

responsibilities incident to human progress, without having endowed him with ample ability to cope with these responsibilities. Therefore I say that with the right of local self government secured, and the republic of Jefferson and Lincoln once established, the people will prove equal to the task of solving aright all the problems of government, thereby remedying all the ills of misgovernment.

Surely not the least of the ills of misgovernment is the disinheriting of the masses. This is the greatest of all social wrongs. The remedy for this wrong is the abolition of the burdens of taxation made necessary by the private appropriation of ground rent, called the "unearned increment," which is the natural public revenue.

Supposing that each local governing body were free to manage its own local affairs as it saw fit, and that Peoria were to exempt from taxation for local purposes all manufacturing plants, machinery, buildings, and all other forms of wealth, and make up the deficit by appropriating for public use that much of the "unearned increment" in the form of a tax on the site value of land only—what then would happen? Peoria would get the trade far and near. No city in the State would be able to compete with Peoria merchants and manufacturers. The vacant lot industry in Peoria would be a thing of the past. No one could afford to hold out land out of use. The building trades would be kept busy. Wages would rise. Rent would fall. Prices would be lowered, the cost of living reduced. Other cities would at once find it to their interest to follow Peoria's example. A reform so simple, and beneficial and so self-evidently just would soon find wide acceptance by State and nation. The time would be at hand when the "unearned increment" would be diverted into every public treasury, relieving the people of all tax burdens, opening and equalizing the natural opportunities to all men, while supplying the natural public revenue in abundance for all the needs of government.

In like manner all other problems of government would be solved.

With all men thus free to produce wealth in every form, and free to exchange it with one another, how could stagnation of trade or industrial depression be possible? How could "hard times" come again?

The Sphinx of Fate the riddle puts today,  
To solve or perish, as a nation may.  
And this the riddle, o'er all earth's extent:  
To whom belongs the "unearned increment"?

But before any measure of reform worth while can be attained in city, State or nation, we must first secure control of the law-making power and of our public officials, by means of the initiative, the referendum and recall.

*Freedom is not yet here, but she's coming.*

## MARRIAGE AS A PRESENT-DAY PROBLEM.

An Address Delivered Before the New York Association of the New Church, February 22, 1909,  
by Alice Thacher Post.

Marriage is a factor, a most impingent factor, in the life that we know. To determine its relationship to life, to probe fears regarding it, and estimate its promises, we must first obtain some general view of the life of which it is a vital part.

This world in which we find ourselves, you and I—the only world we have ever known—let us ask ourselves some simple questions about it, just as we asked when we were children; only now we can give more widely inclusive answers, covering vaster relationships and lovelier values, than we could give as children, for we have known the world longer, and we believe that we have learned a few of the laws under which it fulfills its appointed purpose.

We have learned that this teeming, lively world, with all its charm and interest, its burdens and shames and joys, is not a world of finalities. It is rather a world of beginnings, as far as our consciousness is concerned. We find ourselves here, in a beauty that pictures and images spiritual things, with impulses pressing and throbbing through us, impelling to life and labor and love.

We asked as children, What is it all for? Those present here would probably agree upon the answer—that as we live and labor and love, great choices are constantly presented to us: How shall we regard the importance of the preservation and welfare of other lives, as compared with our own preservation and welfare? Shall our labor be performed for the support and enrichment of ourselves and our own families, or as a beneficent function for the common social good? Shall we love ourselves rather than others, or find our very life in the love of others? This world in which we are now speaking together is the theater of activity in which these choices are offered us, and in which, therefore, character tendencies are formed, to be developed—who shall say how far?—on the spiritual plane of last things. For the love of others, with the love of God, is the whole of spiritual life. The lack of these loves is all the hell there is.

The living people of the world—Society—are making their choices,—choices between the selfish or one-man and family good, and the unselfish or social good. Let us make no mistake at this point. Society as a whole can make no choice; the individuals make the choices. Neither at any given time will all or a greater part of the individuals composing Society in this world, have made their choices. The children and young people will always have their choices to make; the middle-aged people will be making them; only the

old will have practically made them, and even with the old, not until they have laid aside their tasks and gone on out of their earth-school, will they have finished their choosing. So Society is not in itself spiritual, nor can it ever be.

But is the world the same old theater of activity from age to age? In the light of the history of human experience I think we may perceive advance in the plane of choice. The choices for good made by the men and women of older days have not been without their eternal value to the race. The man who hates—hate is the reflex emotion of self-love,—the man who hates his neighbor today may be quite as unspiritual as the hater of the days of the Trojan War, but he will be much more likely to try to ruin the business or besmirch the reputation of the object of his hatred, than to jab him with a spear; and indeed he will be very likely to confine the expression of his malevolence to muttered words of contempt, uttered only to sympathetic companions. One action may be in essence no better than the other, but its manifestation is on a more interior plane of life. The day of spear-jabbings as expressions of enmity is past. We make our choices on higher planes at least than that. And on the higher planes of choice we can make them in greater and greater freedom. If you do any spear-jabbing you have to reckon in an early age with angry kindred, and in a later day with organized Society's policemen, and personal considerations confuse the issues in the case. But let your hatred confine itself to words of contempt, and you may grow beyond them, and later with regret recall them. A great choice of as great importance thus becomes one of many in a long life of choices, when the spear-jabber had to center practically all his choices about the one angry killing incident, in regard to the injustice of which he may never have had time to become clear.

With greater interiority in the choice between good and evil, is involved the possession of greater freedom. The hatred illustration showed that for the individual. The history of the civilized world shows it for the race, for history has but one tale for us—the record of liberties successively won. With the old social liberties, maintained in the heavens eternally for us by those who chose them, suffered for them, and often died for them; with the newer social liberties now being won, we have also under the same law new spiritual liberties. "The truth shall make you free." From the beginning of the world that has been so. New truth brings also new freedom. Yet always do the honest and fine lovers of the old truth cry out against the dangers of the freedom that comes with the new. People will misunderstand it; will misuse it. Even the Scriptures have been withheld by ecclesiasticism from the little instructed, lest they be profaned. But you who hold

the motto of the New Age to be, "Now it is permitted," shall you fear the freedom of the truth?

Now what place does marriage hold in our non-spiritual Society, living, as it does, in a world which offers a basis for ever more and more interior regenerations?

We shall probably agree that not only is modern society possessed of higher ideals of marriage than have ever existed in the world before, but that there are also more opportunities for profound and interior unions in marriage than ever before. Social life is in greater flux. We are all acquainted with a vastly greater number of persons than could be known in days of less adequate transportation and communication. Selections for marriage are made from among many possibilities, and with far greater care. Modern education fits both young men and young women to better understand the interests and developing life purposes of each. Intellectual as well as affectional companionship, and a social function that is to a degree to be shared by each, in sympathy if not in actual labor, are involved in our modern marriage ideals. In this our non-spiritual world, spiritual marriages are becoming a recognized fact, whether known by that name or not. And the man who is making the choices that lead to spiritual life, whether he believes himself to be a materialist, or calls himself an agnostic, or hopes for the Kingdom of Heaven, longs with all his soul for a marriage of the spirit.

Marriage more real than ever before, then, is in our midst. Is it not natural and normal that, as in all other social advance, with it should come greater freedom in respect to contractual or ceremonial marriage? As has been said, Society is non-spiritual. It can only concern itself with natural marriages, and it only properly concerns itself with them because there are involved certain individual civil rights to be conserved. But non-spiritual Society is sensitive to the logic of the demands for spiritual marriage. "It is true," says Society, "that the marriage ceremony is not marriage." "It is true," says Society, "that where a mistake has been made and there is cleavage instead of union, there is no real marriage; if the rights of all involved can be conserved, it is none of our business to insist upon the permanence of the tie." "But," says the spiritually instructed person, "those two do not know whether they really belong to each other or not; have they fulfilled their uttermost duty each to the other? Will not the regenerating advance of one or both be checked by an abandonment of the assumed duty of living their lives together for better or for worse?" But, my brother, while those questions may properly be addressed to the persons considering the annulment of their contractual marriage, they should not be addressed to Society. These are matters with which Society has nothing to do. The man is put by the Divine

Hand into a world where he may choose between good and evil. He is left in freedom, to remain self-centered, or to be born again into the love of others. He is left in freedom, moreover, as to the way by which he shall go the regenerative road, if he chooses that road. So when non-spiritual Society has conserved those interests with which alone Society is concerned, it lies and it should lie with the individual, to decide what attitude he shall take toward the ceremonial and contractual ties of marriage. It is a question of choosing in freedom, and only in freedom can real choices be made. With more interior marriage has come, under universal law, the greater freedom.

Let us not fear this freedom more than any other. Will not the spiritually instructed man who is progressing in the love of the neighbor, respect the possibilities of his own contractual marriage, no matter how disappointing, to the uttermost? Will he not, if he be not tempted to harshness by some subtle love of dominion, be disposed to leave all other individuals to decide for themselves how far contractual marriages must be regarded as of permanent obligation, realizing that no man knoweth for another the heart's bitterness when the profoundest human love is assailed? And for Society, will not this spiritually instructed man aim to develop such social laws as shall best preserve the institution of marriage, while also preserving to the utmost individual freedom?

And after all, does not Society, non-spiritual though it be, stand for monogamic marriage? and is it not developing normally the upward trend in marriage?

Can we ask for anything better than what we find? Look about you. It is like a class of children in school. They are studying and playing and forming friendships. To the older child or to the very young teacher it is of the greatest importance that all the problems should be worked out right, that there should be no tardiness, no disorder, no untruths spoken, and that all the reports should be perfect. But you and I know that after all, those things are of but little moment. The problems we fail to work out, the petty untruths, the quarrels, the mistakes—they all have their values. Look back over your own lives. Are you not exactly most afraid at those very points in your character-building where you can say: "In this matter I never fell"? If you can honestly report, "In all my childhood I never told a lie," are you not more fearful in the silent depths of your soul over that fact than over any other? Do you feel wholly at rest over the future of the boy who has never lost his temper, or never been late?

We are children in the big school. We are learning our lessons, and playing together, and making friendships; and, oh, how many mistakes

we are making, and how many failures the stern moralist who reflects a more inflexible and repressive epoch, feels obliged to point out! But, my friends, you and I need not be troubled. We believe in this Age of the New Truth, and we believe still more in the coming Ages. We see the children of this class in school—the class of our time—learning more easily and happily the more human lessons that an advancing Age knows how to set before its children.

Above all, the marriage lesson—the beautiful, sacred marriage lesson! Always that has been sweet, always has it been sacred; and now more than ever. Have not the young people of each successive generation of the ages believed that none have loved as they love? And have they been altogether wrong? Can that perception be wholly mistaken? I think no more than the testimony to the interior goodness of their husbands, borne by most loving wives. The idly jesting World laughs, and calls Love blind. Nay, rather, it is only Love that has sight; all others are blind. The wife sees the potential angel in her husband, and the only other who sees that angel in the making is the Master himself. Listen further to our young lovers—non-spiritual, perhaps, as far as their own knowledge of themselves goes. They wake to new spiritualities. The young man—kindly, and a useful citizen—perhaps will say frankly: "Do you know, I never knew before how happy one could be in making another happy." And that is just what that love was sent to him for—to turn his love from himself to another. The love of others outside himself, is born. But to become truly a spiritual love it must not stop there. Then come his little ones about his knees. His love of others reaches out to them. Still it must not stop there, for they are still, as it were, a part of himself. But the way has been opened for him to love still others beyond—his neighbors and fellow-citizens. And so it goes on. Is not this the course of a large part of the life around you? Not all, for there are mistakes, there are failures, there are those who have to do a task over. But only those who value records more than character will put stress upon that.

Records! What are they? Is it said when one comes to die, that he was an honored and respected citizen, a good husband and father, and a pillar of the church? Why, he may have been honored for the possession of wealth obtained by the exploitation of his fellowmen; he may have been respected for abilities which enabled him to pose as a public-spirited citizen while bending law-makers to serve his corrupt ends; he may have purchased a hollow tranquillity at his home by gifts and flatteries; and he may have thought to buy his way into the Kingdom of Heaven by pecuniary contributions to the support of an ecclesiasticism, and by a starched demeanor in the church building. No, it is not on our records

that we stand in the Divine Sight. Has a man learned to desire to serve his fellow-men—even though the path thither led through the penitentiary? Has the longing for a true marriage been awakened in him, no matter through what sins against marriage he has buffeted his way? Has he fallen at the feet of the Most High, knowing that of himself alone he is nothing, and less than nothing, and only desiring to become the servant through which the Divine impulse of use can act?

The beautiful marriage lesson! That helps more than any other one lesson of life to make the regenerative choices. Indeed, that is the reason the spiritual man has such repugnance to breaking the contractual marriage, fearing lest some of the lessons for one or the other partner should be missed. And because of the great value of the marriage lesson, of all the phenomena of our earthly life it is the most endowed with beauty, that we may desire it.

Did you ever think where beauty comes from? The poets, especially those of the last century, class "the beautiful" with "the good" and "the true," and in a general way they are right. We have little reason to think that the animals have a genuine sense of the beautiful, though they show signs of pleasure at certain colors and sounds. But with man, back of the cruder pleasures of impinging sense-impressions perceived with exceptional clearness, is a haunting, ineffable delight in the imagery and movement of the world. Authors of essays on the source of the sublime and beautiful, have got but little farther in their quest than to the vague mental instrument of "association of ideas." But I think we of this new time may look a little beyond, over the border of sense-impressions and intellectual equipment. Suppose the Lord God had wanted to tell us something of the spiritual life He is trying to lead us into, but which we cannot in any way consciously realize until the little babe of spiritual life within us develops its spiritual senses, would He not put us in the interim in a world of our own plane of non-spiritual life, where nevertheless all the phenomena were images and likenesses of the more real spiritual things back in that spiritual plane to which we are being lifted? And do you not believe that that is just what He did do? Then is it not perfectly natural to believe that the real thing—the spiritual thing—should be all the time pressing down and down into the natural, to tell us its story? These are the trailing "clouds of glory"; this is the "common bush afire with God"; this is "the light that never was on sea or land." This is the true pantheism, if you will—the life back, that fills this world from brim to brim with beauty—beauty that may not be spoken, though poet and artist and musician have for their blessed function the effort to interpret it to us.

As was said, for no lesson of life does the sense

of the beautiful do more than for the lesson of marriage. The love stories are the epics of the race. Marriage began in a garden, and down through the ages it has blossomed in the gardens, in the sunshine with dancing, and in the moonlight with songs. With the courage of adventure, with the earnestness of high endeavor, with the charm of sympathy and service, arrayed in all the beauty of the world, it has come to us.

Shall we fear for the future of this most beautiful thing? Shall we figure out with statistics that human life is somehow to get away from it—the very human life that we have so much faith in? Rather let us, knowing the glorious origin of marriage in the absolute oneness of the Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom in the Godhead, and its finality in the union between God and Universal Man, see all its course as under the divine guidance—from the simple mating of the natural man, perhaps only in imperfect and temporary forms, through the mistakes and frequent mishaps of the regenerating man, into the completer marriage of the life to come—a marriage of union of function in the service of the Kingdom of Heaven.

And what of our preparation for the service of that great neighbor? Must it not begin in this world? The ascending degrees of the love of the neighbor have been often enumerated. They begin with those near to us; then comes the community in which we live; then the larger neighbor, the nation; then the great common life of regenerating men and women; and then the Kingdom in the Heavens.

Ask yourself—must not the women who, regenerating co-ordinately with their husbands, are to enter into the profounder degrees of marriage—must not they enter into like development of the love of the neighbor in successively higher and higher degree? Their service may not be identical, but there must be intelligent love and service. We can hardly believe that the desire to love and serve the community and the nation can be actively developing in the heart of the woman who can say: "I do not care to know anything about public affairs; I leave all that to my husband." It is her neighbor—the community. It is her neighbor—the nation. Will she give a stone for bread?

And the great common life of men—shall the woman or the man be too good for it? too dainty? too clever? Nay, rather, all ye are brethren; the Master was among us as he that served.

Into that service will there not come with the progress of regenerative marriage, men and women together, bearing the wine and bread of life, thinking out the principles of orderly co-operation and bringing them to fruition—their spiritual children? Can we have the true Parliament of Man in the prophesied Federation of the World,

until men and women, in great marriage, unite to serve the world?

If, then, the fears in regard to marriage which gather in an Age that clings to the letter rather than the spirit, dissipate in the light of the more fundamental truths of an advancing Age; and if the real marriages of the world become constantly more interior and sweeter and more fruitful in uses; and if we dimly perceive that the mighty marriage fact holds as yet undreamed of possibilities of happy growth for the future of the race,—if all this be true, we may dismiss consideration of marriage as a problem. It is a lesson, if you will, to be learned, sometimes in sorrow. But in sorrow or joy it is the most potent, the most uplifting and the loveliest factor of life.

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### WANDERLUST.

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,  
And East and West the wanderlust that will not let me be;  
It works in me like madness, Dear, to bid me say good-by!  
For the seas call and the stars call, and oh, the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,  
But a man can have the sun for friend, and for his guide a star;  
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,  
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh, the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day  
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;  
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,  
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road and the sky!

—Gerald Gould in the London Spectator.

## BOOKS

### A PROTEST AGAINST OPPRESSION.

Comrade Kropotkin. By Victor Robinson. Published by the Altrurians, 12 Mt. Morris Park W., New York. Price, 50 cents.

Of this little book the New York Times of March 6 says that the author gives "us a highly concentrated extract of the horrible annals of Russian despotism and brutality from the days of Nicholas I. down to the present time. He writes apparently in full sympathy with all the revolutionaries who have striven against the Romanoffs. In all the world he says there have been

no men and women like those who have fought for freedom in Russia. 'Sometime in the future,' he predicts, 'when the true historian of the Russian revolution appears, we will write of men and women of so exalted a nature that antiquity will be dumb and boast no more her classic heroes.'"

With extraordinary industry Mr. Robinson has compiled the heart-breaking roll of the distinguished names that have been sacrificed to autocratic violence. The roster of poets, novelists, scientists, who have fallen in recent years, reads like a review of contemporary Russian literary life. A book of desperate tragedy—and inspiration.

BOLTON HALL.

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### COMMON SENSE SUGGESTIONS.

The Life Power, and How to Use it. By Elizabeth Towne. Published by Elizabeth Towne, Hoylyoke, Mass. Price \$1.00

The "sweet reasonableness" of Mrs. Towne's philosophy in matters of every day experience is well presented in this volume, which is one of several from the hand of the editor of the helpful little magazine, "The Nautilus." There is no straining to elaborate some abstract theory of life in the writings of Mrs. Towne, but she strikes at once at the heart of our every day problems which lose their vexing quality in the cheerful, wholesome atmosphere of love and faith, in which she invites us to view them. In the main she holds to the "eternal verities" in a simple original fashion that lends to even the platitudes of so-called "new thought" a vigor and freshness which inspire a more or less active practice of principles perceived to be true. She seeks to make living application of the power so strongly set forth by Ernest Crosby in a poem which she quotes:

Where are the cowards who bow down to environment—

Who think they are made of what they eat and must conform to the bed they lie in?

I am not wax—I am energy!

Like the whirlwind and water spout, I twist my environment into my form, whether it will or no.

A. L. M.

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### THE HELPLESSNESS OF POVERTY.

A Little Sister of the Poor. By Josephine Conger Kaneko. Published by the Progressive Woman Publishing Co., Girard, Kansas. 1909. Price, 25 cents.

Of the working-girls' pitiful battle against poverty—that monster which to a woman is always double-headed—here is one more picture, somewhat crude, but sincere and drawn with restraint. The innocent and dainty young country girl, the coarser fibred and thoughtless yet virtuous city shop-girl, the two proud and sensitive Polish refugees,—all are swept struggling over the rapids into the whirlpool of ruin or death. The book