

buzzing his complaints angrily. I arose and went to the window to release him; he stung me.

I quietly raised the lower sash, when he dropped again; the way was clear and away he flew to the hive. While binding ointment on the sting, I thought of the similarity of that bee to the people who earn bread by toil.

To them, as to the bee, it is clear that butting and buzzing is the only remedy. The bee could not, and the people will not, reason. If one attempts to point out a better way, they scorn him.

In conversation with a laborer a short time ago, I suggested that the land question was the paramount issue.

"The land question be damned!" said he, scornfully. "We don't want land; we want work!"

The bee stung me. The laborer scorned me. I was powerless to raise the window for the poor laborer.

(I here give notice that we will raise the window.) I turned away with a deeper stab than the bee had given me. Land is the source of wealth, labor the means of producing it. Land monopolists will not labor productively. Those who do labor produce necessities and luxuries for the landlord, carefully saving the crusts for themselves.

The laborer while forc'd to be busy,
Has bumped his poor head till he's dizzy,
Just trying to pass through economy's glass.

He may be a model of virtue (Alas!)
But he's not very clever, now, is he?

L. E. HUGGINS.

Omaha, Neb.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the
God
Of this new world, at whose sight all the
stars
Hide their diminished heads, to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy
name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what
state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride and worse ambition threw me
down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's
matchless King.
—Satan's Address to the Sun—Paradise
Lost.

The science which treats of the structure, functions and diseases of the eye, ophthalmology, teaches that according to the power of the crystalline lens are objects discernible. The pupil admits light to the lens, which brings the rays to a focus and forms an image upon the retina, where the light, falling upon delicate structures called rods and cones, causes them to stimulate the fibers of the optic nerve to trans-

mit visual impressions to the brain. Careless speech often conveys the impression that the scope of vision is according to the power of the eye to "reach" an object.

The eye is poetically referred to as the window of the soul. Beautiful as is such sentiment, we may learn from the science of correspondences that Truth alone can illuminate the understanding, which is the receptacle of wisdom. For even as is man's discernment and receptivity of Truth, so is his spiritual environment. Truth is the fluorescent light which fills the mind with all the colors of the sky-arch as it appears in graceful majesty outlined by the sun and rain.

Truth to the understanding is as the light of the sun to the natural world. Truth and love are inseparable; indeed, they are as one. Deprived of the sun's heat and light the earth would hold no form of life; this we know; and the spiritual nature of man, excluding Truth, or its essence, Love, is dwarfed and withered. This is not mere analogy, but finds expression in the daily life of man. As from an eminence we may better view the beauties of the landscape, so may we see the flood of falsities which once more covers the earth, if we are receptive to Truth. Of this, Lucretius, one of the greatest of the Roman poets, said:

It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore,
and see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and see the battle, and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth, and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below.

Looking into a ship's binnacle we see the trembling needle of the compass obeying the magnetic forces of the earth; looking upon mankind we may also see how unerringly he obeys the dominant forces of his spiritual nature, for as is his interior, so will his outward expressions conform. As man turns away from God the powers of evil are exalted and the natural world is filled with sorrow, crime and degradation.

Discoursing upon Truth, Lord Bacon observed:

Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? . . . It will be acknowledged, even by those that practice it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and sil-

ver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these windings and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth baseely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and peridious.

The great essayist, whose pen has so enriched the pages of English literature, saw clearly, despite his own moral failures, the golden light. His was a pitiable figure sitting upon the reef of reprobation where he had been cast by the swirling waters of the maelstrom of politics. The brilliant chancellor, grasping for a bauble, fell, as did Lucifer; and with the Prince of Darkness, cried out in the anguish of his soul:

Me miserable! which way shall I fly,
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

From the ark of Truth how seems the deluge of falsities which enfolds the world to-day? Nations, semi-barbaric, with all the enginery of war engaged in destroying as many human beings as possible, for that really is the science of warfare. And why? To obtain supremacy in the possession of a patch of land! The conflict of the ages. The English empire, drenched with blood, quiescent, in these her decaying hours. Germany, with her great dominion as one military camp, ready to butcher and plunder, from her own borders to the helpless tribes on Africa's tropic shores. France, a republic in name, a monarchy at heart, trembling with every storm that proceeds from political and social unrest. Australia and Italy, mere puppets in the world game of politics. Far to the east the Mongolian giant slumbers, while European chancelleries haggle over the time and manner of his dismemberment.

And America, what of her?

History records the days of regal grandeur and colossal works of art, when Babylon and Nineveh were the pride of the earth, when Thebes with her hundred gates was one of the most renowned and splendid cities of the world; the days when the temples and glittering minarets of the mighty Memphis were in their prime; the days when the towers upon the lofty walls of Carthage afforded shelter for thousands of elephants and horses, and its navigable waters floated the armies and merchandise of all nations, while her magnificent temples were lined with burnished gold, and adorned with statues of the same precious metal,

and the symbolic objects of the people's worship were incrustated with gems of priceless value. Not only has the glory of these palatial cities departed, but even their tombs are lost to the research of mankind.

The patriot Kossuth had before him the mirage of this departed greatness when he bade farewell to the American people. After alluding to the wealth, grandeur and power of these nations of antiquity, whose ships overshadowed the seas, and whose multitudes of human beings peopled the earth; when "Tyre exchanged its purple for the silk of Serique, (and when) Cashmere's filmy shawls, * * * the pearls of Hevila, the diamonds of Golconda, the gorgeous carpets of Lydia, the gold of Ophir and Saba, the aromatic spices and jewels of Ceylon, and the pearls and perfumes of Arabia, the myrrh, silver, gold dust and Ivory of Africa, as well as the amber of the Baltic, and the tin of Thule" were among the articles of commerce. Reciting this chapter and observing that though all the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race is nothing more than the reproduction of "the grandeur of those ancient nations," one who listened to the noble champion of a people's freedom has told of the sad and plaintive cadence of the patriot's voice as he said that

Unless the divine law was paramount, and obedience to it the rule of life, your power is vain, your freedom is vain, your industry, your wealth, your prosperity, are vain; all this will not save you from sharing the mournful fate of these old nations, not less powerful than you, not less free, not less prosperous than you, and still fallen, as you, yourself, will fall, all vanished, as you will vanish, like a bubble, thrown up from the deep. There is only the law of God, there are only the duties of Christianity which can secure your future, by securing at the same time humanity. As long as the fragile wisdom of political exigencies overrules the will of God, there is no freedom on earth, and the future of no nation sure.

The heroic spirit that uttered such a warning, majestic and sublime, yet fraught with such solemn import to the American people, has been forgotten, and our ship of state has at the helm one who enunciates as a doctrine for the achievement of national greatness, to "speak softly, but carry a big stick." With dark waters and thick clouds of the skies round about him, the emancipator of a race could say: "With malice toward none, but charity for all." Consider the descent from such a lofty plane of thought to the meaningless dictum of an exponent of latter day ideals who advised the American people to "stand pat." These

are but types—the flight of the cherubim; the vapor of Gehenna.

When death removes from earthly activities any that have in the larger affairs of men contributed to the sum total of human progress and happiness, the world pays its tribute. Personality may not be considered only by those who by close association have enjoyed the rare and beautiful expressions of the soul. To speak of moral failures of men, though they have passed, is dealing with example, for even as noble lives leave their imprint, so, too, do the untoward, those whose lives have exerted a baneful influence.

Returned to the dust from whence it came, was a form that was but recently active in the affairs of the nation. Endowed with a brilliant mind, polished, educated thoroughly in worldly wisdom, by his supervision and direction there was builded a new fleet of ships designed for the destruction of human life and property. From affairs of government to the domain of finance in private life—millions of money were amassed by practices recognized by society as legal and legitimate, but in truth entirely void of "that clear and round dealing which is the honor of man's nature," and symbolized by the windings and crooked courses of the serpent of which the sage has written. Splendid powers stultified. Spending immorally gotten gains in the pleasures of natural senses. No return to God and man for the talents entrusted. Mausoleum magnificent will mark a tomb—the tomb of a wasted life. How compare it for a moment with the nobility of a soul that went into new light while pleading with humanity for justice for the people of two republics being crushed by an empire?

The framers of our declaration of guiding principles, who embodied in the nation's organic law the essence of spiritual law, saw as all men may see when the understanding is not veiled. In the present period, reached by a gradual closing of the understanding to the admission of Truth, the American people are as those represented in the allegory of the Tower of Babel. Here was an attempt, by natural agencies, to penetrate the arcana of heaven, and there followed a confusion of tongues. In this modern confusion of tongues the Tower of Babel has risen, parapet upon parapet of greed and selfishness. Only briefly may be outlined the larger outward expressions of evil in our national life.

The Church, closed to the Living God, has become as a lamp without oil. Evangelistic movements, widespread,

missionaries in legion, endeavor to awaken men. How futile. The pygmies bound Gulliver, but man's efforts to raise his fellow by other means than God's plan in its operation in temporal affairs, are but piling Pelion on Ossa. Thus have come the cults grotesque, organizations fantastic. While there have been broader lines noted in what is termed an "institutional" branch in many denominations, there has been inculcated the belief that in the fostering of the militant spirit in youth patriotism rises; and the embryonic man is organized into "boys' brigades," instructed in the science of armed conflict—seeking the love of the Creator with a gun. Yet this is not all. In no time in our national life have the powers of evil been so exalted. A witty writer recently said that if the people in the rural districts of our republic knew of what was common practice among officials of the government and the immorality of their representatives in Congress, a revolution would be imminent. From the capital to all the centers of population flows the same turbid tide. No fiercer than the wolf of the steppes pursuing a lone traveler, are the hordes that rob the masses of the people, and this in the name of good government and party politics. Modern commercial life has developed a type of piracy never dreamed of in those days when "low lying, rakish craft sailed the Spanish main." "Captains of industry," in the name of business, exploit their fellow beings with a shamelessness and cool effrontery that shock the sensibilities, but this depravity is a natural sequence.

The melancholy record of the increase of the insane is verified by all the large States in our union making increased provision for those so pitifully afflicted, and the moral insanity of the nation furnishes a sad corollary. Houses of detention, reformatories and jails are filled with the vicious, the depraved and all the flotsam and jetsam from this deluge of evil. This superficial age brings to view the standard to which literature, music and the drama have fallen—flippant and frothy creations from pens that seek notoriety and a bank check; the spirit of Mozart forgotten in the infantile amusement of the rag time; the stage once trod by Booth and Cushman, occupied by the comedian gross, the burlesque bizarre.

Among the idle and parasitical class there are recurrent periods of mental activity. Often an evidence of this is given when the grand ladies decide to

do something for "charity." It is then that the "vulgar" class is regaled with descriptions of diamonds magnificent, of pearls superb, of the velvet's sheeny folds, of priceless laces old and rare. The gaping crowd do not see under the gaudy tinsel flaunted in imitation of the corrupt and licentious court of Versailles, its deeper significance. Admiration and representation in this form is but a glorification of the evil itself.

Is it not a horrid phantasm that presents itself in a survey of our social structure? With all the achievements of science, with all the blessings that could come from sources inexhaustible, we see a marvelous dislocation; we see thousands eager and anxious to take a part in the world's activity; we see our fellow beings denied this privilege; we see thousands pressed down to a level of hopeless and despairing helplessness and suffering for the very necessities of life. And why is it? We have turned away from Love and Truth and Justice. We have denied God.

When will these waters subside? When may the dove of divine peace find a resting place for her feet? When may we see the glory of the Creator in the affairs of men?

The divine economy includes and enfolds every living creature. The spiritual abode of man is not a place beyond the stars, a shadowy, vapory somewhere. Heaven is a state or condition of the soul. Heaven is within and not without. God's kingdom on earth has form and expression in man's obedience to the harmony of divine law. Clothed for a brief span in natural form, mankind has been provided with every element essential for his material needs, and by the reign of Justice everyone may participate in the divine bounty. How may society obey the great mandate and the rule of life? Restore to society that which has been wrested from it—the right of use of the earth. Parchments giving title to private ownership of what is a natural birthright of all, are but a monstrous mockery and overruling of God's will. Conceived in wickedness, the private appropriation of the great storehouse of man has brought forth its awful punishments through all time.

The American people, by establishing an economic system which comprehended the abolition of every form of taxation until land values alone furnished an ever-increasing fund for the administration of government, would take the first step in the lighting of a beacon whose rays of liberty and jus-

tice would illuminate the world. That would be the first upward look at God. The benign influence of thus observing God's law would, in the social advance, lift other nations to the same plane of moral greatness, to follow the lead of the western world in the crusade of righteousness. Then will these turbid waters subside. Then will the dove find a rest for her feet. Mankind will see more clearly as each generation comes and goes, until Love reigns supreme in his nature, and he can turn to his Creator and say in truth and understanding: "It is well with my soul."

JAMES A. WARREN.

THE NEW STENOGRAPHER.

I have a new stenographer—she came to work to-day.

She told me that she wrote the latest system.

Two hundred words a minute seemed to her, she said, like play.

And word for word at that—she never missed 'em!

I gave her some dictation—a letter to a man—

And this, as I remember it, was how the letter ran:

"Dear Sir: I have your favor, and in reply would state

That I accept the offer in yours of recent date.

I wish to say, however, that under no condition

Can I afford to think of your free lance proposition.

I shall begin to-morrow to turn the matter out;

The copy will be ready by August 10th, about.

Material of this nature should not be rushed unduly.

Thanking you for your favor, I am, yours, very truly."

She took it down in shorthand with apparent ease and grace;

She didn't call me back all in a flurry.

Thought I: "At last I have a girl worth keeping 'round the place;"

Then said: "Now write it out—you needn't hurry."

The typewriter she tackled—now and then she struck a key,

And after thirty minutes this is what she handed me:

"Dear sir, I have the Feever, and in a Plie I Sit

And I except the Offer as you Have reasoned it..

I wish to see however That under any condition

can I for to Think of a free lunch Preposishun?

I Shall be in tomorrow To., turn the mother out,

The cap will be red and Will costt, \$10, about.

Mateertul of this nation should not rust N. Dooley,

Thinking you have the Feever I am Yours very Truely."

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A lady in San Francisco engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came,

she asked him his name. "My name," said the Chinaman, smiling. "Is Wang Hang Ho." "Oh, I can't remember all that," said the lady. "I will call you John." John smiled all over and asked: "What your namee?" "My name is Mrs. Melville Landon." "Me no memble all that," said John. "Chinaman he no savey Mrs. Membul London. I call you Tommy."—Watchman.

Quoth Tommy: "Why's the Winter wind Called 'rude' I'd like to know."

"Perhaps," said little Bess, "It is Because it whistles so."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

BOOKS

THE ANCIENT LOWLY.

Few realize until their attention is called to the fact, how superficial are the written histories of nations. These histories tell almost nothing of the thoughts, doings and life of the great majority of the peoples about which they are written. Historians have almost invariably been aristocratic in sympathy, with eyes fixed on kings, princes, lords, rulers, and the rich. When an exception comes, like the great Mommsen, who recently passed away, he can only constantly regret that predecessors have told so little of the democratic movements in that ancient past which he tried to make clear to us. And Dr. Drumann came to the point at once when he said: "One searches in vain for satisfactory intelligence regarding the producing class." In other words, the histories and records have ignored those who in all ages have been most worth knowing—the men who have really kept the world going, the true workers, the producers. In all the distant past they were despised—made of no account by the rulers and soldiers for whom they labored. And the historians simply followed the same trend.

Why was it so? Why did the masses lie dumb? Most students of history and sociology will doubtless reply that it was necessarily and best so—that the people needed the domination and guidance and protection and thought of their ruling class. Certain glimpses we get disprove this. The people showed that at times they could act for themselves. Why did they not steadily claim and enforce their rights? Was it the mere incubus of custom and conservatism? Was it unhappy disunion when any impulse to freedom came? Was it the united, unscrupulous force of the men in power?

No closer answer can even now be found when we look at the modern world. We see almost the same condition to-day. Why do the masses of England permit themselves to be dominated by a comparatively small class of landlords? Why is Ireland landless, with land enough for millions more? Why do the peasants of Sicily go on