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March 15th, 1920.

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THE ATTITUDE OF THE MAHATMA GANDHI,

DR. HARRISON G. DYAR

MEN FAMOUS IN OLD AGE

URIEL BUCHANAN

A NOTE ON PROPHECY

HORACE HOLLEY

VOL. V

SEPTEMBER, 1922

No. 9

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## THE ONENESS OF MANKIND

# TO SOLVE THE WORLD PROBLEMS

## 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'ollah, an outcome of Babism.—Mirza Husian Ali Nuri Baha'ollah 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'ollah 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 Buddah, the Zoroastrians Shah Bahram, the Hindoos the reincarnation of Krishna,

and the Atheists a better social organization! Baha'ollah 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'ollah 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'ollah. 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'ollah 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 Illustré*, supplement, p. 60.



## Editorial

### THE MODERN

The average human being thinks of God as a superstition to be done away with, or as an idea of the churches, which cannot be allowed to enter too much into the counsels of a reasonable being, or as an object of fear which causes one to shrink from the dark and avoid walking through a narrow street or past a cemetery late at night. Some people declare that they do not believe in God or in immortal life, but in the place of belief, in either, they secretly cherish a fear. They do not like the mention of God or the mention of death though they profess indifference to both. They absorb themselves in the merest trivialties to escape consideration of what would create untold happiness. Meanwhile there is within them a hunger, a spiritual craving which can only be satisfied by a knowledge of God, and which constantly unfed drives them to suicide, to insanity or breeds a darkness within them which nothing can penetrate and which transforms the most lovely outward environment into tragedy.

The poet Shelley felt himself a fragment of infinity, broken from the great block; but recognizing his kinship with the source from which he sprang he was not lonely nor unhappy. He hungered to know how to be fed, because within him was the spiritual knowledge the poet feels, that the source of life is not separated from him and he is never alone.

The average man has not this feeling. He has been taught that God is a gigantic mysterious being with arms and legs, and that heaven is a place. When he learns to think, he realizes that such things are incredible and casts them away, but discovers that he cannot live without them and be happy. The infinite pursues him, he belongs to it. He cannot remain solitary in his fraction, and so the Hound of Heaven seeks him, hunts him, drives him, and as he falls panting at last the voice



whispers in his ear, "I was all these things from which you fled, I was the fever, I was the pestilence, I was the bankruptcy, but I was also love, I was the morning sun and the moonlight, why did you not recognize me?"

The business man at his desk, the woman at her work or at her club, hears the voice, but habit has taught indifference to it and its plea is unheeded. The human machine has become so complex today that it is difficult to keep all its parts in perfect co-ordination. The modern creature is intense, self-centered, and egotistical, hence the widespread race hatreds and national jealousies, the individual irritations and tragic disturbances. Everyone feels within an intense loneliness, which cannot be assuaged or comforted and which produces untold suffering. A society has been established in Italy, called The Lampbearers, the members of which must seek out the spiritually deprived as well as the economically destitute and carry light unto all the dark places. Would that every city and hamlet might have its lampbearers, and every heart might find its friend.

For the fraction cannot live alone. It is a broken bit, ragged, sharp cornered fitting nothing, tearing every contact. Only the infinite can soften its corners, cement its splinters and lend it roundness; it must lose its angles in Oneness and learn thereby that God is not a being with arms and legs, that heaven is not a place which one attains after the judgment. God is the Oneness of whom we learn through his messengers. He is the Divine Nearness, which comforts the soul, the voice of the loved one, the Tenderness in the heart after a kindly deed, the pressure of the hand in a moment of unspeakable grief. He is sweetness which renders a harsh word impossible the fellowship and counsel which alone make life enduring.

And Heaven? It is in your soul and mine through the richness of service through deeds in which the self is submerged and forgotten. It is here and now as we discover it and in a few years' time it will be shining through a new world built from the ruins of the old one, and radiant in every heart. Through many manias the world lost God and forgot Heaven, but like the faithful knights who sought the Grail, the True Ones restore the treasure, and peace lives once more in the heart.

## THREE BAHAI DISCIPLES

By A. K. Manucher

The three shown in the photograph are, from left to right, Golam Ali Davachi, Amin, and Dr. Moosa Khan.

These men have made themselves dear among the Bahais of Persia by pure love and service. American Bahais are familiar with the name of Davachi, because all the letters and cables to the East come and go through him.

A picture of Amin appeared in the "Star of the West" some time ago with a chain around his neck. This Bahai lived in the time of Baha'o'llah, and has been in prison many times, often facing death. But here he is alive, full of energy, and still with a sense of humor. He collects all the funds for charity work, and has proven to be "amin," which means honest.

The third is Dr. Moosa Khan, who was the beloved of Abdul Baha, and well known all through Persia. His house is open to the Bahais every day like a great inn, indeed. Always at least one hundred people sit at his table. It was he who was so generous that he gave all his property for the Cause. When the people asked him why he did not keep some for himself, he said that they did not understand the secret, which was that he was doing a profitable business with God, for the more he gave, the more he received.





## TALK GIVEN BY ABDUL BAHA AT THE UNITARIAN CHURCH

15th and Girard Aves., Philadelphia, Pa., June 9th

I have come from distant countries, from the Oriental climes, from countries where the lights of Heaven have ever shone forth, from climes wherein the Manifestations of GOD have ever come forth, countries wherein the radiance and power of GOD have become manifest, and my intention and purpose of this visit is that perchance a bond of unity and agreement might be established between the East and the West, the Divine Love may encompass all, the Divine Radiance shall enlighten both continents, and the bounties of the Holy Spirit shall revivify all. Therefore, I supplicate the Threshold of GOD that the Orient and the Occident may become as one, that these peoples shall become one people. That religions may become unified and that all souls may become one soul, so that they may represent the waves, which represent in turn the one sea. May they become as trees which adorn and beautify the same garden.

The realm of Divinity is an invisible oneness and wholly sanctified above human grasp, for the intellectual grasp of creation is finite, whereas the subject to be comprehended is infinite. Now can the finite comprehend the infinite? We are utter poverty, whereas the reality of Divinity is absolute wealth; how can utter poverty ever grasp absolute wealth, we are utter weakness, whereas the reality of Divinity is absolute power; utter weakness can never grasp or comprehend absolute power. The phenomenal beings which are captives of certain limitations are ever subject to transformation and change from one condition to another, how can such phenomenal beings ever grasp the eternal, heavenly reality? Assuredly, it is an utter impossibility, for when we study the creational world we see that the difference of degrees is a hindrance to comprehension. An inferior degree can never comprehend a degree superior thereto; for example, the mineral can never comprehend the vegetable, no matter how far it shall advance, and the vegetable, no matter how far it shall advance, cannot comprehend the reality of the animal kingdom. In other words it cannot grasp the world that is endowed with the power of hearing. The animal reality, no matter how far it shall advance, cannot grasp the human reality, the power of

intelligence and ideation in man is not grasped by it. Hence it becomes evident that a difference in degree is ever an obstacle to comprehension, an inferior degree cannot comprehend a degree superior thereto. This flower, although it is so beautiful and fresh and fragrant, in the vegetable kingdom it has attained perfection, nevertheless it cannot comprehend the human reality, it cannot possess sight and hearing, so it is unaware of the world of humanity, whereas both men and the flower are accidental or conditional beings, the difference is the difference of degree and is the cause of that, because the human degree is superior, whereas the flower degree is inferior.

Even so, how can human reality, which is limited ever comprehend the eternal unmanifest creator, how can limited man ever comprehend the unlimited Lord? There is no doubt that he cannot, he cannot grasp that, for whatever comes within the human power of ideation, within the mind of man, is a man's conception and limited, whereas the Divine realm is unlimited, infinite, but the reality of Divinity has bestowed all the phenomenal world with its bounties, the Divine spiritualities are to be witnessed even in the contingent world, its lights shine upon the world of man like unto the sun which shines gloriously with all its effulgence upon the world of man. The sun of reality is one, its bestowal is one, its heat is one, its rays are one, it shines upon all the phenomenal world, but the world being composed of different degrees their comprehensions differ, each one according to its comprehension receives the light and bounty of that eternal sun. The black stone receives the light of the sun, the trees likewise receive that light, the animals are recipients of that sun, they are nurtured by the heat of that sun, for the sun is one and the bounty is one, and the perfect soul of man, that is to say, the perfect individual is like unto the mirror wherein that sun has become reflected, the perfections of the sun have become reflected therein, the image and light of the sun have become reflected therein, the heat and illumination of the sun are manifest therein, it is a perfect prototype of the sun. These mirrors to which I refer are the messengers of GOD, who tell the story of Divinity just as the sun which becomes manifest in the mirror, which is the image and light of the sun in the skies, likewise the image and light of the Sun of Reality are manifest and evident in the mirrors of the reality of the Manifestations of GOD. That is what His Holiness Jesus Christ meant when he said: the Father is in the Son. The purpose is that that reality of that Eternal Sun has

become reflected with all its glory in that Son. It does not signify that the sun has descended from its place in Heaven or in any way affected an entrance into the mirror, for there is no entrance or exit for the reality of Divinity there is no ingress or egress, for it is holy above all things and ever occupies its sanctified station, because change and transformation are not of the reality of Divinity, change and transformation, transference from one condition to another applies to contingent realities.

At the time when there was the greatest strife, there was warfare and animosity, the strife between religions and sects was rife, the races were warring with one another, when the differences were very great, at such a time as this. His Holiness, Baha'Ullah appeared from the Eastern horizon, promulgating the oneness of the human kind; the oneness of Divinity and the oneness of humanity. He taught that all humanity was the servant of One GOD, all have come into being through the bestowal of the one Creator, who is kind to all, GOD nurtures all, GOD provides for all, He rears all, He protects all, and He deals lovingly with all races of people. Inasmuch as GOD is kind to all, why should we be unkind? Inasmuch as GOD is loyal to all, why should we be disloyal? Inasmuch as GOD deals with all in mercy, why should we deal with animosity and hatred? This is the Divine policy, and surely it is greater than human policy. For no matter how sagacious humanity may be it can never attain to any policy that can be superior to GOD'S. Therefore, we must emulate the Divine policies. We must love all nations, all people, we must be kind to all. We must consider all the leaves and branches and flowers of one tree, we are one household, because all belong to the progeny of Adam. We are the waves of one sea, we are all the grass of the same meadow, we are the stars of the same Heaven, and we will find shelter, all of us in the same Protector.

At most one may be sick, that one must be treated; he may be ignorant, he must be educated; he may be asleep, he must be awakened; he may be dead, he must be made alive.

So Baha'Ullah promulgated the oneness of human kind, likewise the fundamental oneness of religion; that the fundamentals of all the religions are one, reality is not multiple, reality is one. The foundation underlying all the Divine precepts is that reality, it must needs be a reality, and reality is one, it is not multiple, therefore, the foundations of the Divine Religions are one. At most we can see that certain forms have

come in, certain initiated forms and ceremonies have crept in. They are a heresy, they are accidental, because they differ, hence they cause differences among religions, but if we set aside imitations and seek the reality of the foundations we shall agree, because it is one, it is not multiple.

Likewise Baha'Ullah promulgated the oneness of mankind. He taught that man and woman were both humankind, there is no distinction between them, the only difference which exists now is due to education. If womankind be educated equally with man, there is no doubt that no distinction will remain, for the world of humanity has two wings, one is the female and the other the male. A bird cannot fly with one wing, and if one wing be defective, the strong wing, the perfect wing, will not be capable of flying. The world of humanity has two hands, if one hand be defective, the hand which may be complete is also hindered because it will be unable to discharge its duties.

GOD has created all humanity, He has endowed all with perfections and intelligence. He has given all two hands and two feet, He has given all two eyes and two ears, no distinction has He made, no differentiation, and therefore, why should womankind be inferior to man? The justice of GOD will not accept this. The justice of GOD has created them equal. In the estimation of GOD there is no gender. He whose heart is purest, he whose deeds are best, in the estimation of GOD is acceptable, be he male or female. How often have certain women been the very pride of men, for example, there was Mary, the mother of Jesus, she was the pride and glory of men, Mary Magdalene was the pride of men, Ayesah, the daughter of Nero was the pride and glory of men, Sarah, the wife of Abraham was the pride of men, and so on, they are innumerable. In this day there are certain women among the Bahais who far surpass men, they are wise, perfected, well informed, very progressive, most intelligent and men's glory. They are far more courageous than any man. In meetings when they speak, the men have to listen to them. Furthermore, the education of women is much more important than the education of men, for these daughters e'er long shall be mothers, and children are reared by mothers. The first teachers of children are mothers. Therefore, they must be in a state of utmost perfection in order to be able to educate the sons. There are many provisions in regard to this.

Likewise Baha'Ullah promulgated the oneness of education, that is, there is need of one curriculum to be followed by



mankind, men and women. Daughters and sons must follow the same form of study. The same education, one course. Having one course promotes unity among mankind, and inasmuch as all mankind shall receive education of the same kind, and the equality of men and women be realized, the foundations of warfare will be utterly destroyed, and without this it is utterly impossible, because differences are conducive to warfare. Equality between men and women is conducive to the abolition of warfare, because women will never be willing to have warfare. Young men are very dear to their mothers. They will never allow them to go to the battlefield and spill their blood. A young man who has been reared for over twenty years, would she be willing to have him torn asunder on the battlefield? No mother would ever be willing, no matter in the name of what superstition they may ask her to separate her from her son, such as patriotism, etc., the oneness of race, the glory of war, the oneness of politics. Mothers will not allow this, therefore, when the equality of men and women be perfectly realized and women shall obtain their rights, there is no doubt that warfare shall entirely cease, there shall be no warfare among mankind.

Among the other principles which Baha'Ullah inculcated was this, that science and religion must coincide, and religion must be reasonable, it must perfectly agree with science, so that science shall sanction religion and religion shall sanction science, the two shall be brought together, indissolubly, and that is reality, but if a question of difference arise, which is both unreasonable and unscientific, that is imagination, it is pure imagination. How many superstitions of this character have arisen in past ages. Consider the imaginations and superstitions of the Roman people, which were the foundation of their religious beliefs. Consider the Greek nations and the superstitions which were the foundations of their religion, consider the superstitions of the ancient Egyptians, which were the foundation of their religion. These are contrary to reasonableness, contrary to science, therefore now it has become evident that they were superstitions, but in times past they held to them most tenaciously, for example, the ancient Egyptians, when a certain idol of their many idols was mentioned, it was to them as a perfected miracle, whereas it was just a piece of stone, and science cannot sanction that, that a piece of rock is a miracle perfected, therefore, it is superstition, now it is evident that it is superstition. Therefore, we must cast aside supersti-

tion, we must investigate reality, that which we consider as reasonable and real, that shall be accepted, and that which science cannot accept, that which reasonableness cannot accept, is not a reality, it is imitation, and these imitations must be cast aside and we must hold tenaciously to reality, agree with science, agree with reasonableness and when we do that, differences will utterly cease, all will become as one family, one people, one nation, and the same susceptibility and the same education shall obtain.

### BENEDICTION

O Lord, O Thou hope of people! Thou art the shelter of all these, Thy servants. Thou knowest the secrets and the mysteries. We are all sinners, and Thou art the shelter of sinners, the Merciful, the Clement. O Lord, look not at our shortcomings. Deal with us with Thy grace and bestowal. Our shortcomings are many, but the sea of Thy forgiveness is boundless. Therefore confirm us and strengthen us, and aid us in that which will make us acceptable at Thy Threshold. Illuminate the hearts, make the eyes to see, render the ears attentive, resuscitate the dead and heal the sick. Render the poor rich and the fugitive confident, and accept us in Thy Kingdom. Illuminate us with the Light of Kindness. Thou art the Generous. Thou art the Clement. Thou art the Kind.

### SHUT IN—SHUT OUT

"Shut In," the sympathizers say:

Shut out from crowds and rush and din,  
Shut out from labor and from play,  
From nagging trials every day,  
With Love shut in.

Shut out from worry, toil and care,  
Shut from temptation, crime and sin,  
Shut in with pain, in sickness snare,  
Shut in, but girdled eased by prayer,  
With peace shut in.

Shut out from service till too late,  
Shut from the prize we longed to win,  
The Master's hand is on the gate,  
"They also serve who stand and wait,  
With all His love shut in.

Emma Playton Seabury



# The Genius of Service

To sound the depths of a brother's mind, to see his eye kindle with the light of understanding, or glow with the inspiration of a new thought, to rise with him to the heights of lofty aspiration and to strive side by side with him to realize great ideals—surely this is the Genius of Service, and no joy more nearly complete is to be found anywhere! To foster this, to help discouraged human beings to this, to partake with them of it, verily this is to practice the Genius of Service in the highest and noblest sense—that of affection and love.

Genius is a mental endowment peculiar to an individual: frequently working through the imagination with existent material as the intuition—working as an exalted, often supreme, native endowment in Creative power. We ordinarily associate genius with the Fine Arts. It becomes a transparent fact that when we apply it to the Fine Art of Living it takes on a more significant meaning; since within each life there is enthroned the Presence of the Living God.

Service is the act of serving—the performance of labor for the benefit of another. It is an office of devotion. It is the act of helping another or promoting his interests in any way. It is the spirit of altruism; the instinct and emotion which prompts to effort on behalf of others. Not for self but for others is the Watchword.

The altruistic spirit leads to the discovery of those principles of co-operation and of compensation out of which are developed the Kingdom of Heaven; or love and harmony.

When man begins to reach the divine and higher forms of expression, he first begins to ask himself, "What can I do? But as he constantly uses his growing powers and answers every call for Service, he will come to the place where he will ask, "What can't I do?"

One of these calls given by Jesus of Nazareth was, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." The law of Life in Him was daily living conscious oneness with the Father. Thus He did His will, spoke His words, and lived in His spirit of Service and He had power over all things.

True service is spiritual. The highest motive of life is to serve others; the noblest purpose of life is to serve, and the manner of service reveals outwardly what is potentially in man.

The gifts of God are not given in reward for faithful ser-

vice, as a mother gives sweetmeats to her child for being good; nevertheless they are a reward, inasmuch as that Service is one of the steps which lead up to the place where the fullness of God awaits us. And while Spiritual Understanding is in reality a "gift of God" it comes to us more or less quickly in proportion as we use the light we already have in helping others.

Faithful service for others hastens the "day dawning" for ourselves.

The theory and practice of every system of metaphysics depends upon the principle of a knowledge of the Truth concerning yourself and the world in which you live.

The first law of success is Service, and he is most successful who has achieved a recognition of the fact that it is just as essential to give as to receive—and a lot more blessed.

Service is the secret of Power. Why? Because we get what we give. When we give most we get most.

Service renders back more dividends than any stock or bond; and he serves best and most who has the open mind; and is serving because he is pushed on by great Ideals. He enjoys pursuit more than possession for others rather than self. Selfishness contains the germ of dissolution.

Our greatest happiness is found at the point where we leave ourselves for something or somebody.

Man cannot live unto himself alone. He thinks he is separate from his fellows but he is not. Just as the Islands are joined together under the sea through the medium of Mother Earth, so is man united to his fellows in the common brotherhood of "The Man of Sorrows" and the Fatherhood of God.

We are all brethren; therefore let no queries arise as to, "Who is greatest." Let us serve instead of rule. Knock instead of push at the door of human hearts. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Man cannot help himself nor better his condition without serving his fellowman, neither can he serve his fellowman without helping himself. Man is indissolubly knit to his fellows and the sooner he realizes this, the sooner he arrives to the High place in temporal as well as spiritual affairs.

Transgression of The Principle of Service will wreck the Self, the Nation, the Race and all Institutions. Every business organization, every system of education and every branch of organized effort, will strew the shores of history with its wreckage, if in the battle for existence they violate the fundamental laws of human relationships.

Unity, co-operation and Fellowship is the crying need of the world today. Selfishness is the road to destruction.

Man is not a mere money-making machine. True it takes money to meet obligations as society is organized today. Money justly made is the pay for service rendered—so you see it is the Spirit after all.

Money is the Universal symbol of values, but in REALITY it is the result of stored up human service, or the head, heart and handpower of man.

Think for a moment upon the meaning of a man's business. Is it built with conscious Understanding of the value, dignity and glory of rendering service to human society or is it for the single purpose of money-getting? The answer is obviously important.

Now let us think about the Fine Arts, painting for instance. The Artist's picture is a state of consciousness whose lines of perspective and harmony are clearly perceived from within before they find objective expression. A painting must symbolize Life as a beautiful picture of experience, the background of which we will call heredity; while the background is based upon heredity, it must reflect environment. The foreground represents human relationship, while the perspective must reveal achievement ascending to the climax of honor which leads to Life's dearest and noblest desire.

Sculpture reveals the spirit of the man in marble and its expression tells the ideals of the man. It is the man himself sending his message to the world.

Dancing is the poetry of life—the embodiment of eternal youth and joy.

The speech arts represent the highest culture—TRUTH. Truth speaks no evil; it lets kindness control; it refrains from belittling censure.

The Art of Citizenship is built on the foundation of Brotherhood, after the model of "The World Prophet"—exemplar of the Golden Rule.

Music is not in the organ but in the soul of the player. All of man's wonderful works are ideas growing out of a state of consciousness, and when that consciousness is permeated with the spirit of Service, the Work endures and becomes an inspiration to those who follow in his footsteps—and woe betide him who causeth his brother to stumble.

John Ruskin has classified Agriculture as "The Art of Kings; Weaving, the Art of Queens; and Architecture, the

most enduring of all Arts." Are the Kings of agriculture fulfilling their highest service to the world when with all the uncultivated lands of the earth that could be sown with life-giving seed, they let the poor of the world die of starvation? Are the Queens of weaving, the women appointed by God to clothe the naked, satisfied while thousands are naked? Have they made practical the Theory of Service? And what of the builders?

The Architect's plan must include not only the lines of the foundation, which determines largely the form and capacity of the building, but also the character of material entering into it. The material used determines its utility, appearance, durability, and general value.

So it is with all the arts. Unless they serve mankind and his generation they are worthless and will not get the approval of the Master-BUILDER, GOD, and the Master-Servant, Jesus Christ, the Beloved Son who served, that men should be saved from DEATH.

Choose you this day when you will serve; for a man can rise no higher than his vision. Will you serve the divine nature and do good to your fellow-man, or will you serve the Amorite consciousness of ungodly ambition; seeking only self aggrandizement, forgetting that you are the temple of righteousness in which dwells the living presence of God?

Remember the Great Overcomer and Way-shower said, "I am among you as He that serveth."

Luella F. Phalen.

## THE ATTITUDE OF THE MAHATMA GANDHI

The revolution of Gandhi has this in its favor, that it eschews the doctrine of force and slaughter; but the pertinent question arises, Why a revolution at all? Against whom, and to redress what grievance? Apologists for Gandhi are wholly silent on this part of the subject. We are asked to visualize an oppressed and suffering country, struggling for freedom; but nothing is given us to show that this picture is not wholly imaginary. How may we paint the effect of British rule in India in a few broad strokes? A country once divided, now made a consistent whole. Perpetual warfare from without and within wholly abolished. Stability and order in the place of anarchy, order firmly maintained by the British Lion, though



those may shriek who would infringe it, and feel the gash of his fangs. Roads and railroads in what was a trackless waste. Modern farming with modern machinery, whereby the stalking specter of periodical famine is forever banished. Modern sanitation, with the matchless work of the Indian Medical Service. No more burning of widows. No more writhing of self-immolated victims on the relentless hooks. The Juggernaut a museum relic.

Do British merchants make a profit in selling goods in India? These goods must be useful to the purchasers, or there would be no sale; and is this the only basis of the charge of tyranny? There must be more. There must be the stirrings of a national spirit, a national consciousness. India was never whole till Britain made her so, and now, feeling whole, she would strike at her creator. This may not be gratitude, but is, we think, the basis of Gandhi's revolt. India is whole, but not free. India shall be free—and remain whole. Unfortunately for Gandhi's theories, the heavy type words are a pure assumption. India may be free, but she will immediately fall to pieces again. This may be stated rather as a necessary corollary to the facts than a prophecy. For whole India is not self-made. India was made by Britain. Essential India is unchanged. The visible India is held together and made the admirable whole that it is by British strength and British wisdom. Remove these, and essential India becomes essential India again. Away with British goods, roads, rails and modern ideas, and this is what Gandhi specifically advocates. Back to the methods of our ancestors, back to essential India. Well and good. Away with them, away with all British control and influence, back to essential India.

And so back comes division. Prince once more wars with Prince, while the foreign soldier of fortune despoils them both. Back comes the plague, the pestilence, the famine. Once more the widows burn, the cruel hooks tear their victims, the Juggernaut crushes down the street. It is the logic of the case. India has not risen to her present heights by her own ability and foresight, but by those of Britain. She is not of vigorous maturity, but is still rocked in the soft cradle of another's tending. It is only those who gain eminence by their own virtue that can maintain it unaided. India alone must inevitably tumble and fall.

We see in Gandhi a man in a dream. He visualizes India as a tall stately figure of white marble, but supported on all

sides by iron braces made in England. "What," he cries, "these supports but mar the statue. Away with them." Then down comes the crumbling figure and crushes Gandhi, and he awakes—perhaps.

Dr. Harrison G. Dyar.

## AN EPISTLE FROM ABDUL BAHÁ

O ye, who believe in the Spirit of Christ, in the Kingdom of God!

The body is composed, in truth, of corporeal elements, and every composition is subject to decomposition, but the Spirit is an Essence, simple, pure, spiritual, eternal, perpetual and divine.

He who seeks Christ from the point of view of His Body, has in truth debased Him and has gone astray from Him, but he who seeks Christ from the point of view of His Spirit will grow from day to day in joy, attraction, zeal, proximity, perception, and vision.

You have then to seek the Spirit of Christ in this marvellous Day.

The heaven where Christ ascended is not an infinite space. His heaven is much rather the Kingdom of His Lord, the Munificent. As He said: "The Son of man is in heaven."

It is known, then, that His heaven is beyond the boundaries that surround existence, and that He is elevated for the people who adore.

Pray GOD, ascend to this heaven, to taste of Its food: and know thou, that the people have not understood to this day the Mysteries of the Holy Scriptures. They believe that Christ was deprived of His heaven, when He was in this world: that He had fallen from the heights of His elevation, and later He ascended to this elevated pinnacle: that is to say, toward the heaven which does not exist, for, there is only space. They expect that He will descend from this heaven seated upon a cloud. They believe that there is in the heavens a cloud upon which He will be seated and by which He will descend: while in reality the clouds are vapors, which rise from the earth, and which do not descend from the heavens.

The cloud mentioned in the Holy Scriptures is the human body, because it is a veil for them, like a cloud which prevents them from seeing the Sun of Truth which is shining in the Horizon of Christ.

I pray GOD to open to your face the gates of revelation and of vision in such a way, that you may learn the Mysteries of GOD in this known Day.



# God As Person and Law

God is Consciousness, and therefore is infinite Ego, incorporeal Person, though the word "person" is not properly so used in its derivative sense, "a mask," but only by usage, at the highest level, as meaning the inner, essential Self.

God is both Truth and Love, according to what those words signify to English speaking humans; and, therefore, God is both male and female, and equally so, in the mental sense; and "the flesh profiteth nothing," and signifieth nothing, in this connection. Accordingly, God is both Father and Mother, and the pronoun He-She properly applies.

Since practically all up-to-date students of Truth believe and expect that the end of human attainment is gaining unity with God, it is a far more inspiring, and therefore a far more energizing, prospect to look forward to finally becoming identified with infinite Consciousness, infinite Self-Consciousness, infinite Consciousness of Self as All, than to look forward to finally attaining unity and identity with dead, unconscious law, as the statement that, "There is nothing but Law," would imply.

The infinite Consciousness, God, knows nothing of the changing order, or of the affairs of humans, outside the realm of Spirit, and He-She does not consciously interfere in or with the affairs of humans, and is "no respecter of persons."

This infinite Consciousness sets, and is, the Standard of Perfection for humans, and thus is to humans Law, unvarying and inflexible; and those humans who look to God for "special providences," or who expect God to interfere in their affairs, because they beg Him-Her to do so by prayer, will find themselves sadly mistaken and disappointed—except that earnest prayer, even the prayer of petition, often has a remarkable effect in turning a darkened mentality toward Light, which is God, and thus may rightly relate to God, Good, a mentality which was formerly wrongly related. If so, a wonderful change in any or all departments of a human's life may be wrought by even the prayer of petition—not because Law, or infinite Consciousness, has changed, but because the petitioner has changed his relations thereto and therewith.

G. A. Kratzer.

# Men Famous In Old Age

By Uriel Buchanan

What are you planning to do at eighty? Many famous men have achieved success at seventy and eighty years. If these men whose names remain to posterity had subscribed to the theory that man is incapable of new and unaccustomed endeavor after middle life, they would have cut off from us a magnificent heritage of law, arts and letters.

If Titian had discontinued work at 60 the world would have been without his wonderful masterpiece, "Venus," and other of his famous paintings. He painted until his ninety-eighth year.

Gladstone was eighty-three when he swept the opposition from Parliament, and became Prime Minister of England.

Verdi wrote "Othello" at 74, "Falstaff" at 80 and the "Ave Marie" at 85.

Between the ages of 70 and 83 Cornelius Vanderbilt increased the mileage of his road from 100 to 10,000 and added \$100,000,000 to his fortune.

Hokusai, the great Japanese artist, said: "All that I have produced before the age of 70 is not worth taking into account. At 75 I have learned a little about the structure of nature. In consequence, when I am 80 I shall have made more progress. At 90 I shall penetrate the mystery of things." He died at 96, and the trend of his work was constantly toward higher perfection until the very end.

Thomas A. Edison, who recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, is still youthful in spirit. His enthusiasm in his work has never diminished. He is as responsive to all that is good in life today as when he started on his great career of service to mankind.

When questioned concerning the creeping on of old age the inventor said:

"If man delighted in studying the natural element in which he exists, and if he used this knowledge to protect his body against the malignant action of his environment, I think that he would live at least twice as long as now with his mentality unimpaired at the end of life."

Grim, bull-dog like, flint faced, with jaws clenched, lips set, hand steady, keen, watchful, intellectual, the very incarnation of the great soul of France—Georges Benjamin Clemenceau, Prime Minister of France during the world war, whose will was

law, was born September 28, 1842, aged in years 80 and in heart 50. His epigrams are pointed. His metaphors are still vivid. His gestures accentuate his points. The large dark eyes flash. He has a keen, wonderful memory, and speaks without notes. He is a brilliant conversationalist. He has published several books of philosophical research, and two volumes of anecdotes and essays. He has an excellent sense of humor. It must be true that there is no sense in growing old, for he doesn't. He thinks young, and is young, because he believes in youth. There is power in his eyes, keen, clear, menacing and unwavering; power in his voice, and power in his few but impressive gestures.

Clemenceau ascribes his extraordinary physical vigor to methodical and abstemious habits and the persistent cultivation of a variety of intellectual interests.

"I have come to have you tell me just where you have found that fountain for which the poor Spanish adventurer so vainly searched," said a correspondent to Madame Sarah Bernhardt, when she was on a tour in America during 1913.

"It is all about," she answered quickly; "if you love life, life will love you. No, I do not mean the love of life which is only a wish to live long years at any cost, but love of what life brings—its joys and its sorrows; its long, hard work and stretches of happy idleness; its splendid great experiences and even its little annoyances. Above all, the ability to feel, to know what a glorious thing envelopes one, makes life worth living."

"The secret is enthusiasm," the writer exclaimed joyously.

"Perhaps," she answered. "Only to those who are enthusiastic can come ecstasy of living. Only to the enthusiastic does the horizon of the future show always red and gold. Always the future. Keep your eyes turned that way. Live every moment to the fullest, but do not forget that the next one will bring you redder, richer wine."

Bernhardt, at the age of 67, had defied time. We cannot say she looked 40, or 60, or 70. Such uninteresting things as years were not for her.

The tangle of beautiful hair, the bright eyes, the unlined face, whose contour of oval chin was still perfect—the peculiar, wide smile, which, given with the turning of the head a bit to one side and a slantwise glance from the eyes, was not without coquetry in its brilliancy—made her a woman of all time and of no age.

When the writer saw Mme. Bernhardt in Chicago again during October, 1917, she looked as young and was as fresh in spirit as when she appeared here several years ago. She was a miracle of energy, possessing the power to make her voice, famous for many decades, sing through the spaces of the auditorium. It chanted in gentler keys than of old, lingering on the notes of tenderness and the other subdued emotions, but it still charmed the ear; and the personality, of which it was the symbol, still fascinated the imagination.

If men like Edison and Clemenceau and women like Sarah Bernhardt can by their mental vigor and enthusiasm, defy the years and rob them of their destructive powers, others can also check the ageing processes of body and mind, maintain health and prolong life for many years of useful activity.

Every human being is born, inheriting all this earth as his domain, all its wonders, all its accumulated wisdom, science, art, music and literature. A magnificent intellectual fortune is ready for every one of us and not one in one thousand ever has any notion of what life might be.

For ten thousand years men have believed that, somewhere, some magic fountain could be found, its waters offering youth and other blessings. The magic fountain was sought in every newly discovered land and strange stories were told and believed of fountains close at home.

The only fountains as science, time and experience prove, are within ourselves. The fountain of pleasure for which youth longs is within ourselves, easily reached, always accessible. Good work, sincere friendship, good thought, high ideals, use of today in earnest preparation for more useful years to come. These are things worth while, the things that make youth what it ought to be and old age what it can be.

Our minds are dominated by the race belief that the physical body in flesh and substance must become decrepit with the passing of years. The body is composed of an aggregation of cells continually changing in structure. Our thoughts are ever expressing themselves in the body. If we hold persistently to the thought of an ageing body, the time will come when the living cells will begin to ossify and the symptoms of age appear. Nature expresses herself in all renewing and growing forms. Nature gives health and youth and beauty. We should realize that every moment of our existence we are absorbing vitality from an inexhaustible source and renewing the body with creative forces fresh from the heart of life. The body is composed



of ever-changing units and is plastic to the molding of the mind. We may replace weak and diseased cells and reconstruct our bodies with cells that are fresh and vitalized. There is an indwelling chemist in charge of the human laboratory. It knows our needs and is working ceaselessly to build and rebuild our bodies perfect in every function. If we do not hinder it by erroneous methods of thinking and living, it will do its perfect work and keep us in health and perpetual youth. We should become more efficient, more brilliant in intellect, more useful to the world, because of the unfoldment of our faculties and the inspiration that comes from accumulated knowledge and experience. Our minds should remain plastic and responsive to the ever-changing influences that create new impulses and new conditions and make possible continued advancement.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

Mrs. Mary Hanford Ford, resigns her position as editor of REALITY and will henceforth have no connection with the magazine. This has been rendered necessary by a complete change of policy in the conduct of REALITY with which the previous editor is not in sympathy.

### Personal Statement of the Management

It is with deep regret that we announce to our readers the resignation of our editor Mrs. Mary Hanford Ford. Mrs. Ford has worked tirelessly, ceaselessly, and lovingly for REALITY (without compensation), REALITY must grow and attract new Bahais. REALITY must make the glorious Bahai Message ring around the world. REALITY has many problems to solve, of which the most important is to make the publication more progressive.

Mrs. Ford has unfortunately misinterpreted the future policy of the magazine; and while there may be Bahai magazines, and we hope there will, the constant aim of REALITY will be to spread the Bahai message everywhere.

We sincerely hope to have the pleasure of Mrs. Ford's contributions in the near future, and we will leave it to our readers to judge the future numbers of the publication.

# A Possible Primary Cause of Insanity

By Ronald V. Garratt

The problem of insanity is one of ever recurring interest. For this reason that insanity attacks all classes of humanity, and like the angel of death it comes often where least expected. To say that one is insane or that his forbears were insane is today even a gratuitous insult or a recognition of great misfortune. One hears often the easily flung taunt, "Out of his mind" or still worse, "Non Compos Mentis."

Here we are faced with a really grave problem. By "we" I mean all those who dare to survey the problem from the wide standpoint of brotherly understanding and sympathy. What is involved in this strange fact of being "out of one's mind"? From the standpoint of the physician and the man in the street it is a condition in which the mind functions at low potential, that is to say the mind lacks the ingredients in it to make the native more than an adult child.

The writer has studied this problem from an astrological hilltop. He has studied many a score of charts of men and women of ordinary sanity and many more of those upon whom the great misfortune has fallen either at birth or during the course of the present incarnation. The studies on this basis proved more than usually interesting. They have invariably shown that either the planet MERCURY, the signifier of the MIND or the three major planets, URANUS, SATURN or NEPTUNE have been evilly aspected, that is to say in evil relationship toward each other or toward other Heavenly bodies. And in many cases either the NINTH sign SAGITTARIUS or the NINTH house has harbored planets in evil inter-relationship. This is interesting since this NINTH HOUSE (either by sign or position in the chart) denotes the higher mind. In some cases the chart of birth has given no indication of the misfortune, and it has been necessary to have recourse to the prenatal epoch, the chart of conception, a study which has produced results worth while.

But, more interesting, perhaps, than anything else has been the discovery that practically always the chart of the imbecile or the lunatic has shown mental unbalance proportionate to the



malady manifest. Often the chart has denoted tendencies decidedly destructive and cruel, and always so far removed from the channel of true balance as to be dangerous to the welfare of any community.

Let us take for instance the chart of a semi-imbecile known to the writer. Her chart shows an overbalancing of Martian tendencies functioning through the sign SCORPIO, the sign of the monster, the merciless murderer, the butcher or, on the other hand of the great server of the race. The chart also shows the planets SATURN and MARS and URANUS in strong enmity with other planets and each other, with SATURN in an important point in the chart. This denotes a grim touch of cruelty in the nature which if permitted to function on the earth plane would work irrevocable harm either to individuals or to a community. It happens that the outward and visible sign of this inward form of the nature is deadened in its power of receptivity, therefore does not respond to the vibrations from the within.

One of the most noteworthy signs astrology can give of clouded intellect or weak brain is the evil relationship of SATURN to the ASCENDANT and therefore to all the important points of the horoscope. The ASCENDANT in a nativity is that point in the horoscope which represents the sweeping down of all the Heavenly influences due East of the place of birth at the moment of birth. The East in the religion of Christianity stands for WISDOM, and in ASTROLOGY it stands for the potential faculties of the native. Therefore, it can be readily understood that if this seat of the potential faculties of the individual is in evil relationship with the planet SATURN the consequences must necessarily be important. They are. SATURN is the influence of repression, of melancholy, of a lowering of mentality when in evil relationship. Hence when SATURN is in evil relationship with the ASCENDANT the potential faculties of the individual are repressed and the mentality is lowered. In other words the response of the brain the physical organ to its mentor the soul is weak and erratic or totally inactive.

All this is true more or less when URANUS or NEPTUNE are in evil relationship with the ASCENDANT, but in the case of those two Heavenly bodies the mind may be active, therefore more dangerous to the community at large, and if the evil influence of an adverse MARS be added one may have all the necessary ingredients for the true criminal.

These facts of ASTROLOGY are indisputable, and only require patience and convenience to admit of proof. But, they provide a basis for discussion as to the probable primary inner cause for insanity. We may take as proven the axiom of all medical authorities that insanity and imbecility form factors in which the brain refuses to respond rationally to ordinary human impulse by virtue of definite lack of necessary brain cells or their parts. This is an ordinary pathological statement which needs no explanation. What concerns the broader field of thought is that factor which must be primary to all others, and which may prove to be of the soul and not of the brain.

Insanity is an evil of varied strength. In some musicians it shows itself through the channel of quaint childishness allied to grim cruelty, in which case one sees the influence of NEPTUNE at work. In other cases it shows itself as an overbearing temperament obsessed by religious mania, in which case MARS may be affected in the NINTH HOUSE, the home of the HIGHER MIND. Again it shows itself in a total lack of the moral sense combined with an undue egotism, in which case VENUS UNCHASTE may prove to be the unhallowed influence involved. In many other cases pure imbecility will be noted, in which case the ASCENDANT will be strongly affected, or the two homes of the MIND, the HIGHER and the LOWER will be at war. In any case it is an incontrovertible fact that insanity represents a lack of balance, either overbalance or under balance.

If, then, we take it for granted that insanity is a sign of over or under balance we may travel a step farther. We may postulate for the soul not an over or under balance but rather an over or under development. This may bring us nearer the real seat of the misfortune, and if so recognized will be realized as not a misfortune but merely a condition through which the soul is traveling in its evolution onward and upward. If it be true that there can be under development it must necessarily be true that there can be perfect or rational development. Therefore two conditions are possible here: 1, underbalance with every chance through grim experience to attain balance, and 2, overbalance, with equally good chance through this same medium of grim experience to attain balance.

Therefore it may not be an extravagance on our part to postulate a condition in which the soul is traveling through a grim Gethsemane in course of which it is brought face to face with itself under terribly unhappy circumstances. Let us sup-

pose that the brain and the body are but vestments worn by the soul in the course of these travels. It is easy to realize that if the brain is diseased, the life giving principle over exuberant, the gait and mien shambling and lowering the anguish to the soul must be very keen. It is as though the Conde di Asturias were forced to travel through his native country in a dirty, greasy shirt and a filthy collar, with a pair of brogans slithered at the sides, and ill kept socks showing through the slithers, a truly deplorable misfortune. Every soul is to its outer vestments the brain and body as the Conde di Asturias, born of the essence of purity yet often wallowing in the filth of either circumstance or choice. If by choice then the pristine purity which sprang from some ray of the GODHEAD has been cast to the winds; if by chance, then the suffering must be very keen.

If this soul is wallowing in impurities by choice then indeed balance is seriously affected and over-development runs side by side with under development to the detriment of a family or an entire community. The true criminal is wallowing in the mire by choice; the imbecile is wallowing in the mire by chance, perhaps the victim of an inexorable law of FATE whereby some grim cruelty or rebelliousness of the past is being atoned for.

Finally it may be definitely assumed that all of us are primarily of the GODHEAD, and that the varied grades of intelligence with its ramifications are merely so many steps along the path of evolution toward the goal of perfection, with the brain and the nerve centres as vestments worn and cast off as occasion warrants.

All of which provides a lesson well worth repeating. This is the lesson of tolerance, sympathy and fellow feeling allied to forbearance and patience. This sums up the sermon on the mount and the length and breadth of Bahaiism; it is all inclusive, all loving. And a proper appreciation of the varied conditions and symptoms of insanity is but one of the many channels through which this education of the soul is gained.



## A Note On Prophecy

The impression, so generally held, that prophecy is the foretelling of events, weakens religion at its very heart. It makes the prophetic function only a little more profound than palmistry or the "science" of the flight of birds. Such an impression can only arise at times naturally more receptive to the palmist's art than to the religious mystery. It defines religion not from the intent of its founders, but from its effect among people themselves.

We should not call it "prophecy" if an engineer described the completed machine from its beginnings in a few gears and levers; nor is it a case of "prophecy" when an architect points out the finished structure from a pile of stones. A gardener explaining the development of the seed into the flower and the fruit does not "prophecy" to the child. This is but a knowledge of conclusions and effects preceiving the end clearly enough in the beginning. But in the same way religious prophecy is only indirectly concerned with future time—its direct concern is with inevitable effect. The prophet knows his own medium of spiritual sequence as thoroughly as the engineer knows his medium of construction. His knowledge, however, is as mysterious to his contemporaries as the gardener's knowledge is to children. He stands utterly alone in his spiritual maturity, compelled to translate his knowledge into one-syllable words. It is our childlike inexperience of reality which permits us to identify the prophet with the diviner of events.

Just as there is but one natural world and process to the scientists of all time, though each scientist perceives that process at a different stage, so all the prophets have contributed to the revelation of but one spiritual world and process, though each prophet has contributed his own perception to that process at a particular stage. Each has drunk deep of the Will which is the causer of all causes; each has experienced the perfect fulfillment of that Will independent of events; and each has brought forth his vision of fulfillment to awaken and inspire and urge on the imperfection of events in his own time. Prophecy itself is dependent upon events; it is a cryptogram whose only decipherment is time; but the prophet's own vision is independent of events, just as the artist's vision is independent of paint and canvas.

But the artist's influence—the effect of his vision—depends



on how completely it becomes rendered upon canvas. To deprive the artist of his medium is to destroy the possibility of his vision registering any influence upon others. It is to deprive an athlete of his physical freedom; but deprived of physical freedom his athletic power gradually seeps away. The athlete without freedom becomes no athlete, just as the artist without paints becomes, for the world, no artist. If we can consider events as the prophet's medium—his paint—then we can realize how events have always apparently belied the religious vision. For events have ever been under the control of the unreligious.

If in the artist's pigments some substance were mingled by the enemies of art, so that every picture, after a little, became distorted, hideous, untrue to its conception, this condition would correspond with the condition in which the religious prophets have always labored. They have been witness to the soul of events, the purpose and intention of life, but their vision, in the actual sequences of history, has been falsified by the body in which the soul, as it were, is contained. Thus our history records the rise and fall of nations, the making of wars, the struggle of entrapped classes, the change of economic factors; and religion is a mere foot note to it all. History, in fact, has been made by those whose first care was to slay the prophets as they came.

Yet history is the supreme falsehood encountered by the mind throughout its search for experience. It is the very first and last lie that must be overcome by the mind intent on finding truth. It is the most subtle of all those illusions the tired heart seizes to narcotic its own despair.

For history is the record of what men have done, and not the record of what men wanted to do. It contains only the concerted events, the final outcome of great struggles and doubts and hopes; the things that remained possible after faith and desire had guttered out. History has no mention of the thing almost done—the conviction almost held to—the faith almost steadfast—the dream almost realized in deed. The surface of history, therefore is a smooth, glassy surface, reflecting an unbroken expanse of reality, but that unbroken surface conceals a fierce fever of desire, unsatisfied passion, even as our own.

Even as our own. For the lie of history is plain enough once we know that history is but biography, auto-biography, writ in terms of deeds. There is never a deed in a man's life

that contains the whole measure of his faith and desire. There never was a deed that represented an inner vision in perfect fulfillment. Deeds contain only a fraction of our hopes; they represent only partial fulfillment, fulfillment unsatisfying, fulfillment so unsatisfactory that when the best in us rises dominant we look back upon ourselves and shudder at the caricature. No man above the level of the complacent fool is satisfied at the record of his events. We do not even remember events—we remember the spirit behind events; and actions linger only as they hold spiritual elements in solution.

The prophets bore witness to this order of reality. The prophets testified again and again to the meaning and the power of the meaningless, impotent resolves in men that never quite overcame the domination of events. In proportion as men clung to their own visions, religion has been real for them. It has been more real than history itself. But as men derived their motives from without, religion became cloudy; "history" a closed circle round about experience, hemming it in.

And the prophets bore witness also to the reassurance that events themselves would one day justify faith. Their first and last utterance has been that those who slew them did not slay them at all. They testified that those in control of events would be confounded by the deeds of their own making—that the smooth, glassy surface of reality would one day break utterly through, as the hypocrite's face is at last scored with the lines of his own craft. The prophets successively described that surface more and more nearly cleft and destroyed. They knew that the creation of the world was in peace and in joy; that for peace and for joy the world was created.

It is when the tower rears against heaven itself that the pride of Babel falls.

If we can imagine art always falsified by corrupt pigments, the artist's vision always betrayed in its projection upon canvas, so that men at last took the distorted picture as the measure of beauty; but one day there came to artists a true pigment, holding the passion of color firmly and the significance of form clearly, so that beauty stood revealed at last—if we can imagine this, we can realize the undeviating conviction at the heart of all prophecy: that the time would come when the prophet himself would directly mould the course of events. When the prophet—the divine Will—would be king, and Caesar unthroned; when divine Love would be judge, and the common law forgotten; when God would be the glory of existence, and



money put under foot; when men would increase by the expression of their real desires, as the sail swells with the wind. This is the history, the process, revealed by the prophets symbolically, and by our own hearts mutely; the pressure of things in these very times, when events crumble like decayed walls, is that muteness escaping the burden of its own doubt, so that the return of God is likewise the return of mankind.

Horace Holley.

## What Is Democracy?

By Dr. Frank Crane

(From New York Globe)

The definition of Democracy that we are considering is as follows:

Democracy is (1) a Force (2) of Opinion (3) and of Feeling (4) operating within the People (5) enabling the Majority of them (6) to Get what they Want (7) by means of Organization (8) and to make these gains secure by Laws, (9) for it is only by making its own Mistakes that a nation can (10) achieve its destiny, which is To Grow.

We have considered the first five points and come now to the sixth.

This is the most important item of all.

It is that the purpose of a Democracy is to give the people what they want.

Its aim is not a perfect Government.

There have been many schemes of Government proposed by thinkers, from Plato to Karl Marx. Almost any of them on paper is better than anything Democracy can produce at present. There is only one trouble with them all. People do not want them yet. And what they do not want, and what they are not ready for, they cannot operate.

The world is young, it is inexperienced, and it is far from settled in its ideas. And the only kind of Government under which they can correct these delinquencies is a Government that is imperfect as they are.

Almost anybody can sit down and devise an ideal State, in which all the present wrongs should be righted, and in which there shall be no poverty and no injustice. But he could not

make it work with people as they are any more than one could govern a boys' camp by the rules of the Senate.

Very often, of course, the people want what is bad for them. But it is much better for them to get even that, if they want it, than to get what is good for them if they do not want it.

We cannot understand this unless we keep in mind that the whole object of Government is to enable the people to grow, to develop.

And with a nation it is just as with an individual. When you get what you want, you very often find out what a fool you are. When you never get what you want, you never know what a fool you are, which is a much more dangerous state.

In other words, by getting what we want, we amass that most necessary thing for the strengthening and maturing of life—Experience.

Democracy is a series of unending experiments.

We might say that it is a series of continual failures. And yet that is the only way to progress. For walking is no more than a series of falls forward.

The only way to improve a Democracy is to improve the people who compose it. In the long run it does no good to make better laws and elect better officials and build up better institutions except in so far as these shall have their bearing upon making the great mass of the people better.

For Growth, real Growth, from imperfect adolescence to adult-mindedness, does not consist in acquiring more knowledge, or learning better manners; it consists primarily in getting better wants. There is no genuine culture that is not an improvement in our desires.

And about the only way people improve their desires is in the rough-and-tumble school of experiment.

Democracy, therefore, gets the people what they want; not every Saturday night but in the long run. And by this means, and by this means only, is the quality of the wants of the people improved, and thus Democracy is improved and its Government is improved.

And there is no possible progress any other way for the people who compose a nation.



## GOD'S STEWARD

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

(From N. Y. Journal)

To you who pray by night and day  
That wealth may be your share  
And give no place to God's good grace  
I say beware, beware!

The fattened purse can bless or curse,  
And this we know full well,  
Gold paves the street for idle feet  
And speeds them fast to Hell.

For Hell is not that final spot  
That waits for sin's redress,  
It is the sphere all souls find here  
Who dwell in selfishness.

Nor, hoofed and horned, by mortals scorned,  
Do devils skulk below,  
But crowned with pelf and love of self,  
Purse proud, through earth they go.

They beggar toil, they seize the soil  
(God's gift to one and all),  
They sing loud psalms and scatter alms  
That blight where'er they fall.

With greedy lust and might of trust  
They take the laborer's bread,  
Nor understand his lifted hand  
When offered alms instead.

The thirst for gain blunts heart and brain;  
The gold-mad mind is cursed.  
Oh, you who pray for wealth today,  
Seek God's large wisdom first.

No mortal mind alone can find  
The gold-paved path to right.  
With reverent mien, ask Powers unseen  
To lead with love's great light.

## THE SUNRISE OF A NEW DAY

There is in every one an inner cell, a deep recess of the mind which is quiet, which is wise, and in which one hears a voice that is unselfish and pure. This quiet spot is not easy to discover in the turmoil of every day life, but when one has once found it, one never entirely loses it. To linger within its sanctum gives peace and there one escapes the strain and anger of life, even more perfectly than on the mountain summit. One might call it the vacation spot of the soul and it is possible to reach it on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus, or even in the rush and rattle of a subway train.

There are certain associations and moments which one connects always with this inner cell.

For instance, no one who has heard the long song of the thrush at dawn can ever forget it. In that serene and dewy hour when the sense of mystery quickens and the sordidness of life disappears, the birds twitter gently as if saying good morning and then suddenly there rises the pure ethereal song of the bird. It is an anthem, with something of the gurgling richness of a nightingale's note, but it has more variety and a wider range. He sings for several moments his exquisite greeting to the sun and while he sings every other bird is silent.

It is as if all paid this homage to the beauty of his song. The last note is uttered, and there is silence before any bird speaks and then the entire bird chorus breaks forth in gayety and abandon. Only once in the twenty-four hours does the thrush sing his great anthem. In the stillness of the deep woods it is heard with greatest perfection and so heard it becomes a symbol of communion with God, of that ecstasy, which is incommunicable, but which one needs to feel at times, to retain certain elements of the life, which belongs to eternity.

In the vibrant stillness that follows the thrush's song, some things are particularly intolerable. One cannot bear to think then of twelve hours work in a steel mill, or of that peculiar race hatred, which stirs illogically because an obstructive individual is not an American. An altercation rose recently in an afternoon meeting and a burly individual rose menacingly with clenched fists and exclaimed, "Say, you aint American! You are German, aint you?" The offender was a very gentle Dane, and the assurance of her nationality proved quieting.

August is the month when vacations seem especially necessary. The hot streets of the city, with its rush and noises be-



come intolerable, but flight to the mountains top or the sea-shore is not really so necessary as the mental vacation which one finds in the white spot of the mind. The world is just now vastly in need of this vacation from violence, prejudice and passion, a vacation in which all statesmen forsake the paths of intrigue and all legislators forget greed and what is called patriotism in the vital good and real need of mankind. Can you imagine the refreshment of such a vacation to the average citizen?

Most people have acquired certain mental habits to which they are so addicted that they follow them as a matter of course, inducing a nervous strain that is most injurious. Some people talk too much, and chatter on and on until they become hysterical, through the provocation of their own reiteration. Others have habits of anger, over irritations which they provoke themselves. Others have become accustomed to autocratic rule which isolates them from their fellow and shuts them away from sympathy and comprehension on every side. There is no habit so pervasive as that of bossing and no one so lonely as an habitual boss. Many a case of nervous prostration arises from this habit of always taking control of every situation. With such a person the mental habit is so strong that he bosses his outing party as he does his office and gains no relaxation even upon the mountain top. He would find his true vacation in becoming a servant and taking orders from his fellows. Then would come into activity certain cells in his brain, certain nerves and muscles of his body which were entirely unaccustomed to exercise and he would find himself rested. Such a vacation is economically inexpensive. One does not need to leave one's ordinary habitat. It is only necessary to remove the crown from the head and replace it with a felt hat, to turn away from the habit of criticism and put on that of love to learn the blessing of silence and the wonderful potency of submission.

There is no doubt that the world needs a vacation from imperialism and high finance and this vacation is undoubtedly planned in the divine scheme of evolution. It is not a dangerous radicalism to conceive a state in which the legislative representation arises from vocation instead of locality so that legislators would be chosen from workers, thinkers, artists and financiers, and would be masculine and feminine, representative of the people from whom they spring. In such a state the financial and commercial activities would be managed by the

shop committee system, so that labor difficulties would disappear, and suspicion would give way to confidence and mutual friendship.

Financial profit would not be the ruling desire in such a community, but the association of all classes would become so natural and free, artificial habits would so generally disappear that the welfare of all would be the first essential in the mind of each and the community mania would replace the money mania. Each individual would pursue his vocation, with the idea of the advantage and happiness to be gained from it for the community as well as himself and selfish and egotistical habits would quickly disappear. Life in such a community would be most wholesome for the typical autocrat. Everybody would be serving, and he would find himself serving others in spite of his established custom. He would discover gifts in his companions which he never suspected and would wake up to the realization that he was not so remarkable after all. There is no burden more dangerous and difficult to bear than a consciousness of great superiority. Think of shuffling it off suddenly when you have carried it for a life-time! The succeeding lightness might almost produce insanity. In the New Day the growing feeling of brotherhood will replace egotism and man and woman will at last find an association of friendship based upon true sympathy.

Cinderella.

## EDITORIAL

We present in this issue a sketch by Beulah Storrs Lewis, which vividly portrays the attitude commonly adopted as between capital and labor, and generally assumed, even by themselves, to be founded on facts. Our article shows one of the assumed facts to be a fallacy, namely that warfare between classes is justified. We had almost come to believe it was so. Yet there is another fallacy. It is often assumed that men are equal, and it is not realized that our society is founded on the opposite principle, namely the inequality of men. Evolutionists tell us that man is descended from animal ancestors. If this be so, and we must accept the conclusions of science, man differs from the animals only in brain power. Strength of brain is synonymous with the human race, not strength of muscle. In the latter, the ox, horse and elephant excel us. Strength is characteristic of the animal as is the brain of man. In perhaps unconscious recognition of this fact, our society has

been so constructed that the chief rewards of life should go to those individuals of strongest brain power, not to those of muscle only. Intelligence, ability, brain power command the rewards of life, not muscle, work, labor. That labor now rebels, is based upon a fallacy, and any rebellion is only logically justifiable upon the fallacy that men are fundamentally and intrinsically alike and equal, the apparent differences being traceable to casual factors of environment. That this assumption is a fallacy is obvious to even a casual student of the subject. We would do well to ponder over this principle before accepting the current theories of the rights of labor too wholeheartedly. As to the legal and ethical doctrine of the equality of man, that is another matter. We refer here to the economic doctrine of equality, which is always at least tacitly assumed in advocacy of theories of labor, socialism or communism.

Supervising Editor.

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## FUSES BURNING IN THE DARK

A Fantasy in One Act by Beulah Storrs Lewis

Characters Are:

WEALTH, SERVANT, SLAVES OF PASSION

—and—

LABOR

Time: TODAY

### THE SCENE

The chamber of WEALTH is hung heavy in the drapings of time. His couch of imposition is draped in the silken covers of ambitious greed. WEALTH, king of this scene, lies upon this couch covered in his agony of unrest, his SLAVES OF PASSION idling about his throne of ease and comfort built at the expense of his impoverished soul. He calls in murmers of discontent for his slave of pleasure to write a book of interest that he may forget his fevered state and rest in the excitement of life. But this SLAVE, weary, worn out by the call of his whims, has fallen asleep upon the dais of attention, exhausted with the strain. Discontented WEALTH calls in angry tones of impatience and rises from his couch. As he does so the SERVANT of his establishment of order enters, a troubled look upon his face of care—he speaks—

SERVANT—Sir: The kitchen of peace is being robbed by the ruffians of the street. They have broken into your cellar of choice wines and through the power of their thirsts made empty its bottles of fame. They respect not your orders—they laugh at your signs—and tear down all your barricades of glass. I can no longer suppress their emotions or satisfy their demands.

WEALTH—By what right do these ruffians pass and ravish in my cellar of WEALTH? With what password do they enter my door and make themselves free?

SERVANT—Beg pardon, sir—by the right of the sign of Jehova's equality among men. They say: Our stomachs have been empty; our bodies exposed; our mouths parched for drink, while your master sups from the daintily prepared goblet of plenty and gluttens himself in the pastries of life. Beg pardon, sir—but they are a mournful lot and determined are their jaws. What are your orders, sir?—I must have help. I can no longer carry the order of your house. The storm of the mob is too fierce for the schooled SERVANT of WEALTH to battle or meet. I wish to resign my place.

WEALTH—You poor relic. Your education is lacking. You were able to stand your post as long as convention and respectability acted their part as guests, but when they were forced to leave through the back door you lose your poise of veneered command and are ready to escape through the loophole of fear. Huh! Be gone! I'll fight this pack alone. Tell them to send their stronghold—the speaker of their order of hell. He upon whom they have pinned their colors of red. I'll meet this pack of wolves at their own game and force a settlement in my favor. Awaken these sense-crazed lackies and lock them in the chamber of neglect until my battle is won. I'll have no time to play upon their instruments of temptation until the music of my victory is heard. Away! Prepare the reception room for war.

As the SERVANT leaves the room WEALTH takes from under his pillow the weapon for his defense—a money bag—which he fondles lovingly, as a smile of satisfaction plays upon his face.

End of Scene One

### SCENE TWO

The curtain rises showing the huge reception room of WEALTH'S palace. Photographs of his ancestors are



hung conspicuously upon the walls. The place is filled with the incense of power. WEALTH, in evening dress, stands facing the door, from which the cries of the mob can be heard and from which a commotion is raised. The door is thrust open, and LABOR enters. His hat off, his shirt turned low and he carries in his hand a club. For a moment WEALTH and LABOR stare at each other, neither giving ground.

WEALTH—I have tried to avoid this open battle with you thinking my action plain and my thought read. But you have forced this reckoning—this balancing of the ledger of grief. At first you only snored in discontent and murmured in your awakening. Now your howls disturb my peace and interrupt my pleasure. Once and for all, LABOR, let us settle this dispute of our strength. Since your growth from the slave period when your respect of me was much and marked by obedience to my command, I have striven to quell your outbreaks by compromise; by paying you a little more from my generosity, until you reached the state of impudence where your breath smelled of demand. Then I withdrew my compromise, my leniency, and placed the screws of opposition upon your thumbs of power. Today I say to you that you and your order of unrest have got to be placed in the deadlock of poverty and your flag of equality burned. I am WEALTH, powerful and mighty, and I swear to you, LABOR, if you do not draw in your horns of egoism and accept my plan of commercial welfare, I'll close you out and hang the crepe of bankruptcy upon your door. I'm through listening to your labor unions and reading your trade bulletins of command.

LABOR, unconcerned, unperturbed, unabashed, walks straight up to WEALTH, a smile upon his face, swinging the club carelessly in his hand.

LABOR—Brother, if I didn't know all this you've just threatened, to be the truth, I wouldn't be here in argument. I wouldn't have had to approach you in this compelling manner and accompanied myself with my weapon of war. But your actions, along with the proclamation of your household of wits to force me to submission, has aroused in me the power of my manhood and I am ready to make this a duel to death. Life no longer holds any inducements or encouragements for me,

crushed as I am under the wheels of your chariot of power. Since slavery of my soul you can no longer hold, I have grown; expanded in the knowledge of my strength and with each new impact of injustice I feel my indignities burn at my altar of independence. WEALTH, I have learned to read in clear tones the scriptures of life and reason in an honest manner the place I hold in earth's house of affairs. I am the seed from which you grow all your wealth—the tree from which all your harvest comes. Through all seasons of production I cultivate my roots of power, feed my mouth of pain, sow my own death harvest, and all to no effect except the effect of your idleness and ease; your ambition satisfied with gain. Now that I stand up in my war clothes ready to fight for a portion of what I produce and earn, ready to demand justice in my name of honor, you place the bulldog of opposition at your gates of pride and sharpen his teeth with the file of hate. You set him upon me to tear down my ideals of justice and destroy my honor as man. Strange that in creation we are the same; governed by the same law of life; given the same expression; produce the same kind—and yet my offspring, brought forth through my loins must suffer, starve, endure the vicissitudes, all because my brother, WEALTH, enjoys seeing me in the stocks of his power and pride. Justice? You have been justice until today. Your wealth has ruled the universe of law and the jurors of time have been your slaves to command. What you decreed was followed—what you condemned died. Now the seed of revenge is sown in the field of my heart, the cry of my household sharpens my hatchet of demands, and the suffering of my community of pain urges me on to victory or death. My ultimatum is issued in the name of justice and my decree of self-preservation is signed in the red blood of hate.

He throws open the door and calls out to the mob—

LABOR—WEALTH takes his stand in his old armor of opposition and pride. Let it be war to the end.

The mob howls its threats. WEALTH, his jaw set, closes the door, locks it—and the curtain falls upon the condition that threatens to destroy the house of man.

## EPILOGUE

## Attention, Trustees of Humanity's Fate

Strength comes from co-operation and oneness—not in division and separateness.

To have a house of strength built upon a rock you must have a foundation of perfect harmony and a confidence born of friendship and love.

## LABOR AND CAPITAL:—

Your house of strength is divided—built upon the sands of contention and woe, where the waves of emotion thrash against its structure and threaten its life. If you do not turn about face and join hands in brotherly love and look upon each other as friends necessary for the other's welfare and growth, you will find yourselves shipwrecked upon the ocean of disaster and your golden industry, the monument of your strength, destroyed by your own breath of egoism and lust.

LABOR—Force will never open the door to your ambition nor rock your cradle of acquired station and trust. It will cause your downfall, your ruin, and place you in the deadlock of criticism and make you a villain at the gate of fate. It will rob you of your honest coat of arms and place the red sign of injustice over your ranks of light. Oh LABOR—for years you have represented the heart-beat of the nation, the pulse of its song of pride. Do not let hate, fanned by the fires of emotion, urge you on to commit that for which your children would blush in the future and your conscience burn in the judgment house of life. Nay, Oh LABOR—sheath your sword; put back into the scabbard of reason your ambition to destroy what you created and built in the hours of honest service with the tools of honest trust. Look about you! Upon every corner of observation stands a monument of your name. Do not in a moment of heated passion destroy your children of power. Your brother, CAPITAL, is not so bad as you think him. He is just misinformed, uneducated, unaccustomed to your voice of newly acquired sound. So long has he dictated, ruled, controlled the house of affairs through his megaphone of gold, that he has forgotten that you are his partner, his charge—and not his slave of command. He has forgotten, in his vision of control, the vital fact that you are his partner in wealth or poverty and that without you his plans and blueprints of action are useless

and without form. He has forgotten that you are both the children of the one Father—GOD—and that under God's eye of justice you are equal and one—that your family is part of God's family and your needs are the needs of God's own. That between you there is no difference except that difference which money and environment has woven and that you both entered this world through the same door of expression and that a mother's heart was swelled in pride at your birth. You are not strangers—you are not separated—you are not opposite—you are one, as the parts of the body are one and the drops of the sea are one.

If one is sick, indisposed, weak—then you both feel the pain and suffer the consequence of that condition and both pay the price in woe. You are each the custodian of the other's happiness in life, and though you fight and deny this, FATE will write the verdict of truth before your eyes at a time when your souls will quake at your ignorance and shame.

Brothers! Men of creation—take your places upon the platform of unity and draw up a constitution of oneness and sign it in the name of justice and brotherly love. Humanity begs you to close your feud of tears and make a universal effort for peace—and humanity is YOUR child, LABOR; and YOUR child, CAPITAL—and will enjoy your wisdom or drink the poison of your lust.

This is no time to fight and decry each other's evil in the face of revenge. It is the time to clasp hands over the grave of differences and raise the standard of oneness in the world of your desire.

Give and take. Learn this truth: It is more blessed to give than to receive—and it is more blessed to die in honor than to live in disgrace.

There is no excuse for you brothers to fight. This is the age of education, and knowledge is power. Your feud is a war of prejudices and misunderstandings. You are the well-wishers of the other, could you see beyond the vision of your ambition and greed. There is room for both of you upon the ladder of success and there is wealth enough for all under the law of justice and brotherly love.

Place your cards upon the table of arbitration without holding up your trump-card of selfishness and see how smoothly the game of life will go. If you do not play this game under the guidance of good will and friendship your house of power will become a burning mass of discard and the flames of hate



will destroy your treasury of trust and make of humanity a crying, begging object of woe and despair.

Gentlemen: In the name of Him who suffered upon the cross of man's sin to liberate the world from hate, justice asks that you meet upon the door-step of arbitration and settle your differences in the cause of the life of man. Take up your cross of differences and burn it at the altar of trust, that God may recognize your stations and unite you under the flag of bounteous mercy and power of omnipotent love.

Bow your heads at the altar of reverence before Him who said: "Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do."

Words of The BAB in five sentences in reply to the question

### WHAT IS TRUTH?

Truth is the revelation of the splendors of Divine Majesty without a sign.

The effacement of the conjectured and the clearing of the known.

The rending of the veil by the triumph of the Mystery.

The attraction of the Divine Unity through the nature of the apprehension of Its Oneness.

A light shining from the Morning of Eternity and irradiating the temples of the Unity.

A prophecy of The Bab, taken from his revealed book the Beyan, in which he heralds the appearance of BAHA'ULLAH and ABDUL-BAHA, in the following words:

"All the divine names and attributes revealed in the Beyan, in their primary sense revolve around 'Him, Whom GOD shall manifest,' and in their secondary sense around, 'The Branch extended from the Ancient Root'."



## Current Art

There is a room in the Metropolitan Museum which should rouse extreme interest in the American mind. It is devoted to the exhibition of paintings, which illustrate the evolution of American Art during the preceding 50 years and the eager student can trace here the struggle of the radical against the academician and decide for himself whether he prefers the careful drawings of Eakins to the vivid movement of Whistler, whether he approves the cold correctness of Kenyon Cox or the free outlines of John Sloan.

The sympathy of the museum management for the work of the younger artists seems manifest and there are frequent changes in the paintings usually for the benefit of the younger contemporary man or woman, thus recently a bit of spring green with blue water by Allen Tucker refreshed the eyes of the visitor and a canvas by Guy Pene du Bois which had graced the walls of an exhibit during the winter, appeared in this chosen room. It is called the Doll and the Monster, and is a dramatic hit along the line of the social nature to which this painter has recently devoted his art.

The Eakins numbers and those by Kenyon Cox illustrate the distinctively academic tendencies in contrast to the free brush work of Whistler and others in the room. There was always life in the rather hard drawing of Eakins and it is this hard and correct outline which is easiest to understand and execute. The lover of art however, is apt to shrink from its direct statement and prefer the poetic independence of Delacroix to what is often the clear prose of Ingres. The room shrines at present a large landscape by George Inness, one of the finest painted in his earlier manner, which will delight all devotees of the conventional landscape school.

It is a pine grove at the Barberini Villa in Italy and despite the hard and definite handling which Inness abandoned completely at a later date, the canvas is full of poetry and local feeling. One can scarcely believe that the same Inness who painted this picture painted the heavenly blue landscape of the adjoining room almost twenty years later—yet the dealer who sold the first one, it is safe to suspect would have been tempted to pronounce the artist insane for painting the second one. The Whistler paintings in the room are an endless source of joy to the student. There is the caricature of Whistler by William M.

Chase for instance, painted after the two men returned from a little jaunt in Italy together, during which the heart of Chase must have burned with envy of his more gifted friend. Each was to paint a portrait of the other, but Whistler refrained while Chase unable to repress his smouldering irritation, perpetrated this audacious caricature, which renders immortal the cane, the long tight coat, the artificial manner, and the curious white lock over the forehead. This had always been distinctive in Whistler's mass of brown curls, and when they began to grey, he was tempted to dye them to preserve the contrast of the white lock. It was a harmless vanity at which a friend should not have felt annoyed.

The Whistler canvases in the room completely discountenance the caricature and acquaint us with the real man. The two exquisite paintings of Cremorne Gardens, one in the afternoon and one at night, illustrate perfectly the magical treatment of values, which gives this artist his unique place among the painters of the world. The same point is felt in the exquisite little portrait of the Grey Lady and in all of these, one feels that *double entendre* in fine shading which in showing us every delicate tone of color does not forget to give us an equally sensitive one in character. Whistler was unwearied in following this subtle mystery of light upon color, but in another mood, he could swing his brush with as bold a touch as Velasquez or Goya. This we see in the famous portrait of Theodore Duret, which hangs on another wall. It was painted after a discussion between the friends in which Whistler declared that an artist could make a colorful and charming painting out of anything, even a man in a dress suit! Whereupon Duret clothed himself in this hopelessly unattractive costume, and Whistler took up his brushes. It was certainly difficult, only black outlines and no subtleties. At last the artist cried "go and get a pink domino!" and Duret returned presently with the mass of soft pink texture over his arm and a fan of deeper tint in his hand. Behold the masterpiece is born! But one is compelled to ask, which won in the discussion? in looking into the imperturbable face of this clever Frenchman for certainly the portrait would lose greatly in charm deprived of the mass of pink tissue and the pink fan and does one always carry a pink domino in evening costume? For many months a canvas has hung in this brilliant room which has delighted many eyes. It is the famous Auctioneer's Daughter by George Luks. It is a half length figure of a girl against a warm golden background. She comes for-

ward graciously and softly bearing a bluish-green jar from which her bluish draperies float back. She is blonde, alive, her lips are about to speak and Whistler never did anything more subtle than the mystery of colors in this exquisite canvas. It has a warmth also which is never found in the Whistler paintings for if Whistler had a fault as one hesitates to hint it was a slight over cleverness as a result of which he sometimes just escaped being abstract and cold. But Luks is never cold. On the same wall with the Auctioneer's Daughter hangs The Duchess, a type from the east side of New York City. While this canvas has not the marvelous glow of color so significant in the other, it has that marked delineation of type which is only possible to the great portrait painter. One finds it always in Holbein, in Goya, in Velasquez and it never fails in the portrait studies of George Luks.

On another wall is a very different painting by a younger painter. It is Christ in the House of Matthew by Augustus Vincent Tack. It is an old subject painted from a modern view-point but with a unique and jewel like beauty of color, and a spiritual touch which renders it poetic and lovely. The theme has been painted many times, but never quite like this, and one must confess joyfully that the painting does not suggest any masterpiece of the 15th century, but has the feeling of the 20th.

There are many other charming paintings in this room, such as Sargent's Hermit and Brother Sebastiano, Winslow Homer's Shooting the Rapids and the Brighter Side, Mary Cassatt's adorable old lady drinking tea, Jerome Myers Children, Arthur B. Davies, the Refluent Season, etc., and last but not least the delightful bronze bust of John La Farge by Edith Woodman Burroughs.

Mary Hanford Ford.

## The Holiness of Beauty

The old world idea of detachment, renunciation and "sack-cloth and ashes" as a means to spiritual attainment, finds no place, or part, in the Glad Message of Life and Beauty which is sounded throughout the world today. The great Master—Abdul Baha—has said: "Not by renunciation, but by Radiant acquiescence, do we enter the Kingdom."

In the old dispensation man has felt that to be "spiritual"



he must shut out all beauty and loveliness from his life, having come up through savagery where the carnal self was all, in many instances he has swung too far to the extreme where he has become unselfed, a mere negative, nothing, of no good to himself or to the world at large.

The idea of sacrifice was first manifested in the sacrifice of the animal to gain a personal blessing. It was later transferred to the carnal self of man. Priestcraft then entered, the idea of celibacy, of "mortifying the flesh" by torturing the body, of long fasting, followed; all as a means of gaining spiritual power. The old Scottish Presbyterians reached the top notch of so-called "puritanism"; women were compelled to plaster their hair back, braid it tight, and then bind it with a hideous head covering. RENUNCIATION was their cry, or more truly speaking, DENUNCIATION. Stamp out all beauty all joy, all song and dance, every tie of love, every wholesome desire. They followed this rock-ribbed, iron-jawed path devoid of all beauty and harmony, with "kill out self," "kill out beauty," "kill out all loveliness" as their creed. At every step along the Path of this so-called "renunciation" they broke a great Cosmic Law. It was not holy, but unrighteous living, for Beauty and Harmony are as deep as life itself. All of these crimes were committed in the name of Religion. We have no divine authority for calling anything "religion" the direct aim of which is not to perfect our whole being physically, mentally and spiritually. Men get what they call religion, and become both less men and less related to God and man for their new acquisition. They eliminate half of the forces of their nature in becoming "spiritual" and their own idea of religion thus plays the tyrant over them and they become an offense to all well-balanced minds, the Pharisees of the earth, hardening their faces and their hearts. Christ, because of His human love and compassion, His spiritual completeness, had no religion according to such as these. The Spirit of God, or the Holy Spirit from whence all Beauty and Harmony spring, would lead man to an appreciation and admiration and gratitude for every innocent and joyous pleasure. It has been said: "Among the evidences that the Holy Spirit is in man, we ought to require that simplicity, gentleness and sweetness of Christ should manifest and over all the Robe of Beauty. Let mellow wisdom full of all Grace and loveliness and clothed with humility be our religion and let the Beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

Spirituality is human wholeness, rather than monotony,

solemnity or intensity. If man desires to attain to the spiritual heights, all creation cannot be too broad for his foundation. With the greatest jealousy he should guard against all oppression and distorting of his nature, and cultivate a harmonious relationship with all Truth and Beauty, ever avoiding every phase of "one-sidedness" and thus seek to bring out an exquisite atonement with all things in the universe for all things are latent in him. When he joyfully accepts and honors his body, when in Love and Reverence he keeps to the "Royal Road of Holiness and Power" steadily ascending and transmuting, he attains at last to the heights which are sunned by the Glory of God.

The old idea of "unselfing" has spiritually drugged and stupified the race. It is true that out of this old idea many have come up into real unselfishness, but it has been in spite of the method rather than a result of it. The call of this Glad New Day is to awake and find the Divine Selfhood, the son of God, all glorious—that consciousness of oneness with God, which fills life with the Radiance of Spiritual Beauty, and that divine "Acquiescence" to the Divine Will which brings forth the Harmony of being; this is spiritual attainment. The spirit of real self-sacrifice is twin brother to JOY; to joyfully give that another may be blest, this is in no way related to that self-tortured idea of compelled sacrifice, it is rather the very spirit of joyous giving.

The detachment and renunciation which the heart of man needs today is the renunciation and "unselfing" from the idea of a self apart from God and this is but finding the True Self—"he that loses his life shall find it." The more one realizes within and without the Beauty of Holiness—or wholeness of Beauty—the greater is his spiritual evolution. Harmony, Beauty, Freedom and Abundance but give more life and abundance. Jesus said: "I came that you might have Life and Life more abundant." Desire in the human soul for Beauty and Perfection is but the God-push from behind, and such desire holds ever within itself the prophecy of fulfillment.

One of the handmaidens of Beauty is Music, and the new music for this Great Day of Beauty will be touched by the Holy Spirit. The slave of the latter is strictly speaking no musician, he knows not how to awaken out of the silence the melodies of the heavenly spheres. It has been said: "Music should be a spiritualization of matter and the substantialization of Spirit." Master cannot teach, nor pupil learn this divine

gift; it comes alone from the Holy Spirit of Love and Beauty which quickens the soul. Without this a musician's work is void of the first essential of true art. Mechanical souls may be excellent workmen, but artists they can never be. Possibilities the artist can never fulfill lie within him, as desire and effort, and he is ever greater than his greatest work, for there is throbbing in his soul that which is the Pulse of the Supreme Artist. The new art of the New Day must go forth on a loving quest for that Spiritual Goal where Love, Freedom, Beauty and Harmony, Purity and Immortality dwell. Without desire and transcendental ideals the artist can only imitate, he can never create, and a work which is not a creation is not immortal. If immortal it springs from the fountain-head of Immortality, which is Love and Beauty.

It is the very end of a Manifestation of God, a Christ-Man to kindle anew the spirit of man and to open in him the fountain of endless life. By His touch the soul is quickened and intensified. Nobler and purer concepts spring from the depths of his heart and his whole life glows with a serener beauty and out-pictures a higher world of art.

We need to be detached from holding to old ideas, dogmas and creeds. Stagnation is ever the death blow to all Beauty. Keep seeking in new fields and pastures this is to grow. To be adaptable and to build up new brain cells of consciousness is Beauty's way. Those who cling to one idea, or form, become atrophied, narrow, set and altogether unlovely. Seek, Listen, Assimilate and Grow—this is the Law of Beauty. Let us never fear to make a mistake—Truth is ever the same, we cannot change it, we can only change our minds about it, that is all. Not resistance, antagonism, hatred and condemnation of the world, not the old idea of renunciation, but "Radiant Acquiescence" is the "Shining Pathway" today. True will power is adaptability; degenerated will power is obstinacy; the first belongs to the spiritually awakened, the second to immaturity, or senility. One is immovable, hard and set, the other is trained to responsiveness and increased power—this is "Radiant Acquiescence," which is the mystic pathway to all Beauty.

To transmute the material expression into its heavenly Reality, to be detached from all material things, as material things, as something apart from the One Creator of all things, and to have and to hold as spiritual symbols that which make for Beauty, Wholeness and Perfection, to live in radiant acquiescence with the Divine Laws, this is true detachment.

Abdul Baha has said: "May the Light of divine advancement shine upon you; this is the Glory and progress of man; this is eternal Life, and "Attach not thyself to any thing unless in it thou seest the Reality of God. This is the first step into the Court of Eternity." With this spiritualized vision we may translate all material things into spiritual Realities.

Some one has said: "I do not want to be reconciled to life, I want to be glad of it." The spiritually awakened knows, and places all things in their true relationship to Spirit. Where Love is, there is Beauty, Harmony and Life, and this Light glorifies everything it shines upon, and lifts the material to the divine—"O worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness—give unto the Lord the Glory due His Name."

The glorious title given to Baha'o'llah of "The Blessed Beauty" and the "Blessed Perfection," belong to this New and Radiant Age, that is dawning upon the world, when the "King of Beauty shall ride forth." In the Hidden Words—revealed from the pen of Baha'o'llah—we read: "O Son of Spirit! Lift up your heart with delight, that thou mayest be fitted to mirror forth My Beauty."

"O Son of Man! Neglect not My laws if thou lovest My Beauty and forget not My Counsels if thou art hopeful to attain My Will."

"O Son of Man! In My ancient Entity and in My Eternal Being was I hidden; I knew My Love in thee, therefore I created thee, and upon thee I laid My Image and to thee revealed My Beauty."

This is the mystery of the mystic's path, which in truth is no mystery. Yet the world asks: "What is it?" and "How is it revealed?" Man today is slowly rising because these things are being made simple. David Starr Jordan has said: "Abdul Baha will unite the East and the West because he travels the mystic's path with practical feet." This is the Glad New Day of revelation, it will come quickly, and men will awaken from the dreams of the sense plane and will no longer question these revelations—their larger spiritual sight will be their unanswerable evidence.

Let us awaken from the old world idea of "unselfing." The Prophets and Seers are ever those who seek to de-hypnotize us, to point us to the Holiness of Beauty and Life. Let us never be afraid that we can love Beauty too much, or make life too beautiful, and thereby offend God. Is it not written: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered the



heart of man—the things (and beautiful things we may be sure) that God hath prepared for those who love Him and this Love gives spiritual understanding and unfoldment and the discovery of the Divine Self, which is one with all Beauty. God is not Beautiful—He IS BEAUTY, and His Kingdom is of Love, Joy, Beauty and Wholeness—of body, mind and estate. Let us revel in the joy of music, color and form, not crucifying the flesh by hideous inharmonious garments and gloomy faces. Behold the lilies, the myriad flowers, what a carnival of color! What beauty of form! Behold the plumage of the birds, the gems of the earth! Look where we will there is a glorious unity in diversity. The joyous songs of the birds; the mystery of color in the dawn, the splendor of color in the sunset sky—all things are proclaiming the law of Harmony and Beauty; yet man, who should have dominion over all transgresses these divine laws. All ugliness, discord and ungracefulness manifest a lack of spiritual understanding and not "Spirituality." When asked by a pilgrim "How shall I attain to the spiritual life?"—Abdul Baha replied: "Characterize yourself with the characteristics of God and you will know the spiritual life," and Harmony and Beauty in sound, form and color, yes, in all things are essentially His Characteristics as are Love, Justice, Peace and Mercy. The mother of Beauty is Love, and where Love is there God is, and the Law of Love is an eternal state of unfoldment from "Glory unto Glory."

We are done with the past and its Godless ugliness, let the dead bury its dead, and pressing forward, let us become detached from our burdens of preconceived ideas and prejudices, and love in a great universal way, that we may touch the hem of the Mystical Garment of Beauty and know its Power.

Love is the breath of the Holy Spirit of God, the very pulsation of His Being, the fulfillment of His Joy,—and Love alone is the web and texture of the Garment of Beauty and of Immortality.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song. Let Israel rejoice in Him that made him. Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King. Let them praise His Name in the dance. Let them sing their praises unto Him with the timbrel and harp. For the Lord taketh pleasure in His people. He will make beautiful the meek with salvation."

"Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing. Thou hast put off my sack-cloth and girded me with gladness. To the end that my glory may sing praises to Thee and not be

silent. O Lord my God! I will give thanks unto Thee forever."

A poem by the gifted poet Beatrice Irwin—which the writer holds in manuscript form and which is a rare gem, too rare to be kept in the casket of silence, is herewith given, though permission has not been asked. It adds a touch of poetic beauty to our subject and will linger long in the mind to make glad the heart. It reads:

The season of Glory is here;  
Daisy and sun, their discs of gold  
Divulge unto the eyes of man.  
O Sea of Crowns! that rise and fall  
To breezes of that Greatest Name,  
Whose music fills the universe;  
Uplifting all things to their state,  
The hands of men, the hearts of flowers  
Alike outspread to claim their Spring.  
Pass on! in pageants of the Sun,  
Ye who with starry heads upthrown  
Are gazing towards the fields of space,  
Where planets float in rhythmic tread.  
O man! pass on—become as they,  
Be BEAUTY—knowing naught save Love.  
From calyx unto star-dust, CROWNS.

The title of the poem is "CROWNS" and in it we catch the glory of Isaiah's vision when he wrote of this great day on earth: "In that day shall the Lord of Hosts be for a Crown of Glory, and for a Diadem of Beauty unto the residue of His People."

May the Beauty of the Lord shine upon us, now and forever more.

Shahnaz Waite.

## Gandhi and the Revolution In India

Love is the cause of life.—From Unity of Mankind in Abdul Baha's Talk in Paris.

The great moral leaders and teachers of mankind have preached the beautiful doctrines of returning good for evil, and

loving our fellow brothers. Universal sympathy, fellowship and love make for a larger life, whereas narrow-mindedness, prejudices and hatred make for an empty life. Therefore are we called upon to bear love to our fellowmen. But the question arises: What is one to do, if one is forced into the company of disintegrating forces, like tyranny, hate, exploitation, etc.? The answer offered to this question by Mahatma Gandhi is: Non-Violent Non-Co-operation with the disintegrating forces. It must be a non-co-operation with the system without involving any hatred for the other party. We have had in the world's history many revolutions, many wars and battles fought in the sacred cause of liberty and justice, but in all those events, glorious as they were, there was involved the shedding of the blood of the innocent as well as the guilty. The cause of Right has always been decided by the aid of Might. Now here comes along Gandhi, the exemplar of Non-Violent Resistance and says to his people that they should not think of hurting or killing the Englishman—aye, not even of hating him. The British domination in India must cease.

Gandhi has been attempting to mend the heartless system of British administration in India. If it cannot be mended as it has not been—the inevitable result must be the ending of the system. To that end, Gandhi launched his famous Non-Co-operation program, whereby the Indian people are boycotting government schools and colleges, law courts and reformed councils, government offices, civil and military, titles and honors conferred by the government and British-made goods. India is determined to free herself, not at the point of the bayonet, however, but at the point of the spindle. People are setting up national schools and colleges, people's arbitration courts, Panchayets (ancient republican institution of India: Council of Five) in every village, and the spinning-wheel and hand loom in every home. They manufacture their own goods and are thus attempting to paralyze England's economic hold over India. If profit is taken out of "protection," England will be glad to go away from India bag and baggage. The economic rehabilitation of India along the ancient lines will automatically lead to political independence. But more important than political independence will be the spiritual liberation of the soul of India from its bondage of many centuries. A free India will be a source of immense strength and vitality to the world. By nature the Hindus are peaceful, peace-loving and non-violent. The restless nations of the West need the help of Eastern

philosophy in the readjustment of world order. Gandhi's movement, national in its design, is international in its scope.

The great success of the non-violent movement has been demonstrated by the fact that ever since Gandhi's arrest on March 10, 1922, India has been observing a peaceful and non-violent attitude in the struggle. India's freedom by non-violent methods will mean a great strengthening of the cause of Peace. From behind the prison-bars, this Savior of India, a Saint wearing the guise of a politician, is preaching the message of non-violence and love to his people. India is silent today. It is the silence of the break of the New Day.

Hearidas Mozoomdae

## The Drama

Frances Eveline Willcox

September will see much activity in the make-believe world. It may be considered the real beginning of the theatrical year. As a prologue, we all know, is brief and contains scant material, yet it serves to create interest in what is to follow—so the prologue of the current season, struck the key-note last month with a limited number of new productions so successfully that there is every reason to hope for even better things to come. Producers and writers alike seem to be putting forth their best efforts. There is no doubt that the selection of Mr. Augustus Thomas as the bright and shining light to lead the drama to a higher standard has had something to do with inspiring the entire profession to make a showing worthy of that endeavor and lend every assistance.

Judging from announcements and rumors there will be plenty of variety for the entertainment of theatregoers and one may elect to enjoy a mystery play, a problem of the times, a musical extravaganza, domestic comedy or tragedy, or a farce. This should satisfy the most vacillating public.

"Whispering Wives" at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre with Bertha Mann, Ben Johnson, Malcolm Duncan, George Howell, Willard Robertson, Olive Tell and Paul Kelly is a thriller and Miss Kate L. McLaurin's dramatization of Henry Leverage's story had the best interpretation possible.

"Shore Leave," on the other hand, a comedy by Hubert Osborne, at the Lyceum Theatre, is Frances Starr's new starring vehicle and is a story of simple life somewhere along the



Atlantic Coast, with plenty of comedy and a role for Miss Starr well-fitted to her talents. James Rennie gives an effective performance of the sailor sweetheart and other important members in the cast are Mrs. Jacques Martin, James Barlow, Schuyler Ladd, Nick Long, Evelyn Carter Carrington, Audrey Hines and Audrey Baird.

"The Monster" at the Maxine Elliott Theatre has a notable cast in Wilton Lackaye, McKay Morris, Marguerite Risser, Frank McCormack and others. The play is by Crane Wilbur.

"Manhattan" at the Playhouse, brought forth a new producer in John Cromwell and a new co-author in Henry Hull, the actor. Norman Trevor has the leading role. The play is an American comedy written around a literary man who finds life is losing its interest for him until a friend introduces a new element, that of a girl with a personality unlike any the literary man has before encountered. In extricating himself from the complications which follow, the writer finds there is still sufficient interest in life. Hilda Spong, Greta Kemble Cooper, Mary Blair, Albert Gran, Hubert Druce and Marguerite Maxwell lend beauty, talent and charm to the production which was staged by Mr. Cromwell personally.

"The Woman Who Laughed," by Edward Locke, produced by Wallace Eddinger, also an actor, has but three characters, including Martha Hedman, Gilda Leary and William H. Powell.

"Lights Out," at the Vanderbilt Theatre, brought Mrs. Henry B. Harris back to the fold as an active producer. The comedy is by Paul Dickey and Mann Page and has to do with the production of motion pictures. Robert Ames, Francis Byrne, Beatrice Noyes, William Ingersoll, Marcia Byron, Lorin Baker, William B. Morris and Olive Harper Thorne are in the cast. Walter Wilson directed the staging of the play under the supervision of Mrs. Harris.

The reopening of "Blossom Time" at the Ambassador and "Tangerine" at the Casino have revived their popularity and the houses have been crowded.

Space will not permit a longer comment upon the new productions but at least this will serve to show that there are interesting entertainments to be enjoyed at the theatres.

\* \* \*

The ambitious new playwright is with us again and there seems to be a vast amount of material to be written up for like "the oak and the little acorn," so does a great play off

times develop from a small idea, a stray news item in the daily paper or the chance remark of a friend. The interesting phase of dramatic writing lies in the fact that one never knows when or where a drama story or a comedy will spring up, nor who will receive it. Whether it ever reaches the stage is another question, for it is not always the able playwright who captures the fertile seed. Some of our best plays have been suggested by men and women, consciously or unconsciously, who move in entirely different spheres from that of the stage. Therefore, it is well to make a note of any complex situation, unexpected combination of circumstances or unusual problem in the course of human events and if you cannot elaborate it yourself, get in touch with a dramatist who can, for unlike the imaginative plots and characters of long ago, the stage of today must have real flesh and blood people and live stories. An author once remarked, on being asked what particular place he sought to get material for his stories: "I never go to any special locality to get my ideas, I just stand on the corner of a busy thoroughfare and seldom have to wait long before I discover my leading character, or main situation. Then I go home and develop the plot." That is why he writes about real human beings. For after all it is the appeal of humanity that counts and furnishes the themes upon which to build.

R. H. Burnside is a busy man these days putting the finishing touches to the new Hippodrome production, "Better Times." Everyone is hoping the title will prove true in the box office.

George Broadhurst's play, "Wild Oats Lane," with Maclyn Arbuckle as the featured member of the cast, opens at the Broadhurst Theatre. The piece was tried out of town and the presumption is that Mr. Arbuckle will find this the best role of his entire career.

## Bahai Activities

Events in New York have been of very great interest during the last month. The march of the Peace Parade was something not easily forgotten by those who took part in this demonstration, and the banners carried by the Bahai section attracted the attention of every one. The beautiful banner bearing the decorative Greatest Name now adorns the library

wall at 115 East 34th Street. When the marchers reached Columbus Circle, the Bahai group held an open air meeting, the first of a series which have been continued since then, and a great crowd attracted by the banners gathered to hear the speakers and lingered until 1:30 A. M. when the Police dispersed all the listeners.

Since that time weekly meetings have been held at 2nd Avenue and 10th Street, in front of St. Marks Church. Every Wednesday evening a big table is brought out and placed under a tree, electric lights are turned on the spot from the front of the church and a large and attentive crowd gathers. Another table is placed at the iron gate of the church enclosure, laden with Bahai literature and at this table Miss Jean Silverberg drives a brisk trade in books and pamphlets.

The crowd at this point in the city is a radical and very intelligent one, free from all religious prejudice, except a prejudice against accepted orthodoxy in various lines. It is rather a socialist crowd, but not as a rule violent or red, accustomed to thinking out all subjects along rational lines, but strange to say, eager to know something about spiritual truth, if it is presented without superstitions and though generally agnostic, frankly desirous to learn the reality of GOD. It is a crowd trained in competitive ideas and convinced that nothing can be gained in business without competitive force.

To this crowd Solon Fieldman spoke last Wednesday night upon the comparative value in Force of love and hatred. His words were like blows, and he showed this eagerly listening group that hatred is absolutely powerless in this world in comparison with love. The people were very angry with him, because he silenced them, so next week his principal opponent will address the meeting on Hatred, Ledoux will follow on the End of the World, and Mrs. Ford will explain the mission of the messenger of God.

After the street meeting finishes at 10:30 the listeners troop inside the church enclosure and gather on the wide porch of St. Marks where they talk pro and con very intimately for two hours longer and in this aftermath of the street meeting the spiritual topics always become the most absorbing. Here in the obscurity of the big veranda men speak their hearts out and the talk becomes most interesting.

At the Library the daily hours of meditation and prayer become constantly more attractive. Lunch is served at one o'clock after the noon meditation and as every one is welcome

to this simple lunch it becomes a very popular function. All sorts of people sit down together in such friendly fashion that one is constantly reminded of the free masonry and hospitality of Abdul Bahah's table. Black and White, Hindus and Persians are frequently together with all classes of Americans, and there is much gayety and good talk.

There is a huge bulletin board at the entrance door at the foot of the stairs and this draws a constant stream of strangers to the Bahai Headquarters. They come to inquire and they usually return to meetings, many come from the street meetings and it is surprising that more men than women mount the stairs but perhaps this is because men nowadays are secretly hungering for spiritual truth, and seldom talk about it. Therefore when they meet an invitation outside the familiar avenues, they accept it. Thus the stairs are kept warm by the feet of the mounting seekers.

## Talks of Abdul Baha to Miss Barney

October, 1900

Grace and welcome unto you. I wish you not the temporal strength of the passing body, but the eternal strength of the immortal soul. Some can be compared unto prepared lamps, only awaiting the Spirit's breath to illumine them, while others are still unprepared. There is some wood that is inflamed at once; there is a damp, wet wood that has to be warmed before the flame can penetrate the heart; again, there is a wood as hard as stone and, verily, in vain the heat and flame caress it.

Some earth must be tilled before the seed can be planted. Some plants absorb water in the earth, and others remain dry. Open your hearts that they may be filled, open your souls that the divine Light may shine therein. Strive, strive to receive the Spirit of Truth. Truth awaits your call.

Some with serious ills go from celebrated doctor to celebrated doctor, but they all fail to cure, for the Power is with the Divine. So it is with the soul. Your heart is pure and the Spirit can enter therein. Cut yourself from the world. Pray in the Greatest Name, then the Breeze of Truth, the flood of



Light will enter your searching soul. There is nothing else to be sought on earth or in the universe.

Yes, remain here. Your room will have no worldly comfort, but will be filled with the Love of GOD.

During a terrible storm Christ wandered on the mountain seeking a shelter—a den of wild beasts was all He found—and that was the beloved Son of GOD. All the world was His, but no worldly riches. You bring me your soul and I take it, for you will learn that it is mine. The spirit will come to you with increasing force, for your being must become as a temple in which the Truth of GOD can dwell.

\* \* \* \*

Last night, did you rest in peace? I dreamed of you. It was a beautiful vision and I pray unto GOD that it may come true. Yesterday your greatest wish was to remain by my side; now you say that your greatest joy is to sacrifice this desire to follow my bidding. I promise to send for you by a special messenger. The Spirit has entered your soul; but cut your body from the world, then you can grow rapidly. Verily, the spirit is strong, but the weak body must be cast aside. Soon the light in your eyes will be luminous. You should praise and thank GOD, that He has allowed you to reach this sacred mount, and as you are turning with warmth, so do I love you deeply. It gives Me joy to see you approach, and from My heart I bless you. I wish you rest from the tormenting Spirit. Beware of false seditious rumors. I pray that your faith will withstand all. You are like a lamp, and your flame will be protected from a too violent wind. Christ mounted on an ass—Christ crowned with thorns—shows that suffering and humility cannot stay the Light of the Spirit.

\* \* \* \*

Welcome to the Kingdom of GOD. Even if in every minute you thanked GOD a thousand times for the grace of being born in this, the most marvelous century, and for the great favor of being allowed to reach the Promised Land, even that would not be sufficient thanks.

Your faith comes like rain—the first drops are far between, but soon it will pour in torrents. Your faith is also like a seed that will bear its fruit. In a tree we judge its life and vigor by the way it grows. So it is with man.

The knowledge of GOD rises in the heart like the sun; it mounts, mounts, always casting an Immortal Light.

You must be reborn by the Spirit. A child in the womb has eyes and ears, but only learns their use when it is born. Man cannot comprehend the Spirit before he has put aside the earthly.

All the centuries are the bringing forth of the twentieth. The deepest wish of many great men was to live in the latter days. Blessed indeed are you who belong to the high time of the Manifestation. In past ages people esteemed themselves blessed to live in the same time as one of the Saints. How much greater is your privilege. To the people then a candle was given, while to you the Sun!

The Spirit resembles a rivulet; when the earth fills the soul, put away the terrestrial, and the mighty torrent of living water will rush through your freed body.

\* \* \* \*

During an illness for a certain time, the body can go without nourishment, and the will itself keeps the life. With how much more force can the Spirit sustain it? In past years some of the believers held the fortress of X—— from the pursuing enemy. During twenty days the believers went foodless. Seeing that it was impossible to take them by force, their enemies decided to use treachery. They bade the believers to come and sign a treaty under the flag of truce. Once in the Camp, they were invited to dine, and as soon as they were assembled, they were slain by the enemy. A man can only walk a few miles through weakness; if the Spirit strengthens him, he will find fresh energy to continue the road.

The body may be compared to a piece of glass which can be shattered by a mere stone, but if the Spirit be in the form, and electricity in the globe of glass, it will lighten the darkest of cities. The body must decay and become dust. At the mere approach of a decomposed body, the friends of the world will turn away. Why bestow effort and vanity on that which passes!

A child must leave the womb to see the earth and sky; so must you cut yourself from the earth to see the Spiritual. In the mineral state, there is no conception of the qualities of plants, and the sensibility of the animal state is incomprehensible to the vegetable; the animal cannot comprehend the state of man; and man cannot, until he has entered therein, comprehend the Spiritual Life.

How many queens have lived and died, and their memories

passed away, while St. Barbara lives on with the scepter of martyrdom in her hand. The names of the children of GOD shine through eternity regardless of the world's recording.

If a bird's wings are covered with mud, it cannot fly. Wash the earth from your soul, and the freed wings will lift you upward towards the Ideal.

A beautiful young man of twenty years had been taken prisoner on account of his belief, and his death-warrant had been brought to the Shah for his signature. But every one around the young man supplicated him to abjure his belief, for they felt sorrowful to think that so much perfect grace would perish through their condemnation. They even went to beg his poor old mother of eighty years to go to her son and to try to persuade him to renounce his faith. When she had entered the prison cell, she said: "Son, even before the flash of one hundred bayonets, keep thy faith from troubling." She was at the execution. The assistants were shocked to see a mother go to witness the killing of her son. They tried to make her leave by clubbing her away, but all was useless. For nothing would she have missed seeing the triumph of her son, dying for the upholding of the Truth. In any other circumstances a mother could not have witnessed such a sight, but with the Spirit comes unlimited force. Even the unbelievers in Persia have recorded the astonishing bravery of the believing woman.

The sting of a mosquito irritates the body, but if the Spirit is strong nothing can torment it. The Spirit has reached you, and will teach you wherever you may be.....



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