the spirit, to build up that self-realization which is God's objective with the universe as a whole and with every self-conscious unit in particular.

CAMPBELL.

WHO AM I? WHAT AM I? WHY AM I?

BY DANIEL JOHNSON.

These are all questions which may logically arise in the mind of one who thinks. It has long since been recognized as futile to attempt to prove that which is self-evident. So that upon the question of existence itself we feel justified in joining the Philosopher in declaring, "I think, therefore I am."

The logical course to follow, then, will be to seek the answer to the questions (Who? What? Why am I?) in that which thinks, and that has already been affirmed to be I—Ego—Soul—Self.

At this point were we to follow purely the deductive method of reasoning, our conclusions would be, I am who I *think* I am. I am that which I *think* I am. I am because I *think* I am; all of which is true in a sense. But here we should take a more practical view of the question, realizing, as we must, that an understanding of the laws and processes of our thinking equipment—mind, and practical methods for directing the same, will give, even though it be indirectly, a satisfactory answer to the question.

The mind, through the special senses and the faculty of reason, apprehends its environment and becomes conscious that it has a body composed of what for convenience we call matter, and with which the mind maintains a very intimate relationship; for who has not experienced physical disturbance, depression and weakness follow-

ing some untoward emotion, or had his appetite interrupted on receiving some unpleasant news? On the other hand, who has not actually forgotten a toothache or some physical weakness, or been virtually raised out of a sick-bed, by the glad emotion consequent upon the arrival of some dear friend or the receipt of joyous news?

I am aware that the ultra-materialistic scientist, who regards mind as simply a property of matter and a result of chemical action, may contend that, a material, physical stimulus being granted in the above related incidents, the effects were entirely due to material, or physical, causes acting upon physical conditions and producing physical effects by purely chemical processes.

Now we do not wish to be understood as denying matter or the science of matter, the laws of which we will freely grant to be immutable when applied purely to matter; but the atomic theory, serviceable instrument as it is in accounting for the behavior of matter in chemical action, fails utterly to account for consciousness or even the simplest process or activity of mind.

Ask the materialist to explain the varied effects produced upon different individuals at the same time, by a common cause. Let us assume that something has occurred to attract a common interest; then we find that one individual is moved to pity, another to anger, a third to levity, and others to fear, each giving expression

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Here we must take leave of chemistry and the materialist, for it is with this individuality and that upon or in which these individual standards are impressed that we are chiefly concerned,—that elusive, intangible, and yet most real something which is only susceptible of being accounted for, and being taken account of, by itself and its kind; and this something we are pleased to call Mind—Soul.

The body, as the result of the mind's control over it, is thrust into all manner of experiences, as a result of which the mind learns the laws pertaining to it. And this is not all, for the mind also becomes conscious of itself and its relation to the body which it is using. Ultimately the mind realizes that in its processes it has two very distinct activities, the first of which is its processes as manifested through the special senses, reason, and the will. This phase of the mind's activity we will term the Objective mind, to distinguish it from the other phase of its activity termed the Subjective, manifesting in memory, conscience, the emotions and an absolute control over all the states, conditions and processes within the body, including nutrition, assimilation, elimination and the reproductive processes.

Though we have thus far taken only a general view of our mental equipment we believe that the careful reader, from his own experience, observation and introspection, will concur in

our belief that a rational answer to the main questions (Who? What? Why am I?) will be found through a scientific understanding of the natural laws pertaining to the relationship of the mind to the body and the interactivity of the two phases of the mind's processes.

The reader will agree with me that it would be an exceedingly arduous task, as well as an unscientific method of procedure, to seek to formulate the laws of the mind and in its relation to the body purely out of one's own interpretation of his immediate personal experiences; so, at this point in our inquiry, we turn our attention to the New Psychology, which is the classified and systematized knowledge of Mind and Soul, including the demonstrable laws of their activity as gathered from the common experiences of mankind by the inductive method of inquiry. Such an inquiry results in the conception that man is an intelligent, free-will being, residing in a material body and is surrounded by limitless environment of mind and matter, upon which he acts consciously and subconsciously and by which he is constantly influenced.

We have now determined for all practical purposes, what and who man is, and a moment's reflection will reveal something as to purpose, for have we not discovered in the mind of man an inherent power of self-direction, which, interpreted, literally means that each individual may, by the act of his will, through his power of choice, determine his own purpose, and thus become a law unto himself. Here we have both incentive to effort and hope of realization; and, this being true, do we not see the possibility of establishing harmony within ourselves and our bodies, between ourselves and our fellow-man and the universe, which in the ultimate means self-mastery or freedom?

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

BY A. A. LINDSAY, M. D.

Dr. Lindsay has given us in this paper a most rational statement of certain truths which bear strongly upon our spiritual, mental and physical life. I do not hesitate to say that the thesis is in accord with the inferences which I myself have drawn from extensive observation and experience.

—THE EDITOR.

There is an ideal which is to the individual an image of what he could be and that he knows he should be. He has occasionally conscious views of this, and it includes his ideal body in its development, form and health; his ideal intellectual power and ideal character. He knows that in his program of life in its activities, his service should be such that incidental to that program he would realize his ideals.

With realization of the ideal, the destination, should we not deal with this journey just as we would with other contemplated, though shorter, journeys?

Since the ideal exists, that is presumptive evidence that it could be realized; yet every one confesses he has not arrived at the completeness. It does not require a Marcus Aurelius to declare that if man does not reach his proper destination it is because of his principles, not because of insurmountable obstacles; any observer must see that.

But in taking account of the hindrances along this journey we do not have to note a great catalogue of mistaken principles, for there is one that is primary and all others grow out of that:

That which makes an individual's real less than his ideal is his principle of substitution of the artificial for the natural.

Innately that Builder of the man, his own Soul, exacts truth, and when the man with his volition attempts to force untrue standards upon this executive but supreme building power, the resulting confusion stultifies the Soul because the very law of its expression is harmony and truth. Let us examine the psychology of one's falling short of the measure of a man because of the substitution of the artificial for the natural.

We will take the physical side of the principle first. We can begin with the infant, for even there we commence to take away the natural powers by giving a sufficiency of predigested, prepared imitations of natural food, and sometimes, after much rebellion upon the part of nature, it tolerates the falsity and ceases to make any natural effort to treat the substances introduced into the child's stomach or to resist. Such a child we soon classify as one with "weak digestive organs" always to be pampered and subject to frequent upsets. Unnatural food and unnatural preparation of it causing bad nutrition, the child has poor quality of blood which calls for the introduction of mineral or other elements by substitution. The nervous system showing the

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lack of tone, and sleep not being normal, drugs are resorted to for stimulation, and again for sedation, so the whole physical being is upon an artificial basis with nature relieved of all of its functions.

No one would deny the lack of the ideal body, neither can one doubt that the cause is in substitution instead of permitting nature to produce the real things needed. I will say here that what we have called nature, and sometimes the vital force, is really an intelligence—that supreme but suggestible subconsciousness or Soul. It quickly accepts the suggestion of repression and says to the will of the conscious mind: "Substitute an artificial and I will cease altogether to produce the natural."

Instead of the infant let us consider an adult, still from the physical side, and also begin with digestion. Through wrong practices of some sort food is not digested, and the physician says there is not enough pepsin, so he will take from the pig's stomach and place the pig-made pepsin in the man's stomach to digest with. Subconscious mind at once interprets that the volition has chosen an exterior source for the pepsin and quits secretion. Again upon test it is declared that all of the gastric secretions are deficient or abnormal, so the whole product taken from a dog's stomach is given to the man, and then all the glands of the stomach cease to secrete.

Surely this much of the individual any one would grant is short of the ideal, and the cause lies in the substitution that repressed the soul in its exercise of that part of the body. Practically every function of the body has been dealt with upon the same principle. Glasses are put on the eyes to take the place of perfect eyes. Hair coloring is substituted for nature's colors, and the wig to take the place of hair, the woman congratulating herself that when she reaches a certain age she can paint a little heavier and use peroxide as a substitute for nature's tints and colors. She pads, or she pinches, or wears supports, and yet every time and in every way she substitutes, nature seems to become more impotent, and finally quits.

Practically all the vices or bad habits of people come from the source of which we are speaking. An effort to substitute false stimulant for a natural one is in using tobacco or liquor. In some of these instances, as well as in drug habits, the cause was in some previous form of substitution that set up a wrong craving, on the principle that one false stimulant calls for another with an ever-increasing insatiable appetite and deplorable degeneracy. These things are like falsehoods, which, when one is told, there is need of a score of them to explain it, where silence or truth would have proved saving.

However, the human disaster where there is the practice of substitution does not end with diseased, deformed, deficient body. The fact is it is not a power of the body, a chemical organization, to elect or select or perceive anything. This substitution has been an act of the will or mind upon the body, therefore, mind may fix its mental or intellectual standards to be expressed through mind as well as upon the body. Observation discloses that pretending, false standards as to intellectual power or mental perception obtain where there are these substitutions in the body. It becomes impossible to discern

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the truth, and yet, like the intoxicated man who thinks every one else drunk while he is perfectly upright, the substitute feels his fidelity in his falsity.

But the far-reaching effect of substitution of the false for the true, though it first begins its action in the body, does not end with physical and mental effects, but includes the spiritual being. Nothing could be more impossible than for one to play all of these false parts upon the body and have false standards intellectually and yet have truth, or ideal, character.

Look at this situation and see if you do not recognize much of mankind. Here is one who substitutes artificial foods for real—predigested instead of digesting for himself; substituting all gastric secretions—not creating them, hence false to him; substituting iron (from nail rust) in his blood instead of producing it through his own organism from natural food; substituting medicine or stimulants for health; substituting memorized contents of books for thought-out conclusions, and even pretending as to the extent of his book knowledge. You say that is enough, that you recognize your neighbor. It is not enough until you see that with such imagery and such a physical degeneracy that one would, as sure as effect follows cause, put all blame for everything that occurs in his life upon some one or something else outside of himself—to be consistent he must, for he is compelled to put the false in place of the real.

One thing more I must call your attention to is that, as in every other phase, substitution is his principle, so must it be of his religion. He would accept sacrifice of the innocent for his guilt, he would have a scapegoat, he would get into heaven through vicarious atonement and never through natural attainment of his ideal through growth.

I have gone over this course, whose destination is a man far short of his glory; an inglorious failure as compared with his promise, his prophecy or his possibility. Forgive him we must, condemn him we cannot. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand he is not wanted—his arrival is an accident which had its source in the parents trying, though failing, to substitute a false and momentary pleasure for an everlasting one. With heredity that gave him false impulse, and first training to employ everything to defeat and repress nature, he is justified in being the result he is until knowledge is revealed to him.

Let us, then, go over the ground again and see if we cannot get very optimistic upon this subject. An infant should not be given anything in a form to repress or relieve nature from its proper activity. Food adapted to the child and given to it by parent or nurse with the assurance that nature will be stimulated to treat the food successfully, will get the desired result. The expectancy of parent or nurse is the law over an infant; it is perfectly led or overwhelmed by their mental attitudes.

An adult should never receive pepsin or other gastric secretion in substitution for his own. He should receive a well-mixed dietary with suggestions that he will create in his own stomach all the chemicals essential to his digestion.

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If you ask for a reasonable basis of the above as well as for my assurance that clinical practice demonstrates it to be all-sufficient, then I will tell you that medical pepsin is obtained by letting the pigs get hungry, then making them think they are going to be fed. They are killed, and their stomachs, when immediately opened, yield a great supply of pepsin secreted because of expectancy. All the gastric juices are to be obtained from the dog that has been looking at the meat which he does not get. All of my patients with indigestion have been shown to possess minds equal to the animals mentioned, and through this observation I have been led to have hope for the race.

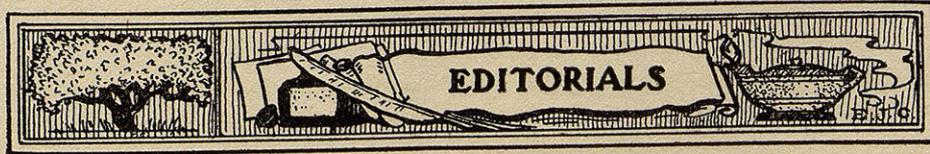
There are many people who should put on glasses, not to take the place of good natural sight or strength, but to wear for a while to train the eyes out of a necessity for the glasses. With the idea of aiding nature out of a condition it would be very rarely necessary to put them on to wear the rest of the life as is a common custom. Suspensories might occasionally have a temporary use upon the principle of training back to strength. Medicines may serve some place, sometimes, to aid nature, but not to take the place of something nature should do.

The woman who fixes her standard at paint and peroxide and padding and penciling, practices a substitution that entirely represses nature, whereas a mental attitude that is commanding and expectant will enable nature to supply nutrition and normal color to cheeks and hair, and a happy mental state will take away the deepest wrinkles care ever created.

Now for the psychology of the whole subject. It is as though every man had millions of eyes watching him and every eye belonged to an individual who attended to a part of the man's affairs, and the sum total of these watchful individuals executed everything of every nature in the life of the man; that they watched and discerned what the man voluntarily did toward the fellow man and what he thought of himself—that is, they saw all of the imagery of his mind, and what they saw was his predominating thought, which they interpreted as his principles that became the law of action in their execution. Now these intelligent individuals with their all-seeing eyes are the servants or agents of expression of the man, the cells that physically comprise his body yet serve in doing all of the functions of the body.

Let the man choose an artificial substitution for a natural and his cells serve him consistently with that, withdrawing a real function; let the man will to be noble, generous and loyal and the cells will be full of life and energy and serve faithfully, with a result of ultimate good health and mental efficiency.

In still other words, our arrival at that destination spoken of in the opening paragraph is dependent upon our standards, whether they are expression or repression, destructive or constructive; these standards are our Auto-Suggestions, they are the principles. I am quite certain with the view before us that our substitution of the artificial for the natural is a principle that has hindered the attainment of the full measure of a man, we will radically cut off from the untrue and embrace and hold fast to the real.



SHELDON LEAVITT, M. D., EDITOR

THE EVIL EFFECTS OF EMOTION.

Emotion has a bad side as well as a good one. Like any other useful thing it proves harmful when let to run at will. For one to be taken possession of by emotion and held in perpetual bondage to it, that is the gateway through which evil comes stalking in. The religious emotion, which has a close relationship to the erotic and is more or less identical with it, when strongly marked in one of a nervous temperament, is capable of doing much harm. It is an emotion which, like that of anger, has to be kept under the power of a balanced mind in order to be positively contributory to mental balance and sound physical health. Women who cherish what they regard as the "conscious presence" of God are as likely to suffer as are those who continually dwell in the presence of a human lover. There must be respites in order to preserve the wholesome effects of both, and the respite must be filled with emotions of a lively and diverting nature. When held in proper balance with the intellectual element by the unflinching action of will, emotion plays a most important part in the preservation of health and strength, since it thus takes on a constructive character; but, when that balance is lost, destructive action is unleashed. The religious emotion, like the love emotion, has its place among the robust contributors to mental energy and physical health, but it has to be wisely regulated, and that very necessity constitutes a powerful factor in the development of character.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

A VIVID imagination is liable to carry one to heights of accomplishment and daring, and it may likewise plunge him to the very depths of despair. A vivid dream, or a day vision, may be the means of awaking the slumbering energies to phenomenal action under the direction of the faith thereby engendered. The powers of this inner thought world none can measure. What would Joan of Arc have done without them? Had she not fancied that the angel said to her, "Jeanne, go to the succor of the king of France and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him," she would have been powerless to lead the French armies to victory. Believing that the assurances came from God

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she was clothed with an energy and enthusiasm that nothing could withstand. An emotional stirring which drives one headlong along indicated lines is what does the work. When Mme. Tetrassani, the famous soprano, was interviewed the other day she disclosed the secret of her wonderful power over her audiences, and it is found to reside mainly in the vividness of her imagination.

"What is it goes on in your mind, madame, when you sing?" she was asked. "What pictures are in your imagination? What emotions possess you?"

"I am entirely wrapped up in the part I am singing," replied Madame Tetrassini. "I am the joyous girl in a pretty garden in far-away Italy; I am a daughter of Greece, wandering, pensive, in the shade of a noble temple, or I am the wild-hearted French maiden sorrowing for my ungrateful lover.

"Whatever role I am singing I actually become that person. Sometimes when the dramatic situation demands sadness I forget myself to such an extent that sobs choke my throat, tears fill my eyes and my voice breaks.

"Then I have to take hold of myself suddenly, so to speak. I say to myself: 'Ho, Tetrassini, what are you doing? You are a little fool; keep yourself together.' Then my voice clears, and I am myself again."

If we hold the optimistic attitude "all things work together for our good." There can be no evil in the Universe, since there can be nothing outside of Infinitude.

WHOLESOME ACTIVITY.

THERE is a great difference between a restless man and a man of action.

It is the same difference which exists between such a man as the late George Francis Train, who was ever on the move, and one like the late E. H. Harriman. One was always doing something, but doing it without a useful aim, and the other was equally busy, but always with well-thought-out purpose and plan, the ultimate of which was distinct advancement of his own or someone else's interests. In doing detail work, like that of surgical operating, I have seen this difference well illustrated. One operator makes a broad flourish, and appears to be wonderfully active and energetic, though it takes him forever to do a small task; while the other, with small ado, by making every move count as the result of premeditation, speedily and satisfactorily reaches the end of his task. One is relatively thoughtless, and the other gives much time to meditative reflection, which ultimates in productive activity.



ABOUT THOUGHT AND PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR:—

The April issue of THOUGHT is lying before me. It is a meaty and magnificent number, exciting aspiration for the realization of the good, the true and the highest in every department of human life.

Especially am I pleased with the very able essays of Doctors Winbigler and Lindsay, upon hypnotism and suggestion. From beginning to end, these physicians express my unexpressed views based upon investigation and the practice of hypnotism in connection with mesmerism. I never use these two words synonymously; they are not exact equivalents.

Walter De Voe's essay is as lucid and brilliant with ideas as it is truthful in philosophy. This phrase from his pen especially delighted me:

"The wonderful sub-conscious person is the spiritual body, described by Paul and every seer before and since the time of Paul."

What Paul termed the spiritual body, transcendentalists call the etheric body; Theosophists, the astral body; and what I denominate, the interior soul-body, particled and shaped like the external physical body. It is axiomatic that whatever exists must exist somewhere; and evidently the conscious spirit exists in the brain rather than in the stomach or spinal cord. The conscious ego, the Hindu Atman, the uncompounded, indissoluble immortal spirit, is the real man. Man is a spirit now; a potentialized portion of the divine spirit, God. And soul and spirit should not be used interchangeably. The Greeks did not so use them; they were not and are not synonyms. Paul drew the proper distinction when he wrote: "I pray God to preserve you, body, soul and spirit."

Heartily glad am I that Walter De Voe tells us directly what the subconscious really is—"The spiritual body." I had read so much in magazines about the sub—the "subconscious mind" the "subliminal mind," the "supra-subliminal mind," the "subjective mind," the "subjective subconscious mind," the "super-conscious mind," the "supra-subconscious mind"—

phrases used by different New Thought writers, and so many of them differing somewhat, that I was getting bewildered in this wordy, hazy fog-realm of mystery. Now, it is quite clear and comprehensive, "The subconscious is the soul-body." In this ethereal body, I often leave the coarser physical body, and not only traverse the starry spaces, but in this exalted or superior state, I visit and treat the sick.

THE NEW THOUGHT PROPER.

Of course I believe emphatically in the "New Thought" as I understand it—and not only in one new thought, but in numberless new thoughts, good and ill. And I conscientiously believe also in old thoughts,—thoughts expressed and inscribed on the old Babylonian cylinders and engraved on Egypt's pyramids and booked in ancient papyri scrolls. But, as to just what this modern "New Thought," as an organized movement, stands for, I am not quite so clear.

Accordingly, not for any controversy, or discussion of any kind, but for direct information, kindly allow me to ask of some of your intelligent contributors the following questions, hoping for answers in your May number:

(1) What do you mean by the phrase, "The New Thought"?

(2) Wherein do thoughts, be they new or old, differ from definite ideas?

(3) Do thoughts originate in the brain cells, or in the conscious spirit, the god-entity incarnate?

(4) Are thoughts—be they "things" or "etherealized forces," creative? Can they create without energy, skill and wisdom?

(5) Will you enumerate, tabulate and publish some of the new thoughts brought into the world by the New Thought movement?

(6) Are the New Thought advocates giving (considering the Atheists, Agnostics and inquiring materialists) any proofs—any irrefragable demonstrations of a conscious life beyond the grave?

Finally, now, as a fifty years' vegetarian, seventy years in public life, in my eighty-ninth year, making five journeys around the world and sitting at the feet of Hindu adepts and oriental mystics, I am still a candid conscientious seeker after that pearl of all pearls, truth. And being a great admirer of the "New Thought" and all the reforms that make radiant this twentieth century, I ask in all seriousness for answers to the above questions.

JAMES M. PEEBLES, M. D.
Highland Park, Los Angeles, Cal.

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JESUS THE HEALER.

Psychic Truths Exemplified in His Practice and Teachings.
Chapter X.

ONE of the encouraging features of the times is a growing disposition of men to trust in themselves. This they could not consistently do were they not forming new and broader conceptions of Deity. The God of the old dispensation was jealous and vindictive, intolerant of human self-trust and insistent that man should hang upon his word and power as these were made known to him through human instrumentality, with implicit trust. It may be that these old demands served a good purpose in the case of the people on whom they were made, though to the modern mind they appear cruel and unjust. The history of the ages, as it comes to be reviewed, will have to determine that; but for present purposes they are obsolete and wanting in binding force.

That the source of man's disqualifying troubles have their mainsprings in himself Jesus himself taught by implication in more than one place. This truth was disclosed in those instances where he drew so close a relationship between what was termed sin and physical ailments. An example is found in the man whose infirmities had made him helpless for a period of thirty-eight years; he was directed, after his healing, *not to sin again for fear that something worse might befall him.*

The Great Mistake of the Past.—The great mistake of the years which have succeeded Jesus as well as those which preceded him, was in man's trusting to outside help. He offered oblations to a distant Deity whose good will he sought through the medium of various forms of sacrifice and by strong cries and tears. He did not understand that God, if he occupies his own kingdom, must be within man, since there his kingdom most truly is. *God is at the very core of our being and this is why we can truly say that man's safety is to be found in himself.* As long as it was sought outside he was disconsolate and weak; but, when awakened to a realization that it lies within, he is fired with courage and strength. From the attitude of a suppliant he rises to the dignity of a king, and from the spirit of a dependent he wakes to a sense of power.

The God of today is not far away, indifferent and cynical, but is nearer than hands or feet, interested and loving.

Belief in a Cosmic Unity.—In his "New Theology" Campbell puts the argument for a Cosmic Unity in a succinct and convincing way. "I find," says he, "that this power is the one reality I cannot get away from, for, whatever else it may be, it is myself. Theologians tell me that I have taken a terrible leap in saying this, but I cannot help it. How can there be anything in the universe outside of God? Whatever distinctions of being there may be within the universe it is surely clear that they must all be transcended

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and comprehended within infinity. There cannot be two infinities, nor can there be an infinite and also a finite beyond it." * * * * * "One would think that this were so obvious as to need no demonstration. But how do ordinary church-going Christians talk about God? They talk as though He were (practically) a finite being stationed somewhere above and beyond the universe, watching and worrying over other and lesser finite beings, to-wit, ourselves. * * * * * No part of the universe has value in and of itself alone; it has value only as it expresses God. To see one form break up and another take its place is no calamity, however terrible it may seem, for it only means that the life contained in that form has gone back to the universal life, and will express itself again in some higher and better form." * * * * * "We must be His eyes and hands and feet; we must be laborers together with Him." A realization of this is what saves us from our "sins," and it was some such realization that Jesus sought to awaken within the poor cripple before mentioned, so long bound by misunderstanding of life's spiritual truths.

Man a Federation of Mental Units.—Brain units, the so-called "neurons," it will be understood are but the physical expression of the hidden units entering into the composition of mind. To those who recognize no distinction between mind and brain, that which follows will read like the veriest nonsense; and yet there are few outside the ranks of the avowedly materialistic who will seriously question the validity of such a distinction. In the scheme of the latter there is no place for initiative independence; man is merely a creature of law, with no more authority than the rabbit, and hence utterly lacking in responsibility. But it is evident that he was not so regarded by Jesus, as the latter repeatedly charged men with responsibility, and indicated to them a line of action involving discretion and individual power. To be sure, the power vested in a federation is not absolute and unequivocal; there are some reserves essential to the free action of the component units; and yet, for practical purposes, it is substantially so, and responsibility ceases where independent power ends.

It is apparent to me that the kind of sin to which Jesus alluded consists in a failure to maintain complete solidarity of the alliance. Every part of a federation has to operate in harmony with every other part in order to maintain order and insure efficient action. The sin which precipitates us into trouble is usually a sin of ignorance proceeding from a want of harmonious action of the several parts entering into individual organization. Indifference and sedition resulting in dissociate action is at the bottom of our mental and physical troubles. The whole man does not work in harmony.

The Integrity of a Federation Dependent on Its Central Energy.—In a confederacy there has to be a centralization of power as an essential feature of its very perpetuity. How long would it be possible for us to exist as a nation and maintain our standing among the nations of the earth were it not for the power to do things centralized at Washington? Even now our

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chiefest danger of national disintegration lies in the direction of state rights. I admit that it does sometimes seem as though we are going too far in our delegation of power to the general government, but we are not. *Liberty of individuals and states to independent action is but a dream in a nation founded upon a substantial basis.* We must be willing to waive our individual rights in large, and probably increasing, measure in order to enjoy the benefits of a strong and prosperous nationality.

Such truths as I have been reciting are of equally apt application to the human organism, mental and physical. There has to be an enforced concession of individual unit rights to the good of the whole, and the ego that fails to insist upon it, sins, and, if it persists in such impotency, it does not long endure. *To my mind the secret of immortality lies in the rigid enforcement of continued centralization of authority and power at the mind centers.*

Individual Protection Lies in Self-Reliance.—Accordingly I insist that this centralization of power in the individual physical confederacy is found in the assumption of its proper role by the will, as this tends to cement the several parts into one organic whole, which is thus enabled to act as a unitary force. To the young man, the young woman, and to all, I say: "Bring your organism as speedily and as fully as possible under the dominion of your own concentrated purposes, in full assurance of authority and efficiency. Thus will you be able to weld its numberless units into an organic whole, and thus only. To fail of this is to commit the kind of sin which tells most disastrously upon one's physical as well as mental welfare. To sin is to fall short of the best and wisest action. Hitherto sin has been regarded as related principally, if not wholly, to action involving a distinct ethical principle, and hence one related directly or indirectly to the social health fabric; but it applies with equal consistency to the physical organism.

Disease a Physical Seditio.—At the root of all disease there is mental sedition, and this is succeeded by physical sedition, since the physical always takes its cue from the mental. We are not wise enough yet to discern the beginning of trouble in the mental sphere; it is only when trouble reaches the physical sphere that its existence is discovered, and then too often we set about its correction at the physical rather than the mental end.

I want to make these points clear, as this sort of dissociative action is coming into common acceptance as a rational explanation of mental and physical disturbance. The brain and nervous system are made up of nerve cells or neurons of peculiar form and action, and at least a meager comprehension of some of their features is essential to an understanding of what is meant by "dissociative action." In what follows it will be understood that, while reference is primarily had to physical structures, we have a perfect right to infer that the physical is but a replication or sensory expression of the mental which lies behind it. It is very likely that the mind, as well as the brain, has its component units, and may be broken up in group (dis-

sociative) action. It is with such a thought before us that I shall proceed to elucidate the principles of the kind of dissociative action alluded to.

The neurons mentioned as entering into the structure of the brain and nervous system are small cell bodies, with nuclei and nucleoli from one side of each of which spring a tuft of "dendrites," and from the opposite side a long, slender process called the "axis-cylinder," which terminates in a number of branches or an "arborization." "Each neuron," says Coriat, "is in reality a nervous system by itself, an anatomical unit or entity."

Now, bear in mind that the essential fact associated with brain or nervous action is the interlacement of the arborization of one cell with the dendrites of one or more other cells. This interlacement is termed *synapse*. Synapse acts as a valve, and the clearness and efficiency of mental or nervous action is dependent upon the accuracy of the contacts thus established between the cells. When synapse is lax and imperfect there is corresponding mental and nervous action. It is important to keep this in mind. Mental influences, the will in particular, in acting on physical functions undoubtedly use fibers leading from the brain to the lower centers of the cord and medulla, and the various acts are performed through a process of cell combinations established through synapses.

Now, in view of such physiological and psychological processes, it will be seen how it is possible for groups of associated cells to become in great measure isolated in action, thereby creating faction or sedition in the organism. This I believe is what constitutes a large part, if not all, the disease action experienced in the physical and mental organism. The synapses, while not immediately under volitional control, are still indirectly so, and the extent to which the individual insistently exercises his authority over the organism is the measure of his health and harmony.

Jesus Healed by Breaking Seditious Action.—By a touch of his personality and the psychic power which he had acquired Jesus set at liberty many who came to him for relief. But he gave them to understand that their preservation of health was dependent upon the way in which they should conduct their future lives. "Go and sin no more," was the implied and the sometimes expressed charge given to them. In setting them at liberty from the power of their ailments he restored their individual autonomy and indicated to them how it could be preserved; but it is quite probable that they, like most of the people of this day, having been restored, after continuing for a time in the enjoyment of their prerogatives drifted back into the carelessness and inefficiency which had brought them to the condition of misery in which they had been found. However, in these later times men are here and there learning the rudiments of health and happiness and are making a better application of them.

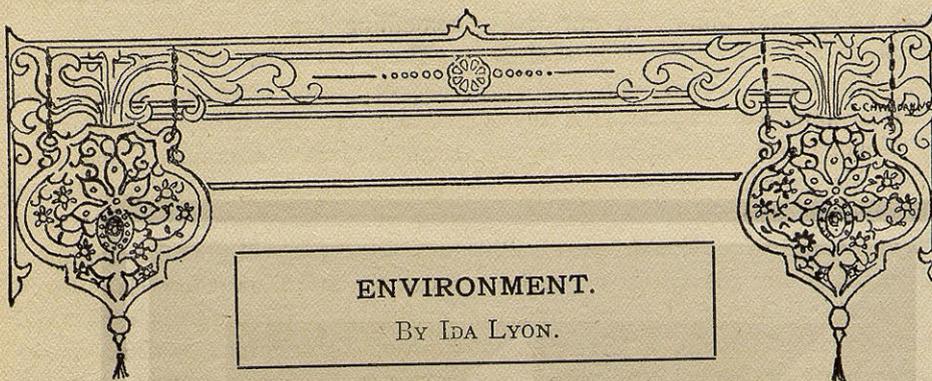


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There is a convenient kind of argument which makes "Environment" responsible for our imperfections, inefficiency and meanness. "I am what my environment has made me," may be true enough, but is it necessarily true?

We are, in fact, what our habits make us, and those habits are directly traceable to the environment which sustains the stimulation to which our nerves respond; but if we stop there, and conclude that we are mere puppets in the hands of the forces about us, we are making a serious mistake. We have not gone far enough. This matter of environment is, in very truth, a big factor in our calculations, but it is not the whole sum.

The lower forms of animal life may justly plead "environment" as an explanation of their life habits, for they are, of necessity, the slaves of environment; but evolution has endowed man with an organism capable of resisting, in a great measure, the call of environment, and forming such habits as seem to him desirable.

It requires strong desire for different habits of living to overbalance the commanding stimulus of environment, which continues to exert its influence

over the spinal nervous system, as it did through countless ages before brain centers were added to take command over the original spinal systems. It is so much easier to let environment control this powerful system of nerves, than it is to hold the brain centers to the task of controlling it, that most of us are pulled about in response to our environment, without stopping to think why it is, and that, in allowing ourselves to yield to surrounding influences, we are holding ourselves down to a lower level of intelligence than nature has meant us to do. She has provided us with an apparatus for checking and directing the activity of that great system of nerves upon which our every movement depends—the spinal system; but much time must elapse before man can grow accustomed to that new and wonderfully complicated machine, the human brain, so that he can make the best use of it. The average man does not realize the immensity of the power it gives him, and he lets its wheels go round, grinding out the same old grist of hardship, discontent and difficulties, while environment rules his actions and his thoughts.

"Everybody else does," and "No-

body else does," account for so much that we do and think that our individuality has little opportunity of finding expression. That old monkey habit of imitation is a drawback to us.

"Nobody else thinks it necessary to keep his word, and so I don't." "Everybody else is weak and contemptible and why should I not be?" "Everybody else goes in for expensive living which they can't afford, and I must do as others do." "Everybody else is more or less afflicted with disease and trouble, and I must have my share." "Everybody else is going to the hospital and I expect it will be my turn next," etc., etc.

Environment says, "Come on, and meet those hilarious companions." The brain protests feebly, "Don't you go, Tommy; don't go," but environment says, "Aw, what's the use? Everybody else is going, and you'd be a fool to stay away." And so Tommy goes, and wakes up next morning wondering if he isn't a bigger fool for spending his time and money carousing with people who had no respect for him or themselves, than he would have been if he had stayed at home.

Well, what are we going to do about it? Environment certainly has a strong pull on us. How are we going to resist undesirable influences? There is

We do people an injury in doing for them what they ought to do for themselves. Help the butterfly out of its chrysalis and you will set it at liberty the

but one way; fix the attention upon something else.

The people who put up the most attractive glitter have the biggest following, for the reason that they attract the most attention. One such person will often set the pace for a whole community; and even the most sensible people will give their brains a vacation, and allow themselves to be drawn into follies, through that old trick of the nervous system, of responding to the strongest stimulus which it receives, by causing corresponding muscular activity.

Strong stimulus coming from environment, must be overcome by stronger brain stimulus; and this is effected by turning the attention from the external forces which influence us, and getting intensely interested in something else.

One person in a company yawns, and every one who observes him is impelled to yawn, also; but not every one yields to the impulse. Those who refuse to be drawn into doing what "everybody else does," are the ones who use their brains, as nature intended them to do, to govern the spinal system.

We grow skillful in using the brain, by using it, just as we learn to fence by fencing; and it is man's privilege to choose whether he shall control environment or be controlled by it.

earlier but it will come forth without the gorgeous colors which make it a thing of beauty as it flits about among the flowers.

The Latin proverb says: "In battle the eye is first overcome." Entire self-possession may make a battle little more dangerous to life than a match at foils or at foot-ball.—EMERSON.

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ANGER, AND ITS RELATION TO CHARACTER BUILDING.

BY P. CORNING EDWARDS.

When kept under control of the will, anger, like all other emotions, can be made constructive.



THE idea of anger having any part in the upbuilding of character may, at first thought, seem rather startling, and yet, as an essential element of the Individual Intelligence, or Soul, it must have its place in the economy of nature. A person insensible to the impulse of anger would be characterless. To annihilate or eradicate any of the essential elements of the Soul would be to destroy one's individuality. As we are continually coming in contact with anger in some of its many phases, and as it is an impulse which we may not destroy, let us analyze this emotion, and ascertain its place in our spiritual unfoldment, or evolution. Anger may be said to be an impulse of the Soul aroused by contact with vibrations not harmonious to its own by some word or act antagonistic to its own present ideas—in other words, anger is *friction between minds*, which friction causes heat, disintegration and destruction proportionate to its intensity. The Individual Intelligence, or Soul, through its receptive faculty, consciousness, becomes cognizant of these discordant conditions, the outcome of which cognizance depends upon the Soul's positive, or active power, *the Will*.

It will help us to form some conception of the extent to which anger is a factor in the realm of our emotional nature, if we enumerate some of its degrees, shades and phases. We find it manifesting as hate, revenge, wrath, rage, bitterness, brutality, maliciousness, animosity, spite, enmity, altercation, resentment, sulkiness, ire, temper, pique, irritability, impatience, petulance, pettishness, annoyance, rancor, resentment, harshness, and in other forms. If properly utilized any of these phases of anger may become factors in the building of the temple of human character. When anger is aroused we know that there is friction, or lack of vibratory correspondence, between our mind and another, and that, if not overcome, that, in proportion to its repulsive vibrations, this friction will separate soul from soul—augment selfishness, with all its destructive features, and disintegrate society. Suppose we compare the soul, with its impulses, passions, faculties and forms, to a household. Anger, the dog, becomes aroused by some disturbing condition and through disagreeable barking moves its master, will, to action. Quieting the dog, the master commands reason, a subordinate, to ascertain the cause of the trouble and establish peace and harmony. While the dog does not himself bring about harmonious relations yet, by

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arousing his master to do so, he becomes a factor in the work. Had the dog not been quieted, kept in his place, he would then have become a menace to the household and the entire neighborhood.

Such is anger, when controlled, to the soul and its environment. Anger brings to one's notice the fact that there is something which requires our immediate attention. Some inharmony within the household of the Soul, within *ourselves*. Some trouble which we, only, can straighten out, some friction to be removed. Each one of us is a mental dynamo constantly sending out thought vibrations. So, in seeking the cause of the friction we must first examine the character of the

thoughts which we project, and see whether they are magnetic, unifying and loving, or repelling in their nature. If we are to build up, to bring together, we must see to it that our thoughts are constructive, attractive. Character building is the result of careful self-analysis, right thinking, and the bringing of life and action into correspondence with one's highest ideals—all of which means earnest and unremitting personal effort. It means the bringing of all one's impulses, passions, faculties and powers under control. These impulses, passions, faculties and powers make up the individuality, *the Self*. Their control, then, means self-control. It is through this constant personal effort to obtain increasing self-control, that we build the temple of human character and attain mastership.

LIFE.

BY GERTRUDE H. EMERY.

Live in the present and forget the past. There is something better in this world than making a living, and that is making a life that is worth the living.

Have an aim in life—some thing you are bound to accomplish, and then go ahead and accomplish it.

The most common among us can be blue and discouraged when failure comes—when the sun of success creeps under a cloud; but it takes a brave spirit and true heart to smile at such a time and forge ahead.

Keep in the sunshine and your face toward the light, for that throws all the shadows behind you.

Keep out of the darkness, for it closes our vision; but the light discloses to us the world beautiful.

Be happy; Never give up hope. Every sorrow has its hidden joy. God gave us this beautiful world, and put us where He wished us to be; so don't idle away your life, wishing you were someone else or somewhere else. Make the best of what you have, right where you are. God gave you a life to live. Don't hurry through it; make it worth living, and then, when it ends, you can go hence in peace.

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THE NATIONAL OPTIMISTIC LEAGUE

(Address all correspondence in this department to Miss Florence Leavitt, 4665 Lake Avenue, Secretary of the League.)

Dear Friends of the League:

Another month has passed by bringing with it great success to our League. We have had more new members during the past month than during any previous month of our existence. OPTIMISM is starting its world-wide campaign and will eventually revolutionize human thought and action. During the coming month won't each one of you try to get several new members and break last month's record? Let us all see how well we can do! Anybody who is an OPTIMIST, or wants to become one, is welcome.

Write for information concerning the formation of League centers. Why not have one in your town?

On account of being somewhat crowded this month for space, it has been necessary to postpone the questions and answers until next month.

If you have any clippings or little helpful ideas for the department, will you kindly send them to me, for if there is anything that seems of help to you, it may be of still greater help to some one else?

FLORENCE BELLE LEAVITT,
Secretary.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

Only a rose in a glass,
Set by a sick man's bed.
The day was weary, the day was long,
But the rose it spoke with a voicelike song,
And this is what it said:

"I know that the wind is keen,
And the drifted snow lies deep;
I know that the cruel ice lies spread
O'er the laughing brook and the lake's blue
bed,
And the fountain's rush and leap.

"I know, I know all this;
Yet here I sit—a rose!
Smiling I sit and I feel no fear,
For God is good and the spring is near,
Couched in the shrouding snows.

"Canst thou not smile with me?
Art thou less strong than I?
Less strong at heart than a feeble flower
Which lives and blossoms but one brief
hour,
And then must droop and die?

"Surely thou canst endure
Thy little pains and fears,
Before whose eyes, all fair and bright,
In endless vistas of delight,
Stretch the eternal years!"

Then o'er the sick man's heart
Fell a deep and hushed repose;

He turned on his pillow and whispered low,
That only the listening flower might know:
"I thank thee, rose, dear rose."
—*Anonymous.*

"Always laugh when you can. It
is a cheap medicine. Merriment is a
philosophy not well understood. It
is the sunny side of existence."
—*Byron.*

*The glory of life is to love, not to
be loved; to give, not to get; to serve,
not to be served. To be a strong hand
in the dark to another in the time of
need; to be a cup of strength to a
human soul in a crisis of weakness is
to know the glory of life.*—*REV. HUGH
BLACK.*

*Pay as little attention to discouragement
as possible. Plow ahead as a
steamer does, rough or smooth—rain
or shine. To carry your cargo, make
your port, is the point.*—*MALTBIE
DAVENPORT BABCOCK.*

*It is worth a thousand pounds a year
to have the habit of looking on the
bright side of things.*—*DR. JOHNSON.*

SUMMER SCHOOL.

Benjamin Fay Mills, who is well known in intellectual and religious circles, will conduct a Summer School and Recreation Center this coming season at Saugatuck, one of the most charming resorts on the east shore of Lake Michigan. Saugatuck has the advantages and attractions of the large lake, a smaller lake, the Kalamazoo River, miles of pretty paths and drives through the woods, a wonderful lake shore drive, well equipped hotels and boarding houses, facilities for tenting, etc., and retains many restful characteristics that are usually obliterated in fashionable summer resorts. It is easily accessible from Chicago, and other points.

Mr. Mills is planning to spend three months there with his family, and will devote four weeks of this time to the Summer School. He expects to preach every Sunday morning for five weeks commencing July 31st, and the school proper will hold three daily sessions, Tuesday through Friday, for four weeks, commencing August 2d. Mondays and Saturdays will be entirely free for recreation, and as the social features of the enterprise are to receive special attention, the play days will doubtless be very enjoyable. Mrs. Mills will assist her husband in the instruction given, and the subjects to be discussed will probably be Interpretations of Emerson, of Whitman, The Secret of the Power of Jesus, The Fine Art of Living, The Cause and Cure of Sorrow, etc.

Many people have already registered their names as desirous of attending the Recreation Center, and some are planning to spend longer than the four weeks of the school at this delightful spot. More detailed information may be obtained by addressing Miss E. Mills, Saugatuck, Mich.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FIRE, by Dr. R. Swinburne Clymer; published by The Philosophical Pub. Co., Allentown, Pa.; 12 mo. Cloth.

This is one of the best books dealing with Ancient Mysteries, Rosicrucian Fire Philosophy, etc., and is full of interest to those who incline to mysticism.

THE RATIONAL LIFE, by Will J. Erwood; published by Will J. Erwood Co., Baltimore, Md.; 12 mo, cloth. \$1.00.

The author of this book is a man of up-to-date ideas. He is a conservative liberal. Puritans, if they could be set suddenly down on the author's grounds, would think themselves in "bad lands;" but that inference would be derived from their lack of acclimatization. *We need more of such sensible literature.*

THE PRINCIPLES OF MEMORY TRAINING, by Frederic W. Burry; published by Magnum Bonum Co., Chicago; paper, 15 cts.

This is a book for everybody and the price should create a popular sale.

MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL HEALTH, by A. T. Schofield, M. D.; published by R. F. Fenno & Co., N. Y.; 12mo; cloth; \$1.00.

Everything written by Dr. A. T. Schofield is worth reading. This book is one of his best. It ought to be in the hands of everybody who appreciates psychotherapeutic measures.

DICTIONARY OF THOUGHTS, by Tryon Edwards, D. D.; published by F. B. Dickerson Co., Detroit; bound in turkey morocco and cloth. 650 pages.

A most valuable book for one who desires to acquaint himself with the opinions of others on topics of live interest, especially those related to life, literature and philosophy. The student ought not to let it pass.

SCIENCE OF LIFE AND POWER OF OUR MIND, by Dr. Robt. C. Hannon; published by the author, East Windsor Hill, Conn.

The author says: "When this book is understood there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." . . . "The Power of Our Mind is the 'I am . . . that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore.'"



and religious circles, will season at Saugatuck, one Michigan. Saugatuck has the Kalamazoo River, a beautiful lake shore drive, well known, and retains many rest-summer resorts. It is

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A PRAYER FOR LIGHT

By SHELDON LEAVITT.

Not to One "whose distant islands lift their fronded palms in air," but to Him who is "nearer than hands or feet," whose elements of Life mingle with ours, and whose spirit is indistinguishable from our very own, do we turn for greater light. In the silence where God and I commune as One this thinking conscious self appeals to that Great Subliminal for stronger light on life's pathway.

At times the Self shrinks to too small proportions and becomes enveloped in dense shadows of narrow interest and sordid desire, forgetting its grandeur of soul and its wealth of possibilities, with its life energies fallen into desuetude. It is so this day with many of us, and we now turn in confidence to the Source of Light for a scattering of the somber environment which our unwisdom has established. Let us no longer grope in the darkness with our hands against the wall, but let us walk as children of Light, with an assured step! Let us open every window of the Soul that the light within us may illumine the way, for it is the light of God!

* * * * *

And now we have that for which we yearn. We see the way; we feel new life stirring within us; weariness has fled from our sensibilities; divine fires burn afresh within us. Faith did not have far to go to touch the button that brought our heart's desire.

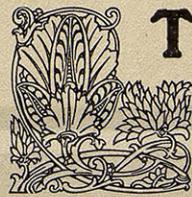
Rejoice, O! Soul! for thus it always is!



THE OPPORTUNITY OF WEALTH.

By Sheldon Leavitt.

II



THE opportunity of wealth is to help people to help themselves. The old idea of the virtue of giving to the needy, has undergone great change. It was always a mistaken charity. But to help people to get a footing when sinking in deep waters, or to get them off the bar when stranded, is to be commended by men and angels. At the same time even this may cease to be a virtue in a given case when it is only taken advantage of by the victim to get into straits again and again.

THE PROBLEM OF WEALTH IS HOW TO USE MONEY TO ADVANTAGE. How to invest without suffering loss, or, better yet, how to invest so as to insure a modest gain, is a question not easily settled in these days of shams and follies. The opulent are imposed upon to a larger degree than the poor, but they are fortunate in being able to bear loss. The latter invest a few hard-earned dollars in the hope of gain, and, when it is snatched away from them through fraud or mischance they suffer in mind and estate; while a far heavier loss is suffered by the former without being noticed. But we are all studying to make our investments of time (which is money) and effort (which is also money) bring us the largest returns.

The true benefactor, then, is he who lightens the burden of another who is sinking in exhaustion, just enough to enable him to go on his way. Mind you, I do not say, to go on his way in ease, for it is **STRUGGLE** which brings out the best there is in one. **STRENGTH COMES FROM TUGGING AND WRESTLING AND STRAINING AGAINST STUBBORN OPPOSITION**, and to remove the necessity for this is to harm rather than help. The heaviest burden today being borne by humanity is that of **IGNORANCE**. The people do not know—they do not know—and this is why they suffer. And this burden of ignorance is not confined to the poor in purse; it is just as prevalent among the rich, and, therefore, **A PART OF THE WISE MAN'S OPPORTUNITY, BE HE RICH OR POOR, IS TO SPREAD THE KNOWLEDGE OF HELPFUL TRUTH AMONG THE PEOPLE.** At the same time the insistent demands of life, in its various aspects, do not permit the poor to do very much of such work, since they have to devote themselves to the imperative duties to breadwinners. Therefore let all those who have more than enough to provide for the immediate demands of rational living read with attentive minds the paragraph which follows.

THE PEOPLE ARE BEARING A NEEDLESS BURDEN OF MENTAL WOE AND PHYSICAL SUFFERING, AND THERE ARE MANY FULLY ALIVE TO THIS TRUTH WHO NEVERTHELESS ARE STANDING BY WITH IDLE HANDS AND UNTOUCHED HEARTS. The **NEW THOUGHT** which has come into the world (and some of the newest thought is as old as the hills) is full of helpfulness to many people. It comes to furnish practical self-helpfulness, and its mission is being stalled by the indifference of many who could best find the Kingdom of Heaven by aiding its propaganda. To those who have the means of help and hoard it for their own selfish purposes—those "whose bowels of compassion" are not touched by the sufferings of their fellows, who neither by word nor deed give aid where it is most needed—to all such I say, **MAY YOUR MONEY PERISH WITH YOU!** Upon those who recognize their opportunity and gladly improve it the rich joy of entrance into a veritable Kingdom of Heaven is afforded, and they shall hear the human, as well as the divine, benediction, **WELL DONE!**

The door of a vast opportunity stands wide open. Will you enter in?

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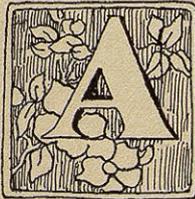
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HOW TO ENTER INTO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

BY ABBIE F. LEARNED.



LONG with our growing away from the conception of God as an arbitrary "Ruler," most of us have doubtless drifted from the notion, too, of heaven as a place. If the "Kingdom of Heaven" is "within" us it must be more of the nature of a condition. It is not hard to conceive of a heaven within that shall exceed all our old ideas of the wondrously happy city where the walls are of jasper and of precious stones, and the streets of gold. We can all recall some moment of our lives, which if prolonged would make for us a heaven. To one, to be bathed with the perfect love for which the heart craves would mean heaven; to another, reunion with those whose lives have vibrated in perfect sympathy and love; to another, the attaining of some lofty ideal. It might not be the same to any two individuals, but one or two essential characteristics it will possess. It will be absolutely soul-satisfying; and it will be possible of attainment on the way, and not alone at the end of our journey. You may remember the story of the aged Quaker who when asked by a boorish young fellow if it was not time for him to move on to heaven replied, "Friend, I've been living in heaven these past twenty years." Perhaps the best name for this condition, this heaven, is harmony,—which means physical and mental strength, peace and happiness, a symmetrical oneness and wholeness of being.

If we may have it now, what price is too high to pay for it? What strong masterful lives we could live, if we had always within us—think of it—the kingdom of heaven! No worry, confusion, uncertainty, doubt, or sorrow could touch us if down at the center of our being was that sense of contact with God. Nor can there be that perfect harmony without a sense of the God within. There have been a few remarkable cases in history of men who believed they led charmed lives, and so were able to look on what threatened to be instantaneous death unmoved. While they remained true to their conviction, their faith saved them every time. It was this inward harmony which enabled

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Jesus to look so calmly upon his persecutors. To have the Kingdom of heaven within means to be in tune with the infinite, to forever abandon the old effort to adapt ourselves to the conflicting forces and vibrations of the world about us. Who would not have joy, music, beauty, love, peace, absolute harmony, in his heart as he moves onward through eternity? Environment and external conditions may change as we go on from life to life, but *we* shall not change, except from within. Therefore, since we are as much in eternity now as we ever can be, since change must come from within, and through the within reflect itself in the without, why not cease our restless, uncertain, feverish way of living, and enter into the kingdom of heaven *now*? It certainly seems a desirable thing to attempt.

Jesus gave very definite directions for entering this kingdom. He said, "Unless ye become as a little child ye can in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." This at first might seem a little puzzling, but as we look at the main characteristics of child nature, we distinguish a well defined pathway in which it seems a not difficult thing to walk,—almost a simple thing.

And that is one of the first things that impresses us about childhood, I think,—its simplicity. We have all noticed that the man of large individuality, the truly great man, is grandly simple. Add to this, genuineness. The true child does not hesitate to say what he thinks. As we grow up that often becomes our hardest task—to say the thing we really think and believe—not so much from lack of veracity, as from cowardliness. Nor does this mean that we should say every thing we think at all times. It means that we should never say that which we do *not* think. We should not do or say things to keep up appearances, or to deceive. The world need not always be taken into our confidence, but we should never put ourselves in a false position before the world, for there can never be attunement with the eternal harmonies where we are not open and honest in life. This might seem an easy thing to those who have been nominal christians all their lives, but it *isn't* easy with the thousand and one requirements which custom and convention have loaded upon us moderns. As children grow up it is both amusing and sad to see how quickly they begin to don the false airs and mannerisms of maturity. They have an aching longing to be uninterpretable; and when with strangers they love to assume a personality foreign to their own. They love to act, to make an impression, to hold the mask. After early childhood many people are never really themselves. The real self is lost. It is a hard thing to regain this artless genuineness of childhood, but if we watch ourselves in the details of every day life we can do it, for we have all known those who have done it. And is any quality more beautiful? As we think of it, and of those whose lives illustrate this virtue, we can understand how they are in tune with heaven.

Again, children are pure in heart. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Have you never been surprised at the way in which evil escapes a child's notice? They simply do not see it. "Arabian Nights" and "Gulliver's Travels" are vulgar and coarse to a high degree, yet a child is absolutely oblivious of it. Evil to him who thinks evil. There is no response to

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evil suggestion in their hearts for they are clad in white armor which is impenetrable. So may we be. We have long since known that ignorance is not innocence. If we will we too may see no evil. You all know the Japanese proverb, "Speak no evil, Hear no evil, See no evil." We have long accustomed ourselves not to speak evil, but now as advanced thinkers we must go a step further and neither hear nor see it. Then shall we be as immune as children from the evil about us. The danger shall not come nigh us. More than that. Just as people, even those who are careless of tongue, instinctively have reverence for children, so they will have reverence for us, and we shall never be subjected to conversation which is unpleasant to us if we wear this white armor forged by our innermost thoughts. "Speak no evil, hear no evil, see no evil."

A child, of himself, is fearless. We know how many pangs we suffer for them, and how tirelessly we work to instill fear thought into them. Yet what is more glorious than that fearlessness of youth which heeds not height nor depth, heat nor cold, nor any other creature? What would we not give for but a fraction of it, you and I who have to say "Get thee behind me, Satan," more often to Fear, than did our forefathers to their personal devils. Indeed, Fear is often called the New Thought "Devil"—the only thing to be feared, though by no means fearful when fairly faced. I do not know that it would be wise for us to examine into how big a part of our daily economy is regulated by fear. But it may be well for once to realize how many little fears come to us instinctively all the time. We "fear" we shall catch cold, that we shall be late, that our clothing will be soiled or injured, that we shall not satisfy the requirements of our friends in this or that respect, that someone is offended with us, etc., etc. All these, aside from the big fears which sometimes we can manage better than the whole brood of little worries. For worry is but fear, and, as many teachers have pointed out, so is pride, envy, malice, and most other wrong thought forms. It is not strange that it is hard to let go of fear, for it comes from both heredity and environment. It has been inculcated into us from childhood. At the same time, hard or easy, we *must* let go, for fear more than anything else saps not only our peace and happiness, but our vitality and power. *Dare to live your own free life, come what may.* None of us is in danger of actual want. We shall have enough to eat, to wear, to shelter us. Then why allow ourselves to be thus hounded, and so much pleasure driven from life? Do these worries not come to us that we may gain the strength we need by boldly ignoring them? Say "I will not!" when a worry big or little shakes his menacing front before you, "*I am fearless.*" And the courage and strength you gain in your victory will enable you to change the conditions which brought the worry. Before you lay your head on your pillow tonight shake yourself free from every little mosquito-like worry that may be buzzing around you. Say, "I am a child again to-night, a happy care-free child. I live in God's great house. In the palace of my royal Father. He rules. No harm can come to me here, and here I live and move and have my being." Go back years and years into your own childhood, relax, let go, and feel a happy peace steal all through your mind and body.

We have been told that to cultivate a strong individuality we must stop regretting or condemning our past, that we must live to-day unfettered by any weight of yesterday. Have you ever noticed how a child does that? A child lives in the present. So must we. Take each day as a new treasure to be used and enjoyed. Live it to the full, for you see to-morrow never comes. It is always to-day—and eternity will be just *to-day*. And there will always be problems, always hard things to meet, for it is the law of progress. The quality of our life will forever be in the *way* we meet them. What we need is not fewer trials but more strength and spirit. You know how you can coax a child to do anything if you make a game of it. So let us get back into our old child spirit and play at all these things, at house keeping, at society, at whatever our task may be. Someone has said, "There is work that is work, and there is play that is play; there is play that is work, and there is work that is play. And in only one of these lies happiness." Put your whole self into your work and love it, and it will be play, genuine fun. And you won't get tired, not if you play all day long. Jonathan Edwards once wrote, "I am resolved to live with all my might while I do live." That's what we all desire to do, and if we only get back into the old child spirit of play and *love* our tasks, work will cease to be drudgery and it will be easy to live with all our might while we do live. But we must let go of the past absolutely—all that is not positively helpful. We cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven until we do that. We do so tenaciously cling to our grievances, to the slight, to the unkind word or deed; we are prone to hug our troubles, physical and mental; to brood over them until we become morbid and lose all sense of perspective. Hardest of all is it to forgive our own shortcomings, and to forget them. We often think that is the proper penance, but it is really much harder, as well as more scientific, to put remorse and regret aside and go sweetly into the world to do otherwise. Can you imagine a normal child bowed down with the weight of his past naughtinesses? And would we desire it? Wipe your slate clean every night, and wake up in the morning forgetting that you were ever sick, or weak, or irritable, or discouraged, or selfish, or a failure—or that your neighbor treated you as he would not have desired others to treat him. Forget it all. Let your face shine as the morning! Thank God for the joy of breathing, of drinking water, of bathing, of eating, of moving about, of studying, of learning. Thank Him for the fun of all these things. And above all, for work, for the fun of working. Hear what Kipling says:

"And only the Master shall praise us,
 And only the Master shall blame;
 And no one shall work for money,
 And no one shall work for fame;
 But each for the joy of the working,
 And each in his separate star,
 Shall draw the Thing as he sees It
 For the God of the Things as They Are."

And that other little New Thought verse,

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How to Enter Into the Kingdom of Heaven

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And if men hate thee, have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer."

I said that children do not live in the past but in the present. They do; but what normal child does not build air castles? Does not cherish ideals? Does not continually plan for the glorious future awaiting him? That wondrous possibility of the future is what we must keep before us if we would grow. Elbert Landone, the man who has added inches to his height, condensed his tongue, and done many other apparently impossible things, says that if one would grow young and keep young he must keep before him constantly the power to accomplish almost undreamed of results. Aspiration is the food of the spirit. If you are inclined to feel that with but little variation you will probably walk the path you are now treading till death, repeat vigorously daily,

I can be what I will to be,
I can do what I will to do,
I can have what I will to have.

And don't worry about the how of it any more than a child would. The spirit will bring it to pass if you but follow its leadings. There is the secret of another of our difficulties. We grown-ups know too much, or think we do. We are prejudiced, set, rutted, determined to do things in our own way. A child is open, unprejudiced, responsive to suggestion, and therefore open to intuition.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the part played in a child's life by desire, or to his persistence until those desires are fulfilled. And there is as great a lesson in the trust and faith a child has in his father. The child who is headstrong, stubborn, and disobedient is the child who gets into trouble.

On the physical side the child's activity causes deep breathing which is impossible for many of us older ones because of tight clothing. Yet authorities tell us we should breathe with every pore of the body at each inhalation. Children do this, and it means life. We carry around with us millions of dead and dying cells. We do not keep all the tissues instinct with life. Wordsworth says,

"The little child that lightly draws its breath
In every limb,—what should it know of death?"

But it is not deep breathing alone that accomplishes this, it is joy, love, peace, and lack of fear. These qualities are impressed upon the cells with every breath, hence the deep breathing becomes a tremendously vitalizing process.

Would you enter into the kingdom of heaven? Go then unto the children and learn of them. Become as one of them. Be simple, genuine, and independent; discard fear in all its forms; play at your work all day long; live tremendously in the present, yet build air castles; breathe deep that you may be alive from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot; be open to the joy of living, and radiate the same as the sun does its light. Then will the immortal spirit of youth be YOUR spirit, its eternal harmonies will pulsate in your heart, and you will have entered into the Kingdom.

UNWISE DOING AND SUFFERING FOR OTHERS.

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

There are men and women today who suffer for others beyond what is fair and just. They bear unnecessary sorrow, trials, worries, cares, responsibilities, pain, and irritating intrusion from others. They surrender because they feel it a virtue to "bear and forbear" without considering any limit. But they are going beyond the virtue point. They are constantly killing real self sacrifice by their protests, spoken or unspoken. Theirs is not sacrifice in its full bloom; it is merely self sacrifice gone to seed.

They may even fear to change because of a "scene," or what people will say, or to preserve peace. This is not real virtue, but moral cowardice. Any of a dozen anemic motives may bring the same resultant weakness. They are unjust to themselves, and therefore to others. Their life is changing them, weakening them, lessening their powers to do their duty to their children, to themselves, to society, and to the Infinite. They are not living the full, free lives as individuals living at their best for the best, for some great special object. Self sacrifice in this spirit, if made general, would make all the best surrendering to the worst in life, the good all paying heavy tribute constantly to the selfishness, the weakness, the brutality, of the wicked. It would make the angels all slaves to the devils of the world.

A certain amount of self sacrifice, of bearing meekly from others or for them, is beautiful; it is a virtue. Beyond that it is a sin against individuality, a wrong to oneself. Science today can tell the precise melting point of all the metals, a point at which they can no longer bear the heat. The individual should have his melting point, beyond which his justice to himself should assert itself. Bear quietly, bear meekly as long as it is just, then there is but one step—rebellion! Righteous rebellion is the beautiful crown of beautiful suffering. It is the assertion of justice to one's individuality and one's best usefulness to others.

Mothers in their tender maternal instinct to do their best for their children may by overdoing really impoverish the child, cheating it of its power to work for itself, killing its initiative, its impetus, its individual self confidence and sturdy self reliance. Then the child may become supreme in her own eyes and the mother fade away into a mere some one to minister to her needs and gratify her desires. Justice is the guardian angel of all the virtues. The mother may be unjust to herself, and so injure her child's future as well as her own.

There are gentle natures, of sweetness and strength, who do not assert themselves as they should, who pass, as trivial, situations that deserve quick, direct recognition. They realize that the deadline of their self respect has been wantonly crossed. Instant resentment, firm, kind, positive, and without anger, may be but one's duty to oneself. Inferior minds see in the nonrecognition none of the fineness of rising above it; they see only an absence of dignity where it was really fine dignity in excess.

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TO THE YOUNG WOMAN.

BY SHELDON LEAVITT.

II.

THE religious sentiment appeals most strongly to those whose natures are sensitive and shrinking, for people of this type are less self-reliant.

With the religious sentiment is mixed a good deal of the love sentiment as well, and this is most marked in those who feel most keenly their incompleteness when standing alone. They crave the aid and comfort of another, who, in the imagination, is clothed with power to supply what is felt to be lacking in them. It is mainly for these reasons that women sense so distinctly the religious impulse stirring within them.

A woman without religious sentiment is like a shrub without blossom; both are easily passed by without notice. Religion is the flower of her delicate organism. We look for it and are disappointed when we find it not. It may be absent from a man without marring his manly expression, though a certain amount of it adds to the richness and power of his nature.

As the young girl comes into the characteristics of womanhood and all her mental and physical functions declare themselves, not only does she begin to feel a drawing towards those of the opposite sex, but also towards her native ideas of purity and power. The truth is that she begins to see in the attractive men about her expressions of these very elements, which, to be sure, her imagination greatly enlarges to her senses. It is at this point that she needs to be most carefully guarded against the ignorant bewitchery of young men, who themselves feel mightily attracted towards those who meet negative requirements of their positive natures. It is the period of greatest danger, owing to the warmth of strange feelings and the vividness of the imagination. Suitability of temperament and possession or want of mental and physical strength are quickly brushed aside without consideration under the impulse of natural attraction. The girl does not realize that the sentiment which she then has could be awakened by a thousand young men with equal facility, but proceeds upon the theory that she has found her "very own" among all the sons of men. The experience is the same with the older girl with her first lover, who is the first only because of propinquity. Intimate association has aroused in her what could have been aroused long before by close contact, and she is sure that she has found her true love. He may be, but her feeling is not indubitable proof of it, and she should beware.

The religious sentiment works in the young woman in a similar way. It is a new experience, and the sentiment associates itself with whatever theological dogmas may have been inculcated by parents or guardians. That particular form of religion is to her the only one worthy of consideration, and those who are outside of it are reckoned as veritable heathen. Fortunately there are few religions which are likely to do irreparable harm save as they narrow one's mental views and contract the life. In these days of abundant literature a very large percentage of the people ultimately get away from extremely narrow views, though relatively few become wholly emancipated and are set "in a broad place."

In view of all these facts, I bid you, young woman, move carefully! Beware of a rash step which will cost you pangs of remorse. Become associated for life with no one until you have looked at him from all sides and become fully persuaded as the result of mature consideration. Remember that it is not enough that you passionately love him. It is not! It is not! Move with discretion. Tread lightly, for you are on holy ground! Give reason a higher place than mere sentiment, and you will live to bless me for so advising you.

NEW THOUGHT PRINCIPLES OF A PAGAN.

By HARRIETTE LASCELLES-BURNETTE.

Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.

New Thought Is in Part Pagan Stoicism.—The return to pagan ideals in the conduct of life, and to the philosophy of the pagans in religion, has been so gradual that relatively few realize that the whole trend of "Advanced Thought" is in that direction. A few weeks ago reference was made to this in a conversation with an ardent exponent of New Thought principles, and the idea was repudiated rather scornfully. She was recommended to read the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius and to dip into the philosophy of Epictetus and Epicurus. Today she is haunting the libraries, poring over books of ancient philosophy, quite to the neglect of other works along New Thought lines. "What is the use," she inquires, "of getting this stuff second hand? Why not go to the fountain head?" But of course she is an extremist.

That "Modern Thought" is pagan Stoicism, with a dash of Epicureanism, all students of ancient philosophy readily perceive. And in the *Meditations* we find most of the basic principles of New Thought, minus the occultism which often characterizes the latter.

The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.—The thoughts set down in this little book were never intended for other eyes than his own, and this renders even more priceless the gems that sparkle in its pages. Between the reader and any work intended for publication there is a veil through which we view the author's personality. His thoughts are clothed in words calculated to convey them to the many, and serve to hide in a degree the man himself. But in the *Meditations* we are face to face with the Man. It is the book of his heart, and has always exercised a great fascination over the minds of independent, thinking people who are guided by reason and experience. Those who have fallen under its spell feel a not unnatural irritation at times when reading the patronizing praise accorded it by various ecclesiastical writers, such as Farrar, for instance. But the latter is very just when he speaks of the supposed persecution of the Christians during the reign of Marcus Aurelius. He is inclined to the belief, from letters written by early Christian Fathers, that cases of persecution were isolated ones, and does not question the fact that the Emperor was unaware of them.

Stoicism and Christianity.—Rouse, in his introduction to Cassaubon's translation of the *Meditations*, draws a comparison between it and the book, *Imitation of Christ*, of course from the point of view of a Christian. But the unbiased mind cannot fail to perceive many traces of conscious righteousness in the *Imitation*. It was primarily intended for publication. Alston, in his *Stoic and Christian*, attempts to compare it with the very self-conscious writings of the Christian Fathers. While the book of the pagan is finding new and eager readers every day, who in this age reads the works of the Christian Fathers? The thoughts set down in the *Meditations* might have been written by any modestly good man of our day; they represent the Universal Man. Time has but added, and will add more and more, glory to this Diary of a much tried man of the second century.

Marcus Aurelius Himself.—Marcus Aurelius began his reign in the year 161 with an act which, if he had never performed another like it, would appear

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to be sufficient evidence of his high-minded generosity. That it proved a dangerous innovation does not detract from the noble impulse which inspired it. This act was the elevation of his adopted brother into full participation of Imperial honors. Lucien Verus proved himself feeble and unworthy in every respect, unless we give him credit for the deference and gratitude he ever showed to the Emperor. The latter not only magnanimously condoned and pardoned the grave faults and misdemeanors of his brother, but sought to conceal them whenever possible. It is sad to reflect that when Lucien Verus died, detractors were not wanting to charge the noble Emperor with having hastened his death. That these unjust and undeserved accusations reached the ears of Marcus Aurelius himself is probable, and it is thought that the knowledge of them may account in a measure for the melancholy that pervades some of the noblest utterances in the *Meditations*.

Appreciation of Others.—It would appear that the very first lesson we learn from them is a sincere appreciation of those about us. Book I was written in camp among the Quadi, amid the clangour of preparations for battle. It is almost entirely a grateful summary of the numerous benefits he had received from his relatives, teachers and associates—as well as the gods. And in Book VI we find this passage: "When thou wishest to delight thyself, think of the virtues of those who live with thee—the activity of one, the modesty of another, the liberality of a third, and some good quality of a fourth." Thus he shows that it was not so much from a strict sense of duty that he dwelt upon the debts he owed to others, as that it pleased his generous heart to do so.

He commences Book II in this wise: "Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong, that it is akin to me, not only of the same blood or seed, but that it participates in the same intelligence and the same portion of the Divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman, nor hate him. For we are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and to turn away."

Brotherhood of Man.—It is interesting to note that compressed within this paragraph are the basic principles of what is now termed "Modern or Advanced Thought." All through the *Meditations* we find this strong insistence upon the Unity of All Things. It was the basis of ancient civilization. The duty of Man to the Whole was made a matter of conscience, and for this reason, public spirit was the political virtue of the pagans. And even in view of the recent disclosures of the corrupt methods employed in some of our legislatures, and in municipal matters, I state with confidence that this spirit has been rapidly developing in the past ten or fifteen years. We call it by various names, "The New Theology," "Universal Brotherhood of Man," "Modern Thought," etc., but call it what we may, it is but the spirit of paganism returning to leaven the sour heaviness of Creed, Dogma and forced Belief. It is taking people off their knees, and teaching them to stand erect and look their fellow men and the Ruling Power in the face. It is telling them that they live in the Now, the Present, and if they are good citizens here, they will also be so in any "Heavenly Home" they may acquire later on.

So subtle has been this leavening process, so gradual the retreat from the individualistic doctrine of orthodox Christianity, that there have been appar-

ently but few opportunities for heresy trials or theological upheavals. Indeed, it has been a time of action, and not so much a time of words. We may say that this spirit first made itself noticeably felt when Voltaire startled the world with his utterances in the early part of the eighteenth century. But it had been struggling to the surface since the Renaissance, marking the close of the ten centuries (which Michellet characterizes as "A thousand years without a bath,") called the Middle Ages,—the ten centuries when theology reigned supreme.

Nearer, and in our own day, Spencer, Ruskin, Mill, Carlyle, Emerson, Huxley, Thoreau, Haeckel, Tolstoy, Maeterlinck and others have wielded and are wielding a mighty influence in arousing this spirit of self-respect and belief in the duty of the One to the Many. We are gradually turning towards the light which made the civilization of the ancient Greeks and Romans so glorious.

"*Ye Are Gods.*"—Most inspiring is the faith of Marcus Aurelius in the "Divinity which is implanted in every breast," and his serene belief in the working out together for good of all that happens to us in this life. Again and again we come upon passages which speak of this Divinity, "the Daemon," within each one of us. That which Emerson called the "Oversoul," and which New Thought writers term variously the "Sub-conscious," "Subliminal Self," "The I" and the "Ego." We are told in the *Meditations* constantly that this Divinity must be followed "as a god," and that in order to keep in harmony with it, all impure, evil or disturbing thoughts must be eliminated. To the pagan philosopher, God was the Universe, of which the popular gods were manifestations. The soul of man was an emanation from this Ruling Power, into which it would eventually be re-absorbed. Only the ignorant and uncultured regarded religion in the nature of a bargain with gods, to whom they paid rites and sacrifices. Much as the Roman Catholics of our day when they pray to the saints and apostles.

Marcus Aurelius says in Book II: "Nothing is more wretched than a man who traverses everything in a round . . . and seeks by conjecture what is in the minds of his neighbors, without perceiving that *it is sufficient to attend to the Daemon within him, and to reverence it sincerely. And reverence of the Daemon consists in keeping it pure from passion and thoughtlessness* and dissatisfaction with what comes from gods and men. For the things from the gods merit veneration for their excellence; and the things from men should be dear to us by reason of kinship; and sometimes even, in a manner, they move our pity by reason of men's ignorance of good and bad; this defect being not less than that which deprives us of the power of distinguishing white and black."

What Is Evil?—Here we have a grand principle of New Thought. What are termed "sins" by Orthodox Christianity—which, it teaches, only a belief in the Atonement can wipe away—are but mistakes made through moral blindness, or ignorance of our relation to the Whole. And such mistakes should move us to compassion rather than to wrath. This principle is finding enthusiastic support in the minds and hearts of men of clear and lofty vision. Judge Cleland, of Chicago, and Judge Lindsey, of Denver, are sounding the clear bugle note of "More love in the Law," and it is drowning in its music the discordant strains of the Hebrew shibboleth, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Evil Is Relative.—Marcus Aurelius in several passages refers to evil as relative. In Book III: "All things come from that Universal Ruling Power, either directly or by way of consequence. And accordingly the lion's gaping jaws, and that which is poisonous, and every hurtful thing, as a thorn, as mud, are after-products of the grand and beautiful. Do not therefore imagine

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In Tune with the Infinite.—"Everything harmonizes with me which is harmonious to thee, O Universe," he cries. "Nothing for me is too early nor too late, which is in due time to thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature." Readers of Thoreau will remember how he tuned his harp to the same strain. "From thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return. The poet says 'Dear city of Cecrops,' and wilt thou not say 'Dear city of Zeus?'" Is there anything as fine in the Psalms? The idea that the Ruling Power had given this world to men purposely to lead them into wickedness could never have entered the mind of Marcus Aurelius. His outer life was not in accord with his studious tastes and peace-loving proclivities, and yet he could celebrate Nature and find happiness on this earth by living in harmony with the Universe, or God.

He exhorts himself to "*Let the Deity which is in thee*" be the guardian of a living being who has taken his post like a man waiting for the signal which summons him from life, and ready to go, having need neither of oath nor of any man's testimony. Be cheerful also and seek not external help nor the tranquillity which others give." We hear now the Stoic speaking. "*A man then must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.*"

Opinions of Others.—We find in the little book frequent insistence upon the necessity of being not affected by the opinions of others, or by their judgments upon us. "Penetrate," he says, "inward into men's leading principles and then thou wilt see what judges thou art afraid of, and what kind of judges they are of themselves." And he quotes from Socrates as saying that the opinions of the many are "bugbears to frighten children."

"Suppose any man shall despise me? Let him look to that himself. But I will look to this, that I be not discovered doing or saying anything deserving of contempt."

Says Emerson: "What I do is all that concerns me, not what people think."

The Inner Self.—"Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, sea-shores, and mountains, and thou too art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose to retire into thyself."

Maeterlinck has said: "Had Oedipus possessed the inner refuge that Marcus Aurelius, for instance, had been able to erect in himself—a refuge whereto he could fly at times—what could destiny then have done? What would she have entrapped in her snares? Would they have contained aught besides the pure light that streams from the lofty soul, as it grows more beautiful still in misfortune?"

"This then remains," adds Marcus Aurelius. "*To retire into this little territory of thy own, and above all do not distract or strain thyself, but be free and look at things as a man, as a human being, as a citizen, as a mortal. But among the things readiest to thy hand to which thou shalt turn, let there be these, which are two. One is that things do not touch the soul, for they are external and remain immovable; but our perturbations come only from the opinion which is within. The other is, that all these things which thou seest, change immediately and will no longer be; and constantly bear in mind how many of these changes thou hast already witnessed. The Universe is transformation; life is opinion.*" And adds: "*Take away thy opinion, and then there is taken away the complaint, 'I have been harmed.' Take away the complaint, 'I have been harmed,' and the harm is taken away.*"

He insists that by keeping his thoughts high and by simply retiring into

them, he will become tranquil, and tells himself that he must have brief and fundamental principles, which, as soon as he recurs to them, "will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely." And admonishes himself also to "remember the arguments by which it has been proved that the world is a kind of political community and be quiet at last." And that if corporeal things tend to distract him, he must consider that when the mind has "once drawn apart and discovered its own power" nothing can fasten upon it.

Fear.—Modern Thought insists that physical, mental and moral welfare depend upon the elimination of fear. Dr. Leavitt says in *Paths to the Heights*, "Fear! Fear! Fear! how it haunts us! Humanity seems to be under its power. Man commonly stands in terror of death because of the beyond into which it ushers him, and which his imagination peoples with horrors." (The pagans knew nothing of this terror, which accounts for their light-heartedness and joy in life. Not until paganism was overthrown by the Asiatic religion, did this dread of death become a nightmare.) "Let Reason," continues Dr. Leavitt, "shake his mind free from such misrepresentations, and irrational fears are at once dissipated. . . . Men live in fear of disease with the pain and disability involved. They live in fear of poverty with its humiliation and privation. . . . Man's salvation from the mental and physical effects of fear lies in control of his own reasoning powers. When he learns that nothing can harm him upon which he has laid his divine interdiction, he will no longer fear."

Marcus Aurelius says: "Let not future things disturb thee, for thou wilt come to them if it be necessary, having with thee *the same reason which thou usest for present things.*" And again: "*The Ruling Faculty does not disturb itself; I mean does not frighten itself or cause itself pain. For the Ruling Faculty itself will not of its own opinion turn itself into such ways.*" And once more: "If thou lookest at that which is before thee, *following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure,* . . . if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to thy nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, *thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.*"

Harmony of All Things.—He constantly recurs to the harmony which rules the entire Universe. "In the series of things those which follow are aptly fitted to those which have gone before; for this series is not like a mere enumeration of disjointed things, which has only a necessary sequence, but it is a rational connection; and as all existing things are arranged together harmoniously, so the things which come into existence exhibit no mere succession, but a certain relationship." And he reminds himself, when averse to rising in the morning, that he does not exist to take his pleasure, but to do the things for which he was brought into the world. "Dost thou not see," he asks, "the little plants, the ants, the spiders, the bees working together to put in order their several parts of the Universe? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being? dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy nature?"

Pain and Praise.—Pains he regards alike with misfortune and annoyance, when considered with reference to ourselves, as being dependent entirely upon our attitude toward them. He says: "The pain which is intolerable carries us off; but that which lasts a long time is tolerable; and *the mind maintains its own tranquillity by retiring into itself and the Ruling Faculty is not made worse. But the parts which are harmed by pain let them, if they can, give their opinion about it.*"

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Of praise, he says: "Everything which is in any way beautiful is beautiful in itself, not having praise as a part of itself. Neither worse then nor better is a thing made by being praised. . . . Is such a thing as an emerald made worse than it was, if it is not praised? Or gold, ivory, purple, a lyre, a little knife, a flower, a shrub?"

The Character of the Thoughts Color the Soul.—Marcus Aurelius believed that the character of the thoughts colored the soul. "Such as are the habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts." And again: "When thou hast been compelled by circumstances to be disturbed in a manner, quickly return to thyself and do not continue out of tune longer than the compulsion lasts; for thou wilt have more mastery over the harmony by continually recurring to it." And once he exclaims: "How easy it is to repel and wipe away every impression which is troublesome, and unsuitable, and immediately to be at tranquillity!"

Destructive Effects of Certain Emotions.—Every psycho-therapist affirms that anger, hatred, suspicion, and even envy, will, if long persisted in, generate poisons in the system, and thus become the primary cause of physical disease in many instances. Marcus Aurelius refers to this when he says that it but remained to be faithful to one's best thoughts, and to ever be in a mood "Free from suspicion, enmity, hatred, and other poisonous distractions."

Direct the Energies.—One of the first lessons I learned from the Editor of THOUGHT when I became his patient was to direct my energies. "Do everything with a purpose," he would reiterate over and over again. "Direct your energies. Concentrate your mind upon some one thing worth while, and cease allowing it to rove at large, leaving you a prey to unguided emotions. Direct the emotions instead of permitting them to rule you." And we find the following in the *Meditations*: "Why should any of these things that happen so much distract thee? Give thyself leisure to learn some good thing and cease roving and wandering to and fro. Thou must also take heed of another kind of wandering, for they are idle in their actions, who toil and labor in this life, and have no certain scope to which to direct all their motions and desires."

Actions of Others.—"What then," He asks, "is that which is able to conduct a man? One thing and only one, Philosophy. But this consists in keeping the Daemon within a man free from violence and unharmed, superior to pains and pleasures, doing nothing without a purpose, nor yet falsely and with hypocrisy, not feeling the need of another man's doing or not doing anything, and besides accepting all that happens, and all that is allotted as coming from thence, wherever it is, from whence he came."

But in the passage which follows, the reader is afforded a more intimate view of the richness of the man's nature, and of the heights to which he had ascended. Maeterlinck has said that "to every man there come noble thoughts that pass across his heart like great white birds." It may be so. But if there be any unfortunates who have never felt the brush of wings, to those who read will come a whirr of pinions, and a flash of white, and over their hearts there will be cast the shadow of that peace and serenity which reigned in the soul of Marcus Aurelius and found expression in these words: "For what will the most violent man do to thee, if thou continuest to be of a kind disposition towards him, and if, as opportunity offers, thou gently admonishest him and calmly convictest his errors at the very time when he is trying to do thee harm, saying: 'Not so, my child; we are constituted for something else. I shall certainly not be injured, but thou art injuring thyself, my child,' and show him with gentle tact and by general principles that this is so."

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I am the enchantress of your soul and my majestic presence admits the entrance of no low pretenders, slothful and weak.

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My beacon light is shining for the *all*, and as I shine through you, the special powers from on high attend you well, that you may deem it not a light that from *you* radiates, but one that shines *through* you, from out the Universal glow.

I am in you the power of clear perception and of inspiration, of expression and of revelation.

In you I am the *Greater Self* that forever thrills with delight to all that is beautiful and true.

I am to you the *Infinite Present* in all its vastness and boundless possibilities, its rivers of flowing love and sparkling gems of health.

I am the limitless wealth of your soul; ineffably pure and true.

In conscious union with me, you shall know of greater glories yet to come, that shall eternally be in a state of unfoldment in the *Eternal Now*; and each and every hour is *now* to you, the supreme one, in which you are achieving unto greater knowledge of the *True*.

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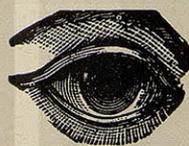
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The July NAUTILUS will be a cracking good number. That splendid story, "A New Fourth of July in Chester," by Josiah Allen's Wife, is just the thing for parents before the Fourth of July. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's new poem, "Man Should Age Grandly," an article by Katherine Quinn on "How to Use Desire," and an article by Mrs. Saint Nihal Singh on "What Thought Looks Like"—besides some splendid editorials by Elizabeth Towne, are some of the things in the July number. Here's a special offer so you can get them all.

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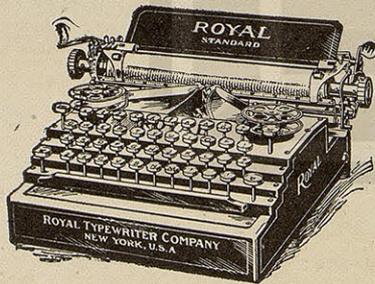
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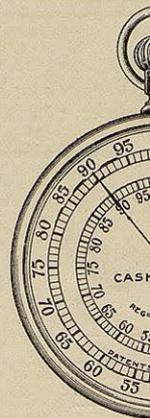
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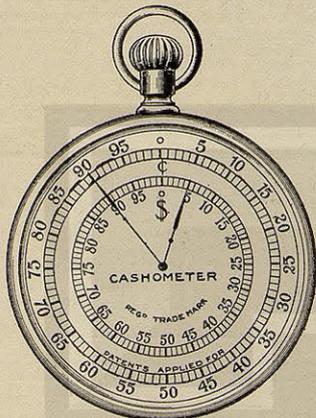
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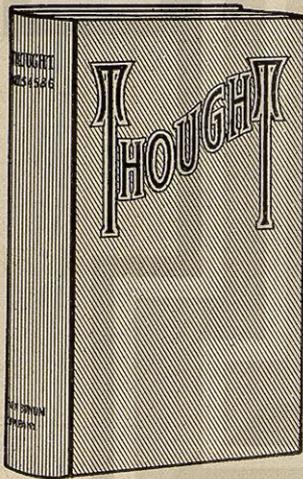
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CELESTIAL LIFE

BY FREDERIC W. BURRY.

You are acquainted with Mr. Burry's writings, for he has written many books and is a contributor to this magazine. He is a strong man and well calculated and equipped to point out the way to better things for you.

JUST GLANCE OVER SOME OF THE SUBJECTS THAT ARE TAKEN UP

DREAMLAND — CREATORSHIP — CONCENTRATION — FREEDOM — FAITH THAT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING—THE HUMAN FAMILY—THE EDUCATIONAL PROCESS—HEALING—ATTITUDE VERSUS PLATITUDE—WONDERFUL POWER OF LANGUAGE—SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE—THE WORLD IS MINE—OUR BELIEFS—A NEW BODY—SUCCESS—COURAGE—THE NIGHT—THE DAYTIME—THE PRINCIPLE OF ATTRACTION—THE MARCH OF MAN—IN THE SILENCE—EXPRESSION—THE SPIRIT OF VENTURE—IDENTITY—THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT—HUNGER AFTER RIGHT-EOUSNESS—EMERGENCY AND PREPARATION—MEMORY—THE LOVER OF THE SOUL—CELESTIAL ILLUMINATION.

You will find all of these subject heads are good ones and topics we are all interested in. Mr. Burry dwells on all of them to such an extent that we cannot help but say after studying it, "Well, I have gotten a lot out of that; there are many pointers that are sure to be a mighty valuable guide to me."

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XVI

sentence is an epigram of wisdom and power.

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OUT FROM THE HEART.

A SEQUEL TO AS A MAN THINKETH.

By JAMES ALLEN.

"Make pure thy heart, and thou wilt make thy life

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Guard well thy mind, and noble, strong, and free,

Nothing shall harm, disturb or conquer thee; For all thy foes are in thy heart and mind, There also thy salvation thou wilt find."

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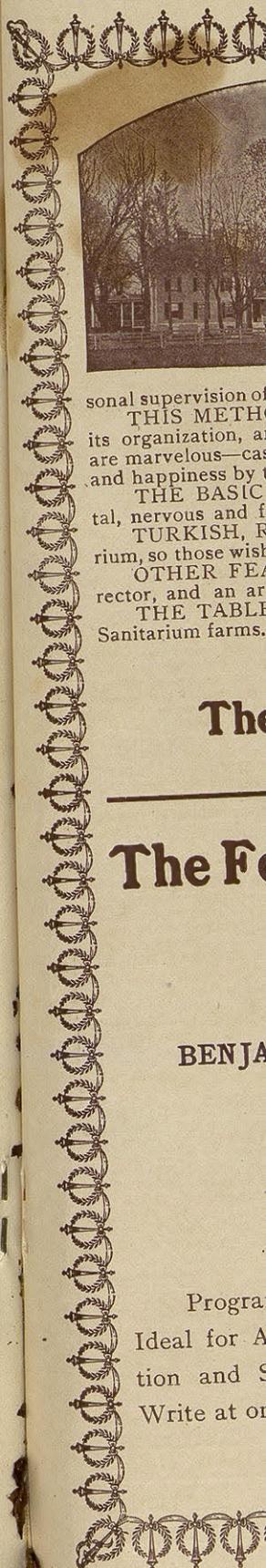
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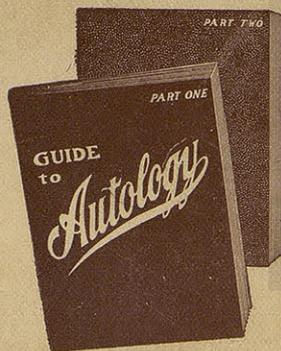
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"One Year Ago Today I began to be an Autologist. Last evening I was telling a friend about it, and she asked me if I would go back to the old way of living, and I answered her, 'No, not for all that is in this world.' I have not had a cold since last August, and not a hint of asthma since last December. I am often asked if I am not afraid it will return, and I say most decidedly, 'No.' I now know what perfectly good health is, and I expect to live one hundred years at least. I wanted to let you know that I have outwitted the doctors who told me that I could never be any better. God bless Autology and its noble author."
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"I would not take \$100.00 for your book."
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Autology is no theory, no fad, no creed. It deals with the practical business of your body and brain as you have learned to deal with the practical business of your home affairs, plants and flowers, your land and grain, your dollars and cents. It tells you how to get the most and best out of every one of your organs and functions; how to cure, cultivate, fertilize and improve them.

It makes health and disease an open book, as clear as day to your own mind, divested of all mystery and dread. Without it you are bound to sicken or suffer or die when you shouldn't. With it there need be no such thing as pain or sickness in your life. Do you realize what that means? That you may see and know for yourself I will send you my



"Guide to Autology"

Valuable books of priceless information that everybody needs.

I ask you almost nothing for this valuable little work which everybody who reads it says contains more truths and good sense and valuable practical advice and information about men's and women's and children's bodies and brains in health and sickness than are obtainable elsewhere at any price.

EVERY CHAPTER IS A GEM
The editor of Health Magazine, published in New York, whose opinion is eagerly sought by thinking people all over the world, has this to say on the Chapter on Digestion: "It is a veritable gem, and will prove a blessing to untold thousands." There are over thirty such gems as fine as you ever want to read. So valuable are they that you'll refuse to lend the "Guide" to even your nearest relative for fear of not getting another.

Every subject is treated not only in a unique way, in plain, everyday language, as interesting as any novel, but it is as vital to your well-being as breathing and eating. Send for it and judge for yourself.

Write your name and address plainly in the coupon on the right, or on your own letter paper, and enclose 10c (a dime or five 2c stamps) and I will send you my "GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY," containing a wealth of information whose health and brain value can't be reckoned in dollars and cents.

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Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago) '89. Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics College of Phys. and Surg. (Chicago); Member of Chicago Medical Society, etc.

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Dear Doctor: I am interested in your offer. I enclose 10c, for which please send me your "Guide to Autology."

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CUT OFF HERE AND MAIL TODAY

To the Intelligent Minority

GIVE LABOR THE VISION OF A FREE EARTH

By Luke North

Being an answer to "Labor Is Life—Not Vision" (Organized Labor, Jan. 22—Olaf A. Tveitmoe, editor, San Francisco) in which it is urged that the dreamer (the radical) is apart from Labor, which is only a "stern reality" without vision, an immovable mass not to be roused, I infer, to anything above the quest of higher wages for itself. This, I would combat and maintain that Labor is of no different clay than dreamers. By its very dreams and visions is Labor betrayed, and by them it might be led to its own unfoldment—could we, the makers of visions, give it a sane and wholesome vision that would stir it to Action.

Comes a voice: "Labor is Life—Not Vision!"
Comes to rebuke the idealists, those "dreamy
men and women filled with ideas."

A voice

Echoing the masters' dictum

That whatever is must be;

And the church's dogma—

A few are chosen of God and many not.

It is not true. What is

"God and my country" but a vision?

What are all the shibboleths of the masters—

Law and Order, Progress, Posterity,

Patriotism, Majesty of the Law,

Preservation of the State—

Would you call them actualities?—
And a thousand other sounding phrases
By which the masses are chained—
What are these but visions?—
False ideals impressed upon Labor,
Dreams (nightmares) dogmas
By which Labor was led to captivity
And is held there?

Labor does not originate its own visions
But its capacity for them is inherent
Unending profound.
Labor is led imprisoned bound
And might be Freed
By visions!

Above all is Labor Vision—
Too much so for that it lacks wisdom
To sift the false from the true
And falls victim to the abstract ideals
Most insistently impressed upon it.
Only by Visions—
By ideals unattainable of narrow petty personal
cash or material considerations—

Shall Labor be led to its own unfoldment,
For only by visions
Is Labor deeply stirred
And blindly led.
As Labor is led to the shambles
So it can be led to the Light—
By Visions.

Give Labor the vision of a Free Earth

And a Splendid Manhood
Here! in this world.
Now!—in this generation.
Give it the vision of an earth free
Of hate and its gallows—
An earth with no prisons or penal codes,
No judges and detectives,
No landlords and paupers—

Give Labor a vision
That will stir its soul to Action,
Awaken its heroism and daring
And Manhood!

Labor is not all blind
All content with its chains.
See, it turns toward the Light—
Yearns for other Visions!

And we meet Labor's soul hunger
With logic! with political economy!
With lectures and resolutions—
Of a thousand differing and contradicting
kinds.

We greet Labor with our own
Lack of Vision
Or with hopeless theologic platitudes
A little changed in phrasing.

Labor staggers confused bewildered
At the multiplicity of counsel.
Our mechanized logic frightens it.
Who shall it follow—
Which ist or ism of a dozen?

And where is the Vision—
The saner, better, purer Ideal
Than "God and my country"?

Labor is not Vision, say you?
Labor is all Vision—a prisoner to its visions.
It is we who think a little
That lack vision.

Think a little harder, friends—
Open the heart—
And back will come the vision—
The beautiful vision of a Free Earth
Without paupers, parasites, and prostitutes—
The vision we have lost
In wrangling over its distant details,
In debating how (not) to obtain it—
The vision of a decenter Home for Man
On Earth—on a free earth!—
Forgetful that only Labor can build it.

We have lost the Vision.
Open the Heart for its return.
Let it burn out
The dissonances of our differences
And knit us into a compact priesthood
To lead the human mass
To its own unfoldment.

With our regained Vision
Let us greet Labor.
With our Vision
We will arouse in Labor
Its deepest wildest strongest
Holiest and boldest Passion—

Of man for Man,
The passion of Life and daring
And High Adventure
That shall tread down
Tyrants and tyranny,
Exploiters and exploitation,
In a mad mighty rush of Man
Toward the Light—
In a sweep as impetuous
As a band of a thousand bisons
Obliterating everything in its path—
As irresistibly as the manhood of Europe
Swept across the nations and the seas
To rescue the Holy Sepulchre!

Labor has no vision?
It once had!
And can have again.

Labor has no Vision!
Whose fault is that?
Ours.
We, the makers of visions—
The natural priesthod of the mass—
We have failed
To give Labor a Vision.

When in distrust
Of its theologic visions
It turns to us
We give it—economics!

Labor has had visions,
Has one now
Hell's vision of death and hate and murder

In Europe.
And in America
It clings doubtfully to the old visions,
The masters' visions—
But its face is turned our way
And in its eyes is a cosmic hunger
A world longing—a mute
Searching passion for a New Vision
Ere it plunges
To another sea of blood.

No vision!
Let us give it a Vision—
An impracticable unattainable
Dream Vision!
In its rush to gain which
It may strike off many chains
And at the mid-goal
Find itself on a Free Earth
Potentially its own master.

Do we fear?
Do we doubt?
What is it that stays us?
Shall the mass be led only by evil visions?
Can't the mass be led by
Love as well as hate?
Can't it be easier led by
Love than by hate—
To its own unfolding
Than its own undoing?

The cosmic tide of human progression
The world wave of democratization

The trend of all the human centuries
Are ours to use.
They await intelligent employment.
They point the way
Of Least Resistance!
Kings priests exploiters
Have to battle against them.
They are on our side.
All the Powers of Light, seen and unseen,
known and guessed,
Will aid us.
Love and intelligence—
The human head and heart—
All their highest mightiest values—
Those that have saved the race
From extinction
In its darkest hours—
All will be on our side!

Impracticable!
It is the only practicable
Move on the human horizon—
The only one that will achieve
Anything worth crossing the street to get.
It is the only move
That can win!

Greed's tyranny is
Increasing!
In America, as elsewhere.
Its victims grow more numerous
Every year.
Manhood is waning!
Your hope of further education

Is futile
On a monopolized earth!
Why do we haggle and hesitate—
We, the Intelligent Minority of America?
If Labor has no Vision—
The fault is ours.
Come, let us regain our Vision
And show it to Labor—to the human mass—
And start them on
The Holiest Crusade
The weary old world has ever known!—
Man's Great Adventure—the quest
For the human alkahest!

Reprinted from Everyman
for February, 1916
Los Angeles
621 American Bank Bldg.



THE GREAT ADVENTURE

To restore the Land and its resources to the
People on Equal Terms
All who Care will Unite on this single basic
demand (regardless of method)
And awaken the Spiritual Impetus of the mass
to Enforce it—immediately.

When to the new eyes of thee
All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linked are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star.

Francis Thompson

Your Farm Can Provide

Salvage for Victory

America's War Factories Need:

Scrap Metals

Old Rags

Old Rubber

Waste Paper

Start Saving These Today! Get in the Scrap!

Keep this folder for handy reference

America must have raw materials to make the weapons our fighting men need for victory. Many of these materials can be made from so-called waste and scrap. Here is another opportunity for every American farmer to take an active part in the total effort we must have for total victory.

Iron and steel scrap are especially in demand to help make ships, tanks, guns, and ammunition.

Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard has recently said that America's program "is seriously threatened by actual and impending shortages of iron and steel scrap. In addition, civilian shortages of steel, including metal for farm implements and parts needed by farmers, will be more severe if steel mills cannot be kept running at capacity. Farms have long been one of the most important sources of scrap metal. Therefore, it is a patriotic duty to see that the scrap be made available for use."

Every farm can get in the scrap—for Victory. So let's go—Today!

WHAT TO SAVE

Scrap Metals:

Iron, steel, brass, copper, zinc, aluminum, lead, etc. are needed. Dispose of discarded tools and farm implements such as worn-out rakes, mowers, hay loaders, cultivators, binders, tractors, scythes (also barbed wire and fencing if you are within reach of a dealer with a hydraulic press), boilers, metal roofing, stoves, wash basins, broken milk pails, pipe and hardware, batteries, fruit jar tops, and anything else made of metal, except tin cans which in most communities cannot be reclaimed.

Burlap Bags and Old Rags:

Cotton bags and all kinds of burlap can be reused. Try to return these in as good condition as possible. Old shirts, underwear, mattresses, sheets, pillows and towels,

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discarded carpets, flour, sugar, and feed bags are needed too—for reuse in factories as wiping rags and as roofing and flooring materials in emergency construction.

Old Rubbers

Discarded auto tires and tubes, rubbers, and overshoes can be reclaimed for military uses—and to make new tires and tubes.

Waste Paper:

Save waste paper—don't burn it! Wrapping paper, cardboard cartons and boxes, paper bags, newspapers, and magazines are needed to make new paperboard to pack foods, airplane and tank parts, shells and ammunition, and other articles. Save baby chick boxes for reuse, too, if you can return them to hatcheries.

HOW TO SAVE

Keep rags, metals, and rubber separately.

Flatten out cartons, boxes. Tie in neat bundles; keep dry and clean.

Pile newspapers and magazines separately and tie in separate bundles.

Roll fencing and barbed wire into tight rolls or coils.

HOW TO DISPOSE OF WASTE

You may either sell your collection of waste materials to a collector (junk man) or give it to charities, schools, or other organizations which collect such materials.

If you prefer to sell and a collector does not come by your farm:

1. Consult a member of your County U. S. Department of Agriculture War Board. Your county agent and your AAA chairman are two of the members.

2. Take your collection to the nearest junk dealer's yard. *By doing so you will help relieve the strain on collection facilities.*

If you prefer to donate your collection, you may arrange with a local charity, or other organization to collect it, or else take it to them.

Your U. S. Department of Agriculture County War Board, which is cooperating with the salvage committees of State and local Defense Councils, can give you advice or help in making arrangements. Consult them if your scrap is too heavy to move without dismantling.

Do not scrap useful machinery. Parts of discarded equipment, such as bolts, gears, etc., that can be useful in repairing newer machinery should be removed and stored and only the remaining useless metal parts scrapped.

IMPORTANT

This is a large country. Parts of it are so far from the mills that use waste paper, old rags, and rubber that it is not practical to collect and ship them hundreds or thousands of miles. If you are not sure about what materials can be salvaged in your neighborhood, consult a dealer or your U. S. Department of Agriculture War Board.

Every farm can get in the scrap—for Victory. **So let's go—Today!**

Issued by

THE BUREAU OF INDUSTRIAL CONSERVATION
WAR PRODUCTION BOARD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

In Cooperation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture

A STRANGE CONVERSATION

By W. E. BROKAW

[In the Fall of 1914]

One hears strange things these days. I am a solicitor. Just now I am getting members for a co-operative society which aims to cut out the middlemen, about whom so many people kick. The other day I happened to overhear a conversation between one of our new members and a local merchant. When the latter approached him, our member said: "Hey, Mr. Cooper, what are you selling sugar for now?"

"Eight dollars a sack."

"Don't want anything for it, do you? If you fellows don't quit putting up the price of things we'll all have to quit eating."

"What can you expect, Mr. Power, with such a big European war on?"

"What's the war got to do with it? I tell you, it's just a hold-up by the trusts and you middlemen."

"If you keep on, Power, you'll be as bad a crank as that man Fair."

"Who's he?"

"Haven't heard of him? Why, he's the fellow who wants to put us all on a dead level, financially, by making land and money free."

"I don't know as that would be so awful bad. It's a sure cinch nobody made the land, and it don't take much work to manufacture money."

"I didn't think you were quite so crazy. Why, Fair says that all that we exchange is work; that nature contributes a part of every product, so that when our dollar is redeemable in gold it measures our exchanges by results instead of work, and thus puts a price on the part nature contributes."

"Is that so? Never heard of that before, but, hanged if I don't believe he's right, Cooper."

"Just what I said. You'll be as crazy as he is soon. Why, he says that a dollar ought to read like this: \$1. This note will be received instead of one hour's adult human work. Now, you know that's crazy. Why, I know men who can do four times as much as other men, in an hour!"

"Yes; and so do I, Cooper. But you know, and so do I,

that most of us are misfits. We have to work at what seems to pay the best, not at what we are best suited to. Why, I've heard that something like ninety percent of the children in America have to leave school before or by fourteen, forced to put their noses to the grindstone before they've had a chance to know what they're good for."

"That sounds just like Fair. He says that when wealth-getting is difficult for the masses, the wealth-getting desire directs all other desires. And so he proposes to make wealth-getting so easy for all that one hour's work a day will be enough to provide all of each one's necessities. Then, he says, the desire for esteem will take the place of the desire for wealth-getting, and that everyone will seek to merit esteem by doing something useful. Why, that's visionary!"

"I guess so, Cooper. You know Herbert Spencer said that the worse the state of society at any time the more visionary must a true code of morals appear."

"But you know, Power, that it wouldn't be the right thing to pay a common day laborer the same as a skilled worker who has spent years in qualifying."

"I dunno. John Stuart Mill said that men move things about and nature does all the rest. And Adam Smith said that there was less difference between a learned professor and a street porter than between two breeds of dogs: that, without the division and exchange of labor, each would be kept so busy doing everything that none could become skilled. And Henry George seemed to think that the differences were largely a matter of opportunity. So, there you are."

"But some men are born lazy. You can't make them work."

"I guess you're right, Cooper. And it takes a lot of us industrious fellows to keep them supplied with luxuries. But, WHAT WOULD THEY DO IF NO ONE COULD GET A DOLLAR WITHOUT WORKING AN HOUR FOR IT?"

"You're dodging, Power, and you know it. You know there are lots of workingmen who soldier all they can, Their only interest is in the pay they get."

"Well, that's natural. It's the Almighty Dollar we're all after. What was that you were just telling me Fair said about the wealth-getting desire?"

"He said that, where wealth-getting is difficult for the masses, the desire for wealth is the dominant desire—the one that shapes and controls all the other desires—and we seek to gratify it with the least exertion."

"Yes. And then he said something about the desire for esteem, didn't he?"

"Yes. He said that, where wealth-getting is easy for all, the desire for esteem will be the dominant desire, and can be gratified only by meriting esteem; and that we will then seek to get esteem by following the line of least resistance."

"Hold on, Cooper. Let me put that together. In other words Fair claims that all that is necessary to change the determining incentive to human action from wealth-getting to esteem-getting is to make wealth-getting easy for all. And he says that a dollar redeemable in one hour's work will make wealth-getting easy for all, does he?"

"Yes. He says that, altogether regardless of the possible differences in the productive power of different persons, a currency which passes nature's part of every product from primary producer to ultimate consumer free—that's the way he puts it—and makes the equivalence of all exchange that of hour for hour of human work, MUST make wealth-getting easy for all. But it sounds like the veriest rot to me."

"No doubt. You commercialists don't know much about nature, anyway. But that does look good to me. Can you remember any more of his 'rot'?"

"Yes, lots of it. He just hangs around and talks it to everyone he can get to listen to him. I've heard it till I know it all by heart."

"By memory, you mean. If it was in your heart you'd be glad it was in your head, too."

"Come, now, don't crack any of your jokes on me."

"Thought you were hard enough to crack anything on. But I know you're aching to enlighten me. It's not every time we meet that you can tell me something new on such questions. So I know you'll enjoy putting it over me even if you don't believe it yourself."

"Been studying phrenology lately, Power?"

"Never mind what I've been studying. Just go on with that story."

"Well, seeing it's you, I'll do it. Fair says that such a currency will make the whole result of every hour's work exchangeable for the whole result of any other hour's work. That is, that the purchasing power of every hour's work will be the same, no matter where applied or in what occupation. So that no one will pay anything for the use of one location in preference to another—on account of nature's different yield—nor work at an unsuitable occupation."

"Yes, I see. With the purchasing power of every hour's work the same, wealth-getting is as easy for one as for another. That is, it's easy for all. That it?"

"That's what he says. I can't see it."

"Well, never mind what you can see. Just go on with the story."

"Well, he says that puts the desire for esteem in control of all our other desires, and removes the pecuniary incentive from human actions; so that, in following the line of least resistance to the satisfaction of the dominant desire, we will be impelled to do those things which will merit esteem in preference to those which merely acquire wealth."

"Yes, yes! So the amount of exertion we will then be willing to put forth for wealth will depend first upon what effect it will have on our getting the desired esteem."

"That's what Fair says. And he says that when an hour's work has the same purchasing power, regardless of the location upon which it is applied, every location will be 'as good' as any other; so that natural resources will yield no rent and have no value."

"Just wait a minute, Cooper. Did he say anything about the taxation of land values?"

"Oh, he said that Henry George said that it was the capacity of yielding rent that gave value to land, and that until its ownership will confer some advantage, land has no value. And Fair says that advantages of land ownership come, first, from nature's varying yield to equal effort, and, second, from our practice of requiring one set of persons to pay public expenses and another to reap the benefits."

"What's he going to do about that last item?"

"Why, he says that the public expense consists entirely of human work, and that if it is apportioned according to benefits—which he says would be according to their distance from centers of population—there will be no advantage of locations resulting from public expenses. Then he says that his wonderful dollar will carry nature's bounties without price to consumers, they paying only for the work involved in production; and so land will yield no rent and have no value. How absurd! Who would want land if it wasn't worth anything?"

"Well, Cooper, I guess no one would—but the fellows who wanted to use it."

"He says that we don't exchange products. That what we really exchange is the work we store in the products. So that, if we measure exchanges by work alone, na-

ture's bounties will yield no rent: that labor cost will be the only cost."

"What does he mean by labor cost?"

"He says that labor cost will then not mean what it costs to maintain laborers, but the work that the product costs the laborer."

"That's an ideal! He didn't get that out of any work on political economy. I'll bet."

"Him? It all comes out of his crazy head! He says that the 'love of money' is nothing but the domination of the wealth-getting desire. That the incentives to human activity generated and sustained by these two desires are directly opposite. That when every hour's adult human work has the same purchasing power, wealth-getting will be so easy for all that the pecuniary incentive to a choice of occupations will give way to natural inclinations. That there will then be no misfits in industry; no soldiering; no grafting; no more lack of workers' interest in their work. That the stimulating incentive to every human action will be to merit esteem, not to get wealth."

"How can all that filter thru your memory without leaving any impression on your reason, Cooper?"

"Oh, it's Utopian! Sounds well, but it's all sound—noise! Air castles! Day dreams! The good Lord made some bad and some good. There always has been a struggle for wealth, and there always will be. Fair's scheme isn't practical. He's a well-meaning man—good fellow. But his head's up in the clouds."

"But I'll bet his feet are on the earth. Just the same, I'm much obliged to you for giving me his ideas. I'll hunt him up some day and get more."

"Just like you, Power. Always chasing rainbows."

As the merchant disappeared I heard our new member murmur to himself, "What fools we mortals be."

* * *

Other equitist leaflets by W. E. Brokaw:—

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THE AMERICAN CIRCUS



Old things that are good, beat new things that are bad a darn sight, so we have concluded to reprint an "old thing" which was written by W. S. Morgan many years ago. It follows:

"You Filipinos don't know what you are missing by not wanting to become citizens of this grand country of ours. There isn't anything like it under the sun. You ought to send a delegation over to see us—the land of the free—land of fine churches and 180,000 licensed saloons; Bibles, forts and guns, houses of prostitution; millionaires and paupers; theologians and thieves; libertines and liars; politicians and poverty; Christians and chain gangs; schools and scalawags; trusts and tramps; money and misery; homes and hunger; virtue and vice; a land where you can get a good Bible for 15 cents and a bad drink of whisky for 5 cents; where we have a man in Congress with three wives and a lot in the penitentiary for having two wives; where some men make sausage out of their wives, and some want to eat them raw; where we make bologna out of dogs, canned beef out of horses and sick cows, and corpses out of the people who eat it; where we put a man in jail for not having the means of support and on the rock pile for asking for a job of work; where we license bawdy houses and fine men for preaching Christ on the street corners; where we have a Congress of 400 men who make laws and a supreme court of nine men who set them aside; where good whisky makes bad men and bad men make good whisky; where newspapers are paid for suppressing the truth

(OVER)

and made rich for teaching a lie; where professors draw their convictions from the same place they do their salaries; where preachers are paid \$25,000 a year to dodge the devil and tickle the ears of the wealthy; where business consists of getting hold of property in any way that won't land you in the penitentiary; where trusts 'hold up' and poverty 'holds down'; where men vote for what they do not want for fear they will get what they do want by voting for it. Where thieves can vote and women can't; where a girl who goes wrong is made an outcast and her male partner flourishes as a gentleman; where women wear false hair and men 'dock' their horses' tails; where the political wire-puller has displaced the patriotic statesman; where men vote for a thing one day and cuss it 364 days; where we have prayers on the floor of our National Capitol and whisky in the cellar; where we spend \$500 to bury a statesman who is rich and \$10.00 to put away a working man who is poor; where to be virtuous is to be lonesome and to be honest is to be a crank; where we sit on the safety-valve of energy and pull wide open the throttle of conscience; where gold is substance—the one thing sought for; where we pay \$15,000 for a dog and 15 cents a dozen to a poor woman for making shirts; where we teach the 'untutored' Indian eternal life from the Bible and kill him off with bad whisky; where we put a man in jail for stealing a loaf of bread and in Congress for stealing a railroad; where the checkbook talks, sin walks in broad daylight, justice is asleep, crime runs amuck, corruption permeates our whole social and political fabric, and the devil laughs from every street corner. Come to us, Fillies. We've got the greatest aggregation of good things and bad things, hot things and cold things, all sizes, varieties and colors, ever exhibited under one tent."

One hundred copies of this leaflet "The American Circus" for one dime; one thousand for a dollar, postage prepaid.

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW, Pontiac Bldg.,
St. Louis, Mo.

NONPARTISAN CAMPAIGN RALLY

of organized farmers and organized labor to launch a people's crusade to capture the state of Minnesota for government of the people, by the people, and for the people



St. Paul Municipal Auditorium
March 19, 20, 21
1918

Under the Auspices of the
National Nonpartisan League

**Farmers' and Workers'
National Nonpartisan League
Campaign Rally**

Tuesday, 2 p. m.
MARCH 19TH, 1918

Patriotic band selection—Minnesota State band, Tony Snyder, conductor.

J. M. Clancy, president St. Paul Trades and Labor Assembly, chairman.

Singing of "Star Spangled Banner," by audience, accompanied by the Minnesota State band and Winifred Von Wald, soprano, soloist.

Address of Welcome—Oscar E. Keller, Public Utilities commissioner, St. Paul.

Magnus Johnson of Litchfield responds to address of welcome in behalf of farmers.

Patriotic band selection—Minnesota State band. Jules J. Anderson of Duluth Trades and Labor Assembly responds to address of welcome in behalf of labor of northern Minnesota.

Mrs. Hulda Harold Bain of California—"Loyalty." Wife of Capt. Robert Thurston Bain, chief of the U. S. Bureau of Navigation, Honolulu.

Winifred Von Wald, soprano, solo—"America".

Tuesday, 8 p. m.
MARCH 19TH, 1918

Returns from the city election will be announced between speeches.

Patriotic selection by the Minnesota State band. C. L. Mayo, president of the Minneapolis Trades and Labor Assembly, chairman.

Winifred Von Wald, soprano, soloist.

Walter Thomas Mills of Berkeley, Cal.—"Despotism or Democracy."

Patriotic selection by the Minnesota State band. Albert Blair of New York—"The Press."

Thomas Van Lear, mayor of Minneapolis—"Loyalty and Politics."

Wednesday, 10 a. m.
MARCH 20TH, 1918

George Grenville, chairman of labor's Joint Legislative Committee, chairman.

Patriotic selection by the Minnesota State band. Judson King of Washington, D. C., executive secretary of Popular Government league—"The Fight for Popular Government."

R. B. Martin of Montana—"Enforcing Law in Montana."

Wednesday, 2 p. m.
MARCH 20TH, 1918

Magnus Johnson, Litchfield, Minn., chairman. Herbert Hoover's message to producers and consumers of the Northwest.

Governor Frazier of North Dakota—"The Farmer and Democracy."

Red Cross representative will make appeal. President A. C. Townley of the National Nonpartisan League—"Politics and Free Speech."
Collection for the Red Cross.

Wednesday, 8 p. m.
MARCH 20TH, 1918

George Grenville, chairman of labor's Joint Legislative Committee, chairman.

J. M. Clancy.

T. E. Tillquist, B. of L. F. & E.

Louis Sharpless, B. of L. E.

C. E. Fitzgerald, O. of R. C.

T. J. McGrath, B. of R. T.

A. E. Smith, railroad shop crafts.

Geo. W. Lawson, secretary Minnesota State Federation of Labor.

Lynn Thompson, general organizer, Minneapolis Trades and Labor Association.

Gilbert Hyat.

Thursday, 10 a. m.
MARCH 21ST, 1918

David Paquin, chairman state executive committee, Nonpartisan League, will preside.

Selection by Minnesota State band.

George D. Brewer—"What the Nonpartisan League Will Do."

Ben F. Wilson—"The Farmer and the Working Man."

Rev. S. R. Maxwell—"The Farmer and Progress."

J. M. Anderson, president Equity Co-Operative exchange.

Thursday, 2 p. m.
MARCH 21ST, 1918

David Paquin, chairman state executive committee, Nonpartisan League, will preside.

O. M. Thomason—"Why Is the Nonpartisan League?"

A. E. Bowen—"The Minnesota Situation."

Candidates indorsed by the Nonpartisan League for state offices.

Resolutions will be read and adopted.

Thursday, 8 p. m.
MARCH 21ST, 1918

A. C. Townley, presiding, will speak on "The Message of the Farmers to the Workers."

The Nonpartisan candidate for governor will speak.

The Nonpartisan candidate for attorney general will speak.

Patriotic selection by the Minnesota State band.

Hon. James Manahan—"Minnesota's Opportunity."

The audience will sing "The Star Spangled Banner," accompanied by the Minnesota State band.

For further information see Carl Beck, Secretary in Charge (desk next to platform.)

Go to the Booths

They may have something
of interest to you

Information Booths

They have literature and perhaps can
answer your questions. Take a look.

Button Booths

If you have not a "We'll Stick" but-
ton, go there for one. If you can use
more let them know.

Minnesota Leader Booths

There are two of them. Take a look
at the cartoons there and inquire
about the live wire paper. You will
be more alive than ever if you read
it.

The New Freedom

That is President Wilson's book,
which is gripping all liberals. It
talks like the Nonpartisan League,
only much better. Go to the Infor-
mation Dept. Booth and take a look.



PREAMBLE

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

THE working class and the employing class have 'nothing in common'. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



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TENTATIVE PROGRAM OF DISCUSSION

for the

**First American Conference on
Democracy and Terms
of Peace**

to be held at the

HOLLAND HOUSE

Fifth Avenue and Thirtieth Street

New York City, May 30 and 31, 1917

A CALL TO ACTION

It is now less than six weeks since the United States entered the World War. In that short space of time the grip of militarist hysteria has fastened itself upon the country: conscription is being placed upon our statute books; the pernicious "gag" bill is about to be forced through Congress; standards to safeguard labor, carefully built up through years, have been swept aside; the right of free speech has been assailed; halls have been closed against public discussion, meetings broken up, speakers arrested—and now the danger of a permanent universal military training law confronts us.

While all this military organization is going on in America, rumors of peace come to us from Germany, Austria, Italy and Russia. Shall it be said that we, the latest to enter the war, are less concerned about the early establishment of a peace based on justice for all?

We call on all American citizens to unite with us in the First American Conference on Democracy and Terms of Peace, at the Holland House, on May 30 and 31, to discuss how best we can aid our government in bringing to ourselves and the world a speedy, righteous and enduring peace.

May 7, 1917.

Tentative Program

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

This program was agreed to by a group of New York citizens representing various labor, socialist, religious, pacifist and civic organizations, who met at the Astor Hotel on May 2. Upon its adoption, it was voted to call a National Conference for the discussion of the points therein set forth, and to invite to the Conference individuals and societies in substantial agreement with it.

It goes without saying that this Tentative Platform is subject to revision and change by the National Conference. The Astor Hotel gathering felt that a beginning must be made in the direction of focusing public opinion on the issues arising out of America's entrance into the world conflict. Such a beginning once made a nation-wide discussion is bound to ensue. As a result of such discussion a real People's Platform for Democracy and Peace can then be framed by the Conference.

The Committee submits this program to newspapers, labor organizations, churches, peace societies, socialist locals, fraternal bodies, open forums, women's clubs, missionary societies, chambers of commerce, town meetings, and to individuals, and invites them to send in criticisms and suggestions.

PREAMBLE.

United in our love for America we are convinced that we can best serve our country by urging upon our countrymen the adoption of the following program:

1. PEACE.

The conference favors a speedy and universal peace in harmony with the principles outlined by the President of the United States and by Revolutionary Russia, and endorsed substantially by the Social Democratic organizations of Italy, France, Germany and Austria and the

liberal and democratic forces of England and other countries, namely:

- (a) No forcible annexation of territory.
- (b) No punitive indemnities.
- (c) Free development of all nations.

We favor all steps leading to international reorganization for the maintenance of peace based upon the principle of obligatory adjudication of disputes among nations, disarmament, neutralization of the great waterways, trading on equal terms between all nations, and protection of small nations.

We urge the government of the United States immediately to announce its war aims in definite and concrete terms upon the above principles and to make efforts to induce the allied countries to make similar declarations, thus informing our public for what concrete objects they are called upon to fight and forcing a definite expression of war aims on the part of the Central Powers.

We demand that this country shall make peace the moment its announced aims shall have been achieved without waiting for the territorial ambitions of the belligerents to be realized. We further demand that it shall make no agreement with other governments limiting its power so to do or any agreement or understanding looking toward an economic war after the war.

2. DEMOCRACY.

The Conference pledges itself:

- (a) To oppose all laws for compulsory military training and service.
- (b) To uphold freedom of conscience and to support conscientious objectors.

- (c) To defend the constitutional rights of freedom of speech, press and assemblage during the war.
- (d) To work for the democratization of the diplomacy of the United States, including the principle of the referendum on declarations of war, and upon concluding alliances with foreign nations.

3. ECONOMIC POLICIES.

- (a) The Conference is opposed to the nullification or suspension of progressive labor legislation during the war; to the suspension or curtailment of the rights of the working class.
- (b) It demands that none of the revenue required for the prosecution of the war shall come from taxation of the necessaries of life, but that all war funds shall be raised by heavy taxation upon profits of war industries, by a heavy and progressive income tax, and by federal inheritance taxes.

ORGANIZING COMMITTEE

Emily Greene Balch	Walter Fuller
James J. Bagley	Morris Hillquit
Joseph D. Cannon	Judah L. Magnes
Harry W. L. Dana	Rebecca Shelly
	Norman L. Thomas

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Louis P. Lochner	Joy Young
Elisabeth Freeman	Roy Brazzle

TREASURER

Alfred J. Boulton

For further information apply to Organizing Secretary, Room 61, Holland House, New York City.