

“Truth is mighty and will prevail.”

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The New Year

by Gertrude W. Van Pelt



THROUGH force of habit, if for no other reason, the opening day of the year has come to be a sort of pivotal time. It is a time when people are accustomed to look back over the past, and forward into the future—a time of balancing accounts, of forming fresh resolves. And although it may not be regarded seriously by many, although they may simply hail it as a joyous festival, although the new resolutions may be quickly forgotten, and the picture of higher ideals seen may fade on the morrow, yet it is nevertheless a day when many more than usual have glimpsed the realities of their lives, when at least for a moment there has been a common repentance of foolishness and a common desire for something better.

For this reason, if for no other, New Year's Day becomes an important one to a Theosophist. Because the minds of men are centered on it, a force is generated which can be utilized. The human soil is favorable for the planting of seeds which shall shape events. So it is a day of opportunities, not only to face life's difficulties in a new way, but to create new opportunities.

For the future is made up of two elements, that which has been already planted there by us and that which is yet unshapen, the subtle mass of latent possibilities waiting for our creative touch. Could we quickly turn the pages of time that are as yet closed to us, we should not find them blank, but scattered

on them more or less richly in many places, the results of what we have already done and thought. The obligations of our past await us, and inevitably we must travel to meet them, quickly, if we will, or slowly. They lie before us, and are in a sense accomplished. But into the yet unshapen mass, what might we not inject, what might we not yet write on the pages of that book of which we are the authors! We cannot rub out the lines in the pictures we have already made, but we can build around them, we can use them as parts of a new creation, so that they will tell quite another story to the waiting world. We can transform a picture of pain into an image of joy. Just as a master artist can manipulate his materials to produce any desired result; just as any color may be beautiful or ugly according to its place in relation to other colors; just as any line may be added to, so that its whole meaning is changed; just as any discords may be separated and combined to form chords of harmony, so may we with the infinite resources of our souls at command, modify, transform, create anew that which we have already thrown on the screen of time. The future is in our hands. We are the masters of our own destiny.

New Year's Day is also a time when the true ideals become somewhat clearer. All public days are more or less mirror days, for they throw out and emphasize the national characteristics. But because of the accumulation of aspirations, New Year's Day is a time when truth becomes more apparent. It is not always the things which appear agreeable which are the most worth having. Our attractions and desires indicate our place in evolution for the time being, and may or may not be in harmony with a true ideal. Even now we can all look back and see much that we thought necessary, much that we once longed for, relegated to the past as unnecessary and undesirable. We have outgrown them. If we view life superficially, we are apt to seek positions or environments which are the most pleasing, but these may be evanescent, may even turn bitter. Because of our wonderful dual natures, we shall only find lasting, true satisfaction in the gratification of those desires which are the desires of the soul. We have to look deeper than the surface to find ourselves, and also to read the meaning of the elements of life we find about us. And we cannot afford to let public opinion form our tastes or guide our efforts.

Indeed, knowing the condition of the world today, what recommendation is it to anything to be popular? The present conditions are formed by, are the result of, the present ideals, and those who would become factors in altering and bettering the conditions, must brave public opinion. I am sure that Katherine Tingley and her students would be discouraged if humanity remained as it is, and Theosophy were popular. They would know that it meant that it was the real thing only in name; that it had been degraded. Humanity remaining as it is, they would be disappointed if Theosophy were not persecuted. Persecu-

tion affords opportunities to unmask evil, and call white white, and black black. Nothing is feared by a true Theosophist, for the unlimited powers, the unlimited resources of the universe stand behind this Movement. All Nature sustains it. It has challenged the evil-doers everywhere, even to the remotest corners of the earth. Do you think it does not expect persecution? This is one of the signs of the times, that an organized movement, which insists upon a pure, clean life, which will enter into no compact with the devil, which is uncompromising in its demand for justice, for honesty, which is determined to clear away the hideous rubbish of centuries, to sweep the earth clean of its rottenness, and fill it with beauty and love and sweetness—it is certainly an important sign of the times, one which those who run can read, that such a Movement should be persecuted.

It is also a mighty and soul-stirring sign that such a Movement exists on earth today.

One who reads these signs need be no great prophet to foretell a year which must be pregnant with results. The devils are on fire, and the gods have entered the arena in plain sight! And ere long the whole world will be forced to engage in the battle.

Many who fancy they stand for the right, but think they cannot afford to assert it because of their material interests, may find themselves swept from off their feet by the mighty currents which are gathering momentum every day, and dashed against the rocks, with which selfishness has covered the earth.

The truth of these words of William Q. Judge grow more and more apparent every day. He wrote:

Let me say one thing I know: Only the feeling of true brotherhood, of true love toward humanity, aroused in the soul of some one strong enough to stem this tide, can carry us through. For love and trust are the only weapons that can overcome the real enemies against which the true lover of humanity must fight.

The battle is entered upon, the deeper forces which go to make up human life are stirred, and on this New Year's Day we can more easily rise to one of the mountain tops of thought and survey the field. We can look back into the ages at the wasted human efforts, at the petty motives that have incited to action, at the subtle and persuasive enemies that have led men off the track, leaving them to die alone. We can see the many, the nations even, that have perished, leaving only the echo of their mistakes to confuse the children who followed them. We can see the will-o'-the-wisps which they have chased, mistaking them for the light of truth, and which have led them nowhere. Above all we can see the lack of united effort, the overwhelming influences that have been at work to scatter and disconnect.

On the other hand, we may turn to the future, unformed and undefiled—the future rich with promises of which we are all a part, as we have been of the past, and which we can make glorious if we will.

We can see something new arising out of the ashes of our mistakes, and taking form before our eyes—beautiful in its purity and strength—and bearing aloft the banner of Truth, Light and Liberation for all mankind.

May all the world seek the heights on this New Year's Day! May they read aright the lessons of the past and the promises of the future, and may they resolve to make every day one of high purpose, a true New Year's Day.

The Tie That Binds Us

by C. W.



THE superficial student of the current of events during the last two centuries, becomes enthused over the progress made in the Western world. Various fields of discovery have wrought a marvelous change in the affairs of men during that period. The store-house of Nature has been made to give up many of her secrets, and we have arrived at a point of knowledge undreamed of by our ancestors of a century ago. So rapidly has all this been realized, and so many are the possibilities of even greater import which are now glimmering in the vague light of the yet unknown, that people are beginning to lose the habit of talking of the world's attainment as a known quantity. Expectation is in the air everywhere; in the religious, political, social, and scientific worlds.

Excellent as these results may be from one point of view, yet the more important question as to whether they have advanced in due proportion the sum of human happiness and real progress, may well give us pause. Have they, in fact, diminished crime, hunger, squalor and misery among the masses of the people? Have they brought us enlightenment on the vast problems which threaten the stability of social and political order? Have they begun to point to the foundation of some new way by which the world may be freed from the demons of unrest, lunacy, crime and want which threaten its destruction? Our reply to this must be that they have not done so, and well we know it.

In order to effect any change of the kind referred to, it is clear that some new order of things must be introduced which shall change the minds of men

from the present general established custom, and turn them into new grooves. How shall we do this, is the question. It is useless for us to say that it cannot be done. In the hoary ages of the past it has been done many times. Those best acquainted with the situation say that the time is fast approaching when it must be done, that the time is ripe for the doing—that the way is clear—could men only see it, although the time may be long before the great objects in view are fully attained. What is the way? If there is a way let us know it, and however small the beginning, let us begin.

Careful examination of all the religions of the past will show us that in their essential characteristics, as taught by their founders, they are the same. Each one was, at the period of its beginning, a great reform such as is now so much needed. It was a return from a period of chaos to the first principles which should guide men in their actions, and in their duty to each other. The period of world-wide usefulness of these religions seems to have passed away. Their true significance has faded from the minds of the masses of the people; yet the vital principles remain and must ever be the true foundation of any new reform movement. We do not need a new religion, but we need to be reminded of those eternal truths which are written upon the very nature of God and man and which are religion itself.

Probably the most important of those truths is the fact of the Brotherhood of Man. The rush of modern life has made us forget this. We are all built upon the same mould and it is but the so-called "accident" of birth which finds us in differing and varied relations. As Shylock says in "*The Merchant of Venice*,"

We have the same hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions. Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter.

We might continue: Moulded by the same thoughts, whether for good or ill, urged by the same divine soul which is common to all.

And yet, let any man pause for a moment in his daily occupations and think to what extent he allows his daily stream of thought to flow OUTWARD to his fellowmen. Is it not habitually *towards himself*? Is it not: What shall I do next to forward my plans, my own career, my own success? How shall I take care of myself against this or that competitor? What shall be my reward? In this or that transaction, where do I come in? How can I enjoy myself? Think for a moment, is not this the case? If so, we have habitually forgotten the truth of human brotherhood, of the tie that binds us to our fellows; we have from childhood, by early training, unwittingly taken a wrong course in our daily habits of thought.

It is safe to predict that as long as this state of things continues the present

conditions of human affairs will not change for the better. The man who thinks and acts continually for himself, daily cuts the tie of human brotherhood. He is trying to do that thing of all things most impossible—to live for himself alone. The seething masses of men, all struggling for the topmost place on the ladder of human existence, daily plotting, fighting for wealth and amusement, if not for food to eat and air to breathe, with their thoughts turned inward towards their own self-interest, forever looking for their own supposed worldly welfare, or it may be their own special, eternal salvation, represent the result of modern progress and modern civilization.

There is but one remedy. It is for the world to awaken to this condition of affairs and to overcome this habit of care for self.

Once recognized, men will see that it is their first duty to endeavor to reverse the direction of their daily stream of thought so that it flows outward and expands in sympathy towards those who are bound to them by the common tie of physical, mental and spiritual identity.

Then men will be struck with horror at that which surrounds them, instead of passing by on the other side unreached and unaffected by the tide of human crime and misery which lies at their very doors. They will awaken to the cry of suffering and wrong-doing, and they will begin to apply the remedies which lie well within their power.

A Protest against *the* Ignorance of *the* Age *

by a Student



THE students of Loma-land are already introducing many new ideas into the world of men and of affairs. They are hoping, through this philosophy of which Katherine Tingley is the teacher, to get men out of their old ruts. And to do this, we often find that we must protest against a great many things that the world tolerates. And so we always face great misunderstanding and we always face many *discouragements*, and those who judge by appearances only must often think it very strange that we are not discouraged. And yet we are not. Day by day and week by week our courage

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

grows and our hope increases. Why is this? Because we do not judge by appearances. We look far below. And the students in Loma-land soon learn that to succeed on new lines one must look below the surface of things and get at the real truth hidden deep, deep within. And we are never discouraged, because deep within our own hearts is the consciousness that we have the truth, the consciousness that we have it in our power to give to the world all that the world most needs. We know that the philosophy of life that is taught in Loma-land is as a house builded upon a rock, and in it we dwell secure, knowing that, whatever happens to us, that in which we dwell and whose foundations we trust, shall not be shaken, neither shall it pass away.

In making my little protest against the ignorance of the age I fully expect to be misunderstood; I fully expect to be criticised. And yet I have no desire to be silent, for I feel very sure that the time is coming when real life will be understood and will be welcomed. I assure you that it is a real necessity, and when once you come to understand how much light it throws upon our own natures, you will wonder how you ever got along without it.

And yet we students do not protest merely. We do more than that. We offer an explanation for all the difficulties and dangers that beset human life. Better still, we offer a remedy for them.

Look about you over the perplexities of human life! Is humanity unhampered? Are we really free today? We know that we are not. There is not a day nor an hour even when we are not hemmed in by some doubt, some anxiety, some problem that we cannot solve.

I ask you, What is it that hampers men and women everywhere today? and I answer, It is *ignorance, ignorance!* How many people are sure of their own divinity? How many people go through life doing as much for others as they do for themselves? How many know that life means responsibility? How many know that responsibilities undertaken in the true spirit make life truly a joy? How many people accept the responsibilities of life in the true spirit? How many of our public men know as much about the higher patriotism as they do about politics? How many of our public institutions know what true education really is, what the higher education really means? How many men are there in the business world who think as much about the higher needs of their city as they do about what they can get out of it? How many of them work for their fellowmen half as hard as they work for themselves? How many realize the sacredness of home life? How many accept those responsibilities in the right spirit and try to make the life in their homes sacred and beautiful? How many are there in the church who know their Christ?

Ah! if we attempt to consider how many *and how many*, we may not rely on figures nor statements of so-called fact. We may depend upon it that there are

many more of these than we ever dream, many, *many* thousands whose lives are all crowded back and shut in by a heavy weight of ignorance. The remedy is obvious. It is to remove this weight, to dissipate this ignorance and replace it with knowledge.

How shall this be done? By merely protesting against unfortunate conditions? That would avail little. We must discover a remedy for them and then apply it.

Lift the veil. Look at the causes, the thousand and one causes, that lie deep beneath all that we so much deplore in the life of the world! Can you not see that even deeper than these causes lies the one great cause from which they all spring? What is that cause? *It is ignorance.* It lies upon the hearts of men like a hideous load. And not alone are the poor and the unfortunate and the unlearned the unwilling bearers of it. It equally hampers the rich and the clever, for selfishness knows no caste, and men and women in all walks of life bow before its creed. Even the good are not always free from it, for some people are good simply because they have never met temptation. And such goodness has its limitations.

That is why we, as students of Loma-land, protest. Yet we use the word not in the ordinary sense of merely objecting, but in its real sense of placing before you some witness, some testimony of the life that is worth while. And we offer you something far better than anything you have today. But we do not protest in the spirit of merely criticizing and condemning. That would be unbrotherly in the extreme.

Suppose the house you live in is not a fit shelter; we still have no right to tear it down over your heads unless we can build you a better one. It does not help humanity to leave it out in the cold, to do as so many would-be reformers are doing, to tear down its old structures, uproot the old ideas, and then furnish nothing that will replace them. This is exactly wherein we differ from others who would see the world reformed. We point out to humanity the disease of the age, unbrotherliness, and we offer the remedy. We tear away the crumbling roof-tree which already threatens to fall from sheer decay, and in its place we build another dwelling, a home in which tired humanity may find rest, comfort and peace.

The principles of Theosophy are to us not mere theories. We make them, hour by hour, day by day, a living power in our lives. That is why we have a right to protest. That is why we have a right, also, to advance upon the shams and follies of the world—because we offer you something better in their place.

I KNOW of no aim more noble than that of giving music to one's native language and to one's native country.—MENDELSSOHN

Practical Theosophy

by S. H. S.



THE greatest need of the world today is Practical Theosophy; Theosophy that awakens in man his noblest sensibilities; Theosophy that awakens in the child its inherent godhood, and places it as the guiding star along the path of life; Theosophy that shows the true relations between man and man and his duty to every living thing.

This is the Theosophy that is endorsed and promulgated by The Universal Brotherhood Organization, and is so nobly exemplified by the students and children at Point Loma, California, under the guardianship of our leader, Katherine Tingley.

This sounds very well, you will say, but that you have formed a different opinion from some of the articles you have read in the papers, and from speeches made from the platform by those calling themselves Theosophists. True, but did you ever stop to think about the source from whence these came? For instance, the newspaper articles. It is a well-known fact that for a sum of money, small or large, according to your means or the malignity of the article, you can have it published in most of the papers of the day.

Theosophy is beyond price. He or she who lectures at so much a head or professes to teach you the truths of Theosophy at so much a lesson, is an impostor and has no connection whatsoever with The Universal Brotherhood Organization.

These slanderous articles and base counterfeits are but proofs of the low state to which the public appetite has fallen, and its craving for some new sensation with which to momentarily excite itself to a belief that it is awake.

This is but the natural result of the teachings and influences that the world has been subjected to for hundreds of years, and any teacher, philosopher, or scientist who would lead the way to a better understanding of life and its purposes, is met with persecution, ridicule and often death.

What are the chances for the development of a great character under the systems of the present day? A child from its infancy is surrounded with the idea and teachings of fear, which retard and often destroy the possibility of its developing into true manhood and womanhood. This soul-killing influence is carried on through the other stages of life and he arrives at the so-called age of discretion imbued with the fear of thinking for himself upon the most important subject that faces him in the struggle with the world, namely, his purpose in life and the relation that he bears to his fellow man.

Being schooled in the rudiments of commercial, literary or professional warfare, he starts in the world with the idea that if he does not use all his energies in securing worldly goods or position at any cost, he will fail in the eyes of the world.

This mad rush after gain and position excludes the possibility of any thoughts or ideals above the money market, and his leisure moments are filled up with the gratifying of desires of a more or less exciting nature.

On the other hand, you will find some people who have awakened to the fact that life holds something grander, nobler than this mad rush for wealth. People who have awakened to the realization of the God-given power of thought have stepped beyond the beaten track. They are classed as cranks or fanatics, but being strong in character, they bid defiance to the petty sneers of their fear-bound fellow man, and become the makers of the destiny of worlds.

It is to those who have arrived at the state where they can think for themselves that Theosophy appeals. They will find in Theosophy the most sublime, the noblest, the highest ideals that are contained in all the sciences, philosophies, and religions of the world.

Its teachings of Reincarnation or rebirth, the Law of Cause and Effect, and the Duality of man's nature are not new teachings, but are contained in all the religions of the world in a more or less veiled manner.

Reincarnation gives a broader and grander view of life and offers the only solution of its many perplexing problems. It is also one of the phases of the great law of Evolution, which is eternal progression.

The Law of Cause and Effect places before man the knowledge that as he sows so shall he reap, and is the agent in the fulfillment of that saying of Jesus, "For verily, I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled."

The duality of man's nature points to the fact that there is an invisible part of man that is more potent in its power than the visible, and that his acts are not the true index to his character, that his thoughts and feelings have a far wider field of influence upon mankind and the world. There is no need for him to profess this or that, for there is a judge, his better self who knows.

It is with the light of these teachings, applied to every thought and act of daily life, that the Theosophist expects to raise the standard of thought and morals of mankind.

MUSIC is the art of the prophets—the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us.—MARTIN LUTHER

The Fear of Death

by J. S. M.



WE are led by observation of the thoughts and actions of those around us, to consider the human body with its attendant senses as all there is of man. Hence our greatest efforts are to preserve it as long as possible, and to surround it with every luxury which the senses desire.

The idea of death is horrible to us, and we strive with every energy of the mind to banish the thought of it from us. Consequently we are so unfamiliar with its true nature as to confound it with annihilation—not admittedly, perhaps, but at least by implication. For although we profess to believe in the immortality of the Soul, it is in reality our doubt of continued existence, underlying our professions of faith, which invests the parting of soul and body with the element of fear.

It is only the self-conscious being who confounds the “I am,” with the lower personal “I,” who dreads the change from the concrete, corporeal I, into the intangible, spiritual, essential I. But this has not always been so. The philosophers and mystics of old taught and believed in man’s immortality, and when their span of life drew to a close they met the messenger of the gods with undaunted courage and unflinching faith.

Our fear of death is the result of education and environment. We have been taught to think of death as the punishment, inflicted by an angry God upon the human race for a fault committed by a mythical ancestor.

So enamored is a certain class of teachers with the dogma of original sin, that they enforce it upon the minds of the young by every argument of terror, coercion and persuasion in the armory of their imagination, and consign to eternal damnation all who dare to investigate the laws of Nature, and to differ with them as to the constitution and ultimate destiny of man.

The mass of people are seemingly content, unmindful of the fact that these teachers are paid a price to fulminate their anathemas, and use the means best understood by them to keep humanity in ignorance in order to perpetuate their authority.

Our dread of death will never be eliminated as long as our ideas of what it really is remain vague and uncertain, and our concern with it is transferred to the keeping of others, who mask their ignorance in words and soothe our minds with the opiate of apostolic succession and infallibility.

Nor will we ever have a clear, concise and certain knowledge of the state after death, as long as we depend upon some one, however exalted, outside of

ourselves, to save us by vicarious atonement from the results of our own thoughts and actions.

That death is inevitable we all know, and it would be the part of common sense to familiarize ourselves with it by constant study and meditation. We would thus be able to raise it to its proper place in the realm of the Law, from the labyrinth of doubt and terror into which it has fallen.

As I stated before, it is the element of doubt as to what takes place after death that has clothed it with gloom and despair. Nor is it a matter of surprise that the average human being fears death. From the earliest childhood we are accustomed to see it dreaded as the worst of calamities. Our infant ears are assailed by the cries of the living for the dead. We see the members of the family draped in funeral garb, their faces distorted with grief. We are told that the once living, vibrant body, now so still and silent, is to be put away under the ground, and our budding imaginations proceed to indulge in the most fantastic horrors. Through it all we see no expression of that Faith in a happier hereafter, which is supposed to be the foundation of our Religion. Only a blank despair, an overwhelming despondency!

How different this would all be were the children permitted to take with them into maturer life, that instinctive knowledge which is their birthright, of their immortality and their Brotherhood; their oneness with all that is; their kinship with the Gods, undebased by our narrow ideas, uninfluenced by our bigotry and our doubts!

Now suppose we take the assertion of Theosophy that man *is* a soul, eternal, undying, that one span of earth-life is but a phase of his journey through conditioned existence, that after death he resides for a more or less brief period in a higher state of consciousness, assimilating the experiences of the life he has just gone through on earth, and that when these have been placed in the storehouse of eternal memory, he seeks another life on earth, where different conditions will give him more varied experience for enjoyment in another period of rest, and so on, rebirth after rebirth until the man, the immortal soul, has learned all that earth can teach him, and he moves to higher spheres of thought and action, always progressing, reaching ever after that perfection which is his goal!

With this conception of Life, what is there to fear in the thought of death? Is it not rather something to be regarded with calmness and courage; and should not this truer view of life and death animate us in our every thought, our every action?

The only heaven we can enjoy is that one which we prepare for ourselves, and we can have it on either side of the gates of death. But not by accumulating the riches or the honors of earth, for these things we must leave behind us when death arrives; they are not even sufficient to guarantee us happiness here.

Nor can we build a heaven by gratifying our animal desires, nor by reveling in sensuous thoughts, nor by the doing of despicable actions. These kindle the fires of remorse that are more potent for torture than the fires of sulphur and brimstone of the orthodox Christian hell.

The heaven of the true man, the immortal soul, must be prepared by altruistic thoughts and actions, deeds of loving self-sacrifice for our brothers, daily, self-conscious, unselfish service.

To the man who has lived an upright, virtuous and honest life, whose thoughts were less of self than how that self could help to dry the widow's tears and feed the hungry soul and assuage his brother's grief, death comes as a white-robed messenger of Peace, with cheerful mien and tender hands to lead him to his well-earned repose and to fit him for greater usefulness when his compassionate heart shall compel him to return to earth again.

Awake, oh man! immortal soul! and see in this garment of clay but an instrument through which thy work is done on earth! And when thy span of life is ended, go with courageous heart to thy sweet rest! Nor let insidious doubt thy parting moments render despicable with craven fear! for time is thine and all eternity to garner wisdom and to make a visible kingdom of the soul, a realm of Universal Brotherhood.

F e a r

by C. R.



The fear of man bringeth a snare.—*Proverbs 29: 25*

IN these few words we have the key to more than half the burdens of the world—fear. Fear of public opinion, fear of personal inconvenience, fear of loss of business, fear of change, all arising from want of trust in the Higher Law of Justice, have brought the human race to its present state of unrest. Theosophy, by its commonsense teachings about the nature and destiny of man, by its demonstration that man is an immortal soul, destroys fear. By arousing the heart-fire of compassionate love it liberates the captives who have imprisoned themselves in their narrow cell of selfishness.

Theosophy has the power of lifting the hopeless by showing them that to unfasten their thoughts from the petty concerns of their limited personalities is the only way to step out into the wide fields of usefulness and joy. The least attempt to practice Brotherhood reveals to a man unsuspected resources in himself,

and he is soon able to disregard the ill-informed criticisms of the world, while at the same time a wholesome modesty grows in him as his increasing insight reveals his personality in its true proportions. He begins to realize that the progress of mankind must come by breaking down the walls of limitation which confine the soul of each unit.

Discovering his ability to help others, even within prison walls, has lifted a dead-weight from many a prisoner. Theosophy, by evoking the unselfish side, the giving side, the heart, which was dormant, not petrified, has redeemed the most hopeless characters, for its appeal is not to self-interest. It does not promise immediate release from chains, but it shows that "we our prison make" and that in a moment the whole burden of pain would lighten if the attention were transferred from the claims of self to the helping of others.

In great hearts fear cannot exist, for there is no room for it. Theosophy teaches us how to evoke the compassionate soul within by devotion to the interests of others, and shows new and wiser methods of doing practical Brotherhood work. In the Bible we find this basic Theosophic principle of fearlessness constantly enforced.

There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear. . . . He that feareth is not made perfect in love.—*I John, 4: 18*

He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.—*I John, 4: 16*

Fear not them that kill the body but are not able to kill the soul.—*Matthew 10: 29*

The Lord is my helper and I will not fear what any man shall do unto me.—*Hebrews 13: 6*

Fear is a symptom of the great disease from which humanity suffers, egotistic self-interest. When this cancer is thoroughly eradicated, this and all the other evil symptoms will vanish.

But there is another fear, which is mentioned in the Bible, "the fear of the Lord," which is "the beginning of wisdom," and it is said:

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil.—*Proverbs 8: 13*

By mercy and truth iniquity is purged: and by the fear of the Lord men depart from evil.—*Proverbs 16: 6*

It is no craven terror of the consequences of offending a stern, implacable tyrant that is meant, but devotion and reverence, a deep striving for righteousness, the fear of resisting the voice of the inner monitor, the Higher Self.

NEVER judge a composition on a first hearing; for what pleases extremely at first is not always the best, and the works of great masters require study.—SCHUMANN

The Life at Point Loma^{*}

Some Notes by Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society



THE natural advantages of Point Loma need hardly be pointed out to California readers. Its climate, its commercial possibilities, its picturesque beauty, and its healthfulness have been too long established and admitted to need any argument in their support, and the fact that it has become a great educational center is an additional guarantee of the influence which it has attained in the estimation of the world. The educational advantages which it offers include the fine arts of music, painting and sculpture, and these are firmly based upon a sound and practical substratum of the ordinary knowledge of the day. Very special attention is given to diet, and to physical training in general, and this is combined with a practical instruction in the social duties which are to be encountered in the world.

Point Loma is the world center of The Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society, which has for its supreme object the elevation of the

^{*} Reprinted from the *Saturday Post*, Los Angeles



ORTH VIEW OF LOMA HOMESTEAD & ARYAN TEMPLE

ONE OF THE IDEAL STUDENTS' HOMES AT LOMA-LAND

race. It asserts that "brotherhood is a fact in nature," and it professes "to teach brotherhood, to demonstrate that it is a fact in nature, and to make it a living power in the life of humanity." The activities at the Point, in addition to the daily duties of home life, comprise the practical spread of lofty ideas through lectures, literature, music and the drama. Many magazines, pamphlets and books are issued, the correspondence is world-wide, and the branches of the Organization are to be found in all countries.

The principal buildings are the Homestead, the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, the Temple of Music and Drama and the outdoor Amphitheatre. To these may legitimately be added the Isis Theatre in San Diego, one of the largest and best equipped theatres on the Pacific Coast.

The Government of The Universal Brotherhood is autocratic and rests entirely in the hands of the Leader and Official Head, who has the privilege of nominating her successor. The methods are entirely in the direction of an accentuation of individual responsibility and of the establishment of a true harmony of life. It is unnecessary to say that no compulsion whatever is used and that even in the case of children, punishment is unknown.

The term Raja Yoga, which has been so much used and so much misunderstood, implies but the balance of the physical, mental and moral faculties, and this is becoming more and more a dominant factor as a true comradeship is established. The students of the Point Loma Homestead are from all social ranks and from all nationalities. Their ties of relationship and association all over the world result in a constantly flowing stream of fraternal sentiment, which carries to every quarter of the world an increasing desire to help others, with the courage and the wisdom which are necessary to do it well.

The commerce and the industries of the world have largely fallen into the hands of those who are governed entirely by selfish interests. The ideal of the Point Loma students is to awaken and vivify that individual responsibility of man to man, which alone can arouse the best activities of the nation, and set it upon the path of progress which shall result in the regaining of the lost art of Living, with those undreamed-of material benefits which will accompany it. In no other way can the industrial methods of the world be reformed and man regain his true position as a dispenser of good.

The Theosophical Movement was started a quarter of a century ago by Helena P. Blavatsky, who presented to the world a system of philosophy and of evolution which has never yet been effectually assailed, and which has laid an ever tightening hold upon popular acceptance. On the death of Madame Blavatsky it remained but to illustrate the practical application of these teachings, and this is now being done at Point Loma. This was especially necessary in view of the cramping intellectualism of the age, an intellectualism which gave to Theoso-



A FAMILY GROUP OF LOTUS BUDS AT LOMA-LAND

Hon. Emilio Bacardi, Mayor of Santiago de Cuba; Sr. D. F. Ortiz, of *El Cubano Libre*, and Dr. C. J. Lopez of New Orleans, during recent visit to Raja Yoga School

phy the appearance of a metaphysical inaccessibility to which, in its true nature, it is altogether foreign.

The transition from mere intellectualism to practical philanthropic activity was not effected without the necessity of leaving behind some few who thus proved their theories to be but skin deep. The ultimate result, however, has been to collect at Point Loma all those who were willing to prove by their ac-



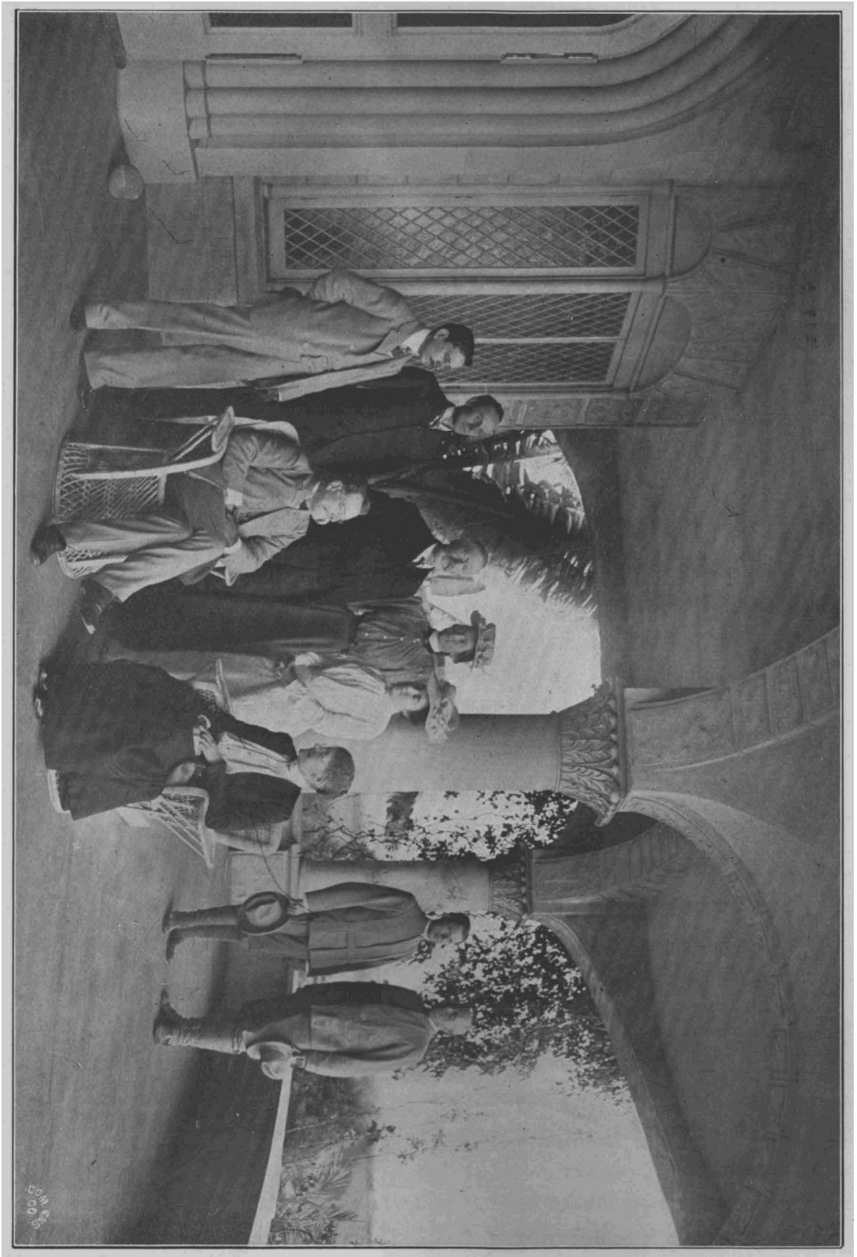
YERBA SANTA CLIFFS, STUDENTS' GROUP HOUSE NO. 1, POINT LOMA

tions that they had no other aim than to render help to humanity by lives of unselfish devotion, and that their objects are actually of the purity which they avow is shown by the triumphant success which becomes every day more apparent. The keynote of the coming ages is being sounded at Point Loma.

The question of Leadership has led to much adverse criticism directed against the Point Loma Institution by its enemies, who have themselves no practical work to show. It has been said that autocratic government is opposed to the prevailing sentiment of the world, but it is not hard to show that the members of The Universal Brotherhood Organization have actually followed the real practice of the world, which is indeed the only one possible, however much pretense may point in the opposite direction. Wherever men are gathered together for a common purpose there will be a leader among them, and they will be actually led by that one, even though they may give the nominal leadership to another.

There is a top rung to every ladder, though we may close our eyes to that fact, and the members of The Universal Brotherhood Organization have but given their open adhesion and their open allegiance to that one among them whom they have declared to be the best fitted for that position. In its own affairs the world does actually do the same thing, however much it may hide it up by claiming popular control and representative government. At the back of all the machinery of government stands the strong man, whether he is seen or unseen. This Organization has recognized that fact and has acted upon it openly.

The term education has here a much wider significance than it usually receives. It means no less than the development of the Soul, with all the capacities which belong to it. This is done by the tuning of the whole nature, in the



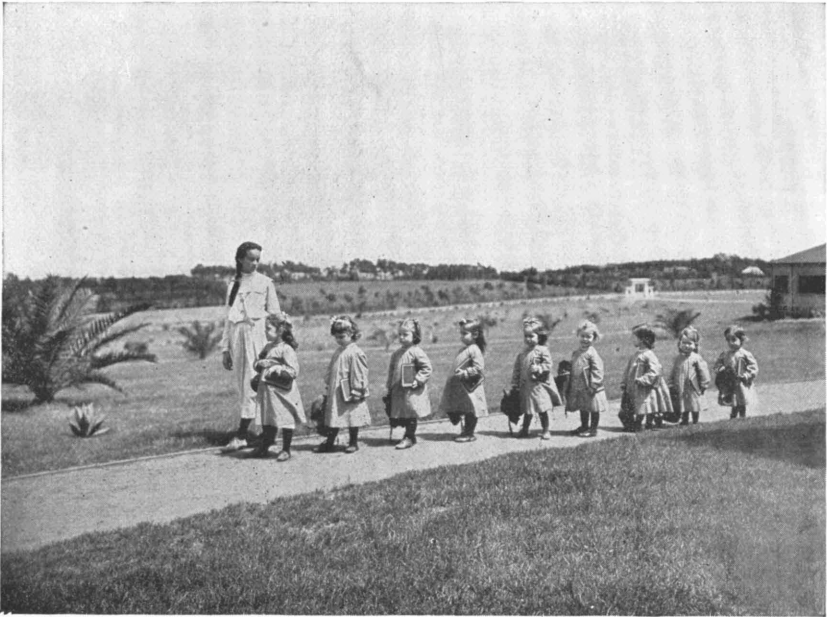
ON THE VERANDAH OF LOMA HOMESTEAD.—MME. PETERSEN, hostess; HON. EMILIO BACCARI and Sr. ORTIZ, Cuban guests; CLARK THURSTON, member Cabinet Universal Brotherhood, and other Students of The Universal Brotherhood

same way that a piano must be tuned in every string if harmony is to be produced.

The basis of the whole of this education is the essential divinity of man, and the necessity for transmuting everything within his nature which is not divine.

To do this no part whatever can be neglected, and the physical nature must share to the full in the care and the attention which are required. Neither can the most assiduous training of the intellect be passed over, but it must be made subservient to the forces of the heart. The intellect must be the servant and not the master, if order and equilibrium are to be attained and maintained. In such a system as this it is a necessary part that all service be voluntary, and therefore no salaries whatever are paid.

The aim of true education is not to acquire a store of facts. For this a retentive memory is the only requisite, and we find all too often in the world that



LOMA-LAND LOTUS BUDS ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL

memory and knowledge are accredited with an identity which they in no way deserve. True education is the power to live in harmony with our environment, the power to draw out from the recesses of our own nature all the potentialities of character. The education at Point Loma is therefore not confined to the receipt of information at certain stated hours of the day, and in a specified manner. It consists in the regulation of the whole life upon the highest ideal which must alike govern the most hidden thought as effectually as it does the mutual relationship of the students.

The term "Raja Yoga" has already been briefly defined as the attainment of an equilibrium, in every aspect, of the nature, physical, mental and moral. That

Theosophy is not a metaphysical abstraction or a system of intellectual gymnastics is sufficiently proved by the success which attends the broad application of its philosophy to the needs of child life. The basis of this application is found in the realization of the duality of the child nature, a duality which shows itself in the earliest cradle days.

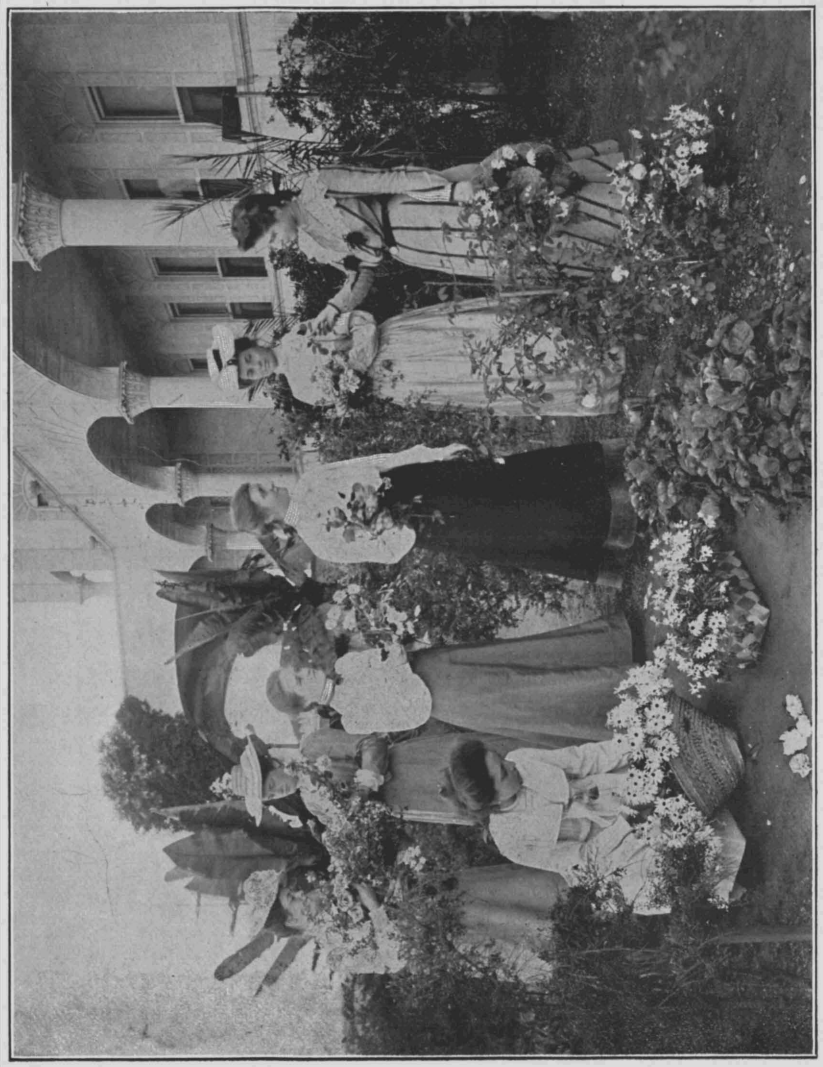
In the nurseries and the schools of the world the principle of selfishness seems to be often exalted into a virtue. The "preparation for life" seems all too often to consist in the cultivation of those aspects of the nature which have already done so much to create the misery which we see around us. The habit of selfishness,



AMONG THE STUDENTS' GROUP HOMES IN LOMA-LAND

the duty of competition, is taught from the earliest and most impressionable days, and the children being left in ignorance of their own natures, its complexities, and its intricacies, are unable to discriminate between the higher and the lower, the true and the false.

At the Raja Yoga School the children are treated in accordance with the facts of life and the needs of life. The love which is given to them is that truest affection which thinks ever of their welfare without regard to the selfish pleasures which they can render in return. The affection which shows itself in the administration of injurious dainties, by unwholesome fondling, by injudicious petting, is not love at all, but selfishness. To truly love a child is to help it to de-



STUDENTS OF ISIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND DRAMA IN HOMESTEAD GARDENS, POINT LOMA

velop its highest faculties, which grow by, and through, a willing service to others, to teach it to help itself and so to grow strong to help its fellows.

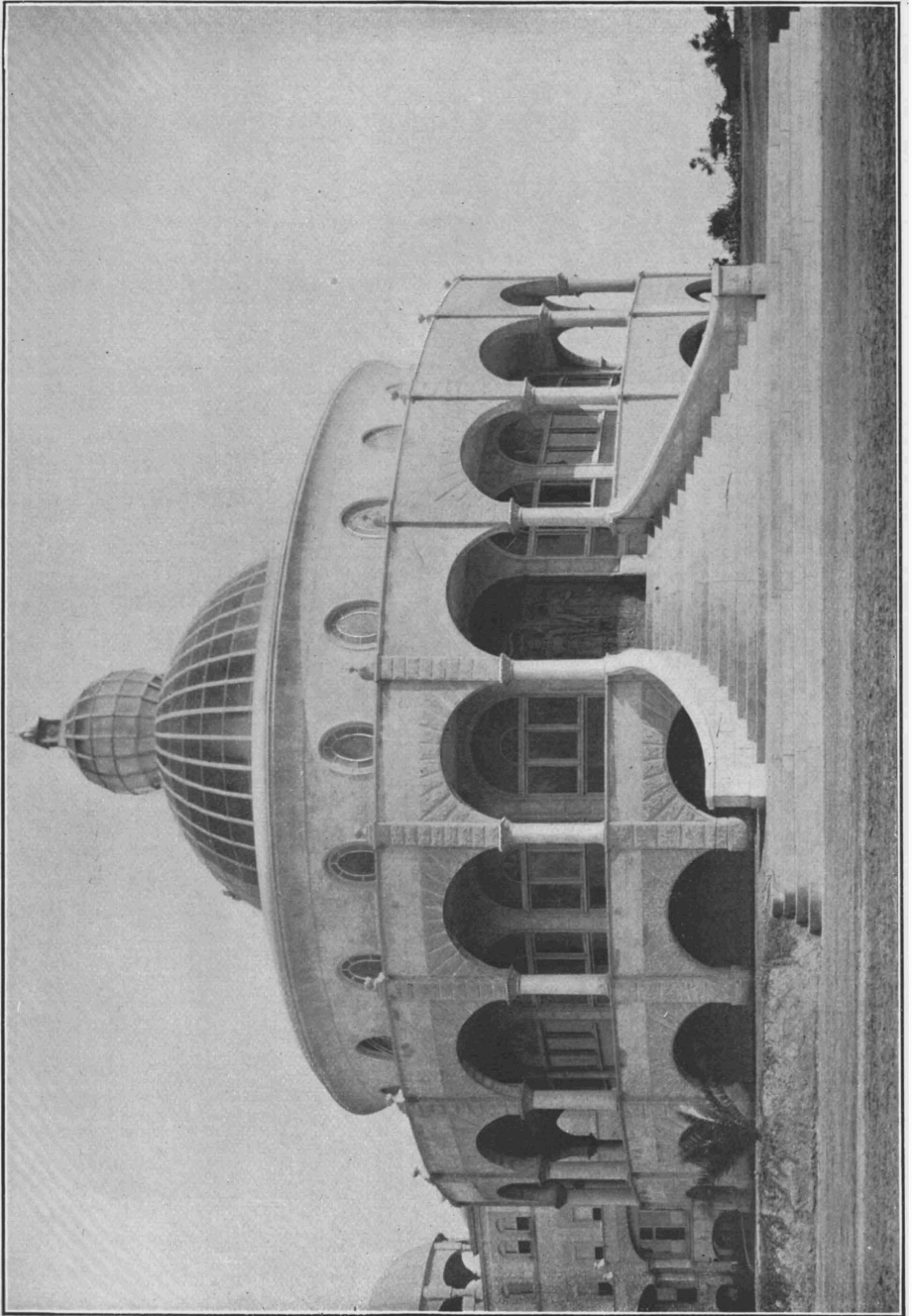
The child which is big enough to raise its hand to strike can equally well use that hand in its own legitimate service instead of demanding from those around it an aid which it could well render to itself. Thus, at the Raja Yoga School, we see children of the tenderest age who have grown to be helpful and self-reliant, and it would be easy to find groups of a dozen babies who make far less demand upon those who are in charge of them, and who are consequently far happier, than



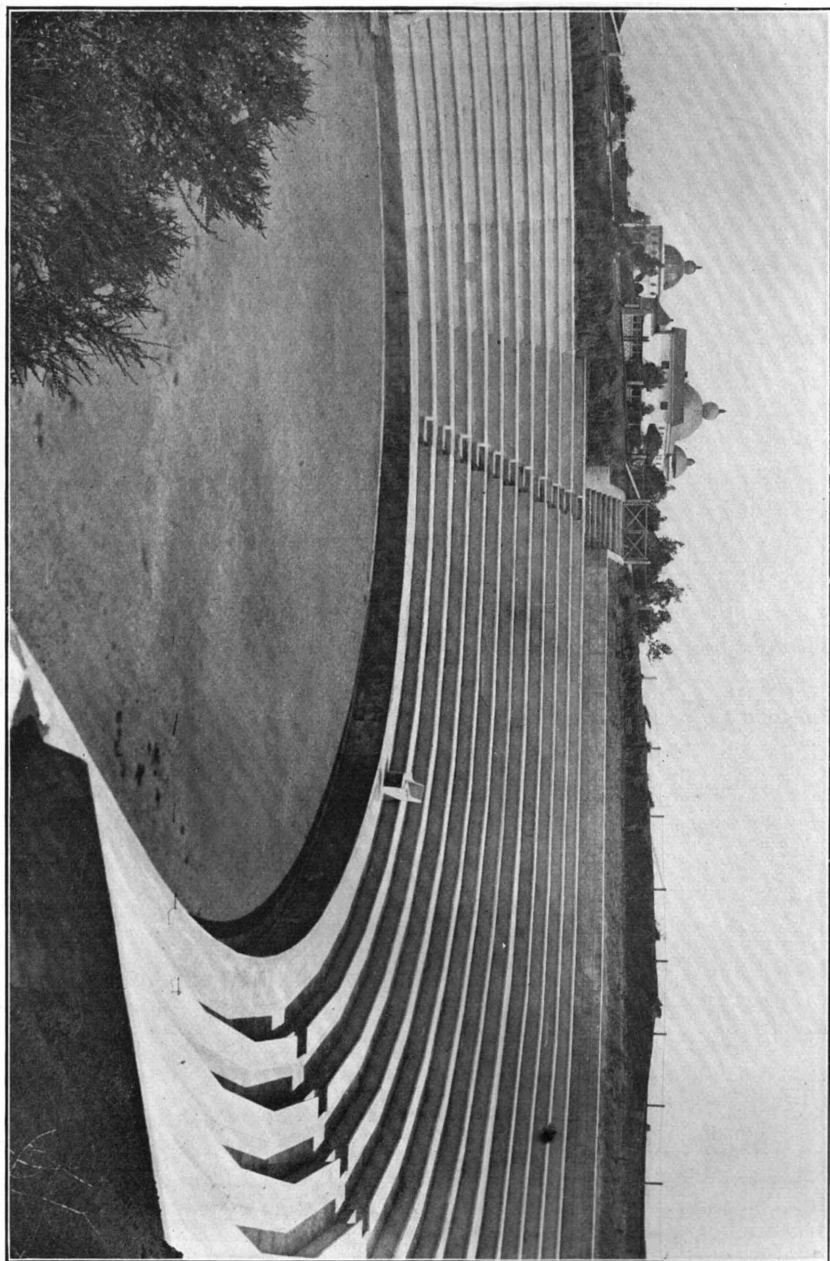
THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL CHOR OF LOMA-LAND IN THE ARYAN TEMPLE



CORNER IN LITTLE SUNBEAMS' PLAYROOM — GIRLS' GROUP HOUSE NO. 7



THE ARVAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE AT POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, HOME OF ISIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND DRAMA



THE GREAT AMPHITHEATRE AT POINT LOMA, FOR REPRODUCTION OF GREEK DRAMAS AND OPEN-AIR PLAYS

many a single child whose parents have given to it a "love" which will not be helpful to it through life.

The children at the Raja Yoga School are not only shown the beauty of self-help, but they are also shown the uselessness and the folly of anger and pride and jealousy. They are afforded glimpses of their own natures and are thus taught to discriminate between the higher and the lower, between the real and the unreal. Every essential moral lesson which can be taught to adults can be taught also to children, and surely it is better that the little ones should learn in the love and the sanctity of the home the lessons which the world has a rougher method of imparting at an age when mental habits have become confirmed.

The Raja Yoga education is but a permission to the child to grow without the chains of self-love which will ever remain outside of its nature if the foundations of education be laid aright. Are there not very many parents who will even admire in their children those very faults which may, as adults, bring them within reach of the law, encouraging in them the self-will and the vanity which must surely mar their lives?

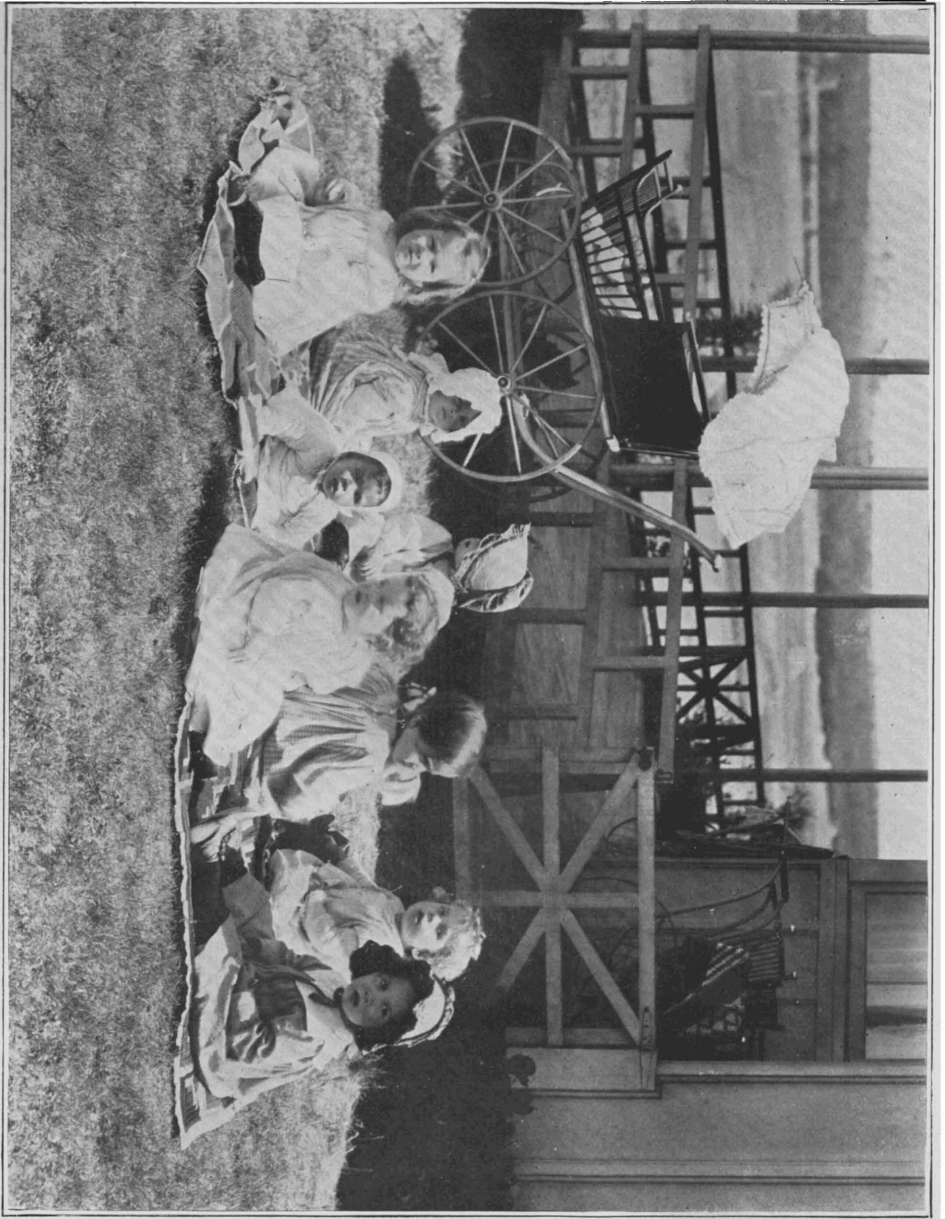
The world has not yet realized how much of truth children already know, and how much of that truth we destroy by our mistakes. There are but few children who do not know well that all nature is a great teacher, until we by our materialism, and often by our ridicule, drive the knowledge from their minds.

The Theosophic education is not so much a something which is imparted. It is a liberation from the powers of the lower forces which hinder and check a growth which ought to be unchecked and spontaneous.

The usual studies of school life are not neglected, but they are made to blend harmoniously with the entire system of education. Teachers of proved and recognized ability are provided, and the ordinary school curriculum receives an attention which leaves nothing to be desired.

Finally the children are taught to regard themselves as integral and responsible parts of the nation to which they belong. They are taught to aspire to the position of national benefactors, teachers and helpers, and so to become exponents of the truest and the wisest patriotism.

Music is usually regarded as an amusement, a relaxation, and nothing more. At Point Loma it becomes a part of life itself, and one of those subtle forces of nature which, rightly applied, calls into activity the divine powers of the soul. The world has a wrong conception of the ideal in music, and not until it has rectified this conception can it perceive that the true harmony of music can never proceed from one who has not that true harmony within himself. We find therefore that in all the musical life at the Point the money consideration is entirely absent, and that personal vanity cannot enter at all. There is held to be an intimate correspondence between music on the one hand and thought and aspiration upon the



other, and only that deserves the name of music to which the noblest and purest aspirations are responsive.

Music is a part of the daily life at the Point, not merely as an exercise which occupies its stated times and seasons, but as a principle which animates all the

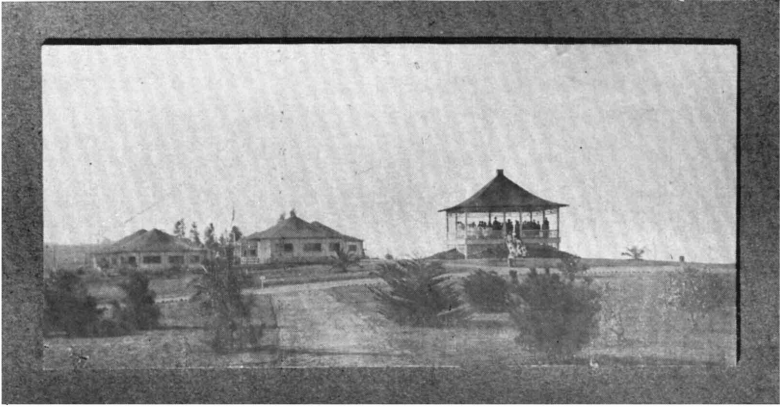


CAMP KARNAK BUILDING, HEADQUARTERS OF LITERARY STAFF OF LOMA-LAND

activities. The soul power which is called forth by a harmony well delivered and well received does not die away with the conclusion of the piece. It has elicited a response from within the nature, the whole being has been keyed to a higher pitch of activity, and even the smallest of daily duties, those which are usually called menial, will be performed in a different, upon a higher plane, as a result. There is a science of consciousness, and into that science music can enter more largely than is usually supposed. A knowledge of the laws of life can be neither profound nor wide which thus neglects one of the most effective of all forces. In the days to come music will be a department of Government.

Drama ranks almost equally high with music in the educational life at the Point. It is made to enter largely into the instruction of the children, and nowhere are the advantages of the system more strikingly illustrated than in the dramatic power which can be called forth wherever there is an absence of self consciousness and of vanity.

The drama, like music, is regarded by the world as one of the relaxations of life because it is supposed to deal with the unrealities. True drama points away

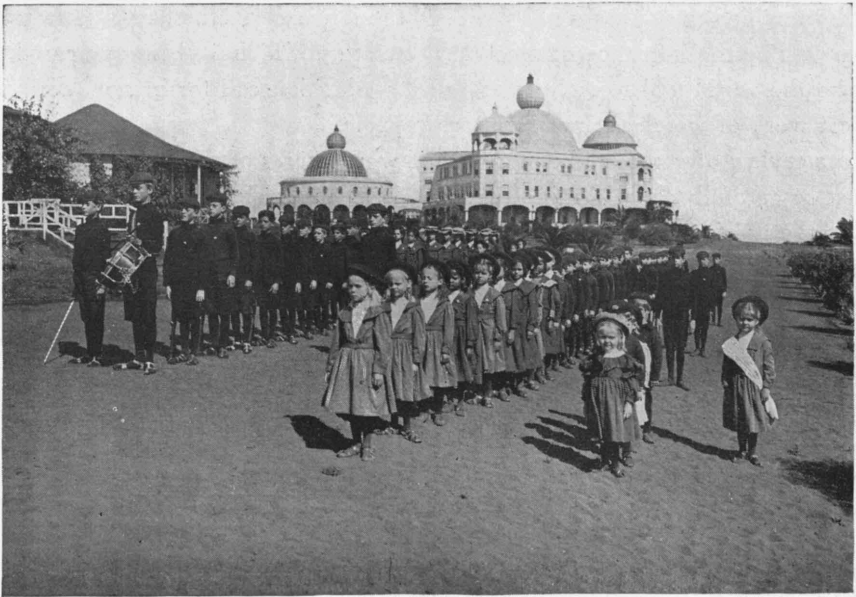


CHILDREN'S INTERNATIONAL LOTUS HOME AND MUSIC PAVILION, POINT LOMA

from the unrealities to the real life of the soul. As such the drama should lead and guide the public taste, providing it with ideals towards which it can aspire.

Nowhere in the social life of today is the need for reform more manifest than in the drama. In too many directions it has been made to serve the sensationalism and sensualism of the day and to stimulate the vicious thought which it might be so powerful to suppress.

The facilities for dramatic work at Point Loma are unsurpassed anywhere in the world. The gigantic open-air Amphitheatre which has been completed is capa-



CHILDREN OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA, AT THEIR CALISTHENIC EXERCISES

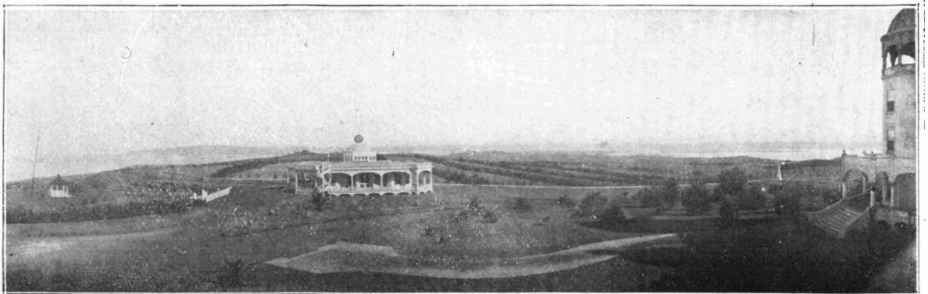
ble of seating three thousand people, and is equipped with every necessity and convenience for the proper performance of the work to which it has been dedicated. In conjunction with the Isis Theatre in San Diego, it forms the most unique dramatic feature of the century, and has never failed to call forth unstinted admiration from those best qualified to judge of its capabilities. We are within sight of the day which will once more restore the drama to its rightful position as one of the great redemptive forces of the age.

Art at Point Loma follows faithfully upon the lines of the science of the soul which it is our mission to revive. Under this science it becomes the true expression of the soul ideals, and both art and decoration are no longer adventitious or capricious additions to our environment, but they become integral parts of that to which they belong. They become in themselves the expression of the Law of Evolution, and the demonstration of the reality of that law. As in the case with music, the art at Point Loma is a principle which pervades all the life and activity.

Whatever has in any way a right to exist must contain within itself the possibility of existing beautifully. The power of beautiful expression is not an affair of the intellect, nor of custom, nor convention, nor can it be learned intellectually nor from books. It comes from the arousing of the inner powers of the Soul which are in sympathy with whatever is high and pure.

It would be impossible to find conditions more ideal for the production of a worthy and a permanent literature. Theosophy, even under its initial and most adverse conditions, has already supplied the world with a literature which has profoundly modified the thought and enriched the language of the day. How much greater will be the influence of this new literature which is being prepared and given to the world under conditions so well qualified to call forth from the writers the best work of which their natures are capable.

In a review of some of the more prominent features of the life at Point Loma it must be carefully kept in mind that the object in thus establishing ideal conditions is the uplifting and the betterment of the world. Point Loma is to be, and is already, a center from which streams of brotherly love radiate into the world. The Institution at the Point has no other reason for its existence than to benefit humanity at large, to show that the life which is inspired by hope is necessarily



the life which is rich in achievement, and that man indeed does possess to the fullest extent a dominion over nature, vast and unimaginable.

The remedial activities of the world, noble as many of them are in intention, proceed from a false basis. Recognizing that large masses of humanity are environed by conditions the reverse of the ideal, they imagine that individual character is the result of that environment. They make of man the slave instead of the master. Such material efforts have their due place in any well-considered scheme, and it is a subsidiary place. Man is essentially a Creator, and he can be considered in no other way if the postulate of human divinity be once admitted. Only by the assertion of his Divinity can he become master of his conditions, only by the force thus generated can he lay hold of his own nature, and of all nature around him, and compel it into an expression of his own ideals, and force it into the service of his necessities.

No man is made happy by the mere possession of objects. The measure of our desires is the measure of our slavery. Only by an acquirement of the science of life can happiness come, and it is only the true philosophy of life which can make man triumphant in the world, the master of the world and of himself.

The value of the Point Loma Institution lies in the fact that it has proved the truth of its theories by its success. It has accomplished the mission which brought it into being. It has rescued Theosophy from the domain of an intellectualism which might easily have become more selfish, because more subtle, than the current thought of the world. It has demonstrated that the Theosophic life is the life of practical common sense, and that in the light of its philosophy the shadows pass away and man can enter into his birthright of joy. The propaganda of such a Theosophy as this is no longer an affair of printed apologies nor of oratorical defense. It is automatic and is spread throughout the world under its own impetus, and because it is allied to all evolutionary forces which work for the well-being of men.

To ask "Will the system change present conditions?" is but to elicit the assurance that it has already changed them. The inertia of custom and convention has been already broken, and the unrest of the world, at which so many look with distrust and with apprehension, is but the movement of the ship with the incoming tide of a purer and a better thought. Ideals have been thrown out into the world, and because they are spiritual ideals they have entered into the minds of men and have painted entrancing pictures of what the world shall be if man were but the master of himself and of it. Those ideals will not die away until they have been accomplished, until they have given birth to other ideals which will illuminate forever the roadway of all future life, declaring the reality of a reign of peace upon earth and of God in Man.

Mr. Alderman Pepperdine

by William Jameson
(Author of "My Dead Self," etc.)



CHAPTER I

INFALLIBILITY

"GOOD morning, Pepperdine; what do you think? Poor old Sir Timothy has gone at last!"

"Dead?"

"Yes; died last night at ten o'clock."

"Dear me; dear me!" murmured Mr. Adam Pepperdine, taking off his eye-glasses and wiping them carefully. This was a delicate way of indicating his sorrow, and a convenient substitute for tears.

"But," continued the visitor, "the corporation still lives and needs another alderman. Will you stand for the ward?"

"I?"

Mr. Pepperdine wagged his head with the regularity of an automatic clock figure, for some seconds. Then he slowly readjusted his eye-glasses and muttered in a mournful tone:

"My poor old friend Timothy Oldtype—well, well!"

"Now, look here, Pepperdine," said his visitor, coaxingly, "you really mustn't refuse. There is a sort of scratch committee waiting at my place for your answer; or better still, your company."

"But you know my views, Renshaw. The corporation is doomed. London is getting sick of your scratch committees, and so forth. And I, for my part, don't quite see the fun of wearing an aldermanic gown that at any moment may be snatched off one's shoulders. No, give my best thanks to your friends, and tell them (you know how to put it) that Pepperdine knows exactly what he is about."

"The very words used by some one just before I came away," exclaimed Mr. Renshaw. "'Pepperdine knows what he is about, and is the kind of man to steer the corporation ship through the breakers; or, at any rate, if the good old vessel must go to pieces, he knows how to look after salvage, if any man does.'"

Mr. Pepperdine smiled placidly. Evidently he recognized the sagacity of the man whose words had just been quoted.

"And then," continued Mr. Renshaw, "you have such a splendid style about you, Pepperdine. Forgive me for saying as much—I don't flatter you, but one must speak plainly at a moment like this—it will be a grand thing for the city when your turn comes to preside over its affairs. The people will have to recog-

nize that there is a cultured man with firm purposes of his own at the head of civic affairs. Now do consent, old—old—”

Mr. Renshaw, who was by profession an auctioneer, and hence both fluent and familiar in speech, was about to say “old man.” But a quick, indignant glance from that “man with firm purposes” quailed him, so he hurriedly blew his nose instead.

Perhaps Mr. Pepperdine was influenced by the evidence thus afforded of his power; perhaps he had made up his mind at the beginning of the conversation in a sense contrary to his words. At any rate, after sighing deeply, he made answer:

“Well, I’ll so far withdraw what I said as to go with you to your ‘scratch committee’ meeting; but, remember, I shall speak my mind there about abuses as plainly as I have done on one occasion and another in the *Contemporary Review*.”

“Hurrah!” exclaimed Mr. Renshaw, recovering his self-assurance. “Down with Turtle and all its base traditions; up with Pepperdine and civic propriety. By the way, old—my dear sir—(he had almost slipped again), you will really make a splendid alderman, according to our new ideal. Now, I can *talk* very well and all that, but I don’t exactly look impressive anywhere. You do.”

There was truth in this candid statement. Mr. Renshaw was about five feet four in height, and he was molded somewhat on the lines of Sir John Falstaff as regards bulk. His features some twenty years earlier were possibly attractive; now, they distinctly suggested that the phrase “down with Turtle,” which he had used, was capable of more than one interpretation in the mind and act of this worthy citizen.

On the other hand, Mr. Pepperdine was in appearance certainly the antipodes of civic plumpness. A tall, broad-shouldered man of nearly fifty, he was lean as a hermit. The healthy pinkness of his complexion, however, refuted the notion that his thinness meant disease. He was strong and energetic, both physically and mentally. His quick, though small eyes, indicated a mind alert at all times. The size and shape of his head—well displayed, owing to a neat and definite baldness at its summit—showed that he reasoned soundly (within limits), as well as with rapidity. His hair, still brown, was worn somewhat artistically—nay, was even suggestive of poetry! But a glance at his brow, narrow just above the eyes, dispelled the notion that Adam Pepperdine possessed a large soul. In truth, his features in their general expression, quite confirmed the admiring slang of those city friends, who said, “Old Pepperdine is as hard as they make ’em.” When his friend and henchman, Mr. Renshaw, rose to leave, Mr. Pepperdine rose also, and turned to a big iron safe behind his desk, hesitating a moment before unlocking it. As he did so a fair, handsome young man of about seven and twenty, entered, hat in hand. It was his junior partner, Mr. David Heathcote.

Mr. Renshaw shook hands and made the usual remarks about trade and weather. Then, like a man of business, he hurried to the outer office to await his friend—properly assuming that Mr. Pepperdine would wish to confer with his partner before leaving.

“Oh, I have to go out, Heathcote, unexpectedly, and may be some time,” said the embryo alderman; “here are my keys. The bank people want further ‘cover’ for their loans to us. Those Italian bonds will be the thing—about four thousand pounds, say. I was on the point of seeing to it when Mr. Renshaw came in. Jenkins will give you particulars.”

Mr. Heathcote nodded and hung up his hat. “Anything else out of the usual way?” he inquired.

“Yes, don’t forget our garden party this afternoon, David; that is all important,” said Mr. Pepperdine gaily, as he went out. He had made up his mind to be alderman, and the large future thus opened up for him could not but make our merchant cheerful.

Now, the senior partner in the firm of Pepperdine & Heathcote, East Indian merchants and brokers, had been lunching a few moments before Mr. Renshaw arrived (a biscuit, a glass of claret and the *Times*). The junior partner having lunched with a friend at his City Club, rang at once for the housekeeper to take away the tray which had been used by his colleague. He was *promptly obeyed*.

The housekeeper’s promptness seems to me, as I reflect on it, the chief occasion for this story being written. Had she delayed some ten minutes or so before answering the bell, Mr. Pepperdine might possibly have been Lord Mayor before this; possibly a baronet; possibly in parliament! Delays are not always dangerous, despite the proverb. But the housekeeper knew her master too well (she supposed it was Mr. Pepperdine who rang for her), to linger a single instant. With a surprised but respectful “good morning, sir,” to Mr. Heathcote, she hurried into the room and, snatching up the tray, hurried out again. Now Mr. Heathcote was not a regular student of the *Times* like his partner, so he made no objection to the newspaper, which lay on the tray, being removed along with the biscuits and wine. It is more than probable, however, that he would have glanced at it before settling down to work, but for the good woman’s quickness in taking it out of his sight.

Then he would have discovered that snugly concealed within the folds of the newspaper were *five bonds of the Italian Government* bearing interest of 1000 *lire* each—their capital value representing a total of some four thousand pounds! Then, also, as has already been said in other words, I should have discovered nothing of importance in the life of Adam Pepperdine to write about.

Well, not to take up the reader’s time with unnecessary mystery, which is a sure sign that facts are wanting, let me just say right off that those bonds were

the following morning to be found in the dust-box which was placed on the curb outside Messrs. Pepperdine & Heathcote's office. For the information of those unacquainted with the sanitary rules of the city, it may be mentioned that dust-bins are very wisely forbidden. Consequently all refuse has to be placed each morning outside the house in a box, whence it is emptied into the dust-cart some time before eight o'clock.

And here it should be remarked that if a virtue of the housekeeper's—her promptitude—was responsible for those bonds being taken out of the office, it was due to a failing of hers that they reached the street-cart next morning. Alas, she had not a frugal mind, else the *Times* newspaper would have been reserved each day for sale as waste paper. No, that thriftless woman just stuffed it (with its precious enclosure), into the dust-box when she took Mr. Pepperdine's lunch-tray up stairs to her own department on the fourth floor, the result being as already described. So do the virtues and faults of womankind conspire to bring misfortune upon men!

The reader will recollect that Mr. Pepperdine appeared to be in doubt about something just at the moment when his partner entered. The fact was, that owing to the excitement created in his mind by Mr. Renshaw's flattering remarks, the merchant had forgotten whether he had really taken five Italian bonds from his safe, or had merely intended to do so. Unfortunately, he did not acknowledge his uncertainty to Mr. Heathcote when he handed the latter the keys and told him of the bank's requirements. Mr. Pepperdine never confessed to uncertainty—it was not his way.

It was natural enough, then, that the junior partner, seeing no evidence of bonds on his colleague's desk, should turn to the safe and count out five others. These were duly lodged at the banker's half an hour afterwards. Perhaps men of business habits will blame young Heathcote for not, as is customary, counting and checking the rest of the Italian bonds that were in the safe. Then he would have discovered that they were five short, etc., etc. But there was this powerful excuse: he had been for several years sternly educated in the doctrine of Adam Pepperdine's infallibility. To check work that had passed through the latter's fingers bordered upon the profane. David Heathcote was, though young, a good man of business; he came of an old banking family in the Midlands, but it had not yet dawned upon his imagination that Mr. Pepperdine was capable of carelessness, or error, in a matter of business routine, even though an aldermanic gown distracted his attention from ordinary affairs.

But about those missing bonds once more. They did not reach the city dust-yard, where the superior intelligence of the city dustman might possibly have discovered their true worth. No, alas! an ordinary workingman—a carpenter by trade—happened to spy them at the top of the dust-box about half past seven

the following morning. Or rather, to be absolutely correct, he first of all noticed the newspaper in which they were enclosed. This he took possession of with the notion, as he afterwards expressed himself, of "getting a bit of reading on the cheap."

But when Ned Stamper—for such was his name—read the title of the paper he flung it back again with an expression of disgust.

"*Times*—rot! Gimme *Reynolds!*"

It was as he tossed the newspaper back into the dust-box that Ned caught sight of those bonds, which he regarded as of more practical value.

"Rather pretty picture stuff to throw away," said the man to himself, as he gazed on securities to the value of four thousand pounds. "That chap looks rather fierce now. Ain't he got a woppin' mustache!" This referred to the portrait of the late King Victor Emanuel, printed on the precious document. "It's good paper," he added. "Bound to come in handy for something. There, the young 'un shall have a kite out of it—bless 'is little 'art! A big 'un too."

Then he carefully folded up the five bonds and placed them in his pocket.

CHAPTER II

THE JUNIOR PARTNER

THE head of the firm of Pepperdine & Heathcote was in rare spirits when he greeted his partner at five minutes past ten that same morning. For the previous day he had witnessed a double success; he had yet to discover the marring thereof by financial misfortune.

"David, my dear boy," exclaimed Mr. Pepperdine as he grasped Heathcote's hand and shook it warmly, "you can't imagine how you have delighted me; and, if it is fit and proper for a father to say so, I think I may congratulate you. Clara is a good girl."

The young man blushed, and made a reply that was not particularly wise. It commonly takes time for a newly-engaged man to respond with ease and appropriateness to the congratulations of friends. Clara Pepperdine had accepted David Heathcote just the previous afternoon—that garden party to which reference was made earlier, being responsible for the fact—and next to the wonderment of the thought, constantly asserting itself since with sweeter and sweeter emphasis that he had kissed her and she had kissed him! was a feeling in his mind not altogether so definite and delightful; namely, what would her father say about the bold step he had taken?

Mr. Pepperdine's prompt and unsolicited expression of approval (David did not know that Clara's father and mother had both been willing for a long time

past to give their sanction), while it relieved him of some anxiety, was embarrassing in its very suddenness; so, after expressing gratitude in a rather incoherent way, as has already been indicated, the young man sought refuge from his natural confusion by asking his future father-in-law if he had seen a paragraph in the paper that morning.

“Yes, yes,” said Mr. Pepperdine, leaning back in his chair and regarding his companion solemnly. “You have yet to face the ordeal of public duty. This is one of the responsibilities that attaches to advanced years.”

Then the senior partner took up the newspaper and read for a second time with evident satisfaction the paragraph to which Heathcote had referred. It ran as follows:

Adam Pepperdine, Esq., C. C. is spoken of as a candidate for the aldermanic seat rendered vacant by the lamented death of Sir Timothy Oldtype, Bart. Mr. Pepperdine’s election will not, as we have reason to believe, be opposed. This is significant; for Mr. Pepperdine is not merely a successful merchant: he is an acute and broad-minded advocate of municipal reform, on lines that will also respect the ancient traditions of the city.

“I told Renshaw and his friends yesterday,” continued Mr. Pepperdine, grandiloquently, “that the city must be prepared, with me, to recognize the force of public opinion, and must abandon its sullen opposition to the spirit of the times. I told them that my motto was ‘Enterprise and Accuracy,’ and that if they did me the honor of electing me as their alderman, it would be my earnest endeavor to be both enterprising and accurate in the discharge of my civic functions.”

The senior partner drew a long breath after delivering this brief oration. Heathcote was too happy to be critical. A month before he would possibly have asked himself, “What have I done to deserve this?” Under the present circumstances he was reckless enough to provoke a further discourse by asking:

“How did they take it?”

“Take it! Why, will you believe me, there wasn’t a single sign of disapproval. Indeed, though *I* ought not to say so, there was something very much like an ovation when I ended my speech. Ah! we shall get the city to move in time—in time, David, my boy.”

“But, bless my soul! talking about time, reminds me that it is nearly eleven o’clock, and we haven’t begun business. And of course you will want to get away early—eh?”

“Well, I don’t know that I shall object if you let me out of school this afternoon,” replied Heathcote laughingly. The egotism of his partner’s conversation counted for little after that last thoughtful inquiry about ‘getting away early.’

“Now let us get to work,” said Pepperdine, in his usual abrupt business manner.

For some time the merchants sat facing each other—a desk between them—without making further observations. Each had his share of the letters to read

and consider. Presently a string of clerks came in, obedient to the bell. Each received in silence such letters as related to his department—continental, colonial or Asiatic. On the turned-down corner of every document was written the substance of a reply thereto. This method of Mr. Pepperdine's (into which he had trained his partner) at once saved speech and insured accuracy. No clerk would dream of asking a question. To do so would simply provoke from Mr. Pepperdine, with rigid forefinger tapping upon the letter referred to, a curt rebuke: "You have your instructions *here!*"

At the end of an hour the partners were once more alone together. Then the fatal moment of discovery came. Mr. Pepperdine opened the account book in which a record was made of bonds forwarded to their banking house.

"Um—this is very odd," he muttered. "These numbers don't correspond with those of the five bonds I took from the safe yesterday. What made you change them, Mr. Heathcote?"

Heathcote looked up surprised. "I think your memory must be at fault, for once, Mr. Pepperdine, said he, smiling. You left me to get the bonds myself."

"My memory at fault! Nonsense. I placed five bonds on this desk"—tapping it with that emphatic forefinger of his—"and merely told you what was to be done with them when I went out with Mr. Renshaw."

"I certainly saw none. There was nothing but your luncheon tray, which Mrs. Merritt took away directly you had gone."

Mr. Pepperdine rang his bell violently and ordered the housekeeper to be sent to him. In the meanwhile Heathcote had opened the safe and with trembling fingers was counting the residue of the Italian bonds.

"What! Do I understand, sir, that you did not *check* those bonds yesterday?" exclaimed Mr. Pepperdine in his severest manner, as he watched what the other was doing.

"No one but yourself attends to these matters," faltered the young man, "and I took it for granted—"

"Took it for granted! Took it for granted!—this is business, indeed. Four thousand pounds gone anywhere, just because my back is turned."

Mr. Pepperdine had fairly lost command of himself. He had quite forgotten that he was addressing his future son-in-law. He had also forgotten—possibly the fact never occurred to him—that a man who is always, directly or indirectly, impressing other people with the idea of his own infallibility can scarcely complain if he is relied on once too often.

The housekeeper when she appeared was quite sure that no bonds had reached her domain. "There wasn't nothin' but three biscuits—no, three and a broken one—the claret bottle and the noospaper as I took away, sir, barrin' the plate and wine glass."

"What has become of the paper?" inquired Heathcote eagerly.

"That's gone with the dust, sir."

"But *you* would not mistake a parcel of bonds for a newspaper, my good woman?" queried Mr. Pepperdine, with a slight sniff, intended for his partner.

"Oh, no! Mr. Pepperdine," replied Mrs. Merritt, regarding her junior employer with a look of compassion, as in duty bound. "I quite know what bonds is; for I've got a hundred pounds of 'em, as you bought for me with my savin's, and I thank you again, sir."

The housekeeper retired thoroughly well satisfied with herself. Mr. Pepperdine was too prudent, however, to omit sending to the city sanitary authorities without the slightest delay, requesting search to be made in the previous day's refuse. He also sent for a detective, who spent an agreeable afternoon in badgering the clerks in Messrs. Pepperdine & Heathcote's service. They—the clerks—took a practical view of the matter. While agreeing with their senior employer that the bonds had, in some mysterious way, been stolen, they arrived at least at one definite conclusion, viz, that they would suffer in consequence.

"Yes, old Pepper will take it out of us—worse luck—when Christmas comes round," said one of them, ruefully, after the detective had retired. "Not much chance of any increase in our salaries."

"But I really can't believe that the young 'un will stand that sort of thing," said another. "He's a thorough gentleman."

"And the 'boss' is simply the eldest son of a Birmingham barber," said the first speaker, a quiet-looking, middle-aged man.

"Ah! fifteen years ago, when he had not been so very long in business on his own account, Pepperdine didn't altogether forget that fact. At any rate, he was fairly hearty with people from the provinces who called to see him. It was: 'Hullo! Cousin Bill, glad to see you. How are you? and how are the Missus and kids?' 'Oh, all jolly, thank you kindly, Cousin Adam, and how's *your* Missus?' The governor didn't seem quite to relish that last little pill. Still he swallowed it, somehow. Only, I've noticed that year by year country cousins have become scarcer. But that's just the way of the world."

"I suppose that by the time he is Lord Mayor he won't have a single country relative living, poor old chap," remarked the quiet-looking man, who was somewhat of a cynic. "Let me see, now, the last one who called—it was about eight years ago—was a youngish fellow; a village doctor, married to Pepperdine's sister. He was a rather delicate and seedy-looking man, but looked independent enough. At any rate, I noticed how his lip curled when the governor kept on calling him 'doctor,' just as I happened to be present for about ten minutes on a matter of business. The 'doctoring' was all done to impress me, don't you know; and I suppose the young fellow saw through it."

"I say, don't make the governor out to be worse than he is," interposed a clerk who had not previously spoken. "He was very kind to his old mother, so long as she lived; used to remit to her regularly."

"Well, why shouldn't he have done so?" retorted the quiet-looking man. "I never suggested that he was unnatural. He is merely like hundreds of other self-made men, full of bluster, but all the time afraid of people's opinion of them. That's why the country cousins are shunted; that's why *we* are likely to suffer through the loss of those bonds. He will be afraid that if he does not sit upon us somehow, we shall think he's to blame in the matter. What an unjust fool a man makes of himself through self-importance!"

My imagination is unreliable when I try to conceive Mr. Pepperdine's state of mind, had he chanced to overhear his character thus talked about by his clerks. "Insolence!" "Gross impertinence!" "Infamous ingratitude!" How feebly inadequate such phrases seem! One thing I feel pretty sure of without troubling imagination at all. He would never have condescended to search for any possible grain of truth in their criticism; not he!

Still our senior partner had something to put up with in the fact that David Heathcote was truly, as one of these clerks said, a gentleman. Consequently, there was a pith of justice in the latter's character (justice to himself, naturally, as well as to others) which made him, unconsciously, of course, most annoying to Mr. Pepperdine. For, while he took upon his own shoulders a fair share of the blame for the loss of those bonds, he repelled with a shrewd dignity that was not to be quarreled with, Mr. Pepperdine's repeated efforts to show that he himself was entirely blameless in the matter.

It need scarcely be said that everything two intelligent merchants could think of was done in the way of searching for the missing documents. However, the upshot was that Mr. Pepperdine one morning entered the sum of four thousand pounds on the debit side of the firm's profit and loss account. Thereupon, Heathcote rose, and leaning across the desk, held out his hand. Alderman Pepperdine, (he had been elected just the day before) took the proffered palm in his own and clasped it officially. A man—even an alderman—can't refuse to shake hands with his future son-in-law. Yet Heathcote's action galled the head of the firm very much; for it emphasized the "six of one and half a dozen of the other" proposition which the young man had all along maintained when the lost bonds were alluded to.

CHAPTER III

A YOUNG MAN'S HOBBY

“I DON'T like to hear girls speak disparagingly of poor people. I always feel it is so mean.”

“Where did you get that notion from, you little Radical?” said David Heathcote, with a glance half tender, half amused, at the sweet face of his betrothed—all the sweeter for the expression of earnest pity on it just then.

“I did not know that it was a radical notion,” replied Clara, blushing. “But this is what I feel—don't laugh at me, Davie—I feel that men, and women, too, who make money for themselves, may perhaps have some kind of right to criticize poverty; but I have never earned a penny in my life, and couldn't if I tried; so, for anyone like me to be severe on the poor, is just about as foolish and mean as for a lame man to scoff at a blind one.”

David's response to this little speech was to take her hand in his as they walked along, and gently raise it to his lips. There was joy in his heart too deep for words. Clara and he had been engaged about three weeks, and although there had been confidences in plenty between them, and much discovery of each other—(Ah! how delightful are those discoveries made in the bright spring-tide of acknowledged love!); still, David Heathcote had remained silent hitherto about one fact in his life. He was in a quiet, unassuming way a practical philanthropist. Together with some half dozen old university friends, he cultivated the hobby of helping the poor. The help given by this band of young men was given unobtrusively. Their motive, they would laughingly say among themselves, was merely enlightened self-interest. They just wanted to avoid becoming snobs. So, altogether they spent rather more than two thousand pounds annually in ways that led to personal contact with the poverty and wretchedness of the metropolis. In fact, when one of these young fellows lent a helping hand to the struggling, it was truly his own hand and not that of a proxy.

Now, as I have said, Heathcote had not yet told Clara anything about this hobby of his. He loved her dearly. He admired the warm-hearted unselfishness of her conduct in the home circle. She could talk sensibly about popular books and about pictures, and she sang sweetly and tenderly. Her father had truly said that she was a good girl. He might have added that she was beautiful. But no handsome man says this of his daughters; he allows common sense to decide the point.

Still, charming girl though she was, Clara had been brought up conventionally. Her mother—daughter, too, of a city merchant—held that a wife's duty began and ended with husband and children. Charities were, of course, to be

supported; but strictly left to the control of clergymen and *passee* spinsters. *She* did not believe in married women neglecting their homes from motives of benevolence.

Now, the words that had just fallen from Clara's lips proved to her lover not merely her freedom from the prejudices of the circle in which she had hitherto lived. They more than hinted that she would be truly his "helpmeet" in good works of the kind he himself delighted in. No wonder, then, that his heart was full of joy. He could begin telling her everything, in full reliance on her active sympathy.

A very simple circumstance had called forth that radical speech of hers. It was Saturday evening. They were crossing Clapham Common on their way to Mr. Pepperdine's house—a large old-fashioned mansion, half hidden by elms and acacias, on the western border of it. The crowd of toilers who make Clapham Common "vulgar" on Saturdays and holidays was slowly straggling Londonwards. Here and there Italian ice merchants had established their barrows and were doing a roaring trade—chiefly, however, with boys and girls of independent means, so to speak. But as is usual there were clusters of penniless children round the barrows, who could only look and long. Into one of these groups Clara had suddenly darted and before David could realize her object, she had spent half a crown in penny ice creams and was handing them round to the longing little ones.

When her task was done and she rejoined him, she looked flushed and excited, and said:

"I often do that when nobody is with me. Mama is so particular, you know. I hope you don't mind, darling."

Then came that little speech of hers, as a sort of apology for her eccentric practices, about the meanness of condemning poor people, etc.

For some little time after this they walked on in silence. David's thoughts are known. He had resolved to tell Clara all about his hobby: he did not know exactly how and when to do so. Then a very simple action of his unexpectedly afforded the desired opportunity. He raised his hat to two ladies who were walking across the Common, at a distance of some fifty yards, in the direction of London. A man who looked like an artisan in his Sunday clothes was in their company.

"Do you know those ladies?" inquired Clara, in a tone of surprise."

"One of them is a very dear friend of mine—the shorter of the two"—he replied, smiling.

"That is nice. Then I dare say you can explain what has puzzled us all for ever so long. We have often seen her out on the common at quiet times of the day with a whole troop of little girls. She can't keep a school, for those children

are too familiar with her. They call her 'Auntie'; but none of them look like sisters, and there are so many of them, and—"

"You can't imagine any rational explanation of her? Well, her name is Mrs. Ruffe—I'll tell you that much; and I have an appointment to see her in two hours' time—about 8 o'clock. Will you come with me?"

"Yes, yes; I shall be delighted; but, Davie, I must really know more about her now."

"'Let patience have its perfect work', my darling," replied he, with mock solemnity.

"Very well; I shall repeat that sentiment, sir, when next you want—"

She stopped short in her speech and blushed delightfully. David read in her eyes her unspoken thought. It is just possible that he might, a few minutes later, have tested her resolution, when they entered the seclusion of Mr. Pepperdine's grounds. But unfortunately, the merchant's carriage could be seen, standing at the door, and he was just getting into it. He was to be feasted by one of the city companies that evening in honor of his election as Alderman.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Money-Getting *versus* Art

by W. A. R.



IT is no less true of Music than of the other Arts, that in our day and age, even as an art, it represents to the people a certain commercial value. Money, or what in this light is practically the same thing, the acquiring of money, is accepted as the primary object, which the highest degree of proficiency in the art of music is made to serve. The great collective mind of the human race, is thinking today along commercial lines. Whatever talents or abilities a man may have, there can be, in the eyes of the world, but one purpose to which they will be devoted; they are nurtured, developed, and educated with that end in view—the accumulation of wealth.

The spirit of greed has forced its way into, and taken up its abode in the hearts and minds of men, and is making use of various capabilities as instruments with which to satisfy its own love of gain. Under its influence, men have become used to thinking of nothing more than to do its bidding, dashing ahead in a wild sort of chase, with but a single idea, toward the greatest possible altitude

of proficiency in whatever direction their chosen work may lie—for, “to the victor belong the spoils.”

The greatest musician, if he have, beside his art, any business or commercial ability, must become as a matter of course, a man of more or less wealth; if not, then he is looked upon by his fellow artists and the world at large as a failure. This condition in which we find the music and musicians of today, seems to have been led up to by a gradual departure from the lines of true art. A century or so ago, we find the devotees of music holding up as an ideal, the musician who, laying aside the common object of wealth, would give himself up to art for art's sake. He was put on a pedestal and worshiped in a sentimental way by a few for his sacrifice. He represented to them the acme of unselfishness, an example of devotion to, and love for higher ideals and principles. We find that as a rule such men have died in comparative obscurity, little loved and less appreciated.

In still earlier times, we find it almost demanded of one who would be a really great artist, that he live and work for his art alone. The musician whose aim was high, entered into the spirit of what seemed to be the highest plane of music. To the people of his time, this seemed to be a path of a great sacrifice, that needs must lead to the highest pinnacle of glory in art.

The artist of our modern times looks back with reverence to the great stars that illuminated the musical world of that period. That men should have been so utterly unselfish as to give up their lives for the sole purpose of becoming great in their art, is almost beyond their power of comprehension. It is indeed from our every day point of view, so to speak, a high standard of art-morals; almost martyrdom to people who can see and understand very little if anything beyond the love of wealth. But to go a step further and demand that the musician sacrifice all love of name, fame, and greatness, at once establishes a standard that is altogether beyond understanding. Still these things must be renounced, before the man can hope to become the *true artist*.

The musician who would make for himself through his art, a name and fame to go down in the annals of history, that the world might read and admire, is but the unconscious victim of a selfishness, far more subtle and far-reaching in its effect than is the greed of gain. He is then indulging a soul-destroying passion for personal ends, simply following the desires of a spirit of egotism; the dupe of a de-spiritualizing vanity, that is a greater menace to pure and lofty artistic conceptions than the love of money, since it operates on a higher plane of intelligence.

But before the man can become the true artist, he must have killed out desire for fame, emolument, and self-advancement. By forgetting self, by conquering the lower personality, he must be willing to live for the sake of his art, to seek in it a power that will uplift his fellow men. Then he will find in his soul the joy of true art, for true art is the voice of the soul.

Our personalities have ever been the greatest stumbling-blocks in the pathway that leads to the region of the soul. But once the musician, forgetting self, catches a glimpse of the light of true art through the soul touch, he loses himself in contemplation of the Beautiful, the Good, and the True. Then the great living power of music in all its radiance and grandeur, works in and through him, making of this man an artist, a soul, whose light reflects the universal life. His individuality is henceforth a point from which the divine Soul of Music radiates as a living power out into the hearts of men and the life of humanity.

St. Paul's Teachings

by H. T. E.



For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—*Romans viii; 18*

NO one can read with an unprejudiced mind the chapter from which this text is taken, without seeing that the writer was striving to impress his readers with his own most earnest conviction—that a glorification and a revelation awaits those who live according to the higher law.

He speaks of Christ in two ways: first, as the Teacher, Jesus; secondly, as the Higher Self in every human being. This distinction is well shown in verse 11:

If the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.

Nowhere can we find justification for the belief that Jesus Christ was unique, and that ordinary man cannot attain to glorification. Such a doctrine is a perversion, invented either by the faithless, for the purpose of excusing their own offenses; or by the tyrannical, for the purpose of keeping men down.

Paul himself is full of faith and enthusiasm for the perfectibility of man. He echoes the words of his Teacher and proclaims in the strongest terms man's divine nature.

There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. . . .

For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. . .

For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. . . .

We ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to-wit, the redemption of our body.

It is very important to know that the teachings of The Universal Brotherhood are not opposed to true Christianity; but it is necessary to clear the name of Christ and his message from all the calumnies and misrepresentations which have grown up around them. In the times of Christ and Paul people were struggling, as they are now, against one of those high-tides of materialism and sensualism that sweep over the earth in the Black Age and from time to time threaten to submerge it.

But the "lamp of spiritual discernment" is never suffered to go out, and enough of its light is always diffused to enable the race to survive the dark cycle.

The Universal Brotherhood is but reviving the old message of hope and faith in the divinity and power of manhood; and in terms adapted to present conditions.

False prophets there may be; but these are to be judged "by their fruits." And the "fruits of the Spirit" are enumerated for our guidance. Where we see one individual proclaiming himself as *the* Christ, or a small coterie claiming exclusive powers and privileges; there we recognize the vanity that is *not* of the Spirit. The fruits of the Spirit are seen where people are found working in the cause of justice, true freedom of the heart, purity, and brotherhood.

A Climb to Rest

by LUCY LARCOM—*Selected*

STILL must I climb if I would rest:
 The bird soars upward to his nest;
 The young leaf on the tree-top high
 Cradles itself within the sky.

I cannot in the valley stay;
 The great horizons stretch away!
 The very cliffs that wall me round
 Are ladders into higher ground.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;
 The breeze invites, the stars befriend.
 All things are beckoning to the Best:
 I climb to thee, my God, for rest!—*Selected*

The Old vs. the New Century

by H. T. P.



FASCINATING as is the history of the United States, and of the last century it will, apparently, be totally eclipsed by that of the present century, and of Africa in particular. Just what is to come forth from present conditions, who can tell? Certainly something different not merely in degree but in kind from what was brought forth by the conditions of a little over one hundred years ago; and though one cannot forecast the character of the coming *renaissance*, yet one can foretell that we are in the inception of one—one which is bound to make all preceding ones almost *nil* by the force of contrast.

There are South America, Africa, Australia, the Pacific islands—all awaiting development. The same energy; the same blood that poured into the United States is pouring into these places with that of the United States added. These parts of the earth are having great cities, and towns and villages, built in them; railroads laid and equipped; telegraph lines established; steamships launched; with mail service and the rest of the paraphernalia of modern commerce and civilization. Ten years, now, means more than one hundred years did one hundred years ago. The evidences of this follow one another with bewildering activity. Let us take Africa, for example.

From Cape Town to Bulawayo—fifteen hundred miles—a train *de luxe* is now being run. Yet, less than thirty years ago, Bulawayo was in the midst of a wild country, it being there that the prince imperial of France was killed by assegais of the Zulus fighting under Cetawayo.

At Bulawayo the Beira-Salisbury, (coming from the north and extended southward) has formed a junction with the one referred to above.

This line—the Beira-Salisbury—is due to cross the Zambesi river at Victoria Falls not later than the end of 1903.

From Victoria Falls it will be extended north—as per agreement already entered into at Brussels—to the Kongo border; thence to Lake Kasali, on the Lu-alaba—one of the principal reaches of the Kongo.

Another railroad is about to be built from Stanley Falls—on the Kongo—to Lake Albert Nyanza. This great body of inland water being already connected by rail and river with Egypt and the Mediterranean.

The Kongo system of travel, by means of a railroad built, a few years since, around Stanley Falls, is already sufficiently perfected to have opened up about ten thousand miles of navigable river—the Kongo and its affluents—to communication and colonization.

Lines are already in existence, or being worked up, which, running easterly and westerly, will connect the Cape to Cairo railroad, when built, with the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean.

The above only touches English, Belgian and German activity. The French and Italians are also at work in other quarters of the "dark continent."

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

What is Raja Yoga?

Why should this term be used as the title of the Point Loma School?

THE second question may be answered in a word, viz: that the school is so named because this name expresses both the purpose of the school and the method by which that purpose may be attained.

Raja Yoga means literally "royal union," or kingly brotherhood, and is the harmonious development of the whole nature, physical, mental and moral. Raja Yoga means *mens sana in corpore sano* and it teaches that true growth and development can come only where balance is maintained between the different parts of human nature, as mentioned, and where one is not developed at the expense of another. Into modern education has crept the fever and the competition of modern life, and even where, as in many cases, an attempt is made to keep these out of school life, they too often creep into the home, and in the majority of cases there is a great gap between home life and school life. The environment, influences, and standards are different and confuse the expanding mind of the child and stunt its growth.

In the complete Raja Yoga system of training, the home and school life are combined, as at Point Loma. Katherine Tingley, in answer to a question as to how much has been accomplished with the children in so short a time, recently said: "We build a healthy body for the child, give it the best possible environment and inculcate the loftiest ideas of cleanliness and personal purity. We eliminate fear from its mind by giving it our confidence and love, and encourage even the smallest child to feel its responsibility. We teach the child its duty to its little comrades, that 'helping and sharing is what brotherhood means,' thus implanting a strong desire to begin early to render noble service to humanity."

Katherine Tingley has also said of this school that "through it and its branches the children of the race will be taught the laws of physical life, and the laws of physical, moral and mental health and spiritual unfoldment. They will learn to live in harmony with Nature. They will become passionate lovers of all

that breathes. They will grow strong in an understanding of themselves, and as they gain strength they will learn to use it for the good of the whole world." This is Raja Yoga.

STUDENT

IMPARTIALITY—NOT IGNORANCE

IN a law court the other day the counsel for the defendant in a certain case maintained that an impartial jury could not be obtained in the city where the trial was taking place. He brought forward many affidavits showing that the citizens resented certain action of the defendant in reference to the city, he himself—strange as it may seem—also resented such action, and for this cause he argued there could not be found a sufficient number of fair-minded impartial men to serve on the jury in a trial in which this man was defendant.

It was in one sense amusing, but oh! how pitiful; what a distorted sense of justice and responsibility it showed on the part of the counsel; for the whole trend of his argument, based on the affidavits presented, was that because the affiants and he himself were indignant at what they and he held to be wrong—therefore the citizens could not act justly. Such an attitude is a travesty on the name of justice, it makes impartiality synonymous with ignorance. Have we come to such a point that we must not be indignant at wrong doing? Methinks this age is an age of seeming, verily; let us *talk* justice, and charity and brotherhood, these form a good cloak for our acts of selfishness and injustice. But let us talk calmly. If the honor of a woman is assailed, if a child is brutally treated, let us argue about it and treat the assailant and the brute with gentle, courteous consideration. To recognize the enormity and brutality of the crime, to be indignant, would according to our friend, the lawyer above referred to, imply partiality.

But I maintain that no one who is not indignant at wrong is impartial. To be passive, to be unstirred, marks the man who is partial to evil, whose nobler instincts and finer sensibilities of honor and purity have been dulled. The impartial man is the man of honor and of knowledge, the man who recognizes the evil for what it is and whose heart is set upon counteracting and removing it.

I am not in favor of lynch law, which I regard to be merely revengeful and not protective, but I do honor straightforward virile action in protection of those who are assailed and in defense of honor, truth, nobility, purity. Let us put words and argument in their right place, but at least let our words and our argument uphold the right, and recognizing evil, let us not fear to be impartial through our indignation at the evil, and—let us act at the right time and in the right place, fearlessly and vigorously. We need a little more wholesome whole heartedness in our actions. We calculate too much, we are too fearful of our positions and of public opinion, and because of this attitude our very sense of right is dulled.

J. H. FUSSELL

Mirror of the Movement



**Great Victory
for
Katherine Tingley**

On January 12th Katherine Tingley, head of The Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma, was awarded a verdict in the Superior Court for \$7500 in her suit for libel against Harrison Gray Otis and the *Times-Mirror* Publishing Company of Los Angeles. Compared with suits for libel tried in California, the damages awarded Katherine Tingley are considered to be very heavy. A lie an hour ahead of the truth is very difficult to overtake and refute. But all Theosophists know there is a law higher than man's which gives to all their due. "Tomorrow it shall judge or after many days." It is that law by which as a man sows so shall he reap, and none can escape the consequences of his own deeds or words.

* * *

From the Los Angeles *Herald*, January 13th

**Brought to Bay
by a Woman**

The jury in the Tingley-Otis libel trial has awarded the plaintiff damages in sum of \$7500. At last the self-styled hero of the Rubicon has been brought to bay — and by a woman. The stuffed warrior of paid write-ups, the brutal assassin of character, the would-be dictator of politics and society, the keeper of a "blacklist" based upon his own treachery and unscrupulous ambition, has been halted in his campaign of calumny and abuse, rebuked by the courts and held up to scorn and ridicule — and by a woman. Otis has been branded as a thief of other people's good reputations — and by a woman.

The story of the case, simmered down to a paragraph, is that Otis made unwarranted attacks on Mrs. Tingley's reputation, and when brought to book in the courts failed utterly to prove them. The rulings of the court were frequently against him during the trial, but this was because, in order to cover up the weakness of his case, he attempted to bring in extraneous matters. The judge made him hew to the line. For years Otis has made his newspaper an instrument to vent his own personal spite and hatred, using his weapons as only cowards use them.

By stealth and by innuendo he has assailed reputations, slandered character and vilified respectability. Now, a woman, under the law of the land, has defied him and exposed the iniquitous character of his methods.

Otis could not be elected dog-catcher of Los Angeles, but for years, on the strength of his newspaper ownership, he has been a seeker after public pap. He has one war record made to order by the Los Angeles *Times*, another, which has not yet been officially made public, and still another consisting of paid write-ups. This is the man, the bold warrior, the newspaper dictator, the pen and ink assassin, who, compelled for once against his will to fight fair, has been worsted — by a woman. It is too much to expect that the snake will not hiss, that it will not continue to eject its poisonous venom; but the snake has been scotched — and by a woman.

From the Los Angeles *Herald*, January 11th, 1903

ANOTHER SUIT AGAINST OTIS

Mrs. Tingley Files Fresh Complaint---Alleging a Conspiracy to Extort Blackmail

SAN DIEGO, January 10th—While Samuel M. Shortridge of San Francisco was closing the argument for the defendant in the Tingley-*Times* \$50,000 libel suit about 4 o'clock this afternoon, a sheriff's deputy stepped into the court room and served upon Harrison Gray Otis, president of the *Times-Mirror* company, a summons in an action for \$75,000, brought by Mrs. Katherine Tingley, alleging that he is a party to a conspiracy with his city editor, Henry E. Andrews; a *Times* reporter named Lanier Bartlett; Mrs. M. Leavitt, the woman who gave the interview upon which the pending libel suit is based, and E. W. Schmidt, to blackmail and extort money from the plaintiff.

* * *

From *The San Diego Union*, January 11th, 1903

THE LATEST PERSECUTION

Truth as to the Way in Which Action Was Brought by Attorney Beloate Against Katherine Tingley

THE following message has just been received by Katherine Tingley from Dolores de Acosta, the mother of the Cuban boy, who has been the subject of the recent *habeas corpus* proceedings:

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, January 10th, 1903

I was greatly shocked on learning today that Lawyer Beloate had put me in the position of having charged you with imprisoning Calixto. I emphatically deny having any such idea.

Beloate has greatly exceeded his instructions. I understand that Beloate would present to you a request for the child when you could give to Beloate, and that would be all unless you absolutely refused to return the child to Cuba.

I would not even have agreed to let Beloate ask you for the child after saying the child could come with the teachers, although he was not here on January 1st, except that on account of very bad statements in a letter of Beloate to Mr. Cordova, my son-in-law, against you and your school, which greatly agitated and alarmed me when the child did not arrive by January 1st. It was by reason of the alarm and fright occasioned by Beloate's letter that I cabled him to reclaim child energetically, without waiting to inquire of you or your representatives in Santiago in the cause of delay in the child's coming. After hearing yesterday that some legal action had been taken in my name by Beloate, and after learning from your representative here, Mr. Hanson, that the child would come with you to Cuba as promptly as you could arrange to come here, after the conclusion of the great suit which you were obliged to remain to conduct, which in all probability I understood would be within sixty days, I cabled Beloate to dismiss all legal proceedings in regard to the boy. I did this also for the reason that I began to realize that I had been misled by misrepresentations made by Beloate.

If it will help you to clear me of having falsely charged you with imprisoning Calixto as imputed to me, you have my permission to publish this cable.

DOLORES DIAZ DE ACOSTA

The signature to the letter is witnessed by Porfirio Carcasse, Notary Public, and authenticated by the American Consul, R. E. Holiday, 8 P. M.

After the publication of the above Lawyer S. R. Beloate very quickly applied to the court to have the case dismissed, which was done.

* * *

A Statement from MRS. RICHMOND-GREEN, reprinted from the *San Diegan-Sun*, January 9th, 1903

**Vicious but Futile
Efforts to
Obstruct the Work
of Katherine Tingley**

In connection with the *habeas corpus* proceedings begun in the local courts yesterday, to recover from the Point Loma Homestead the person of Calixto Diaz, the following statement is furnished the *Sun* by Mrs. Richmond-Green of Massachusetts, one of the oldest workers in The Universal Brotherhood, a recognized philanthropist, and who worked with Mrs. Tingley immediately after the Spanish-American war in her relief expedition to Cuba, and who is therefore peculiarly familiar with the conditions in Cuba:

“In view of the fact that Mrs. Tingley had arranged to have three Cuban children carried back to Cuba this month by some of her teachers and had so informed their relatives, the *habeas corpus* served on her yesterday through the lawyer, Mr. Beloate, for the custody of one of these children, Calixto, has a singular significance as coming just at this time, and especially so for the reason that the last communication which Mrs. Tingley received from Calixto’s mother was the following cable message: ‘I am glad that Calixto can come with your teachers. I do not want you to let Mr. Beloate get him,’ her signature being duly attested.

“The plan of Mrs. Tingley’s enemies has been continuously to get hold of some one from that school whom they could say had been rescued. It is a well-known fact that several people in California and especially in Los Angeles and one or more in San Diego are especially interested in the success of this plan and as time goes on it is said that Mrs. Tingley will have some remarkable revelations for the public which will accentuate the determination of her open and hidden enemies to destroy the Brotherhood institution at Point Loma.

“This special case, if it is not available in any court trial, might serve to be carried over the wires to the press throughout the land in order to create a public sentiment against Katherine Tingley, the Raja Yoga School and the other departments with which she is connected. The Raja Yoga School contains over one hundred children from different parts of the world, English, Irish, Germans, French, Swedes, Cubans, negro and Americans and in connection with this work it may be stated that three attempts to work up a *habeas corpus* have been made.

“One case was that of Bertha Griswold, a little less than thirteen months ago—note that the date was about the time when the libel suit was first brought against the *Los Angeles Times*. This man Griswold got out a *habeas corpus* for the custody of his daughter, Bertha, who had come to the institution for protection after her mother died and who already had a guardian appointed in order to protect herself from her father, who she said had failed in his duty to her mother for years. Katherine Tingley appeared in court with her lawyer and Bertha Griswold with her lawyer and with her guardianship papers in her hand. The moment the court opened Dr. Griswold withdrew his case. Miss Griswold said that he never came to the institution before he served the paper to inquire after her, and never wrote that he was coming to California, and that he never made any application to the officials of the institution or had any communication with them, and it is her firm belief that he must have had some money inducement to do as he did. Her mother was a good woman, and accord-

ing to her statement before her death, she wished her child to have nothing to do with her father from whom she had been separated for many years.

“The next attack which followed a very short time after this, and less than a year ago, was made by John G. Bohn of Chicago, who had come with his wife and his two children to Point Loma, as he stated, to leave her there for three months for rest and health while he traveled in his business interests. He even went so far when he arrived as to interview Mrs. Tingley and apply for the admission of his children to the Raja Yoga School during the three months in question, and this Mrs. Tingley refused, advising him to get a servant to care for them. After this refusal, something happened to Mr. Bohn. It was evident to those familiar with the case at Point Loma and with his doings, that he was baffled in some way. He went away, however, taking leave of his wife and saying that he would return in three months to go home, and the next day to her amazement he appeared with a double-seated carriage and a strange man and attempted to abduct her children. Through the mother’s determined intervention he failed, and the next day he got out a *habeas corpus* against Katherine Tingley, declaring that she was imprisoning his two children. Katherine Tingley appeared in court with her lawyer, and as in the Griswold case, Mr. Bohn dismissed his suit and departed. Mrs. Grace Bohn explained that before coming to Point Loma efforts had been made to take her children from her, and she blames Dr. Mary Green for all her trouble. She has now filed a suit in the superior court of San Diego against John G. Bohn for divorce, naming the said Dr. Mary Green as co-respondent.

“She also asks for the custody of her children, whom Mr. Bohn succeeded in getting hold of by a later suit in Los Angeles, Mr. Hunsaker, one of the attorneys for Mr. Otis, being one of Mr. Bohn’s counsel.

“The next case of a similar character was brought about through the efforts of the Rev. McCausland, who is not now in San Diego, and who will be remembered as being one of the ministers who took an active part in getting the local ministers to sign a protest against the teachings emanating from Point Loma. He has, it is stated, been busily occupied in having the parents of the Cuban children informed that their children, who are going to the Point Loma school, are in an improper institution, with many other damaging references. The result was that the trusting Cuban mothers, who sent their little children to the Raja Yoga School to receive the free education and maintenance at Katherine Tingley’s hands, became alarmed. They had faith in her, for they knew of much of her good work for the sick and starving Cubans after the war, but it was a clergyman who had said these things, and an American clergyman! This work of Mr. McCausland and the one with whom he was in correspondence in Cuba, did not succeed as was expected. Out of all the relatives and parents of the many Cuban children in that school, only one poor, sick, epileptic mother was influenced to make a demand for her child. As the child was already on its way back to Cuba with one of Mrs. Tingley’s agents, she having been informed that the parent was now in a position to support it, which was not so before, she foiled the efforts of her enemies to make a situation of a child being rescued. Mr. Beloate, who was employed by Mr. McCausland, did not secure the custody of the child, and some of the yellow journals were robbed of a sensational story of a child being rescued, to the frightful disappointment of Katherine Tingley’s enemies. As this boy had been sent by Emilio Bacardi to the Raja

Yoga School, he was taken by one of the teachers to Emilio Bacardi, and in the presence of friends of the editor of *El Cubano Libre*, the boy gave a glowing account of the kindness he had received, and so his testimony has been useless to the enemy for the purpose intended by them.

“We know from information received that for a long time past Senor Insula, the editor of a second-class paper in Santiago, has been working as agent for some one in California in publishing the slanderous statements from California papers and keeping up a constant alarm among the Cuban mothers. There is no question in the minds of those who know, that Calixto’s mother has been induced by some very strong pressure to work at this opportune moment. The editor of the *Republica*, the Senor Insula who has been mentioned, was a catspaw in the hands of Katherine Tingley’s California enemies.

“He was shot and killed on the first of this month in the streets of Santiago by Senor Corona, a National Senator. Insula and three confederates attacked Senor Corona with sticks and beat him frightfully before he drew his revolver in self-defense and fired into the crowd with the result, as has been said, that Insula was killed.

“Insula was to have been served this week with papers in a libel suit brought by Katherine Tingley. When the trial of Corona takes place Katherine Tingley’s lawyers in Cuba expect to get into the true inwardness of Insula, who had his connections with our enemies in California and other States. As Calixto’s letters within the last two weeks have been published in the *Cubano Libre*, brim full of joyful expressions of gratitude to Katherine Tingley for all the kindness he has received, it will be very difficult for Calixto to be handled by her enemies, especially in view of the cable message which is quoted above.”

* * *

Tingley-“Times” Libel Suit

The suit for malicious libel against the Los Angeles *Times-Mirror-Harrison Gray Otis*, et al., was begun December 16th. Mrs. Tingley rested her case early in the trial, the remainder of the time being occupied by attempts of the defendants to introduce depositions of irresponsible persons containing matter of no bearing on the case and intended to befog the true issue—matter which after argument by counsel the court ruled as inadmissible point by point. The defense has not been able to produce any evidence which would in any way mitigate the malice of the libelous articles.

By the processes of selection and elimination it has proven a very easy task for such newspapers as were inclined to serve Otis, to color their reports of the trial in such a way as to be highly pleasing to the *Times* and its proprietor, while in some instances—notably the San Francisco *Examiner*—the actual proceedings of the court have been so distorted and misquoted as to incline Mrs. Tingley to consider this a vicious and slanderous attack upon herself rather than a report of the trial.

With but very few exceptions the American press has been flooded with articles against Katherine Tingley, an American woman, denouncing her throughout the length and breadth of the land, and behind this has been a religious persecution that is not paralleled even in the darkest of the Middle Ages. One of these exceptions is the Los Angeles *Herald*, one of the few daily newspapers in Southern California, indeed in the entire State, which is independent

in its action on lines of justice. Another paper, the Los Angeles *Saturday Post*, has shown independent spirit and love of justice by asking for the truth, and in response to its request, Katherine Tingley, busy as she was, wrote the article, "The Life at Point Loma," which is reprinted in this issue.

* * *

**Release of the
Cuban Children**

December 6th brought the joyful news of the release of the Cuban children, as shown in the following press dispatch :

"WASHINGTON, D. C., December 6th, 1902.—The eleven Cuban children who have been detained at New York during the past several weeks by the immigration authorities were ordered released today by the Treasury Department, and they will immediately proceed to the Point Loma Brotherhood School in California.

"This decision was reached after a hearing at the Department today at which counsel for the Gerry Society of New York and persons interested in the school were heard.

"The meeting was behind closed doors. The chief witness for the Point Loma Institution was Commissioner-General of Immigration Sargent, who told of his thorough personal investigation of the Raja Yoga School and reported it entirely responsible financially, and morally above criticism. It is understood that Commissioner Sargent spoke in the highest terms of the Institution. His report was quite lengthy, containing over 6000 words and setting forth the results of his investigation with great particularity."

The incident of "The detention of the Eleven Cuban Children at New York" was closed as far as the fact itself is concerned, by their safe arrival at Point Loma Homestead, but later the public may hear something further, for Katherine Tingley has not dropped the matter. They arrived on the evening of the 13th in charge of Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, the Superintendent of the Raja Yoga School, and accompanied by President D. C. Reed of the San Diego Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who had met the party at New Orleans in order to afford the protection of his Society against further machinations of the enemies of our work, and Comrade Ross White of Macon, Georgia, who had at much sacrifice joined the party on the way and rendered invaluable service.

That the reception was a glorious one, goes without saying. The party was received in the Rotunda of the Homestead, which had been beautifully and profusely decorated with flags of all nations, flowers, and graceful festoons of the beautiful "pepper tree" branches with their clusters of red berries. In the center of the Rotunda stood twelve chairs also decorated, awaiting their long-expected occupants. The comrades were assembled in the balconies waiting for the glad moment when they could give expression to their feelings in hearty welcome.

As the carriages drove up to the east entrance, they were met by the older children of the Raja Yoga School, who with joyous shouts of welcome and hearty cheers carried the little travelers to their seats, the assembled comrades joining in the grand ovation, in the midst of which could be heard the inspiring strains of the national anthem of Cuba, rendered by the Homestead Orchestra.

Three rousing cheers were given for the Hon. Frank P. Sargent, Secretary Shaw of the Treasury and all the good Government officials who had so nobly risen to the call for justice,

and so thoroughly maintained American honor and freedom ; each in turn received this heart-felt recognition, as did Senors Bacardi and Ortiz, who so nobly stood for Cuba's rights and for the honor of the Raja Yoga School which they had so thoroughly investigated. The comrades in New York to whose indefatigable efforts so much is due, Elizabeth and Albert G. Spalding and Oluf Tyberg, were cheered to the echo, and the representatives of the School in Cuba, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hanson, Miss Herbert and Mr. Turner, might have heard the cheers given in response to their names if they had only been listening. No one was forgotten. Mr. Frederic R. Kellogg, Katherine Tingley's New York attorney, the Mayor and officials of San Diego, County Superintendent of Schools Hugh J. Baldwin, ex-Mayor Reed, Collector of the Port W. W. Bowers, the citizens of San Diego, and all who rendered service in this battle for the right — and their name is legion — were hailed as sharers in the victory.

A special ovation was given to Dr. Van Pelt for the courage she had shown, and the untiring vigilance displayed throughout the trying circumstances of this historical journey. In her reply she recognized that while all concerned had done so nobly, it was to the wisdom and generalship of the Leader that success was in reality obtained. It was the knowledge of the Leader's wisdom which had sustained her, when everything seemed to indicate that the enemies would triumph at least temporarily under the extraordinary powers granted the irresponsible Gerry Society by the Commonwealth of New York. The glorious victory gained, and the crushing defeat of the enemies, justify that trust a thousand-fold and fill her with a courage which no future circumstances or dangers can ever disturb.

After some short speeches, and an original chorus by the Raja Yoga School Choir, entitled "Hail to Cuba," the tired but happy travelers were escorted to the dining-room and thence to their well-earned and welcome repose — safe from all danger, in their little homes among the Raja Yoga children who had waited for them so long.

* * *

Christmas in Loma-land

Merry Christmas finds no fuller exemplification of the joys of giving, and doing for others, than among the children of Loma-land. The spirit in which our Raja Yoga children observe this joyous season is a great object lesson of right thought, right speech and right action; there is no sign of the ordinary selfish conjecture, "What am I going to get," the whole trend of speech and action being, "What can I do best that will give joy to others;" and it is not between themselves alone that this spirit exists, but it extends to the comrades, teachers and helpers.

Of course they held a meeting — one of the "mysteries" of Loma-land, for it was a secret one — yet like other "mysteries in Loma-land" it was merely that they might "do good in secret," a lesson taught by Jesus two thousand years ago, but not learned nor understood by many of his professed followers.

Plans were there and then made for the festival and for the gifts which they wished to give their teachers and helpers. Many of the gifts were made by their own hands, and in addition each child made out a list of articles to be purchased for him or her, in the city.

As the sun sank out of sight in the Pacific ocean, and the stars appeared one by one, shining brighter and brighter as the after glow of sunset faded out, the children gathered in

joyous expectancy of the arrival of Santa Claus who was to conduct them to the rotunda of the Homestead where a large and beautifully illuminated Christmas tree awaited admiration and despoliation.

After many cries of "lo here" and "lo there," at last the jingling of merry bells was heard, and soon the real messenger appeared, clad in white, with ruddy cheeks and flowing snow-white beard, who with cheery voice announced that Christmas eve and Santa Claus had come once more, and called for all good boys and girls to follow him to a place where joy and loving gifts awaited them.

Undoubtedly all were good—for none stayed behind—and the murmur of many childish voices, and the patter of many little feet followed the snowy figure and the jingling bells into the Homestead and ranged themselves around the Christmas tree. As they did so, two other Santas came in, each with an enormous pack upon his back to help in the distribution, for there were many children and many gifts.

Of course, among the others, the eleven Cuban children who have become famous on account of their outrageous treatment by the Gerry society in New York which detained them there for over five weeks, jeopardizing their health to a very serious degree as time has shown. There were also present all the comrades, who from the balconies, enjoyed the happy scene. Among the guests were Mr. Ross White of Macon, Georgia, Mr. Oluf Tyberg of Brooklyn and Mrs. H. K. Richmond-Green. Mrs. Richmond-Green delighted the children by her recitation of the thrilling tale of "'Twas the night before Christmas." The children sang a number of their beautiful songs, which with music from the orchestra and the distribution of gifts made up the evening's entertainment.

The little tots did not come over to the Homestead, but went to bed as usual, with the sunset and the birds, and on Christmas day enjoyed their own tree in their little Group home. All of the Group homes were beautifully decorated for the occasion.

* * *

On the Sunday following the arrival of Senors Bacardi and Ortiz, one of the largest and probably most enthusiastic meetings ever held in Isis Theatre, greeted Katherine Tingley and her distinguished Cuban guests.

Meeting at Isis Theatre

From first to last the meeting, which took the form of a public reception and ovation to the Cuban representatives, was a splendid success. The appearance of the Cuban gentlemen on the stage was the signal for prolonged applause, during which the audience arose and enthusiastically cheered the visitors. The same unusual mark of honor was also paid to Katherine Tingley at the close of her eloquent and spirited address.

There was a touch of Cuban national colors in the decorations, and the group of Cuban and American children from the Raja Yoga School carried two large silk flags—Old Glory and the Star of Cuba.

The Raja Yoga children sang several of their beautiful songs and choruses, all of them being repeatedly encored, but none so much so as the beautiful anthem composed and set to music by the Point Loma students, entitled "Hail to Cuba."

At the conclusion of the children's program Mr. E. A. Neresheimer introduced the Hon. Emilio Bacardi, declaring that while the Cuban gentleman was no stranger to the English

language, he naturally preferred to speak in his native tongue, and that Dr. Charles J. Lopez of New Orleans would act as interpreter.

Senor Bacardi, when the applause of the audience had subsided and he was able to make himself heard, began his address in well-chosen English, but soon reverted to the Spanish. His words were faithfully interpreted by Dr. Lopez. He spoke of the great satisfaction he had in addressing the citizens of San Diego, as a representative of his native city of the same name in Cuba; of the work that had been done for Cuba from San Diego, and the brotherly feeling which existed between Santiago and San Diego on account of that work; of the fact that San Diego had taken the children of Cuba under its care, had surrounded them with love, and that they were safe under its protection; and of the feeling of brotherhood which American people were spreading throughout the world.

He was followed by Senor Ortiz, who gave an interesting account of the establishment of his paper, *El Cubano Libre*, amidst the strife with Spain by Maceo, and how it had been handed to him to carry on, which he had done to the present time. He had not believed the sensational reports in regard to the treatment of children at Point Loma, but he came with Senor Bacardi in order to be able to speak from personal knowledge so that he might refute these calumnies without possibility of question.

Katherine Tingley followed in the address of the evening. Her remarks dealt principally with Cuba and the Cuban people, their early history and the record of their nobility left by Columbus; their intense patriotism; of the sympathy of true American people for them, and the helping hand given by America in their struggle for liberty; she said, "You know that we have declared that we went to their rescue in the name of humanity. Would it not be a strange thing if we had now ceased our interest in Cuba? I cannot conceive of anything more natural than that a body of people who profess to work for brotherhood should go down there and establish such a work as we have done." In conclusion she said: "All honor to these men, our guests, who have come to Point Loma. . . . I am certain that this time will be historical. This outrage perpetrated against the Cubans by the Gerry society in New York, has made us all more united. Surely, if it be true that Gerry rules New York, that State should be better protected, and now that the American people have realized the enormity of this outrage, I believe we are going to see the dawn of a new time."

* * *

**Address of
Katherine Tingley
on "Death"**

On December 7th Katherine Tingley again spoke at Isis Theatre in regard to which *The San Diego Union* reports as follows: "The address of Katherine Tingley at Isis Theatre last evening was one of the most beautiful and inspiring pieces of natural eloquence and word picturing that a San Diego audience has ever heard. After a brief reference to her victory in winning from the highest authority of the land the custody of the eleven Cuban children, who were detained at New York through the machinations of the enemies of The Theosophical Movement, she began her address on the subject of 'Death.' In the most impressive language she depicted the rational departure of a soul surrounded by those who placed their trust in the law, and knew that the passing was but a step higher in evolution.

“Except for the applause that frequently interrupted the speaker, the keen interest of the large audience was shown in the utmost stillness that prevailed throughout her entire discourse. Not a word was lost, even to those highest in the gallery, and every sentence and gesture was followed with the utmost interest. Although recognized as a powerful and persuasive speaker, her theme, her natural grace and unstudied eloquence, her remarkable earnestness of tone and manner last evening seemed to reveal her in a new light to many, and she received from her audience even higher endorsement than the most enthusiastic applause—that of rapt, complete attention.”

December 14th. The historical incident known as the “Detention of the Cuban Children,” came to a happy close in the applause which greeted the appearance of Dr. Van Pelt upon the flower-strewn stage of Isis Theatre. The large audience expressed in a positive and hearty manner its admiration of the courage and patience with which Dr. Van Pelt had discharged her most difficult mission, expressing at the same time its pleasure in welcoming her again to Point Loma and to San Diego. It was one of the most memorable meetings of the Brotherhood ever held in Isis Theatre, San Diegans turning out in splendid force—even after the crowded house of the afternoon—and emphasizing their satisfaction of the victory won. The unavoidable absence of Katherine Tingley was regretted by all, and every mention of her name by the speakers called out applause.

The speakers of the evening were William Ross White, President of The Universal Brotherhood Lodge of Macon, Georgia, Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt and Mrs. H. K. Richmond-Green of Massachusetts, a co-worker of Katherine Tingley during the first Cuban Crusade at the close of the Spanish-American war. She proved a very eloquent and earnest speaker, and almost instantly won the sympathy and interest of her audience.

On the evening of December 21st another, and the usual, large audience greeted the students of Point Loma. This meeting was devoted almost exclusively to music, the one pleasing exception being an impromptu address on the subject of “Conscience” by Master Thorley. In clearly turned phrases and well chosen words, with a certain dignity of bearing and total lack of self-consciousness, he gave out some good, strong sentences that were endorsed by the audience with hearty applause.

The Leader was present, accompanied by Mrs. Richmond-Green of Southampton, Massachusetts, and Mr. Ross White of Macon, Georgia.

The musical part of the program consisted of Beethoven’s overture to “Prometheus,” selections from Saint-Saens, Ries, Dvorak and Mendelssohn, also four choruses by the Raja Yoga School children.

Each selection was loudly and heartily encored, the entire program being evidently greatly enjoyed.

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**To Our Subscribers
and Reader.**

It is a matter of deep regret to the Editors and their co-workers that delay has occurred in the publication of the current and recent issues of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH. Matters of such urgent importance have demanded immediate attention that it has been impossible to give the requisite time to the preparation and editing of the magazine so that it could be published on time during the past few months. It is hoped that the magazine will very shortly appear again on its regular publication date.

OBSERVER

Reports from Lodges



U. B. L., No. 2, Bristol, England

Members' Lodge meetings have been held as usual during the past month, the subjects being fixed a week in advance, and selected from the Students' Column of *The New Century*. The public meeting, held on Sunday, November 30th, was better attended than ever before, many visitors being present. The music was excellent. The subjects touched on were: Music, Education and the Third Object of the International Brotherhood League, by the representative member. A few questions were sent in and replied to. Several inquiries for literature were made afterwards.

PRESIDENT

December 14th, 1902



Social Entertainment of Bristol Lodge

This, which was held on the 15th of November and again on December 11th, consisted (on the first-named date) of the presentation of *A Promise*, preceded by vocal and instrumental music, at which a large number of visitors were present, and in December of *Hypatia*. The musical items given afterward were very well performed and those who were present appeared well satisfied.

We are glad to welcome Brother F. J. Greenfield (from Torquay), who arrived just before the symposium, after an absence of three years.

E. C.



U. B. Lodge, No. 119, Louisville, Kentucky

Louisville Lodge Universal Brotherhood Organization No. 119 held its regular monthly meeting, Sunday, January 4th, 1903, at its rooms No. 619 First street, under most favorable auspices. This was, beyond doubt, one of the most successful meetings held in the history of the Lodge's work in Louisville. The attendance was the largest and the prospect is that at subsequent meetings the capacity of the rooms will be taxed to the utmost. Judging also from the close attention to the speaker and the subject-matter handled and the consensus of opinion of those present in regard to the work being done by the Lodge, all goes to portend a more successful year than ever before. It is largely due to the fidelity of the old members and a large share to the same devotion to the cause of Universal Brotherhood shown by the younger ones now coming into the Lodge.

The meeting was duly called to order by President Wilson who read the objects of the Brotherhood, and a section from *The Voice of the Silence*. This was followed by a musical selection. Brother Gearhart then gave a half-hour talk on the subject of comparing Buddhism, Christianity and Theosophy, which was one of Brother Gearhart's best efforts.

After other musical selections, the remainder of the meeting was taken up by questions and answers.

FRED E. STEVENS, *Secretary*

January 7th, 1903

U. B. Lodge, No. 1, Cardiff (Wales), England

The Cardiff Lodge is carrying on the work of The Universal Brotherhood actively and enthusiastically and successfully. We conduct the meetings in accordance with the Circular of Suggestions, and at members' meetings prepare and discuss the subjects to be taken up at the public meetings. Members' meetings are held on Wednesdays at 3:45 P. M., and the Lotus Group and Boys' Club on the same day at 6 P. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Our public meetings are better attended than they have ever been. At the November monthly public meeting several visitors present were much interested, also at the December meeting. Subject for December 7th was "Right Methods of Theosophical Research." The representative of the International Brotherhood League read an account of the detention of the Cuban children at Ellis Island, N. Y., also spoke of Katherine Tingley's work in Cuba for Cuban children. The subject of the November meeting was "An All-round Education." For the January meeting the subject chosen is "The Heart Doctrine."

JOHN MORGAN, JR



Young People's Activities

Girls' Club of London, England

At the opening of the Girls' Club again after the summer holiday, the members were all glad to meet once more in their Brotherhood Home at 3 Vernon place, and each had some incident of interest to relate that had happened since last meeting. Perhaps most attractive of all was the account of a delightful evening spent by one of the members at the Bristol Girls' Club. A most hearty message of good will was delivered to the London Club, with some small pictures painted in the Club and sent as a token of the link that would henceforth be more fully realized by the various Girls' Brotherhood Club workers of the two cities.

The girls then elected their officers for the ensuing three months, placing as President, Daisy Land, one whose membership dates from the inauguration of the Club by Katherine Tingley in 1899. Other members were also elected as Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. The roll was then called and some new-comers proposed for membership.

It was arranged that the program of work this autumn should include the making of warm garments for the coming winter, and that time should also be devoted to singing, physical exercise and preparation for an entertainment to be given on Christmas.

Drill costumes were then put on, and the remaining time devoted to marching and dumb-bell exercises. The evening closed with singing, conducted by Mr. Dunn.

L. A. ROBINSON, *Secretary*



Young People's Lodge, Boston, Massachusetts

The first meeting of the Young People's Lodge, for the purpose of establishing the Lodge, choosing and installing its officers, and deciding upon a time and plan of meetings, was held Sunday morning, September 7th, 1902, at 24 Mt. Vernon street. The meeting was opened by Mr. Somersall presiding, who explained to the charter members present the

purposes and hopes of this Lodge, and how pleased the Leader was to have the young people take up this work. He also read extracts from letters of the Secretary-General as to the formation and conduct of the Lodge.

The meeting then chose **Donne Millett** for its first President, and **Irene Somersall** for Secretary and Treasurer. These officers then took charge of the meeting, which proceeded to vote that at present no fixed constitution and by-laws be established, but rules and regulations be made by vote of the Lodge, as they became necessary for its benefit and proper conduct, the rules thus established being open to change upon full consideration by the members and a unanimous vote; that the Lodge hold meetings every Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock, each meeting to continue one hour; that new officers be chosen every six months, thereby giving all members of the Lodge an opportunity to gain the experience such positions afford; that all applicants for membership be between the ages of 13 and 19 years inclusive, and that an entrance fee of 50 cents and annual dues of 50 cents, in all \$1.00, be required of applicants.

The President then suggested that to help carry on the meetings with that united action necessary for the success of the Lodge, all members bring short quotations every Sunday; that they take turns in preparing original papers to be read at these meetings; that a short article from *The New Century* of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH be read by another member, and that there be as much music at meetings as possible. These suggestions met with the hearty approval of the members and were adopted for the future conduct of the Lodge meetings, open, however, always to change as time and experience made all wiser in the use of their opportunities for still more noble and glorious work.

After some singing and expressions of gladness by the young people for this opportunity given them by the Leader of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, the meeting closed.

IRENE SOMERSALL, *Secretary*



Alameda, California, Lotus Group

On December 13th, 1902, the Lotus Group entertainment and bazaar were held, and both were very successful. Songs, pantomimes and dances by the children took up the first part of the evening, closing with the song and tableau, "At Christmas Time." The stage and setting were in white. The children were attired in Greek costumes, with garlands and wreaths of smilax. The bazaar was held in the large gymnasium of the Boys' Brotherhood Club, where the booths were arranged under a canopy of ivy and flowers. The articles disposed of were all the handiwork of the Lotus Buds, representing many classes of work, many of the articles being of artistic beauty and value. Light refreshments were also served. On December 22d we had our Christmas tree and banquet for the Lotus Buds. Before Santa Claus arrived the time was taken up with games. Santa Claus looked as if he were seven feet high and nearly as broad when he came in. Bags of candy, dolls, books and tool chests were distributed among the happy children. Santa asked for a song, and the children sang "Happy Little Sunbeams," "Brothers We" and "At Christmas Time." Then came the banquet for old and young, chocolate, fruits, nuts and cakes, closing with games and a romp in the gymnasium, all feeling love and good will toward all men.

J. O.