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Davenport Osteopath Sanatorium,

F. B. Teter, D. O.,

J. S. Poynter, M. D., D. O.
Davenport, Wash.

March 15th, 1920.

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We are with regards

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REALITY

*A Magazine Devoted to the
Elimination of Prejudice,
Religious, Racial and Class*



A Magazine of Constructive Thought

EXTRACT FROM A TABLET BY ABDUL BAHA

TABLET OF THE HOLY MARINER

URBAIN LEDOUX

HARI G. GOVIL

THE DAY OF GOD

HORACE HOLLEY

VOL. V

JUNE, 1922

No. 6

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THE ONENESS OF MANKIND

PLEASE MENTION YOU SAW IT IN REALITY

Twelve Basic Bahai Principles

1. The oneness of mankind.
2. Independent investigation of truth.
3. The foundation of all religions is one.
4. Religion must be the cause of unity.
5. Religion must be in accord with science and reason.
6. Equality between men and women.
7. Prejudice of all kinds must be forgotten.
8. Universal peace.
9. Universal education.
10. Solution of the economic problem.
11. An international auxiliary language.
12. An international tribunal.

These twelve basic Bahai principles were enunciated by Baha'o'llah over sixty years ago and are to be found in his published writings of that time.

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The Bahai Movement

*Rapidly Spreading Throughout the World, and Attracting the
Attention of Scholars, Savants and Religionists of
All Countries — Oriental and Occidental*

For the information of those who know little or nothing of the Bahai Movement we quote the following account translated from the (French) Encyclopaedia of Larousse:

BAHAISM: the religion of the disciples of Baha'o'llah, an outcome of Babism.—Mirza Husian Ali Nuri Baha'o'llah was born at Teheran in 1817 A. D. From 1844 he was one of the first adherents of the Bab, and devoted himself to the pacific propagation of his doctrine in Persia. After the death of the Bab he was, with the principal Babis, exiled to Baghdad, and later to Constantinople and Adrianople, under the surveillance of the Ottoman Government. It was in the latter city that he openly declared his mission, . . . and in his letters to the principal Rulers of the States of Europe he invited them to join him in establishing religion and universal peace. From this time, the Babis who acknowledged him became Bahais. The Sultan then exiled him (1868 A. D.) to Acca in Palestine, where he composed the greater part of his doctrinal works, and where he died in 1892 A. D. (May 29). He had confided to his son, Abbas Effendi (Abdul-Baha), the work of spreading the religion and continuing the connection between the Bahais of all parts of the world. In point of fact, there are Bahais everywhere, not only in Mohammedan countries, but also in all the countries of Europe, as well as in the United States, Canada, Japan, India, etc. This is because Baha'o'llah has known how to transform Babism into a universal religion, which is presented as the fulfilment and completion of all the ancient faiths. The Jews await the Messiah, the Christians the return of Christ, the Moslems the Mahdi, the Buddhists the fifth Buddha, the Zoroastrians Shah Bahrām, the Hindoos the reincarnation of Krishna,

and the Atheists a better social organization! Baha'o'llah represents all these, and thus destroys the rivalries and the enmities of the different religions; reconciles them in their primitive purity, and frees them from the corruption of dogmas and rites. For Bahaism has no clergy, no religious ceremonial, no public prayers; its only dogma is belief in God and His Manifestations. . . . The principal works of Baha'o'llah are the Kitab-ul-Ighan, the Kitab-ul-Akdas, the Kitab-ul-Ahd, and numerous letters or tablets addressed to sovereigns or to private individuals. Ritual holds no place in the religion, which must be expressed in all the actions of life, and accomplished in neighborly love. Every one must have an occupation. The education of children is enjoined and regulated. No one has the power to receive confession of sins, or to give absolution. The priests of the existing religions should renounce celibacy, and should preach by their example, mingling in the life of the people. Monogamy is universally recommended, etc. Questions not treated of are left to the civil law of each country, and to the decisions of the Bait-ul-Adl, or House of Justice, instituted by Baha'o'llah. Respect toward the Head of the State is a part of respect toward God. A universal language, and the creation of tribunals of arbitration between nations, are to suppress wars. "You are all leaves of the same tree, and drops of the same sea," Baha'o'llah has said. Briefly, it is not so much a new religion, as Religion renewed and unified, which is directed today by Abdul-Baha.—Nouveau Larousse illustre, supplement, p. 60.



Editorial

Life After Death

The recent visit of Conan Doyle to our shores has roused much comment. People ask many questions, and it has seemed wise to republish in the present issue of REALITY some of the most pertinent utterances of Abdul Baha upon the subject of the after life. These touch only the fringe of the question however, for question and varied answer were endless upon this topic during Abdul Baha's long life. Upon the point of soul communication, Abdul Baha said much; he warned against the psychic, but he insisted that each soul must seek guidance, insight, before all things.

"Any person whose insight is opened seeth the souls in their stations after the disintegration of the bodies, verily they are living and are subsisting before their Lord, and he seeth also the dead souls submerged in the gulfs of mortality."

He tells us that true communication is mental, and arises through meditation and prayer, which is a condition very different from the concentration of the psychic circle. He gave Miss Rosenberg of London a very interesting description of the way in which communication arises between souls of the same or a higher station. If one seeks a friend or relative of the same plane of development as oneself, said Abdul Baha, then after prayer and meditation, one may hear words spoken to the inner ear as clearly as if a voice uttered them. But if a message is received from one of lofty station, for instance, from the kingdom of Light or the Supreme Concourse, then one will fall into an ecstasy, and as it fades away there will rise in the consciousness the Heaven of a new born knowledge. Such an experience can never be forgotten and leaves with the soul a light of guidance of the highest value.

In the great tablet of the present issue Abdul Baha says: "The divine Nearness is unlimited, both in this world and the

next," and if one suspects the meaning of Divine Nearness this promise is most precious. It is that state in which one is conscious of the heavenly Presence of the Real Oneness. It is only attained through seeking and prayer and through service; without the last it is impossible. One who does not serve cannot attain or keep the divine Nearness. St. Francis found it, as has many a martyr of recent days in death and life, through the radiant acquiescence of loving service.

There is no teaching so complete as the Bahai Cause in regard to the continuity of Life and the relation of the soul to life and God. In discovering spiritual power, the first tendency of the Human mind is to turn it to "Practical" use, to gain through its application health and prosperity, and in many cases nothing else is attained. The wisdom of Baha'o'llah goes much farther. It enables us to feel eternity in this present life so that in reality death disappears and life becomes a vastly different thing. This is why Abdul Baha begged the American People to study the great tablet of the Holy Mariner, a translation of which is printed in this issue of the magazine. This tablet charts for us the progress of the soul in its journey toward eternity. In the beginning all men are material and the American people have become so material, so mad in their pursuit of money and purely personal power, that they have lost consciousness of the existence of anything else, but in fact life itself is of the utmost importance. Money and power are merely the garments thrown upon it. We can clothe a skeleton in magnificent robes, but we do not eliminate the death's head by so doing. The body which wears the clothes is of the first importance and if this body is beautiful and wholesome any garments will adorn it gladly. Through any garment we feel the fragrance and sweetness of this beautiful body.

So the tablet of the Holy Mariner takes us into eternity by the way of the spirit, without removing us from this life. We learn from it the relation of soul and spirit, the necessity of the Messenger the existence of that Placeless to which we dare not penetrate and the heavenly joy of the Nearness which is ours, if we will take it, and in which we find God. This is eternity, this is life, this is communion, without limit.

Extracts from a Tablet Revealed by the Master

You have written concerning the impersonality of the Divinity.

Personality is in the Manifestation of the Divinity, not in the Essence of the Divinity. The Reality of the Divine World is purified and sanctified from limits and restrictions, but the Pure Mirror, which is the Manifestor of the Sun of Truth, and in which the Sun of Truth is manifest in full appearance—that mirror is restricted, not the Lights. The soul pervades throughout the whole body, and its commands are effective in all the parts and limbs of man. Notwithstanding its utmost sanctification, or abstraction, this soul is manifest and evident in all its grades, in this material form.

By "seeing God" is meant beholding the Manifestation of Himself, for witnessing the Sun in its entire splendor in a clear glassy surface is identical with witnessing the essence of the Sun itself.

When the souls of the sincere depart from the body, then their unreal vision, that is their imperfect or physical seeing is changed into a vision of reality; just as man, in the age of babyhood and imperfection sees things with a vision that is superficial and external; but when he reaches the age of maturity and is endowed with a reasoning faculty, and the powers of discrimination and comprehension, then that vision of his is one of reality and not one of unreality.

It is evident that the Divine Nearness is an unlimited nearness, be it in this world or in the next one. This is a Nearness which is sanctified from the comprehension of minds.

The more a man seeks Light from the Sun of Truth, the nearer he will approach it. For instance, a clear body is near the sun, and a black stone is far from the sun. This nearness depends upon clearness, pureness, and perfection—and that remoteness is due to density, dullness, (or obscurity) and imperfection.

As to the question whether souls will recognize each other in the spiritual world; This is an assured fact, for the King-

dom is the world of vision; that is, things are visible in it. It is where all concealed realities will be disclosed; then how much more will well known souls become manifest. The mysteries of which man is heedless while in the earthly world, he will discover in the heavenly world, and there will he be informed of the secret of Truth; how much more readily, then will he recognize the persons with whom he has been associated. Undoubtedly the holy souls that find a pure sight, and that are favored with insight, will, in the Kingdom of Lights, become acquainted with all mysteries, and will see the bounty of witnessing the reality of every great soul. They will manifestly behold the Beauty of God, in that world. Likewise will they find all the friends of God, both those of former and recent times, present in the Heavenly Assemblage.

As to the difference and distinction between Lazarus and that "rich man"; The first was spiritual, while the second was material. One was in the highest degree of knowledge, and the other in the lowest depths of ignorance. This difference, and distinction will naturally become evident between all men after their departure from this mortal world. This distinction is not in respect to place, but in respect to the soul and conscience, for the Kingdom of God is sanctified, or free, from time and place. It is another world and another universe. The Holy souls are promised the Gift of Intercession. Know thou for a certainty that in the Divine Worlds, the spiritual beloved ones, the believers, will recognize each other, and will seek union with each other,—but a spiritual union.

I hope that we shall be together in all the Divine Worlds.

A love that one may have entertained for any one will not be forgotten in the world of the Kingdom. Neither wilt thou forget there the life thou hast had in the material world.

(Signed) Abdul-Baha Abbas.

Translated by A. K. Khan, Dec. 26, 1903, Washington, D. C.

Concerning the Soul

Concerning what you asked about the soul,—know verily that the people have many treatises and dissertations regarding it. Some call it a heavenly soul, a soul of greatness, divine soul, godly soul, holy soul, tranquil soul, contented soul, agreeable soul, inspiring soul, censuring soul and evil-leading soul. Every party has its explanation for it.

Verily, we do not wish to mention what has been said before. Verily, thy Lord has the knowledge of the preceding and ensuing people. O, that thou wert present at the Throne and heard what is needful from the Tongue of Greatness and had reached the Supreme Point of Knowledge from the Knower and the Wise! But the polytheists came betwixt us and thee. See that you do not become sorrowful for that. Be satisfied with what was disclosed from the Assured Destiny and be one of the patient. Know verily, the soul which each individual possesses will exist after all the elements are mingled in their nothingness. As to the spermatozoa, after it has progressed to its appointed station, then God manifests from it, itself, which was hidden in it. Verily, thy Lord does what He will and commands what He desires. The soul which is needed (or desired) verily, it will be resurrected or sent by the Word of God. And verily it is the one which, if it be enlightened by the fire of the love of its Lord, it will not be quenched by the water of opposition, relinquishments, nor the ocean of the universe. Verily, it is the conflagrating, flaming fire in the lotus tree of man which declares: "Verily, there is no God but Him." And he who heard its proclamation, verily he is of the successful ones. And when it is withdrawn from the body, God sends it in a better form (or image) and causes it to enter a Supreme Paradise. Verily, thy Lord is the Mighty over all things. Then know thou assuredly that the life of man is from the Spirit, and the turning of the spirit to a direction downward is indeed from the-soul. Think of what We laid upon thee, in order to understand the Soul of God, who came from the Day-spring of the Bounty with the true Power. Understand surely that the soul hath two wings. If it soars in the atmosphere of love and willingness it will be in relationship with the Merciful; but if it soars in the atmosphere of lust and desire, it will be in relationship with Satan.

God protect us from it (the soul of lust, etc.), O people of Knowledge! And if it burn with the fire of God's love, then it is called the tranquil and contented; but if it burn with the fire of lust and desire it is called the evil-leading.

In the same way We gave thee a clear explanation that thou mayest be of those of clear insight.

O Supreme Pen! Announce to him who turned toward thy Most Glorious Word what will suffice him and prevent him from turning to any announcement of the people. Say, verily, the spirit, the mind, the soul, the hearing, the sight are one, differing in the difference of the places or names, that you see in man. And the yearning which causes man to think (or understand), move, speak, hear and see, is from the word (or sign) of his Lord in it. And verily, it is one in its essentials, but it differs according to the causes. Verily, this is the well known truth. For example, when turning toward the causes of hearing, then the power of the power of hearing and its name will appear clearer. And in the same way, when turning toward the causes of sight, another trace and another name will appear. Think over this, in order to approach the root of what is needed, and to find thyself satisfied, and cut from what the people say, and you will become one of the confirmed ones. And in the same way, the power of the mind and the soul will appear turning to the brain and the head and the other places. Verily, thy Lord is the powerful above what He wishes.

Baha'o'llah.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Abdul Baha admonished us continually to study the mysteries and become acquainted with the inner significances. This knowledge is the key to events. In his last great tablet, Abdul Baha sought for the last time to arouse us to the status of understanding what is happening all about us in this great day of God. He addressed the Beloved of the Lord the Friends in Truth and the signs of the All-Merciful, throughout the East, throughout the West and says: "Study the Tablet of the Holy Mariner that ye may know the truth and consider that the Blessed Beauty hath fully foretold future events. Let those that perceive take warning!"

In the next month's issue we will print Baha'o'llah's tablet of the Houri and by request each month we will print one of the mystical tablets of Baha'o'llah that the friends may have them for study and meditation.

He Is the Gracious—the Well Beloved

O HOLY MARINER:

Bid Thine Ark of Eternity appear before the Celestial Course*

Launch it upon the Ancient Sea in His Name the Most Wondrous*

And let the angelic spirits enter, in the name of God, the Most High*

Unmoor it then that it may sail upon the Ocean of Glory*

Haply the dwellers therein may attain the Retreats of Nearness in the Everlasting Realm*

Having reached the Sacred Strand, the shore of the Crimson Seas*

Bid them issue forth and attain this ethereal invisible Station*

A station wherein the Lord hath in the Flame of His Beauty appeared within the Deathless Tree*

Wherein the Embodiments of His Cause Cleansed themselves of self and passion*

Around which the glory of Moses doth circle with the Everlasting Hosts*

Wherein the Hand of God was drawn forth from His Bosom of Grandeur*

Wherein the Ark of the Cause remaineth motionless even though to its dwellers be declared all Divine Attributes*

O Mariner! Teach them that are within the Ark that which we have taught thee behind the Mystic Veil*

Perchance they may not tarry in the Sacred and Snow-white Spot*

But may soar upon the wings of the Spirit unto that station which The Lord hath exalted above all mention in the worlds below*

May wing through space even as the Favored Birds in the Realm of Eternal Reunion*

May know the Mysteries hidden in the Seas of Light*

They passed the grades of worldly limitations and reached that of the Divine Unity, the center of Heavenly Guidance*

They have desired to ascend unto that state which the Lord hath ordained to be above their station*

Whereupon the Burning Meteor cast them out from them that abide in the Kingdom of His Presence*

*Glorified be my Lord, the All-Glorious'

And they heard the voice of Grandeur raised from behind the
Unseen Pavilion upon the Height of Glory*

"O Guardian Angels!" Return them to their abodes in the
world below*

Inasmuch as they have purposed to rise to that sphere which
the wings of the Celestial Dove have never attained*

Whereon the Ship of Fancy standeth Still*

Which the minds of them who comprehend cannot grasp*

Thereupon the Maid of Heaven looked out from Her exalted
chamber*

And with Her brow signed to the Celestial Concourse*

Flooding with the light of Her Countenance the heaven and the
earth*

And as the radiance of Her Beauty shone upon the People of
the dust*

And all beings were shaken in their mortal graves*

She then raised the call which no ear through all eternity hath
ever Heard*

And thus Proclaimed: "By the Lord He whose heart hath not
the fragrance of the Exalted and glorious Arabian Youth.

Can in no-wise ascend unto the Glory of the Highest Heaven"*

Glorified be my Lord the All Glorious*

Thereupon She summoned unto Herself one maiden from her
hand-maidens*

And Commanded her: "Descend into space from the Mansions
of Eternity*

And turn thou unto that which they have concealed in the
inmost of their hearts*

Shouldst thou inhale the Perfume of the Robe from the Youth
that hath been hidden within the Tabernacle of Light
by reason of that which the hands of the wicked have
wrought*

Raise a cry within thyself that all the inmates of the chambers
of Paradise that are the embodiments of the Eternal Wealth
may understand and hearken*

That they may all come down from their everlasting chambers*

And kiss their hands and feet for having soared to the heights
of faithfulness*

Perchance they may find from their robes the fragrance of
the Beloved One*

*Glorified be my Lord, the All-Glorious'

Thereupon the countenance of the favored damsel beamed
above the Celestial Chambers even as the lights that
shineth from the Face of the Youth above his mortal
temple*

She then descended with such an adorning as to illumine the
heavens and all that is therein*

She bestirred herself and perfumed all things in the Land
of Holiness and Grandeur*

When she reached that plane she rose to her full height in
the midmost heart of creation and sought to inhale their
fragrance at a time that knoweth neither beginning nor
end*

She found not in them that which she did desire, and this
verily is but one of His wondrous tales*

She then cried aloud, wailed and repaired to her own station
within her most lofty Mansions*

And then gave utterance to one Mystic Word, whispered
privily by her Honied Tongue*

And raised the Call amidst the Celestial Concourse and the
Immortal Maids of Heaven*

"By the Lord" I found not from these idle claimants the
Breeze of Faithfulness*

"By the Lord" The Youth hath remained lone and forlorn in
the land of exile in the hands of the ungodly"*

She then uttered within herself such a cry that the Celestial
Concourse did shriek and tremble*

And she fell, upon the dust and gave up the Spirit. It seemeth
she was called and hearkened unto Him that summoned
her into the Realm on High*

Glorified be He that created her out of the Essence of Love
in the midmost heart of His exalted Paradise"*

Thereupon the maids of Heaven hastened forth from their
chambers; upon whose countenance the eye of no dweller
in the highest Paradise ever gazed. Glorified be our Lord,
the most High'

They all gathered around her, and lo' they found her body
fallen upon the dust. Glorified be the Lord, the most High'

And as they beheld her state and comprehended a word of the
Tales told by the Youth, they bared their heads, rent their
garments asunder, beat upon their faces, forgot their
joy, shed tears and smote their hands upon their cheeks,
and this is verily one of the mysterious, grievous
afflictions. Glorified be our Lord, the most High'

*Glorified be my Lord, the All-Glorious'

Life

Life is a mighty and turbulent ocean,
 Raging and whirling in constant commotion,
 Over the tempest, now steering, now drifting,
 Frail barks of men must ride, through the shoals shifting
 Stars are thy beacon lights, bright Gods protecting
 Strive till you reach the goal, brave heart directing.

Life is a gorgeous and beautiful rainbow,
 Filled with strange blossoms and odors perfuming,
 We are the bright birds and bees sipping sweetness,
 Touching the hidden thorn, lost in repleteness,
 For but a narrow day: then with wings broken,
 Fall to the dusty earth, song hardly spoken.

Life is a garden most brilliant and blooming,
 Spreading illusions of joy in its bright glow.
 All earth is happy in flame and in crimson,
 Dark shades by contrast, mans spirit imprison.
 Rainbow of promise, we yearn for the Great Sun,
 Source of the real Life, where happiness is won.

Edward L. Fernald, D.D.

(The poem *He Is God in the May Reality* was also written by Dr. Fernald.)

The Time of the Singing of Birds Has Come

Hark! from on high—from the sky—the notes
 Of a bird can be heard! 'Tis the lark with
 a song that is carried along on the wings of
 the breeze, whilst enwrap Flowers and trees
 fashion new fantasies.

In the Heart of the World swells a song
 That shall burst on the earth's bridal morn,
 At the Dayspring of Love's nuptial hour
 That is sung by the Birds of the Dawn.

H. R. Austin.

Urbain Ledoux: His Message to Mankind

By Hari G. Govil

"Whenever there is a decline of Dharma (righteousness), and there is a rise of Adharma (unrighteousness), then I manifest myself, for the protection of the good, for the destruction of evil-doers, for the sake of firmly establishing Dharma I incarnate from age to age." IV, 718.

Bhagavad Gita.

Humanity stands today on the brink of a great precipice. Ahead there seems to be nothing but destruction, ruin, pestilence, famines and wars and all the imaginable horrors of the coming days. In the din and roar of the crowd, unconsciously pressing itself towards the end of all civilization, the trumpeting warnings of a few men—men who are super and far-sighted—are drowned and lost in the raging tide of fury. Overhead the sky is overcast with gloom. But there is still hope for the bereft ship as a few stars twinkle out of the darkness of clouds.... And in the midst of the very terror-stricken crowds there are a few torch-bearers who throw the light on the path to safety and peace. But humanity as it is is still skeptic and incredulous and stares at its saviors with an eye of suspicion and hesitancy.

The last war, if it did nothing else, did at least accomplish one good. Nations had gradually begun to draw Chinese walls around themselves and shut themselves from other parts of the world. The highest ideals of Universal Brotherhood and the religion of Truth were being lost sight of. Stagnation was encroaching upon the healthier parts, too, and vice was rampant in the hands of a few to deprive the others of their birth-rights and God-given privileges. And so the whole mass of humanity, already under putrefaction, was rudely churned. And out of this chaos came to the surface the cream of the masses. It brought to the light of the world a man like Lenin in Russia, Sun-Yat Sen in China, a saint like Gandhi in India, a Taghoul Pasha in Egypt, a Debs in America, and gave lustre to the already existing gems—Romain Rolland in France, Rev. John Haynes Holmes and others in America, Paul Richard and

Tagore in India, and a host of others too innumerable to count in all different parts of the world. Out of these few brought to the forefront is Urbain Ledoux, and like all others, Ledoux has his own message to give to the world. Though more of a mystic and a prophet, he has thrown aside his robes of retirement and come forth in the midst of suffering humanity to let "a little of beauty into its life now and then and lift up its heart." For a time worldly things had a charm for him and he took up law and the consular service. But the pure flame of "loving service to humanity" always burned steadily in him. Stern duty was knocking at his door and at last he had to listen to the call—the call of service and self-renunciation. It was then that he was consecrated to loving service. One clear and calm morning of August he rose early. Every day is a new life but that day had a "command" for him. As Ledoux would say:

"I felt an impulse in me; but it enfolded with such a reality that it could not be denied. I went to the ocean and had a plunge, and there swam for a mile. The dancing waves lifted me up and down. The sun rose. The waves played in the gay radiance of the luminary. A glistening path seemed to stretch from me to the distant sun on the pathless surface of the unfathomable deep. I prayed to the Almighty to give me more strength and to further guide and help me in doing my duty. I was bathed in a halo of effulgent radiance. I returned home and aroused my sister and told her my determination of going to New York. Within half an hour I was gone. . . . That was the call of Nature. I wanted to be in tune with the Infinite. I listened to the urge of the Higher Conscience. For one who loved nature the call of duty was the call of Nature. I gave not a thought what was to follow."

The fetters that bound Ledoux fell apart and with the expansion of his consciousness, he began to feel the pulse of the times. The last war with its end had ended peace all over the world. The deafening noises, though already dead, still echoed on the shattered nerves of humanity. In America as in other parts of the world, the after-effects of the war were becoming visible, in different shapes. The one which most concerned the peace of the people of the United States was the "Unemployment Situation." And Ledoux's duty lay in giving

relief to these helpless creatures who needed him so much. As "shepherd of the shorn lambs of labor" he responded to the "Inner Voice" and was called to the homeless home of the unemployed. He lived, he talked and felt as one of them. With the co-operation of some of his friends, like W. C. Brice and Rev. Guthrie, he could arrange a lunch near 34th Street, where men could eat for 15 cents, and a sleeping place in the St. Marks Church on the Bowery. As he used to distribute the meal tickets in the morning, these jobless people came in closer touch with him. The number of his associates gradually increased. It was here that one has bestowed upon him the mysterious and mystic—and appropriate, too—name, "Mr. Zero."

One day, when as usual he came to distribute the meal tickets, some of the men there felt a little curious to know the man and his philanthropic work. With great admiration mixed with curiosity, some of the standers-by approached Ledoux and asked him who he was. True to his personality—a personality which he had merged with the Infinite, Ledoux could not satisfy their curiosity. They persisted in comprehending him and finding out his name. Once more they approached and enquired his name. Only a Mystic can comprehend a mystic.

Ledoux asked: "Why do you need my name?"

"It would please us," was the unexpected and pertinent answer.

He hesitated for a moment and closed his eyes. The shutting of the external world followed with a flash inside.

He resumed: "You ask me who I am? Well! I am. . . . nothing. . . . nothing to you but the cup of coffee, bread and glass of water I give. You need no more" . . . there was a sudden pause. . . .

When they heard these few words, one of them, with wit and humor, replied: "I have got your number Mr. ———"

Mr. Ledoux was non-plussed as he looked up towards the young fellow from whom these words were supposed to come. He could not help asking: "What's that number?" "That's Zero."

He seemed to have given no more thought to this incident but when at noon he came to Bryant Park for distributing doughnuts, something unexpected happened to bring forward the by-gone insignificant incident. The talk of doughnuts, coffee and meal tickets had reached the ears of newspaper-men.

Consequently, reporters had been informed of his haunted park. It was not difficult for some of the reporters to find him on his job. When he was asked his name, he refused to give it. It seemed to worry one of the reporters. In order to finish his task, the reporter asked the by-standers if anyone knew his name. One of them came forward with an unhesitating answer: "They say he is Mr. Zero." The reporter seemed to sparkle at the idea of framing a nice story out of it. No time was lost in putting this news at the disposal of the Associated Press which transmitted it all over the country and especially to Boston, where he had already begun to give succor to the helpless and the jobless.

Once when he was moving near the Boston Commons, distributing doughnuts and coffee, a policeman came to him and asked what he was doing.

Ledoux replied in a cool and convincing tone: "I am simply giving something to eat to these needy people."

The policeman, with an air of stiffness, again questioned why he was doing that.

Ledoux said: "To do them good."

This seemed to make the policeman suspect his good intentions and he said, with a shaking head: "This is liable to get you in trouble. They might not understand you."

"Why should they not understand me when I give them these doughnuts to eat?" was Ledoux's remark.

But this would not satisfy him. So he took him aside and asked him his name. The name of "Zero" had created great sensation in Boston. Reporters were always very anxious to know his name, but he persisted in not giving it out. At last they had to depend upon the Associated Press despatch from New York. Thus his mysterious name "Mr. Zero" was kept up. It was a creation of the public and press.

The problem of unemployment in Boston, as everywhere else, was firstly a problem of engineering human sentiment, and secondly that of restoring the lost faith, the vanished hope and the forgotten ideals—lost through the trials and sufferings in the struggle of physical existence. But Ledoux had a great hope in the public. In a moment of inspiration, he opened his "Employment Auction." It came very suddenly. The scene of the 25,000 gathered at the Auction Block, was beyond description. No one had ever witnessed before so great a congrega-

gation moved so much by feelings of pathos, crying Stop! Stop! who could not endure the scene of great humiliation and self-abnegation.

Ledoux says: "The one who suffered most was myself, although for years I led a life of sacrifice and love for the suffering. Every time a man came on the block I sensed every bit of his illumination, his heart ache, trembling in my arm as I took him on the stand. My thoughts struggled within me and I was burning with the flames of the emotions that prevailed then. I had really the greatest difficulty in disposing of the fifty-two that were placed on the block."

The intensity of this drama staged by Ledoux was beyond expression. The reader can imagine how heart-rending the whole scene was when one of the thrilling tales of the spot is told. Even one of the stenographers, who are supposed not to feel or share the sentiments and spirit of the audience, could not help giving vent to the gushing emotions. There was no human soul that could remain impervious to this ruling tense feeling. The stenographer was crying at the other end of the wing. Why all this!

As Ledoux puts it: "The Big Ben has been ringing for those five hundred thousand unemployed. Helpless as they always are, they were facing dense clouds through the unemployment crisis. But the public would not awake at the danger and therefore I had to wake up the public. I was outraged but it was awake for the time and that was what was needed at the moment. What has happened?"

"Since then I have not said that I was a Bahai. Why! When I give them food to eat they say I am a Christ. But I am only a Bahai—a child of light. And how did I come in the Bahai Society? I never read the literature about it. I was always seeking to transform Human Nature. It was at the Peace Foundation at Paris for the capital of the World that I received the light. As I went on giving my dreams of this international City men from the Bahai Society continually remarked with credulity that what I was talking about was a Utopia. I could never realize these beautiful and fantastic visions, unless I transform human nature."

"We are very poor material to build with. The new social order keeps on tumbling because the material is poor. So I prayed and prayed very fervently that I may come in the light

that will transform human nature. I felt inspired as if I had merged into Cosmic Consciousness. A great peace came over me—A Brahmic Peace. . . .”

“For a whole week I remained in that blissful state and experienced the essence of Brahmic Life. It revealed to me the Key to inner unfoldment. But when I came to my own consciousness I would not accept all this experience, I said it was a delusion. I began analysing my unanalyzable feeling, and translated my beyond transcending visions. I resisted it with all the will power I had. In that Cosmic Consciousness was outlined what was past the episodes of the last two months. I was brought into radiant acquiescence. The question was put ‘who will stand the test’? Nothing is impossible for one who stands for the manifestations of the Higher Will, as Dante beautifully described it somewhere in his works. For the last few years I have struggled against myself. But now since I have gone through the struggle I surrender my will to the supreme will. ‘Thy will be done.’ Let the supreme consciousness manifest through me.”

“I am told in the Cosmic Consciousness it was the ushering of a servant. I am not a disciple of the Christ-to-come or the Buddha-to-reincarnate. I am simply a servant of the servants.”

“An appeal to mankind to save itself by love and faith will bring illumination in the dark ages, which we are passing through.”

“Love of God means the love of his fellowmen, love of his fellowmen means the loving service to them. To love is to serve, to love to serve is the greatest love, for love should be followed with real service.”

(To be continued)



Prayer

There lived a race of people once upon a time, who had become so advanced in thought and ideas, they had succeeded in doing without churches. Those pointed edifices whose idea is far from prayer no longer graced the sky. These people had also done away with commerce and exchange of money. They were a race of vegetarians. They worshipped God on a mountain, the only mountain in their country, and every morning and evening they would journey to the top and pray. This mountain became so sacred, so very sacred to the people that no one would pray unless they went to the top of it, in fact it was considered a sin to pray without going to the top. If a man was dying he was carried to the top of the mountain for prayer, before he went into the great beyond.

One day an earthquake shook the whole country side, and the sacred mountain was thrown out into the sea. The remaining inhabitants of the city mourned and mourned for the loss of the mountain. In its place, was a little island with water surrounding it.

Far away out in the sea on a small strip of land some Penguins lived for many thousands of years. They too were disturbed by the sudden appearance of a mountain in their midst, so a Penguin Navigator in the form of the wisest and bravest bird of the tribe had been sent to explore the new distant island which looked pleasant to them. He came and stayed. The others followed. Now it is a city of Penguins and they are very happy and grateful to God, for every morning and evening they make obeisance to Him, and yet it is not a sacred mountain any more.

The poor people mourned and mourned and died because they thought they could not pray any more.

There are some people who think they cannot find God, but in some stuffy church. Why, I often pray in my bath.

Eve Balfour.

The Poor Rose

“So here I am on the mantel shelf. After all I have suffered,” said the red rose. “I was happier on the stem, with all my friends around me. That market place. Shall I ever forget

it. And the beautiful white lily I lost my heart to, it is throbbing still. Then some one bought her and took her away. Then he bought me. He seemed unhappy and nervous, I wonder where he has gone to. I wish I could bring him back to stop her tears. She nearly drowned me with them when he went away. She is very kind and gives me beautiful fresh water to drink every day and kisses me. I am keeping alive just to comfort her, but I cannot do much. I feel weaker and know that I am going to die. If I could only stay alive to help her. Perhaps I shall find my beautiful white lady again.

Eve Balfour.

Allah-O Abha

From

The Family of Sir Abdul Baha, K. B. E.
Our Very Dear Friends in America:

We thank you most sincerely for your kind letters of sympathy, and we appreciate your loving Messages, which are as comforting balm to our wounded hearts.

It would be our wish to answer each letter individually, but the check of our bereavement was so sudden and the work to which we were compelled to attend, was so overwhelming, that time failed us. Now we wish you to realize that your words of steadfast faith and love were our greatest solace throughout the days of our grief, for we felt that you would each and all faithfully and loyally strive to carry on the work for which the life of our beloved Master was spent.

We are more than thankful to God that He has not left us without a leader, but that Shoghi Effendi is appointed to guide the administration of the Cause.

We hope that the friends of God the Beloved and the Handmaidens of the Merciful will pray for us, that we may be enabled to help Shoghi Effendi in every way in our power to accomplish the Mission entrusted to him.

Sincerely your Fellow Workers in the Service of Truth.

Bahayyeh Khanum,
and the Family of Abdul Baha.

Haifa, Mount Carmel, Palestine

Feast of the Rizwan, 1922

The Prophet of the Silences

O Restless Urge of Earth's first murmurings
That call me from the busy mart
To sit and dream beside a trackless sea, I answer now!
I hear the pleas of those that long have slept.
I hear the boom of deep, dark silences
That now have broke their watch to yield their secret grim;
"Before thou wast I am!"

Before the Now the Here was I a pebble
Cast upon the restless sands to shift and strain,
To feel the urge of life's first pale beginnings,
To battle with the elements from whence I came,—
Like human progeny by human parent sired,
Who, brought to rounded, robust period of growth
Scorn and reject the Source from whence they sprung?
Ah, no! A part of all things animate I draw of them to me,
And I am not ashamed. And they, no more apart, must take
from me.

O Silences, Abyssmal Depth of Ocean's Vast Resource,
"Before thou wast I am!"

Down to the sea I went and sat
To learn of life's long Silences so full of speech of meanings
Deep and wonderful that we watching, neither see nor hear.
Feeling is atrophied by surfeit of life's gifts.
All sense is numb.

Into the desert, too, I went and found
Patient, majestic, on adobe walls
The prophet mystic of the Silences, serene, profound,
Waiting his onward call. And there he starves and waits and
worships;

Singing in sunset's fluid glow his limpid prayer for rain,
Or toiling on the windswept wash to grow his humble maize
Which means life to him, to all.
Little he speaks but with a vision keener far
Than those who make mad babble with their tongues
He reads the purposes of life—of abnegation, sacrifice.

He knows the meanings deep and wonderful that we
 Watching and waiting, neither see nor hear.
 All sense is numb.
 Feeling is atrophied by surfeit of life's gifts.
 Back to the desert we must come,—
 Back to the starving and the sacrifice

If we would learn of HIM
 If we would see HIS FACE!

Roberta Barfour Thudichum.

The Day of God

By Horace Holley

The supreme function of religion is to convey to men an understanding of what religion really is. When a great religious movement like Christianity takes place, it conflicts so sharply with the existing religion, and establishes so much that is entirely new to experience, that people naturally look upon it as a 'new religion.' Since such movements have arisen at various times and in various places, mankind seems to be divided into six or seven different 'religions.' The first Bahai teaching, accordingly, is that there can be no different religions, for there is but one God, and that what appear to be differences are actually but several phases of the one essential religion. The Bahai teaching explains that this one essential religion manifests itself in successive, accumulative cycles. For since none of the 'religions' has apparently fulfilled its own expectation, all the 'religions' alike seem failures and religion itself untrue; but in the Bahai teaching it is understood that the apparent failure of the religions is not a matter of their truth gradually proving false—it is a matter of the spiritual energy vitalizing each one gradually being used up and fulfilled.

The next teaching, consequently, is that religion is neither a form of truth nor a form of ceremony, but a spiritual energy—a power of increase and renewal like the power of spring. It is this essential vitality which makes truth true and ceremony worship. As the energy withdraws, the forms of truth and ceremony it has established slowly but surely become spiritually insignificant. Thus to understand any 'religion' we must appreciate the fact that it is but one interval in the development

of religion itself. The seed it brings to flower were sown in previous seasons; its own fruits leave seed to flower in seasons to come. This larger aspect of truth makes it possible to understand why it was, for example, that the Renaissance on which our modern society is based, derived its creative power from sources in the influence of Mohammed. As long as we consider that religion may be defined in terms of our own 'religion,' so long is it easy to make Christianity and Mohammedanism rival systems, in conflict like two ambitious kings. To understand that both alike are but successive intervals in religion itself, is to realize that they are related not as conflicting rulers, but as ascending steps to the same universal temple of God. The instinct to oppose one 'religion' to another 'religion' is actually the cause of failure in all 'religions' alike. It is this instinct, rooted in the experience of the world rather than of the spirit, which gradually excludes the spiritual dynamic—the love—established by the Prophet, and replaces it by the natural dynamic—hate—suggested by the world.

So the Bahai teaching goes on in the third place to create an understanding of religion not only as a unit, but as a whole. That is, it establishes an understanding of religion based upon the experience of the whole race and not merely our own part of the race. By this understanding we are led to lose utterly that sense of failure and compromise everywhere attached to religion, and to acquire instead a feeling of steadfast faith no less firmly founded than our expectation that in due time winter must give way to spring. We come to be aware of the identity of spiritual impulse creating all religious movements, an identity of power and influence like the tides of the sea; and we come also to be aware that the apparent limitations of this power are due to our own reception of it, and not to any limitation essential to the power itself.

In other words, the Bahai teaching replaces the idea of religion derived from human limitation with an idea derived from eternal, all-creative power. Religion is not our will maintaining God, but the will of God maintaining us. The power of our own will, spiritually, is quite fictitious—it is the power of the leaf to deny its reliance upon the tree. Only so long as the leaf derives nourishment from the tree does it have power even to deny that dependence. The leaf that casts itself from the tree loses the source of its very identity. And the man who

denies his spiritual dependence upon God is a leaf which casts itself from the branch. His identity remains, but it is a fictitious identity. He has fallen from spiritual reality to the reality of nature.

It is precisely because our experience of the reality of nature is so much more vivid than our experience of spiritual reality that we permit ourselves to possess religions so unlike the quality of religion. That quality, transcending in the heart the authority of nature by the authority of an utterly different, a spiritual universe, only manifests itself at certain periods and under certain conditions. Men and women whose lives fall under the direct influence of the Prophet experience religion as a vital renewing power. They feel themselves native to a different universe. They feel their own forces expanded by the forces of the divine. Other men and women stand outside this experience. They strive to manifest the same attributes, but without success. They progress, but their movement is without arrival. By realizing that religion is an energy rather than a concept we can appreciate the cause of their failure: but even appreciating the cause we cannot of ourselves fare farther toward the invisible goal.

Thus we have one more Bahai teaching for our guidance and understanding—that the spiritual energy which is the very essence of religion has its source in the Prophet or Messenger of God. Spiritual attainment—the attainment which consists not merely in correcting one's information but in changing one's very nature—is dependent on the act of conscious faith in the Prophet's function. It is easier nowadays to feel tolerance toward all religious movements than to comprehend the necessity of this direct, conscious faith. Such a deliberate acceptance of a supreme spiritual function as vested in one definite being seems an arbitrary narrowing of the mental habits of the age. It seems a harking back to the old days of theological narrowness, of dogmatic insistence. Yet the universality of modern thought is another fictitious value containing the germ of its own undoing. Our boasted tolerance and universality is merely the apparent freedom of minds which have no faith at all. It is a universality of length and breadth but no thickness. As soon as we attempt to penetrate down into the sources of spiritual power, its inherent limitations are disclosed. It implies no changes at all of real experience—only

changes of thought. Does a man by learning biology, say, become superior to the old martyrs? Does a man by understanding comparative religion, become greater than the saints? And what does comparative religion actually compare? It compares the ashes on one hearth with the ashes on another. On all hearths alike, the flame has died away.

The Bahai teaching that faith in the Manifestation of God is the source and cause of all spiritual progress, therefore, deepens thought; it does not narrow thought in the least. It deepens thought by leading thought into experiences where thought actually cannot follow—where only love can go. Religion is only understood by those who have experienced the necessity to give up thought and admit love. If one can go so far with the Bahai teaching, he need not fear how much farther he will be asked to go. For having arrived at this point his urge will be all in the direction of experiencing love—love, the language spoken by the heart in the lands of attainment. By rejecting all save love, he will reject all leadership save that which yields the bounty of love in his own life.

Indeed, all movement is not progress. Thought can move with the utmost rapidity, yet like the moon stay ever equally distant from the centre of its own motion. The philosophy of the open mind has this weakness—that the mind insisting on remaining open cannot close at the right time. The flower opens, and stays open for a season, and its openness is its beauty; but even the flower closes as soon as it is fertilized, and to be fertilized is its beauty's reason. So is it well for the open mind to know what its door has been flung wide to admit. Not thought, but love, is the mind's true fertility. Thought and knowledge—these are but instruments, first to seek for and test love, then when love has been found to fulfill its opportunities in the world.

The Bahai teaching witnesses the birth and re-birth of love as the social dynamic from one age to another, accumulating new authority and wider influence at each manifestation; deriving always from its own sources in the past and pointing forward to its own justification in times to come. If we come to stand in this process, we grow aware of a glorious expectancy that one day is to dawn which shall be particularly and universally the day of love—the Day of God. The deeper message of the Christian revelation as of other revelations has been

to establish a basis for this very expectancy. As we learn to perceive that all 'religions' have been manifestations of the one religion, and the teaching of all has pointed the same direction for faith, we feel the expectancy increased, made definite, the reaching down of roots which must sustain the burden of a mighty tree. Every interval in the spiritual process has brought to love a wider contact with present life. The one great hiatus until now has been that love had no influence in the daily work of men. But the teaching has ever been that one day even this weakness would be overcome.

To miss this sense of expectancy permeating the Bible, for example, is to miss the whole purpose of the Bible. To consider that the New Testament closes with the Revelation of John, rather than pointed insistently forward through that Revelation, is to deal with Christ as the Sanhedrin dealt with him—to deny his divine function. There is no more grievous thing in the world than this inveterate inability to see and feel how Christ's almost every word is a prediction, a promise or an implication hung upon future time and further revelation. The Bible is, so to say, the building of a ship—the building of a ship upon dry land. Christianity has never sailed the sea of life—Christianity has never been launched upon the sea. And to this fact the Bahai teaching adds that the mission of Christ, proven by his own statement, was limited to building the vessel: the ship was to be launched at a later time. If we can perceive the Bahai movement as love fulfilled in unity—as the sea for the launching of the vessel of love—its relation to Christianity becomes clear. Far from opposing itself to Christianity, the Bahai movement not only clarifies Christianity, it releases Christianity from its own impotence, and sets it free.

"A man planted a vineyard, and set a hedge about it, and digged a pit for the winepress, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into another country. And at the season he sent to the husbandmen a servant, that he might receive from the husbandmen of the fruits of the vineyard. And they took him, and beat him, and sent him away empty. And he sent another; and him they killed; and many others.—He had yet one, a beloved son. But those husbandmen said among themselves. This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours. And they took him, and killed him, and cast him forth out of the vineyard."

How many are they who have come into the world testifying that the fruits of life are to love only, who have been slain. And how vainly the husbandmen seize love's inheritance for themselves! Never yet have they even agreed upon the spoils, but whether as individuals or as nations, the husbandmen fall out after their denial of the authority of God, and against one another turn the weapon murderously by which the divine messenger had been slain. That the world's destiny is fulfilled through God—this is the ancient as it is the modern dictum of religion. Not the tyrant's caprice, nor nationalism uncontrolled by moral law, nor a materialistic ethics, can administer the affairs of the world. These are not truth—they are but servants of truth. And it is obedience to his master's command which constitutes the servant's authority and his power. To see the nations at war is to see the faithless husbandmen once more quarrelling over the spoils. Once more it is an invincible argument for religion that unreligion, and anti-religion, fail even to achieve their own limited end. Between them and their purpose a mysterious power intervenes, a shining sword upraised quietly but awfully at the garden gate. And behind the sword is glimpsed a power so overwhelming that our conceptions of power reel back and fall limply down. A storm at sea is powerful, but the sea itself has consumed a thousand storms unchanged. A volcano is powerful, but the earth's orbit around the sun has not deviated a hair for all the volcanos since the beginning of time. Something of this power behind and around all power, a power which causes every cause, suggests itself when, turning from the apparent failure of religion to establish a world of love, we confront the actual failure of hate to establish anything at all.

"What therefore will the lord of the vineyard do? He will come and destroy the husbandmen, and will give the vineyard unto others."

Thus it is the Bahai teaching that religion until the Bahai movement itself has been a partial thing, an incomplete thing, a delegated thing, just as the authority of the lord of the vineyard was but a partial, incomplete and delegated authority in all the servants he sent, even his beloved son; but that religion now returns in its whole manifestation, its complete purpose, its supreme power. The Bahai teaching conveys an understanding of religion in terms of the omnipotence of God. The

influence of Baha'o'llah upon those open to that influence is the most impressive force in the world today. War with its shocks and its explosions seems by comparison a vain thing, the raging of a caged beast; less murder indeed than suicide. Baha'o'llah brings a conception of force transcending battle, ignorance, lust, as the sun transcends the lava-scored hill. Upon itself alone descends the lava the hill cast up.

The lord of the vineyard! We, holding to religion as a crucified vision, are blind before the serene detachment of the sun. Holding religion to be a mere neutral observer standing at a distance from the real business of the day, we do not recognize this force by which all business has been overturned and broken. We, estimating human nature in terms of its unrelated parts, are unable to receive into ourselves the new influence of unity. Considering only that men are according to what men have done and do, we fall hopelessly behind the universal energy now pouring to the very depths of being. Yet, step by step has the Bahai movement—Religion—prepared itself for this Day since the first day dawned. It lay in the throbbing heart of Christ; it leaped forward passionately with Mohamet; with Buddha it remembered the perfection of its own end.

For the wholeness of religion awaited the wholeness of human response. As the feeble, intermittent tapping of a telegraph key in some far away isolated station, the wires burdened with snow, the instrument damaged by neglect—so religion has been in the blinded heart of man. But as the whirling dynamo itself, charged with the fulness of power—so is religion now. Religion, which we call the Bahai Revelation. In this Revelation man also appears in his own spiritual authority. The greatness of the power striding these troublous times calls to a greatness within ourselves. And the key to this greatness is unity. The divided mind has ever mirrored an ungodlike God. God is to us as our response. The lingering heart has ever suspected a God who was broken. The mind and the heart at war have created an idea of God who fought against himself, held as in a wrestler's deadlock. If there are fifteen elements in a consciousness, and eight be positive but seven negative, the force available for response is but one. If ten are positive and five negative, the available force is but five. When all are positive—when not one element, reason, imagination, desire, will, memory, duty, holds as a brake upon life, then the

life responds wholly to the Divine—it drives forward to its victory as the ship drives before the wind. By this unity of self men know the omnipotence of God.. Their will and their desire, fuse, their memory and their knowledge face the same way, their faith and their duty combine. This is the wholeness of being, that potential reality and mystery which has tormented the soul since the creation of the world. It is a state impossible to realize by will alone, by knowledge alone, by desire alone, by imagination alone. These are as waves cast up from the sea, and sink to the common level again. It can be realized only by and in itself. And the attainment is Religion.

The Bahai no longer sees events in the world; he is witness to the transformation of the world itself by the Manifestation of God. He no longer hears the false echos we call understanding; he is avid for each syllable from the Messenger's tongue. He no longer desires things—his desire is Reality. On every side he feels arising that new spiritual energy by which true civilization will be achieved; war done away, poverty unknown, wretchedness forgotten; the lord of the vineyard come at last unto his own. "The first things are passed away. And he that sitteth on the throne said: 'Behold, I make all things new!'"

The Bahai Temple

The super-race shall date from thee
For thou shalt be
The symbol of fraternity
The essence of eternity
The flower of infinity
Oh! Tower of divinity.

All classes, creeds and races,
Shall bow with earnest faces
Within thy holy spaces
Within the heart of thee.

Edward J. Irvine.

The Sunrise of the New Day

The unrest of the world is so complete today and its turmoil so deafening, that if one did not find indications here and there of a new consciousness of altruism and brotherhood, one would be filled with despair. For instance there could be no more depressing spectacle than that of the President of these great United States, a man of heart and gentleness in his private character, refusing to see the children of the political prisoners still kept in prison by war hysteria. The sight of these little ones asking in vain for justice for their fathers is shocking because the power oppressing them is the greatest democracy of the world.

The only other government at present confining political prisoners, is Russia, which professes to exemplify the principles of brotherhood and equality. The names of qualities can no longer influence us in judging events. We fed the starving Russian Children. But when the babies of our own land come begging us to release their unjustly detained fathers, we turn a deaf ear to their cries, because an unchristian policy dictated by distorted intellect, divorced from the heart, warns us against their case. If President Harding had followed the dictates of his own good feeling instead of a political policy, steps would already be taken for the long delayed freeing of these men.

Another depressing feature of the conditions of our own country at the present moment is the Miner's war and strike in West Virginia, where the coal operators have for years according to reliable reports—maintained a direct and unconstitutional control over the districts of Logan and Mingo counties. Even here however in the midst of the greed and tyranny of the coal bosses, the light shines and we have the story of a saint brought in handcuffs to the Miner's trial in Charleston, where he is to testify for the unfortunate men accused of treason. Rev. John E. Wilburn, coal miner and Baptist preacher has for years worked in the mines during the week, and preached on Sundays to save souls. He is the star witness for the miners. "A round shouldered tired little man with kindly blue eyes, a soft voice, and an almost saintly manner," that's Rev. Wilburn.

He is under indictment for murder, and has been offered much money to turn States evidence, but he spurned these offers and will tell in court the vivid stories of the suffering in the region and the much discussed battle of Blair Mountain, which he saw. He has wondered why he is accused of murder, for he has never in all his gentle life had even a heated argument with any one, but he trusts in God for his release and treasures a sheaf of letters from brother preachers, who all commend him and pray that he may soon be back among his wife and children, preaching in his little church. Not an unfriendly word has crossed his lips since his confinement and his blue eyes are always smiling.

"But right will prevail," he says, "I pray for those that are persecuting me, and I trust God to set me free." He will be set free undoubtedly, for he carries the sunrise in his heart.

Among the recent novels is that of *Birthright* by T. S. Stribling.

It is a story whose characters are drawn almost entirely from our colored American citizens. The scene is laid in Hookers Bend, a river town of Tennessee, to which Peter Siner the hero, returns with high hopes after his years at a Northern University. He remembers the terrible conditions of the Home Town and hopes to instill new life and ideals into his old friends, from the experience and knowledge he has himself gained. His failure his sacrificial marriage with Cissie Dildine and return to the North, are pictured with a sensitive and sympathetic touch which is often most gripping. Stribling is a Southern Gentleman, born and bred in the environments he describes so vividly. He paints Peter Siners trials as he would those of his own brother and it is this which renders the story so beautiful and true. It is a tale of reality which every American should read with a blush of shame that such conditions can exist in our midst today, because they do not exist only in the South but in a modified degree everywhere and they must disappear. The new day cannot tolerate their continuance.

The psychology of Stribling's story is admirable. It is written within an outward framework of extreme realism, but its character drawing is of the subjective sort. Old captain Renfrew reveals to us the very mixed turmoil of his aristocratic and troubled soul. The physical tumults of Tump Pack

and his sacrifice at the last are singularly true to type, but best of all is the analysis of Siner himself. His slow recognition of what race discrimination means, his mental analysis of the humanity in him and his own race tendency could hardly be better.

Such a novel could not have been written fifty years ago. It is penetrated by that new instinct of brotherhood which will not allow us to judge a human being first of all from the point of view of race instead of the broader aspect of our common humanity. We must all learn that brotherhood is stronger than the outer color of the skin and a novel like this strengthens such knowledge. It is evidently not written as a tendency story, and this is one of its assets. It grew out of the new feeling in a man's soul and the accretion of impressions lodged in his nerves.

One of the interesting events of the winter has been the admirable presentment by the Theatre Guild of New York of Bernard Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* plays. The entire series was given successively so that the observer could follow the author's thought without difficulty, and of course it is a question how many did so. The theatre goer and play-lover is prone to look first on elements of amusement, and it is perhaps difficult to realize that in these plays Shaw is speaking out something about life and its meaning that has been pent up in his heart for many years.

One can see easily that he is using the symbol of a physically lengthened life to show us what we may do with life as it is. Games and sport, marriage and sex love belong to youth and if we develop properly we shall presently begin to think of other things. Even music and art he seems to believe belong to a lengthened youth, out of which we shall finally grow, discarding them. Because the realities of life are found in the realization of truth, of God and service, and as time goes on the soul which awakens becomes absorbed in these. "The Ancients" of the play are those who have lived so many centuries that they have lost interest in everything, but truth and service. They withdraw voluntarily from the gay centers of youthful activity and seek a comparative solitude which is nevertheless peopled because the development of their 6th and 7th senses opens to them conditions of life far from the physical plane.

One of the significant incidents of the play is the creation of the two monsters by the artist, who reveal in that far distant and peaceful day, the violence of passion of our own time. So the artist who has created them dies, not so much from the slight bite of the creature he has brought to life, as the nervous shock of her violence. Can we imagine a race so gentle, so poised and highly sensitized that the mere expression of violence would kill? It is well to visualize it and ponder over it.

The one element somewhat lacking in Shaw's picture of the ideal life is that of love. The ancients do not seem happy in their service or their wisdom. They are so highly intellectualized that they miss the joy of the spirit and have lost their sense of humor. One cannot imagine God without laughter and joy. Orthodoxy is always solemn but true religion and consciousness of the spirit are joyous experiences that keep the soul ever young. Let us ask Shaw to take up his pen again and give us a laughing ancient.

Summering at Knollmere

The summer camp at Knollmere, which is conducted by Mrs. A. Sloper of 92 State Street, New Bedford, Massachusetts, is one of the most delightful places on the coast for a summer outing of long or short duration.

Many people in the neighborhood of New Bedford are familiar with Knollmere, because they have for many years taken their families to its roomy and substantial cottages, and enjoyed its health giving air and wonderful bathing. It is situated upon a branch of Buzzards Bay, and has a delightful sandy beach, flat and free from stones, the water of which is singularly warm for the location. Ocean bathing here has the charm of a more southern point and all who fear the chill of the grey ocean in its more northern aspects, will rejoice in the gentle impact of these health giving waves. One stays in the water here for hours without danger on account of this unusual temperature of the salt waves.

The sea bathing is not the only charm of Knollmere however. There is boating, fishing, tennis and clambakes beyond description in their fragrance and flavor. Moreover Knollmere is situated in the midst of historic New England, and automobile

trips and "hikes" are constantly planned to include these neighborhood interests in the vacation which centers at Knollmere, so that the visitor who settles here for a period of the summer, will carry away an impression of New England not easily effaced.

The place itself however will remain in the memory of the guest, for its own special charm. Its cottages are so widely separated that no curious neighbors eyes or ears can invade ones privacy. They stand in a broad stretch of green country facing the beautiful bay, as quiet as if thousands of miles from the tumult of modern life, though only a twenty minute trolley ride from New Bedford. The loveliness of the spot is largely due to nature, but partly also to the wisdom and taste of Mrs. Sloper who has tended it, planted it and mothered it for a number of years, so that now Knollmere seems a blooming paradise of flowers and vines. Every cottage is vineclad. The air is filled with the fragrance of the flowers and the peculiar and pungent smell of the grass itself. There must be a unique quality in the sea drenched soil here which lends sweetness to what is planted in it because the grass alone has a positive and fragrant odor not found elsewhere.

The humming birds have apparently discovered this for they haunt the place, and their bright wings hover over the flower beds, and over the honey suckle and wild cucumber vines that clothe the cottages, and add their flashes of color to the clear air. The birds have discovered it also, and evidently love the spot, so that robins, larks and thrushes fill the early morning with their concerts and cheer the bather in the late afternoon. The great blue heron also has found a home here, and these picturesque birds stand about like meditative statues, adding their beauty to the salt marsh which they love.

There are heavenly sunsets for the sun goes down here in all its glory, flooding water and land with its mighty radiance; and heavenly dawns, in which the water purples and grows golden through the oncoming rays of its master. Another unusual feature of Knollmere is its nearness to the real woods. The grounds hold a lovely little grove of woodland in which the denizens of the camp are free to wander. Here all the wild flowers grow and all the woodsy secrets are revealed, so that when one tires of the open, or prefers to botanize the path it is easily discoverable.

The special attraction of Knollmere seems to be its curious combination of restful quiet and pleasurable opportunity, for

the lover of quiet can dream here, with sea and air, and let the pleasure seekers go about their business. The cottages are extremely well built and sanitary, so that the fresh air is everywhere. There is ample supply of good drinking water and every cottage has its bath room with hot and cold water and electric lights, while the drainage of the camp is of the most scientific character.

This summer, Knollmere is especially a haven for the tired business women. Families are not excluded, but young business women are discovering the charm and accessibility of this lovely spot, and they have to a great extent possessed themselves of its cottages for their vacation outings. The centre is especially accessible from the fact that the New York steamers leave passengers during the summer, at the New Bedford dock, and therefore one can leave New York at 6 P. M. and arrive at New Bedford at 6 A. M. whence a twenty minute trolley ride takes the traveler to Knollmere, though of course Mrs. Sloper's automobile always meets the guest at the dock if she is informed of the arrival.

There is one other asset of Knollmere which is unforgettable and which is its atmosphere of real kindness and hospitality. While it is a commercial enterprise, it is not too commercially managed. There is a marked absence of the partison and suspicious temper in the place. One can find friends and make friends here. It is full of the accent of kindness and practical helpfulness, in fact it is alive and therefore stirs life and happiness and a sense of brotherhood in its guests.

Also the demands of the vacation appetite have not been forgotten, and the dining room under the trees is a satisfying spot.

Current Art

The Spring exhibit of the National Academy of Design was of unusual interest. While not distinguished by any especially notable paintings and sculpture, the average maintained was unusually high and the long list of prizes awarded with considerable discrimination.

The Carpenter, by Gertrude Fiske, which won the Thomas B. Clarke prize, would perhaps have received it through popular award, as it was a happy picture full of beautiful color and a sense of harmonious life.

The Gleam on the Hill Tops, by Gardner Symons, would not have pleased some people so well as Ernest Lawson's marvelous snow painting of Snow Bound Spruce. There were a number of unusual portraits, such as Jean MacLean's portrait of Brand Whitlock, and the vivid portrayal of Childe Hassam by Wayman Adams. The younger artists were well represented and one remembers Carl Anderson's Abandoned Well, Teresa Bernstein's Concert, and Jerome Myer's Group on the Pier. The Taos group showed an interesting variety of canvases, all alive with the freedom of their western habit and the general impression of the exhibit was that of freedom and growth.

The Gallery exhibits of the past weeks have shown unusual excellence and independence. Among these the Annual exhibit of the Whitney Studio Club could not be overlooked. In this club famous and obscure artists, both men and women, fraternize together, love and criticise one another and do exceedingly independent work. In the Spring they hang their paintings on the wall and group their sculpture, and each does as he pleases. Here was Leon Kroll's vivid portrait of Leo Ornstein, Allen Tucker's Incoming Fog, Ann Goldthwaite's Streets in Boquehomo with tropical coloring and brown skins, Joseph Stella's Man on the Elevated, showing a curious glimpse of seated people and newspapers. There were sketches of famous people by Ethel Plummer—a curious symbolic painting of the South Wind by Marie De Jarnet Norris. In fact the hours in the Whitney Studio Exhibit make one acquainted with the Art Atmosphere of New York, on the side, farthest removed from commercialism or conventional esteem.

The Bourgeois and Kingore Galleries exhibited at one time last month the work of Maurice Sterne, Grace Drayton and George Townsend Cole—the two last at the Kingore offering a marked contrast. Grace Drayton is an illustrator of Nursery Rhymes and children's stories, also portraits of the little ones and their elder sisters and mothers. She has, perhaps, too much lightness and facility and endless invention along somewhat superficial lines. In strong contrast were the landscapes of the Painted Desert by Cole in another room, for they reproduced emphatically the remoteness and flaming solitude of the wild and picturesque region in which the painter must have lived, long enough to be saturated with its solitude and color.

Here was Be-ta-ta-kin with an ancient archway that might have been built by mythical giants, the Canyon of Death, Dusk on the Desert, each canvas reflecting with sombre splendor the high color and temperamental note of this strange region. In the Bourgeois Gallery on another floor the paintings and sketches of Maurice Sterne, carried one to Italy where the artist has spent the preceding twelve years. Here one breathed the atmosphere of Anticoli-Corrado in the Sabine Hills, one felt the quiet of a peasant life, undisturbed by the giant passions of the great world. There was much feeling and beauty in these quiet independent sketches and one divined the life of the artist in them. The Flax Worker, the Vintage Women, the beautiful and poetic Girl's Head, the War Memories, showing the dying youth and maiden, the Woman Feeding Sheep, all revealed the half melancholy poetry of the region, reflected through the artist's sensitive brush or sculptor's tool.

Another striking exhibit was that of Caro Delvaille at Wildensteins. This artist, who has been domesticated in America since the World War, gives most of his time to painting Murals, but has evidently spent some leisure hours in the diversions of the present exhibit. Here one found a series of Gypsies and Cats, both as a rule of the wildest and fiercest description. The cats were long, lean Toms, and occasionally their mates, who would equally survive milk-bottles or pistol shots. They had prowled about the alley-ways and areas of New York until they had gained a ruthless facility in attaining their aims, and escaping destruction. They were all cast of brain and brawn, and this had evidently attracted the artist to their portrayal, any one of these cats on the drawing-room or library wall would keep one awake all night, so they called for bold buyers. The Gypsies were akin to them; they danced men and women together, or smiled and coquetted separately, but with a feline quality and fierceness that were undeniable. Seldom does one see a group of pictures springing so charmingly from the artist's interested study of life.

In strong contrast to the Caro Delvaille exhibit was that of Victor Charreton at the Dudensing Gallery. The latter artist carries on vigorously the traditions of Pissaro, Monet and even Cezanne, while Caro Delvaille breaking all the traditions of his past has created an art singularly sensitive in its reflection of the last moment of the present day. The Charre-

ton pictures were charming bits of French Gardens and Vistas, showing spring mists, lilacs in bloom, picturesque old French farm houses, and quiet figures of man or woman in the midst of these peaceful fields and shrubberies. Charreton is a painter of light, intensely sensitive to all, color tones as modified or brightened by light, so each canvas is a poem on which the eye delights to linger.

A most interesting exhibit was that shown recently at the Gallerie Intime, illustrating the work of some of the younger artists; these paintings were very attractive from their independence and feeling, for when the youthful artist freely visualizes, he creates notable work. The water colors of Sandor Bernath were remarkable for their color and vivid technical strength. Lars Hoftrup had a number of canvases and water colors, among others his fine painting of the Harbor, showing boats and shipping was admirable and as different as possible from the poetic sketch of Spring, which was fragrant and colorful.

Ross Moffett had a wonderful snow scene with boats, water and houses, full of dramatic composition. Sidney Dickinson hung a striking *Casement*, showing a nude girl beside the window—odd and powerful in suggestion.

The most significant note in the exhibit, however, was struck by Edwin Dickinson, a young artist, painting his first enthusiastic vision of life. He had a large canvas called the *Anniversary*, in which a group of people, centered about an elderly man facing the observer, his face deeply marked with the delusions through which he had lived, and a young girl apparently lost in the dream of her first real anguish. There were dancers, players and eaters, but the two central figures gripped one conclusively. The thing was painted loosely, swiftly, as if the artist would seize it all before it passed. It was rather grey and sombre in tone, but unforgettable in quality.

An interesting exhibit at the Kraushaar Gallery was made up of recent paintings by Guy Pene du Bois, who has recently become the somewhat humorous and satirical painter of New York types, gifted with keen discrimination and a fine technique. He is well fitted for the task he has apparently set himself and one can only wish him good fortune in his passage. He gives one all sorts of human beings, the flapper, the labor

agitator, the idealist, the politician, as one meets them on the street, or within walls, and always the salient characteristic is unmistakably there. He bids fair to become for New York at a later day what Hogarth was to London generations ago. Here is the Hallway, Italian Restaurant, with a boy and girl who have just dined. The *First Dinner Party* with a boy and girl again, who are evidently making their debut as grown-ups. Then the *Live Soldier*, who evidently has reasons to wish himself dead. The *First Nighter*, etc., etc., all are clever and none are superficially taken from the point of view of cleverness alone, for in that case they would not be worth talking about.

One of the most interesting exhibits of the season was that at the Sculptors' Gallery—152 East 40th Street—showing the painting and sculpture of the Current American Art in great variety. One could spend an hour in this vivid assemblage and come away encouraged as to the future American art, in spite of commercialism, and a too frequent consciousness of the bread and butter problem. Here was inspiration, independence, good technique and idealism in plentiful measure.

The big *Harlequin* by Walt Kuhn, showing the clown off the stage, his humanity speaking beneath the paint and costume, was powerful. The *Polish Dancer*, by George Luks, with its wonderful violet and green tones was another powerful note. There was a poetic canvas of *Four Young Women*, by Max Weber; a *California Idyl*, *The Shepherdess of the Hills*, by Mahouri Young, and a strong sculptured figure *Alkamena* by the same artist.

In marked contrast were the head of Ralph Pulitzer by Jo Davidson and the head of John Barrymore by Paul Maniship, the latter illustrating the value of elimination, which this artist sometimes carries to any extreme; with them were the odiously fat-figures of Gaston Lachaise in which this critic can find little reason. There was a beautiful canvas called *Approach to the Bridge*, by George Bellows, full of lovely shadows and light suggestions. Manigault had two of his fairyland pictures which were charming. Malvina Hoffman had a *Sculptured Offrande*, a kneeling man and woman in tender and delicate approach. John Sloan showed again his delightful *Garden in Spring*. Bryson Burroughs had a pure and beautiful *Venus Anadyomene* rising from the waves. Augustus Tack gave his *Christ in the House of Matthew*. Hunt Diederich had a stately

Spanish Rider. Arthur B. Davies hung some red and passionate dancers, but also a heavenly figure of a dancer, in uplift, who carried one up and up with her gesture, and showed a charmingly sustained surface of color.

It would be difficult to find a collection of more general marked excellence and independence in many lines and this is hopeful.

One of the delightful exhibits of the season was that of the work of Mrs. Louise Brumback at Mrs. Sterner's Gallery on West 57th Street. Mrs. Brumback has been growing yearly into greater depth and feeling as an interpreter of landscapes, with increasing facility of technique and broader sensitiveness to color and atmosphere. She has a marked degree of luminosity in her atmospheric effects and distinguishes accurately between the sea air of Gloucester, the topography and atmosphere of the middle West and the gardens and cypress coasts of the Pacific. The present exhibit included all these in beautiful variety, as well as some especially charming flower pieces. Among these the honors were divided between two great bunches of asters, one quite formally treated, the other much more loosely painted, and both very lovely.

Mary Hanford Ford.

Greenacre

The lure of Greenacre is unique, and unlike anything else in the way of summer outing. The situation is most beautiful on the lovely Piscataqua River with hills in the background. There are tents along the river this year, as in the past. A delightful lecture and concert course has been arranged. George Grey Barnard is to speak, Reverend Dr. Norman W. Guthrie of St. Marks on the Boverie, Mr. George W. Coleman of the Ford Hall Forum, Mrs. Janet Hallowel Putnam of the Boston School of Expression, Mr. James W. Johnson, Secretary National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People, and many others. Besides the lectures there will be concerts, the music for the entire season being under the care of Mr. Aldo Randegger.

The young people are not forgotten this year and diversions of many sorts are a part of the summer program. There will be clambakes, dances, hikes into the beautiful picturesque re-

gion, surrounding Greenacre, and the rates at the Inn and Fellowship House are reasonable.

Greenacre consists of beautiful lands lying along the Piscataqua River two miles above Portsmouth, New Hampshire, though it is in Eliot County, Maine. It was founded by Miss Sarah J. Farmer many years ago, and its summer conferences are familiar to many, dominated by the feeling of brotherhood, and elimination of race and religious prejudice. These conferences bring together annually a group of broad-minded and earnest men and women. They are "investigators of Reality", their aim is to promote world unity, brotherhood and peace.

This year the Fellowship House will again be in charge of Mrs. Powell and her charming daughter. A Tea Room and Gift Shop are to be innovations this year, which it is believed will add considerably to the pleasures of Greenacre. They will be opposite the Greenacre Station on the Electric Car Line, and health foods will be daintily served here at reasonable rates.

Altogether the outlook for the Greenacre season this year is particularly attractive. There is always a special tonic and stimulant in its air and environment which distinguishes it from other localities.

Thy Temple Timber

By Dr. Geo. J. Drews

Is this thy life worth living in this house,
The temple of thy living God? Dost thou
Derive full measure of the pleasures for
Thy growth of soul, which bounteous Nature has
In store for thee? In this thy temple is
There strength, vitality and power of mind
Enough to store the precious knowledge and
Experience and wisdom that was meant
For thee to gain while living in this form?
And has thou learnt to properly repair
This temple thine, that it may stay a fit
Abode of the most High? And dost thou know,
Thou Solomon, the source of perfect wood
And stone to keep thy temple in repair?
Then study well the words that are below.

To some this life is one succession of
 Delightful pleasures. CAN this be a fact?
 Because they choose but MORAL pleasures to
 Enjoy: then all the duties, tasks and tests
 And hardships others hate and fear and shun,
 To them are courtesies and little tests
 Of strength and hardihood and further means
 To masteries;—which done in pleasure end.
 The greater part of all mankind knows life
 As but a hash of dear and dreadful things
 Of hopes and fears, of joys that end in tears
 And many momentary pleasures which
 Are shadowed by regrets, remorse, disgust,
 Disease of mind and body, pain and death;
 Because they choose their thoughts and joys and deeds,
 Their social pleasures and their feasts and foods
 Without a thought of what the end may be.

All thoughts and joys and deeds and things and foods
 React for good or evil in man's life
 And this determines that these, either, are
 All moral or immoral in the end;
 And those who choose all things for MORAL ENDS
 Are known as MORAL and their life is blest.

Hast thou enjoyed some longed for thing that gave
 Thee so much pleasure that thou wert almost
 In ecstasy whilst thou didst know that it
 Could end in no reactions of regrets,
 Remorse or shame or tears, disease or pain?
 Well then thou hast a good example of
 A moral pleasure which is double, in
 This way, That it is pleasure too to know
 That there is no reaction to be feared;
 But moral pleasures may be treble when
 They make demand again for more of them
 And that another pleasure still to come
 May be the just reward that Nature gives
 As peace of mind, serenity and health
 To those whose pleasure is to seek and have
 No other pleasure than the moral type.

Of all the Moral pleasures there is one
 Without which NOTHING ELSE can be enjoyed
 And that's the HAVING of a perfect health;
 But perfect health can only be maintained
 By MORAL living—strict with Nature's laws.
 The basis of this moral living is
 The natural life—to live on foods unfired
 Alone for moral ends, or perfect health.
 There is no other art or practice which
 Can guarantee a perfect health and youth
 Throughout man's livelong-days of many years.
 And when man knows by living right his health
 Is sure, his happiness is manifold.

Thy foolish friends who are "grand daddy blind"
 And think they know it all, will laugh at thee
 And in their ignorance they will despise
 To eat the simple food thou dost enjoy.
 And though the many wholesome foods unfired
 Give more variety than so-called food (?)
 That's cooked or roasted, baked or somehow spoilt;
 Still they will smile and eat themselves to death.

All those who wish to live a moral life
 Will know enough to understand these words—
 The fundamental moral pleasure is
 The one enjoyed in eating foods unfired;
 For ONLY THESE maintain good health and strength
 And vim and clearness of an active mind,
 And this results in cleanliness of mind
 And moral thinking, speaking, joys and deeds.

Remember now these lines expressed in rhyme—
 The perfect TEMPLE TIMBER and good STONE
 Are found in FOODS UNFIRED and there alone.
 The lore and science called Apyrtrophy
 For moral feeding holds the ONLY key.



The Drama

By Frances Eveline Willcox

It appears that there are some people who can be something and not know it, or if they do, it may not be generally understood by the outside world; that is, being a follower of the Bahai principles, or so it would seem. At any rate, here is the incident that came under the observation of the writer recently and raised a rather interesting and perplexing query concerning the true psychology of the situation. During the final week's engagement for the season of Miss Margaret Anglin in "The Bronze Woman" she met with a painful accident, fracturing both of her ankles, but played every performance seated in an invalid's wheel-chair. How did she do it? Does the highly developed emotional side of the actress create a super-courage or is the manifestation of great courage due to years of training in the art of "assuming a virtue though you have it not"? Was it because she would not disappoint her audiences or the management, and called upon her strong will power to carry her through those eight performances—or was she a Bahai?

There have been many such instances when members of the theatrical profession have been forced to go on and play their roles under great mental and physical stress, with the same display of fortitude. Effie Ellsler was appearing in an important part in a New York production this season when her husband, Frank Weston, passed away; there being no understudy Miss Ellsler took her place each night in the cast and played her character as usual despite her grief, rather than permit the management to close the theatre. Walter Jones was carried back and forth from hotel to theatre in a private ambulance during an engagement under the care of a physician in order to do his duty to the public. These bits of heroism seldom have the sympathy of the audience until long after, as a rule, because of the effect it might have on the success of the production.

Should any reader of REALITY feel impressed to send an expression of opinion as to the psychological or spiritual solution of the question of courage under the trying situations here referred to, it will be welcomed.

Now that the American theatrical season is drawing to a close and the European season is at its height, there is a rush of managers for their annual trip overseas to scan the productions in London and Paris, and consult with playwrights over material to be presented on this side next year. Among our producers now over there and on their way, are William A. Brady and his wife, Grace George; William Harris, Jr., who is in conference concerning the new Drinkwater play; Arch Selwyn who will close contracts arranged by Crosby Gaige for the Selwyn Company; A. H. Woods corraling plays in quantity and we hope, of quality; Lincoln J. Wagenhals; William Morris; J. J. Shubert to complete negotiations for a new piece for Eleanor Painter; Irving Berlin and Hazzard Short, to get ideas and novelties for the Music Box; Gilbert Miller and others to follow.

Encouraged by the results obtained from this season's selections the majority of the producers are satisfied that their judgment was good, for "Bull Dog Drummond," "Captain Applejack," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Kiki," "Back to Methuselah," "Dover Road," "The Truth About Blayds," "Blossom Time" and "The Grand Duke," all foreign importations, have been among the successful offerings in the U. S. A.

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The loyalty of the profession as well as the public for stage favorites was demonstrated at both dress rehearsal and regular performance given at the Metropolitan Opera House for the Actors Equity Benefit. When that veteran artist, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, who is celebrating her seventy-fifth year by playing in "The Advertising of Kate" at the Ritz, made her appearance, she could not fail to appreciate the love and respect in which she is held by all, while Lillian Russell, now Mrs. Alexander Moore, who has been doing important governmental work instead of acting this year, received a remarkable ovation. Here is an instance where a beautiful and talented woman with the achievement of a successful career on the stage has turned her talents into other useful and helpful channels with equally satisfactory results.

* * * *

That the men and women of the theatre do what they can to help in worthy charities by giving their services has been written of and talked about over and over; that they also take

care of their own brother and sister players had recent evidence from the list of entertainers for the Actors Equity. The Theatre Treasurers, National Vaudeville Association and other benefits. The program of the latter contained the names of many stars and leading artists who served their apprenticeship on the vaudeville stage and eventually won their laurels in dramatic and musical productions in the legitimate field. Among them may be mentioned Stella Mayhew, Blanche Ring, Ethel Levey, Elizabeth Brice, Florence Moore, Mlle. Dazie, William Rock, and Tempest and Sunshine. The proceeds from these theatrical benefits is devoted to insurance, sick funds, to assist the older members and the unemployed.

Bahai Activities

The new headquarters of the Bahai Cause in New York was opened with much joy and festivity on the second floor of 115 East 34th Street. It promises to be the scene of continuous good work and happiness. Already, Rev. Herman Randall of the Community Church has spoken there and activities will be of great variety around and in this centre. Mr. Hooper Harris will speak there every Sunday at 4 P.M. The rooms are open all day and nearly every evening, and the telephone—Murray Hill 0040—gives access to them. The Sunday Forum will continue, and daily at 12 noon and at 4 P.M. an hour of meditation and prayer service will be carried on to which everyone is welcome, and which it is hoped will bring healing and refreshment to many weary souls.

The schedule of evening meetings is not yet fully arranged, but Mrs. Ford will continue the study class on Monday evenings and there will be an effort to interest the general public in many activities allied with the great movement for the betterment of mankind. The Bahai Cause exemplifies the divine expression of unity in the world and should illustrate its every aspect. The Chicago Convention, which has just ended, accented this, and brought again to our minds the fact that love is the strongest element in the Bahai Cause, and that love must become manifest in life in every direction. There can be no love where suspicion reigns and, therefore, suspicion must be banished.

A follower of Abdul Baha must be recognized by his ser-

vice, his kindliness and complete tolerance to all, both within and without the cause. Now that Abdul Baha has left us, we must endeavor practically to manifest the qualities he brought back to the world, so as thus to enhance and intensify the radiance descending upon mankind. The problems of the world cry loudly for solving in this day, and demand above all things loving wisdom in their solution. The more fully this is brought into life, the more quickly will the civilization of the new day appear.

Shoghi Effendi has only one opinion upon harmony that it grows by manifestation, therefore we must make it all inclusive, and exile no one from its beneficent influence.

The Rainbow Circle has recently lost another of its devoted and valued members Mrs. Sarah Chase Jackson, was for years the pianist for the choir of Dr. Bolden's Church.

She was naturally endowed with musical genius, and there was no task in music too arduous for her to attempt. She was possessed by the spirit of service and was limitless in her devotion to any cause to which she gave her heart. She was from the beginning greatly interested in the Rainbow Circle, and its principles of the elimination of race prejudice, so she never missed a meeting and the plentifulness and charm of the music which enlivened the assemblies of the society was largely due to her enthusiasm and utterly self-sacrificing service.

In all the relationships of life, she was kindness personified. She was a natural idealist and possessed many gifts along the line of such characteristics so that her happiness rose from the spirit rather than the body, and she was what we would call decidedly fourth dimensional. She had suffered much in the last months of her life and welcomed death when it came.

Departure of Dr. Sarah A. Clock

We had not forgotten the loss of our dear sister Lillian Kappes, our eyes were still wet with tears for the ascension of our Lord Abdul Baha when we heard the sad news of the departure of that heavenly soul Dr. Clock. It was a shock to me for I hoped to see her dear face once more, for I lived with her for seven years in Teheran and I know something about her. Dr. Clock went to Persia about ten years ago where she gave her entire life in treating the sick, and took care of the poor people free of charge; she gave the rest of her time in washing dishes sweep-

ing the house and doing other things. Although we had a servant and a maid who could do everything Dr. Clock just loved to work and she worked from six in the morning and did not go to bed until one o'clock.

The death of Dr. Clock was a shock to me because I hoped to see her dear face once more in the world. While I am writing this letter the tears are streaming from my eyes. I remember the day that they were burglarized. Dear Dr. Clock was bruised all over but still she was smiling and comforting me as if all that thing had happened to me and nothing had happened to her.

I ran away from home, and after walking and riding on the backs of donkeys I finally reached Teheran when I was only fourteen years of age. I did not know where to go and what to do in a strange city like Teheran for I knew no one. Through some good friends I came in contact with Dr. Clock where I found comfort, home and happiness. I stayed with her day and night for eight years. She sent me to school for four years, indeed she was more than a mother to me. I must admit that I was sometimes naughty but her love and kindness to me was unchangeable; she always defended me and we never had any disagreement. In brief she showed so much kindness to everyone that every Persian became devoted to her, and she showed so much servitude that Abdul Baha gave her the title of Rouhani which means spiritual. I was surprised to know that Dr. Clock has so many friends in this country, one of the eminent ladies has composed a poem about the death of Dr. Clock. It will be printed in REALITY in some future time. The following is the letter sent by Dr. Moody to Miss Stratton which gives the detail of Dr. Clock's Departure:

(Copy of letter written by Dr. Susan I. Moody, Jan. 26, 1921)

How difficult it is to use my pen today when it must announce to you our great personal loss of Dr. Clock who passed away on January 20, 1921, after seven days of a fatal pneumonia. Godsiah Ashraf and Miss Stewart were with her from the first and on the fourth day when she became delirious I closed my house and office and stayed there beside her. She never became conscious and of course left no message at the last. On the second day she said all my things and Miss Kappes (household effects) are to be given to the new teacher of Tarbiat Miss Coy. I cabled her mother at Darien, Conn.:

If you know the address of her sister Julia and of her brother, will you send them a line. After Miss Kappes death we knew she was not nourishing herself properly and we had her here two or three times a week for dinner. The day she had the chill she came as I sent for her but she ate only a little. We urged her to stay here and be nursed and cared for, but while I was out for half an hour she got up and in spite of Miss Stewart's weeping she insisted on going home, so Miss Stewart got a carriage and went with her. She became delirious on the fourth day. Dr. Scot and Dr. Neligan came every day as counsel and were kindness itself.

She lies in a garden near a city. This will now be the Bahai cemetery. Will you send this detail to Manucherkhan. We are too busy packing her effects and arranging for her memorial.

A. K. Manucher.

VIBRATIONS, LIGHT, SOUND AND COLORS

ETHER WAVES and ODIC VIBRATIONS

Copyrighted—1921—1922. By E. J. Stevens, M. S., Ph. D.
212 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal.
(All Rights Reserved).

We live and move and have our being, in ether. The fluidic medium is like a divine ocean or essence. Every eion, electron, atom and molecule, as well as every thought, idea and all manifestation of the human body, passes through and is carried along the ocean waves of ether. Ether itself, is a store-house of marvelous forces, in fact it is claimed by some scientists, that a portion or mass of ether, about the size of an English pea, contains sufficient vibratory force, to run the industrial plants of many large cities, for years; in fact, a seed, an acorn, an ovum, a sperm, a cell, an atom, and even an electron, are heavily charged with these potent forces. When man receives the higher light of intelligence, he will eventually learn to release, control and store, Odic lights by some process, perhaps similar to the lamp of the so-called lightning-bug and glow-worm, or, in the manner that has been adopted by certain, more or less intelligent marine animals. This process will in-

clude a method of preventing the light and heat wasting, thus reserving and conserving the valuable energy, which we are able to generate, from the more or less invisible realms. This process of harnessing and releasing, the light, color and heat power, may be manipulated by the use of a mechanical generator.

HARNESSING ODIC LIGHTS

The Odic lights, are represented inside and emanating out of everything, and the time is surely, if not swiftly approaching, that these marvelous, potent, vibratory forces of light and color, will be harnessed and controlled for displacing, to a great extent, steam and electric currents, and dangerous electric wires, with the riskless, beautiful and more useful day, like, Odic lights. We will not need to protect ourselves with the use of the expensive insulators and insulating metal tubes and casings, for there will be no need of wires to carry shock-producing currents and heat. There will be reflex appliances of many sorts invented to use for directing and increasing the potency and uses of these Odic or Odylic lights and reflected heat.

Odic light bulbs, which to the sense of touch, may be correctly termed, heatless lights, will be as cold as the reflecting mirror; but as the light itself, is of a much higher frequency than the ordinary electric lights, therefore, the reflex mirrors or other reflex material, will produce at will, the required heat.

Dear reader and researcher, for the higher lights of nature and conscious realization,—I believe that there are important organs within man, that are dormant and simply await development through the use of organic activity, and, in the process of time, we can, by following the law of supply and demand, with desire and thought force, develop the required internal organs for external use. Why not? Is it not natural? Has it not always been thus since we traveled along the evolutionary road?

Will continue the Odic Light article in the next issue of this valuable magazine, along the line of Odic Lights, The Aura and Psychic Rays.

It is most encouraging to know that we will not have to depend simply upon the large animals, insects or even the infinitesimal microbes, in order to extract or secure the re-

flecting lights, because the Odic lights emanate direct—from all plant growth, as described by the Author in his new book, "Vibrations, Light and Colors."

To Be Continued.

The Memory Tree

By Beulah Storrs Lewis

Night settled over the hills. The earth lay in her robe of peace. The stars twinkled in their content under the control and command of the monarch of the heavens who sits upon his throne in full glory and rules over the darkness of the night. The very air swayed to the charm of a peaceful lullaby sung to the music of the calm heavens. Earth was asleep—at rest—peace flourished and night birds cooed in happy chorus of the wonders of her beauty.

In this far-away village, nestling in the heart of God's choice garden, surrounded by history's most cherished story told and retold in the season of its anniversary by all peoples in all tongues; in this spot made holy by one who called himself the Son of God, were you of those who know—grows a lone fir tree.

For ages this tree has sentinelled the secret of Him who bore the crown of thorns and suffered the nail prints of His enemies. Beside this fir tree grows a lotus flower, whose blossom perfumes the air and sends forth its message of beauty. It sways in the breezes and sings its life song of gratitude that it was permitted to grow in hallowed ground, the lover of this majestic fir tree, the participant of his wondrous secret.

This flower never tells her story except when the season of good will is marking time, and then only in whispers. She is wedded to the fir tree and as each anniversary of their wedding day approaches she puts forth blossoms and gowns herself as a bride for the feast of the memory hour. She calls and the birds come to listen and sit upon the branches of her adored lover who grows tall and majestic as this, their honeymoon days are lived again. He spreads his branches out to the world and calls: "Oh children of men, listen to my song of praise, my secret of ages. Come to the feast of memory and hear the story of love as she my happy bride tells it on the

eve of its birth." He calls but the world of men heed him not. They say: "strange, a lone fir tree with a lotus at its root. Oh nature, what pranks you play and what mysteries you hide," but would they pause, put their ear to the lotus flower they would hear her story.

Back in the history of time's secret, upon a starry night when the world was robed in sleep, two angels of glory flew through space and visited a spot in the land of mystery and spices. They came, these messengers of light, and seated themselves upon this spot above the village and talked of the tomorrow of wonders and the plan of the gospel of love. All night they talked and planned and with early dawn they returned to the realm of their glory.

As the sun crept over the hills the next day and looked upon his courts and awakened his subjects, he laughed loud in glee, for upon this shadow hill, this barren rock of time, stood a fir tree, tall and beautiful and fresh in the hours of his youth and beside him in her most attractive gown, her face of happiness aflame with love, clinging to his roots in perfect content was the lotus flower. And he, the fir tree, was telling his love in melodies of sweetness and the bride was calling unto him: "Oh, my lover, joy swells in my bosom. I am thine forever. Spread your branches over me and shield me from the hate of man." And he had answered her: "Beautiful love flower, born in the hour of longing, seeded in the garden of memory, planted by the Giver of Life—I shall guard thee."

As these two lived and wooed and time stole the hours from history, they witnessed strange sights and many changes passed over the village which mirrored forth the ways of man. There were times when they laughed in glee at the happiness and grandeur reflected in this hall of life. Then there were times when they dared not look toward the village, so woeful were its cries and so heavy hung the clouds of sorrow and distress.

Then, Oh, then, came a beautiful time. A time when all the earth seemed awake to a new joy and the birds told strange stories of one who had appeared in the village and wandered about its streets. They told of His majestic mien; His voice which caused the stones to listen and sing praise; of His stories of a promised age of peace; and the birds promised to bring

Him to see them. He came slowly up the hill, His eyes filled with longing and His step weary as one who is lost and knows not where he goes. He paused at intervals and bowed His head—then turned back toward the city and wept. At last He reached the fir tree and sank down beside its form and cried: "Oh God, save the children of the sons of men."

What a thrill passed through the fir tree. His very roots jumped in recognition and he cried in joy: "Master, Master!" and bowed his branches in worship.

The figure smiled, pressed his cheek against the bark of the tree, and said: "God the Father, He is good. He has led me to the memory tree. Back in the yesterdays before I came in this garment of dust, we came and planted thee and rooted thy life in the blossom of love in memory of My visit to come. Oh fir tree, God's memory of me. I have a secret to tell. I am like thee,—I stand alone rooted in love calling to man as he passes, begging his ear, but man sees only My form, only My mantel—My message he does not hear. Dear friend, the end is almost here. My pilgrimage is nearing the port of farewell. I hear My name spoken in hate. I feel the touch of men's swords upon My flesh. The prints of their crime are written in the forehead of the times. I cannot hide the shadow which is to fall upon this hill. Oh fir tree, in the tomorrow as ye bow and bend in the breeze of nature and spread thy arms toward God in prayer and praise, remember the hour of My sorrow by putting on thy gown of youth, dressing in freshness thy leaves and branches and singing love songs to thy bride. Ye shall stand as the memorial of My grief—as the message of My love at the tomb of My abused name. For though the storms of nature whip and lash thee and the seasons sear and burn thee, still ye shall ever be green, ever young and ever unchanged by time as she sweeps over thee."

And there under those branches did the Savior of man weep blood and watch for the hour of His doom.

At each feast of the season of memory, as the bride and groom stand up in all their grandeur to listen to the carols of love which are sung from the heavens of praise, they bow their heads in silence while the spirit of Him who said: "Forgive them Father, they know not what they do" visits again the spot of memory and watches through the night the ways of men and weeps at their ignorance and sin. Ever does He renew

His song of love and whispers to the fir tree: "I love them, memory tree, I love them. Watch them, call to them, and speak of My sorrow, and in the shadow of the sign of the cross teach them the message of My spirit of love come to bring Peace Upon Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

The fir tree spreads his branches and calls forth his message. The lotus flower clings and blooms in the glory of love, and man passes by and says: "Strange, a lone fir tree and a lotus blossom." But they hear not their call of love.

God

What is God? Would you SEE God? Have love in your heart and you will see God everywhere.

You will see God in the earth, in the sea, in the sky.

You will see God in the mountains, in the streams, in the clouds.

You will see God in the fields, in the sunshine, in the rain.

You will see God in the sun, in the moon, in the stars.

You will see God in the dawn, in the sunrise, in the sunset, in the twilight.

You will see God in the flowers, in the fruits, in the seeds.

You will see God in the springs, in the brooks, in the lakes.

You will see God in the cup of cold water given to the thirsty, in the bread given to the hungry, in the comfort given to the sorrowing, in the joy given to the grieved, in the aid given to the needy, in the pity shown to the outcast, in the care for the helpless, in the help for the suffering, in the light given to the darkened understanding, in the teaching of the ignorant, in the visit to the sick and those in prison.

You will see God in the search for truth, in the hunger for righteousness, in the effort towards right living, in the aspiration to godliness, in the desire to please and to do right.

You will hear God in the message of his minister, in the call of the community, in the appeals for relief.

You will hear God in the music of the artist, in the voice of the singer.

YOU WILL HEAR GOD IN THE STILL SMALL VOICE OF YOUR OWN HEART.

Carl D. Fehr.

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

Of "Reality," Published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1922

COUNTY OF NEW YORK }
STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Herold S. Robinson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President and Business Manager of the "REALITY" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher
Reality Publishing Corporation 17 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C.

Editor
Mary Hanford Ford 17 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C.

Managing Editor
None.

Business Manager
Herold S. Robinson 17 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C.

2. That the owners are:

Reality Publishing Corporation 17 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C.

Herold S. Robinson 17 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

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Mrs. A. Sloper, 92 State St., New Bedford, Mass., Tel. 4886W-4449M

Mrs. M. A. Watson, Orange, N. J.

Mrs. J. O. McDavitt, 114 Bancroft Ave., Reading, Mass.

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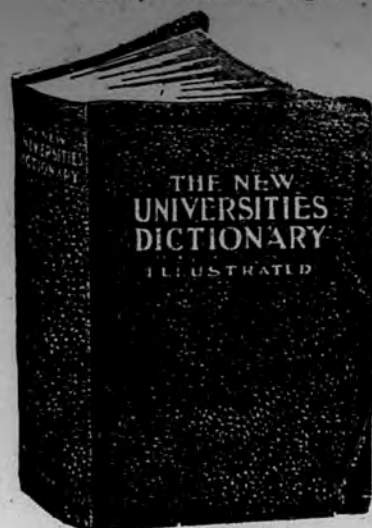
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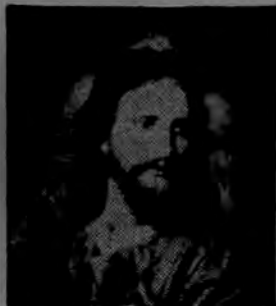
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