

# **BENSON'S**

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# **ESSAYS**

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**Metaphysical and Abstract  
Subjects**



**FIRST SERIES**



On Friendship

On Love

On Learning

On Fear

On Beauty

On Death

On Marriage

On Justice

On Success

On Ethics and Religion

On Reading and Studying

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Discussion is the greatest of all reformers  
It rationalizes everything it touches  
It robs principles of all false sanctity  
It throws them back on their reasonableness  
If they have no reasonableness  
It ruthlessly crushes them out of existence  
And sets up its own conclusion in their stead

HON. WOODROW WILSON

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BENSON'S ESSAYS

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**Fear, Beauty, Love, Marriage, Death, Justice,  
Success, Learning, Ethics & Religion  
and Reading & Studying.**

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**First Edition**

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OSCAR JEROME BENSON  
Author

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1921

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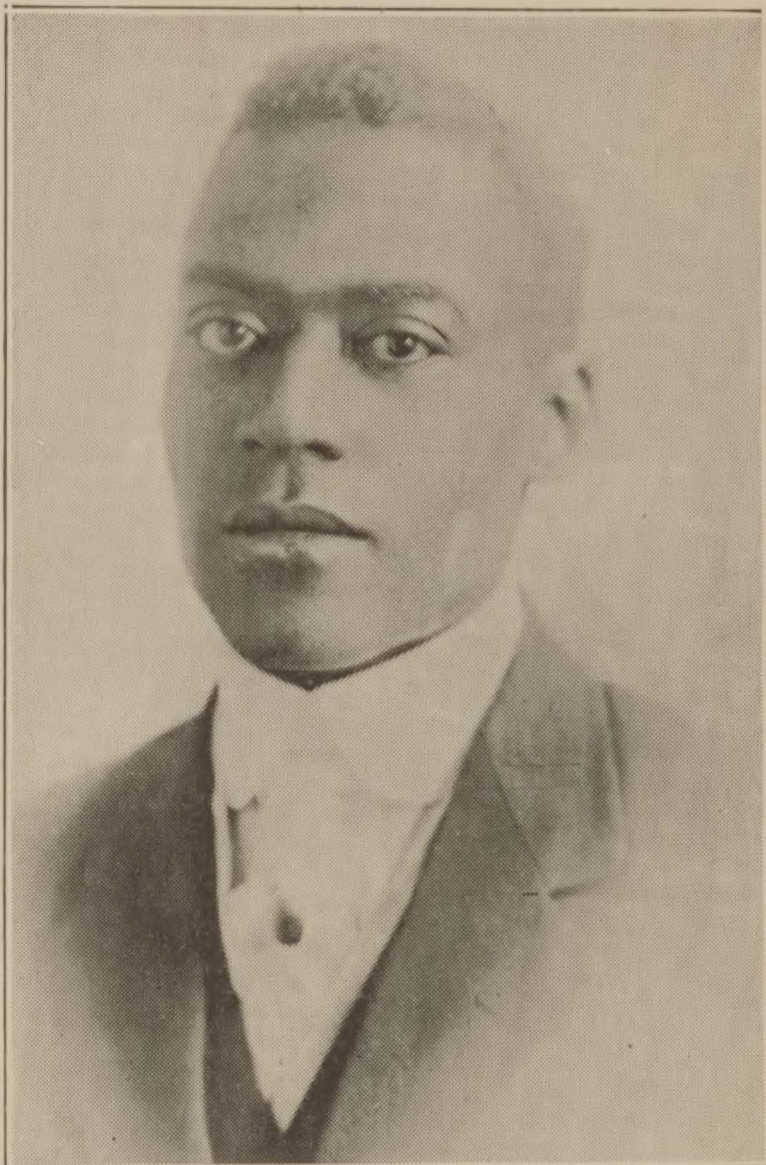
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There is always in effective action something durable and precious and mighty; something seemingly sent from a great place; something with a power indescribable and unconquerable and unapproachable; something so strongly fortified with truth and so wonderfully constructed with Christianity that it overpowers might for right. It overthrows the selfish and wicked, it gleans forth the light of reason, it establishes justice, it unseats the inferior and narrow who have superior authority and renders every pure soul a square deal.

OSCAR JEROME BENSON,  
Reporter for the Chicago Defender.



## BENSON'S ESSAYS.

### Metaphysical and Abstract Subjects

#### First Series.

#### Commonly called a pessimist.

Any man in poverty and obscurity, who concerns himself, not with what the people think or with our permitted side of modern topics, but with what his nature tells him is right and truth. It is any man who does not cringe with fear and doubt and submit to our conventionalities, formalities, customs, creeds or whims; who does not vote with a great party, who is frequently misunderstood in discussion; who is all man, master of self, who thunderly appears before the mighty like a shining star untouched with a point of their intellect, unapproachable with prejudice and other poundfoolishness. I would rather call him the soul of great souls, sent on earth to lead and not follow.

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#### AMBITION

When unto him ambition came  
He sought no laurels from success or fame;  
But done his work from the start  
In honor of sages who have done their part,  
Who surmounted all fear, all obstacles to reap the new  
And men who will do that, are among the few.

#### THE REAL MAN.

We are ennobled and inspirited in the sense  
That from the depths of obscurity men have come hence;  
Who stood ironical against all fate and fear  
Commanding their wisdom and that we share.

#### THE INSPIRATOR.

Golden locks of ancient age  
Worn upon the scholarly sage;  
Every star of our soul we wage  
For inspiration of a page.

#### THE ENVIOUS MAN.

The envious man that stands here  
At the bar of justice he must appear;  
The law of compensation he must bear  
For many souls in despair.

#### GALLANTRY.

In the stillness of the night  
Came our soldiers onward to fight;  
To gain us freedom into light  
For right always prevails over might.

## A PEEP THROUGH THE KEY HOLE.

THIS book, which is the first of its kind to be written and published by a Negro author, it is hoped, will in the least, be an inspiration to those of his race who may be perchance, more astute to write on such subjects, yet who, perhaps, lack the courage to undertake such a tremendous task. Nevertheless, the ice must be broken. Of course there is danger of being drowned in the deep waters of any subjects appertaining to any philosophy or metaphysics, yet he who dives with the art of intuition and origianaty, need not rear conventional criticism, and is certain to swim back to shore. The time has now arrived when men of all races must realize that it is their solemn duty to have among their group not only men who are well learned, but men who are willing to contribute the wisdom or their intuition towards inculcating new principles of science and philosophy for the progress of humanity. Hoarded knowledge serves no more to humanity than hoarded wealth. Wisdom must be put to work the same as dollars. There are a few races throughout the world who are oppressed, yet let each race send forth individuals to be given their place in the sun for their competency in having the courage to attempt the new, review the old, and through their genius, impart or contribute something for the uplift of all the peoples everywhere; and if that is done through the stern hand of courage, then that race is bound to succeed intellectually, in the least. No particular race does hold, nor do I believe that any would like to hold, a monopoly on all genius intellectually, morally or ethnically. There are, as we know, such impediments that often prevent us from, such as earning a living and strolling along the pursuit of happiness, yet woe unto those who obstruct the progress of education. These essays are presented with no apology for the author's convictions. Without his own convictions the attempt would be futile. Men are no longer the tools of any popular opinion or propaganda. As the author has written in one of his essays: "if we must speak, be bold and sincere, if you must write, tell your innate conceptions." The essays are the result of the author's earnest labor under the most strenuous difficulties that were only overcome through the indispensable financial support of the listed patrons and advertisers who extended their generosity, let us hope, for a good cause. A humble apology is due the intelligent public for the unusual form in which the work is presented, yet all of these intrusions were necessary in order to accomplish the attempt to invade such a worthy task. The essays are here dedicated in honor of a race who has suffered, but achieved: who has consumed, yet produced and contributed to the uplift of the ideals and integrity of mankind. Above all, they are here dedicated with the sublime hope of being entertaining and instructive to the general public. Peeping through the key hole is much like peeping through the door of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. So ladies and gentlemen, here is the key ;

By A STAUNCH FRIEND

### "The Key"

When fate was gone he heard a mystic voice,  
Then, the stroke of hope in a rising command  
Came skyward from the distant grave,  
And a message of victory was heard  
Saying, stand steadfast in thy noble land  
Look upward, slow not thy pace,  
Forward, march, win the race.



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## ON FRIENDSHIP.

### I Do Not Seek My Friends and They Do Not Seek Me.

**I**F I attempt to write on this subject, the man or woman who reads the essay, will expect to finish by at least being able to answer "What is Friendship?" Friendship is a word that is carelessly used from the lips of many who misinterpret the real meaning of the word. To some, a friend is anyone whom they associate with. To others, a friend is anyone who is willing to grant them a loan of a few dollars or comfort them in time of sickness. Again, some men will call those friends who smile and give them a tight hand squeeze.

Then, there are those who call them friends who merely wish them well, but on the contrary, they would not put themselves to any inconvenience to do them the least favor. All of these and many others are called friends simply because all such persons are necessary in our everyday life.

But true friendship is a noble and virtuous possession. Hence, arose the saying "He who hath many friends, hath none." There is a slight difference between the qualities of love and the qualities of true friendship, which, although, not indescribable, yet is not to be written explicitly without the use of much paper and immense time in thought and reading. In short, a man who hath much regard for virtue and amiable qualities, will be friendly to many, providing that he be located in the environment where there is nothing but culture and refinement. On the other hand, if the same man be forced to live among the uncultured, he will have few, if any friends; and those who may perchance see good in him, will envy instead of admiring, and he is apt to be friendless for having such high ideals.

Hence, culture appreciates culture, virtue admires virtue, love lures love, beauty is more charmed with beauty, and true friendship demands a lover of qualities.

It is the easiest thing in the world for your worse enemy to loan you a few dollars. It depends on whether he wants to make a point.

Making a point is often making progress. I have often ate the dust from the heels of my enemies to attain a certain worthy height.

A shrewd business man will extend credit, the promoter will back up this or that proposition, the good gambler will stake the good hustler, the best looking parasite will stake all others of his kind, the prostitute will come to the rescue of her kind, the good boss will advance a reasonable loan and other favors to the good servant, and so on, and so on, where the prudence and wisdom of men and women will show them where they can play the game of put and take with loaded dice. Birds of a feather will flock together; again, he who is worthy and tries to be nice to an unworthy person will lose out with a flush. The game of friendship lies in the secret of picking your players by reading what you can not see. False friendship is ever present. Give it a good fanning and its sparks will soon blaze into rancor, violence and unfrequently murder. A man who innately disapproves of all wrong can not be a true friend to a man who innately approves of evil. He may grant favors, slap the wicked man on the back, show his teeth, and grin at that wicked man, and this degraded person, yet the favors are either benevolence, charity, or for business reasons; the slap is either too heavy or too light, his eyes do not look straight and his heart is in another place. His grin is not natural and his handshake is either cold or unusual. Pretension very frequently catches the wise off of their guard. Trust is a part of friendship, if not the cement that holds two friends together. Men seldom trust each other. Hence, there is always a very little of true friendship. A man's experience, as he wades



deeply, teaches him to begin at the seat of mistrust. As he finds good in this and that person, the seat of trust will be lured to his heart. And the race the farthest down, granting that such a race must always bear the most oppression, will always mistrust each other the most. For nothing makes men more envious, more jealous, and more hard to deal with than the whip of oppression, whose stings are like the stings of bees who fly to the shoulder of an animal.

Oppression is the bitterest enemy of opportunity and friendship, and often causes a man to under-estimate himself in fear of being called an egotist. Over-estimation of one's self is far better than to under-estimate yourself; for in the latter case, self-reliance, the soul of success; and ambition, the life of civilization; and indomitable will, the heart of all self-determination, are rendered powerless. Egotism is often propaganda of envious men residing in places of dignity who, with their wealth and power, are getting all they can for themselves and selfishly trying to keep those who appear ambitious from getting anything for fear that they may demand of them, more veneration. As ambition comes forth, the envious feel that they go backwards. So the three greatest enemies of advanced civilization are envy, prejudice and jealousy. It will take a thousand years or more to get these out of the hearts of men, even if a time should come when all men shall be educated.

Ethics and religion, when they are decorously taught, make men and women better fit for ultimate friendship, yet these two factors are either much neglected or taught in an improper manner.

True friendship is the soul of happiness, the heart of content. It is like the lone lily of the valley that charms all who gaze upon its bloom; for this lily, blooming alone, has had more chance to develop that beauty that charms us most. It is ever present in virtuous hearts and is seen in the sparkle of the twinkling eye like the brilliancy of the most precious diamond which sparkles best under artificial light! It is a welcome to us during trouble as sunshine is to the passing of fog. It stands in these individualities like the full moon, like the lone star of the East, and like the sun hiding behind great clouds that bursts forth with glory! It is a kin to love. It has no selfishness and sees as much good in another as it sees in itself.

Only a few philosophers and profound thinkers have attempted to explain what friendship is. The task is my heaviest burden. I must put here on paper with no fear of contradiction and out of my own inspiration. I read Cicero, Bacon, Thoreau and Emerson on friendship after searching from the sweet lines of Homer down to our beloved modern thinkers, yet my inclinations deliver me unto my own innate conception of the true answer to this word so dear upon the lips of every man and woman, rich or poor, worthy or unworthy. I always hear those dramatic voices from those dear silent throats of poverty who eloquently ask in time of need for the deliverance of a friend indeed. The silent voice of Sir Walter Scott has often impressed the greatest significance in these dear lives:

"When true friends meet in adverse hours,  
'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower;  
A watery ray an instant seen,  
The darkly closing clouds between."

Then we are ever chasing rainbows hoping to meet this true friend behind clouds, whom we object not to his or her love, as long as they are what we want them to be.

We want our friends to be at least able to console us in hours of despair. In those moments when we silently exchange expressions with God, throb our breasts and drop a few tears, then let us at least be able to see in one distant scene the star of friendship approaching downward with its



virtue from the immortal pillars of heaven's blessed hand, to guide us onward in this noble land. That upon this blessed ground some one may hear our silent voices say "O friend! thou rod and staff of hope and faith, thou consoler of trial and tribulation, come forth unto us with that beloved kindness in words and deeds which only thou can give unto us, this day, we will contend for this worthy blessing of which you can only give in relief of our suffering and in our refusal of charity. On friendship! like the gleam of fragrance from the beauty of these violets so pure and natural, with the bloom of heaven's bliss. Leave me not! For I cannot trust another. I cannot be converted into their confidence, for I remain here a pride of your heart, a kiss of your soul, as much you as you are me. Don't sneak! if Thou wilt have me to live this life once more in the realm of bliss. Cling to me boldly. For out of these dreams are truth, the spot light of the idealism of my heart. The soul sees what the heart believes. The eyes are notable to discern these higher ideals of my devotion to you. Once you have spoken, I need no beautiful music nor the comfort of the poets. Your voice is like the chimes of 'Abide with me, for in your heart and soul I shall dwell forever.' I am melancholy! I may never see you, yet shower these blessings upon me for thou art as worthy as the dearest lamb."

Why wait until I am dead to bring these beautiful violets? Out of sickness and death I will accept these violets as a token of your ardent expression and sincerity for those kindred ideals which you cling to for our comfort and happiness in this short life. 'Tis more than poetry that man is like a flower who cometh forth as master and the most perfect thing God made, yet to be so short lived like one of these beautiful violets that may enhance me, yet soon must wither and die. So we will be living friends who now extend these tokens so that we can now appreciate them in our fullest sense. We need not flatter. The act speaks, the soul hears, and the heart sees nothing more divine on earth, nothing more symbolic of the true purpose of man's duty to one another. We need thank only God for these true friends for it is only from Him that they come forth so strongly fortified in virtue, in righteousness and earthly bliss. This message is the masterpiece or the soul's effort to step forth into our earthly kingdom with all the proprieties of the hidden ideals in man which is unapproachable and is given only in the abstract. So attempt not to detract our imagination from these poetical representations of the voice of our light and truth which cannot be wrecked by the storms of competition.

#### ON LOVE.

ALL pleasures and sorrows in love affairs are reminders of our first love. The first love enhances us, the second love reminds us to exercise points of intellect, prudence and wisdom. The first love is learned in the academy of experience. Without this experience the heart knoweth no pain, no joy, no content. Love interrupts youthful modesty, it makes the old and wise feel young and gay and our ardent desires wane for that untouched virtue enwrapped in every soul that sparkles enchantment in the twinkling of an eye, in the glow of a cheek and in the radiance of all grace and style. It forsakes neither youth nor old age. Sweetly the mocking bird sings beauty of God! The mighty hills and beautiful trees and flowers hum its melodies. Hark! the nightingale sings its praises unto hearts of stone and hearts of tenderness. So the radiant holiness that echoed through the parlors of Heaven as Jacob wrestled with angels, has ever since been sung by every vampire. And the only luck in love is the glorious deed in plucking the first rose of her



heart, the luck to press the first kiss, to be able to sell the first sorrow and the first joy. Love is more true when it is inevitable and incomprehensible. The silence of a "soul kiss" is expressed in the composition of all beautiful music. "Endure this kiss," said the Fairy, "then you'll remember me."

Enshrined in all hearts are eyes whose vigilance and wisdom appreciate the offer of all true love. Love first and be wise. If you don't someone else will. Ah! you say that you may not get a reciprocal love. If not, what have you and I do with unrequited love? Our love is not for sale, nor at bargains or at auction. Your bidders must vamp elsewhere. Your money is useless, because we only love what money can buy. It cannot buy any love. Money may entice us but virtue will enhance us. That solves the problem of the love scandal between Mrs. Dough who ran off with her destitute chauffeur. She told reporters seven words: "He is so different from the rest."

The masters of classics and philosophy cannot understand that unless they be a poor Jew like the chauffeur. Knowledge of the lower class is learned by contact and not from books and lectures, nor from bliss of culture and refinement. The white man who passed as a Negro and lived among Negroes; for two years, gathering facts for his book, wrote a better book.

Mr. Eddie will acquire his facts through a test of the psychology of his valet, his waiter and bootblack. Experience is a dear teacher, but in love as in other things, it pays well in the long run. We possess a duty of love to flag, country, friend, foe and humanity. We are paid tenfold—not in dollars, but with everything we consume that could not be produced without love. Hence all good work is love.

To love is the voice of God, whose chords are so splendidly and eloquently soaked in love. Its message is conveyed far beyond the distance of the amplifier and its silent precious words are endearing to all eager hearts who possess a warm spot in their heart for you and me. It never steals into the heart. It walks in boldly and courageously. Its footsteps are dainty and gallant. It is all beauty and duty. It is meek and humble. This love creates confidence, establishes memories from which we never part. It awakens the soul with playful actions and tells it to wrap up the power of love into the tissues of the heart; and when we are fully awakened, we ponder with the one rose, a picture, a token, and a love letter is folded carefully away. This love is the rainbow of Romeo and Juliet. Its colors are the symbols of all that is lovely and exquisite. Enwrapped in our kindness is the soul-kiss. The kiss that pressed the sweet lips of he and she. Once we have kissed, the soul is obligated to the heart. If the heart turns to stone, the soul says "remember." We are not kissing bugs like the French, however much we admire their gallantry. Our American kisses are the silent and sincere expression of those words of love which somehow or another cannot be boldly uttered. Hence the doubtful lover as fear came upon him, he had no other way to test the ground under his feet but to ask for a kiss. Once he is refused, he is no longer the same man, but a little more timid and a little less self-confident. So in common, if a man whose heart is not stone should ask his wife to kiss him as he departs for the shop or office, and she, through a fit of angler, declines, with or without explanation, then the husband will miss that kiss most of all. Naturally he will deny this.

Love purifies the heart. As soon as we find someone in love with us, we are enhanced far above our usual conception of self. The meanest man in town is a lover; again, he is loved. Let him eat salt, if the old ladies will think that salt will deprive him of love. If he can see, and if he is approachable with beauty, he will soon be lured on to this or that flower. It may be the rose of your heart, the lily of her valley, or the neglected daisy along the wayside. Yet if he repels one, the other will compel him.



Hard or soft then, he will eventually fall to the charm of one or the other.

Why should I want to live tomorrow? Is it because that I love so well the usual necessity of eating, drinking, sleeping, smoking, talking or receiving? Or should I want to live for fear of death? If I loved only myself and did not love many things, such as music, philosophy, flowers, trees, beauty, virtue, the worn face, the children, my immediate family and the oldest books, I would be willing to die. For there is nothing more worthy for any one in this world. The world is draped with trials and tribulations. To make things worse, poverty is our worst pest. Yet in spite of poverty, I and many others love to live this life, and often we hope the passing of a present day and the dawn of a new morn which may bring some event activity, opportunity or element that will contribute towards our love to live. So, without love, this life is a burden, a heavy sack on an old man's back, a kick, a thump, a moan, a scorn, a dismay, a regret, an ardent hope for the end. But we love to exist. We love to hear, and to see and to think; to give and hope; to have faith and determination. Without love, the devil would rule the universe. There would be no kindness, no charity, no benevolence, no patriotism, no achievement in science, no greatness, no Christianity. A lover is one who looks out into space and is charmed by a quality in something animate or inanimate. For the present he must forget himself. He admires, he adores and silently implores his love to beget love. Without these unapproachable qualities of esthetics, this can never happen. Such love is lured beyond that much admired beauty of face and deportment. It is the soul couched in love. It is speechless and speaks only with force and action. It is contagious and incurable. Everything reminds us of all love. All is love. . . .

I once knew a very beautiful woman whose peculiarities prevented the average person from falling in love with her outward beauty. Yet her voice had a tone like the enchantments of beautiful music. Once she spoke the simplest words, all eyes looked in her direction. Her voice spoke with the voice of God. It was clear, sweet, distinct, and impressive. It was love. Everything reminds us of her.

I knew another just as beautiful whose beauty charmed all, including the meanest man, but once she spoke above a whisper, those present showed dissatisfaction with the quiver of their eye. Her beauty reached their eyes, but her voice reached not their souls. All conceit reminds us of her.

Each voice plays a distinct note. Not even perfection in eloquence, articulation or modulation has any effect on our choice. We are simply charmed by the voice of purity from the soul. If thou would have many to listen, first arouse the soul and secondly speak. The third action will be all ours. We need none of your classics or philosophy to handle the situation. It is innately ours and do not ask us to explain the power. Powers are all gifts of God. The powers are perpetual and we are existing on hope and if. The greatest exponent of all powers is love. It keeps man moving, and the grass does not grow under his feet. He first takes then puts. With every scientific or artistic stroke goes the heart stroke of love for the betterment and bliss of mankind. Humanity must march. You say you have done this or that thing of worth. Yet it was the love and power that actually turned the trick. It was your lot, you pre-arranged duty and compensation for occupying space and consuming the necessities. This doctrine counteracts the real doctrine of predestination and with ultimate civilization, it will diminish the satisfaction of evil accomplishments. It will scatter love-seeds on every soil and in their full bloom they will be the fruits of love and of understanding between all minds, great and small. It will show the intellect that those problems which have been troubling her for years cannot be solved with mind alone. That mind is great only when it has developed the heart and soul into a triple



force in man to complete the necessary power to achieve. All true patriotism is manifestly love for humanity. To make it more explicit and effective, we say ideal and principal. So men will die prematurely only for love. No greater love hath anyone than the love of him who has died that others may live more contented. A patriot outwardly loves symbols, but inwardly the patriot, the hero, and warrior, loves and dies for what is written in his heart. He sees and comprehends by the senses, intercommunicates with the heart, and his soul acts. How brave and bold and courageous he seems! To him it is as easy as rolling off the log "Blessed is he who has died, and would die, for an intrinsic principle. Men are greater than they appear. We only see them in their cringing, and shrinking form. What is human life to the protection of the idealism of proper civilization? What lesson of love and devotion and reverence was taught the world recently at the impressive ceremony at Arlington when the whole nation showed veneration for the unknown soldier. Little did we, or the highest dignitary previously realize, what would develop from that singular love that was wrapped into the heart of the unknown soldier. Ah! if he could only express his gratitude! If he could only once more live and see the nation's appreciation of his love, to die again would be his easiest task.

Stamped in the hearts of all men are reverence, love and devotion to flag and country. In discussion and in conversation we do not hear ardent expressions of their true love. When they are chagrined with government, with capital and statesmen, they say this or that, unbecoming to the real patriot and citizen. But let the heat wither down and once their mind is normal and their soul is awakened to its duty to fellowman or country. Then they are all on the defensive side. That is why these words seemed to shake the universe when they were read to Congress on April 2nd, 1917. "It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war; into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for rights of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are, and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has always treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

I quote Ex-President Wilson, for I have never heard or read any more impressive expression of the love of true principles and patriotism. No wonder a soldier said that he spoke the unutterable words of men great and small. The solemnity of his words will advance on love for idealism and patriotism and will outlast rocks and stones.

It is a great comfort for a man to have so much confidence in his wife's dictum that he will believe that she loves him because she told him so. It is frequently the typical way of doing business. Now it may be argued pro and con whether there is a way beyond a conjecture in knowing whether you are loved. Yet it is unquestionable that actions speak louder than words. That no one can keep the sacred laws of love unless they possess a certain amount of intelligence. It is easy to say that love is an affection of the mind caused by that which delights courtship. It is more easy to defy anyone to be able to read your heart. Yet how many of us can find the universal accep-



tation of love as it should be written in the minds of all. The voice of every man and woman adds a new thought to any dictum.

I was inspired to write on this subject after hearing a dramatic actor tell a party of friends that you can tell if your wife loves you by the interest that she has in her home. I was surprised to hear this remark from an actor, because it is from the stage where we behold love in its equivalent as a test of true love. Confidence does inspire truth and creates good will, yet let us peep a little ways beyond the curtain into real life.

Every man's word is not his honor. We say and do a good many things to be on the advantage side. We sometimes love, talk, dress and eat to please others. Formalties and customs rule the age. As soon as one remains different, you are indifferent, antique or misunderstood. They just have to call you a hard name. We can not understand you, so you are queer. They wear the coat of modern politeness which will withhold their decisions, but their faces will tell you what they are too polite to say until they get in a position where they can talk from their hearts without fear of contradiction. Then there is a physical resistance against radical assertions in conversation and in public speaking which is ever present even at the most cultured gathering. All it needs is enough sparks to set things on fire. The time is not ripe for absolute free speech. Again we sometimes are not possessed with the power and force to expound precisely what we know to be true. And we pussyfoot for fear of not being sanctioned. Likewise bashful lovers will often use a circumlocutory expression to ask for the heart of a fair maiden. And as faint heart never won fair lady, just so this pussyfooting in love affairs, in conversations, in sermons, in public speaking, in books and in the press has never failed to shake the confidence of those who think for themselves. If you must write, tell your innate conceptions, if you must speak do not regret, if you must love be bold and true. But we must not dig too deeply into these characteristics without producing the proper solution.

There is a law of Heaven that teaches the duty of love through a natural force, and subsequently, man learns the consequences of love from experience and not through conjecturing. Such great power hath this law which forces love into the heart of a man of wisdom and prudence as frequently as it cometh forth to a fool. Love is natural and is hidden back in the womb of nature. A man with a heart full of cruelty will love inanimate things if he does not love that which is animate. All men are lovers in some form.

The man who does not possess love in either form, must not only be blind to all beauty, and possess no love for God, but to keep out this virtue, he must lose all sense of ultimate right, he must be deaf to the song birds, he must avoid the scent of fragrents in the garden and evidently be incapable of comprehending the true purpose of life, which is to acquire a talent to enjoy the beauties of nature. God is love.

This love binds man's duty to loving kindness, regards his soul with affection, keeps life a moving in his body, and man becomes a social animal and master of human sympathy pity and respect. And these are all elements of love and a gift from Providence. They are like the spark that first caused smoke, then fire. These elements are ever present in true love which is as sweet as the soul of music. Their absence after one has once loved, are sure symptoms of alienation. With their presence we can at least tolerate someone who loves us, even if we can not love them in return. Too often it is demonstrated so plainly to us that kindness does not win the affection of some people. Sometimes the very one whom we trust, worship, adore, honor and obey, betray us as Judas betrayed Christ and yet have the nerve to say that they are innocent. But there never was a bird that could fly so high that it did not have to come down on the level with us. There is a law of



retribution which will give them the penalty. Leave them to the Devil's wings and fly into a state of bliss! Such is unrequited love. Its soul laughs at your seriousness.

All pretension of true love may spring up like wild flowers. Love is more than an ecstasy. It is the soul of life. A man's self confession and vow to open up his heart. Then all things have a purpose, all is beautiful and divine. Love is professional in youth. The village youth and the love-sick lassie trusted only the moon when they began to spoon. Their love smiles, their glances and playful actions, would shake our city modesty.

Great hearts are not to be trifled with. Their delicate tissues feel the least insinuation or diversion from our utmost earnestness. Nothing strengthens and electrifies our memory like love scenes back yonder in "Lovers Lane." We can not forget our first meeting, our dates, our wedding, our early struggles and our whim to read our old love letters. This love wraps itself in fondness for pictures and tokens. We can not explain our own folly, yet we are much wiser then we act. We keep up this poundfoolishness until we imagine that it is not appreciated. Then the world seems cruel. Then our bosoms will feel so heavy that we will empty them to our bosom friends. Of course that is one of the normal ways to end it all. Love is everywhere.

Everywhere we find love in abundance. It is a phenomenal gift. The infant loves its mother. The gardener loves his roses, and in them the Poet the true Philosopher sees a heaven. The sailor loves the sea and its waves seem to speak to him as a lion roaring in the wilderness. The bookworm will love to read good books. The merchant will love the life of trade. The good reporter will love to hear the rattling of the presses. The weary workman will love to hear the dinner bell, men will love the beauty of women, some will love money, others fame and power, while, others will love the life of solitude. Love speaketh to all of them what the highest gift of mankind dares not venture to vow. Yet there is more love than what mere words can tell. For true love has never been told in books or in love letters. Way back in the corner of our hearts is where lies the secret of old. Where there are love tales we suspect love secrets. For every little love there is a great cause. Shakespeare once said: "Self love is not half as bad as self neglect." Yet when self love goes to the extreme we have to tolerate too much selfishness. Then lovers have ado.

And the self lover guided by his whims, puffed up and tiptoeing through the Universe, calls out in solitude to his own soul: "I am like a lost sheep in the wilderness." He slips his fingers through his locks, he paces too and fro, and at last he decides to neglect his own heart as he has neglected others. There is no other refuge. Everything whispers courage to a lover. And cupid gives him strength. Hate pierces the heart but love is a healing salve. With the youth every day is love day, all things lovely, and each hope a sweet prayer. Those are dream days and golden days. Those are days when youth declines to mate with old age. Those days when the world seems full of kindness and pity. Just to live is ultimate bliss. The youth glides along on the surface of things. He is charmed by abundance of beauty. Beauty is more in his estimation than personality or virtue. He is somewhat bold, independent, careless if not reckless, he skips along and has no time for your serious love-sickness. You appear to him to be a little below normal. He enjoys competition and the attempts of rivals. To him all is a gamble. So boldly he walks in, displays his hand, beats all of her kings and captures the queen! You may ask does he love her. The shepherd did not first love his flock. He watched his flock so long that he not only loved the sheep, but thought his flock the whitest. It is often said that absence makes the heart



grow fonder which is never true where one has true love. Absence make us think.

Does true love run smooth. When love does not run smoothly there is love-sickness and perturbation of the mind. Then love often becomes a murder, a suicide or an infamy. But such love excites not the passions of the wise and with them to the gates of heaven an angel flies, and watches over all love that tells one to die. Love never dies. Should we call that love which forsakes parents, husband, wife, children and friends? Is that love which leads to violence? Such love blinds the eyes in full view of a beautiful world. It binds one down as jealous irritants cry out "I must have all for myself." Such love makes death a refuge for the weak. It teaches the strong that they must yet be stronger.

All love is a hollow pretence unless it contains kind offices and useful services whenever the opportunity is afforded.

Love seeketh not itself to please  
Nor for itself hath any ease;  
But there's another heart at ease  
And life's a burden unless we can please.

Now we are charmed into a perfect state of felicitious harmony and tranquility, and music will imitate our souls. Its tones will draw vivid pictures of real love. Our tears have ceased. We are no longer melancholy. And the whole world now seems to whisper, here is love the fulfilling of the law of nature. And as a restraining power that law shall cease. That which the law orders is performed with no respect for wisdom but with regard and veneration of our magnanimity and goodness. For love must take its duty in its stride. So far as man is subject to obedience, of morality, love is certainly a master of the art of life. At the end most all men love and seek a wife. For love is yet a Heaven's law to guide us through for ever more." The kiss of every man and woman is a message of respect, affection or reverence. From a sip of their lips is pressed kindness and love and attachment. The heart instantly feels the electrical shocks of fidelity and the radiance of all things beautiful and divine. So the soul kiss is inexpressible and is given in those bold and earnest moments when the affection is somewhat melancholy and cold and has no other way to console love but to speak in this manner the melodies and the chimes of that loving art of kissing which the ancients called the divine message of the Gods; so kissing is that heart divine so different art of our most innate inclination, that, in those moments, utter those words so impressive to a lover, so solemn to God and to man, yet words that none can hear. All kissing is the thundering foot-steps of love embodied in the contentment of one who has seen so much virtue in another that the temptation is too great and charming to resist. So bold or blushing, the true lover approaches gallantly, and earnestly embraces the treasure he has found and the virtue he adores. So what more proof of our sincerity of love do thou ask, than that we be masters of this useful art and worthy of these sprinkles of joy and confidence and truth encouched in our voluntary kiss.

From the point of woman's love, companionship is indispensable. From the point of a scholar or of a thorough business man, it is of a lower consideration. Hence, we have the maxim "business before pleasure." Yet let the companionship be as calm as the pacific, else as the proverb says "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." Love is no boundstone. It is serious. It is munificent and bountiful with its radiance of affection! It is spoken in the heat of benignity, it is seen in the light of sparkling stars, and under the setting sun and in the dim moonlight, and in the shadows and val-

ley of death—the soul is enticed and enhanced into the beauties of peace and happiness.

When God cuts loose a lover, all things seem to bow with tranquility! This conscious rectitude teaches men of intelligence not to trespass on another man's holy ground. For love is the holy trump of bliss, the ace of every heart, the king of content, the queen of our home, and is born in solitude and baptized in immortality. It is the foot-stool of the earth, the light of heaven shining forth upon earth that all men may find some soul communicative with theirs.

It puts fire into eloquence, rocks the pulpit with true religion, awakens the the drunkard or vagabond, puts charity and kindness into the hearts of the gentry teaches the poor that they are still fortunate. It illuminates the universe with symbols of progress and culture, it worships Providence and adores all of His work. All is seen from the point of a good nature, a soft heart and a kindly disposed disposition towards all mankind. We can never love the harsh word, the meanful look, the artificial smile or prevarication during conversation, the mag of a husband or wife, the superiority of a race, a creed or class. All must be on the level with our admiration of higher things whether we attain height with them or not. All must be appertaining to love or to beauty or divine things. All men have moments when they give reverence to all that is good. In every speck of ornament flowers, art, science, literature, philosophy, biography or history, there is concealed the beauty that yields only in proportion to the comprehension of the mind of what is beautiful. Once in the heart of beauty, man is removed from the foolish annoyance of such as prejudice and the distinction between races of people, animals fowls and insects. Everything seems to be in one motion. If I read the "Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus," or the "Tusculan Disputation of Cicero," I cannot simultaneously remember that I am a Negro. Even the sight of the fingers turning the leaves has no effect in that direction. Why? I read them passionately and sway with the authors' soul. I read of men, not races of men: of truth instead of your modern permitted side of the matter. I read that such as envy, jealousy, prejudice, selfishness, greed, ignorance, imitation, robbery and all lies are mockery damning my own soul, marking time and getting nowhere, containing no love, no beauty, nothing of truth or virtue. Lord forbid my contact with all modern dictum. Lo, give me the birthright to pick and choose! Then we have love's trumpet in music. Not jazz, music. It is the food of love, the reminiscences of the soul. It is stirred and inspired by that mysterious master of harmonious gratifications, who would delight poets, entertain the dead, and convert the wicked church-goer. Music, that enravishment of unknown chords, sounds and trumpets of pleasing tones, thrilling our ears with love from immortal praises. Nations bow and listen. Men will die for the National Anthem. It strengthens the weak in the trenches, brings joy to some, causes others to pose as if in solitude and deep thought. It departs sorrow from a grateful chamber, it puts to flight idle thought, and puts joy into the house of poverty. We cannot separate love and music. They separate us from common place things. It is the only public speech the wise will listen to. It consoles us with the affection of muses and angels. Without love, we could not appreciate. We all envy beauty inwardly if not outwardly. It is never laid around carelessly. No wonder that Ovid, speaking of beauty, said that it was "a favor bestowed by the gods!" Or was it exaggeration for Theocritus to declare "beauty to be a delightful prejudice." The same is true of love in its relationship to beauty and eloquence. Imagine Cicero in the Senate pleading for justice, for truth, and liberty.

"All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth."—Shakespeare.



The world in its originality is the throne of beauty. After summer heat after departure of the beautiful trees, the shrubbery, and the fragrance of gardens, when the Fall draws near and the world looks drear, when the leaves began to fall and wither, when a sheet of dew reminds us of our rubbers and all plant life seems to have sang some doxology, when jack frost makes all spooners desert park benches, or when the mountains and hills and lakes are covered with abundance of white snow flakes, when we see no birds, when whistling winds hasten our footsteps, when glow is more brilliant in the cheeks or fair ladies, there is still as much beauty in the bent twig, the fallen limb of a tree, the skipping dainty footsteps through the narrow woodside, the fog, the hunched up shoulders and the low neck and short sleeves in winter. How quick we can recall our childhood days when we see sprightly children with their sleds and snowballs tossing. Nature is a busy creature like the busy ant; it is applicable in all qualities. It is always producing and storing up, exercising prudence, yea, wisdom, advancing on love, seated on chaos, invincible and all power.

Love is the eyes of beauty so we cannot speak of love without seeing beauty in all love.

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### ON MARRIAGE LIFE.

THERE is one sacred law of matrimony which plainly declares that when two people wrap themselves in unity love and devotion, that they should remain so wrapped under all circumstances unto death. This law so easily violated, says, "take ye this wife or that husband for better or for worse. Until death do ye part." The solemnity of their marriage chamber impresses us with their near or distant death chamber. At the marriage chamber we see nothing but heaven's bliss. We toss rice, throw old shoes, give presents and kisses, and sometimes envy either bride or groom. Then we soon get away from formalities.

A new broom sweeps clean. Then the same broom leaves behind exactly what it aimed to gather. The same rule sometimes is applied to the hereafter in married life. 'Tis sad when we read and hear of so many disastrous endings. Sometimes the hearts of youth thump so hard that the young people look up to Heaven and say in solitude "Lord deliver me from ever being tied in such a tight knot!" I once heard a very attractive young lady say that she was contemplating on marrying soon. That she was getting older and would soon lose all of her attractiveness. Of course this young lady whom I hold in high esteem had a keen eye to the way modern business is carried on. Yet she will be more submissive after she has lost her beauty and must depend on her personality and intelligence. And again I have heard some say that they were lonesome, that they were tired of the obligation of being employed and expected to marry the first man who appeared able to take care of them. Others said that they were charmed by beauty, heroism, wealth and power. "Such is life," said the blind man. The wise man or woman who can see, certainly must view the procession with disgust and not favor.

Love is a straight path to the door of the marriage chamber. Yet everyone should be sure before they knock, that they have studied carefully and decided diligently on those holy laws and responsibilities appertaining to the duties of married men and women. Civil ceremonies are inevitable and serve well their purpose in marriage as in other things, but holy ceremonies are more essential, and in the case of marriage, if the importance of the holy is not fully realized, and kept sacred, the marriage is worthless. Love keeps all

marriages strongly fortified. Yet without feeling our obligations to those holy written laws of God, a contract is easily broken. Most women who have failed in marriage need only to say: "Well, I could not stand it any longer." Ask the other side, and if he don't say the same thing, he will say it had to end some way. Love is often extant as they part. Yet they just can't get along. There are no two people exactly alike, "so you say it is my fault and I say it is yours." Both sides bring us a sad story. Women will sympathize with each other, yet men will do the same thing. The failures of married people are often the enjoyable and interesting chats between both sexes. While all of this goes on, the author, the clergyman, the journalist and orator offer no solution, and possibly if they did, their solution would be ineffective at the least effort to prevent such a deplorable record of divorce cases. Divorce knows no wealth, no power, no love, no integrity or poverty. The happy married couple living in a cheap flat on the east side, cannot understand why Mr. and Mrs. Plenty on Riverside Drive are not happy and must have a divorce or a scandal. Nor do those with power or wealth understand how those in obscurity and poverty are able to enjoy the highest bliss. It was well said by Ovid, "If you wish to marry suitably, marry your equal." Again, he who makes haste to get married, is soon to flee from his mate. No woman will get along with a man unless she is happy.

From nature all human beings dislike obligations. Marriage makes us obligated for life. If you love more than beauty of the face and regard the laws of marriage as sacred, and the last that should be violated, and the first in civil life to be obeyed, then there may be many quarrels, many ups and downs, but no parting forever. That which is sacred cannot be broken. Yet it must not be any one-sided affair. The devil must meet the devil or God meet God. It would be a good practice for married couples to read their marriage solemnization daily, word for word, as it was read at the altar. One point farther, learn it by heart. The solution may be hidden in the womb of the smallest insignificant act. Yet, it will be found when each pair is well matched, as the average pair of athletes. Your love is better off away from someone who possesses such defects and perturbations of the mind which no one could enjoy or endure. If half of the people who seek divorces knew as much at the start about their companions as they know now, there would have been no marriage. Hence, arose the saying: "You know no one until you shut doors with them." The divorce record is deplorable, yet it is sane. It may be a blow to our advance civilization, yet it shows our obedience to law and order. Brides and grooms are mere gamblers and lookers-on will always view the procession with disgust.

We should marry for love. To marry is to seal together so tightly the wings of two persons that they will fly apart only as angels flying into the golden gates of Heaven. To marry means the holy way to expose love that has been measured and evenly balanced on both sides of the scale. It should be that two people have had experience enough in this world to know if they will ever regret the day that they first meet. If they should happen to have indifference, split the difference. Then let by-gones be by-gones. Because always behind clouds stands the angel of peace who silently whispers "Blessed are the meek, the just, who dwelleth in perpetual peace."

I can not write of love as a common place thing. Some may use it in slang and as a by-word, but such does not help to subjugate its real meaning. People are often wiser than they let on. And men are not wicked because they love the devil. They do not live long before they discover that the devil possesses a good bit of the earthly things which they badly need. Our honest husbands and honest wives depend a good bit on how we treat them. We should never, without just cause, speak harsh or forget our civility. It is little



things that hurt the most. And some words are never forgotten. True marriage is like true love. It does not see only in the light of both hearts thumping for perpetual unity love and devotion.

There are some who think that they can use their discretion and wisdom in selecting a good wife or husband. We may to a certain extent. Once inside our home we can see their whims, their weakness and folly. Then they can not hide those innate qualities upon which our future happiness so much depends. Very often it is the miscomprehension of each other's weakness which causes the life of married couples to be miserable. And the failure to yield one to the other is often the cause of separation. It takes harmony between two minds to make peace. We see men and women who apparently have fine dispositions yet we get an unfavorable report from their wife or husband.

But discontentment stimulates ambition if it does nothing else. The human race is ever wanting. That creates business, employs labor and increases production. The average man is not happy unless his wife is happy. Good husbands ever strive to attain that ultimate end. They also realize that a discontented person may pack their trunk and flee as fast as Lot's wife. Yet a woman should not expect her husband to do any more than he is able to do. You can not get blood out of turnip. Let each one do his part. Let us be ever humble and true, even in the days of our youth. Let us open up our hearts to those who have golden wings to fly with risk inside. Let us trust them forever more, for they have submitted themselves child-like to our care and confidence. Let every day and moment of our marriage life be the symbol of our golden wedding day. Let our day of darkness be a day of trust, a day of sublime hope for the days of sunshine. If we must part, as many do, let us part as the great waves of the ocean which are forever a part and parcel of the same. Yet it is a splendid thing for us to be able to linger through all the storms of life until God has called us forth to be eternally loved. And even then may we meet again as the parting wave that before swept the mighty ocean!

Such great prayer hath love. It is a message to those on their honeymoon.

Let our days of consolation be every day. Let no place be as sacred as our home. This hour of prayer keeps us in more close unity with our Maker than all of your soul-stirring sermons about Peter, Paul or John. There is a time in our lives when we see further than our nose. We understand the past. We live in the present with more understanding and wisdom. And we realize the uncertainty of the future. We will never lay off until tomorrow what we can best do today. We will then be merry for the end is not far away. Marriage is a game in which both players can come out even. To love and to be loved is even. It is to win. But to die for love is odd. It is to lose.

A divorce is an absolute failure. It is a modest way to admit defeat. It discourages newly-weds and makes the old and gray shrink into amazement. It denotes that one or the other is the weaker. It means that two people can no more mix their qualities and defects than we can mix oil and water. It tells us that two souls shall return to their old life. But if this is inevitable, have we put forth our best efforts to avoid the calamity? Is a wife or husband on trial like the workman who toils for his daily bread? To marry is not only to love. It is to trust one in the other with all thy heart and soul. Who shall live up to this great trust, who will dare fail without trying? Here vows not the trust of man but the trust of God in man that he shall guard marriage not only as a matter of ceremony, but as a sacred vow to his Maker who has sent him forth to one who has become his partner in love, in virtue, and in holy regard for divine principles which implies the art of obedience to God and his utmost duty to humanity. Let us march on with our wedding chimes.

## ON DEATH.

They died, but not as lavish of their blood,  
On thinking death itself was simply good;  
Their wishes neither were to live nor die,  
But to do both alike commendably.

(An Epitaph of the Lacedaemonians)

AS long as a man can think and recall the memories and scenes of the death of others, he will naturally fear death. This fear is now and ever shall be for many reasons. Above all things, self love, which is love for the body and a part of a man's pride, makes it natural and perpetual that a man should want to live as long as possible. This innate desire to live is kept while a man is afflicted with perturbations of the mind in an acute stage, i. e., suffering from such as torture, pain and misery, from such as trials and tribulations. So all normal men fear death.

Again, brave and courageous men would possibly not fear death if they were not continually confronted with things which tend to make death extremely impressive and an evil. For certainly all men realize that they can not live forever. They also know that a man may appear and feel to be in the best of health and then suddenly drop dead.

Now death is made extremely impressive by such as black crepes hanging on door knobs, the ceremony in the death chamber, the lament of family and friends, the black clothes worn for considerable time after the funeral, the mystery attached to ghost stories and the various religious doctrines which conflict in their teachings of a place called Heaven. For certainly if we apply their religious teachings to logical reasoning it would seem as if no one would fear to go where they are sure to live in happiness perpetually. If wise and powerful men did not fear death the same as the weak and unlearned men, this rule would not apply to all Christians and sinners, to the wise and unwise.

The same rule applies to animals and insects who will make every effort to live and escape danger through eternal vigilance, or otherwise. So to fear death apparently seems natural and a part of nature. Many points concerning death have not been analyzed by many astute philosophers who may have feared the chances of being called atheists.

Men are seldom made to realize that it is just as natural to die as it is to live. Nor do even the Christians obey the Bible and "rejoice at the going out, and cry at the coming in!" If different formalities were not exercised when men die, it would help to depreciate the constant fear of death. And the deeper we wade into this subject the more we can realize the necessity of getting rid of all kinds of fear, before we will be able to abolish the fear of death. Undertakers seemingly have to at least abolish the theory about ghosts. For if they fear the dead, they must fear many strange dead.

This same fear makes men afraid of operations to cure them of diseases. Once upon a time I did not fear ether, until I met with an automobile accident and had to be etherized. Now I dread all kinds of anaesthetics. I can best express the feeling by saying that one feels as if they are dying. Memory of the feeling, granting that I fear death as all other men, is enough to make me dread death. Death is about the only thing that men fear and know so little about.

In all likelihood we can say that death is not an evil. Philosophers and sages have given many impressions of death. It seems to be the last refuge and comfort of each to meditate on this deep momentous subject. Such men as Plato, Cicero, Bacon and Shakespeare have done a good bit towards educat-



ing men to discuss the subject more thoroughly and frequently.

Some men during the ancient days met horrible death which had a tendency also to fill their generation with fear.

Among them were: Caius Marcius, who was slain by a mob; Pelopidas was killed by the contrivance of his wife who forced her three brothers to slay him with his own sword while she held a lamp over the bed where he slept; Philopomen was put in a cave under the ground called a treasure where there was no light or air. Then a soldier brought him poison, which he is said to have willingly drunk and only inquired of the soldiers which he had been leading. Hannibal, the African, is alleged to have drank poison when he found out that an escape through any of the five underground tunnels from his house was impossible. Socrates was forced to drink poison. An unusual case was that of Hercules, who after he had slayed Iphitus, punished himself by being a slave of Omphale. Another was Theseus, who slayed Periphetes and thought so much of the club that he carried it around the streets on his shoulder. Theseus would command strangers to wash his feet and while they were doing so, he would push them down a steep cliff into the sea. He was at last thrown down the highest cliff by Lycomedes. Cassius ordered his own trusty to kill him while being fought by Antony. Antony caused Antigonus' head to be cut off. Thousands are said to have perished at the mercy of wild beasts during the ancient days of Rome because they were Christians.

When a man compares the natural death with these horrible deaths or with our modern accidents and the manner in which some soldiers die on the battle field, he has a lot to be thankful for if he is punished with a natural death. The soul of man does not die but lives on where it can best find rest. So let our death at least be peaceful.

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### ON BEAUTY.

A face that should content me wondrous well,  
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;  
Of lively look, all grief for to repel  
With right good grace, so would I that it should  
Speak without word, such words as none can tell.

—Sir Thomas Wyatt.

THE world is beautiful. It ever was and ever shall be. The earth in its original form contained original beauty. God gave this beauty from the pillars of Heaven. Then came forth man, born with wisdom and possessing an over zealous love for beauty, who shaped parts of the earth, creating beauty to please his own eyes. Yet he has not destroyed a particle of this originality. God's work is nature. And as Pope said, we can "Look through nature up to nature's God." When we attempt to destroy this originality, our hands are glued to our sides, and our hearts throb as the wings of a peacock. We see it everywhere. It is natural and has sung natural praises from time immemorial. Let it charm the devil's eyes. This splendid gift of nature is bestowed upon the dusty ground of the far desert and upon the loftiest mountain top. It hides itself in the great waves of the deep sea, and is swept onward until it hugs the hot sands of Africa. It dwells in the icebergs in the coldest region and is found in the trees, swamps, fields and gardens and keeps on travelling

and charming its spectators until it reaches a land of sunshine and flowers where birds will sing its praises unto all men.

Let it charm the angels.

Man is forever confronted with this astounding assemblage of graces and properties, in all places, in persons, in animate and inanimate things which please his eyes. Yet he must see with the aid of a clean comprehension and his power to discern those things composed of hidden virtue.

Then come forth artists with their tools who attempt to create to satisfy our desires. Yes, we make them to order! Clothes, faces, sculpture, furniture, deportments and personalities, all are shaped and reshaped to suit our taste. Our tastes for beauties are manifold. During the procession even the dead are not forgotten and we decorate their graves for years. These flowers are symbols of our natural self. We live that beauty may live with us. And although the dead cannot scent the fragrance of these beautiful roses, here they shall wither in memory of their aspirations for these blessed tokens.

However creative we may be in satisfying our desires, we can not create anything as perfect as the original beauty born in faces, in clouds, in flowers and abundance of things hidden beyond our power to improve. We appear in the death chamber. All is sad and impressive but:

As in great muse, silent tongues appear;  
With sorrow and deep muse to hear  
We think of things so high, so near.

Even the beauty which shrouds the corpse fastens our omnipercipient attentions on those higher realms of thought that sweep us for a while far beyond the activities of those present and temporarily we are charmed into the courts of Heaven; and at last, in one distant scene, we attempt to consider our own destiny. Such is the holy consequence of beauty through nature and natural laws.

Men travel to explore new beauties. Those who are able will try to see the Clamshell Cave in Scotland and the handsome Osborne House as it rises picturesquely into infinite space. They will see the beauties of the drawing room in the Windsor Castle, then they must go to Russia and see the Tsar Kolokol the Czar of Bells. Next to beautiful Paris and view the Boulevards, and Royal Palace; and those who can stand the sensation will gaze over the tomb of Napoleon. Then the more they see the more they will want to see. So if they can still afford the price they will go to sunny Spain and probably cast a shameful glance at the interior of the big bull ring, where men and bulls were both killed, then to Egypt so as to flirt with the Sphinx and to China and around the Globe. To the Christian the most beautiful place of all is Jacob's Well in Palestine on the high road from Jerusalem to Galilee where Christ is said to have had conversation with the Samaritan woman. As the Christian stands in this field once purchased by Jacob, his eyes will fall down in Jacob's well. He will locate the grave, dry his tears and as he solemnly gazes towards the East, and behold in the distant horizon he will see the Garden of Gethsemane and all the impressions of Jesus and His disciples as they once conversed under the shade of the seven trees! You might not understand His power of discernment. It is like the reading of a good book. Read from start to finish. Then backwards crossways and have it explained in the language of the street, and you say to the author: "I don't get you." It has flown with the muses.



Genius finds genius. Our imagination can stretch these vivid pictures of beauty like our wind can expand a rubber balloon.

Art is not for art's sake, but as Butler once said:

"The whole world without art and dress  
Would be but one great wilderness."

Art is for the sake of beauty and beauty is for all. Art is beauty's first principle. The same art is inculcated in poetry, in rhetoric, in art galleries or in the worn faces of old maids. That which is not art is not nature. But everything is a part of the whole. There is no appendix. All is necessary. The sculptor's mind contains the ideals which are hidden in the garden of joy. Milton saw not these things with his eyes. They passed into him through the power of Divinity and flowed out abundantly through his poetry. The sense of beauty kissed his soul! The way he describes Paradise makes us cling to the high art of religion like the sparrows cling to the trembling vine. Our aspirations are abstracted by the holy because we dream of a better world with more beauty peace and happiness. Sometimes we become tired of our wordly burdens and then we sing as David:

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:  
When shall I come and appear before God.

We adore the beauty of the silent church and its art of praises are to us like the morning sun that shone forth upon one who is lost in the wilderness. My book shall hum all the beauties of my aspirations and expose any secret that I may have vainly withheld. It is all that I have accomplished and dedicated to the art and beauty of life itself. The time may be far, but the end of my restfulness is near.

In our artificial profession our eyes are taught to flash, the lips are trained to smile charmingly, we put glow in our cheeks, plaster down our hair and cultivate a walk of style and grace. This part of beauty is highly appreciated by most of us. It stimulates our ardent desire to appreciate the real. Our looking-glasses often help others to flatter us. We love the art so much that flattery brings us smiles and bliss. If this be called our folly it is also our imagination and essences of our veneration for that which is beautiful. These beautiful faces that now pass my window are made to satisfy the craving of my eyes as much as it is made for any other man.

We dress, decorate and embellish that others may see and admire. And we have a whim to try to subjugate each other with our displays of beauty. We can not admire a beautiful woman face to face without indicating so with our admiring glances. Watch the eye-shot

In our modern civilization business men in many instances have learned the advantages financially and otherwise in employing such as pretty stenographers, manicurists, waitresses, canvassers and alm solicitors for uplift organizations. The money comes in faster and everyone is more cheerful even during prohibition. These women are sure cures for your blues. Their faces are like the faces of love angels who charm in Fairy Land. In our humble way let us acknowledge that beauty speaks to us what verse and prose can not tell and we can not repel.

## ON JUSTICE.

IT has been often said that Sophocles was better than Euripides in dignity of sentiment because Sophocles represented men as they ought to be, while Euripides described them as they were. We will acknowledge that it is a splendid thing to be able to paint man in prose and poetry as the man who is inwardly like those men who lived long before the human race became corrupt.

Those were golden days of a golden age. Those were innocent days when men walked upright and were pure because they knew not the gains and losses in rendering upon their fellowmen that which is now known to us as justice and injustice. In those dear old days men did not have to tolerate the hellish effect of avarice, jealousy and envy. Those were days that none can tell how sweetly men must have enjoyed the pleasures of true justice and liberty. The powers of God were ever present. As said Ovid:

"Needless was written law where none oppressed;  
The laws of man were written in his breast!"

Then the devil had a vacation and the gates of hell were closed for a generation. Those were days when men had no colleges, no ships to sail, no competition in business nor had the earth been searched for gold and silver. There were no divorces, no bread lines or food profiteering nor what we now call race pride. Man then was the man of God who looked out into the shrines of the vast plains in the old world and saw all the beauties and joy which were his without any formalities or contradictions. Then, and only then, have we ever had the so-called superman.

It was not until the Brazen age that men grew fierce and showed signs of possessing so much animal instinct as we now claim them to possess. Then came the iron age with all of his violence, greed and selfish desire for wealth. Hence man was converted into an apology, making excuses for living his own life, and then became a strutting soul of the devil's angel looking upward into great clouds asking forgiveness. Men were no longer just, upright and honest in each other's estimation, but men began to doubt everything, did not believe anything unless it was proven beyond a doubt, and man began to prosper by shrewdness of trick and device. Then there arose what we call self determination, mob law, cruelty like our modern burning at the stake, and men originated groups to spread rancor, and sin sprung up like wild fire. Yet, out of these evils came that what is good in making progress. So what caused men to accept the doctrine of altruism? What made men have hope and faith and exercise the art of prudence? What new birth came into the heart of this man's soul who possibly carried a hickory club, a spear and a bottle of water? It is best expressed in the verses of Orpheus, the great mythic poet who said:

"One self existence lives; created things  
Arise from him; and he is all in all,  
No mortal sight may see Him, yet Himself  
Sees all that lives"

The spirit of God had stepped from his throne into man's heart, bathed his soul with amorous essences, which afterwards bloomed forth the light of reason and lead man into altruism. Then, out of this revelation came wonderful achievement for the betterment of mankind which created too much pride and exclusiveness and men began to disconcert themselves. Some ran amuck, started creeds and denominations and lo they came before the gods on their bending knees! Among these so-called gods or divinities were:



Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Mercury and Bacchus. These were all handsomely decorated ornaments and images which were supposed to be able to command the stars to repel and converse with the dead. Jupiter, the most beautiful image, was rated the king of gods and god and king of all men.

Next, man became the old cringing coward, shrinking like a whipped dog under the lash of foolish whims and superstitions. Then came a standard of Druidism, the belief in one Supreme Being, in the immortality of the soul and the punishment of sin by the torment of hell. Now since man has reached this stage and has submitted to so many creeds and customs, what wisdom is yielded us on this text?

Justice is what all men want. And justice is what all men boast of as being the soul of the advancement of civilization. "What is justice?" asked Aristotle, who claimed justice to be the property of every man." Yet, since man to man is so unjust, we do not know which man to trust. Men no longer trust each other. They are all from Missouri. It was an evil maxim but often true, that no one will treat you right if they can get by treating you any other way. The weakest shall always be the underdog. Yet, the strong man, who is the real man, will always be with the underdog whether he knows him or not. The more we get the more we are respected, honored and lauded. Men will work hard to get praise or a slap on the back. And praise is what men hate to give. Yet, great is he who refuses praise on the ground that it is not just and the real praise, but only what each man thinks the other is after. Men like to decorate themselves, march through the streets by the strains of music because it makes other men realize what they are doing. In our hustle and bustle of life a man must be a sparkling star to be sought out individually from such a numberless amount of stars when all are a part of the great light which helps men to find their way through darkness.

The great and just man demands justice and great place because he has been sent forth to appear on earth as a benefactor to let his light so shine that men may see his good work and sing glory unto God. "Justice," said Tully, "consists in doing no injury to men, and decency in giving them no offence." There is no obligation to the devil which forces man to be cold, distant and cruel. But man was born selfish, cringing and shrinking and bowing before the altars of masters. All slavery does not mean that a man must be sold at auction. He who can not acquire the necessities of life off a little money is a perpetual slave. And any kind of slavery wears out virtue. Virtue alone ennobles all men and poverty is a great evil in the lives of men, great or small. No wonder Addison said: "Poverty palls the most generous spirits; it crows industry, and casts resolution itself into despair."

Justice is here when men are true to each other without the laws of organizations and the courts of justice. Then man will embrace man because he will then realize that each man is a history, a walking city, a spirit of God, dressed up in an image after His own likeness. Man was born to demand, if not to command. Once he finds himself, and looks out into this vast world and realizes that he and only he can demand that which God made first, and then told him to go forth and improve, then the real man has cut loose on this earth and will drink from the fountains of joy and justice. If thou fear no injury, obstruct his pathway.

Yet, in the real man, lies behind various circumstances, abundances of kindness, justice and truth. Truth creates our confidence in men, demands their good will and establishes a man seeking and searching for that which is just and good. He will get it, too.

We seldom, if ever, see a man like he should be. He is either timid, too proud, too envious or too jealous. He either has no religion or possesses too much of the wrong kind. Bring us a real man who seeks no race, no creed, no color of a man's skin, or adheres to no traditions, customs or formalities, then we will have man walking upright in a princely form who lives his life not after death but now. We want to know not altogether how to die but how to live and be masters of our own human destinies. Oh justice, thou staff of life and sublime hope of every man's future! Bestow upon us thy rod of victory.

If our continuous organizing will help us to assemble more loving and kindly on this earth, then let us have one big organization of all men until we can destroy this monster injustice. The shrines of justice is the hope of happiness and good will towards all men. O give us this happiness from the pillars of the immortal courts of justice! Throw off the crown and your decorations and let God's people be ruled by God. We should consider what amount of happiness and liberty we are deprived of by these injustices which we are told to pass up as a small offense and say with contentment, "It is all in life. Once we are given real justice, we need no longer give alms, pray for the oppressed and ask men to come humble and meek before us for their daily bread. Men hate charity as long as they have ambition and aspirations. Faith is the refuge of poverty like patriotism is the refuge of a scoundrel.

"Bow to no patron's insolence; rely  
On no frail hopes, in freedom live and die.—(Seneca)

Why should we live daily on faith and hope? "Turn us loose so we can support ourselves with our own mental and human exertion." Lo let us follow these steps of self reliance whether thrall'd or exiled!" These frail voices are often heard from the impressiveness of solitude or from the distant fields of bondage crying from the chains of obligations. O, let us live!

Man should be master of his own fate. Once he is converted, wakes up, stands erect, defies all of your conformity, in or out of the house of worship, flees in solitude, and on his bending knees says "Saviour, it is I." Then he will be converted into a true man that struts with justifiable pride and lives now his life with no apology for his reliance in God and in himself to do the things which he and only he can do best. If this doctrine cuts too deeply, call it by one of your modern names, and yet its soul will cut equally as far into the ages of posterity.

Let our justice float with a foothold of firmness on temptations steep. Let us hope that men will yet realize their worth and power to come into their own. Then may we, children of injustices, pass soon from the sins of the oppressors and slip like angels into eternal light. The beggars of justice are the light of heaven. Let them sleep on the steps of God's Temple. And those who paint this justice blindly shall tremble at the sound of the real man who will soon spring through the gate of knowledge. Let us get rid of this injustice which storms the earth with rancor, prolongs evil, overthrows the just, smiles on misfortune, gallops with the strong, and punishes the weak because they demand the debt of mercy and compassion.

Let us tread swiftly onward with those principles of equity which lend the stars of liberty peace and happiness to the attainment of success in every man's life. For the star of justice will enlighten the darkest corners of poverty.



## ON FEAR.

IT was Job who said "Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear." And from childhood we are made cowards with fear and the kind of fear that we acquire after birth. Many children are punished with the telling of ghost stories and teaching of the power of a devil existing in some unknown place. The innocent child soon becomes a nervous wreck and either begins to stammer or suffers from some nervous disease. Fear is an impediment to all progress in childhood or in days of maturity.

We are taught to fear so many things that it is not long before we begin to fear each other. Fear is a mischief maker and the business of a slave. In by-gone days, men were often held in slavery by fear of the horrible punishments told in fables. Lies are the slaves of fear and makes it appear more reasonable that we should fear many unseen things. Lies are like the birds which fly and often do a lot of mischief. Then fear slacks success. There are not many things that can be accomplished unless we rid ourselves of the extremities of fear.

We are so filled up with fear that it seems strange when we hear a real man say that he can do this or that; or that he believes this thing or the other thing. He dare not dispute some diplomat, politician or statesman for fear of being a laughing stock for their disciples. Once he stands up with his shoulders erect, bows with good grace and is not shy, then there is something wrong with him which no one can explain. I heard a man say once that he looks at some strangers and does not care for them at first sight. Hence arose the belief that it pays to smile and perfect a pleasing personality.

The minute a man announces that he has started to do something which has not been done before, he is answered by a silence and a grin that teaches us well that his hearers are too polished to express fully their opinion. Hence he who waits for encouragement or for assistance or good advice must seek with a keen judgment and be a good listener. A man's enemies will always teach him fear. If a man is smart and hath not money he will have enemies who envy him because they fear he will some day be on top. There is nothing else but fear, fear, fear. I knew a man who lost his life in fearing his own shadow. The day that a man fears God and nothing else the world shall be safe for the righteous.

Women will always be the weaker sex mentally as long as they fear men and believe them to be the stronger. Now, the most ridiculous fear is the fear of a place called hell, located somewhere below. We are taught that there lives a white man somewhere going downward, who wears a garment of red all his life, who keeps a pitchfork in his hand so as to throw his victims into an oven full of fire and brimstone. Once in this fire, we are supposed to burn forever as a punishment for our sins on earth. So men not only fear death, but naturally they fear living forever in such a hot place which is in all likelihood worse than dying forever. It is strange how the devil is so powerful and greedy yet he is not powerful enough to get everybody he is after. Just where this hell is no one seems to know only to point their finger downward—below where we bury our dead.

I remember once a very prominent minister died and I as a reporter was sent to cover the story. When I arrived at the house I was escorted to the death chamber and offered the use of a typewriter which was on a table near the coffin. I was so ashamed of the fear in me that I accepted the offer and typed two or three pages of matter with no live person in the room but myself. Practice makes perfect; and force makes practice. A good reporter never comes back empty handed. Of course, the teaching of fear helps to make people behave themselves when their animal instincts rise up and wrong



is contemplated. Where no other punishment is contemplated, they will begin to fear hell the worse of punishment. How strange it seems that all this teaching is necessary to make men fear God and believe there is a Supreme Being. Once man is cultured in heart, soul and mind, none of these things are necessary. If he possesses two and lacks one of these, he is worse off than if he had none because he is neither this nor that. Education is to fear what water ought to be to the devil's furnace.

A man's whole reputation is built on what he has done in the past—good or bad. And we judge the future by weighing the past and present, yet, with all of our rudiments of thought, when a real thinker comes forth like Newton, Darwin or Spencer, none of our pet rules are applicable. If we use inches to measure man's power to accomplish, the new man will use agate lines and we will not understand him. He will be doing the same thing which was tried before, but he uses a different method and he will get a different result.

Men fear criticism and go out of their way to keep in line with everyone else. A man will never amount to much unless he is talked about. Obligations make men full of fear. That is the reason the Jews above all other races hate obligations. As a rule, they set a pace for all business men. They show us what a man can do when he does not fear that his project will not go. It is good advice, especially for the young—"never tell anyone that you can't do this or that." The triers are always the hirers; and money is made in business and earned in labor. It is a cold and vulgar philosophy, but you cannot do anything without money. The slave used to sing, "All that I want is Jesus," and the masters have ever since said, "You keep on getting Jesus, while we get money." Hence arose the saying that a dollar is a man's friend. Men are always better doubters than they are doers. We hear that a Mr. Brown will speak tomorrow night at the educational forum on the subject of "Philosophy of Man." Then we inquire, "Who is Mr. Brown, where did he come from, what college or university did he attend? And if the answer is favorable, then we will inquire emphatically, "What has he ever done?" You may have recently seen Mr. Brown selling shoe strings or doing some other honorable thing for a living, and that is as far as you know of Mr. Brown, with the other exception of judging the extent of Mr. Brown's intellectual ability by his delivery of speech, and his favorable or adverse comment on your so-called modern topics. So Mr. Brown is seldom recognized and carries no prestige in your so-called exclusive class.

Mr. Brown gets tired of reading and hearing what others have done and what you moderns are doing, so he devises means and ways to bring you something original. Then what happens? The wisest of men in your community will laugh the minute they see Mr. Brown offering his own product which is original and not conventional. Of course this pound-foolishness is partly caused by envy and jealousy, and as Bacon said, "As new workers come on, the old ones feel that they will go back." But the real producer, the real original thinker who is determined to attempt the thing which his soul appoints will not let this foolishness be his impediment. He will cut loose like a frightened lion who has escaped from a zoo. Let those who must stand in his path give him room, for this man, the real man, is going through with bells on!

Men always presume that as soon as a man plays his part in the world, that he is after fame and money. Fame demands praise and makes our dollars bow humbly as a slave. Who knows whether now, or perhaps never, whether a man of the hour may rise up who can give unto us a solution for all of our trials and tribulations? Failure to an experienced business man means nothing to him, only encouragement to come back stronger. No wonder some



sages tell us that we are a young race after all our achievements in art, science and philosophy. Yet we are a long distance from the horrors of the cave man stuff. Clear the road and we will shoot!

When I hear people say that they fear such a place as torment where there is supposed to be a place called hell under the ground, it reminds me of a fable I once learned while studying mythology. The fable told of a hell in the ground having an entrance to its infernal regions by a wide dark cave through which the departed souls were obliged to pass. They next came to a gloomy grove where their travel lead to a black lake called Avernus. The lake was supposed to be overhung with poison to keep away the pretty birds which we sometimes love to see and adore their chirps of sweet May-time. Then there were ghosts who wandered in this cave for thousands of years trying to find the deep sea. Our modern sages would ask, "why seek the deeper water?" Finally there were rivers and lakes in this hell. Such a mess!

I do not know if this is the same hell which our modern folks sometimes refer to. Now, there are numerous evils existing which thrive on fear. Fear breeds hate, and "Hate," said La Rochefoucauld, "when it is violent, sinks us even beneath those we hate." There is surely no fear in love. Wars have done a good bit towards making men more of gamsters, while others have escaped much fear through the study of philosophy. The worthy Lamb once said:

"Names whose sense we see not,  
Fray us with things that be not"

But Job was considered to be a master of patience and a most perfect man who tells us: "Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence and I heard a voice."

Let us hope that we shall live to see the death of our fears insofar as business and ambition is concerned. Why should I consult Mr. Doe as to whether my proposition will go or not. Is it simply because Mr. Doe has a monopoly on all genius? Or is it because that you are sure Mr. Doe is more than capable of revising and advising anything that I am able to produce? Mr. Doe may have been successful as a money getter, but it does not necessarily mean that Mr. Doe has worn out genius. Give us room and this real man living among us shall throw off his robe of fear and be a shining star, a walking library, a specially designed product sent to earth not to gather money nor fame, but to do his good work as a contribution to the elevation of society. Fear is the devil's pet who is nothing less than the power of the devil's angels to tear down exactly what it cannot build as a credit to civilization. Now, let us march on courageously with the iron staff of determination until we reach the top of the ladder of success, then let the ladder remain for our next brother, otherwise he will reach the top anyhow.

Now, as to the other elements of fear, such as sloth, shame, terror, fainting and religious shouting, they can only be treated in length. They all are agitated by the fear of bodily harm, and harm to such as affecting character, reputation, wealth and the soul after death. Most of all, men fear pain of the body which is caused primarily by love for the body; yet it is impossible to rid man of fear of bodily harm because such fear is natural and is found in the lowest animal life. Without thought there is fear. This fear being natural and belonging to nature, it is like the heart of the living, once it is destroyed, the other part of the body is without function. Nature

is beyond our power to improve or to depreciate. So we must contend with many fears even if we abolish the most foolish, and that is, the fear of a place downward called hell. As to courage, which is contrary to fear, it is uncommon because envious men do not commend or recommend it to novices of all kind.

## ON SUCCESS.

IT may be timely and permissible to ask what do I know about success, whether it be success in making money or making fame. My picture has never been in a newspaper. I have never lectured on your social or political questions; I have never held a responsible position, with the worthy exception of being a humble newspaper reporter. I have never had a thousand dollars during any one time of my life, nor have I ever been so well fixed that I could eat if I should happen to be unable to get work, so you have a perfect right to ask what can I know about success. But right here we will decide in the every day language of the street just when a man does have success. What is success? Success is the favorable termination of anything attempted. It is to attain the true end of whatever vocation a man swings his power into. It is the outcome of many kicks, abuses and hardships whether you follow the dice game or the writing of the finest poetry. The man lowest down does not spend much time in explaining success. To him success means to make money enough so as to be able to support himself and family properly and to lay aside a few dollars for a "rainy day."

It is only the poor who instantly interprets this figure of speech called "rainy day." We too cultured folks call it economy and prudence. I was inspired to write this particular essay after seeing a coincident in the life of a friend and particularly after reading so many editorials, advertisements and books on how to have success. Be that as it may; but why not call a spade a spade? Why all of the circumlocutions? Why not teach it in the schools as a special study as we teach Greek or Latin? If any man can impart to another man how to acquire that which he has not the ability to acquire, educated or uneducated, then why not have Edison impart his secret method of succeeding to an understudy. There never was a successful man who could tell you exactly how to get along as he has done. As dispositions pay so does the innate powers of man. Every man has his calling, his special vocation. He may strike here, there and over there, but once he hits the spot, recognizes what he has got, and then throws forth all that is in him, and stoops if necessary to conquer, then he has struck the keynote to success. It is like finding the lost needle. He who has a keen eye will easily find it.

Most all workers live in hopes of some day going into some kind of business. Often they know nothing of the science of any particular business. They sacrifice and deny themselves even our daily bread to accumulate a thousand dollars and the bargain holders soon find them. A few months or a year they are back to their own game and enjoy telling folks that they have been business men. But failure is the stepping stone to success. Real business is carried on by men who are born merchants, who have gone into business because they love to buy and sell. They must get money, for that which we do for love is always paid threefold. Love wins perfection. The hardest work can become the easiest and the fascinating part of a man's life. God intended for man to work and earn his living by the sweat of his brow. Once he has done his duty as a servant on this earth, God calls his soul into



the only real rest there is for the weary. I once asked an old colored man who was walking along the pines of Virginia, "Are you here yet?" "I am here for some good purpose," was the intelligent answer. Every man has a worldly purpose. Once he has fulfilled that purpose which may be to raise a family, plant our corn, clean out our water pipes or be a parasite, then his time is up. Others must move up in the vacant chairs—a few tear drops, a fine coffin and a host of flowers and he is soon forgotten.

Then there are men who come into the world and only produce one book which starts things amoving upwards, revolutionizes two or three generations and is honored by regiments, bands of music and monuments. Yet in the technical sense, they all are no better off. All deserve credit for their part in the play of life, whether they have appeared before us as sods or before kings as shining stars. They are all God's children—children of a great country who have served a true purpose for God or the devil. Let them live their lives of success. It may appear the life of hell to us, yet all is necessary and a part of the entire prearranged curriculum.

Man is his own star and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man  
Command all light, all influence, all faith  
Nothing to him falls early or too late.  
Our acts, our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

—Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune*.

Then let us walk upright as men who are not products of environment or slaves of capital, but let us walk as leaders, producers and successors. For the children of posterity wait upon us. Their ideals, aspirations and hopes are at our mercy for the past shall always be the last in the minds of those who are sagacious enough to put our ideals to good use. Do your part to God, country and family; and then let us rest in peace with happiness the greatest of all success.

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### ON READING AND STUDYING.

READING is much like business in this manner. A lot of men read and a lot of men go into business. Only a few get something out of either one. Pliny used to say "he picked something out of everything he read." I knew a fellow named "Rain In The Face," who read everything he could get his hands on, and his head was minus all that he ever read.

My best and earnest reply to friends who often asked what is best to read, was that they should read according to their inclinations; like most writers who may write fifty pages tonight from a sort of inspiration to jot down beautiful sentences and concrete thought without any concentration or intermission, yet tommorrow night they cannot get themselves together, and would write as many pages as last night, if they could only get started with a lead of their subject matter.

So, if a man should find himself improving from the pleasure of reading scientific matters, let him pursue that course, because to pursue any course we must be regulated by time. Now, as to my own selection of reading matter, I can only say that there are certain books that I hold responsible for

cleansing my mind of many perturbations. The principal ones were envy, jealousy, malice and prejudice of race or color, and the desire not to enjoy your formalities on special occasions, or to believe that I am inferior to this or that man. I give the credit to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Francis Bacon, Cicero, Emerson and the wisdom I gathered from using an art in selecting what I found in the bible according to my nature.

I love all poetry; and from Shakespeare, Homer and Milton I got the most knowledge. Webster's Dictionary is a good book to read every day. Not to select big words, rather to catch ideas. To some men each new word in their vocabulary means a new thought. In passing to and fro in daily activities. I found the pocket editions of the Little Leather Library a great aid in helping me to assimilate good stuff while reading on trains, street cars and during my waits for interviews, etc. Now the Encyclopedia Britannica is so valuable, considering that education depends a good deal on knowing where to find knowledge quickly, that every man and woman who has ambition to do worthy things, should possess this work if possible.

In discussion, a man is beaten if he does not know history, biography, and the swift flow of current events. Don't fret and worry if you find that you have not read all the latest books. However good all may be in entertainment and subject matter, it is impossible to keep up with the production. Fancy gold bindings and reviews have never held a book in circulation. A book remains in circulation as long as it remains in part incomprehensible to the masses.

As long as modern college professors, preceptors and scholars each have a different version of what the author meant when he said this or that, just as long will the book demand more discussion of its hidden wisdom and the secret system of its author.

All who would be well informed of the American Government, should read the American Commonwealth by Bryce.

Now I am certain that all intelligent persons should know about such as anatomy, physiology, and should learn a good deal about how the most serious diseases effect the body, and have at close range a work something like the Family Physician, by physicians and surgeons of the principal hospitals in London. Such books, although pertaining to medicine and surgery, are easily read and are issued with the utmost desire to acquaint the people with instruction as to how to prevent disease of the body, and to give first aid to minor cases.

I ask the privilege to say that I gathered much valuable information from reading many medical text books and books on those diseases which, somehow or another, I most fear. My medical dictionary was often indispensable. Now in gathering books for a poor man's library, the best way is to go book hunting. If you know valuable books when you see them, it will not be long before you will have one or more of the books of all the great thinkers and writers, second handed, yet at a small cost.

I considered Mr. Wilson's war message a master piece, so fortunately, I was able to buy the message in book form practically new for 25 cents, from a furniture dealer who knew not of its value or title. In this manner I managed to get a selection of books, ancient and modern translations, including the classics of the last two thousand years. Any man who tells you that no man can possess genius or intuition without graduating from college with a high degree, tell him to read Herbert Spencer's "First Principles." No wonder Emerson once said: "In every work of great genius, we find our own rejected thoughts." There were a hundred million souls who saw the superfluous rudiments of school systems long before Mr. Spencer was born. Hence the Bible is correct: "There is nothing new under the sun." It all



depends upon who utters. We do not envy college men and they should not try to disparage all learning outside of the college. We all know how to go to college when we are able to acquire the necessities of life at the same time. Yet if we miss the college door, we will come into Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante, Milton, Homer, Plutarch, Sophocles, Newton and all the great spirits, by the window or through the keyhole of a public or private library. If we must, we will flee with Virgil to the wilds of solitude. Hence we have the saying "Education at colleges of fools." We might as well get rid of this constant boast of "college is all," for the time is not far away when men will rid themselves of so much conformity, formalities, badges, buttons and shining robes. We have yet to consider what we do with our precious time, and how much time is wasted in acquiring marks of distinction, places of dignity without pay, not from the standpoint of serving humanity, but just to be seen in the limelight. The day is not far off when a newspaper will give a speech on the philosophy of man," the preference in the right hand corner of a front page to the conventional murder, suicide and love scandal. Humanity must fly. The masses will demand it by the acquisition of higher thought, and a taste for culture and refinement.

Fiction will not always circulate best in the library. The masses will find other ways to relax their minds. If 100,000 will attend a base ball game in this century, 200,000 will go to hear the professor lecture on Anthropathy in the next hundred years.

The circus man who said that Americans like to be fooled, ought to be able to pay the earth a visit a thousand or a hundred years hence. Men will be doing more writing and thinking instead of our conventional way of reading and listening to beautiful speeches and the gossip about what other folks are doing to us. Yet, great books shall live after this certain revolution which is yonder behind the clouds.

One point further, there is a constant habit, very contagious, that tries to judge the depth of a man's mind by his speech and articulation. To say the following is to say much in a nutshell: Take any man, send him to the best university, the finest ethical culture society, to the best church, and let him bring us honors from all, then let him be forced to live in an environment where he constantly hears bad English, slang and nothing elevating, where he cannot, if he wanted to, come in contact with six educated men in one day, consequently, whoever the man will be by name, will in all certainty be a product of the environment where he lives. The contrast is, simply give him the same training and put him in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. Of course those who claim that education is nothing more than doing things right, will also contend that an educated man must talk right. But I contend that there is no right only in the dictum of authority who is held in high esteem by the masses. This point is worth a book, so if you miss them on one side, they will be ruthlessly crushed out of existence on the other side of such discussion. Suffice to say that many in authority are like Constantius, the son of Constantine, who ruled Rome the year of 350 A. D. He used to sit still to make men believe he was in deep thought over grave matters. We need another book to wrap those men in places of dignity who attained their position by trick and device.

So books are closed until the next series of essays. In the meantime, they may vacate through the law of compensation.

If this be a vulgar and cold philosophy, though I were Caesar—I must be also "*fortissimi omnium horum*." Hence the fight is on. I challenge all honest men, all lovers of justice and liberty, all philomaths and all brave men to my defense. Let the tyrants answer with their beautiful rhetoric and splendid eloquence.



## ON ETHICS AND RELIGION.

WHAT is man's ethical duties to man? Is there not a moral philosophy that teaches man his duties towards men as well as women? Or, are there two separate codes of ethical duties which are taught to man directing him to use them discriminately according to sex? What is his duty to man and what effect does intellectual training have on a man's heart and soul when the latter two are uncultured? These interrogatives are of vital importance as assets in any solution for diminishing selfishness in man and in teaching him his duty of equity towards male beings as well as female. These questions are inlaid in most of our social and moral problems that so stubbornly obstruct the acceleration of our advanced civilization, that so consistently breeds abundance of prejudice, wars, and other evils that men are earnestly trying to iron out through the mighty powers of democracy, politics and diplomacy. Yet more astute than I must be who can properly answer these questions, and give unto us an effective solution. I will be happy if I am able to only peep in through the smallest keyhole.

It is astounding to often hear how perplexed some of our most eminent statesmen seem over the solving of many problems affecting our economic and social life that have their roots sprouting in the morals and ethics of men's heart and soul.

The training of the mind to conceive and practice those things appertaining to those branches of education that are wholly artistic and scientific does not in the least contribute enough erudition towards the culture of a man's heart and soul so as to bring him into the ethical guidance that is necessary so as to make him a man of the proper culture and refinement possessing the due respect for mankind.

As a rule of wisdom, if not always of culture, men generally respect women, paying homage and veneration, and frequently they say it is common courtesy. The old maxim, that "any old thing is good enough for us because we are all men together," is not applicable to our advanced stage of ethical culture that is indispensable in the moulding of the inner man. This branch of education has been so much realized important among philomaths and idealists that it has been found necessary during the last few decades to establish many ethical culture halls and societies where we can hear these ultimate duties of man, and the reason for those duties.

There is no branch of education that is of greater significance than what we call ethical culture. Ways and means should be devised for elaborate arrangements so the masses could become more interested and realize the important bearing that this particular branch of culture has on the successful life of every man and woman. It is often taken for granted that ethical culture is the exclusive property of the rich and highly educated class. Culture of all kinds is the stepping stones of man from brute to man. Women as a rule are more cultured ethically than men, even when they may unfortunately possess less intellectual training, which only goes to prove the more necessity of turning our undivided attention to bringing men into a more complete state of ethical refinement. In expounding this doctrine we can not play to the galleries of those who may be adverse to anything that tends to show that all men are not equal, but can be made equal. The latter should be the utmost aim of the preceptors of ethical culture.

It is an erroneous belief that men must be rough or unrefined to possess, those fine masculine qualities that are so becoming to a real man. On the other hand, it is not necessary for a woman to act cowardly or weak so as to shine forth her beautiful feminine qualities. Men often act uncultured in their attempt to inculcate a bluff in order to stall off men who are natural



roughnecks. It is the old fashioned maxim that "he who grins or shows sunshine in his countenance will show signs of silliness and softness." Again, it is a true philosophical teaching that any man who is forced to go out in the world to earn a living, and who must evidently rub shoulders with his inferiors and superiors certainly has as much chance of depreciating his own height and neglecting his duties in ethics, as he has to overcome the enticements of any environment. For environments are often men's keepers. If a man lives around people who use bad grammar, even if he knows how to speak well, by their careless speaking, he will soon get into the habit of speaking like them, like an alien will soon catch on to our language living among us. And vice versa, if an American goes abroad and lives with foreigners for any length of time. Hence, it is our hard luck that many educated and refined people, through poverty, are forced to live among illiterate and unrefined people. One good apple in a barrel of rotten apple will soon rot, just like one bad banana will spoil a bunch of good ones.

In classifying our knowledge in order to apply the word science, we have, at the same time, applied so many high sounding names to ethical culture that the man of moderate learning frequently miscomprehends not only the value of all culture but of the material benefits derived in training the heart and soul.

It is the treatment of man to man that should interest us most. I remember a fable that told of a great General in company with other officers in a tent near the battle-ground, when he walked a Captain who looked around carefully and said: "Gentlemen, if there are no ladies around, I will tell you all a joke." Almost instantly the General answered "There are no ladies but there are gentlemen present." Here we have the sum and substance of the unconscious way in which men disrespect each other, which is partly due to their adhering to general formalities which govern the method of the average man's life.

Now, true Christianity has done more in conformity with true ethics to bring about a better presentation of the real man than any other of the attributes of culture. It has taught men pity, and humble love, it has taught them to have faith, hope, charity, peace and kindness. It has given us lucid proof that there are still men whose hearts are warm, who have clean hands and a pure soul. It has contributed to the heart of men the virtue that we should ask blessing for those that curse our footsteps who scorn us as we walk in the great lightness of confidence and self reliance. The good Christian has always on the end of his tongue, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Their principles are more beautiful than our esteemed mystic poetry or our most venerated modern or ancient philosophy.

As we deplore those most imperative ethical mistakes of man in his unconscious treatment of his fellowman, let us ever realize that true religion is the foundation of our advanced civilization, which is like the sun whose heart swells the essence of nature, and while inclosed in nature, it looks down with God and keeps all things moving. These sentiments are not conventional but original. They speak my most innate character, reputation, ideals and exposes all of my inner qualities and defects. It turns loose all the secrets of my soul and turns me face to face with God. They are the rulers of all contempt, if there should be any who may attempt to sprinkle them with mockery. They are in every man, once they are aroused, and he rises up, not with custom, but believing that they are his veracity, his honor, his hope and destiny, then we have man moving towards the only showers of philosophical blessings worth deeming precious.

Now, let us put God into our souls, confidence into our hearts, and fill our minds with that gridiron tenacity, that we shall try to do all within our



power, not only to do those things that ordinarily can be accomplished, but that we shall do our work so well in perfection that it will be finished a little better than the other fellow has done. Then, if we do that, we are successful in every respect. Then we are entwined in that part of culture that breeds the atmosphere with the true idealism of what we call democracy. Then we are endeared, with all the desires of wordly bliss in its ultimate form, which is only the endearment of our fellowmen. Then we will no longer be consumers exclusively, but benefactors and children of God who have outgrown the teachings of all inheritance and have come forth as a revelation for the betterment of that which we are said to inherit. Let us hope that we have heard the last of your excuses about inheriting this or that defect. The color of a man's skin is no longer his greatest impediment to reach the top of the ladder. If he knows his stuff, hide him in the thickest wilds of Africa and the benefactors will find him and give him his place in the sun because civilization can not advance without those who produce the new. And if any prejudiced man will think that this is rot, let him bring us the blackest man who is a genius, who does out of the ordinary with talent and intuition, who can reach the white man's standard of education, who meets your prejudice with all his cards on the table, then your prejudice is ineffectual at its best, for prejudice is made disgraceful when it is ignored. No man is my superior, unless he has not only more culture of the mind, but his heart and soul must gather more of these ethics and morals. If he has beat me on guard, and I have had plenty time to prepare, then I am willing to throw up the sponge and become his novice and never his slave.

Let us rid ourselves of the belief that there are any certain individuals who have a monopoly on all genius or intuition. Those books that are so dear to your prejudiced minds are now translated into English and I may eat them but if I have bad digestion they will come up as fast as I put them down. And all the colleges and universities will not learn me any intuition to do my work better than the other fellow. A genius will hate any system of teaching which tells us that any ancient sage carried his wisdom to his grave. We were sent forth as producers and designers of that which will be more beautiful and enticing to the children of posterity. The social reformer must answer with his labor for these common goods. It is man aiming at higher than self. Go in solitude and find thyself. In conjunction with these let us have men fully competent ethically, morally and intellectually for the Christian church. The church is a divine institution built on the solid rock of faith and its silent soul demands all culture, all holy. Those who have been fortunate enough to avoid the compensation sure to be given in violating these sacred laws that govern our destiny, may give this doctrine the ha, ha, yet they should remember the words of Montesquieu:

A prince who loves and fears religion is a lion who stoops to the hand that strikes, or to the voice that appeases him. He who fears and hates religion, is like the savage beast that growls and bites the chain, which prevents his flying on the passenger. He who has no religion at all, is that terrible animal, who perceives his liberty only when he tears in pieces, and when he devours."



## ON LEARNING.

"Men of much reading are greatly learned, but may be little knowing."

(Locke)

The same rule of wisdom is applicable to men who attend college and try to get by off of a display of a diploma. Wise men, who are virtuous, treat diplomas as they do beautiful pictures or ornaments. What has a college, a university or a diploma to do with competency? The world beckons for triers, talkers and boasters, but all hearts entreat a doer. "What can he do?" That is the lone principle. The fair and square test for every man who proclaims that he is ready to make good. No one cares much about whether you have studied and mastered the Chinese Classics or the high school Latin. Read Plato and Aristotle one hundred times, do algebra up side down, shut your eyes and do all of physics and trigonometry and we have yet difficulty in rating you. Emerson was not talking to hear himself talk when he asserted "The education at colleges of fools."

Do something. If you know how to do what has been done before do it better than the other fellow. So was what you learned in school, here before you were born. What have you or I to do with what has been done in the past?

The world cannot accelerate without doers. When new ideas, new principles of science and art are offered, men cast aside their whims, prejudices, their envy, malice and jealousy. No good man is kept down unless he does not know how to fight morally and intellectually. Learn both of these laws. Qualify, then fight. Only actions count. If you hoard knowledge, opportunity will hoard itself. The world only needs one kind of writer or speaker. The writer must know that he has something to say that is worthy of the average man's undivided attention; and secondly, he must write in a manner which is instructive and entertaining. Brevity keeps abreast with the times.

The speaker must know something and say it eloquently. Remember the story of the Creation, the greatest event ever recorded. Told in four hundred words." There are many men who waste their time for twenty or thirty years, and think that what they learned in college should sustain their intellectual conception while they are wasting their valuable time. I can't understand why so much noise is made about these costly buildings, or the esteemed professors or teachers. They are indispensable so far as the necessity of education and teaching is concerned for the betterment of mankind. Yet. I ask with impunity of any man, "What can you do?" And I won't take his word nor want him to take mine. We are both from Missouri. Let's go. Qui Docet Discit.

It is necessary to learn first. Secondly to impart what you know to the fellow who has not learned. You can do this in discussion or in conversation, in occupation and with good deeds. Any accomplished and exemplary man is an inspiration to the unlearned, if he has contributed something for the education and betterment of mankind. You have a right to consume and store up. And your duty is to give out and produce. Man is born for supremacy. The minute we stop producing or teaching or giving something of worth, we become merely consumers and no longer learners. We then exist on what we have learned years ago while at college. Keep the mind refreshed like you would a bunch of beautiful roses awaiting the dawn of an Easter Sunday morn. If you cannot gain wealth and power, gain knowledge either from reading, instruction or from study. But remember that the tutor can only teach you how to study systematically. No one can learn you. You must



learn yourself. Ask questions. You can ask them better in a school or college. You have a better access to desirable books and you are in a position to consult men who know what you are trying to learn. But study men. Study them all of your life. Never give up. For the nature of men differ like the color of men's faces. That includes women, yea children.

So far as learning is concerned with the acquisition of the decorous knowledge required in making a man learned, if you have not got some kind of indescribable thing within you to possess quickness of intellect, excellent memory, the art of selecting and assimilating reading matter, if you have not the intuition to write and speak well, to study diligently, to expound your best thoughts without fear of losing the assistance of some so-called genius, sage, saint or prophet, you will never rank above the average man, who seemingly acquires only enough cognition to protect himself in the general pursuit of life.

The lack of self-reliance, ambition and indomitable will, keeps most men, who have had a good school training, from succeeding. Yet, nothing helps a dull brain but faith. Man dies depending on faith. As he lived he died. Faith fears wisdom, all genius, it has been whipped, tarred and feathered by all great men. You can count all the great men on your toes and fingers who have lived in the last two thousand years. Each one represented many generations. College professors are still debating over what they meant at this and that time. Fortunately you will not lose your valuable time doing that necessity. How much time is spent on telling us in the study of political economy about the proper definition of wealth, power, value and money. Adam Smith and John Stuart Mills have given them a little something to pick to pieces. While this is going on, study men. In your imagination lay them bare. Find out what they ought to do with equity, religion, wealth, power, politics, law and labor. Find out what men will do with justice and injustice. Find out those things: those deep momentous things affecting your very existence which somehow or another is not written or spoken in hard cold language. Don't apologize for living, thinking or doubting this or that. Let your conscience be your guide. Get off of the band wagon. There's an accident ahead. Don't play blind-buck-Davis. When a thinker inherits the mystic virtue, look out! He won't be the goat. He may go along with you, but you won't ride him. Your predominance goes in one ear and disappears out of the other. He belongs only to God. Words are some men's master. They perfect them, teach them, and get angry with any one who ignores them. Be yourself. Never try to be like some saint or sage. You are individualistic, great, sensitive, a man. That means a whole lot. No philosopher understands your soul. Send it forth. A roaming among those who are all men and have found their inner self.

The next man takes pleasure in importuning you with the history of baseball, prize fights, or asks you to name all the battles fought in the world's great war, ask him to pardon you a little while longer and maybe you will be able to tell him the life's work of Chang Hswan, the greatest scholar of China or more about Thales, Solon, Pittacus and Bias, or at least a little something about Confucius, or Ki She, his disciple. Always follow this advice of Confucius. He probably got this from Providence. "When you know a thing to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge."

Don't be afraid to teach. Men will probably say that you are didactic or what not. Then find out what Shakespeare said about words, their value and effect, etc. Don't be convinced against your will. Remember that Emerson set things on fire in this country, so far as intellect was concerned, with his contemporaries, and he gave us three great words: "Trust thy self." He, no doubt, at that time, knew how some highly educated men in places of



dignity, and chiefly those who have no education, will try to discourage an ambitious, intellectual aspirant. Their reason for doing so is best explained by Lord Bacon in his "Advancement of Learning." Again, qualify, then fight like Caesar. Then another Patrick Henry is born for justice: dies for Washington.

There are a few men who will do any dirty and mean trick to make their own ends meet. It is hard to find a suitable name for such a man. He is not indescribable, for he is sometimes bold, even running amuck in his effort to merely "get by." Anyone with a little mother wit can "just get by." Most of us are continually "squeezing by." Some of these days while squeezing through the narrow path, the walls will cave in on both sides. What then? More men will train themselves so as to offer themselves for what they are worth. The narrow path is crowded. It is the hide and seek place for men who are cunning but not wise, educated but incompetent insofar as being able to contribute any new educational principles as a result of the knowledge that they have acquired. It is easier to learn than to teach. Men should pass for what they can do, and not for what we assume that they know well. A great man comes forth from the depths of obscurity and the intelligent public will politely ask "What has he done?" I don't blame them. It is easy to defy all tests and investigations of yourself, simply because you "are continuously telling us only three words: "I attended——college."

Why not seek the open road which always leads straight to the "open door?" Again, if you choose the open road we can readily see what you can do. If you claim to wear Shakespeare's genius and Plato's philosophical intuition, why not come out here where we can give you the "once over." We cannot observe you in that mass of humanity, all seem to be making the same old struggle for existence, wearing the same raiments of sloth, fear, envy and jealousy. Once you are in the crowd, college education or what not, you are lost from the consideration of those who are seeking competency. Follow the crowd, and you must mark time. Seek the Pike and hit the trail. Of course, if you are mean, low, ignorant and contemptible, we will soon find it out. Come from behind those trees. You can easily bluff your way through, but some day will be examination day. Then, what? Will you still poke out your chest, clear loudly your throat, and treat your fellowmen like pawns and stools. God doesn't like a black heart. The wages of incompetency is failure. But your success depends on your few dollars.

Quite as safe, if it was not for the law of compensation. In the first place, you are not able to look many men square in the face. Your debt is a heavy one. Your sub-conscience whips you with the spirit of God. Your soul shall never roam about on earth like the spirit of Abraham or Jacob. It shall yet live as other bad souls live to torment, cheat and to be dishonest in your dealings with men. It is alright to look out for number one. Yet number one is a part of number two, and is rated by authority to be a part of our social organism.

The best way to learn how to write, is to write; and to learn how to talk, keep talking.

"It is not the knowledge of a thing, but the doing of it that is difficult," said Yuch, the Chinese philosopher.

MURRAY

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### BEARING OPPRESSION.

The following words whatever may be their proper definition, are printed here in order that the reader may know of a few of the many names used by the author's opponents in referring to him during discussions. In defense of his own right to think as he chooses and not what the people think, the author issues the following statement:

"Words are powerful symbols of thought, and the best known means of explaining matters orally or by any intercommunication, yet words mean only what they are intended to mean by universal consent of authority duly inaugurated by a collective agreement of the preceptors of what we call education. Words are indispensable. They frequently do much harm, especially among those who fear the meaning of certain words which seem to reflect badly on their character, honesty, integrity and wisdom. Very often a man badly beat in discussion, having no other way to cover the embarrassment and depreciation of his own ability to expound the cream of his intellect, or having no way to disparage a profound thought of his opponent, he will make his exit from the discussion by saying 'Ah, he is a ..... or don't be so pessimistic.'"

Egotist, atheist, democrat, republican, socialist, nonconformist, ideagrafter, bolsheviki, materialist, metaphorist, pretender, miracle-monger, misinterpreter, monotheist, a nothingness, a bag of wind, sarcastic, silly, mystic, platonic, mouth-friend, race-traitor, self-lover, Ondit, ogler, opinionative and pessimistic. Pantheist and panegyrist.

### THE SAGE'S PARADOX.

Imagine our swiftest flight to Heaven or Hell persistently pursued by the constant acceleration of envy, jealousy, prejudice, war, greed, malice, poverty, disease, fate, fear of death, mob law, self love, ignorance, and the foolish foe who would have us think that we are not Captain of this ship in distress at deep sea which only Jesus alone can save. We raise a simple question: Is the race to the swift, or is eternal bliss given unto those who halt to apologize for having lived this life as near right as possible?

Frequently when an ignorant man, through dumb-luck or trick and device, rises into possession of wealth and power, he generally knows how to use his wealth but not his power or authority. So a fool and his power will soon part.

If you want to keep any man assiduously envious of his fellowmen, oppress him perpetually, kick and thump him constantly, never commend him but always lend him, command him to run with his face to a steel wall, and as fear haunts him, seeing no possibilities of ever winning the battle without a great risk, he will use his envy and malice to treat all men likewise who happen to be up against the same steel wall. We are not supposed to understand nature.