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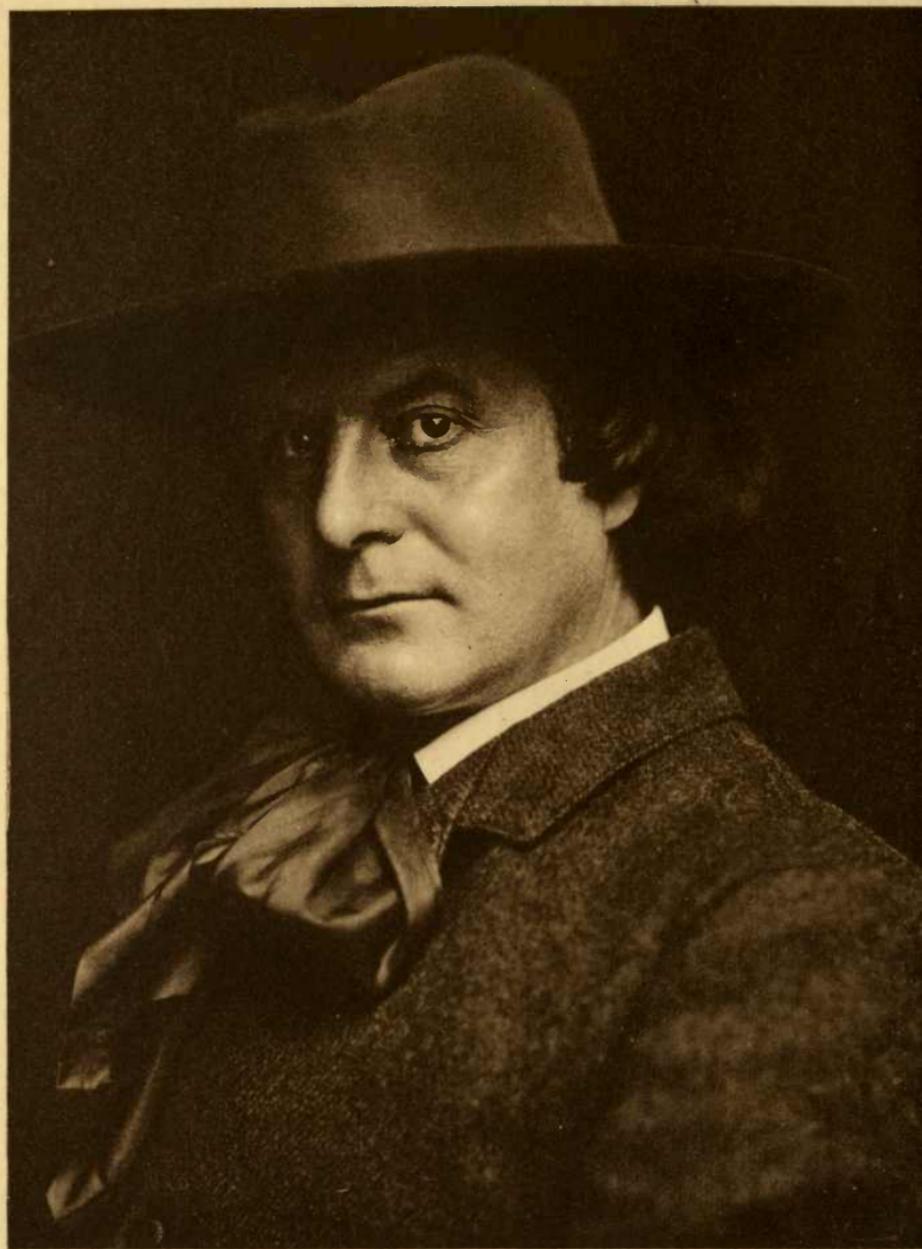


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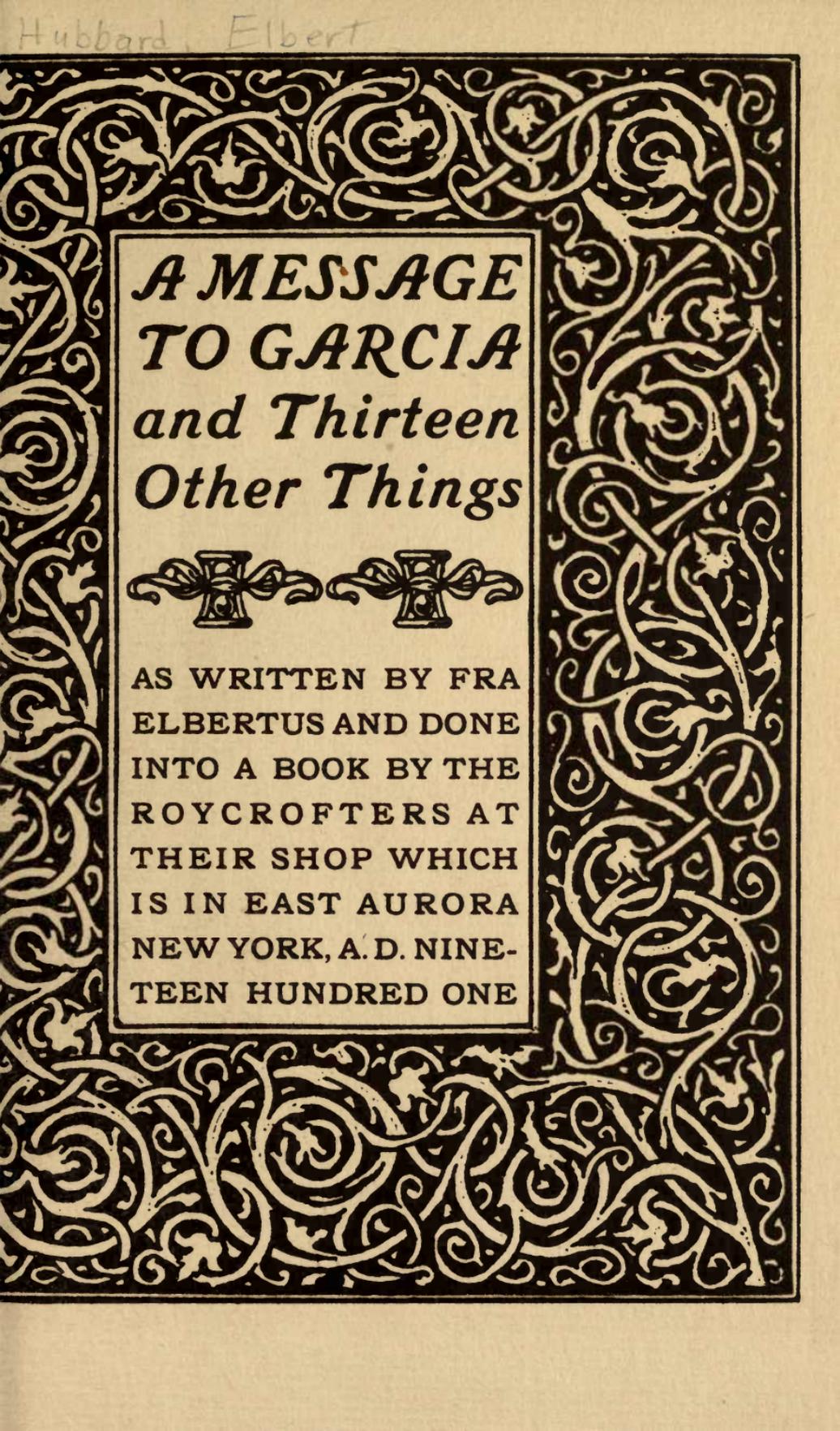
GIFT OF

Louise A. Boyd





Hubbard, Elbert



*A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA  
and Thirteen  
Other Things*



AS WRITTEN BY FRA  
ELBERTUS AND DONE  
INTO A BOOK BY THE  
ROYCROFTERS AT  
THEIR SHOP WHICH  
IS IN EAST AURORA  
NEW YORK, A. D. NINE-  
TEEN HUNDRED ONE

A MESSAGE  
TO CAROLINA  
and Thirteen  
Other Towns



BY  
ELBERT HUBBARD  
WITH  
ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY  
THE  
AUTHOR

952  
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ms.  
1901

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A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA

# C R E D O

I believe in the Motherhood of God.

I believe in the blessed Trinity of Father, Mother and Child.

I believe that God is here, and that we are as near Him now as we ever shall be. I do not believe He started this world a-going and went away and left it.

I believe in the sacredness of the human body, this transient dwelling place of a living soul, and so I deem it the duty of every man and every woman to keep his or her body beautiful through right thinking and right living.

I believe that the love of man for woman, and the love of woman for man, is holy; and that this love in all of its promptings is as much an emanation of the Divine Spirit, as man's love for God, or the most daring hazards of human mind.

I believe in salvation through economic, social and spiritual freedom.

I believe John Ruskin, William Morris, Henry Thoreau, Walt Whitman and Leo Tolstoy to be Prophets of God, and they should rank in mental reach and spiritual

insight with Elijah, Hosea, Ezekiel and Isaiah.

I believe we are now living in Eternity as much as we ever shall.

I believe that the best way to prepare for a Future Life is to be kind, live one day at a time, and do the work you can do the best, doing it as well as you can.

I believe there is no devil but fear.

I believe that no one can harm you but yourself.

I believe that we are all sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.

I believe in freedom—social, economic, domestic, political, mental, spiritual.

I believe in every man minding his own business.

I believe that men are inspired to-day as much as men ever were.

I believe in sunshine, fresh air, friendship, calm sleep, beautiful thoughts.

I believe in the paradox of success through failure.

I believe in the purifying process of sorrow, and I believe that death is a manifestation of Life.

I believe there is no better preparation for

a life to come than this: Do your work as well as you can, and be kind.

I believe the Universe is planned for good.

I believe it is possible that I will make other creeds, and change this one, or add to it, from time to time, as new light may come to me.







IN all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on my memory like Mars at perihelion ☼ When war broke out between Spain & the United States, it was very necessary to communicate

quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his cooperation, and quickly ☼ What to do ! Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can." Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia.

How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

no special desire now to tell in detail. The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia ; Rowan took the letter and did not ask "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia." 🍀 General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slip-shod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, & half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in his goodness performs a miracle, and sends

him an Angel of Light for an assistant. **A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**  
You, reader, put this matter to a test : You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request : “ Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio.”

Will the clerk quietly say, “ Yes sir,” and go do the task ?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions :

Who was he ?

Which encyclopedia ?

Where is the encyclopedia ?

Was I hired for that ?

Don't you mean Bismarck ?

What 's the matter with Charlie doing it ?

Is he dead ?

Is there any hurry ?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself ?

What do you want to know for ?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, & explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia — and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not.

Now if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your “assistant” that Correggio is indexed under the C’s, not in the K’s, but you will smile sweetly and say, “Never mind,” and go look it up yourself.

☛ And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first-mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting “the bounce” Saturday night, holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia? “You see that book-keeper,” said the foreman to me in a large factory.

“Yes, what about him?”

“ Well, he ’s a fine accountant, but if I ’d send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street, would forget what he had been sent for.”

☛ Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia ?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the “down-trodden denizen of the sweat-shop” & the “homeless wanderer searching for honest employment,” and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne’er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with “help” that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away “help” that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times

A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA

are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, he would probably at once refer to you as a greedy, grasping Shylock, and tell you to "Take it yourself!" He regards all business men as rogues, and constantly uses the term "commercial" as an epithet. To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his thread-bare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular fire-brand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled No. 9 boot



Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple: but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slip-shod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude, which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there 's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes

**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA** out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man, who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed, and is needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

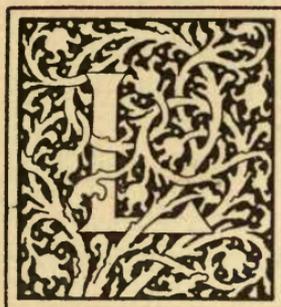






THE EX-LIBRIS  
COLLECTOR





LIFE in this world is a-collecting, & all the men & women in it are collectors. The only question is, what will you collect? Most men are intent on collecting dollars

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Their waking hours are

taken up with inventing plans, methods and schemes whereby they may secure dollars from other men. To gather as many dollars as possible and to give out as few is the desideratum. But when you collect one thing you always incidentally collect others. The fisherman who casts his net for shad always secures a few other fish, and once in a while a turtle, which enlarges the mesh to suit and gives sweet liberty to the shad. To focus exclusively on dollars is to secure jealousy, fear, vanity and a vaulting ambition that may claw its way through the mesh and let your dollars slip into the yeasty deep.

✿ Ragged Haggard collects bacteria ; while the fashionable young men of the day, with a few exceptions, are collecting headaches, regrets, weak nerves, tremens, paresis—death. Of course we shall all die

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

(I 'll admit that), and further, we may be a long time dead (I 'll admit that), and further, we may be going through the world for the last time—as to that I do not know—but while we are here it seems the part of reason to devote our energies to that which brings as few heart-pangs to ourselves and others as possible. We are here, and some day we must go, and surely we would like to depart gracefully.

Now, I do not know exactly why men collect book-plates. But I think I have traced out a very little of the psychology of collecting. And first I would call your attention to the fact that no one ever went off, secretly and by stealth, and collected book-plates, as a miser hoards and gloats over his gold.

The collector's cast of mind is totally different from that of the miser. The miser loves the gold for its own sake—the collector loves a book-plate for what it suggests. In other words, he does not love a book-plate at all. He may think he does, but he does n't; he holds it in solution and when the time is ripe he sheds it as a snake sheds its skin; whereas the miser hoards till he dies, and dying, clutches 

Witness, if you please, Mr. James Fraser Gluck collecting autographs and such trifles industriously and intensely for years, paying out thousands of dollars and then one fine day presenting the whole collection to the Buffalo Library. And this while he was a young man.

Dozens of such cases could be cited to prove that the mania sits lightly, and like the whole material world is of small account to the man who can get off at a distance and take a good look at it.

No collector ever evolved the craze alone; he is exposed and catches it. Where you see one man collecting, around the corner you 'll find another. The psychic basis of collecting is human sympathy, and not a mere lust for possession. You collect because someone you admire collects, although I do not ask you to confess this before men. You exchange plates and at the same time you exchange courtesy, kindness and mutual good will. Having the book-plate of a collector you are pledged to that man by a tie which is very gentle, yet very strong. He does not dictate to you, nor rob you of your time, nor intrude his personality upon you, but from

**A MESSAGE** out of the unseen now and again comes a  
**TO GARCIA** cheery message (and a book-plate) and you send back good cheer and kindly greetings (and a book-plate, for some one has sent you duplicates).

And thus the circle grows until all 'round the world you count your friends and brothers, held together by the mystic bond, which binds men who love the same things and are engaged in like pursuits. Then beyond this you are linked to the past by the plates you own of men now dust, and you know, too, all the men who have wrought & traced in lines of beauty, and thought and felt and suffered and enjoyed. You know them all—you know their successes and defeats, their hopes and sorrows.

You do not say that Holbein and Hogarth were, you say they are, for you have their work—they are immortal. And so you confuse the dead and living in one fairy company, and although you detect varying degrees of excellence, for none do you hold contempt, of none are you jealous—none do you envy.

From them you ask nothing, upon you they make no demands, save that their

friendship shall be frank, free, unselfish & unsullied (Q)

A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA

It is not at all necessary to meet a collector face to face in order to hold sweet converse. By their plates ye shall know them. And so I have avoided meeting my dear friends, more than once, that the delicacy of the relationship should not be disturbed. But sometimes I break the rule, and being in New Haven not long ago I called on Mr. W. F. Hopson. In the yard back of his house Hopson has a pretty little studio, made of matched pine, and the whole thing must have cost him fifty dollars. The light comes in from the roof, as it does in the Church of the Madeleine and the Chapel of Pere la Chaise, save for a beautiful north window which was evidently pinched by Hopson from some Italian chapel, although he swears differently (Q)

Together we called on Mr. George Dudley Seymour and Mr. Everett E. Lord. Seymour has posters and china and book-plates and brocades, all representing the beautiful handiwork of men long dead. Lord has a collection of prints which cost him ten thousand dollars, gathered over

**A MESSAGE** the space of twenty years. But the point I  
**TO GARCIA** wish to make is that as the treasures  
were brought forth and shown, the comments revealed the names of Woodbury, Bolles, Allen, Dodge, Shir-Cliff, Woodworth, Ellsworth, Gobeille, Humphreys, Mack, French, Rhead, and all those other choice spirits, who are my friends, and whose presence in my thoughts takes the bitterness out of life and gives a solace when all my hopes seem gone. The friends of these men are my friends, too; so we were as brothers.

Then the next day I went up to Hartford and saw Mr. Charles Dexter Allen, who has an absurd head of hair and many book-plates; and then on to Boston where I called on Mr. John P. Woodbury, who has a long white beard and a grace and dignity which make you think of Michael Angelo's Moses. Mr. Woodbury has a great collection of French's book-plates, and others galore, the most valuable collection of "The Compleat Angler" in the world, and extra-illustrated books & first editions until 't would make you dizzy to tell you of them. And whom did we talk about as we looked at the treasures? I 'll

tell you—we talked of Bolles, Stone, Shir-  
Cliff, Dering, Allen, Dodge, Woodworth, **A MESSAGE**  
Ellsworth, Gobeille, Rhead, Humphreys, **TO GARCIA**  
French, and all those other friends who  
are both his and mine. Mr. Woodbury is  
nearly the Ideal Collector:—he has lived  
his three score and ten, but his eye is as  
bright as a boy's, his complexion as fair as  
a baby's, and he carries with him the per-  
fume of the morning and the lavish heart  
of youth 🍀

And so a fad which gives joy without  
headache, peace without stupor, & friends  
who are not rivals, is worth cultivating;  
at least I think so. Its basis is human sym-  
pathy, & its excuse for being—book-plates.



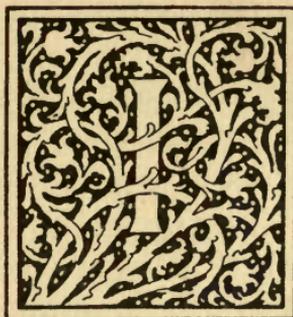


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THE SOCIAL  
EXODUS





IN all of the many growing cities of America there is taking place an eager exodus over a certain social dead line, that marks the rich from the poor. When a business man attains a certain income, a speculator "strikes it rich," a manufacturer secures a monopoly or any impecunious son of earth is struck by lightning and receives a legacy, straightway he moves his household to The Other Side of Town ☞

And as for this man's family, when they go, the scenes that knew them once know them no more forever. They do not say good-bye—the friends they once had are no longer theirs; the neighbors with whom they used to chat over the gate read of them in the Society Events Column, but they never see them. The grocer who once was so friendly to them is dead; the jolly butcher is forgotten—all are gone—faded and swallowed up in the misty past, that past so full of work and struggle and difficulty, that past of youth and hope; and the end for which they toiled and longed has come. St. Peter's

**A MESSAGE** golden gates have opened: they have  
**TO GARCIA** moved to the Other Side.

Men who have incomes of four thousand dollars or more, in Buffalo, make hot haste to live on Delaware Avenue; in Pittsburg it is the East End; in Cincinnati, Walnut Hills; in Cleveland, Euclid Avenue; in Chicago, Hyde Park; in Boston, Commonwealth Avenue; in New York, Up-Town.

☛ And in these social migrations there is something pitiful, wondrous pitiful; for the man who goes can never return of his own free will; and to be forced back by fate is to suffer a humiliation that is worse than disgrace that comes through crime. When a rich man, say in Albany, Syracuse or Toledo, loses his money and his family has to "come down," the sympathetic souls of earth shed tears for the glory that is gone. We tell how he has had to give up all—he gave up his horses, his billiard tables, his solid plate: he discharged his gardener, his coachman, his butler. He is now keeping books for twenty dollars a week and his wife is doing her own work: and we relate how his children are now compelled to attend the public school ☛ Ah, me! Life is grievous, and our days are full of trouble!

☛ On questioning a good many men who have taken part in the Social Exodus, I find that, Adam-like, the responsibility of the change is thrown entirely on the woman: "My wife was dissatisfied and we had to go." Not once could I ever get a man to acknowledge that the question of pride, the desire to parade his success, or the hope of a better social position for his daughters ever weighed in the scale. But then a man is seldom aware of the motives that move him: we deceive ourselves and hide behind specious pleas of many hues.

☛ The women of the Exodus tell me that the reason they moved to Commonwealth Avenue was because the sewerage was imperfect in the old home, the water was bad, the air full of smoke, or the neighbors' children rude. ☛ And in various instances these worthy mothers following the example of their husbands, unloaded the responsibility on the children. "When Mayme came home from Wellesley she could not stand it here," or "When George got back from Harvard he found the society so awfully dull." *SC*

And right here let us note this prevalent fact: the first effect of College life is often

**A MESSAGE** a desire to separate from the old compan-  
**TO GARCIA** ions—a drawing away from the plain and  
simple; a separation from the mass and a  
making of cliques; an unfitting for life's  
commonplace duties and the forming of a  
condition that makes riches a necessity  
and their loss a calamity.

That much of our so-called "culture" has  
been bought at the price of manhood, no  
one who knows men can deny. But when  
matters go far enough in any one direction  
the pendulum swings back and they cure  
themselves: and now behold the College  
Settlement! That the men and women of  
wealth and culture who are deliberately  
making their homes among the poor are as  
one to ten thousand, compared with the  
"sudden rich" who are making frantic  
efforts to get away from all smirching con-  
tact with plain people, there is no doubt;  
but the claim that money gives the right to  
monopolize beautiful things of earth, and  
the gentle qualities of heart, no longer goes  
unchallenged. The culture that is kept close  
smells to high heaven: only running water  
is pure 

And it is a pleasing fact that although the  
men of the Social Exodus lay the blame

all on woman, yet the credit of the return move must be given to her. Hull House is primarily woman's work.

"Where is your home?" I asked Miss Jane Addams a short time ago.

"My home is at Three Hundred Thirty-five South Halsted Street—my work is there, and there I expect to live and die," was the quiet answer.

🌸 The number of earnest women, highly cultured in the best sense, who are deeply interested in social questions, is most encouraging. And when that strong & gentle woman, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, deliberately casts her lot with the lowly & tells us that poor people often have a deal more culture and true charity than we who consider ourselves rich, she voices a truth that should be passed down the line.

Have your beautiful things, of course—why not? encourage the workers in art, & use your money to decorate and beautify, but do not think that these things will benefit you if you join the Social Exodus and make hot haste to put distance between yourself and those who are less fortunate. Owners of art must build no spite fence! Show the marbles that fill your niches and

**A MESSAGE** the canvases that glorify your walls to  
**TO GARCIA** those who seldom see such sights ; give  
your education to those who need it,  
your culture to those who have  
less, & you double your treas-  
ure by giving it away.







AS TO THE  
COUNTRY





**HERE** is an idea in the minds of many to the effect that the country is an idyllic place to bring up children. Far away from the busy haunts of men, out of the mad rush and tumult, clear of the

dust and din of factories, and beyond the reach of vice and depravity—there will we let the little souls fresh from God develop and expand. The singing birds and nodding wild flowers shall be their companions and into their hearts shall be absorbed the sunshine and the sounds that make melody through the branches ☉ Oho!

I do not wish to appear boastful of our town, but I 'll hazard the challenge that there are a dozen boys hanging around the Railroad Station in East Aurora who can give pointers in depravity and general cussedness to any set of city youngsters you can produce. And East Aurora is far more civilized now than it ever was before.

Last summer a fond mother from Cleveland sent her two sons to an Uncle here, that they might rusticate for a month on the Old Farm and get a healthful glimpse

**A MESSAGE** into pastoral life and bucolic ways ♣ They  
**TO GARCIA** got it.

One of these boys was ten and the other twelve years of age. They were not especially brilliant boys, but evidently had receptive minds, for when they got home their mother soon discovered that they had mastered the entire Underground Vocabulary of the Rural Deestrick.

The first burst of disillusionment came when the younger boy, in a proud wish to show his accomplishments, designated certain necessary functions of life with a picturesque realism that made his mother gasp for breath, and caused his father to throw a Double Arab.

In the meantime the elder lad had busied himself decorating the bath-room after a hay-mow pattern devised and suggested by his erstwhile friend, the Hired Man.

This proficiency in art and language caused the mother to make investigations, and the result was that she called the laundress and they stripped those two boys to the buff. They scrubbed them outside with Pearline, doped them inside with sulphur, soaped out their mouths, rubbed Red Precipitate ointment into their scalps, and burned every

vestige of clothing they had worn on their vacation to the innocent environment of Th' Old Homestead.

East Aurora is not a peculiar place—it is just a plain representative New York State village. New England villages with their libraries & varied industries rank higher, but as you go West, say through Indiana & Illinois, you will find art and letters cultivated around the railroad stations more assiduously, and vocabularies a trifle more intense (Q)

We have the Hoodlum with us, but not quite so well rounded as the representatives to be seen in the villages of, say, five hundred inhabitants, in Ohio.

At present, a stranger arriving here wearing a high silk hat would be comparatively safe from mud balls, but a few years ago when an artist came out here sketching, and set up his White Umbrella from Mexico in a pasture lot, we pelted his stuck-up circus tent arrangement with stones and set the dogs on him.

This would probably be the fate of any similar presumptuous person in any of the small towns about here, save where the owner of the White Umbrella was a very

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

large man and muscular. The other way to do would be to secure the friendship of some influential citizen in the place who would act as sponsor and body-guard.

Hoodlumism springs naturally into being, like everything else, when the conditions are ripe. The right conditions are idleness and a lack of incentive toward the higher life *~\*~\*~*

They say people talk gossip in the country, but gossip is only lack of a worthy theme. Having nothing else to talk about, folks turn and talk of each other; and if they rend characters and rip reputations up the back, it is only a sign of mental poverty. Get a man interested in poetry, art, sociology, and he talks of these. Set him to work at some useful employment that calls into being his higher faculties—the love of harmony, proportion, color—and his mind will revolve around these things, and of these will he converse.

Hoodlumism betokens the vacant mind and idle hands. The boy may have glimmering desires to do something useful and be somebody, but he lacks direction—there is none to take lead. He craves excitement, and as the railroad station is the busy cen-

ter he gravitates there "to see the train come in."

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

He gets acquainted with the tramps who hang around the water tank and pumping engine room.

Soon he times the Way Freight and curries favor with conductor and brakeman by helping unload boxes, bales and barrels. He learns to climb over freight cars, to set the brake, to board a train in motion.

He is allowed to ride up the road to the next station. He gets off there, and while waiting for a train to take him back, goes over to a farm house & strikes the farmer's wife for a hand-me-out, as he has seen the tramps do  He gets it.

And lo! it is an epoch in his life—he has learned that he can travel free, and get food without work. At heart he is a tramp and a criminal—he takes something without thought of giving an equivalent.

The next move is by hook, crook and stealth to take the thing without going through the formality of asking for it. If the farmer's wife refuses the food, why just locate the chickens that roost in the trees, and at night go get them!

"The world owes every man a living."

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

In the commodity of manhood, the villages supply the best and worst. Those with ambition and aspiration seek a field where their powers can find play; the rest for the most part hang upon the fringe of hoodlumism 

Governor Rollins of New Hampshire, has recently lamented the absence of religion in our rural communities—he says, “the country towns are drifting into savagery and hoodlumism for the lack of religion.” Governor Rollins has mental strabismus or he would know that excitation of the emotional nature is no cure for the disease which he specifies.

Every hoodlum in East Aurora “comes to Jesus” every winter. When there is more excitement at the Baptist Church than there is at the Railroad Station, the Baptist Church catches him. And when for a few weeks his emotions are played upon he swings off so far in one direction that when he goes back, as back he must, the momentum carries him a long way to 't other side 

The cure for hoodlumism is manual training, and an industrial condition that will give the boy or girl work—congenial work

—a fair wage, and a share in the honors of making things. Salvation lies in the Froebel methods carried into manhood. You encourage the man in well doing by taking the things he makes, the product of hand and brain, and pay him for them, supply a practical, worthy ideal and your hoodlum spirit is gone and gone forever. You have awakened the man to a Higher Life—the life of art and usefulness—you have bound him to his race and made him brother to his kind. The world is larger for him—he is doing something—doing something useful : making things that people want.

All success consists in this : you are doing something for somebody—benefiting humanity ; and the feeling of success comes from the consciousness of this.

Interest a person in useful employment and you are transforming Chaos into

Cosmos ♣ Blessed is the man  
who has found his work.



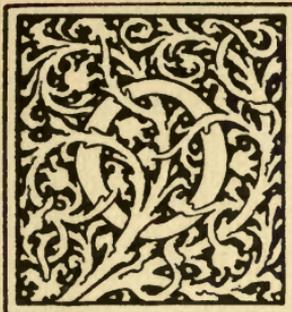






OLD ZEKE  
CROSBY





**LD ZEKE CROSBY, A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

who as every one knows, lives out on the Mile-Strip, three miles northwest of East Aurora, was down to see me yesterday

Zeke often drops in to make me a friendly call, but the particular thing that brought him this time was my little item about lawyers in a late number of the **PHILISTINE**. It pleased the old man immensely, and his approval pleased me, for Zeke has a son who is a lawyer—and a good one. The young man, who lives in Chicago, has made a decided success of his profession, and has the confidence of all who know him.

It would have been a very natural proceeding on the part of old Zeke to have denounced my screed on lawyers as libelous—and all that. But he did not. On the contrary he had anticipated that my item would bring down on my head a torrent of abuse, not only from the local bar, but from adjacent towns as well.

And so that I might be properly fortified, my friend had, with much labor and great

**A MESSAGE** pains, written out his experience with two  
**TO GARCIA** Buffalo lawyers.

Old Zeke expects me to print his statement entire with names and dates, times and places. And when he reads this I trust he will pardon me for not doing so, for even to print the truth is regarded under certain conditions as libelous. Very briefly stated, Zeke's complaint No. 1 is that in 1897 he sold two loads of hay to a Buffalo lawyer, who is also very well known in East Aurora. Hay was low, only \$7.50 a ton, but he had to sell it in order to get money to pay taxes ☞

After the hay was delivered the bill was presented, and the lawyer said he would mail a check. He has n't mailed the check yet. Since the hay was sold, hay has been up to \$14.00 a ton.

The lawyer now laughs at Zeke when the old man asks him for the money, and declares his coachman paid for the hay when it was delivered.

Case No. 2 is a matter of butter, eggs, chickens and vegetables supplied to a lawyer's family during a space of two years. The footings are over three hundred dollars, with seventy-five dollars paid on

account. Old Zeke knew the people were rich, and had delayed putting in a bill because he wanted the money all at one time to lift a mortgage. He fully expected it would be paid upon request, but now the bill is repudiated.

They declare the eggs he supplied were bad, the turnips woody, the potatoes rotten & that all of his spring chickens were hens old enough to vote. When the old man attempted to defend his good name he was ordered from the premises, and soundly abused by the lawyer's wife. On refusing to go the woman rang for a stable-man and ordered the man-servant to kick Old Zeke into the street. The hostler took Zeke by the arm and induced him to go, and when in the alley, he gave the old man a dollar out of his own pocket, apologizing for his share in the matter, and declared by way of extenuation, that he just had to make a show of pulling Old Zeke out or lose his job.

Well, what does all this prove? Nothing at all, save that two men, who are accidentally lawyers, have treated a generous and kindly old man with gross injustice. Lawyers are not all bad and all dead-beats are not lawyers, but some lawyers are

**A MESSAGE** rogues and all lawyers are officers of the  
**TO GARCIA** Court—servants of the Goddess, who,  
being blind, never sees anything of their  
rascality ☺

To us who are young and tough and mixing in the world, Old Zeke's troubles all seem slight and trivial.

If I should print the names and pedigree of that family on Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., who were fed by this old farmer for two years, and who then turned upon him and abused him cruelly, it would not secure his money. And should I go with St. Jerome-Roycroft and play rough-house with their kitchen, do up the servants, black the eyes of the Honest Lawyer, and scare the Lady of the House into hysterics, it would do no good, and the Saint and I might get six months apiece for interesting ourselves in matters that are none of ours.

Well, it does n't make much difference ! Let the great lawyer who owes Zeke for two loads of hay laugh the old man into babbling embarrassment ; and let the proud Lady of the House who has taken on undue adipose at his expense screech at him that "he is a nasty old thing." Who cares !

The old man has passed his three score & ten—he is living only by God's grace. His children are all grown up and gone—his work is done. Let him go home to his weed-covered farm and tell his old wife his troubles, and together let them cry salt tears down their wrinkled cheeks—it won't help their failing eyesight any, I tell you that. Who cares? The neighbors will come in before long, and then go down town and send telegrams to Chicago, Des Moines and Cleveland, and in three days they will form a procession and head for the cemetery.

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I'm not sure just what the unpardonable sin is, but I believe it is the disposition to evade the payment of small bills.

The folks who abused Old Zeke Crosby are not "bad" people. On the contrary they move in the best circles of society, belong to the Presbyterian Church, and are eminently respectable. They lack imagination, for if they could understand the misery, the worry and the pain they cause, it is not at all probable they would inflict it. They fire the farmer out—& forget him. To them, that is all there is of it.

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

Now if they are unjust to a helpless old farmer, they are also unjust to others. Doubtless dressmakers, grocers, butchers and other plain people suffer at their hands in the same way. Their lives are so full looking after the mere machinery of life—so filled with selfishness, that they ride right over other folks, and no matter how many are crushed beneath the wheels of their chariots, they know nothing of it. Yet they go “slumming,” belong to missionary societies and contribute to College Settlements *~~~~~*

Does not “Society” in its society sense breed just this dead, cruel, thoughtless indifference? It does seem so, for even in our little town the only dead-beats are those who are in the “set.” Ask the grocer, the livery-man, or the butcher who are the folks that contract bills and never pay, or pay whenever they please, and he will tell you they are the aristocrats. The carpenters, stone-masons, blacksmiths & farmers look you squarely in the eye, speak to you frankly face to face, and if they promise to pay you Saturday night, and cannot, they come around and tell you why. I have been despoiled of hard-earned dollars, and had

my reputation ripped up the back when I ventured to ask for my own, but never excepting by those who have a Thursday.

☉ If you wish to lessen the worries of the world and scatter sunshine as you go, do n't bother to go a-slumming, or lift the fallen, or trouble to reclaim the erring—simply pay your debts cheerfully and promptly. It lubricates the wheels of trade, breaks up party ice, gives tone to the social system and liberates good-will.

Pay as you go.

Especially pay the people who work by the day and toil with their hands. A dollar means much to the man who spades your garden—never humiliate the man by making him ask for his dollar ☉ Give it to him immediately the work is done, and if he did well, tell him so. When the woman who crouches over a sewing machine for you, all day long, brings the garment home, pay her all you owe, and do not add to her troubles by exercising the prerogative of the one who is paying over money, to flaunt out either insulting remarks or insulting manners.

The Gentle Man shows his true nature in his treatment of social inferiors; and of all

**A MESSAGE** damning sins, the withholding of money  
**TO GARCIA** due a working man is the worst. Let us  
pay as we go. And the cheerfulness and  
good-will we give out with our money  
will in turn be given out by those  
we pay it to. Pay as you go.

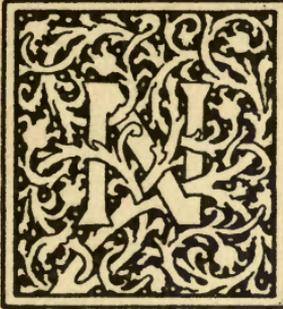






THE BROTHERHOOD  
OF JINERS





O, I do not belong to a Church nor to any Secret Society.

I do not belong to anything, except the East Aurora Hook and Ladder Company.

Why should any one who is free, belong? Of course I am a member of the Society of the Philistines, but as I can resign at any time if there appears an item in the Magazine I do not like, it cannot be said that I really belong. To belong implies that some one has a rope fastened to your foot. And furthermore, I do not want any one to "belong" to me.

I would hold my friend only by the virtue that is in me—by the attraction of the worth that is in my soul.

Still, I might belong to a Secret Society if there was wisdom to be gained thereby that could not be gotten in any other way.

But mark you this, Dearie, there is no Secret Society that has corralled truth. Truth is in the air, and when your head gets into the right stratum you know it. No one can impart it to you until the time is ripe, and when the time is ripe for you to know, you

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

do not have to ride a Goat in order to understand. God's Eternal Truth is not to be secured that way.

Darwin says the herding instinct in animals has its base in fear.

Sheep and cattle go in droves, while a lion simply flocks with his mate—and lets it go at that. Frederick Nietzsche writes in his Third Essay on the "Genealogy of Morals," "Prompted by a desire to cast off depression and impotence, the sickly and weak instinctively strive for gregarious organization. Those who wish to lead have always fostered fear, encouraging this tendency to herd, promising protection and offering to impart valuable knowledge in return for a luxurious livelihood."

The Jiner instinct in man is a manifestation of weakness, not strength. It is a clutch to get something for nothing, a grab at good which you have not earned.

By going with a gang you hope to grow wise ♣ But while wisdom has sometimes come to men in solitude, it is not to be found in the crowd. I am opposed on principle to secrets. Is truth a thing to hide in a ginger jar on a high shelf? You are welcome to all the good I can impart, and if

you are in possession of truth that the world needs and you keep it back, you are not my kind 

A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA

But the fact is, you can't. In years ago, when every man's hand was against his neighbor, it was proper and right for men to unite with other men in order to stand against a common foe. Clan fought clan with tooth and nail, and to despoil and rob and kill was the right of him who could—and to further this sort of thing, Secret Societies with their shibboleths and passwords and signs and grips came into being. Secret Societies are a product of savagery, and the fact that they exist is proof of our origin. All men are my brothers, not just those who belong.

Of course I do not claim that Secret Societies are savage institutions now. On the contrary they are quite toothless, innocent affairs where men meet for frolic and good fellowship. As social institutions they are all right; but bless your soul! they have no "secrets."

The answer to that last remark, I know full well is, "How do you know, since you do not belong?" 

And so I will say, well, I know the men

**A MESSAGE** who do. They are pretty good fellows, too.  
**TO GARCIA** One of them who has attained the 48th Degree in Something owns the farm next to mine, and in summer we often go swimming together in the creek. When we stand upon the bank, stripped, ready to dive off into th' ole swimmin' hole, I 'll defy Herr Tuefeldsdroch, or any of his Disciples, to tell which biped holds in his epidermis the Great Secret Doctrine.

Does my neighbor possess Spiritual Truth that I do not ?

No, Dearie ♡ He is a nice man, but he is not in possession of any great South African Spiritual gems. If he were it would make him round-shouldered to carry them. And the virtue of my neighbor lies in the fact that when we are alone together, he confesses that all his jining has given him no insight into the Mystery of Things. He jines out of pure sociability.

Then there are various other worthy men in town who belong to Lodges. I know two dozen of them or more. I have known some of them for twenty years, and have been with them under every vicissitude of life. I buy oats and hay of them ; and when they bring me potatoes the scrubby ones are

often in the bottom of the bag. I meet these Jiners at the Grocery, or the Station when we go down to see the four-o'clock train come in; I often pitch horse shoes with them, and surely I would be base to insinuate that anything was wrong in their Secret Society doin's.

All the point I wish to make is that they are not much beyond me in esoteric truth, for I usually turn the bag of tubers out on the barn floor before I make a price on them. One reason why I criticise Secret Societies is that they, for the most part, exclude women. If a thing is good, the man who would hide it away from the woman he loves is only a 2 x 4; and if a thing is no good and he pretends to Her it is, & keeps it on a high shelf, he is still a 2 x 4—and both are aware of it.

Very much has been said by the Funny Press about attending Lodge and the consequent marital infelicity that sometimes follows; but the joke is founded on a very grim and lamentable fact. Secret Societies tend to separate the sexes in their mental occupations, and this is the most grievous count that can be brought against them. Men and women should commune intel-

**A MESSAGE** lectually: to lovey-dovey is not enough.  
**TO GARCIA** Only to lovey-dovey is to hate afterwards. Where men & women meet only to lovey-dovey, society is essentially barbaric; and where the males monopolize, or think, or pretend to think, that they monopolize wisdom, there is small hope for progress. Man cannot advance and leave woman behind. And the one point of congratulation in this whole Secret Society business is that Secret Societies have no secrets that are worth a tuppenny dam. The wisdom that is among them is free to any man or woman who can absorb it ☞

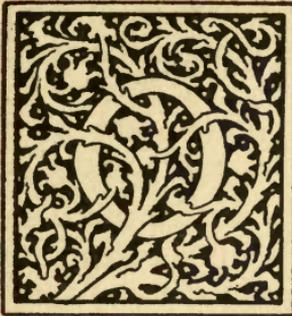
I have met a few men and women in my lifetime who were in possession of valuable Spiritual Truth. And I knew it, not from what they said, but because there shone from their faces a light, and from their persons there went a radiance, and in all their actions was a dignity that gave their words weight ☛ But these rare beings did not "belong"—they were themselves, and they were great because they were. Into their souls there had been absorbed a goodly meed of the Divine Spirit ☛ Let's keep the windows open to the East, be worthy, and sometime we shall know.





ABOUT ADVERTISING  
BOOKS





NE of the mysteries of this world is why one book will reach a sale of a hundred thousand copies and another one equally good falls flat. There was "Ships that pass in the Night" that out-sold any

book of its day—gone now, like ships that pass in the night. It was n't a bad book, nor so very good; just such as five hundred girls who have had their souls quickened, and wits sharpened, and hearts bruised by a little Experience, write every year. Books like that are written hot off the bat, as my friend Mr. Dooley would say. And all good things are so written, although, of course, it would be a mistake to assume that all things so written are good. Yet the presses of a dozen publishers ran overtime and could not supply the demand for Beatrice Harraden's book *xxxx*

Well, what sold it? Newspaper advertising? No, dearie, newspaper advertising does not sell books; newspaper advertising sells some things, but not books. To simply announce that you have Soulheaver's poems may be good policy, for possibly some one

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

is looking for Soulheaver's works, but no amount of praise added to your advertisement will cause a stranger to invest in Soulheaver. Columns of puffery by paid "reviewers" do not sell books. I've had a paper with a hundred thousand circulation give one of my books a lavish write-up of a full column, and the stuff did not fetch a single order.

On the other hand, a few weeks ago I received six orders in one day for a book from the comparatively obscure town of Humboldt, Iowa, and all were traceable to a certain young woman who read from the volume at a teacher's convention.

It seems this young woman had the confidence and respect and affection of her auditors. Her recommendation carried weight. When she said, "I hold in my hand a book; it is so good that I want you to enjoy it with me," immediately there was a desire in the hearts of several in that little audience to own a copy of that identical book; for that which could minister to the wants of this strong, discriminating, yet gentle girl, they felt must be worth while. These kind folk who bought my book, because a Discerning young woman

recommended it, in their turn sold a hundred copies. They possibly were not aware of it—but they did.

There is a fellow by the name of William Hawley Smith, who could play Cyrano de Bergerac without an artificial beak, but whose generous heart is so big that his nose is an insignificant pug in proportion. He, too, could fight & compose a ballad at the same time, pinking you at the l' envoi.

When Hawley Smith and Zangwill met in Chicago, the Dreamer of the Ghetto fell on the neck of Smith, cried for joy, and exclaimed, "At last! Thank God, I 've found a man as homely as myself!"

Hawley Smith has analyzed the problem of education as thoroughly as did Jean Jacques Rousseau and practiced it a deal better; and if he had not allowed his compass to go off ten points in deference to the Methodist Church, would have written as deathlessly. But had he written as well as he could, like Jean Jacques, he might have asked for bread and been given a pile of stone—after he was dead.

Hawley, he once read from one of my books and simply told the audience that in his opinion the work was not so bad as it

**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA** might be, and the next day every book-dealer in that town was wiring Putnam's Sons to "Send by first Express," etc. This shows how some folks regard Hawley Smith's opinions.

The Sons wrote to me asking if I had been out blowing my Horn. I replied, "No, and even if I had it would have made no special difference in sales—it's all the fault of de Bergerac Smith."

The Sons replied by wire, "Engage Bergerac ten years contract his own terms."  By the way, Hawley Smith wrote a book that has sold well over a hundred thousand copies, and has done more to evolve education in America into common-sense lines than anything Pestalozzi ever printed. This little book has been a world-mover—I will not tell you its title—you are to be pitied if you do not know it—and yet the author never got a dollar out of it. When he wrote it, publishers sniffed at it, others mocked, one took it as a gift and told the author he was welcome to look in the show windows whenever he passed by, and all the icicles on the cornice were his if he cared to climb up and get them 

But let us go back, ere we stray, and say,

Bergerac could not be hired to boom books; and if he could, his recommendation would be worthless 🌸 His word is only valuable because it is not for sale. The advertisement that secures recognition and really sells the book cannot be purchased—it cannot even be asked for—but must spring spontaneous from the sympathetic heart. To request it would be to lose it, for like love, it goes to him who does not ask for it, and passes in silence all those who plot, scheme and lie in wait. It goes only to the worthy: but alas! the worthy sometimes—aye, often, pine away of heart-hunger, and there is no hand to caress, nor gentle voice to soothe; and youth flies fast, and recognition comes only when it is no more desired, and when the presence of cool, all-enfolding death—strong deliveress—is more grateful than the applause of men.

🌿 Good horseshoe nails are always good nails, but what is good in literature is all a matter of taste. There is no standard. You like it because you like it, and if certain other people praise a thing it is a good reason why you should let it severely alone—or buy it. It all depends upon who this person is 🍷

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

When you read a column of unsigned puffery in the "Tribune" about Jingle's latest novel, you are not influenced in Jingle's favor even in the estimation of a hair, for you do not know the writer. If the reviewer's style is bad, or you think it is, you probably inwardly vow you will never read Jingle under any conditions, because Jingle has pleased a man of bad taste, and this is a fit excuse for eschewing Jingle. In advertising a book I would rather quote the reviewers who damned it, than those who were lavish in their praise. Books well damned often boom, but books merely praised in print—bah! Who wants 'em? When a book is damned in print the damnation is sincere, but fulsome flattery is usually the work of some fellow who never read the volume—and all prospective buyers know it. Unscathing criticism of a work indicates that it is a Bible to some, and thus are averages held good.

My own ambition is to write a book that will be excluded from the mails; and then my fortune will be made. If John Wanamaker again comes into power, I think I can fetch it.

A book booms in the market, usually be-

cause one friend recommends it to another. No person can read a book secretly and by stealth, and then gloat over it alone ♣ A woman may discover the only pure baking powder and chuckle over her rich find—keeping the secret to herself so as to make other housewives envious of her biscuit, but she can never read a book and like it (or dislike it) and keep the fact to herself. All book lovers have chums, and the pleasure of reading is to pass this joy along to another. Lovers always read together, and the chief joy of loving a woman is to read to her, or have her read to you. To mix it mentally with a good woman who has phosphorous, is paradise enow.

Books that have boomed have usually been those that have been spurned by publishers and gone a-begging, and yet publishers are often very shrewd men. The sale started, nobody knows just how. The only book I have mentioned by name in this article was thought so little of by publisher and author that it was n't even copyrighted, and to name others that have boomed in spite of publishers would be merely to deal in the tritest kind of truism. Cast about in your mind and recall incidents

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

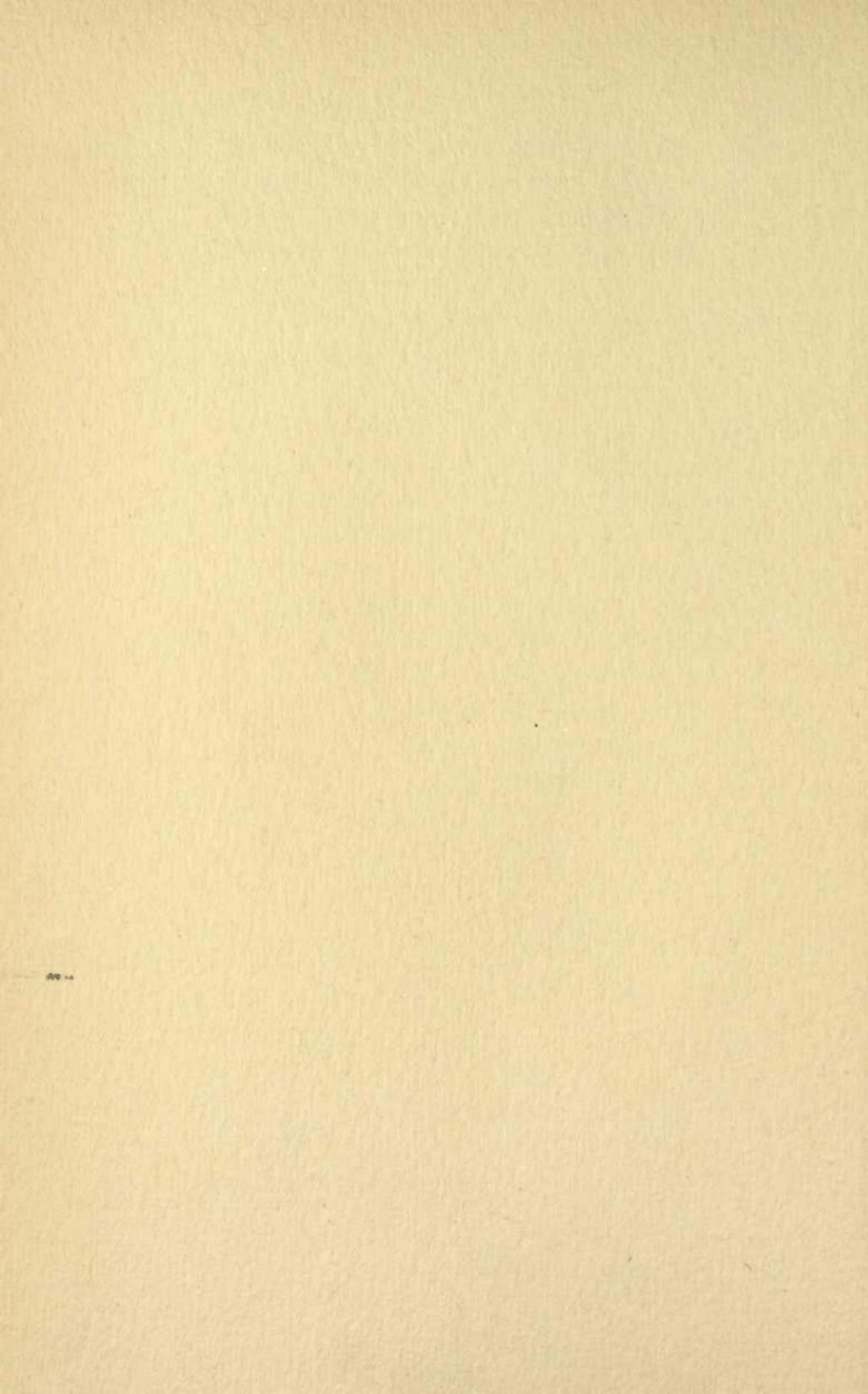
to suit ♣ No advertiser has ever had the talent to force a thoroughly bad book upon the market and make it sell. Ten thousand dollars invested in newspaper advertising will start an inquiry for any nostrum or brand of goods, but a moribund book can never be galvanized into life.

What men call "luck" or "chance" is the result of law not understood. And the luck that makes a book "go" is regulated by a law that no advertising expert has yet been able to control. Mystery enshrouds it all.

The man who by his genius can blow  
this mist away and place his hand  
upon the law that controls the  
popularity of a good book,  
shall have riches and  
honor and undy-  
ing renown.

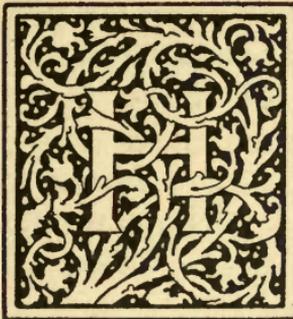






CONSECRATED  
LIVES





ERE 's a thought, Dearie, **A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

that I give to you because I have n't a very firm grasp upon it myself. In order to clarify my mind I explain to you *¶* And thus, probably, do I give you something which is

already yours. Grateful? of course you are —there! *¶¶*

The thought is this:—but before I explain it let me tell of what a man saw in a certain cottage in Denmark. And it was such a little white-washed cottage, too, with a single, solitary rose bush clambering over the door! An Artist, his Wife and their Little Girl lived there. There were four rooms, only, in this cottage—a kitchen, a bedroom, a workroom & the Other Room. The kitchen was for cooking, the bedroom for sleeping, the workroom for work, and the Other Room was where the occupants of the cottage received their few visitors. When the visitors remained for tea or lunch the table was spread in the Other Room, but usually the Artist, his Wife and their Little Girl ate their meals in the kitchen, or in summer on the porch at the back of

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

the house *ff* Now the Artist painted pictures, and his Wife carved beautiful shapes in wood; but they did n't make much money—in fact no one seemed to know them, at all. They did n't have funds to accumulate a library, and perhaps would not if they had. But still they owned all the books written by Georg Brandes.

These books were kept in a curious little case, which the Artist and his Wife, themselves, had made.

*ff* And before the case of books was an ancient Roman lamp, suspended from the ceiling by a chain.

And the lamp was kept always lighted, night and day.

Each morning, before they tasted food, the man & his Wife read from Georg Brandes, and then they silently refilled, trimmed & made the lamp all clean and tidy.

Oho! why, your eyes are filling with tears—how absurd—& you want to hear more about the Artist and his Wife and the Little Girl!

But, bless me! that is all I know about them *ff*

However, I do know that Georg Brandes is one of the Apostles of the Better Day.

His message is a plea for beauty—that is to say, harmony ❧ He would have us live lives of simplicity, truth, honesty and gentleness. He would have us work for harmony and love, instead of for place and power. Georg Brandes is an individualist and a symbolist. He thinks all of our belongings should mean much to us, and that great care should be exercised in selection. We need only a few things, but each of these things should suggest utility, strength, harmony and truth ❧ All of our actions must be suggestive of peace and right. Not only must we speak truth, but we must live it. Our lives should be consecrated to the good—lives consecrated to Truth and Beauty. Consecrated Lives!

And so this Artist and his Wife, I told you of were priests of Beauty, and their little girl was a neophyte; and the room where the Roman lamp burned was filled with the holiness of beauty, and no unkind thought or wrong intent could exist there. ❧ Consecrated Lives! that is the subject. There is a brotherhood of such, and you can reach out and touch finger tips with the members the round world over ❧ ❧ Beauty is an Unseen Reality—an attempt

**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA** to reveal a spiritual condition. Members of this Brotherhood of Consecrated Lives do not take much interest in Salisbury's Political Policy, and all the blatant blowing of brass horns that are used on 'Change, in pulpits, or by Fourth of July speakers are to them trivial and childish. They distinguish at once the note of affectation, hypocrisy & pretense in it all. They know its shallowness, its selfishness and its extremely transient quality.

Yet your man of the Consecrated Life may mix with the world, and do the world's business, but for him it is not the true world, for hidden away in his heart he keeps burning a lamp before a shrine dedicated to Love & Beauty. The Adept only converses at his best with Adept, and he does this through self-protection. To hear the world's coarse laugh in his Holy of Holies—no! and so around him is a sacred circle, and within it only the Elect are allowed to enter.

To join this brotherhood of Consecrated Lives requires no particular rites of initiation—no ceremonial—no recommendations. You belong when you are worthy.

✻ But do not for a moment imagine you

have solved the difficulty when you have once entered. To pride yourself on your entrance is to run the danger of finding yourself outside the pale with password hopelessly forgotten. Within the esoteric lines are circles and inner circles, and no man yet has entered the inmost circle where the Ark of the Covenant is secreted.

All is relative ❧❧

But you know you belong to the Brotherhood when you feel the absolute nothingness of this world of society, churches, fashion, politics and business; and realize strongly the consciousness of the Unseen World of Truth, Love and Beauty. The first emotion on coming into the Brotherhood is one of loneliness & isolation. You pray for comradeship, & empty arms reach out into the darkness. But gradually you awaken to the thought that you are one of many who hope and pray alike; and that slowly this oneness of thought and feeling is making its impress felt.

Then occasionally you meet one of your own. This one may be socially high or low, rich or poor, young or old, man or woman—but you recognize each other on sight and hold sweet converse. Then you

**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA** part, mayhap, never to meet again, but you are each better, stronger, nobler for the meeting ❧❧

Consecrated Lives! You meet & you part, but you each feel a firmer impulse to keep the light burning—the altar light to Truth, Simplicity and Beauty. No other bond is required than that of devotion to Truth, the passion of listening in the Silence, the prayer for Wholeness and Harmony, the earnest desire to have your life reflect the Good ❧❧

All man-made organization would be fatal to the sweet, subtle and spiritual qualities of the Brotherhood ❧ For organization means officers, judicial robes, livery, arbitrary differentiation, and all the vile and foolish clap-trap of place and power. It means the wish to dictate, select & exclude, and this means jealousy, prejudice and bitterness—fifteen candidates for a vacant bishopric with heart-aches to match! ❧ No organization ever contained within its ranks the best. Organization is arbitrary and artificial! it is born of selfishness; and at the best is a mere matter of expediency. ❧ The Brotherhood of Consecrated Lives admits all who are worthy, and all who

are excluded, exclude themselves. If your Life is to be a genuine consecration, you must be free. Only the free man is truthful; only the heart that is free is pure. How many compose this Brotherhood—who shall say? There are no braggart statisticians, no paid proselytes with their noisy boastings. Two constitute a congregation and where they commune is a temple. Many belong who do not know it; others there be who think they belong, and are so sure of it that they do not.

But the Brotherhood is extending its lines; and what think you the earth will be like when the majority of men and women in it learn that to be simple and honest and true, is the part of wisdom, & that to work for Love & Beauty is the highest good?









THE BEECHAM  
HABIT





OMETIME ago it became necessary for me to enter a protest in these pages on the subject of Art and Underwear. The Ypsilanti Yagerites, with unblushing foreheads, encouraged by the High

Class Monthlies, carried matters so far that as a man of family, with growing sons and daughters, I could not longer admit the Family Press to my home. Fortunately I succeeded in checking the exhibition without calling in the aid of Antonius Comstock.

The eczema has, however, broken out in a new place. In the last number of McClure's, Lim., I see portrayed, with all the seductive skill of the expert illustrator, a beautiful young woman with hair neatly braided down her back. She is arrayed in a night gown that is a dream. Like the Goddess of Liberty in New York harbor, she holds aloft a lighted candle in one hand and in the other—a pill.

If the scale of the drawing is correct this pill is about the size of a baseball. The import of the picture is that the lissome

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

beauty is about to swallow the baseball. Beneath the picture is the legend: "My complexion is perfect because I take one of Billson's Bully Bilious Boluses every night on retiring."

Now, not only do I solemnly protest against this realistic tendency in art on the part of Billson, but I call attention to some truths brought to my notice by the ship's doctor on the "Lucania." This doctor, who seems to Understand Himself, declares the Beecham Habit is very much on the increase. He says that the people who insist on irritating their Erie Canal by doses of the invention of Colonel Carter, of Cartersville, as soon as they come on board are sure to pay speedy tribute to Neptune in a surprising and unexpected way, & that those addicted to the Beecham Habit are the ones that suffer most when traveling on the sad sea waves.

The Family Papers teem with warnings that we must invest good money in Fig Syrup, Early Risers, Little Liver Pills and Base Ball Boluses in order to have good complexions and sweet thoughts. Very many people believe this. The habit begins by gentle dallyings with the Lady

Webster Dinner Pill. It grows and grows. One pill is enough at first, but two are soon required where only one grew before, then three are demanded, and soon a change is required from Pills to Fig Syrup, then Mother Shipley's Tea and back to Pills—from Carter's to Pierce's, then Ayer's, Beecham's, Billson's, and at last a frantic dash is made for Ripum's Tablets.

☛ The man's hold has been stored with such a miscellaneous cargo that Nature stops perplexed; Carter is consulted, and she starts, she moves, she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel. Then come cold chills, hot bearings, a hawser has surely befouled the screw. Stomach protests—mal de mer comes ashore—liver lags, kidneys kick, lee scuppers are clogged, bilge accumulates and Nature pipes all hands to pump ship.

The patient goes into dry dock and specialists being consulted tell him he has cancer of the stomach, fistula, appendicitis, tape worm, tuberculosis of the bowels and Bright's disease, and he has, or thinks he has—which is just as bad.

And all this as a result of the Beecham Habit. It is very plain to every unpreju-

**A MESSAGE  
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diced reader that the prime motive of the fin de siecle Religious Press is to prove that man has liver trouble and salvation can only be found by patronizing Dr. Pierce's Pungent, Pugnacious, Pollywog Perquisites *℞*

Whether these things be dictated by Bishop, Presbytery, or Ecumenical Council, I cannot say. But Colonel George Batten, Expert in Advertising, advises me that the proper cathartic is usually dictated by the Committee of Seventy. However this is, I find that the "Outlook" gives prominence and publicity to Tarrant's Seltzer, the "Churchman" to Fig Syrup, the "Christian Register" to Acid Phosphate, while strong leanings are shown by the "Christian Leader" for the wares of Dr. Pierce. "The Christian at Work" works Pierce and Ayer, the "Presbyterian" likes Prune Juice, while the "Christian Advocate" lustily advocates Early Risers and Ripum's Tablets. The "Baptist Standard" goes off on a new track and favors Dr. Hall's Water Cure Self-Treatment, while the "Examiner" falls back to Fig Syrup and Prunes. The "Christian Herald," edited by Rev. Dr. Talmage, seems to

conduct itself rather loosely, for it co-quettes its favors between Hood, Beecham and Dr. Hall. As one goes south of the Ohio River, matters grow worse, for the "Southern Pulpit" of Louisville not only favors Pierce, Carter and Beecham, but introduces "a sure cure for flatulence," in the presence of one Doctor Jingle, whose wares are vouched for by seven clergymen, three of them D. D.'s.

The opinion is well grounded among our agrarian population that the chief claim of our late martyred President upon the gratitude of a loving public lies in the fact that he invented Garfield Tea.

Not long since in a court of law Fig Syrup was acknowledged to be innocent of Figs. And gentlemen having purchased Prune Extract and congratulating themselves that they are full of prunes have only taken a drastic dose of aloes.

It seems the part of wisdom for those on sea (and land) to monkey with their in'ards as little as possible. One's motto in this respect should be, "Place not your trust in prophylactics." It is difficult to improve on the plans of God. Many men have tried it, but to their sorrow *☞* He has made all

**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA** out-of-doors full of fresh air. He gives us pleasure in moderate exercise, the night for sleep, and fruit drops from the trees at our feet. All these He made and I hardly think He ever intended that we should put an enemy into our mouths to steal away our digestion—still, I may be wrong.

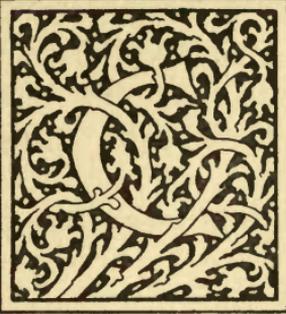






THE BISHOP'S  
VOICE





**CLERGYMEN'S Sore** **A MESSAGE**  
Throat or Tonsilitis is **TO GARCIA**  
caused by speaking in an  
unnatural tone of voice.  
God gave each of us a  
certain voice, and to ex-  
ercise it wisely and cul-  
tivate it is good.

The voice should be the sounding-board of the soul.

But you must cultivate your own voice and not merely imitate some other voice that you admire. Men who speak in an unnatural tone express things they do not believe *ff*

Not one clergyman in ten uses his own voice—he uses only an imitation. He never hears his own voice and so becomes afflicted with the microbe of delusion and imagines some one else's voice is better. Pouf!

So common is this affection that the Bishop's Voice is heard on every hand, if you go to church or conventions. Very many preachers—especially young preachers—expect to become bishops, and in order to be fully prepared when the call comes, they cultivate a Bishop's Voice.

**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA** All bishops are supposed to be powerful and lusty, also full of besum. Therefore it is imagined that they have voices like bulls of Bashan. When they pray they shake the rafters of Heaven.

Beware of the Bishop's Voice—your own is better *ff*

Actors who cultivate the Brutus, Virginus and Sardanapalus voice and preachers who use the Bishop's Voice are fit candidates for vegetables. Worse than that—they are candidates for tonsilitis, simply because they are abusing the physical organs of speech.

Worse than that—they are candidates for Nervous Prostration, because they have ceased to be themselves and are trying to pass for someone else.

Worse than that—they are losing their own souls, because they are not allowing a true exercise and expression of their Inner Spirit.

Americanitis, Nervous Exhaustion and Mental Prostration—one and the same thing—is the result of trying to pass for something different from what you are. Men who try to conceal their own voice and praise God with the Bishop's Bazoo

are in danger ❧ Concealment is friction. **A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**  
A secret gnaws.

To religiously observe the Twelfth Commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out," leads to loss of manhood, cold feet, that tired feeling, premature decay and the surgeon's knife.

To love is very beautiful—but to feel you must conceal and hide and refute and deny your Saviour before men is terrible. If you use language to conceal your thought you better begin taking hypophosphites, for you are breaking down tissue faster than Nature can build it up. God only calculates on each man being himself, and the presumption originally was that he would be honest. You see it is like this—the Universe is not planned for duplicity.

❧ To carry a live fox around under your bellyband will interfere sooner or later with your digestive apparatus.

The Roberts plan is a thousand times better than the Breckinridge—ask Breckinridge! Long, long years ago God blessed the Roberts copyright, although I am told He has since changed His mind, but He placed his curse upon the Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll business right from the start,

**A MESSAGE** and the embargo has never been removed.  
**TO GARCIA** The Double-Life does not go. Don't be a fool, Lambert of Indiana—the sin is in affectation, concealment, subterfuge, crying, sneaking, cringing, denying. Don't you know that?  
Be yourself. Have nothing to conceal.  
To hell with the Bishop's Voice.  
Carry the fox no longer—he wants liberty as much as you.

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You shall know the worst about me. It is not all sweet and savory, but if you want to know I'll tell you. I used to have headache, bad breath, sore throat, watery eyes, night sweats and buzzing sounds in the ears; but since I took the pledge that I would just simply be myself, live my own life, one day at a time, I have gained twenty pounds in weight; sleep eight hours without waking; eat anything in sight; and have the limit to my credit in four Savings Banks.

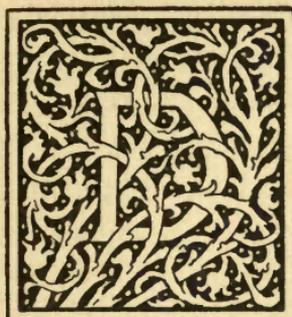
P. S. I cheerfully recommend God's Remedies, and will send my picture, before and after using, to all the afflicted who may apply ❧





THE KINDERGARTEN  
OF GOD





EAR Playmate in the **A MESSAGE**  
Kindergarten of God: **TO GARCIA**

Please do not take life quite so seriously—you surely will never get out of it alive. And as for your buying and selling, your churches & banks, your newspapers and books, they are really at the last of no more importance than the child's paper houses, red and blue wafers and funny scissors things. Why you grown-ups! all your possessions are only just to keep you out of mischief, until Death, the good old nurse, comes & rocks you to sleep. Am I not right?

The child's paper doll lasts a day and a copy of a daily paper lasts only half a day or until the next edition appears; and as for a church edifice it only endures for two days, if made of wood, and three if of stone. In Egypt I saw men unearthing stone temples, and no one really knows what god these temples were dedicated to, much less why. The god they sought to serve is as dead as the folks who invented him *ff*

Take my word for it, Dear Playmate, this

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

life is only a big joke. But we are here, and so let 's have all the fun we can. And in order to get along best we should cut our scissors things as well as we can, and model only pretty toys out of the mud that is given us. It 's all Kindergarten business though : the object is to teach us. I really believe we are learning things, and if we are ever called to a Higher Grade we shall be prepared to manage more difficult lessons than when we began here.

We are all children in the Kindergarten of God. Take my word for it, Playmate, and I know as much about God and his plans as any man who ever trod this green earth. I know as much as you, and you know as much as I, and we are both Sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be ✎

Systems of Guesswork, facetiously called "Theology," do not introduce us to God. Theologians are absurd men with high-cut vests and bishop's voices. Learned men—professors of Christology, praters on Homiletics, writers of Syllogistic essays and such, have confounded and confused men and covered truth with their brush-piles of words. These men with many

sharked up reasons are bad angels, and the wind of their wings withers as it passes. Their efforts have all tended to be fog and blind, while the Seers and Prophets and Poets and Doers have endeavored to simplify ❧

“Do unto others as you would be done by”—you understand that, do you not? But what does a man mean when he talks of Predestination, Vicarious Atonement, Redemption by Faith and Hell and Damnation?

Please take my word for it when I say these schemes of salvation are as idle vapors; for I am a Son of God, and most of the preachers who preach their little “schemes” are children of the Devil, born in sin, and admit it.

I am a thought of God; I was loved into being, therefore my life in the beginning was holy. Of course I am slightly besmirched by contact with fools, but in the main my life and deeds are right, for being a Child of God I could not stray very far afield, even if I wished; God, who is my mother, would call me back, for has He not protected me, sustained me and cared for me all these years? Take my

**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA** word for it, we are in the Kindergarten of God, and all there is of life is to do our work (which is only play) as well as we can and be kind. That 's all there is of wisdom—do your work as well as you can and be kind ❧

I know as much about it as any man who ever lived, for I am a Child of God, and the best man who ever lived was nothing more. Do your work as well as you can and be kind—that 's the best way to get along here, and it is the best preparation for a Life to Come, if there is one. This is no new Truth, for there is no such thing as a new Truth. Truth is as old as Fate. There is no plural Truth—there is only the one Truth, and this is very old and very simple. All wise men have known it. No one knows any more about Absolute Truth than I do, and I know as much about it as anyone who ever lived, and I know nothing ❧ Do your work as well as you can and be kind.

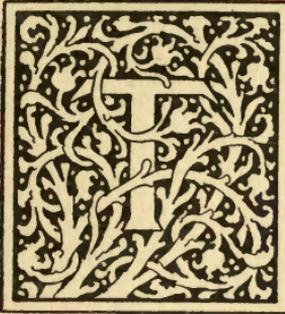






ADVANTAGES AND  
DISADVANTAGES





HE so-called "disadvantages" in the life of a child are often its advantages. And on the other hand "advantages" are very often disadvantages of a most serious sort. To be born

in the country, of poor parents, is no disadvantage. The strong men in every American city—the men who can do things; the men like James J. Hill, Charles E. Perkins, Philip G. Armour, Norton Finney, S. S. Merrill, or the late Tom Potter, who gloried in difficulties, waxed strong in overcoming obstacles & laughed at disaster—men who could build three miles of railroad a day, and cause prosperous cities to spring up where before were only swamps and jungle, barren plains or endless forest—these men were all country boys, nurtured in adversity. And it is but the tritest truism to say that the early life of industry and unceasing economy of time and things, was the best possible preparation and education that these men could have had for doing a great work.

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

I once heard George M. Pullman tell how at ten years of age he used to cut wood so his mother could cook, help her wash the dishes and sweep; carry water for her to do the washing, and assist her hanging out the clothes. In a year or two more he planted the garden, knew all kinds of vegetable seeds on sight, knew every forest tree that grew in Western New York and could distinguish between the qualities of the wood. At seventeen he helped his father move houses and barns and dig wells and construct church steeples. That is to say he was getting an education—learning to do things in the best way. He was developing physique and also building character and making soul-fibre. He was learning to make plans and execute them, think for himself and be strong and self-reliant. Yet he did n't know it at the time, and later regretted his lack of education and absence of opportunity.

Pullman was always a little too busy to be a philosopher; in spite of his mighty grasp on practical things he failed to perceive that he was a product of the "unkind conditions" of his boyhood. He plumed himself on overcoming great difficulties.

In after dinner conferences he occasionally recited the great things he had done and compared them to the still greater things he might have done "if he had only had a chance."

Perhaps George M. Pullman knew down deep in his heart that he had received the very best training possible for his life work; but that quality in "self-made" men which causes them to want all the credit for the job, blinded him in a great degree to the truth. Hence we find him protecting his own sons from the blessings that had been his. Instead of having his boys brought up to do things, he had servants who cheated them out of all that round of daily duties which had made him strong. He had tutors who taught them things out of books and gave them advice. The result was that the sons of George M. Pullman have achieved guardians and their fantastic tricks before high heaven have added to the gayety of nations ❧

Pullman's boys are without even a trace of that decision and strength that made their father famous. George M. Pullman could operate a great industry, but he

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

could not bring up a family. He succeeded in everything but the boy business.

Of course, we cannot assume that these boys would have been as competent as their father had they been brought up to work, but work would have, at least, protected them from excess.

The method pursued by George M. Pullman in educating his boys is the plan pursued by most rich men. All that they gain for the world is lost again in their children ❧

And until yesterday all the college presidents and all the pedagogs who lectured and taught and wrote and preached, fully endorsed the plan adopted by George M. Pullman in educating his boys.

So sternly true is this that Dr. Edward Everett Hale, a graduate of Harvard, has said, "If you should take twelve prize men from Harvard and put them on a sinking ship, they would all drown through inability to construct a raft."

The mole-blind pedagogs are quite willing to keep on stuffing boys with impressions, not knowing that the number of impressions a boy can hold is limited. We grow through expression, and the large colleges,

even yet, afford a very imperfect means for expression—all is impression and repression and suppression.

But to-day we find a few of the highest type of teachers making a bold stand for the natural method of education. That is, they recognize that the education which George M. Pullman received was a better, wiser and safer education than the education which George M. Pullman gave to his boys ❧

Recently I visited the John Dewey School at Chicago, and there I saw them doing for the children, with carefully prepared intent, just what fate, poverty & “unkind conditions” did for George M. Pullman. ❧ John Dewey, the head of the Dewey School, is a pupil of that noted psychologist and thoroughly sane man, Dr. Stanley Hall; and the cry of Dr. Hall is “Back to Nature.”

At the Dewey School they try to teach children just as a kind, intelligent and loving mother would teach her children if she lived away off forty miles from nowhere, and had an income of three hundred dollars a year to support a family of nine ❧

**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA** Nothing interests us save as it comes home to us as a personal issue. And in visiting the Dewey School I unconsciously compared it with my own early lack of instruction *f*

When I was fifteen years of age I could break wild horses to saddle or harness, and teach kicking cows to stand while they were being milked. I could fell trees and drop the tree in any direction desired; I knew the relative value of all native woods; appreciated the difference in soil, grains, fruits and simple minerals. I could use the drawshave, adz, axe, broad-axe, crosscut saw, sickle and cradle. I could make a figure-four trap, an axe helve, a neckyoke, ox yoke, whiffletrees, clevis, and braid an eight-strand cattle whip. We used to mend our harness on rainy days, and I could make a wax end and thread it with a bristle and use a brad awl. I knew how to construct an ash leach and to make soft soap, apple butter and pumpkin pies. I knew the process of weaving flax and wool, of making and burning brick. I knew on sight and had names for a score or more of birds, and had a good idea of the habits of squirrels, skunks,

wolves and the fishes that swam in the creeks. I knew how to cure hams, shoulders & sidemeat ; to pickle beef, and cover apples with straw and earth so they would keep in safety through the most severe winter, and open up in the spring fresh and valuable ❧

Of course, my knowledge was not of the scientific order, and I could not have explained it to another, because I never knew I had it. It all came along easily, naturally and as a matter of course. It would be absurd to say that I was an expert worker in all the lines I have mentioned, but I was familiar with the processes and could do things with my hands all in my own crude way, just as I daily saw my father and the neighbors doing.

And so when I saw at this experimental school of Chicago University the same curriculum that I had known in youth being worked out I could not but smile. Professor John Dewey, with his costly apparatus and heavy endowment, is merely trying to overcome the "advantages" of civilization ❧

They have no wild horses nor kicking cows in the Dewey School, but they teach

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

children to make things out of wood, iron and cloth. They are taught to measure, weigh, compare and decide. They wash dishes and put things away in a neat and orderly manner. They are taught the nature of wool, cotton and flax, and are shown how to weave, dye and construct. They learn without knowing when or how they learn. The repression and discipline that one feels in many schools is removed and there is an air of freedom in the place that is very helpful. It's a curious experiment—this back to nature—but in the line of truth ❧

There is no more preposterous admonition than that which has been dinged into the ears of innocence for centuries, that "Children should be seen and not heard."

❧ The healthy, active child is full of impressions and that he should express himself is just as natural as for a bird to sing. It is nature's way of giving growth—no one knows a thing for sure until he tells it to someone else. We deepen impressions by recounting them, and habitually to suppress and repress the child when he wants to tell of the curious things he has seen, is to fly in the face of God.

Last summer on a horseback ride of a hundred miles or so I came to an out-of-the-way "Deestrick School," just such a one as you see every three miles all over New York State. This particular school house would not have attracted my attention specially had I not noticed that nearly half the school lot was taken up with a garden and flower beds. No house was near, and it was apparent that this garden was the work of the teacher and pupils.

✧ Straightway I dismounted, tied my horse and walked into the school house ✧ The teacher was a man of middle age—a hunchback and one of the rarest, gentlest spirits I ever met. Have you ever noticed what an alert, receptive and beautiful soul is often housed in a misshapen body? This man was modest and shy as a woman, & when I spoke of the flower beds he half apologized for them and tried to change the subject. When after a few moments he realized that my interest in his garden was something deeper than mere curiosity, he offered to go out and show me what had been done. So we walked out, and out, too, behind us trooped the school of just fifteen children ✧

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

“In winter we have sixty or more pupils, but you see the school is small now. I thought I would try the plan of teaching out of doors half the time, and to keep the girls and boys busy I just let each scholar have a flower bed. Some wanted to raise vegetables and of course I let them plant any seed they wished. The older children, girls or boys, help the younger ones—it is lots of fun. When the weather is fine we are out here a good deal of the time, just working and talking,” explained the teacher.

And that is the way this man taught—letting the children do things and talk. He explained to me that he was not an “educated” man, and as I contradicted him my eyes filled with tears. Not educated? I wonder how many of us who call ourselves educated have a disciplined mind, and can call by name the forest birds in our own vicinity? Do we know the bird notes when we hear them? Can we with pencil outline the leaves of oak, elm, walnut, maple, chestnut, hazel, birch or beech trees, so that others, familiar with these trees, can recognize them?

Do we know by name or on sight the

insects that fill the summer night with melody? Do we know whether the katydid, cricket and locust "sing" with mouth, wings or feet? Do we know what they feed upon, how long they live, and what becomes of the tree-toad in winter?

I wonder what it is to be educated! Here was a man seemingly sore smitten by the hand of Fate, and yet whose heart was filled with sympathy and love. He had no quarrel with either the world or Destiny. He was childless that he might love all children, and that his heart might go out to every living thing. The trustees of the school did not take much interest in the curriculum, I found, so they let the teacher have his way. A collection of birds' eggs, fungi and forest leaves had been made, and I was shown outline drawings of all the leaves in the garden. This idea of drawing a picture of the object led to a closer observation, the teacher thought. And when I found on questioning some of the children, that the whole school took semi-weekly rambles through the woods, and made close studies of the wild birds, as well as insects, it came to me that this man, far from any "intellectual center,"

**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA** was working out a pedagogic system that science could never improve upon. Now whether the little man realized this or not I cannot say, but I do not think he guessed the greatness of his work and methods. It was all so simple—he did the thing he liked to do, and led the children out, and they followed because they loved the man and soon loved the things that he loved. Science seeks to simplify. This country school teacher, doing his own little work in his own little way, was a true scientist. And in the presence of such a man should we not uncover ?

The success of an individual is usually damnation for his children. Luxury enervates and kills, and this is the reason that the race has made such slow and painful progress. All one generation gains is lost in the next. The great nations have died off from the earth simply because they succeeded. The grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome are but names writ in water. The splendours of Spain and Italy are crumbling into dust. Whether France and England have not expressed their best is a question—nations like families die the death and they die

because they win ❧ Institutions similar to the Dewey School are attempts to hold the ground once gained, and as such they should command the earnest consideration and respect of every man who knows history and who realizes that the progress of civilization has been only a repetition of the labor of Sisyphus.

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

We grow strong through doing things  
And when one generation comes into possession of the material good that the former generation has gained, and makes that fool remark, "I do n't have to work," it straightway is stepping on the chute that gives it a slide to Avernus—and then all has to be done over again.

I expect to see the day when school teachers will not be supplied a beautiful scarcity of everything but hard work.

I expect to see the day when no school teacher will have more than twenty pupils.

❧ I expect to see the day when the honors and compensation of school teaching will command the services of the best and strongest men and women in every community ❧

I expect to see the day when the conversational method will be supreme, and

**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA** teaching will be done practically without books—by object lessons, thinking things out and doing things.

I expect to see the day when overwrought nerves in teacher or pupil will be unknown, for joy will take the place of anxiety, and all the bugaboo of “exams” will be consigned to limbo. The evolution even now is at work, and the time is ripe. The beauty seen in all school rooms, and the reaching out for harmony are not in vain. These things are bearing fruit.

This is the richest country the world has ever known. We are loaning money to Europe—and ideas, too. We spend a sum total in America of two hundred million dollars a year for the support of our public schools. Yet we raised a like sum last year for war and fighting machines, and no one lifted an eyebrow, except a few cranks around Boston and a man in Nebraska ❧

Now suppose that we awaken to the truth that war is waste, and worse,—that we stand in no danger and need few soldiers, and that we would better educate our boys and girls at home than indulge in doubtful Old World experiments—then

what! Why, we 'll reduce our fighting force and use the money to increase the efficiency of our teaching force. We will let children grow strong and unfold through doing things and talking about them as they do them, and pupils and teacher will grow strong together. We will do away with truancy, trampism, hoodlumism and lessen crime by nine-tenths. We will not suppress bad or restless boys, we will divert them and direct their energies into paths of usefulness. And the day is coming ❧

For these thoughts are not my thoughts. They are in the hearts of thousands in every city, town, hamlet and village—east or west, north or south—it 's just God's truth ❧

And when enough people arrive at Truth, and realize that every day is Judgment Day, and the important place is Here, and the time is Now, then we will work for a present good, and educate, not kill; love, not hate; and the men and women who educate most and best shall be honored most. The Day is dawning in the East ❧







THE BETTER  
PART





AM an Anarchist ✧  
All good men are An-  
archists.

All cultured and kindly  
men ; all gentle men ; all  
just men are Anarchists.

✧ Jesus was an Anarch-  
ist.

A Monarchist is one who believes a mon-  
arch should govern. A Plutocrat believes  
in the rule of the rich. A Democrat holds  
that the majority should dictate. An Aris-  
tocrat thinks only the wise should decide ;  
while an Anarchist does not believe in  
government at all.

Richard Croker is a Monarchist ; Mark  
Hanna is a Plutocrat ; Cleveland a Demo-  
crat ; Cabot Lodge an Aristocrat ; William  
Penn, Henry D. Thoreau, Bronson Alcott  
and Walt Whitman were Anarchists.

An Anarchist is one who minds his own  
business. An Anarchist does not believe  
in sending war ships across wide oceans  
to kill brown men, and lay waste rice  
fields, and burn the homes of people who  
are fighting for liberty. An Anarchist does  
not drive women with babes at the breast  
and other women with babes unborn,

**A MESSAGE** children and old men into the jungle to be  
**TO GARCIA** devoured by beasts or fever or fear, or die  
of hunger, homeless, unhouseled and  
undone ✎

Destruction, violence, ravages and murder  
are perpetrated by statute law. Without  
law there would be no infernal machines,  
no war ships, no dynamite guns, no flat-  
nosed bullets, no pointed cartridges, no  
bayonets, no policemen's billies, no night  
sticks, no come-alongs, no handcuffs, no  
straight jackets, no dark cells, no gallows,  
no prison walls to conceal the infamies  
therein inflicted. Without law no little  
souls fresh from God would be branded  
"illegitimate" indelibly as soon as they  
reach Earth. Without law there would be  
less liars, no lawyers, fewer hypocrites  
and no Devil's Island.

The Cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God  
in vain,  
For the world is given over to the cruel sons of  
Cain ;  
The hand that would bless us is weak, and the  
hand that would break us is strong,  
And the power of pity is naught but the power  
of a song.  
The dreams that our fathers dreamed to-day are  
laughter and dust,

And nothing at all in the world is left for a man  
to trust.

Let us hope no more, nor dream, nor prophesy,  
nor pray,

For the iron world no less will crash on its iron  
way ;

And nothing is left but to watch, with a helpless  
pitying eye,

The kind old aims for the world, and the kind  
old fashions die.

I do not go quite so far as that—I'm a  
pessimistic-optimist, Dearie,—I believe  
that brutality tends to defeat itself. Prize  
fighters die young, gourmands get the  
gout, hate hurts worse the man who nurses  
it, and all selfishness robs the mind of its  
divine insight and cheats the soul that  
would know. Mind alone is eternal! He,  
watching over Israel, slumbers not nor  
sleeps. My faith is great : out of the tran-  
sient darkness of the present the shadows  
will flee away, and Day will yet dawn.

I am an Anarchist.

No man who believes in force and vio-  
lence is an Anarchist. The true Anarchist  
decries all influences save those of love  
and reason. Ideas are his only arms.

Being an Anarchist I am also a Socialist.  
Socialism is the antithesis of Anarchy.

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

One is the North Pole of Truth, the other the South. The Socialist believes in working for the good of all, while Anarchy is pure Individualism. I believe in every man working for the good of self; and in working for the good of self, he works for the good of all. To think, to see, to feel, to know; to deal justly; to bear all patiently; to act quietly; to speak cheerfully; to moderate one's voice—these things will bring you the highest good. They will bring you the love of the best and the esteem of that Sacred Few whose good opinion alone is worth cultivating. And further than this, it is the best way you can serve Society—live your life. The wise way to benefit humanity is to attend to your own affairs, and thus give other people an opportunity to look after theirs.

If there is any better way to teach virtue than by practicing it, I do not know it.

Would you make men better—set them an example ❧

The Millennium will never come until governments cease from governing, and the meddler is at rest. Politicians are men who volunteer the task of governing us for a consideration. The political boss is

intent on living off your labor. A man may seek an office in order to do away with the rascal who now occupies it, but for the most part office-seekers are rank rogues. Shakespeare uses the word politician five times, and each time it is synonymous with knave. That is to say, a politician is one who sacrifices truth and honor for policy. The highest motive of his life is expediency—policy. In King Lear it is the “scurvy politician,” who through tattered clothes beholds small vices, while robes and furred gowns, for him, cover all.

Europe is divided up between eight great governments, and in time of peace over three million men are taken from the ranks of industry and are under arms, not to protect the people, but to protect one government from another.

Mankind is governed by the worst—the strongest example of this is to be seen in American municipalities, but it is true of every government ❧

We are governed by rogues who hold their grip upon us by and through statute law. Were it not for law the people could protect themselves against these thieves, but now we are powerless and are robbed

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

legally ✎ One mild form of coercion these rogues resort to, is to call us unpatriotic when we speak the truth about them. Not long ago they would have cut off our heads. The world moves.

Governments cannot be done away with instantaneously, but progress will come, as it has in the past, by lessening the number of laws. We want less governing, and the Ideal Government will arrive when there is no government at all.

So long as governments set the example of killing their enemies, private individuals will occasionally kill theirs.

So long as men are clubbed, robbed, imprisoned, disgraced, hanged by the governing class, just so long will the idea of violence and brutality be born in the souls of men ✎

Governments imprison men, and then hound them when they are released.

Hate springs eternal in the human breast.

✎ And hate will never die so long as men are taken from useful production on the specious plea of patriotism, and bayonets gleam in God's pure sunshine.

And the worst part about making a soldier of a man is, not that the soldier kills

brown men or black men or white men, but it is that the soldier loses his own soul ✂

A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA

I am an Anarchist.

I do not believe in bolts or bars or brutality. I make my appeal to the Divinity in men, and they, in some mysterious way, feeling this, do not fail me.

I send valuable books, without question, on a postal card request, to every part of the Earth where the mail can carry them, and my confidence is never abused. The Roycroft Shop is never locked, employees and visitors come and go at pleasure, and nothing is molested. My library is for anyone who cares to use it.

Out in the great world women occasionally walk off the dock in the darkness, and then struggle for life in the deep waters. Society jigs and ambles by, with a coil of rope, but before throwing it demands of the sinking one a certificate of character from her Pastor or a letter of recommendation from her Sunday School Superintendent, or a testimonial from a School Principal. Not being able to produce the document, the struggler is left to go down to her death in the darkness.

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A so-called "bad woman" is usually one whose soul is being rent in an awful travail of prayer to God that she may get back upon solid footing and lead an honest life. Believing this, the Roycroft principle is never to ask for such a preposterous thing as a letter of recommendation from anyone. We have two hundred helpers, and while it must not be imagined by any means that we operate a reform school or a charitable institution, I wish to say that I distinctly and positively refuse to discriminate between "good" and "bad" people. I will not condemn, nor for an instant imagine that it is my duty to resolve myself into a section of the Day of Judgment ❧

I fix my thought on the good that is in every soul and make my appeal to that. And the plan is a wise one, judged by results. It secures you loyal helpers, worthy friends, gets the work done, aids digestion and tends to sleep o' nights. And I say to you, that if you have never known the love, loyalty and integrity of a proscribed person, you have never known what love, loyalty and integrity are ❧ I do not believe in governing by force, or threat, or

any other form of coercion. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God's creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate, or revenge. I will influence men, if I can, but it shall be only by aiding them to think for themselves ; and so mayhap, they, of their own accord, will choose the better part—the ways that lead to life and light.

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**





THE CRYING  
NEED



HE Servant Girl is a **A MESSAGE**  
property used by all **TO GARCIA**  
humorists in Class B;  
and the troubles of the  
Mistress are a recurring  
theme in every club and  
editorial room.

The wailings of the  
Woman who has employed a Cook-lady  
form a subdued anvil chorus that hums  
the round world over as the earth re-  
volves, like the drum-taps of Great Britain  
on which the sun never sets—but may.

The Woes of the Mistress! They will  
never down—and as a topic for conversa-  
tion the Servant Girl question will remain  
with us just as long as does the Servant  
Girl. I think, however, although I may be  
all wrong, that it is the Mistress that needs  
reformation—not the Girl.

The Servant Girl system draws a sharp  
line of demarcation between the Girl and  
the Mistress. The Mistress fights to keep  
the line more deeply etched—the Girl  
strives to obliterate it.

And the Girl will win—and some day I 'll  
tell you why.

But there is a Chorus of Kickers that

**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA** growls its thunderous bass in a manner just as pronounced as the shrill falsetto of the Amalgamated Mistresses. And yet no funny man has ever made note of the bass, while the soprano is worked over-time ❧ The Kick to which I refer is the wail of every man who operates a store, shop, factory, bank, railroad or any other institution that employs many men.

Every Successful Concern is the result of a One-Man Power. Co-operation, technically, is an iridescent dream — things co-operate because the Man makes them. He cements them by his will.

But find this Man, and get his confidence and his weary eyes will look into yours and the cry of his heart shall echo in your ears, “O for someone to help me bear this burden!”

Then he will tell you of his endless search for Ability, and of his continual disappointments and thwartings in trying to get someone to help himself by helping him ❧

Ability is the one crying need of the hour. ❧ The banks are bulging with money, everywhere are men wanting work. The harvest is ripe.

But the Ability to captain the unemployed and utilize the capital is lacking—sadly lacking ❧ **A MESSAGE TO GARCIA**

In every city there are dozens of five and ten thousand dollar a year positions to be filled, but the only applicants are men who want a job at fifteen dollars a week. Your man of Ability has a place already.

Yes, Ability is a rare article.

But there is something that is much more scarce, something finer far, something rarer than Ability.

It is the Ability to recognize Ability.

The sternest comment that can be made against employers as a class lies in the fact that men of Ability usually succeed in showing their worth in spite of their employer, and not with his assistance and encouragement ❧

If you know the lives of men of Ability, you know that they discovered their power, almost without exception, through accident. Had the accident not occurred that made the opportunity, the man would have been practically lost to the world ❧

The experience of Tom Potter, the telegraph operator, at an obscure little way station, is truth painted large. That fearful

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

night, when most of the wires were down and a passenger train went through the bridge, gave Tom Potter the opportunity of discovering himself. He took charge of the dead, cared for the wounded, settled fifty claims—drawing drafts on the company—burned the last vestige of the wreck, sunk the waste iron in the river and repaired the bridge before the Superintendent arrived on the spot.

“Who gave you authority to do all this?” demanded the Superintendent.

“Nobody,” said Tom, “I assumed the authority.”

The next month Tom Potter’s salary was \$5,000 a year, and in three years he was making ten times this, simply because he could get other men to do things.

Why wait for an accident to discover Tom Potter? Let us set traps for Tom Potter, and lie in wait for him. Perhaps Tom Potter is just around the corner, across the street, in the next room, or at our elbow!

I know a man who roamed the woods and fields for thirty years and never found an Indian arrow. One day he began to think “arrow,” and stepping out of his doorway

he picked one up. Since then he has collected a bushel.

**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**

Suppose we cease wailing about incompetence, sleepy indifference and slipshod "help" that watches the clock. These things exist—let us dispose of the subject by admitting it, and then emphasize the fact that freckled farmer boys come out of the West and East and often go to the front and do things in a masterly way ❧ There is one name that stands out in history like a beacon light after all these twenty-five hundred years have passed, just because the man had the sublime Genius of discovering Ability.

That man is Pericles.

Pericles made Athens.

And to-day the very dust of the streets of Athens is being sifted and searched for relics and remnants of the things made by people who were captained by men of Ability who were discovered by Pericles.

❧ There is little competition in this line of discovering Ability. We sit down and wail because Ability does not come our way ❧

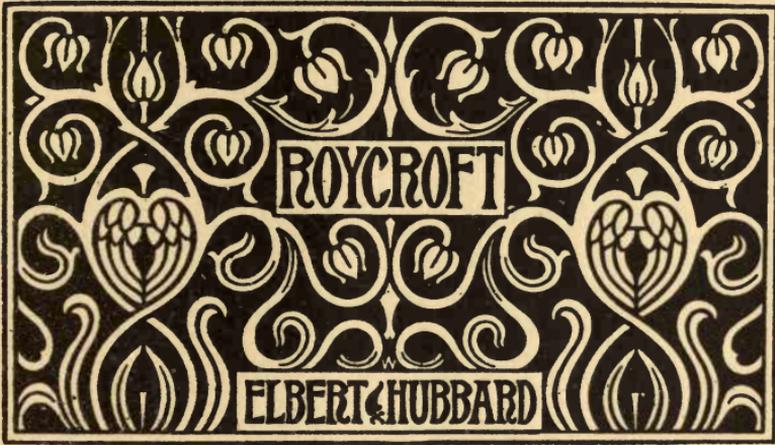
Let us think "Ability" and possibly we can jostle Pericles there on his pedestal,

**A MESSAGE** where he has stood for over a score of  
**TO GARCIA** centuries—the man with a supreme Gen-  
ius for recognizing Ability ♣ Hail to thee,  
Pericles, and hail to thee, Great Unknown,  
who shall first successfully imitate him!



SO HERE ENDETH THE GOODLY BOOK  
ENTITLED "A MESSAGE TO GARCIA AND  
THIRTEEN OTHER THINGS," AS WRIT-  
TEN BY FRA ELBERTUS, AND DONE INTO  
PRINT BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR  
SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA ❧ ❧





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