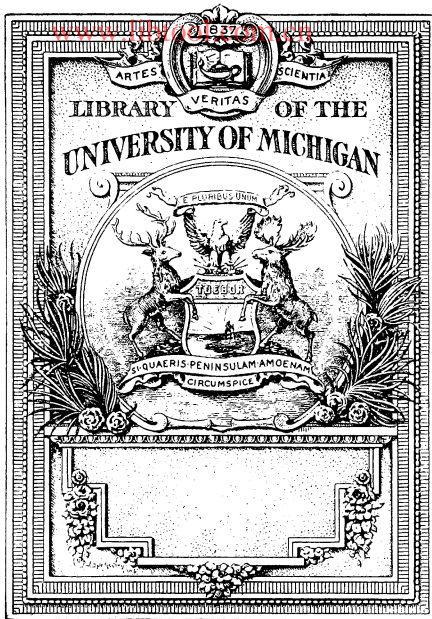


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A Periodical of Protest

A widow who marries the second
time, does n't deserve to be one



Printed Every Little While
for the Society of the Phi-
listines and Published by
Them Monthly. Subscrip-
tion, One Dollar Yearly &
Single Copies, Ten Cents
J U N E , 1 9 1 0

THE LUCKY NUMBER

NE Thing,
Hotchkin:

You need not
Fletcherize on that
Missing Word if
you do not *want to*

Entered at post-office, East Aurora, New York, as second-class matter,
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The Philistine

Vol. 31


JUNE

No. 1

You'd better be a sinner than a cast-iron monkey or a plaster-of-Paris cat. God will forgive the sinner, but what he will do with the prig is a problem.



Lochinvar—Up to Date

 H, gaily the Fra has come out of the West;

'Mid jugglers and dancers his stunt was the best.

No ballet assisted: he stunted alone,
While round him a halo of calcium shone.

So genially beaming—so nimble of wit—
Why really, Terese, he has made quite a hit!

—Meta G. Watkins

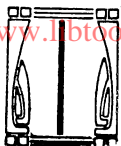


“Why does the bank have big iron bars across the windows?” asked a little boy of his Pa. “Hush,” was the answer; “that is so the cashier will get used to them.”

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THE PHILISTINE Heart-to-Heart Talks with Philistines by the Pastor of his Flock



IN the March issue of the PHILISTINE Bibliozone I handed out a little dentes sapientia. In fact, I used the literary slap-stick on a few pee-wee dentists who not only will not advertise, but who want to boycott those who do.

To my surprise that issue was cleaned up on the news-stands in short order, and the call still continues, altho there are no more copies to be had.

It was n't alone the dentists who read the article, but almost every one else who believes in the newly evolved and evolving science of advertising.

The widespread interest in the subject of advertising is revealed in the formation of clubs to study the theme from every point of view ❁ ❁

The "Adscript," "Adcraft" and "Poor Richard" Clubs combine in their membership the brightest and most progressive minds in their respective communities. New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, Grand Rapids, Kansas City, Indianapolis, Buffalo and various other

cities have their Advertising Clubs, where the psychic sparks are made to fly, in a daily, weekly or monthly forum.

THE PHILISTINE

He who imagines that modern advertising is the exploitation of the public is a bicuspidati diplidocus, and would do well to come out of his comatose state and currycomb his convolutions ❀ ❀

Advertising is the education of the public as to who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer in way of skill, talent or commodity ❀ ❀

LIFE, now, is human service. ¶ To deceive is to beckon for the Commissioner in Bankruptcy.

Nothing goes but truth.

We know this—because for over two thousand years we have been trying everything else.

¶ Academic education is the act of memorizing things read in books, and things told by college professors who got their education mostly by memorizing things read in books and told by college professors.

It is easier to be taught than to attain.

It is easier to accept than investigate.

It is easier to follow than lead—usually ❀

Yet we are all heir to peculiar, unique and

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

individual talents, and a few men are not content to follow.

These have usually been killed, and suddenly.

¶ Now, our cry is, "Make room for individuality!"

Yet your "ethical" dentist, or doctor, harks back to a day that is dead and cries anathema at the man who infuses a little of his own God-given individuality into his business.

Some men can only do their best when amid the buzz of industry, and surrounded by a group of congenial souls.

For such a one, if he be a dentist, to coop himself up in a cubby-hole of a room and wait for customers to push in the door, is death.

¶ He may have a genius for leadership, but your ethical says "Nay," and thrusts him back.

¶ I know of dentists who are dying of loneliness and heart-hunger.

If they could be at work with a dozen others, advertising and getting the business, they would be happy.

Why can't they?

Ask the Interstate Dental Society!

TRUTH," says Dr. Charles W. Eliot, "is the new virtue."

Let the truth be known about your business.

¶ The only man who should not advertise is the one who has nothing to offer in way of service, or one who can not make good.

All such should seek the friendly shelter of oblivion, where dwell those who, shrouded in Stygian shades, foregather gloom, and are out of the game.

Not to advertise is to be nominated for membership in the Down-and-Out Club.

The Adscripts and the Adcrafts are opposition societies to the Mummy Trust, symbolized by the Philadelphic Club—that hoary, hoarson, senile and babbling bunch of barnacles who having lost their capacity to sin, alternately blab of a Goodyear virtue and boast of the days that are gone ❀ ❀

About the best we can say of the days that are gone, is that they are gone.

The Adscripts and the Adcrafts look to the East. They worship the rising sun. The oleo of authority does not much interest them. They want the Kosmic Kerosene that supplies the caloric.

A good Adcraftscripter is never either a philosopher or a theologaster—he is a pragmatist. He seeks the good for himself, for his clients, and for the whole human race.

The science of advertising is the science of

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

psychology. ¶ And psychology is the science of the human heart.

The advertiser works to supply a human want; and often he has to arouse the desire for his goods. He educates the public as to what it needs, and what it wants, and shows where and how to get it.

The idea of the "ethical dentist" who refrains from advertising was originally founded on the proposition derived from the medicos that advertising was fakery. This view once had a certain basis in fact, when the only people who advertised were transients. The merchant who lived in a town assumed that every one knew where he was and what he had to offer. The doctor the same.

This no longer applies. We are living so fast, and inventing so fast, and changing so fast, and there are so many of us, that he who does not advertise is left to the spiders, the cockroaches and the microbes.

The fact that you have all the business you can well manage is no excuse now for not advertising ❀ ❀

TO stand still is to retreat. ¶ To worship the god Terminus is to have the Goths and Vandals that skirt the borders of every success-

ful venture, pick up your Termini and carry them inland, long miles, between the setting of the sun and his rising. **THE PHILISTINE**

To hold the old customers, you must get out after the new. www.libtool.com.cn

When you think you are big enough, there is lime in the bones of the boss, and a noise like a buccaneer is heard in the offing.

The reputation that endures, or the institution that lasts, is the one that is properly advertised.

¶ The only names in Greek History that we know are those which Herodotus and Thucydides graved with deathless styli.

The men of Rome who live and tread the boardwalk are those Plutarch took up and writ their names large on human hearts.

All that Plutarch knew of Greek heroes was what he read in Herodotus.

All that Shakespeare knew of Classic Greece and Rome, and the heroes of that far-off time, is what he dug out of Plutarch's Lives. And about all that most people now know of Greece and Rome they got from Shakespeare.

Plutarch boomed his Roman friends and matched each favorite with some Greek, written of by Herodotus. Plutarch wrote of the men he liked, some of whom we know put up good mazuma to cover expenses.

THE PHILISTINE **B**UT of all the Plenipotentiaries of Publicity, Ambassadors of Advertising, and Bosses of Press Bureaus, none equals Moses, who lived fifteen centuries before Christ.

Moses appointed himself ad-writer for Deity, and gave us an account of creation, from personal interviews. And altho some say these interviews were faked, this account has been accepted for thirty-five centuries.

Moses wrote the first five books of the Bible and this account includes a record of the author's romantic birth and his serene and dignified death. Moses is the central figure, after Yahweh, in the whole write-up.

Egyptian history makes not a single mention of Moses or the Exodus, and no record is found of the flight from Egypt save what Moses wrote.

¶ At best it was only a few hundred people who hiked, but the account makes the whole thing seem colossal and magnificent. And best of all, the high standard set has been an inspiration to millions to live up to the dope.

The phrase, "The Chosen People of God," was a catch-phrase unrivaled. Slogans abound in Moses that have been taken up by millions on millions ❀ ❀

When Moses took over the Judaic account, Jehovah was only a tutelary or tribal god. He

was simply one of many. He had at least forty strong competitors. The Egyptians had various gods; the Midianites, Hittites, Philistines, Amorites, Ammonites had at least one god each ❁ ❁

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Moses made his god supreme, and all other gods were driven from the skies.

What turned the trick?

I'll tell you—the writings of Moses, and nothing else. So able, convincing, direct and inclusive were the claims of Moses that the world, absolutely, was won by them.

In the Mosaic Code was enough of the saving salt of commonsense to keep it alive. It was a religion for the now and here. The Mosaic laws are sanitary laws and work for the positive, present good of those who abide by them.

It is not deeds nor acts that last—it is the written record of those deeds and acts.

It was not the life and death of Jesus that fixed His place as the central figure of His time—and perhaps of all time—it was what Paul and certain unknown writers who never even saw Him, claimed and had to say in written words.

HORATIUS still stands at the bridge, spear in hand, because a poet placed him there.
Q Paul Revere rides a-down the night giving his

THE PHILISTINE warning cry at every Middlesex village and farm, because Longfellow set the meters in a gallop ❁ ❁

Across the waste of waters the enemy calls upon Paul Jones to surrender, and the voice of Paul Jones echoes back, "Goddam your souls to hell—we have not yet begun to fight!" And the sound of that fearless voice has given courage to countless thousands to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.

In Brussels there is yet to be heard a sound of revelry by night, only because Byron told of it.

¶ Commodore Perry, that rash and impulsive youth of twenty-six, never sent that message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," but a good reporter did, and the reporter's words live, while Perry's died on the empty air.

¶ Lord Douglas never said:

"The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendship grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Sir Walter Scott made that remark on white paper with an eagle's quill, and schoolboys' hearts will beat high as they scorn the offered hand on Friday afternoons, for centuries to come.

¶ Virginius lives in heroic mold, not for what he said or did, but for the words put into his mouth by a man who pushed what you call

a virile pen and wrote such an ad for Virginius as he could never have written for himself. ¶ Andrew J. Rowan carried the Message to Garcia, all right, but the deed would have been lost in the dust-bin of time, and quickly too, were it not for George H. Daniels, who etched the act into the memory of the race, and fixed the deed in history, sending it down the corridors of time with the rumble of the Empire State Express, so that today it is a part of the current coin of the mental realm, a legal tender wherever English she is spoke.

THE Old Guard dies but never surrenders. Whipped, torn, muddy, bloody and magnificent, Cambronne, the last survivor, stands with broken sword, defiant and unsubdued. ¶ He, like Ney, might have shouted, "Come and see how a French soldier dies!" The English are awed by his courage, and hesitate to again fire. "Brave Frenchman, surrender!" an officer calls in pleading accents. And Cambronne hurls back a word that can only be printed in French—the most indecent and insulting word that human lips can utter. ¶ The English fire, and Cambronne falls, weltering in his blood. ¶ They kill the man. It is the only thing to do.

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¶ I know it is a shame to say it, and I apologize on bended knee, but this scene of the death of the last of the Old Guard is an ad for the French, written by Victor Hugo, who loved the French and hated the English.

And the ad has wrought its impress on the heart of humanity. The Battle of Waterloo is the Battle as the genius of Victor Hugo gave it to us, and none other. The things that live in history are those well described by writers who knew and joyed in the Cadmean Game.

¶ ALL literature is advertising. ¶ And all genuine advertisements are literature.

The author advertises men, times, places, deeds, events and things. His appeal is to the universal human soul. If he does not know the heart-throbs of men and women, their hopes, joys, ambitions, tastes, needs and desires, his work will interest no one but himself and his admiring friends.

Advertising is fast becoming a fine art. Its theme is Human Wants, and where, when and how they may be gratified. ¶ It interests, inspires, educates—sometimes amuses—informs and thereby uplifts and benefits, lubricating existence and helping the old world on its way to the Celestial City of Fine Minds.

“Every dollar I have was made honestly,” snorted the Great Political Boss.
“By whom?” asked the cynical man.

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LISTINE



THE individual is God differentiated and focused ✽ Mankind is God reduced to fractions. Each soul is a segment of the primal circle—an arc curved over the deeps of Being.

The roots of the soul, like the roots of islands, meet and merge in the depths where individual differences cease ✽ The individual mind is a gaunt, isolated peak that rises sheer and stark from the unplumbed abysses of the One. And like mountains that crumble to the sea to lay the foundations of future ranges that shall and shall not be the same, so does the individual return atom by atom to its source.

Those emotions, desires, thoughts, that make us what we are, drift back silently and inevitably to the great spiritual reservoir, and the many-tongued soul is at last resumed in God, whence it sprung.

Difference is shrouded in like, and like undulates to difference in perpetual circles. Such, in brief, is the metaphysics of individualism, or, if you please, egoism.

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THE greatest thing in the world is self-love. Love yourself, reverence yourself, and it must inexorably follow that you can then hate no man. He loves himself best who hates himself most. You must learn to detest the petty that batters on your soul, and the gnawing Envy that dart thru your veins like hungry rats in a wall, and the furtive-eyed insincerities that shape the soul to obscene curves and amble after place and power like a cretin begging alms.

Self-love is not selfishness, but self-ishness. He who loves another loves the best in himself. He who hates another loves the worst in himself.

We hear much of altruism. Altruism is Envy turned saint. It is the creed of soggy souls and sultry moralists. Altruism is a subtle form of egotism. It aims at self-expansion by denying self. Altruists are moral smugglers, and they have the contraband in their cellars.

They do good that they may receive good in return ❀ ❀

The absurdest thing in the world is the story of how Adam named the animals; almost as absurd is the doctrine of disinterested motives. It is easier to balance Sirius on a hair than to conceive of an action that is not motived in

self-love. The tops and bottoms of being can not reach beyond the Self, in which we are shrouded like the sun in its fires. Except a thing tend to glorify you it is worthless.

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The sublimest sacrifice that the world has ever seen was but the immolation of the lower on the higher, of the mortal individual on the cosmic individual. On the pyres of aspiration Christ burned His lower nature. Hence we call Him the perfect man.

It was Emerson who first gave us leave to worship ourselves. In his high northing he skirted the open polar seas of the spirit; and his eye beheld the spot where all lines meet. The forked lightnings of his soul struck steeple and capitol, and the thunders that reverberated from his essay, "Self-Reliance," rumbled around the world.

The prim proprieties that feed on shredded alfalfa, and mediocrity that lives by oatmeal alone, were set a-crooning, and the "home virtues"—parlor magic for children—were scared into a death-chatter. The sham gods that dwell in their tinsel social pagodas were rocked from their embossed pedestals, and the shriveled souls of a manikin mankind—all neatly wrapped in the tinfoil virtues—were set a-squeaking and a-gibbering with horror.

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ALL of Emerson's essays and poems are a celebration of Emerson. His own soul was the most important fact in his life. He knew nobody worthier than himself. Revolutionist, transcendentalist, sage, stoic, bondservant to the Spirit that dwells in the unlimned spaces of the Oversoul, he flung the age-long cadavers that had staled in his doorway over the parapets of his castle, and sounded a clarion-blast of defiance to the worm-eaten faiths of the world.

¶ It is the hardest thing in the world to preserve your individuality. All things tend to absorb you. The world is avid of your soul. The very stars are wolves upon your trail. Society is an unkenneled bloodhound that roams the world seeking whom it may devour. Time is shod in gum-shoes, and its ferret eyes leer with delight as it watches your soul crumble to the common level. Threatening missives are borne to you upon the winds, and the hint of penalties falls on your ear like rain-patter on a tin roof. Fear—that "obscene bird," Emerson calls it—circles over your soul like a kite amorous of carrion. The cabals of Doubt are always in session, and your tiny spirit flutters and flickers like a candle set near a wind-swept chimney. The whispering negations play over your soul like lambent

flames on troubled waters. All things conspire against you. The thongs of habit rib your soul. ¶The life of man from bib to coffin is a vicarious atonement; he does daily penance for the sins of his ancestors.

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YOU are striated with elemental slime. The insinuating imps of temptation swarm in and out of your clay, like worms in a corpse. If you rise to the level of your instincts you will be pelted with pebbled epithets, and senile old women, of both sexes, will run into the highway and fling at you the "Nay, Nay!" from the slingshots of their hate.

And there are those who will crouch behind the hedges of humility and fling their dart at the traveler along the Open Road.

The man who dares to be himself is a cinder blown into the eye of his generation.

"Let us have done with conformity!" cries Emerson ❀ ❀

Were the mighty currents of Being set in motion merely to float bloated bladders? He who can walk the waters of life is truly a savior—at least, of himself. We amble and shamble through life. Walking is a lost art. We pay court here; we doff our hat there; we crook the knee to that senescent lie and fawn upon

THE PHILISTINE this pimpled villainy; and our backs grow round and, like pigs with snout to the ground, our senses are riveted to smut.

Conformity is cowardice, and all concessions are made to the devil. It is better to die on the Horeb of isolation, knowing that you have been true to yourself, than to rot away inch by inch in the mephitic alleys of the commonplace ❁ ❁

It is better to go your way among men, defiant of their scorn, than to go men's ways and scorn yourself. The cerebral activity of the average man consists of a series of apologetic molecular movements that discharge shrimp-like impressions which he dignifies by the name of thought.

Action is thought tempered by illusion. Most of our actions are cowardly. They aim at something the world prizes—fame, honor, riches. No man dares to act from himself. He borrows his light. If he has an original thought he conceals it. It is his; hence it is unworthy. His humility is cowardice. His apologies are the dry cough of a spiritual lunger. His life is as artificial and as useless as civilization. His body is but the inflated bladder of a dead ego. "Don't be a mush of concessions," Emerson admonishes us. Dare to affirm—or to deny.

There is a negative bravery. There is a courage that is immobile. A pygmy may do and dare.

¶It takes a Hercules to achieve inaction. Dare not to do, and you will find it harder than daring to do. The man who aims at nothing, whose heart is set upon nothing, whose eye lusteth not, whose soul floats with the endless currents of being in a joyful willingness, has achieved that calm and repose that are the basic motives of the strenuous act—the act that confuses means with ends and subsists en passant ❀ ❀

Emerson's soul stood poised in a measureless calm—like a shaft of alabaster towering to the multitudinous stars. His mind was an Alhambra of beauties, and his head wore the turban of dreams. The Eternal stole on tiptoe to his soul and messaged to the world the great Saga of Self ❀ ❀

“Trust thyself.” Why should I make believe that I like the world-famed book I am reading if it run counter to my deepest convictions? Why am I bound to believe what is said in any book, tho it come with the imprint of Mount Sinai? ❀ ❀

Why should I hold to any law, church, institution, if there is that within me which spurns it? Each man is unique. He may live again, but

THE PHI- under other masks. My thoughts are best
LISTINE because they are my own. Each of us is a
relative absolute—relative in his qualities,
absolute in his unique potentialities. The man
firmly mortised in the granite of Self must
spurn gifts merely because they are gifts. What
can I use?—not, What can I get?—is the
question the egoist asks himself. Each thought,
however humble, that is rightfully ours, is of
use. The despised trivial is often the crumbling
fragment of ancient buried sublimities. The
carrion hours gorged with the filth of decayed
cycles spit their bribes at our feet. But your
great man will have none of them. The things
he needs will flow to his feet. Let the social
hucksters peddle their wares. The man who
drinks his own spirit will no longer harpoon
sardines; he baits for Eternity.

In so far as a man concedes and takes is
he weak. In so far as he resists and refuses is he
strong. Shall we be affronting reefs in this wild,
unsounded sea of lawless law, or corks swirling
anywhither?

That flowering differentiation which is called
individuation was begun in the affirmation of
a denial—the affirmation of the rights of the
individual over the many and the denial of the
power of environment. Things develop in

inverse ratio to their likenesses. Life is conditioned on contention. At bottom there is war. Whether the battle for the preservation of self is carried on in the open or in the midnight silences of the soul, it is one and the same. It is the soul's demand for breathing space. It is the battle for the redemption of the self from the slavery of limitation. The law of self-preservation is the law of salvation. To preserve yourself at the expense of your neighbor is Nature's first ordinance. Attraction is secondary—an afterthought. Love is an efflorescence. Resistance is the primal law. Your molecules are surrounded by an impenetrable sphere of force. Your soul was made to withstand impact. Emerson never tires of emphasizing this truth. In "Self-Reliance" he says: "I must be myself. I will not hide my tastes or aversions." He will not sell his liberty and power to save other men's sensibilities. It is better to wound than play the hypocrite. "I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is not an apology, but a life." It is the weak man who smilingly weaves his silken threads of craft around the strong man. But the strong man has need for neither craft nor apology. He slashes his way to liberty. ¶ "Behold! I teach you the Overman," might

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THE PHILISTINE have been enunciated by Emerson. The Overman of Nietzsche aimed at a beyond-man. The Overman of Emerson is to be evolved in man.

NIETZCHE sought to manufacture a God; Emerson sought to fabricate a man. Nietzsche conceived power as something that primarily flowed out of man; Emerson conceived it as something flowing into man from the Oversoul—the shoreless sunken seas of the potential. There is a conspiracy among the underfed to palm off the emaciated for the ethereal. We cringe to words; we fawn before proverbs; we are the paid sycophants of Mumbo-Jumbo. We are ruled by the senescent and the obsolescent.

Men are afraid to violate. Virtue is a papier-mache monument that Impotence has erected over the grave of Hope. At most there is a thin, piping “No,” and a scamper to cover. Men seek to do the “proper thing”—which is generally the improper thing. Most laws are obeyed thru fear—and presto! we have the “virtue” styled obedience. The Ideal is the Cockayne of the lost. The weak man dreams his darling sin, and calls it “Heaven!” The strong man enacts his darling sin, and the world cries out, “Bravo!”—sometimes—and another

“virtue” comes to being. “Do the thing you are afraid to do,” Emerson tells us ✨ Shock the decorous. Defy the customary, and let us raise altars to the rebels! It is inability that wears the mask of patience, and we are ruled by the unfittest. Conscience? The tribute that weakness pays to capacity. Strong men and their consciences must part. Each original act smashes a scruple. The highest Man is not a moral being, but an esthete. Life for him is a spectacle, not an aspiration. What we call progress is but the primitive love of the novel. We are dying of an overdose of “moralic acid.”

¶ At bottom we reverence power. We have an instinctive love for the heroic. And we twist moral values to suit our desires. We love might more than right. The bandit Bonaparte has dazzled the world; we love him for his strength. He was a good animal. We secretly admire the great law-breakers and build private fanes to the great Anarchs.

The Greek Prometheus is the soul of man in eternal rebellion. We like to linger over the image of Ajax defying the lightning. The Byron legend will fascinate the world when Childe Harold shall no longer be extant.

And America shall one day count Ralph Waldo Emerson her chiefest rebel and greatest glory.

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A good way to catch a dog is to run away from him; and then he catches you. Troubles, the same!



GOING down to New York from Albany on the Empire State Express the other day, I shared my seat with an intelligent Has-Was. ¶ He was a man of sixty, say, grizzled and gray, but one glance told you he had lost his grip and was worshipping the god Terminus.

In other words, he was wearing his future for a bustle.

However, Time gives us all the solar-plexus wallop, and life is not only one dam thing after another. It is mostly a sparring for wind. Then at the last, Destiny takes an emetic and throws up the sponge.

None of us will get out of life alive.

These were the thoughts that swam rapidly in the vacuum I call my mind, as my new friend settled himself with a sigh and remarked, "It's a nasty day!"

I assumed the Leigh Mitchell Hodges attitude and said cheerily, "Oh, it might be worse!"

¶ "I don't see how," said my friend, as he heaved another Number Ten Sigh.

We had reached Sing Sing, and the frowning walls of that monastery where dwell those who have taken the vow of chastity, poverty and obedience, were in sight.

"You can never stop murder by putting men in there," growled my friend.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Harry Thaw should have been hanged, twenty years ago, and that would have stopped the fuss."

"Evidently, you do not view the case from Harry's side."

"No, my business does not exactly allow that."

¶ "And what is your business, may I ask?"

"Me? Why, my name is John W. Hise."

¶ "Oh!" I said, still in the dark; "I might have known!"

"Does your work keep you traveling much," I ventured, after a pause.

"It used to. Now there is almost nothing doing—it's that elocuting job—a fool plan—it has knocked me cold!"

"Did you ever do any work in Buffalo?" I asked as a feeler.

"Oh, yes, when Grover Cleveland was Sheriff I helped him turn a couple of tricks."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and when he was President, I called

THE PHILISTINE on him at the White House in memory of old times. He was glad to see me, but a little cold."

"Just what was the service you rendered Grover Cleveland?" I asked.

"Me? Oh, just my professional work—I hanged a couple of men for him."

"You did what?"

"I jerked 'em to Jesus," and he made a quick circular motion with his hand, followed by an upward thrust of his thumb.

"I have hanged sixty-nine men, and two women—I used to say 'hung,' but my daughter corrected me after she went to the Normal—seventy-one, in all. Since they invented the chair, I've had to go back to carpentering."

¶ "Don't you prefer carpentering?"

"Oh, I don't know—I used to get a hundred dollars each ✽ No Sheriff likes the job of snuffing out: they don't get enough practise. So they sent for me. I used to wear a high hat, and an overcoat with a fur collar, and was a perfect gent, if I do say it myself. I was sent for, clear from Keokuk, Iowa. Read the papers now, and see how there are murders every day almost anywhere. Nothing but plenty of hangings will stop that—public hangings. They teach the young a lesson. I've put the

necktie on just seventy and one more, and I cracked the necks of all but six. One fellow was a bit overweight, and I snapped his whole dam head off.”

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“Do you mind if I open the window—it seems a bit close in this car.”

“Go ahead—and say, they arrested me in New York the other day for spitting on the sidewalk—arrested me, you understand. I told the judge who I was, and he said it was lucky for me that the law did n’t provide capital punishment for spitters, otherwise he would give me a taste of my own medicine. That is a nice way to talk to a man who has worked for his country as I have. This land is in a bad way.”

I pushed the window clear up.

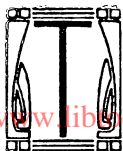
“You seem to like a heap of fresh air—I’ll just take that seat over there with the man with the low-cut collar. So long!”

“So long, and good luck!” I said, in a forced, Lee Mitchell Hodges voice.



The difference between an ethical and a non-ethical doctor is this: The non-ethical doctor is willing to pay for his advertising, and the other wants his advertising to go in as a news item and he will pay nothing.

THE PHILISTINE



THE Rev. Dr. Charles Townsend of Orange was one of the speakers at the Park Presbyterian Church Men's Club banquet last week and told this story of one of the troubles of the original ancestor:

“Adam had eaten the elaborate repast furnished by his helpmeet with every indication that he relished every morsel. He complimented her upon the dainty manner in which the blue-points were served, the flavor of the puree of pea, the seasoning of the fish and entree, and finally reached a delicious salad. Adam paused, and with a worried look on his face he demanded of Eve where she found the ingredients. She enumerated all except the lettuce & “Where did you get those leaves?” he demanded.

“Why, they were lying on a bush in the back yard,” she replied sweetly.

“Well, they were my best Sunday trousers,” sobbed Adam, adding, ‘Ah, woe is man,’ which was corrupted into ‘Woman,’ the term by which we know Eve’s daughters.”—Newark “Star.”

The above is a fairish sample of clerical wit.

¶ It is also valuable as a finger-post pointing the way, showing how the Bible account of Creation has been abandoned by Presbyterian Orthodoxy and has become ridiculous, silly and absurd even to those who profess to believe the Bible is an “inspired book.” It further

reveals the fact that altho Orthodoxy is now using the Bible as a good joke, yet the preacher is still with us, smiling and unctuous.

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You can never lose him! As long as honors and chicken-pie are to be given out he will be right with us.

But note you, these Men's Clubs of the Presbyterian Church are only possible by dressing the preacher as a clown and having him dance a jig on the Sacred Book.

The Men's Club is an alluring title—strictly buck, it suggests the free and easy. The weekly smoker is fast taking the place of the old-time, weekly prayer-meeting, and the preacher who is a "good fellow" and can pass out a gamboge story with a Neuchatel flavor is everywhere popular.

¶ The morning offering will now be taken.



The apparel of the woman oft proclaims the man.



YOU will admit that doctors sometimes make mistakes, won't you?" suggested the cross-examiner.

"Oh, yes; the same as lawyers," was the cool reply of the medico.

"And doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under the ground?"

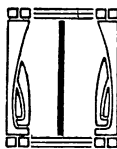
THE PHILISTINE

“Yes, that’s right, too,” said the other; “and the lawyers’ mistakes often swing in the air. How does that strike you, you bottle-nosed old shyster?”

www.ibtool.com.cn



I saw an absent-minded doctor the other day on a dining-car write his order in Latin. They brought him any old thing.



IT’S all right for a gent to wear garters, if he wants to.

I don’t.

A lady gave me a pair of blue ones for a Christmas present. But the garters did n’t work just right.

I was giving a lecture at Tiffin, Ohio, and one of the beautiful blue things loosed its moorings. The audience became more interested in the garter than in my eloquence. I retired for readjustment, and then came on the stage again, but the atmosphere was aber nicht. Never again!

I always think of it as the Night of the Garter.



The whole trouble was simply this: The City of Rome is not big enough for two Infallibles.



AND so I didn't get away to Europe as I had expected and planned. The Roycroft Fraternity Junta got going, and I felt the necessity of standing by the ship.

THE PHILISTINE

No man can say to what extent an idea will expand when it is in line with human needs. This Junta Idea is surely going some! Now it will be after our Summer Conventions before I can get away. Still, East Aurora is n't so bad! Come the first week in July!



Don't aspire to be King of the Groucherinos—there are too many candidates now.



"Have you read Hubbard's 'Essay on Silence?'" asked a man of the literary-lady-who-knows-everything

"I've seen extracts from it—and that is enough for me," answered the lady, with her nose in the air.

Think of what a time God would have in Heaven if our orthodox brothers were right!—all the idle, grouchy, whining, whiffing, "saved," casting their burdens on the Lord, instead of getting under them! Bless my soul!

THE PHI- Why not start a Belliakkers' Trust, and give
LISTINE special rates on Pond's Extract?

A lady in Buffalo recently gave her husband a dose of Rough on Rats, because he intimated that her own hair was enough without a rat. Suggestive, eh?

That Complete Set of the Amusing is sold. One thousand subscribers—the best people on earth! Seven of the Volumes have been issued. The rest will come along at the rate of four or five a year. Do not order any of these books, because, as above stated, all are subscribed for.

“What's the new baby's name?” asked the little girl, aged four.
“It has n't any name yet,” was the answer.
“Then how do you know it is ours?”

Happiness lies in self-forgetfulness.
Art supplies you this complete abandonment—this exquisite solace—this divine nepenthe. Life without absorbing occupation is hell—joy consists in forgetting life.

“Don't go to waist,” is the slogan of the Department Store, stuck on directoire gowns.

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to a lie & Ask Billy Sunday!



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The Philistine

Vol. 31

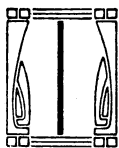
JULY

No. 2

IT IS FAR SAFER TO TRUST A NORMAL HUMAN HEART THAN A CRITICAL, LEGAL MIND.



Commonsense as Authority



IN order to keep a degree of harmony between brain and body, I take every day two hours of exercise in the open air, and this exercise is usually on horseback. I ride a beautiful Kentucky mare, who never allows anything but an automobile to go past her.

Once she ran with me for two miles, absolutely without my permission, and when she slowed down and finally stopped, she turned her head to me for approval.

I named her Getaway because she can and does. No, she is not dangerous in the least. We have a complete understanding, and she gives me exactly what I need, keeps my nerves in tune, and my body supple and fitted for work.

I ride in the natural way, and as I ride in all

THE PHILISTINE weathers, I wear bloomers. It is a pleasure to saddle and bridle my own horse, and so I walk to the barn from the home wearing said bloomers.

A METHODIST clergyman, an evangelist, was visiting The Roycroft Shops the other day. He ate dinner at The Roycroft Inn, and found no fault with it.

There was with this divine a goodly number of other ministers and their wives.

On the day of the clerical visits I went as usual to ride. When I came out to the road to go to the barn, every man of God and all the wives stopped, stared, gesticulated, pointed at my Quaker gray clothes, very simple, wholly plain. It is very seldom that I have seen such a manifestation of curiosity unrestrained. But the rudeness was made clear when the evangelist told one of our Roycroft boys that it was strictly forbidden in the Bible for a woman to wear "pants"; that for this offense I should be arrested and sent up for ninety days. It was a disgrace and a crime against God.

I WAS not surprised that the evangelist should take the Bible as his authority, but I was in doubt about there being anything

there that would interfere with a woman's usefulness in serving her household as the modern dress of woman surely does. So, armed with a concordance I hunted this out, which is probably what was referred to. However, it is something of a double-header (see Deuteronomy, xxii: 5)—“The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord.”

The Book of Deuteronomy is accredited to Moses—Moses the lawgiver, the detail man. Never was there a ruler who had so many petty quarrels and trifling wrongs to right as Moses. And never was there an energetic people so troublesome as the Children of Israel when Moses took them from their masters and tried to make a free people of those inured to slavery for seventy years. It was worse than taking care of a girls' boarding-school full of Thou-Shalt-Nots. And when these children got to exchanging clothes for diversion, he put a stop to it.

But Moses was not making fashions for the Twentieth Century.

Moreover, no man has ever worn bloomers. They are not a man's garment. They were originated and worn first by Elizabeth Smith

THE PHILISTINE Miller, only daughter of Gerrit Smith. Mrs. Bloomer, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., wore them and gave the garments enough popularity that they bear her name. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton wore bloomers exclusively for two years, and says she never had such freedom of body as then. If the revivalists want to condemn, why not reprimand all Catholic priests, bishops, cardinals, the Pope and all clergymen who wear robes? I am sorry to say that these are "woman's garments."

Of course I forgave the thirty men and women their rudeness, when I was told that the preacher had condemned me, because they thought they were looking at a wicked person—and they loved to see a sight so rare.

¶ It is easy to understand why those wives had such difficulty in going up the five steps into the Chapel, why they carried fifty or seventy-five pounds of surplus weight, why they must ask their husbands at home if they would know anything. I pitied the women with all my heart.

I have seen prisoners working in a chain-gang in the public streets, and my eyes have been wet with tears of pity for their condition. But I had hope for these men, and looked forward

to a time when they should be released from their shackles and bondage and be free.

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FOR these women I had no hope. Bound hand and foot by superstition and tradition, chained to a master who advocates a prison-cell for women if they live normally and dress hygienically, what hope is there for such! They have never dared before marriage to think for themselves, and now they can not. They have all their lives gone to a man for authority.

When they go to a clergyman for ruling on the conduct of life, right and wrong, sane and wholesome living, they go to a man who does not know life at first-hand at all; a man who takes some one else or some book as authority; a man who does not think, who is steeped in tradition and egotism.

It was of such women as these that Schopenhauer wrote when he said that women were children, incapable of development, fit only for companions for children.

CLERGYMEN'S wives are not economically free. They are most of them paupers under the authority of a mentor, physically and spiritually. If clergymen live on tips—that is,

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LISTINE**

the generosity, mood and bounty of business people—then the wives get only the tips from tpees.

The clergyman is wrong, however, in his statement that the Bible says the clothes a person wears have anything to do with his character. This book does not forbid a woman to wear bifurcated garments.

Solomon, who had every opportunity of knowing women well, had an ideal in mind, and some one had at least given him a hint of the real. Here is what Solomon says:

“She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She is like the merchants' ships, she bringeth her food from afar.

She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night.

She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea,

she reacheth forth her hands to the needy ✽
She is not afraid of the snow for her household;
for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

¶ She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her
clothing is silk and purple.

Her husband is known in the gates, when he
sitteth among the elders of the land.

She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and
delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Strength and honor are her clothing; and she
shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in
her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household,
and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her
husband also, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but
thou excellest them all.

Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her
own works praise her in the gates."

This woman of whom Solomon wrote was no
slave who asked her husband at home. This is
a sublime picture of an independent woman
who had a mind of her own and knew it. She
was economically free and was a business
woman, buying and selling on her own account.
"Give her of the fruit of her hands," says

THE PHILISTINE Solomon, who was a wise man in some respects. ¶ The Old Testament was written for the most part by commonsense people, who combined

much of the practical with the poetical. The women were workers, toilers in the fields, were mothers of large families for the most part, and certainly dressed for their work.

Solomon recounts the attributes of an ideal woman. In all this there is no hint of trailing skirts, excruciating corsets, nor the accumulation of excess flesh. The import of it all is exercise, activity and absolute freedom.

IN the New Testament Jesus' companions were women and men. Women came down from Galilee to Jerusalem with Him and were His close companions for three years at least.

¶ "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast the first stone," suggests that He believed in the equality of the sexes—to an extent, at least. I fail to find where Jesus differentiates between men and women in privilege or punishment.

But I find very definitely where Paul, the bachelor, like Schopenhauer, revenges one woman by condemning all.

Christian women are doomed to slavery, serving masters, willy-nilly, who pauperize

them, thus giving them dementia protectiona!
Women's brains atrophy from disuse. Men die
of paresis from overworking theirs trying to
live for two.

The Bible is a ~~book we would never give~~ as a
whole to young people. It has many childish
things in it, some things too that are very bad,
but it is not silly on the exact point the Rever-
end Jabez thinks it is. It would be interesting
for him to look up the history of skirts for
women ❀ ❀

To keep women as slaves and servants has
always been a difficult thing. She enjoys
freedom as well as man—has the same desire
and longing for it. To keep her in chains was
to destroy her value as a worker. So, as woman
made walking and running ways of escape, a
mode of dress was enforced that made progress
difficult. They say Jefferson Davis would have
eluded his captors had not his skirts, which he
wore as a disguise, caught and so detained him.
¶ What I really want is for this clergyman who
is so alarmingly deficient in the spirit of the
Golden Rule to have a conscious reincarnation
and to be compelled to wear dresses and to
be his own wife. —ALICE HUBBARD



Be severe with nobody but yourself.

Guide to Gotham



OTHAM is full of Art. It has, to begin with, some beautiful gardens, including the Bronx Zoological Garden, Madison Square Garden and Mary Garden. All three are most intimately related. The Zoo is full of scarce animals with unusual names; Madison Square Garden is noted for its unusual Venus with her scarce costume, and Miss Garden goes 'em both one better.

There are also several theaters in Gotham. Some of them are controlled by a Theatrical Trust, which is said to be very wicked. It is alleged to force the Public to see plays that are not Art.

¶ But plays which are warranted to be Art are given in a large hall or auditorium called The New Theater, supported by the millionaire heads of all the other trusts. The building and actors are the best money can buy, and reflect great credit on the check-books of the backers. Few towns have so much Art as Gotham. The only trouble is that most of the Gothamites are fond of burlesque and high diving.

There are a number of Schools of Art in Gotham. And the Academy of Design is one of them. It has classes in "antique" and in

THE PHILISTINE

“life.” Some of the girl students are so antique, however, that they never reach the life classes until after death. ¶ Gotham is second to no city in the world in the number and size of its art exhibitions. Often the exhibitors are so enthusiastic to show their best that they ask the Grand Jury to decide whether the art-dealers who sold them their pet Corots and Millets bought direct from the manufacturers, or only had the canvases painted on West Seventeenth Street. ¶ Many of the paintings exhibited in Gotham have been proven to be over four hundred years old, which, of course, would make them Art, even if they were not signed. But most of them are signed, some of them in several places—each different.

Gotham is greatly in favor of l'art nouveau, art linoleum, art tapestries, art squares, burnt leather, Indian baskets, plaster-of-Paris lions, wicker tea-tables, gilt chairs, macrame ties, coronet braids, tatting and tattooing, drawn-work, handmade renaissance lace bureau-covers, silver novelties, burlap, denim, Oriental rugs made in Schenectady, and all art-crafts stuff, including handmade chicken-coops and home-put-up tomato chutney.

Gotham has many museums, electric-light plants, brass-mounted bootblack-stands and

THE PHI- Greco Lower-Silurian public buildings, all
LISTINE proofs of the strong Art spirit. There is also a
Municipal Art Commission, which has so far
prevented the Aldermen from having the
verdigris scraped off the Statue of Liberty.

—MILLE TONE.



Marriage a la mode either makes you weep or yawn. But marriage a la carte—bless my soul, Geraldine, pass the salad!



¶ Heart-to-Heart Talks with Philistines by the Pastor of his Flock



IX of Mitown is a Mixer from Mishawaka—Mishmallah! Yes!!
Melville W. Mix is the biggest man in Indiana, barring possibly one other, whose name I dare not mention, lest jealousy jiujit my

literary ginger-jar.

He was born in the village of Atlanta, Illinois, just a mile or so from where I first woke the echoes with my barbaric yawp.

I knew Mix when he carried cobs from a Brown cornsheller at fifty cents a day.

Fate sent me one route—he went another. By a winding way of work, study, toil—a little grief

—and play, thirty-two years slipped into the eternity that lies behind, and again we met ♣ He was still the same old Mix, quiet, sure, smiling and able—only he is now a boy with a man's experience. Then he was a kid with a man's ambitions.

As a boy Mix never knew when he was licked. This I know, for I took him on once and trounced him good, and then he turned around and licked me—dammm!

This inability to appreciate the facts when he was up against the Real Thing has clung to him thru life.

If the spirit of Mix is anything like Mix himself, posterity will have reason to know that Mix is among those Present in the scramble for a cosmic crown. Mix generally gets what he goes after.

As President of the Dodge Manufacturing Company—Producers of Transmission Power, Rope Drives, and Harness for Natural Forces—he employs, say, 2,000 men, and bosses the biggest plant of its kind in the World.

IN Eighteen Hundred Eighty-five, Wallace H. Dodge found Mix selling goods direct to the peepul in a little Hardware-Store down at Atlanta, Illinois. Mix, the village hustler,

THE PHILISTINE caught the eye of Dodge, the discerning, and was taken along to act as helper around the Dodge Exhibit, at the New Orleans Fair.

Later, Mix was made a "Regular" on the Dodge Sales Force. And here his energy, his ability to Sell Things after the Other Fellow had quit, won for him an early appointment to the Chicago Office; where, he was told, only Real Salesmen could do business.

While still a greenhorn in Chicago, he brought about the biggest "scoop" of his career and furnished the Mishawaka Folks with a live topic of conversation, incidentally an Order, which kept them busy for many moons.

While the Old-Timers were Perfecting Plans and Arranging Approaches, the greenhorn got busy and sold \$50,000 worth of Dodge Goods to the Chicago World's Fair—the Plum Order of the year. ¶ Looking backward this does not seem a great accomplishment to Mix, for he has since shaken the tree for larger fruit. But in those days a \$50,000 Order was a \$50,000 Order, and the man who manipulated the transaction raised some dust.

IN Eighteen Hundred Ninety-four, at the death of Wallace H. Dodge, President of the Dodge Manufacturing Company, some one

was needed to take the tiller and steer the business ship outward and onward to a bigger and better prosperity.

Mix of Mitown was the man unanimously chosen for the work. Mix's years then numbered just thirty.

Under Mix's guidance, the business has more than twice doubled. Every foreign market has been invaded, and now the sun never sets on the Dodge "Idea."

Every piece of Special Machinery manufactured by the Dodge Force is set up and given the extreme test before it is shipped. Nothing blows off or busts after it's delivered to you.

Mix holds all his Old Customers while he goes out after New Ones.

In the Shipping Department in Mishawaka are goods marked China, Brazil, Alaska, Persia, France, South Africa, Japan, England and Everywhere.

No Territory is safe when Mix starts to make a Sale.

THE PHILISTINE

WHEN I was in Mishawaka a couple of weeks ago, I mixed Messages with Mix for three hours and a half, as we walked thru Foundries, Machine-Shops, Boiler-Factories, Furnace-Rooms, Carpenter-Shops, Pattern-

THE PHILISTINE

Houses, the Pig-Iron Repository—even the Sand-Blast Compartment, and was then informed that I had seen only a part of the Plant. Truly, there is nothing small about Mix nor his workshop.

Mix is the dynamo that runs the Dodge Machinery. Every worker draws direct on him for inspiration and example. All are part of his spirit.

At forty or so there's no Summer Lightning about Mix. He's something like his own Rope Drive—noiseless, runs without friction—and carries finely regulated power to all parts of the Plant.

Mix has the respect of every man in his employ, from Puddler to the Poet (reformed) who writes ads.

Mix works all the time, at all kinds of Jobs. When he's tired he tackles a harder Job. Difficulty, hardship, trouble, impossibilities, it-can't-be-done—he eats them alive! One day he's figuring fine specifications in drafting; the next, covered with grime, bared to the buff, he works shoulder to shoulder with the Huns, the Polaks and the Slavs, in the glare of furnace fires.

Oh, yes—Mix knows his business, and he likes it.

AND in summing up, let me say that Mix is two things, special: He's an Energizer, and an Entrepeneur. If you like the word Salesman better, use it. You disciples of Sheldon shall decide.

But Mix never fails to make his Sale. Goods can be made on formula, and then standardized, but Salesmanship is genius.

Mix may aviate, but his feet are close to the ground. He talks little, but straight out of his mouth, and there is a "Drive" to his personality that turns the trick when arguments are done.

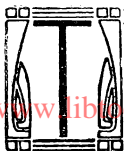
Mix gets a lot of fun out of his work and he is living his life Now and Here. ¶ Father Taylor said that if Ralph Waldo Emerson was sent to Hell, he would change the climate.

There is no Hell hereafter for Mix. But if there chances to be I will wager he'll build a Boiler over it, hitch up some Dodge transmission, use the generated power to run a Sight-Seeing Trolley around the edge of the Crater and sell Tickets to New Arrivals, One Dollar the Round Trip. ¶ That soil in Central Illinois is very fertile. Mishmallah—yes!



Brace with booze and bromide and you are on the slide for Tophet, sure as hell.

THE PHILISTINE



HIS is the age of the petty thief, of the smiling knave, of the gentleman grafter, who gabs and grabs.

The age of the great criminal has gone forever, and it is a pity. There was something elemental and real about the big, burly, unmasked man who stood you up against a wall, went thru your pockets and then sang you a song.

The pirate who swept the seas in quest of treasure and victims still lingers in our imaginations as an object of secret adoration.

But today we have to deal with his eviscerated descendant, the small swipers of the learned professions, or the greasy, artistic sneaks who borrow of you with no thought of paying.

Morally, these social pickpockets can not be compared to the professional thief, because the man who follows thieving as a profession does it with the penitentiary staring him in the face. Besides, his victim may turn the tables and kill him.

But the ferret-eyed legal light takes no chances. There is no law against insinuation. His eye is always on the dollar. His nose can smell a coin under your mattress. His vision is oiled. His sense of direction is as unerring as that of a vulture when it gets its first whiff of a carcass.

His white teeth shine in a godly manner. His ears are always pricked up like a hound's. And his words fall neatly and softly like rubber balls on a Sealy Mattress. His heart is lined with zinc. His brain is the organ with which his pocket thinks. He skims the cream of another's toil, ¶ They have coined a beautiful word to describe this new species of thief. It is "grafter." It comes from the grafting process in horticulture—that is, the art of skinning a plant or tree for the purpose of creating another plant or tree artificially.

MANY a highly educated man aspires nowadays to be a grafter. It is the latest thieves' Utopia. It is the art of getting something for nothing. It is the latest moral philosophy. It is based on this self-evident epigram: It is right to take anything you see if nobody can prove you took it. From this axiom flows its second proposition: A thief is a man who has been arrested.

The grafter is a moth. He leaves a hole wherever he goes.

The grafter is carnivorous. He feeds on the public and on his friends.

The grafter is a fox. He never seems to be doing anything ❁ ❁

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

The grafter is a mouse. He never moves while you are looking.

No one except himself knows the worry, the conniving it costs this social phenomenon to become king of the two-footed rats.

How thankful is his beggar's soul at each crumb that he can filch from a full table!

How happy he feels at some trivial recognition at the hands of a more powerful man—even if that man only spits in his face. Ah! Did he not admit his existence in that act? ¶ You can't insult the grafter. Only men feel insult.

On his face are chicanery and intrigue. The lines on his brow have the subtle outline of worms. And why not? Has he not the soul of a worm?

¶ He has neither the genius nor the ability to be wicked. Any kind of nobleness that has not a seventy-five-per-cent rebate attached to it is beyond his thought. He is unclassifiable. He is an ethical eunuch more than anything else.

¶ Let us grant for a moment that the old theology is right. Where, then, will the grafter go when he dies? He can't get into heaven, because that would bore him to death. He can't go to hell, because there is no place down there small enough into which he can crawl.

¶ Will his soul go to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean and become a sponge?

The only kind of power the Pope has, or ever had, is temporal power.

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**



THE new science of business is based upon mutuality, reciprocity and co-operation. We deal only with our friends and make money from them alone, for our enemies will not trade with us.

This condition of affairs differs vastly from methods of long ago. When I was a boy I bargained for a pair of pants at a "pantorium" and finally departed "pantless," well knowing, however, that the proprietor would collar me at the first corner and lead me back to compromise by throwing in a box of paper collars.

¶ I wore the pants home to startle my folks with the glory of my new attire, but unfortunately got caught in a rainstorm and was almost choked to death.

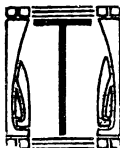
It's different now. In the business of today, if you would succeed you will not sell a man something he does n't need. Success comes through pleasing customers. No success is based on humbug. Barnum said the American people loved to be humbugged, but old P. T. himself was too wise to practise what he preached. This great showman gave value

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

received for every dollar that he took in ✧
No! Humbugs will not do. Fakers have no
place with us. The man who is a faker always
resents the accusation. The man who is willing
to be called a faker is n't one. But it is no
tragedy to be called a faker—that is good
advertising. The real tragedy is to be a faker!



The lickspittle is always a tyrant when
he gets the chance.



HE reason that the office of
teacher has not commanded the
same honors as that of the lawyer
and doctor is because the teacher
deals with the young and those
without property.

The teacher is usually an honest person, of
necessity, because his opportunities for preda-
tory exploitations are very limited. His influ-
ence on the community is really greater than
that of lawyer or physician, but he does not
make as much money, and consequently can not
indulge in conspicuous waste. ¶ So he is doomed
forever to the standing of a semi-menial.

There are plans to pension teachers, as tho they
were incompetents, but there are no plans to pen-
sion doctors and lawyers—it would be an insult.

LAWYERS and doctors prey upon the moral and physical maladies of society; and to a large extent they excite, stir up, foment and bring about the ills they pretend to alleviate * * *

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The medical advertisements are not to let you know the disease is curable, but to make you think you have it. Doctors who do not advertise, wish they could.

Lawyers often become wealthy thru wreckage. A receivership is usually regarded as a letter of marque and reprisal.

A receiver's family indulges in conspicuous waste and is respected accordingly.

But who ever heard of a schoolteacher cutting a social swath!

Attached to the profession of pedagogy is this blighting disgrace of poverty—in other words, its inability to indulge in conspicuous waste and conspicuous leisure. Schoolteaching, not being very respectable, is usually followed by young women only until they can get married, or by men until they become lawyers or authors.

IN passing, it is well to note the fact that it is only within the past generation that woman has really entered into the business of teaching. The result is that she has largely

THE PHI- driven man out of the profession, because she
LISTINE is generally more efficient, and also, I am sorry
to say, because she will work for less wages.

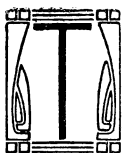
¶ The teacher is the child's other mother. In a pure state of nature, the child would need no other teacher than its mother, but the economic demands upon the poor and the social demands upon the rich make a third party indispensable.

¶ In the average home, there is a woful lack of love—everybody is so busy! So the child is sent to school, and the other mother gives her mother-love, her patience and her tact to bring about a pleasurable animation—a condition the average parent can not evolve, and without which mental and spiritual growth is impossible ❀ ❀

The schoolteacher is considered a sort of poor relation—a parasite—an anomaly—a kind of hornless cow among horned cattle. She has enough to eat, but neither time nor money for conspicuous waste—so she is doomed to yammer forever without the pale.

Her only hope lies in a society which does not make conspicuous waste the badge and sesame of respectability. ❀ ❀ ❀

A dollar in the bank is worth two in the bucket.



Do stand by the open grave of one **THE PHI-**
you have loved and feel the sky **LISTINE**
shut down over less worth in the
world is the supreme test.
There you prove your worth, if
ever ❁ ❁

You must live and face the day, and each succeeding day, realizing that "the moving finger writes, and having writ moves on, nor all your tears shall blot a line of it."

Heroes are born, but it is calamity that discovers them.

Once in Western Kansas, in the early Eighties, I saw a loaded four-horse wagon skid and topple in going across a gully.

The driver sprang from his seat and tried to hold the wagon upright.

The weight was too great for his strength, powerful man tho he was.

The horses swerved down the ditch instead of going across it, and the overturning wagon caught the man and pinned him to the ground.

¶ Half a dozen of us sprang from our horses. After much effort the tangled animals were unhitched and the wagon was righted.

The man was dead. ¶ In the wagon were the wife and six children, the oldest a boy of fifteen. All were safely caught in the canvas top and

THE PHILISTINE escaped unhurt. We camped there—not knowing what else to do.

We straightened the mangled form of the dead, and covered the body with a blanket.

That night the mother and the oldest boy sat by the campfire and watched the long night away with their dead.

The stars marched in solemn procession across the sky.

The slow, crawling night passed.

The first faint flush of dawn appeared in the East ❁ ❁

I lay near the campfire, my head pillowed on a saddle, and heard the widowed mother and her boy talking in low but earnest tones.

“We must go back—we must go back to Illinois. It is the only thing to do,” I heard the mother moan.

And the boy answered: “Mother, listen to what I say: We will go on—we will go on. We know where father was going to take us—we know what he was going to do. We will go on, and we will do what he intended to do, and if possible we will do it better. We will go on!” ❁

That first burst of pink in the East had turned to gold. ¶ Great streaks of light stretched from horizon to zenith.

I could see in the dim and hazy light the

hobbled horses grazing across the plain a quarter of a mile away.

The boy of fifteen arose and put fuel on the fire.

¶ After breakfast I saw that boy get a spade, a shovel and a pick out of the wagon.

With help of others a grave was dug there on the prairie.

The dead was rolled in a blanket and tied about with thongs, after the fashion of the Indians. Lines were taken from a harness, and we lowered the body into the grave.

The grave was filled up by friendly hands working in nervous haste.

I saw the boy pat down the mound with the back of a spade.

I saw him carve with awkward, boyish hands the initials of his father, the date of his birth and the day of his death.

I saw him drive the slab down at the head of the grave.

I saw him harness the four horses.

I saw him help his little brothers into the canvas-covered wagon.

I saw him help his mother climb the wheel as she took her place on the seat.

I saw him spring up beside her. ¶ I saw him gather up the lines in his brown, slim hands, and swing the whip over the leaders, as he gave

THE PHILISTINE

the shrill word of command and turned the horses to the West.

And the cavalcade moved forward to the West—always to the West.

The boy had met calamity and disaster. He had not flinched.

In a single day he had left boyhood behind and become a man.

And the years that followed proved him genuine * *

What was it worked the change? Grief and responsibility, nobly met.



Be from Missouri, of course, but for God's sake forget it occasionally!



MARSHALL P. WILDER'S little daughter came into the house the other day in great excitement, saying there was a lion in the backyard. Her mother chided her, saying, "You know that isn't true, Grace; now go right upstairs, and say a nice little prayer, and ask God to forgive you for telling such a story." When she came back Marshall asked her if she had done as her mother told her to. The four-year-old answered: "Yes, daddy; I talked to God about it and He

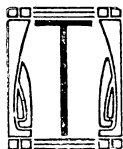
said, 'That 's all right, little girl. I thought it was a lion myself when I first looked at it.' ” It is a curious thing how Marshwildus hears so much funny kid talk. Almost every youngster he meets is astonishingly wise and awfully funny.

THE PHILISTINE

* * *

Women are all alike in this: they are all different, and most of them are different every hour.

* * *



HE common people, the farmers, mechanics and laborers, the people whom God loves, according to Lincoln, otherwise he would n't have made so many of 'em, all use kerosene-oil.

Gasoline is mostly used by the predatory rich who own benzine-buggies and run over our chickens * *

Farmers all use kerosene.

Kerosene was never so cheap as it is today.

Gasoline was never so high—but the predatory seem to have the money to buy it.

Gasoline used to be a by-product.

Kerosene is now a by-product.

Soon it will be given away to anybody who will furnish a can. ¶ Altogether, now, let 's damn The Standard Oil Company.

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¶ Public speakers are of three kinds—
instructive, amusing and punk. The latter
predominate.

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YOU do not change a man's nature
by reversing his haberdashery.

I was walking behind a priest on
State Street in Albany one day
last winter.

The walk was icy.

Suddenly the man of God began to claw the air.
I noted his struggles and knew he would soon
sit him down and hard.

You know what a lot of thinking you can do in
a fraction of a second. Well, I was laying bets
with my psychic self as to what he would say
when his cosmos hit the pave. ¶ He struck all
right, and what do you think he said?

Why, he said exactly what you would have
said. The fall dislodged all his piety, and his
humanity was expressed in an expletive that
need not be here repeated.



Jael hit the nail on the head. Then she
turned, adjusted her Marcel Wave and
with a satirical laugh, said, "And he, like
the rest of 'em, was always shouting about
a woman not being able to drive a nail!"

The New Thought Convention will occur at East Aurora August First to Twelfth, inclusive. Two formal programs daily. There will be speakers of note, ~~talkers of power, sweet singers~~ from everywhere. No introductions! Everybody will know everybody else. The spirit of brotherhood will prevail.

THE PHILISTINE

Charles E. Hughes begins his life sentence on October the First. I pity any man who has either a life job or a life position. His barque is tied to the wharf, his anchor dropped, his sails a-flapping, the bilge seeping thru his seams.

Sam Alschuler says no lawyer who is really 'way up will accept a judgeship. Let Hughes soak him for that when Sam gets down to Washington next winter.

The Hon. William Jones ploled into Smith's in Cleveland the other day, and planked himself into a seat.

"Good evening," said the genial waiter, bustling up and rubbing his hands, "I have devilled kidneys, calves' liver, codfish balls and pigs' feet."

"What the dooce are your troubles to me," growled the legal light; "I came here to eat!"

THE PHILISTINE Bwana Tumbo inadvertently destroyed the chief attraction of Pisa. While he was there he went out one morning before breakfast, and filled with an Oyster Bay desire to straighten things up, he straightened the Leaning Tower, and knocked Pisa into a pistareen. That man has a penchant for killing business.

There is one big business man in New York City, who was born there—so I am told—but I have never been able to learn his name.

A College Education teaches you to cleverly cover up your ignorance—just as joining a church tempts you to cover your selfish rascality: all like unto the tidy tabby that industriously covers the Limburger.

Ellen Terry is coming over here for eight weeks in Vaudeville about Christmas time. Good girl!

A Socialist is a man who, so far as he himself is concerned, considers a thing done when he has suggested it. * * *

When a woman works, she gets a woman's wage; but when she sins she gets a man's pay—and then some.

DO Your Work
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With a Whole

Heart and You
will **SUCCEED—**

There is so Little
Competition!



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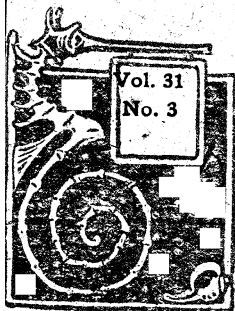
**I The Clergy
Take theirs
Now: You Get
Yours After You
Are Dead**

The Philistine

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A Periodical of Protest

There can be no Science of Education, Medicine or Religion, as long as a Coon is called upon to Muldoon a Doctor of Divinity



Printed Every Little While
for the Society of the Phi-
listines and Published by
Them Monthly. Subscrip-
tion, One Dollar Yearly
Single Copies, Ten Cents
AUGUST, 1910

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To Civilize
Mankind:
make Marriage
Difficult and
Divorce Easy

Entered at post-office, East Aurora, New York, as second-class matter.
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The Philistine

Vol. 31

AUGUST

No. 3

Your friend is the man who knows all about you, and still likes you.



The Prince of Peace



WHY Jesus Christ was ever called the Prince of Peace, when these words: "Think not that I came to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace but a sword," are credited to Him, is something not clear to my understanding. There is nothing ambiguous about the words, like some of His parables, and we are perfectly justified in accepting them as presented. "I came not to bring peace but a sword," said He; and after comparing this statement with the doings of His followers ever since they were numerous enough to use that weapon successfully, we must infer that they believed what He said, and just as He said it; for if any race or class of people have excelled Christians in warlike proclivities, or the frequency with which they have gone to war, they have so far escaped notice.

THE PHILISTINE ¶ Christians have always been fighters, and they have never gone into battle without invoking the blessing of God, which is evidence they believed He approved of such things and would render them aid when asked and implored to. While war is nothing new in the history of the human race, and the ancient Romans had their share of it, let us not forget this tribute aid to those old "Pagans" by Voltaire: "The horrible folly of religious wars was never known among Romans."

RELIGIOUS wars were waged by Christians, by followers of the Prince of Peace, for centuries; and in the days of the Crusades, the Eleventh, Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, millions of human beings perished on the plains of Asia in a vain attempt to recover the Holy Land from the Mohammedans. For thirty years after the Reformation, in Luther's time, there was one prolonged conflict or war between Christians, and so frequent were wars among European nations—all Christians—up to the time of Thomas Paine, that he thus referred to them: "Wearied with war and tired with human butchery, they sat down to rest and called it peace." Christians have been notorious for the shedding of human blood, and their

THE PHI- LISTINE

war records will be viewed with horror and moral condemnation as long as history is read. ¶ There are some platitudes that have been delivered from the pulpit, such as, "Love your enemies," "Peace on earth, good will to men," etc.; but uttering the words was as far as Christians ever went in carrying out such professions of belief, or rules of conduct. Christians have invariably professed one thing and practised another; and if they have ever loved an enemy no such case is on record, for they always persecute and seek to injure every one that disagrees with them. ¶ But let us keep to the war question. What are Christians doing today? They are predicting a war in the not distant future between the two Christian nations, England and Germany. It is declared to be inevitable, and no one expects anything the Prince of Peace ever said can prevent it. What is to cause it? No one seems to know exactly, but both nations are preparing for it and their statesmen claim to see it coming.

IN all Christian nations there is a gradual increase in armies and navies, and each one seems afraid of the other, tho they all worship the same God and accept the Jew Jesus as their Savior; and should they commit wholesale

THE PHILISTINE

murders with the modern weapons of war, they all expect to be angels by and by and to forget they killed each other in battle, when they gather round the great White Throne and begin the endless song and dance. Now, why should Christian nations fear each other or even go to war unless they are damned hypocrites?

Nothing will stop wars between Christian nations except the great expense of wars, for the almighty dollar, or that thing known as money, is certainly more potent for or against war than the Prince of Peace, His Father and the Holy Ghost combined. ¶ Let us now see what five Christian nations are expending yearly for armies and navies to protect themselves from each other or to be in condition to fight if they have to: England, two hundred thirty-seven million, five hundred thousand dollars; France, two hundred twenty-six million, eight hundred thirty thousand dollars; United States, two hundred twenty million, seven hundred thirty thousand, six hundred fifty dollars; Russia, two hundred fifty-three million, seven hundred fifty thousand dollars; Germany, three hundred twelve million, five hundred thousand dollars. In view of these facts, I rise to suggest that henceforth William Jennings Bryan cut out his lecture on the Prince of Peace, and that all reference

to that individual be omitted in every Christian pulpit until He does something to deserve the appellation.—CHANNING SEVERANCE.

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LISTINE

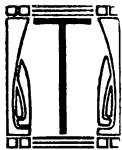
A Religious Dogma is a metaphor frozen stiff ❁ ❁



¶ Heart-to-Heart Talks with Philistines by the Pastor of his Flock

NO quarter! We want all that you possess. We will be content with nothing less than all that you possess. We want in our hands the reins of power and the destiny of mankind. Here are our hands ❁ They are strong hands. We are going to take your governments, your palaces, and all your purpled ease away from you, and in that day you shall work for your bread even as the peasant in the field or the starved and runty clerk in your metropolises. Here are our hands. They are strong hands ❁

—Jack London.



HE above is taken from a postal card sent out by the publishers of Jack London's books.

Jack is a Marxian Socialist all day long, and he is much more frank than most of his party. All the other Socialists I ever met, alternately

THE PHILISTINE admit and deny that what they want is a division of property.

Jack London stands by his guns and declares; "We want all you possess."

And when he says "you" he means the people who own property. He is talking to the owners and managers of the "tools," by which he means the railroads, mills, shops, stores, factories, mines and steamships.

That is to say, Jack is going to take things away from the present owners and give these things to "we."

Jack assumes that property in the hands of the Socialist would be much better managed than it is now in the hands of those who own it.

This threat of Jack's would be a tragic thing if Jack and his pals were really going to do all they say they are. But they are not going to do anything but talk. That is their "hold."

Folks who can, do; those who can't, chin.

Jack is a writing tramp who roams the world for thrills and copy. He is kindly, intelligent, amusing, indolent, and absolutely without the power to manage anything—even his own tongue ❄ ❄

He is a good fellow; and he makes folks think.

¶ In fact, he is the sparker to this paragraph. Jack made me think, he made me mad, he

made me laugh, and he made me write. Personally I like the rogue—he is most companionable, especially if you have no work to do.

THE PHILISTINE

THE tendency of property of every sort is towards depreciation and dissolution. Only eternal vigilance and tireless industry keep a manufacturing plant or a farm effective.

Jack does not know this. Jack thinks that to own property is to be immune from work. The truth is, ownership is a responsibility and a burden ❄ ❄

Most of the Socialists I know do not work—they only talk about work. What they want is an orthodox heaven of ease, where the harps are always in tune and the robes are always laundered ❄ ❄

If Jack could take away the property from those who have it and set them to work like peasants and “runty clerks,” then the Socialists would live in “purpled ease,” as Jack and many other childish, silly folks think that rich people do now.

There is an “idle rich” class, but it is a very small class, and it is not made up of the people who manage things. It is made up of remittance-men—and some of these are Socialists, who play at equality, badger the busy, and patronize

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

the poor. ¶ Leave the idle rich to Nemesis. Disease and death are at their heels.

The men who operate our great enterprises—mills, factories, elevators, banks and department stores—know nothing of ease. Their working-hours are not limited by the whistle. They sweat blood to meet payrolls and to keep the wheels of trade revolving.

Modern business is a most exacting taskmaster. It says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." It demands every ounce of energy its devotee has. The thought of a "good time" is not for the business man. He works and works eternally. He works because he can't stop. And this is the man the Socialists are going to send to the fields!

Jack London's view of railroading is only from the bumpers. His philosophy can not deceive the section-hands, nor the train-crews, nor the operators, nor the managers. They work, and they work with care, precision, energy and economy.

Each one does the thing he can do best. That is what we all do.

If Jack's hands were the strong hands he pretends, they would be grabbing plow-handles or a shovel, instead of reaching for a hand-me-out.

¶ If the hands of Jack and his friends were

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strong enough, they would own this property towards which they now look with lustful eyes.

¶ The world will be redeemed; it is being redeemed. It is being redeemed not by those who shake the red rag of wordy warfare, who threaten and demand, but by its enterprisers, workers, inventors, toilers—the men and women who do the duty that lies nearest them.

THE fallacy of the Jack philosophy lies in the assumption that the industries of the world would be much better managed by Jack and his kith than by the men who are now at the helm.

In other words, Jack's claim is that Socialists are a peculiar, separate and distinct class of able, unselfish, competent persons with hands especially strong, who accidentally are out of the game, but who are soon to take possession of things and run everything in such a way that Society will be blessed and benefited as never before ❁ ❁

The fact is, Socialists are not a separate and distinct class.

We are all children of Adam and Eve, and the differences in us are more apparent than real.

We all have our limitations—read Carlyle!

The weaknesses of humanity are inherent in

THE PHILISTINE Socialists—only perhaps in greater degree ✨
Their doctrine of reaching Utopia thru firing
the men who now manage things is the doctrine
of despair.

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This of course does not apply to reformers
like N. O. Nelson and other beneficent autocrats
who play at Utopia. Nelson knows full well
that if he could succeed in bringing about the
thing for which he preaches, it would be his
own undoing; but he is sustained by the
knowledge that he will never succeed. This
makes him exceeding glad.

Fabian Socialism is something else—it is
opportunism. It does what it can, now. It does
not wait for a revolution—rather it believes in
evolution ✨ ✨

We climb step by step.

Fabian Socialism does not preach class hatred.
In fact, it does not recognize that either the
“class” or the “mass” exists. People who
belong to one so-called class today are in
another tomorrow. Most of our so-called
predatory rich wiggled up out of the mass—
and they may be poor again.

Many of the poor will be rich. Watch the
immigrants landing at Ellis Island. Can you
prophecy to what “class” these boys and girls
—curious, quaint, half-frightened—will belong

twenty years from now? ¶ Many of them will be contractors, lawyers, bankers, scientists, doctors, teachers—it is all a matter of individual energy, intelligence and desire, modified by the antics of the gods of Chance.

There is no conspiracy in America to hold people down and under.

Class hatred, represented by Marxian Socialism, says there is.

There is nothing so savage, cruel and blindly unjust as class hatred.

I'VE been accused of class hatred because I make statements from time to time that seem to reveal a lack of appreciation for the three learned professions.

Granted that I do, it is not the man I criticize—it is the office.

Doctors, lawyers and preachers are men, caught in a certain environment, trying to win the world's plaudits and plunder in a certain way.

I may consider the way a mistaken one, but I surely do not hate the man

And the fact that I have hundreds of close friends among the professions proves that I am not entirely misunderstood in this matter. Doctors are men.

THE PHI- Lawyers are men. ¶ Preachers are men ✽
LISTINE So, also, are judges.

Marxian Socialists are men, and all these are very much like the people with whom they mix and associate.

Rogue clients evolve rogue lawyers to do their work; fool patients evolve fool doctors; and superstitious, silly people in the pew secrete a pretentious, punk party in the pulpit.

For the man, himself, I have only admiration, respect and love—and sometimes pity.

I may despise his business and some of his acts, but how can I hate the man, when I realize that his life is a part of the Great One from which mine is derived?

This man may quit his business and take up something else. The criminal is not wholly a criminal—he is only a criminal at times. Some of his impulses are good, and most of them may be excellent; but one mistaken act will brand him forever as a criminal in the world's assize ✽ ✽

Under the same conditions, if I were of the same quality and temper, I would have done the same.

If I criticize lawyers, doctors and preachers, it is simply because there courses thru my veins a quality and kind of corpuscle which fits me

eminently for success either as a lawyer, doctor or preacher.

“A hair, perhaps, divides the false and true,” says old Omar. www.libtool.com.cn

Yes, and I missed becoming a practising physician by a hair. Had I gone into Medicine I would have had a team of bays, a coon driver, and a whisker that would have put all the other doctors in my town to the bad. I have the fingers of a diagnostician, a voice that soothes, a presence that heals.

If you did n't have it, I could convince both myself and you that you had. Then I would have cut into your cosmos to find out who was right—and I would have charged you five hundred dollars for the operation.

If I were wrong in my diagnosis, you would never have known the difference, for on occasion I can be discreet.

The law is a game that lures—it is n't a matter of securing justice—not that. Truth has a secondary place in the practise of law, and only very ignorant folks imagine otherwise. The law is a game, and you play to win. The whole thing is fascinating. It is a clash of wits—mind matching mind. As a lawyer, I would have quibbled you six nights and days together; and I would have been a legal lallapaloosa.

THE PHI- Bill Reedy writes, "We are all touched with
LISTINE the essence of the thing against which we
strive."

And Bill is sometimes right. That is all we
can expect, even from the wisest and best of
men, and Bill is both.

Says Bramley Kite:

I do not know one-half as much
As people think I do,
And those who know, themselves, admit
The same, and say "How True!"

Yes, I would take kindly to the law, for guff,
bluff and stuff come easily within my grasp.
I can cross-buttock a fact; side-step an equity;
befuddle a judge—some judges; kerflumix a
jury; juggle with justice; put reason astride
of a barb-wire fence; and prevent a witness
from keeping his oath to tell the truth, the
whole truth and nothing but the truth.

And a fat fee would always reanimate any
flagging zeal I might have as to the justice of
my client's cause.

As for the pulpit, I would take it now, were it
not so securely fastened down—hypocrisy,
gush, glibness, Chicago Tongue—yes, let
Billy Sunday look to his laurels!

I, too, could tear a passion to tatters and make
the judicious grieve. I could hypnotize myself

into a belief that souls were "lost," like collar-buttons under a bureau, and I was the one man to rescue them.

Sure!

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Especially am I qualified for making Pastoral Calls—or I was once.

Also, I have great capacity for chicken-pie, pretense, cheap social honors, and the applause of the unthinking.

As a Churchman, reversed haberdashery would have done me proud; breeks would become me, for my shanks have individuality; and a dinky hat would set off my sky-piece in a way not only to arouse curiosity but mirth.

¶ Let Dean Hart beware—his job is not as secure as he thinks!

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON was for a time a member of Parliament in the capacity of cub reporter. One certain speech he reported, and when the gentleman who had made the speech read the report he did n't exactly recognize it. So he went to Johnson and said, "Look 'ere, young feller, I did n't say that." ¶ "Certainly not," said Johnson, "certainly not; but that is what you should have said!" ¶ In recounting his reportorial experiences, Johnson was once asked this question:

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

“What kind of men are there in the House of Commons?”

And Johnson replied, “Take the first fifty men you find walking up Fleet Street.”

Johnson knew that all men, regardless of their condition in life, are, at heart, very much alike.

¶ And when Fate has flung a man into a certain situation, if it is a place of some honor, the man will give himself all the credit for having attained it.

If it is a position that perhaps carries no honor, the party will always blame some one else for putting him there. ¶ We credit ourselves for our successes; we blame others for our faults.

Also, we justify ourselves in everything we do. And wise men see plainly that this self-justification is a part of Nature’s great law of self-preservation. The exaggerated Ego is a primal necessity. Good men all and everywhere multiply the value of their work by ten.

Success in life consists in convincing yourself that you are the whole cheese, and then getting the world to accept your view.

Rostand’s rooster was fully assured in his own mind that the sun would not come up if he did not crow. The hens being told this by the rooster, cackled it back to him, and it became a crystallized part of the orthodox Zeitgeist.

And it would have so remained for all time, but for an accident—an accident of love, when a guinea-hen became enamored of the boss of the barnyard. www.libtool.com.cn

THE PHI- LISTINE

So Life is a paradox—and love is not only illusion, but it is also the great enlightener.

NOW, I know Jack London; I know the proletariat; and I know the “predatory rich.” And this I know, that so far as happiness is concerned they each and all have an equal portion ❁ ❁

The struggle in getting out of the mass has given Jack’s predatory party a certain power, but he has paid for it with his peace of mind, and he has to struggle to hold it.

“Purpled ease” is a thing which exists only in Jack’s mental vacuum. ¶ That is where the tramp has the start of the millionaire.

The tramp can dream it; the other fellow has no time even to think it.

When John Wesley saw the condemned criminal being taken to Tyburn Tree, he turned to his friend and exclaimed, “But for the grace of God, there goes John Wesley!”

When Walt Whitman looked upon the wounded and dying soldier, he said, “I am that man!”

¶ Emerson wrote in his Essay on Justice, “I

THE PHILISTINE have in me the capacity for every crime.”
¶ And here is what I say to Jack London: If you

and your pals were in possession of the tools of trade, you would commit all the so-called crimes of which you accuse the industrial leaders, and more. The fact that your heart is full of hate proves your unfitness to govern.

These men now in power have climbed step by step to their present position, and at every step had to prove their worth, before they were allowed to go on. ¶ These tools of which you speak are sharp, and men like you, unskilled in their use, would cut others with them, and they in turn would take the tools and cut your head off.

¶ Your hands are not as strong as you imagine. The strength of the hands of men is not proven by assertion—it is proven by use.

How far can you put the shot?

Power unrestrained is always tragic. The world is held in place by the opposition of forces. The men in power are ballasted by responsibility, as never before in history.

You have your use as an agitator; so go it, Jack, and say your say.

That fly on the wheel of the chariot of Achilles said, “Oh, just see what a dust we do kick up!”

¶ And this remark of the fly has added to the gayety of nations. But get enough flies on the

chariot of Achilles and not a wheel revolves. The Egyptians in Moses' time battled with swarms of flies, when the flies scored home-runs and base-hits.

Self-interest and the tug of inertia have hypnotized you, Jack, until you, being down in the gutter—thru choice—see only your side. Yet, your barbaric yawp is being heard, and I am your antipodal organ, passing it along.

Meanwhile you ride on the bumpers provided by the Trusts, and these bumpers carry you forward to your destination.

The pie you eat is made by the Pie Trust, yet you find it palatable and ask for more.

If the Pie Trust did n't make good pies and sell them at a fair valuation, housewives would make their own pies. Or they might find pie-timber too expensive, and then you would go pieless.

The great consolidated industries serve society, and their very existence turns on their ability to minister and to help.

That which does not serve, dies. If the Trusts overcharge they invite competition and dissolution ❄ ❄

Success lies in co-operation and reciprocity, and the hope of the future is in the fact that the world knows it.

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

We can't go back to chaos, and start over ♣
We must go on. Light lies ahead, not behind.
♣ We are not going to take off the train-crews,
and put the tramps in possession.

There are accidents occasionally now, but there would be more then. Safety lies in getting rid of the tramps.

One wide-awake, vigilant man at the switch is worth more to society than all the tramps who ride the brake-beams.

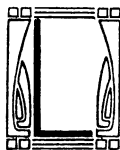
Get to work, Jack, and if you can't find the job you want, then take the one you can get! To prove yourself able to rastle a big job, get busy and take care of a little one.

Power does not reveal itself in scolding. And with all your getting, get busy!

Yours for the Evolution!



To flag a scorching falsehood is to be run down—probably.



AND o' Goshen! That used to be a polite, Baptist swear-word, used by my good mother when I tracked mud over her newly-scrubbed kitchen-floor.

She uses the phrase yet, when she sees in THE PHILISTINE something

slightly shocking. ¶ The Land of Goshen was a part of the Promised Land—the land flowing with milk and honey. The Philistines owned it, by right of Squatter Sovereignty. * And the Chosen People wanted it, naturally.

All of which I read in the Bible the other day. Look it up—it is a great story.

Last week I visited the Land o' Goshen, in Orange County, New York. I went up to see Dr. Cady, His Farm and his wonderful herd of Holsteins. The Holsteins are Dutch, and so are the Vans and Veldts and Rysdyks of Orange County. I thought I never saw so beautiful a country in my whole life. * Surely Orange County in Summer is a quarter-section of Paradise. * *

The bees bumbled in the locusts; the hillsides were flecked with dandelions, the kind that gives color to Orange County butter; Holsteins and Belted Dutch chewed the cud of fancy in the meadows, knee-deep in clover; the cherry-blossoms rained their petals on just and unjust alike. * *

Running streams danced and sung their way to the sea; hedgerows were melodious with birds; white houses with green blinds told of buttermilk, schmier-kase, kraut and sweet content. * *

THE PHI- At a turn of the road was a little red school-
LISTINE house, where the summer breeze kissed the folds of the American flag.

“Don’t pass me any more bicuspidati data,” I said to Dr. Cady. “Let me loaf and invite my soul—Utopia can’t improve on this.”

The road was running smoothly under the automobile tires at an easy speed of twenty miles an hour.

Only one false note vexed my soul. We were going on pious pilgrimage bent to visit a grave—the grave of the greatest horse the world has ever seen—Rysdyk’s Hambletonian—going to visit a horse’s grave in an Automobile!

Hambletonian Ten was the greatest sire of trotters the world has ever seen. He has no record, but his progeny have made his fame deathless ❀ ❀

We have been told by ardent ladies of the ballot that paternity is a cheap office, and only motherhood counts. Also, it has been intimated again and again that “the gray mare is the better horse.” Literally, a few years ago, the argument was put out that the trotting record would always be held by a mare. They pointed out to us Flora Temple, Maud S., Belle Hamlin and Justina, Fantasy and Sweet Marie

But let the fact stand that Joe Patchen, whose

home is at Goshen, is the greatest harness horse that ever lived—having gone more miles and faster miles than anything in the horse line since Alexander trotted Bucephalus a mile in four minutes on a wager with Aristotle.

¶ Ninety-nine per cent of all trotting speed traces to Hambletonian Ten.

The run is a natural gait—the trot is an acquirement. Fast trotting speed turns on intelligence. Running is a barroom fight, with not even spittoons, stove-poker and chairs barred; but trotting is a boxing-bout for points.

Hambletonian Ten took Rysdyk, his owner, a poor farmer, and made him worth over two hundred thousand. Hambletonian colts were sold to the tune of a million dollars.

Hambletonian was a horse of powerful build and remarkable docility. He was safe to buggy or spring-wagon, and used to carry the garden truck to Goshen for his industrious Dutch owner. How much speed he had in reserve no one ever knew. That sixty per cent of his progeny had speed, regardless of dam, was a fact ❀ ❀

Horses are a product of the soil, sunshine and climate—a manifestation of Divine Energy, which takes the form of Equus Caballus. Reinforced and obedient to the brain of a man

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we get the American Harness Horse—the horse of courage, faith, docility, spirit and tremendous power. The great harness horses of Kentucky and California all trace a pedigree to Orange County, New York. Why this is we do not know—all we know is the fact.

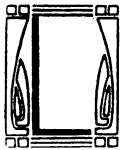
We stood with uncovered heads at the grave of this genius among horses.

I hung a wreath of clover on the marble shaft that marks the spot.

Dr. Cady broke the silence by saying, “If there are no horses in Heaven I do not want to go there.”



An enemy is a Counter-irritant. Get a few, or it's you for fatty degeneration of the cerebrum.



LAST November a certain city on the Pacific Coast bought an Automobile Ambulance.

It was a very beautiful Ambulance, painted white, with a red cross on the side. It had a big bell on the front that clanged and clanged, and smote terror to the heart of teamsters and pedestrians.

¶ Now, on the very first day that the Ambulance arrived it was run out and tried.

Down Main Street it sped, hell-to-split. The citizens stood on the curbs and congratulated themselves on owning such a beautiful and useful machine.

The ambulance could go all right!

The driver had a new blue uniform with brass buttons and a jaunty cap.

In the ambulance were two young doctors, ambitious, with pointed whiskers. They wore spotless uniforms of white duck.

And as the ambulance shot around a corner, an admiring citizen who had n't figured on the turn tried to get out of the road. He ran the wrong way, and the ambulance lifted him twenty feet into the air and slammed him into a telegraph-pole. ¶ The two doctors jumped out, and friendly hands lifted the injured man into the beautiful ambulance.

Then they started for the hospital, hell-to-split.

¶ They had got one, all right, all right!

An Irishman who witnessed the affair remarked, "Well, begorra! It's a dam lucky thing for that poor devil that we had that ambulance, or he would have had to go to the hospital on a dray." ¶ As it was, the man died ten minutes after he reached the hospital.

MORAL—Doctors often cause the ills they profess to cure.

THE PHILISTINE Impossible things are simply those which so far have never been done.



HERE are two things now in the world of thought which absolutely differentiate our age from any that has gone before.

These are the love of Nature and the respect for Truth.

In a certain sense these things are one and the same

Until our own day, Nature has been looked upon with suspicion, if not with positive contempt. Preachers everywhere preached against "the natural man who was at enmity with God."

Natural impulses were bare and sinful.

We talked in pity of "worldly-minded" folks, and we tied up the world, the flesh and the devil in one bundle.

We sang, "This world is but a desert drear, Heaven is my home."

Not only has man reviled his own flesh—his own body—but he has cursed the world, libeling himself and his Maker.

All this in the name of religion!

That Darwin should devote a lifetime to the minute study of Nature won him the contempt

of his Alma Mater. ¶ "I owe nothing to Cambridge," he said, "but the stimulus derived from her opposition." **THE PHILISTINE**

The love of Truth and the love of Nature have, for the most part, come to us from men outside the pale of the three learned professions.

You will find God everywhere but in a Divinity School; and you will find justice prized and respected anywhere and everywhere but in a Lawyer's Office.



The tariff should be increased on foreign princes.



MARTIN LUTHER once said, "This is a hard world for girls."

That women are, as a rule, the victims of much injustice in life, there is no doubt.

In New York State, a woman can not vote, but occasionally we hang her when she does the thing she ought not.

But here is a true story about a woman who lived in Brooklyn, New York—not being able to live in East Aurora, for reasons best known to herself—who got even with male man.

This particular woman lived her life, raised a goodly brood of children, reached the pleasant

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age of seventy-two, and found herself alone with just twelve hundred dollars in cash—which is not so bad after all.

Some folks have n't twelve hundred dollars, and lots of folks would n't know what to do with it, if they had.

“And what did she do with the money, Terese?”

¶ I will tell you what she did.

She put on her best gown, her Sunday bonnet, her Paisley shawl and black mitts, and went over to One Hundred Twenty Broadway and bought an Annuity from the Equitable Life-Assurance Society.

This annuity amounted to \$154.25.

An annuity is a thing that happens to you every year at the same time. If you provide for it, the fellow comes around on the exact date and pushes the money into your pocket, willy-nilly.

So, as before stated, this woman—by name, Betsy Gage—left the building of the Equitable Life-Assurance with nothing more than a promise that she would be paid \$154.25 every three hundred and sixty-five days as long as she lived.

However, instead of allowing the Company to send her the money, she had them make a memorandum on their books that she would

call and collect it; and so once a year the old lady walked over to New York, sidled up to the grated window, tapped on it very gently, and demanded her own and always they handed out the \$154.25.

Now it seems that this woman was earning a little money all the time, enough to live on; and so when she was eighty-eight years of age she had saved up from her annuity two thousand dollars.

And so on her eighty-eighth birthday she walked over with this greenish wad, handed in the two thousand, and asked them to increase the annuity all that conscience would allow.

¶ It seems that an annuity is one of those peculiar things that the longer you live the more you get; whereas, in life-insurance the younger you are the less you have to pay. In fact, if you are one hundred years old, and you lay down a thousand dollars for an annuity, the Company will agree to pay you eight hundred dollars a year as long as you live.

At eighty-eight years of age Betsy Gage found herself with an income of \$554 a year. Every year thereafter on the eventful day she walked in and demanded her \$554 and received it in good money.

On her one-hundredth birthday she sent word

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that she was not feeling very well and wished they would send the money over.

And so they sent the money over. And the President of the Company sent along a five-dollar bunch of roses.

It was about six weeks afterward—to be exact, on November Twenty-first, Nineteen Hundred Seven—that word came that the old lady had gone to sleep and forgotten to wake up, and that the account should be closed.

Her estate showed funds to the amount of six thousand dollars to her credit, divided among four different savings-banks.

This shows that Sam Patch was right in his proposition that some things can be done as well as others.

There is no doubt in my mind that the effect of having a life-insurance policy, or an annuity when your hair begins to turn gray, tends greatly toward longevity.

We usually lose our delusions and our hair at the same time. Betsy Gage had a beautiful head of snow-white hair—all her own, even unto that day when she fell on sleep and forgot to awaken.



Don't join the Grouch Trust, or it is you for Class B, and the Toboggan.



OME men there be who consume, waste and destroy, and produce nothing. Of such, Pittsburgh has no monopoly—it only seems as if she had when we read the newspapers.

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¶ Then there are other men who add much to the joy, the happiness and the wealth of the world, and for their own personal and exclusive use ask little.

The Hon. James Wilson recently said, in an official report issued from Washington, that a man in Iowa by the name of Holden was adding to the wealth of the State over fifteen million dollars a year thru unpatented ideas that he was disseminating.

Since that report was issued I have looked Holden up a bit, and I believe Farmer Wilson is well within the limit.

Holden! That was Amber's name.

Did n't you know Amber?

I pity you, and when I have more time I'll dissipate your ignorance along that line, but just now it is Perry G. Holden, of Ames, Iowa. He's the boy who has shown and is showing farmers how to select seed-corn. I'm going to "Little Journey" him some day.



If truth is not charming, bottle it.

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The risk to passengers in riding on the modern railroad-train is just about the same as that of falling out of the window if you stay at home.

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Many people buy THE PHILISTINE especially to read the articles they do not like.

Herodotus spoke of Egypt as the gift of the Nile; and we might say that the great inland cities of America are the gifts of the railroads. Do not hammer too hard on the railroads, or you will prove to the world that you belong to the Lobsteria.

Take comfort, Neighbor! No one will ever read the life of a man who is both good and happy. He offers nothing to either the biographer, the playwright or the reader. He is the end of the limit, and is fit for nothing but the rag-bag of time. In art, the shriek, the shudder and the shock are primal requisites.

Doctors, Lawyers and Preachers only know one way to make money, and that is to get yours. And, usually, they do not care how they do it.

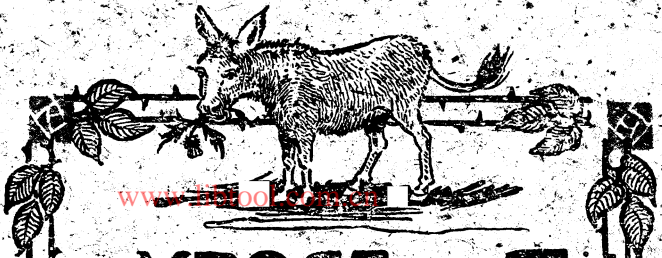


The man who borrows takes things easier than the man who lends.



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T the top of
the Greek
Olympus

there were fresh
air and the stars;
at the top of Chris-
tian Cathedrals
there are only
bad breaths and
missing words



EXPOSE NOT THYSELF BY FOUR-FOOTED MANNERS

SIR THOMAS BROWN.



The hilistine

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A Periodical of Protest

**If you have never made a fool of
yourself, you are not in my class**



**Printed Every Little While
for the Society of the Phi-
listines and Published by
Them Monthly. Subscrip-
tion, One Dollar Yearly
Single Copies, Ten Cents
SEPTEMBER, 1910**

George D is a
Good one, but
Dr Wolf Hopper
is a deal funnier

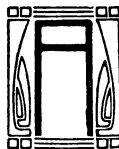
Entered at post-office, East Aurora, New York, as second-class matter.
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The Philistine

Vol. 31 SEPTEMBER No. 4

The last word is this: Nothing Matters, and no difference what happens the end is well. But wisdom consists in hustling just the same. * * *

¶ Heart-to-Heart Talks with Philistines by the Pastor of his Flock



AND so, as the midnight bells went ringing out the old, they rang in the new, "The King is dead—long live the King!"

When George V announced the death of his father, he proclaimed his own accession. And England, Ireland, Scotland and far-off India fired volleys to show their loyalty; and from St. John to Vancouver, Canada called him Sovereign, and sang, "God save the King!"

All those earnest prophets who had foretold that Edward VII would close the English kingly line were wrong.

The death of Edward Guelph neither retarded

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nor accelerated the British heart-beat. The men in field and factory were given an hour off, and then worked as usual. The shops opened wide their doors. The busses ran. The railroad-trains started on schedule and arrived on time. The stock-market gave no sign. The sun shone, the winds blew, the birds sang.

¶ The emblems of sorrow were on public buildings, all over the world, but there was no sorrow in the hearts of the people. For sorrow that can be expressed is a subtle form of joy. Read your Burke on the Sublime!

Why should there be sorrow?

A worn-out old man had paid the debt for having lived. Life is a lingering disease; it has but one cure—death. As old John Brown said to Governor Wise, “You can pardon me, but you can not make me immortal. You will not pardon me, and so I die tomorrow. But, Governor Wise, I only precede you by a day. Across the River of Death, I’ll wait for you.”

THE King had not died, because the King never dies. He is like a corporation with perpetual charter, “a body without death, a mind without decline.” Power passes.

The world has suffered no loss. Even the widow must have felt a sort of sweet, sad relief. Her

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position now is much more honorable and less embarrassing than ever before in her life.

Mrs. Keppel alone had cause to sigh. All the honor she had in life, the man who impersonated the King loaned her. Hers was but a lunar light—she is only a woman.

A man of sixty-eight had ceased to breathe—that was all.

His son, aged forty-five, takes the scepter from his stiffening fingers.

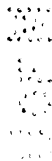
This son is a respectable country gentleman, the father of six hearty frolicking children.

George V is a collector of postage-stamps, and raises rabbits. These are his only fads.

He has knock-knees, while sure-enough kings are always bowlegged.

Bowlegs mean will plus; knock-knees stand for weakness. George V is commonplace in form and feature. When he asked the man who swore him in, to omit that part of the oath which made him declare his hatred of the Pope, he did as Asquith suggested. This was wise and well. Catholics are numerous in Ireland and plentiful in England—why insult them!

The Archbishop of Canterbury called him “our high and mighty and powerful Prince George.” But this is theologico-legal parlance, and means nothing.



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However, as King of England he symbols for us certain earnest qualities. That is his business. He symbols each day in three shifts of eight hours each. That he is silent, shy and unknown are points to his advantage in playing this papier-mache, opera-bouffe part. He does it better than Francis Wilson ever could hope to do.

Royalty means superiority.

There is something royal in humanity.

Great Britain forms no insignificant part of the human family.

We think well of the race—better than ever before in history.

As the people grow strong, kings wane and become weak.

We respect manhood.

All the intellect we know is man's intellect.

If there is a Supreme Being, His highest manifestation is thru the minds of men. In all ages it has been taught that He "inspires" us.

All the charity we know is man's charity.

All the forgiveness we know is man's forgiveness ❁ ❁

All the justice we know is man's justice, and when we tell of "God's justice" we mean what we would do if we were God.

The British Lion has no existence as a lion, and

his tail has never been twisted except in literature. He has no more tail than Halley's Comet * *

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Uncle Sam has no existence as an uncle, or as a man.

The King of England has no existence as king. The man who impersonates the ruler is but a symbol of the solidarity of the English people.

¶ There was once a King George who thought he was a sure-enough ruler. His arrogance caused a shot to be fired at Concord Bridge, and thirteen American Colonies were lost to the British Crown. And they were lost simply because this man forgot that he was a symbol of power, and not a powerful symbol. He would if he could have oppressed a people grown to a point where they prized freedom. George III should have been deposed—and we should have stayed in the game.

Canada prizes freedom, quite as much as do the States. Also, she has quite as much of the commodity as we have. Freedom is not a gift—it is an achievement.

The amount of a man's freedom is not on the outside—it is in.

Freedom is a condition of mind. And people with slavish, servile minds are apt to find themselves behind the bars. "Thee shall build

THE PHILISTINE no prisons for if thee does thee and thy children shall occupy them," said Elizabeth Fry.

FREEDOM implies responsibility. Freedom is bought by loyalty to duty. To break out of jail is not to be free. You still have yourself to look after. You are in bonds to your passions, your temper, your power—or lack of it—wherever you go. Weakness is a tangible something. It grasps you, grabs you, forces you down and holds you under.

The citizens of Canada are free to the degree that they are able, competent, self-reliant and recognize that each man can only help himself as he helps humanity.

This idea of mutual service is sanity.

The lack of this consciousness that one man's rights end where another's begin is what makes a man a criminal, or as one insane.

Helpful men are safe men.

Human service—this way freedom lies!

He who would seize and appropriate is seized. To consume or destroy, and not produce, is to be enslaved.

The highest achievement of modern thought is this consciousness of the Brotherhood of Man.

¶ The Sovereign is a man who symbolizes for us solidarity ❁ ❁

Organization is civilization. ¶ The word "King" **THE PHI-
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is a rallying-cry.
The English are a great and powerful people,
and because they are powerful, the death of
one man—any man—is to them an insignificant thing. ENGLAND IS ORGANIZED.
¶ God save the King!



An imitator is a man who succeeds in being an imitation.



Y old co-ed college chum, Winifred Black, has recently propounded this question, "Why are husbands lobsters?"

So I'll explain to Winifred the cause of this sad state which devolutes a lover into a lobster.

It's like this: the rule is that the male of the genus homo is never any better than he has to be. Having said this much, let me further add that this truth also applies to the female of the genus homo.

A marriage that is practically indissoluble gives the man security in his position. He is not obliged to win favors—he merely exercises his rights.

As for the woman, she has him, and when she

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reminds him of the fact, he is to pay. ¶ The man who stands on his rights, thinks about his rights, talks about his rights, belongs to the Lobsteria. He has ceased to be either loving or lovable. ¶ The only right that any man should have is the right to be decent—that is, to be agreeable and useful.

One of Nature's chief intents in sex is to bring about beauty, grace and harmony.

The flowing mane and proud step of the horse, the flamboyant tail of the peacock, the song of the bird, the perfume and color of the flowers, are all sex manifestations, put forth with intent to attract, please and fascinate.

Charm of manner is a sex attribute which has become a habit.

The creative principle in all art is a secondary sex manifestation.

The average married man feels that he is immune from the necessity of winning, pleasing, charming—he owns property. He's a Turk!

And from the Turk and the Comet, good Lord, deliver us!

PUBLIC Opinion is the great natural restraining force. We are ruled by Public Opinion, not by statute-law. If statute-law

expresses the Zeitgeist it is well, but often law hampers and restrains Public Opinion.

Divorce-laws are obsolete in their character, and should die the death.

A marriage that can not be dissolved tends to tyranny. There is a rudimentary something in man that makes him a tyrant—that divides humanity into master and slave—and to these barbaric instincts we are heir.

The business of civilization is to make men free. And freedom means responsibility. The curse of marriage is that it makes the parties immune from very much of that gentle consideration which freedom bestows.

Freedom in divorce is the one thing that will transform the marital boor into a gentleman.

¶ Freedom in divorce is the one thing that will abolish the domestic steam-roller.

Freedom in divorce is the one thing that will correct the propensity to nag, in both male and female ❀ ❀

We gain freedom by giving it. We hold love by giving it away.

To enslave another is to enslave yourself.

Constancy, unswerving and eternal, is only possible where men and women are free.

Marriage was first a property-right. The woman was owned by the man. She was a

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chattel. He had the right of taking her life if she attempted to escape, or was otherwise unruly ❁ ❁

Then the priests came in and declared marriage was a sacred rite. They brazenly declared that the marriage where they did not officiate was no marriage at all—that it was a base and unholy alliance, and that the children were illegitimate.

¶ The relationship of man and woman was to them a sin and a shame, but by their approval it was redeemed and made proper and right ❁

To grant a divorce was to admit that the rite did not “take.” Hence, divorce was tabu. The church is n’t interested in divorce—all the church is fighting for is to hold its position.

Then comes civil marriage, which is a contract between the man and the woman from which neither party can withdraw without laying the whole matter before the courts—and the newspapers. And the sacredness of contract takes the place of the sacredness of the rite.

“I would hold my friend by no stronger tie than the virtue that is in my soul,” said the gentle Emerson.

Easy divorce would make divorce unnecessary in a vast number of cases because it would put men and women on their good behavior, and thus do away with incompatibility. That which

tends to increase charm of manner can not be bad; that which tends to conform a lover into a lobster is not wholly good.

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ALL over the United States there is a general demand for a uniform divorce-law.

This is right and well.

And the way to bring about this uniformity is to do away with all divorce-laws. If divorce were free, it would probably be no more frequent than it is now.

Marriage should be difficult, and divorce easy.

¶ As it is now, any preacher will marry anything to anybody for fifty cents. Nightly, clergymen are aroused from sleep and marry couples out of the⁵ second-story window.

Marriages occur in circus-rings, balloons, show-windows, and yesterday I heard of a wedding in an automobile going on the high clutch at speed limit, with Papa's car opening up the cut-off close behind⁷ in hot pursuit.

Bum, lum, de-dum!

Marriage is so serious a matter that it should not be entered upon lightly. The old plan of publishing the banns was founded on common-sense ❁ ❁

The couple about to embark should be compelled to take a full month to think about it,

THE PHILISTINE and persons absolutely unfit should be debarred. But once entered upon, just two people know whether the venture is a success—and they are the man and the woman.

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In the name of freedom, let the only parties who are vitally interested decide the issue.

Divorce is a heroic remedy for an awful condition. It is the culmination of a fearful tragedy. I know of nothing worse than incompatibility. There is no hell equal to the hell of having to live with a person who is not your own ❄ ❄

Either party who wants a divorce should have it. And the proof that it is desired should be reason sufficient for granting it. Make way for liberty!

It is n't the law that brings a man and a woman together, and no law should be invoked to hold them together. The police should keep their heavy hands off. What can an outside party know of this most subtle and delicate of all human relations!

The love of man for woman and of woman for man is the most powerful and persistent force in the universe.

And man in his greed has seized upon it and attempted to regulate it from Harrisburg. Now there are many folks who think it should

be looked after from Washington by Taft and Wickersham. God help us all—just lift off the roofs and take a look at Social Washington some night at four a. m.!

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The lawyer here steps in and becomes as insistent and as dogmatic as the priest. Once you could marry only thru the ministrations of a priest; now you can secure a divorce only thru the services of a lawyer—and often a dozen are employed, counting both sides.

“Why make life difficult, complex and heavy?” cries Emerson.

And well does he ask the question.

This supreme thing in life, our love, can not be regulated by man's law.

The Supreme Power that made, fashioned and gave it to us provided for its automatic regulation ❁ ❁

When love, honor and respect die, it is time in the name of purity to part.

No priest can consecrate the holy relationship of a man and woman, but God can and does. Love is the only consecration—and love is enough ❁ ❁

To imagine that God should endow us with this mighty passion, and then leave its regulation to William of Albany, Mister Gibbons of Baltimore, and Teddy Da Roose of Rome, is an

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insult to the Divine Intelligence of which we are a part. ¶ The mating of a man and a woman is the one sacred thing in life. And left alone it is lovely and true in all its attributes.

In law, they will tell you that "the plaintiff has all the rights his contract gives him and no more." ¶ In Nature, a man should have all the rights which love bestows, and no more. And when I speak of man I mean woman, too, for there is the male man and the female man. ¶ I believe in equality—the equality of Nature, or, if you please, of God.

I do not believe in the law interposing and giving a man rights and a woman privileges. ¶ Neither do I understand why the money a woman earns should belong to a man, unless we first grant the righteousness of master and slave, and frankly admit that the man owning the woman, also owns per se all that she produces, including her children.

God has decided who the children belong to—they belong to the woman who bore them and whose body nourished them. But man steps in and makes laws about a mother's instincts.

MEN and women mate, and being mated cleave together until death do them part—and longer.

They whom God has joined together no man can put asunder.

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The mischievous meddling of man leads to a condition where ~~ev~~ ~~the parties~~ ~~think~~ ~~they~~ own each other. This is slavery.

Many married men treat any other woman with more respect than they treat their wives. The gallantry that holds thru gentle treatment and just is gone when the man thinks he holds a warranty-deed for the property.

To be free you must be on your good behavior.

¶ And do not for a moment imagine that a man would leave his mate if law did not manacle him to her. He is held by an unseen silken cord as strong as fate, as constant as life, as persistent as death. "Whither thou goest, I will go: and thy people shall be my people."

¶ The divine attraction which brings the right man and the right woman together must be trusted as strong and sufficient enough to hold them.

When you treat them as rats baited into a trap, from which escape is impossible, you dissolve the main idea and interpose the thought of escape. And this is what makes so many married men and women stray in their sleep and tread the border-land of folly.

¶ I would hold my mate by the supreme

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LISTINE**

integrity of my love for her, and by no other bond. And this once fixed in the minds of men and women would make for constancy.

Nothing is more terrible in life than to break and sunder human relations.

To be true to your own is the natural thing, because it is the right thing.

It is the only policy that pays.

Happiness lies in loyalty. This applies to any field of human endeavor.

The race knows it now for the first time in history ❦ ❦

Truth is the new virtue, and Truth is a virtue because it reduces the perplexities of life and brings good results.

The love of man for woman and of woman for man, and of both for their children, is a divine instinct. When you bolster it and brace it by blacksmiths at Harrisburg, Lansing and Columbus, you doubt its constancy, and, what is worse, you suggest the doubt to the very people you seek to fetter.

The greatest line ever written by Humboldt was this: "The Universe is governed by Law."

¶ But he did not refer to the laws of man. He referred to the laws of Nature, or, if you please, the laws of God, altho Humboldt in his latter years never used the word "God."

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I believe in the blessed trinity of Man, Woman and Child. These to me express Divinity. Left alone the woman would be the companion of the man, not his slave, pet, plaything, drudge and scullion.

Happiness lies in equality. The effort you put forth to win the woman, you should be compelled to exercise thru life in order to hold her. And you will hold her by so long as Love kisses the lips of Death, and the dimpled hands of the babe encircle the neck of its father.

The house of the harlot exists because love is gyved, fettered, blindfolded and sold in the marketplaces.

There is nothing so pulls on the heartstrings of the normal, healthy man as the love for wife and child.

Always and forever he wears them in his heart of hearts. To imagine that he would forsake them for the husks of license, unless looked after by Jagers and Jagers, is to doubt the Wisdom of the Creator.

In our hearts Divine Wisdom implanted the seeds of loyalty and right. These are a part of the great plan of self-preservation. We do not walk off the cliff, because we realize that to do so would mean death.

Make men and women free, and they will

THE PHILISTINE travel by the Eternal Guiding Stars. ¶ That which makes for self-respect in men and women, putting each on his good behavior, increasing the sum of good-will and lessening hate, will have a most potent influence on future generations.

I can not imagine a worse handicap than to be tumbled into life by incompatible parents and be brought up in an atmosphere of strife. "We have bred from the worst in the worst possible way, and the result is a race of scrubs," says Alfred Russell Wallace.

All that tends to tyranny in parents manifests itself in slavish traits in the children. Freedom is a condition of mind, and the best way to secure it is to breed it.

TEDDY DA ROOSE is a good one; Dean Hart is no slouch; Billy Sunday is a bird; but I still maintain that the sun would come up if never a rooster crowed.

Make marriage difficult by demanding notification and a pause; then make divorce free on application of either party.

Do you remember the woman who wanted a divorce if she could n't get it, and if she could, she did n't want it?

No one wants a divorce from his own. This

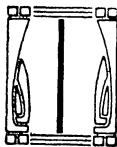
would be the one horrible and appalling thing in life. Let life be automatic. Make room for the Divine.

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And in this article I have only stated what all thinking men and women know and believe, but which they—wisely—decline to say or even admit. Therefore, I have said it for them. We will now listen to the Anvil Chorus.



The Man intent on saving his Soul has already lost his. The Devil has him, Body and Boots.



In the heavy penalties that Nature has put upon the mind of genius she seems to repent of having created for herself an all-seeing Eye

In the mind of man she seems to see her possible destroyer, and she gives to the lords of intellect—to her Spinozas, Schopenhauers, Flauberts, Emersons—a burden that can hardly be borne. She did not dream that that Eye would pierce to the heart of her nothingness, and could remain calm in the face of infinite change and the knowledge of the inutility of Being. Nature is in terror, like a woman caught en deshabelle by the ironic

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stare of a satyr. ¶ There is a Spy in the world; it is the mind of the seer, the serene rejecter, who suffers more than others, but nevertheless remains serene; like the beatification of the faces of martyrs seen thru smoke and flame. The philosopher alone knows that nothing matters, and no difference what happens, the result is just as good.

The psychology, the poetry, the philosophy of the ages—from Plato and Aristotle to Schopenhauer and Ibsen—have only hinted at the uses of the intellect, the tremendous significance and the dazzling possibilities of Mind, the reality risen out of the illusion we call Matter. Only the Indian sages have crossed the threshold and walked with firm foot thru the asphyxiating atmosphere that fills every chamber in the House of the Will, out on to the terraces that overlook the universe—the terraces of perception, the high, isolated battlements where even ghosts dare not walk. Not that on these heights emotion is lost and negatived; rather, is it spun into rare and more ethereal textures; the rapture of instinct transmutes itself into the rapture of prospects; the opaque garment of passion melts airily into the diaphanous robe of ecstasy. And up there there is mirth—philosophic mirth, the

twinkle philosophic—for what things are seen from that height, where the mechanism of normality ceases to function for him who stands there!

The intellect is anarchic, Dionysian, epicurean, the tempter, the redeemer, the rebellious principle in nature. The sum of sentiment is God; the sum of intelligence is Lucifer.

The Cross was made for the Will; on it the emotions are crucified; every wish of the heart finishes at a Golgotha.

For the intellect there can be no Golgotha, no crucifixion, for it takes pride in discovering and registering its very limitations; where fancy fails it seeks a refuge in mockery, and when there remain no further worlds for it to sack it triumphs in irony.

It finds the God of Serenities in the skull of Spinoza, leers at the world from the brain of Voltaire, shrugs its shoulders at life from the head of Schopenhauer, seethes in stupendous vortices of rhapsody behind the foreheads of Wagner and Liszt, smiles with pity at an inutile cosmos from the brain-cells of Anatole France, and sups on the soul of Beauty in the adytum of Walter Pater. Small wonder that priest and Puritan have put Intellect on the Index ❁ ❁

THE PHILISTINE Creation, the fundamental instinct, has three stages—animal, intellectual, egoistic. In the sub-human world and among most humans, the passion for creation is satisfied in the reproduction of their kind.

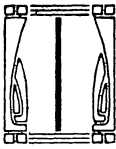
The artist exhausts his creative passion in the making of something that, unlike a child, can not change, desire, age, grow ugly and decay. The tendency of the second stage of creation is to show us the absurdity of the first stage.

¶ The third and highest stage of creation is the creation of Self—self-culture, self-conquest, the fabrication of a Super-me, with no other material result of one's labor than the accidental influence one may exert on other beings. This third type reaches its culminating grandeur in Yogihood, where the inutility and absurdity of all creative processes are seen—all except its own, for here creator and destroyer blend, and the irony of its own paradox is redeemed in its eternal self-mockery.

Thus the most terrible moment in intellectual evolution is when a man first sees himself from his own height—the butterfly glancing back on its late slimy envelope.



Boys will be boys and girls will be girls,
but not forever.



KNOW of no recipe for success in advertising. If I did I would keep it myself. There is no more a science of advertising than there is a science of education. But organizations like the New York Advertising Men's League are working in the right direction. Co-operation and harmonious effort only can produce great results in so complex a state of society as ours.

Advertising is a description of a place, a thing, an event. All life is advertising. I do not differentiate between literature and advertising. Herodotus and Plutarch, who told us so much of what we know about old Greece and Rome, were advertising men.

There are other big advertising achievements in history. The man who put that defiant message in the mouth of Paul Jones (something, by the way, he never said) was a headliner. But "We have n't begun to fight yet" stands as an achievement of real advertising.

¶ Now I've written some advertisements myself—for pleasure as well as for a consideration. I have written one for the Standard Oil Company and some for the Equitable Life-Assurance Company. I do not claim to be an expert advertising man. But as I thought the matter

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over I decided that forceful advertising was not essentially different from other kinds of writing. Before beginning the advertisement I called to mind a habit of Lincoln's; upon every conceivable occasion he used to say, "That reminds me," and then tell a story. I set out to write a "that reminds me" advertisement—to begin with a sentence with which every reader would agree. You may remember how that advertisement began: "The Standard Oil Company is an American institution." Nobody could deny the statement; indeed, many would be favorably impressed, for they would call to mind other great American institutions which excite their pride.

Was I right, then, in presuming that with this sentence I disarmed, in a degree, hostility of sentiment? All great writers are cumulative, and are masters of brief and pithy expression. In building up this Standard Oil advertisement, what better models could I follow than the classics of simple English writing? So the next sentence went a step ahead; I made another statement which could not possibly be denied. I said: "It deals in an American product." Don't you see now the Stars and Stripes waving? Does n't that evoke a bit of patriotic feeling? If so, you are in a favorable position to extend fair

consideration to the following arguments of the advertisement.

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In writing advertisements, don't be afraid to let yourself get into the copy. Let a smile go into the ink-bottle, if it will. In advertising, you are dealing with very human men, and you can not mistake by letting your copy be human. In writing advertisements, I first try to have an idea; then I strive to put that idea into a form that may be easily read. Cut out every superfluous word. Make what you say interesting. Literature, and that means good advertising, need not be deadly dull.

In building an advertisement for the Equitable, I tried to get a good headline—a thought that could be expanded into a telling argument. Between New York and Rochester, on the train, I hit upon twelve such headlines, each of which I believed could be enlarged into a good advertisement. Then I eliminated and eliminated and reduced the twelve to the one that impressed me as the best.

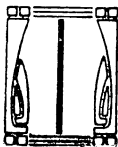
That one I submitted to Paul Morton and he seemed to like it. The advertisement stirred up interest, too. For instance, certain professional men wrote heatedly to Mr. Morton, protesting against employing me to write the advertising. One man especially insisted upon an expla-

THE PHILISTINE nation. Mr. Morton made use of the fifty-word telegraph rate, and wired this gentleman as follows: "The reason why we have Elbert Hubbard write our advertising is that you will write and ask us why we have Elbert Hubbard do our advertising. Our representative will call upon you at ten tomorrow morning to explain in person." Could that man turn down the representative? Did not the company have a man interested in the company's policies in that man?

So I say, in all advertising be human. Appeal to the great common instincts of mortal men. Let your advertising speak out of your own personality. And make that personality of yours healthy, normal, sincere and honest.



Men are not equal in Stupidity and Foolishness: some have others skun a mile.



SEE that two of my colleagues, workers in the Vineyard of the Lord, have had a little misunderstanding. One of them—well, to be absolutely plain about it, he got killed in the argument.

Both of these gentlemen were advance-agents of Deity, walking delegates for the Religious

Trust. Both Baptists—orthodox beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The Reverend Robert Vanover and the Reverend Isaac Berry are the gentlemen in question.

They were holding a revival-meeting at the Rock Creek Baptist church, Whitley County, Kentucky, and got into a dispute over the collection, augmented by doubts as to which was the more powerful preacher of the two.

¶ Both had brought many sinners to their knees in contrition. Both had a strong influence in recording in the Lamb's Book of Life the names of various erring men and women who were playing on the toboggan that leads to hell ❀ ❀

Both of these men had snatched sinners as brands from the burning, picturing the beauties of Paradise and the inconvenience of Caloric plus ❀ ❀

And it certainly is a great pity that one of them should have seized the other by the whiskers and basted him first on one cheek and then on the other, meanwhile referring to him in terms uncomplimentary to his maternal ancestor.

The gentleman whose pedigree had been questioned replied in kind; when Brother Vanover brought out a knife that opened with

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a spring touch, and with one fell stroke severed the jugular of the orthodox Berry.

In five minutes Berry was dead—as dead as timothy hay in August.

Now, his soul, if both gentlemen are correct in their philosophy and reasoning, is in Abraham's bosom—in other words, cavorting around the Great White Throne, in a robe that never needs laundering, playing a harp that is never out of tune, wearing a papier-mache crown, which makes him look like DeWolf Hopper at his best.

The world has lost a great and powerful preacher in the Reverend Doctor Berry. Also, the Baptists are temporarily deprived of the services of that power for good, the Reverend Doctor Vanover, who is now sojourning in the county jail at Williamsburg, Kentucky. It is pleasant to know, however, that the Reverend Doctor is improving his time by preaching to the prisoners every Sabbath morning; and prayer-meetings are held every evening. Quite a number of Yeggs, both white and colored, have come forward to the mourners' bench and given their hearts to Jesus.



The average man plays to the gallery of his own self-esteem.



ONE thing, it was no frame-up.

It was a black man against a white man, before an audience of eighteen thousand white men.

For the black man to meet that sea of white faces required great moral courage. In Jack Johnson there is no streak of yellow.

The spirit of fair play was there, with one exception.

Gentleman Jim was the only man who distinguished himself by forgetting to be a gentleman. Repeatedly, he taunted the negro in loud, sneering and insulting tones as to his color, calling him a "black coward," telling of the beating he was about to receive.

This attempt to intimidate did not meet with the approval of the audience. Billy Muldoon, who has quite a vocabulary of his own, blushed scarlet. When Muldoon calls a man down he does it to his face, and not when the man is in the ring to make the fight of his life. Jeffries has since said he regretted Corbett's talk, and would have stopped it if he could.

A man may have a black skin and be a man, for a' that. How about a little of the Square Deal in this race question?

Now, just suppose that a negro had called to

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Jeffries insulting remarks as to his Irish pedigree, accusing him of cowardice, what do you suppose Gentleman Jim would have asked the audience to do to that colored man!

One who was there said to me, "The tide of insulting talk by Corbett directed to the Coon, turned a current of sympathy in the direction of the Smoke and made the defeat of Jeffries palatable. The only regret was that the uppercuts in the last round were not for Corbett."



Man's greatest blunder has been in trying to make peace with the skies instead of making peace with his neighbor.



ATTORNEY-GENERAL WICKERSHAM, speaking at Cambridge, Massachusetts, before the Harvard Graduating Class, recently said, "The college-bred lawyer is the man who will solve the problems of industrialism and economics that are now perplexing this country."

Here we get the usual modest assumption of a lawyer and a college man, that the college man and lawyer is a sort of superior person who is to lead us out of Egyptian darkness into the light, and without whom the world would con-

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tinue to grope. ¶ It is a claim which no one else makes but the lawyer and the college graduate.

¶ The argument is that the economic questions of production and distribution are to be settled for us by men who do not produce. This is the self-appointed superior class who have ever volunteered to govern the world for a consideration. It is a great claim, this, made by a lawyer, that we can be governed wisely, only by lawyers.

Lawyers are mostly social parasites who batten and fatten on the woes of the world, picking up a living on society's dumping-ground.

The trouble with this country is too much law and too many lawyers. The era of high prices will never recede until we lessen the pro-rata number of non-producers to the actual workers.

¶ Shakespeare's proposition, "First, let's kill all the lawyers," had in it a saving salt of sound advice. Please pass the wicker-sham.



The only change in the original cast of the Passion Play, when it comes from Oberammergau to East Aurora, will be in the part of Thomas the Doubter. We have secured William Marion Reedy, the great Bavarian Buffo from County Down, to play this character, the part of Judas having already been taken.

THE PHILISTINE Showing the value of Judicious Publicity, we received 9897 replies in that Missing-Word Contest. Everybody was right in his answer except Hotchkin, who spelled it with a ph.

At what age does a woman cease to be Bessie and become Elizabeth? Altogether, now!

I heard the late Justice Brewer give an address on "Lawyers and the Bar" at Carnegie Hall a few years ago. He showed himself a humorist when he said, "The most intelligent, upright and influential men in every community are lawyers." Even Felix Adler giggled.

The difference between an ethical and a non-ethical doctor is this: The non-ethical doctor is willing to pay for his advertising, and the other wants his advertising to go in as a news item and he will pay nothing.

Let doctors and dentists publicize their ability—if they have any. It's all human service anyway * *



Latest advices from Paradise say that St. Peter has no use for "The Chantecler," and is laying for Rostand with a big key.

T

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who has

no enemies

is n't anybody

and has never

done anything

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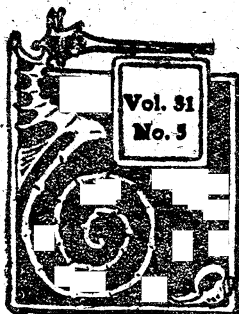
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A Periodical of Protest

Folks who can, do; those who can't, chin



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for the Society of the Phi-
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OCTOBER, 1910

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The Man
Who Believes
in a
Personal Devil
is One

Entered at post-office, East Aurora, New York, as second-class matter.
Copyright, Nineteen Hundred Ten, by Elbert Hubbard, Editor & Publisher

The Philistine

Vol. 31

OCTOBER

No 5

When the many advise you what you can not afford to miss in the way of a book, you can safely let it alone.



The Split-Week

Ⓛ FRA! thou gently nurtured soul,
Didst ever book in a "split-week" hole?
The Majestic week? (an experience rare)
With the "split-week" "dump" does not
compare.

Dost realize the actor man
Must sometimes do the best he can,
On the "Coal-oil" or the "Peanut" time?
To get e'en that he must stand in line.
Of tobacco-juice? Alack! oh, fudge!
Ten shows a day 'til a man can't budge.
And good acts, too? Sure! quite a few,
Where "Abe" does n't ask, but just says "DO."
—Myles McCarthy



The employee who is willing to steal for
you will probably steal from you if he
gets a chance,

¶ Heart-to-Heart Talks with Philistines by the Pastor of his Flock



AM in receipt of a very interesting letter from the Reverend A. B. Taylor, Lakeside, New York, in which he says that he reads "The Fra" with pleasure and profit, and often receives valuable help therefrom in compiling his sermons.

Doctor Taylor is an orthodox Methodist, and the fact that I am able to express for him, in degree, many of the things he holds as truth is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

¶ It is frank, friendly and beautiful in Doctor Taylor to write me his acknowledgments. But after writing the letter he adds a postscript. I might say that I have a suspicion he wrote the beautiful letter in order to add the postscript, but I will not. Here is the P. S.: "One thing I do not like and can not comprehend, is why you so wrongfully advocate the taxing of church property."

Then he encloses a column clipping from "The Christian Work and Evangelist," wherein the reasons for exemption of church property from taxation are fully set forth. Very seldom does one get the entire argument at first hand, but

here it all is, skilfully presented. I give it in its entirety: "The worst enemy New York has, or any city has, is the perennial critic who would tax the churches. Some interesting correspondence has recently been going on in one of the New York papers over this matter. Some one by the name of Hubbard discovered that there were several million dollars' worth of property in churches which was untaxed * The critic supported his arguments by statements that the churches are not direct public servants, as are schools and hospitals; that they exist to teach certain doctrines of their own, differing among themselves, and which have no direct relation to the public good—some of the doctrines, indeed, being pernicious, according to this critic.

"The short-sightedness of all this is apparent to the most superficial mind. The policy of taxing the churches would be almost suicidal to any town or city. The churches save New York fifty times what the city loses in taxes from them. Here are a few facts which when perceived stop all such talk at once: The Church is the greatest police force in the community. The Roman Catholic Church alone—we mention that Church because it practises the negative doctrine of restraint more than do the Protestant churches—restrains hundreds of

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thousands of men and women from petty crimes that would cost New York more than all her courts and police and jails and prisons have cost her for years. Take the churches out of New York for ten years and it would be an unsafe city to live in, and the expense of administering its criminal courts and prisons would bankrupt it. As a matter of fact, the teaching of any particular theological doctrine is the smallest part of any work the churches do. Go into any church in New York and you will find that fully three-fourths of all the efforts are being directly expended in making good citizens. In Sunday school the children are being taught honesty, purity, brotherhood, ambition and the unselfish life. Fully two-thirds of the sermons of the average preacher are direct inspirations to the moral life or instructions in ethics. We venture to say that had our friend collected fifty of the sermons preached in New York last Sunday he would have found forty-nine which dealt with practical religious life to one on the doctrine, say, of the future life. Of course, there are millions of people who have found in their experience that the 'peculiar doctrines,' as our friends call them, produce the highest type of citizenship. As a matter of fact, the main efforts of the churches of New

York are put on producing honest and altruistic men. Heaven only knows what would become of the city if its one thousand four hundred churches were crippled by great taxes. It is bad enough now. The police service the churches render New York saves the city millions every year. The service of furnishing her with honest and unselfish men can not be put in numbers. There are none large enough."

It will please be noticed that the editor of "The Christian Work and Evangelist" starts his article by informing us who the worst enemy of New York or any city actually is. This worst enemy, according to my Christian colleague, is the critic who would tax the churches. Thus, before he attempts to reply to the critic, he denounces the critic as not only an enemy of the State, but its worst enemy.

Grafters, thieves, dealers in dope, procurers, sweat-shop fiends, murderers, all take second place: the worst enemy of a city—any city—is the man who advocates the taxation of church property.

The editor himself is a Christian, a church-member and a clergyman.

Does he stand as a sample of the head, hand and heart of the modern church-member?

¶ I think so. He is a man of education, of

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position, honored and respected in his denomination. And he tells us that people who disagree with him in a matter of finance are not only enemies of the State, but its worst enemies.

¶ "A traitor to God is a traitor to his country." Thus did religious fanaticism once link the heretic and the traitor as one. To disagree with the prevailing religion was to be regarded as the foe of society.

How hard the tyrants die!

Yet many clergymen believe that it would be better to put church property on an absolute parity with all other property. In fact, very many churches now voluntarily pay taxes. The great and influential congregation presided over by Rabbi Leonard Levy of Pittsburgh requested the assessors to tax their synagogue at its cost valuation of three hundred thousand dollars ❀ ❀

In Toronto is a Baptist church that has paid taxes on its property for twenty years, because the congregation voting on the question decided that an evasion of taxes on the part of a church because it did "good" was really no better than the exemption of an individual for the same reason.

The enemy of the State, forsooth, is the man who asks some one to pay a few paltry dollars

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for police and fire protection! ¶ Naturally, one might say the enemy of the State is the man who refuses to pay his quota of expense for the maintenance of the Government machinery.

¶ The editor of "The Christian Work and Evangelist" is a clergyman. He is paid by the religious denomination that he serves. This denomination has large holdings of real estate, upon which it pays no taxes. If it paid taxes it would not have so much money to pay clergymen; therefore, one of its leading clergymen, acting as spokesman for the rest, defines for us the worst enemy of New York—"or any city."

Thus we get the quality of logic that rules in our churches. It would be laughable were it not pitiable in its weakness.

The church is n't dead—it can still call vile names. How nimbly it yet flings the theologic stink-pot!

The fires of the auto-da-fe are not extinguished. They are only banked, banked in the editorial office of "The Christian Work and Evangelist." "The worst enemy of New York or any city!"

¶ It is the old, old cry of "Away with him!" It is the cry of entrenched tyranny, that he who disagrees with you in religious matters is the enemy of the State.

THE PHI- Socrates spoke disrespectfully of the gods, and
LISTINE for this they brewed for him the hemlock ☩
The crime of Jesus was that he undermined
the State.

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Savonarola, Bruno, Latimer, Wyclif, enemies
of society—all!

The editor of "The Christian Work and
Evangelist" thinks that the State and Religion
are one.

And he is right. For just as long as the State
grants immunity from taxation to church
property, the divorce is not complete. We
have n't yet caught up with Thomas Jefferson.

¶ Well, you know what the State in the past
has done to those who are considered its
enemies?

Yes, and that is just what the meek and lowly
editor of "The Christian Work and Evangelist"
would do to you if he had the power.

CAREFULLY read, analyzed and digested,
we find that the sole excuses which the
churches have for not paying taxes are:

1. The churches form a police system which prevents certain people from committing crime.
2. They supply us a great number of honest and unselfish citizens, who otherwise would be rogues.

For these two things they claim a cash reward from the community.

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My answer is that both propositions are assumptions, quite gratuitous, but that, even if they were true, it would not justify the State in remitting their quota of taxes.

I have had a large and varied experience with clergymen and church-members, and that they are better morally and stand higher intellectually are propositions which they admit, but which no one besides themselves puts forward. The names of clergymen, Sunday-school teachers and pious deacons who go wrong would fill a five-foot shelf of books. In fact, it is an axiom that the bankers' colony in every penitentiary is made up mostly of church-members.

When the University of Copenhagen says that church-members are better citizens than non church-members, I may believe it. Until then, the verdict must be, "Not Proved." Especially so, in view of the fact that when Christianity was absolutely supreme the headsmen worked overtime, and crime, grime, blood, poverty, disease and woe were the rule, not the exception.

The doctrine that some folks are so much better than others that they deserve eternal

THE PHILISTINE bliss is the most selfish idea ever put forth by mortal man.

Folks who think they are better than others, usually are n't.

That the idea of endless joy for believers, and endless hell for doubters, is not being preached now so much as it was a few years ago, is nothing to the credit of church-members.

¶ All separations of society into sacred and secular, good and bad, saved and lost, learned and illiterate, rich and poor, are illusions which mark certain periods in the evolution of society.

¶ The offer of endless life and the threat of endless hell are frightful rudimentary errors of the savage mind, born of fear and frenzy, and then perpetuated as a police system by a Divine Collection Agency. For not only does a religion of fear keep people "good," but it also makes them pay for being kept good.

The offer of immunity from the penalties of sin, thru belief in the blood of Jesus, is merely the immunity that human sacrifice once provided, slightly refined and modified. ✽ The "belief" in a blood sacrifice has taken the place of the sacrifice itself.

The orthodox Christian Church still teaches immunity from penalties on the acceptance of its creed. From exemption from the natural

penalty of a misdeed to exemption from taxation is but a step.

The man who can accept the one takes kindly to the other. "Jesus died and paid it all—yes, all the debt I owe."

"Saved by the blood of the Lamb."

That is, throw it off on some one else. Who cares! Any way to go scot-free! And this evasion of a penalty for wrong committed is called "the glad tidings of great joy." ✨ To escape the payment of taxes is a variation of the same idea.

Many of these "saved" people do not pay their debts until compelled to. If they work for you they loaf and visit on "company time." They cheat you in a hundred ways, and often spend as much time trying to evade the responsibility of shouldering the burden as, rightly used, would have carried the message to Garcia.

The entire Christian doctrine of rewards and punishments, of a vicarious atonement and the substitution of a pure and holy man for the culprit, is a vicious and misleading philosophy ✨ ✨

That fear in certain instances has deterred men from crime there is no doubt. But the error of religion as a police system lies in

THE PHILISTINE the fact that it makes superstition perpetual. Untruth that good may follow is not a nice philosophy ❄ ❄

It will be noted that the learned editor of "The Christian Work and Evangelist" pleads as a reason why churches should not pay taxes, the assertion that three-fourths of all sermons now preached deal with present-day problems, and the effort is not merely to save souls but to make better citizens.

This is doubtless true. The church is saving herself from dissolution by becoming secularized. Gradually the world is being educated into the belief that one world at a time is enough ❄ ❄

Also, a vast number of men and women see the fact that immunity and exemption are not desirable, that nothing can ever be given away, and that something for nothing is very dear ❄ ❄

To make a man exempt is to take from him just so much manhood; and to make a church exempt is to weaken the fabric and place the institution on a mendicant basis. To accept salvation for yourself, with the consciousness that there is still one soul in hell, would turn your paradise into purgatory, if your soul were worth a damn.

"One man is no man," said Aristotle four hundred years before Christ.

We are all parts and particles of each other.

"I am that man," said Walt Whitman.

"But for the grace of God, there goes John Wesley," said John Wesley as he saw the man being taken to Tyburn Tree to be hanged. This matter of exemption from taxation of certain edifices and certain men, transportation at half-rates, and the ten-per-cent discount to clergymen and teachers, all hinges on a lack of the Ethical Monistic Concept.

It assumes that certain work is sacred and other work secular; that certain places are holy and others profane. My esteemed colleague, the editor of "The Christian Work and Evangelist," admits that this world is no longer "but a desert drear, heaven is my home."

He admits that we are here, and that this is our home now, at least.

When he goes a step further and admits that this is God's world, not the Devil's; that every man is doing the best he can with the light and power he possesses; that all human service is sacred; that there is no high nor low; that there are no "saved" so long as men are in bonds to fear, superstition

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and incompetence; that a smokestack is as sacred as a steeple—then he will agree with me that churches should pay their just quota of taxes.

¶ Good people no longer ask immunity from payment of bills because they are “good.” Business men are just as “good” as preachers. Business today is founded on the thought of reciprocity and mutuality. We help ourselves only as we help others. And all transactions in life should be co-operative and reciprocal.

¶ Granting for argument’s sake that the church does do all the good claimed by my Christian brother, still that is no reason for its exemption. “So far as this Court knows, all men who live in houses are good men, making the world of men better by their lives; but this is no reason why their residences should be exempt from taxation.” So said Judge Vaughan in deciding the question of taxation of parsonages in Illinois.

Here we get the growing concept of the world of thinking men and women, the concept of Ethical Monism.

All is One, and the sacred is that which serves. Pay the price, and provided you pay the price, the thing you buy is worth the money.

The churches will never do the good they are capable of doing until they throw off mendi-

cancy. And the beggar is a robber who has lost his nerve, a bandit with a streak of yellow in his ego. The churches must take their stand, firmly and frankly, as human institutions, asking no exemption, demanding no immunity. Then they will be free.

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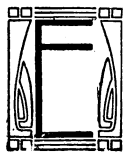
For her own good the Church must meet her responsibilities, and not shift her burden of taxes upon the people who do not believe her creed.

¶ If you believe in a "peculiar" doctrine, that is your affair, and you are the man to pay for its support. To say that I must pay for the support of your creed or else be branded as a foe of society is bad logic, worse ethics, and very indelicate, not to say discourteous.

¶ Only that is fair and beautiful which neither threatens, bribes, evades, demands nor supplicates.



Pleasure-seekers never find theirs.



EVERY school, shop, factory and store is to a degree a hotbed of strife, jealousy and heartburning. Plot and counterplot fill the air. There are disappointment, discontent and apprehension everywhere.

The employees or helpers unite in friendships.

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And all exclusive friendships breed factions and feuds, and tend in the end to separate people. The man who runs a big business succeeds only as he can keep peace and stamp out the clique. When a man says, "I won't stay if you keep Bill," fire 'em both.

Beware of chums—they only pool their weaknesses. He is strongest who stands alone. Be a friend to all—stand by all—speak well of all ❁ ❁

If you lend a willing ear to a man's troubles, you make them your own, and you do not lessen his.

By listening to tales of trouble you absorb trouble—that is to say, you take discord into your being.

And the more discord you have in your cosmos, the weaker you are—you are that much nearer death and dissolution.

The more harmony you possess, the stronger you are.

The institution that succeeds in a masterly way is the one that has at its head a man of strong, stern and yet kindly purpose. The more this man keeps his eye on the central idea—the more he focuses on his work—and keeps fear and hesitation and distrust at bay, the more sure he is to win.



MODELED-LEATHER BINDING

BY FREDERICK C. KRANZ

This is one of the set of forty books sold to Mr. Thomas W. Lawson at Two Hundred Dollars per Volume

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THE MINTAGE, *By Elbert Hubbard*

BEING A BOOK OF TEN STORIES, AND ONE MORE

¶ The Short Story is the most exacting form of literature that can be produced. It is like high-class Vaudeville—it must grip the hearts and minds of every one, and do it from the very first utterance. One word too much, or one too little, and you have lost your auditor. The short story is the diamond of letters.—*Anatole France*

¶ Frank Putnam has called Elbert Hubbard the Anatole France of America, “on account of his liquid language and flawless style.”

¶ Everybody who even peeps into books admits that Elbert Hubbard has the concentration which constitutes literary style; some think he has genius; a few believe that as a writer (not to mention thinker and doer) he has no living equal.

¶ A woman who belongs to this last class has selected these stories and called them “The Mintage” because they are. They scintillate with wit, dazzle with insight, seize with emotion, lure with their love and sympathy.

¶ Great literature is born of feeling. There is only one kind of ink—and that is red. The man or woman who can read “The Mintage” without tears has left his heyday behind the hill and is heading for the Silence.

¶ “The Mintage” is on Italian handmade paper, bound “Miriam”—solid boards, designed leather backs, quite artcrafty and some bosarty—Two Dollars a copy, carriage prepaid.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.



TITLE-PAGE FROM "THE MINTAGE"

BY DARD HUNTER

LIFE LESSONS, *By Alice Hubbard*

¶ Life Lessons is simple and direct—out of the heart of a woman who has the desire and power to learn the well—a learner and a doer, a pupil and a teacher.

¶ The book is generous and square. The type clear and fine. The design classic in its simplicity.



INDIVIDUAL MODELED-LEATHER BINDING, \$40.00

¶ The whole, a book beautiful—not a man's book nor a woman's book, nor a year's book, but a book for the ages—from a faith in all ages.

Clarabarton binding	-	-	-	-	-	\$ 3.
Alicia on English Boxmoor	-	-	-	-	-	5.
Alicia on Japan Vellum	-	-	-	-	-	10.

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The soil is bounteous, the mountains full of precious gifts, the opportunity to work is everywhere. Society needs men who can serve it; humanity wants help—the help of strong, sensible, unselfish men. The age is crying for men; civilization wants men who can save it from dissolution, and those who can benefit it most are those who are freest from prejudice, hate, revenge, whim and fear.

¶ Two thousand years ago lived One who saw the absurdity of a man loving only his friends. He saw that this meant faction, lines of social cleavage with ultimate discord, and so He painted the truth large, and declared we should love our enemies and do good to those who might spitefully use us. He was one with the erring, the weak, the insane, the poor; and so free was He from prejudice and fear that we have confounded Him with Deity, and confused Him with the Maker of the worlds.

He was one set apart, because He had no competition in the matter of love. It is not necessary for us to leave our tasks and pattern our lives after His, but if we can imitate His divine patience and keep thoughts of discord out of our lives, we, too, can work such wonders that men will indeed truthfully say that we

THE PHILISTINE are the sons of God. ¶ There is n't much rivalry here—be patient, generous, kind, even to foolish folk and absurd people.

Do not separate yourself from plain people; be one with all—be universal.

So little competition is there in this line that any man in any walk of life, who puts jealousy, hate and fear behind him, can make himself distinguished. And all good things shall be his—they will flow to him.

Power gravitates to the man who can use it; and love is the highest form of power that exists. If ever a man shall live who has infinite power, he will be found to be one who has infinite love.

And the way to be patient, and generous—to free yourself from discord—is not to take a grip on yourself and strive to be kind, not that. Just don't think much about it, but lose yourself in your work. In other words, forget it.

Do not go out of your way to do good, but do good whenever it comes your way. Men who make a business of doing good to others are apt to hate others in the same occupation. Simply be filled with the thought of good and you will radiate. You do not have to bother about your soul any more than you need

trouble about your digestion. ¶ Do your work. Think the good. And evil, which is a negative condition, shall be swallowed up by good. Life is a search for power. To have power you must have life, and life in abundance. And life in abundance comes only thru great love.

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Some women get old before they know it, but not many.



BUFFALO physician by the name of George Edward Fell has sent me a very interesting pamphlet entitled, "Forced Respiration," of which he has the distinction of being the author.

Any one curious to see this remarkable document should send Doctor Fell a postal-card request, and I am sure the doctor will respond. On page eleven of this pamphlet I find under the heading, "THE CASE OF DOCTOR HENRY J. WILLIAMS," the following: Doctor Williams had been working very hard, and in order to keep up the pace he had resorted to tincture of nux vomica three times daily as a stimulant

He had kept this up for six months or more, when the rather bitter taste of the stuff and the

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smell of the drug on his breath caused him to switch over his dope to strychnine, of which he took one-fortieth grain three times daily. Now, mind you, Doctor Fell tells this story without a smile, and without criticism or comment. He tells us that on the night of July Second Doctor Williams had been without sleep for five days and five nights, and that being very much undone in a physical way he doubled his dose of strychnine and repeated the doses until he seemingly lost track of the time; when, suddenly, the muscles of his face began twitching violently, says Doctor Fell, the learned physician, upon which, Doctor Williams, the other learned physician, prescribed for himself one-fourth grain of morphine and atropine as an antidote for the strychnine. ¶ This is the straight doctor logic: when you have given one poisonous drug you have to give another to counteract the first.

You will see that Doctor Williams was now taking morphine to stop the violent twitching of the muscles. The first dose not stopping the seizure, Doctor Williams doubled the dose, and then lost control of his faculties. It was at this point that Doctor Williams, tumbling violently to the floor, aroused the house, and Doctor Fell was sent for to cure the learned

Doctor Williams' dire disease which God in His wisdom had visited upon this member of one of the learned professions.

Doctor Fell relates this whole story simply to show how he worked for three days and three nights over Doctor Williams, and finally brought him around.

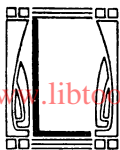
So far as I know, Doctor Williams is now a practising physician in good repute. To a rank outsider, the moral gotten from this precious tale, printed at the expense of Doctor Fell, is not the wonderful work of Doctor Fell in restoring Doctor Williams to a life of usefulness; but is the outrageous quality of mind possessed by Doctor Williams, and the ease with which he resorted to deadly drugs, even for himself, and the delightful insouciance and innocence of Doctor Fell who tells the story, innocent absolutely of the fact that he is proving the case I have long held, to wit, that these doctors create the ills which they affect to cure; and second, that doctors are sincere in their belief that vitality can be gotten from drugs.

¶ Question: If you were sick, would you send for Doctor Williams to prescribe for you?



Only wise men know how to play the fool **

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IFE is a paradox. Every truth has its counterpart which contradicts it; and every philosopher supplies the logic for his own undoing. I plead for mercy, unselfishness, service and the love that suffereth long and is kind, and yet I know that over against this, enthroned on his pedestal of gold, sits the Great God Might, and smiles at our mushy talk about altruism, abnegation and self-sacrifice.

It is all a paradox.

The Social Kioddle has been chasing his tail too long in one direction. So now I'll start him going the other way.

The refinements of civilization are quite as dangerous as the frank brutalities of savagery; it is a substitution of the serpent for the prowling man-eater; the spirit of an insidious night corruption for a ceaseless and sinew-girding battle in the daylight.

In a state of nature, the weakest go to the wall; in a state of over-refinement, both the weak and the strong go to the gutter.

Civilization is the last word in the herding instinct. All weakness is bunched. Strength stands alone. The "Social Instinct" is a phase of fear, and the "Social Contract" is a plan

for perpetuating it. ¶ As Nietzsche has pointed out, our "rights" are our might; that is, the thing we have the power to do—if there go along with it the power to immunize oneself from penalties—we do: in fact, must do. Government imposes penalties on those who transgress its ordinances; that is, it opposes power with power, escapes a pain by prescribing one. The excuse made is that "the welfare of the whole race" is at stake; that is, organized society must forever make war on minorities. And yet, if our view takes in a great space of time, we see these minorities becoming majorities and the majorities passing into minorities. ¶ When the latter are ensconced in power, they, forgetting their former "rights" as minorities, use exactly the same methods to perpetuate themselves as did their enemies, now their prey. "To the victors belong the spoils." The law of gravitation is the only discoverable moral law in the universe. Gravitation is involved in every "right." Without gravitation the words good and evil could not exist; we could have no attractions and repulsions. The things to which I am attracted and which are attracted to me, those things I have a "right" to; they are my veiled destinies, my veritable selves. A "right" springs from a need, and

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need is the ethical equivalent of the physical law of gravitation.

The obstacles that stand in the path of my inexorable attractions must die—or else slay me. It is merely a question of which is the stronger, not whose is the trespass. Strength and strength's will are the supreme ethic. All else are dreams from hospital beds, the sly, crawling goodness of sneaking souls.

It is the weak man who urges compromise—never the strong man. A weak man is one who has not the courage of his gravitations; a strong man is the converse of this. Power knows no evil but the threatened destruction of itself.

¶ The essence of willing is self-destruction and aggression; self-exploitation can not be conceived of except as aggression. A society prospers materially in so far as each individual aggresses on the other. It is called "Business." The problem is how to subtilize it. "Immorality" is the essence of "progress." There is, it is true, a commonsense that "holds a fretful realm in awe." But it is no more "moral" than gravitation or the centrifugal and centripetal forces that preserve the orbit of the planet. It is a mechanical law with social implications. All progress begins with a crime.

This element of warfare is so deeply rooted in

the nature of things—it is so absolutely a necessity if the universe is to continue to exist—that Nature, in order to perpetuate herself everlastingly, invents opposites to attain her ends. Thus love, affection, is one of the World-Spirit's devices for more effectually carrying on her war of part against part. It is a minor device in the Great Method.

Woman is the strong man's recreation, or, in cosmic language, after depletion, replenishment ❀ ❀

Supreme happiness engenders not only the feeling of exalted well-being in ourselves, but an overmastering desire to make others suffer by either forcibly imposing our happiness upon them or tantalizingly parading it before their eyes. Or the supremely happy may show the masked cruelty of this state by patronizing those in pain—by creating obligations, to be collected in the form of charity-kisses when their own painful season comes on. To prey, to prey—that is our essence. If we can not be powerful and happy and prey on others, we invent conscience and prey on ourselves.

Have you divined the secret thoughts of those who privily pride themselves on their life of self-sacrifice—how, finding none to pat them on the back, they fabricate in their own souls

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a greater than they who tells them each night, "Well done, my servant!"? Ah! the compliments this paid flatterer pays them! In spite of their smug, dutiful countenances, they, too, have their bloated ego for companionship. They must find a reward somewhere for their self-slaughter. So intoxicated do they become in their self-adulations, so hysterically happy are these beings with the flagellant rites, that they seek to impose their beatification on others. So they invented a mushy pay-as-you-go god, a cosmic tickle-rib. ¶ Humanity can not escape its origins; it admires force more than "goodness." It will applaud power unallied to moral principles, but never moral principles unallied to power. It loves the bold, tho the bold be "bad."

Only in the fury of excess does one catch glimpses of the immortal truths. Ah! the divine excess in great things—the excess that shot Mont Blanc toward the stars, the excess of life-force that sent Byron flaming thru Europe, the excess that flung Verlaine into the gutter! They who keep the balances live long—and see nothing.

No two men's environments are the same, because no two men's mental states are the same. Environment is a series of mental states

superimposed on a hypothetical world. Environment is not "the sum of the forces which surround you," but the sum of the illusions which fire your brain.

Be not the slave of law; be the law. Do not identify yourself with your impulses; be the identifying principle of your impulses. Behind Caprice there is Reality—Reality that touches all things, but is not touched itself.

All suffering is caused by an obstacle in the path of a force. See that you are not your own obstacle ❀ ❀

All willing is not necessarily a willing into fuller life, but it is invariably a willing away from death. Man gives little thought to his destination so long as he can remain out of reach of his Pursuer.

The right to live has never been proved except by the murderer and the thief.

There are countless reasons, no doubt, why we should not be evil, but it is impossible to think of a single rational reason why we should be "good." "Goodness" does not necessarily bring health, wealth, wisdom or peace of mind. Rather it is a smiling martyrdom.

The joy of the savage who has slain his enemies, the joy of the ascetic-saint who has slain his instinctive nature, are both derived from the

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same source, the pleasure of putting something to death.

If all Christians were like Christ, there would be no necessity for Christianity; for when once we have achieved absolutely and in every particular our object, our passion, our dream, the motives that urged us on to that consummation disappear, and we are left in exactly the same predicament from which we wiggled. There is no Utopia that would be worth living in for a single month. Unless you are prepared for pain, prepared to kill, skirt precipices and be killed, you will always remain a decadent, that is, an idealist, a sick man.

In the theological "Kingdom of God," where the weak, the stunted, the misbegotten, the underfed and the outcasts shall riot and roister and gorge and swill and blaspheme at the strong earth-man singing his deathless war-chant in the hell-pits of strife—that is the vengeance of the mollycoddle!

There is no rising from lower to higher in social systems—there is only a constant redistribution of mediocrity, a thinning or a thickening of the crust beneath which glows the passion for liberty.

When society no longer exists for the welfare of the individual, both must go; but the

individual will be the last to disappear because he was the first to come. Hence to live for others to the exclusion of self tends to the annihilation of both. But to live for self to the exclusion of others does not necessarily tend to the annihilation of both the individual and society, for it is easier to conceive of the existence of a single individual without society than it is to conceive of society without a single individual.

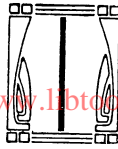
¶ Wherever "justice" has righted a wrong it has wronged a right. The needle in the compass points to the North; but if you stand at the tip of the needle it points to the South also.

The social system is maintained by opposing one vice to another; it is a balance maintained by bogus weights. The aggressive instincts of the individual are held in check by the threatened aggression of many individuals. It is well to remember that, after all, Satan was the first Reformer, the first being with a fighting Idea! He wore not only a red necktie, but an entire suit of red, and always signed himself, "Yours for the Revolution!"



WANTED: A few more enemies to pound on this Magazine, and the Ideas for which it stands. We are making head, but not fast enough.

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LISTINE**



It is I who hold the key to the Temple!" exclaimed the Good ❀
"No; it is I!" shouted the True.
"I hold the key that shall open the gate!" expostulated the Beautiful ❀ ❀

And while these three phantoms stood disputing outside of the Temple of the Final Ideal, a Vagabond happened along, and, bounding in thru a back window, fired the whole damned cardboard edifice, and went along the road whistling a gay air.

And the Good, the True and the Beautiful fell into a swoon seeing the ruthless behavior of that vagabond god with his doctrine of Now.



The world rewards cleverness before it does honesty. That is why I have n't got mine.



WHAT is my favorite book? ¶ Next to the "Essay on Silence," a bank-book. The youngster with a bank-book is getting an education, not by what he reads out of it, but by what he reads into it. And education means growth, evolution, development ❀ ❀

If you do not agree with popular superstitions, you'd better stand back to the wall. **THE PHILISTINE**



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HERE'S to that bleary-eyed, moon-faced, swag-bellied Anglomaniac and Society Doormat who rattles around in the editor's chair of the Buffalo "Express." May his excess baggage never grow less!

He inherited his father's money, but not his brains, and being without the ability to write, speak, or do business, his bile gets the better of the bilge-bottle he calls his mind, and he swears i' faith that East Aurora is not on the map ***

As for culture, Our Fingy has him skun a mile.

¶ The "Express" is a jerkwater, and is always behind time. Its ataxian engineers can't raise either the wind or White Leghorns—much less print the news, and tell the truth. Such are the molders of public opinion—sometimes. A-bas, you Buffalo!



Beware of the doctor who talks about "cure," instead of looking for the cause. There is nothing to be gained by curing a symptom.

THE PHILISTINE Those two Esquimaux who went with Dr. Cook to the Big Nail can rightly claim to be the only real and genuine sure-enough Cook's Tourists.

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The prophet without honor is one who does not know how to advertise.

Cheer up—there is always room at the bottom.

Manners make the man, but too much of them the fellow.

Guinea-feathers tickle your vanity. Write for samples ❁ ❁

Honors are pleasant, but revenues are necessary. "The Fra" is Two Dollars a year!

McGuinness says to Moriarity, "Do you like celery, Moriarity?"

And Moriarity replies, "No, I don't like celery; and I'm dam glad I don't, because if I did I would have to eat it, and if I ate it, I'd hate it like hell."

❁ ❁ ❁

When you accept a present you have dissolved the pearl of independence in the vinegar of obligation,

Q Don't play

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another man's

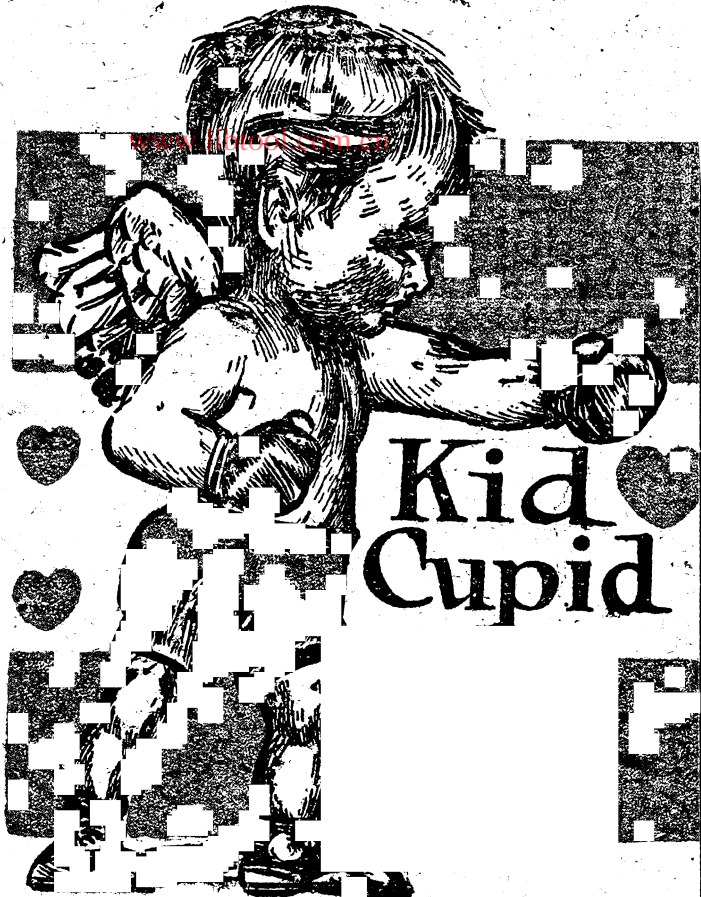
Game—get a

Game of your

own and see

how much bet-

ter you feel!



Kid 
Cupid

Champion & Champions

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A Periodical of Protest

Q If you can't be clever, don't be discouraged—you can still be fresh



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for the Society of the Phi-
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Them Monthly. Subscrip-
tion, One Dollar Yearly &
Single Copies, Ten Cents
NOVEMBER, 1910**

I'LL believe
it when girls
of twenty with
money marry
male paupers,
turned sixty 



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The Philistine

Vol. 31

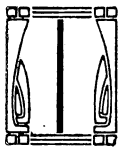
NOVEMBER

No. 6

Taste is the final test—in other words, tell me what you like and I'll tell you what you are.



Marrying of Cousins



IN the newspapers there recently appeared the profoundly pitiable story of a young woman who had taken her own life and the life of her child, because she was brooding over the fact that she had married her first cousin, and feared the impending doom which she believed to overhang her child born of a consanguineous marriage ❀ ❀

The world of today is so big, and news travels so fast, that many mourn the calamity of the few, and we become inured to stories of murder and suicide. The story of the ordinary suicide is a story of a life all wrong, of troubles coming in an incessant swarm and smothering the light of hope. But here was a bride of a year with a babe of a few months in her arms,

THE PHILISTINE and the story of her own love and happiness and of that of the young husband and father rings so fine amid all the sad commonplaceness of existence that our hearts overflow with mingled smiles and tears.

At this center of a flower of love so rare, the germ of superstition bred its murderous canker. Now all is chaos, despair and darkness, and hope and faith must struggle hard lest they, too, be blinded and stricken down by the cyanide of fear.

The superstition concerning the degeneracy of the offspring of the marriage of cousins is well-nigh universal, and is almost as common among the educated and cultured as among the lowly and ignorant. Yet science has never found reason or proof to substantiate the belief.

THE careful study of the offspring of consanguineous marriages among men and among domestic animals shows that, while family defects are inherited, so also are family excellences. The belief that the marriage of cousins suddenly creates lunatics, cripples and moral defectives within a clear stream of heredity is as unfounded and can be as readily and thoroughly disproven as can astrology and witchcraft.

But, few men and still fewer women possess a scientific type of mind. They do not get their beliefs from the acceptance of conclusions born of the consideration of all the facts, but have their conclusions dished out to them by the previous generation and occasionally re-proven by individual examples.

Thus, every man or woman who believes in the curse that is hung over the marriage of cousins has known or heard of a cripple or idiot born of such wedlock. But these never stop to ask whether or not the case of which they know is a chance one occurring in the offspring of such a marriage as it occurs in other marriages.

Yet scientists have asked these questions and from the tabulation of large numbers of cases have shown the popular belief to be false, and that by a similar picking of examples an evil spell could be as readily cast over the marriages of all people whose names begin with the letter K. ✱
The moral sentiment against sexual attraction between those closely related has been a great and righteous force that has served to lift man above the brutes, for it has made possible the development of the family with the high and holy love of parent and child, and of brother and sister.

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¶ But an enlightened race can preserve the virtue that is inherent in the custom without the blight and evil that is born of the unfounded fear of direful results held in waiting as punishment for the individual transgressor.

Perhaps, tho here philosophers disagree, the purity of the family could not have been maintained in an earlier stage of development without a sword of Damocles dangling above the heads of the transgressors. But whatever may be our belief of the necessity imposed upon our semi-barbarous ancestors, who is there who can read the heart-rending story of this young mother and raise a hand to uphold the threat of horror, unless he, too, be under the spell of the same murderous demon?

Charles Darwin, who, more than any other man, has helped to free the world from superstition, married his first cousin. Moreover, Darwin was a mature man and versed in science and the laws of heredity at the time of his marriage. He was a man free from this nightmare of superstition, and his talented son

forms a fitting example to set over against the isolated cases of defectives which, born of the marriage of cousins in the proportion normal to the race, have been singled out and held aloft to perpetuate this ancient error.

—MILO HASTINGS.



There are two kinds of literature: one the literature of power, and the other the literature of explanation and apology.



¶ Heart-to-Heart Talks with Philistines by the Pastor of his Flock



DURING the latter part of the reign of Queen Victoria, Murat Halstead dipped pen in ink and wrote these words: "Royalty in England is but an empty name. Queen Victoria fills the office of ruler thru suffering, just as a worthy man may often allow a woman to think she is managing him.

"Victoria represents the idea of the home and of motherhood. Her virtue lies in the fact that she is unobjectionable and voices only the trite, the true, the obvious. Her sex and her venerable years save her."

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About the same time Senator John J. Ingalls said:

“The Prince of Wales will never be King. The English are democrats, and have evolved to a point where they have no use for a Ruler. They tolerate the kindly, motherly, perpetual widow in her amiable dotage as strong men can ever afford to do, but the inane and colorless in a man—never! If England ever has another King it will only be after a struggle, and he will be a strong man in very fact, and every inch a King.”

I quote these statements because they were typical. George Alfred Townsend, Don Piatt, Wilbur F. Story, John P. Altgeld, Horace Greeley, Robert Ingersoll and the able editor of the Louisville “Courier-Journal,” all expressed the same sentiment in varying phrase.

Let us all take warning, and not begin to prophesy until after the event.

Queen Victoria passed away and Edward VII became King, thru a process perfectly lubricated and under control, like a Westinghouse air-brake on a one-per-cent grade. Not a protest was heard, and amid the muffled sobs of grief for the innocent and motherly soul passed on, arose the shouts of acclaim, “God save the King!”

Not only were the Yankee prophets wrong, but they were wrong to a degree that made them seem silly.

Then when Edward was surely, truly King, and every night about two A. M. pulled his nightcap on over his crown, and jumped into the royal pajamas, the Wise Men of the West began to explain why this was thus.

"You see," said the Oracles after the Event, "Edward the Seven Times is a sportsman and an orthodox Christian. He represents the stolid, solid, bloomin', beefy, bloody, bourgeois virtues.

"He is married, and has a big family of children, and also grandchildren. He is a gourmet with the gout, a fox-hunter—vicariously—and in his train are names of ladies fair and debonair—Lady Fitzherbert, Dorothy Jordan, Lily Langtry, Molly Mordaunt, Mrs. Keppel. His reign will be wicked and interesting—not merely good and monotonous.

"All the 'manly sports' are under his august patronage; and manly sports in England are the sports in which rich and idle Englishmen engage.

¶ "The clergy like him, and he is the pride and pet of the army. Thus he stands both for peace and for war—for religion and for fun. Besides, he is a gambler who has never welshed.

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“As for his peccadillos with the lydies, why that’s all right, as long as his wife does not arise in open revolt and make the scandal official by taking it into the legal courts ✽

“King Edward expresses in his life what the average Englishman is at heart, and what he would do if he had the time, money and courage ✽ ✽

“Therefore, Edward is a popular idol. He was sixty when ‘Big Ben’ tolled for the passing of his mother. For forty years he had served up the piquant conversational Worcestershire for the many who dissent. To humiliate him and pull him from the pedestal upon which Fate had placed him would be too much. He reigns by sufferance.”

¶ Edward was King of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales and Emperor of India for eight years.

They were years of unbroken peace, years of prosperity.

Edward never said a quotable thing, nor did a wise one.

The best we can say of him is that he abstained during those eight years from doing a good many things which he might have done. The ability to do nothing and to do it well is the main requirement in modern kingship. “The

King reigns, but does not govern." The phrase is good—it means all you can read into it. The visits of Edward to Germany and Italy were timely, and whoever suggested them was on to his job. Nations, like men, should get acquainted

The thoroughly neutral way in which Edward kept pace with the throng was his only virtue. He was a man without wit, invention or initiative. He was a sportsman, and the way he would say to his valet, "I say, bring me my umbrella, you know," sent a thrill of admiration thru all who heard his tones.

¶ And so the paradox—Edward was not a King after all, and the English people loved him and tolerated him on that account. He allowed them to do exactly as they pleased. And as a reward for not mixing in their political affairs, and for imitating their sins and patronizing their religion they crowned him Lord of All, and allowed him to think he was a King, and paid him large sums for doing nothing.

¶ All like unto that beggar told of in the fable, who was taken from the hedgerow, filled with fine wines and liquors, and then crowned as King. ❀ ❀

The next day when the beggar arose and exerted a bit of his kingly prerogative they

THE PHILISTINE cut off his head. Mock marriages are all right as long as all parties agree that they are mock. When one side considers the ceremony mock and the other not, joy is strictly *mox nix ouse*. Murat Halstead was pretty nearly right, after all—Edward was given everything but power, and power, the dictionary says, is the one ingredient necessary in the making of a monarch * *

King Edward had n't much imagination, but he never was fool enough to take his kingship seriously. His power was limited to keeping Mrs. Keppel in England. Now that he is dead, the lady has been exiled to the Continent. "For the sins that ye do by two and two, ye shall pay for one by one."

And the woman is always the one.

Did n't the English people allow Lady Hamilton and the daughter of Lord Nelson to die in an almshouse? I think so!

"The English," says M Taine, "are a people of one virtue. If they were to construct an Eleventh Commandment, it would be this: 'Thou shalt not be found out.' Their big rewards are for hypocrisy."

When I picture the horrors of Whitechapel or the savage soddenness of High Street in Edinburgh, I am not wholly unaware that

there is something else in London and Edinburgh beside poverty, vice, crime and strong drink ❀ ❀

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These things which I have so far named are negative. They exist, and they exist thru the lack of imagination of the House of Lords. These men who make up the House of Lords have the money, but having arrived, they lack initiative. They now are interested merely in holding on.

The struggle of a Peer of the Realm is to keep his position, not to make head.

England is a country, four-fifths democratic, trying to slough the royal succubi, which have long ceased to be royal. To eliminate the needless and to keep the good is the problem of progress.

And when I criticize England, it must not be thought that I am unmindful of the fact that England is our Mother, and to her we trace the traits that make us what we are. England's Shakespeare is our Shakespeare. England's literature is ours. England's science is also ours. The lighthouses of England are the beacons of the world.

The Wesleys, the Herschels, the Pitts, Watt, Reynolds, Arkwright, Wedgwood, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley—all are ours.

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LISTINE for us, Gainsborough painted for us, Joseph
Parker preached for us.

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America is heir to the best that England ever
thought, hoped, did, or struggled to do, or to be.
¶ America has her problems, and England
has hers. And therein lies our hope—if we
did not have imagination enough to foresee
something better than we now possess, this
would be tragedy indeed.

WHEN M. Taine says that the English
pay their big rewards for hypocrisy he
uses the wrong word. He might also have
explained that the English hold no monopoly
on pretense and affectation, but have rivals
worthy of their steel in the French—yes, and
in the Americans.

Hypocrisy is conscious and wilful dishonesty.
In this sense, as a people, the English are not
hypocrites ❁ ❁

They are stubbornly honest and in their lapses
they fully absolve themselves at their own
cosmic shrines.

The qualities of mind which possess a taste
for war, strife and violence as manifest in
military tournaments where singlestick con-
tests, bouts with belts and buckles and horse-

back feats play important parts; the jealous protection of all property rights, especially in the individual holdings of land; a prodigious consumption of strong drink, tobacco and drugs; and a constant tendency to overeat, all coupled with a national religion, borrowed from the Orient—a whipped-out, repressed and mournful religion—which affects a love for the meek and lowly Jesus, believing Him Deity—all these things merely represent the contradictions to be expected in an unevolved but evolving civilization.

No, hypocrisy is n't the word. We might as well accuse children of hypocrisy.

In fact, we used to accuse children of lying and punish them accordingly, when accounts of what they saw varied with the fact. We now know that the "lie" in the child is a more or less healthful exercise of the imagination ❀ ❀

The English go about with the chip of peace upon their shoulders.

THE love of home and family is the expression of a transient mood which has got crystallized in the national expression, until these things are nice to talk about. ❀ King Edward VII, of course, loved his wife, but he

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loved dozens of women more. He loved his home, but for peace and comfort he preferred his club.

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In fact, the club to the average well-to-do male man is a place of refuge from the dull, stupid monotony of his home.

The club stands for freedom, but in the home you are cabined, cribbed, confined.

The club is your castle, not your home.

The rich man has his club, and the saloon serves the poor man for the same purpose. Americans visiting England, Scotland and Ireland for the first time are inexpressibly shocked at the number of women seen drinking at the public bars.

There are special accommodations for women at these drinking-places, and they file up with babes in arms and order their grog, jostling each other for first place, and using a language that millions of men in America never heard from woman's tongue.

Right across the street stands a palatial church, pointing its steeple to the skies.

That this want, woe, hunger, crime, slime, grime, blood and mud should exist side by side with a high order of intelligence and a strongly asserted altruism, which insists on expending vast sums to convert the heathen,

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strikes one with horror, if he takes time to think about it, a something which the clergy seldom do.

I have seen a highly educated and successful lawyer, fat and foul, full of bad whisky, tearfully and eloquently upholding the Star of Bethlehem, protecting it from a fancied reproach. Such things are. Luckily we do not have to explain them, for we could not.

Humanity is changed as you change environment. George Peabody did more in his day to uplift London than all the Englishmen of his time ❀ ❀

The simple fact is that the Lords of England, and the so-called, self-styled intellectual class are a very stupid lot of people.

To secure a thing is to lose it.

Successful men lack imagination, so they delegate their religion to the clergy, their art to an artist, and each one gravitates to his own particular trough, pays his tithes, goes to church on Sunday, and on occasion hurrahs himself hoarse over the power and splendor of his country's achievement.

A successful Englishman sees what England has done, but he is absolutely unable to see what England might do, and what England should do.

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For instance, the Kindergarten is an innovation and a curiosity in England. The Juvenile Court is regarded as a dubious experiment. Manual training is exceptional. The top-hat and high, stiff collar are regarded as comfortable and proper ❀ ❀

The Eton Jacket outfit and the solemn Sunday walk for boys are thought to be in the interest of comfort and morality.

The boys' boarding-school and the girls' school have not yet been abolished, even in spite of the work of Charles Dickens. The unmarried mother who might dare to be true to her mother instinct and cleave to her child would be—well, no one yet ever saw a single instance of such a thing, and no novelist, even Grant Allen, ever imagined it.

But this lack of imagination is not hypocrisy. It is the natural limitation of a people who have been successful in arms and commerce, and who take the convenient view that whatever is is right. "From the Turk and the Comet, good Lord, deliver us."

A PEOPLE who give women the right to soak themselves with strong drink, and yet withhold the right of women to say whether the temptation shall be perpetuated; who pray

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for rain; for fair winds; for success in battle, and that Deity shall interpose and confound the knavish tricks of commercial competitors, should not be blamed if their actions and ideals do not always co-operate.

Your coster may love his wife and black her eyes just the same.

Loving Jesus does n't keep you from hating your friends.

Building orphan asylums does n't mean that you do not also help to fill them.

Blessing hospitals, and setting an example of living that makes hospitals necessary—these are all the work of a people in process.

¶ In point of intelligence, health and average worth, Canada is vastly ahead of the "mother country."

Then why does she still swear allegiance to the King of England?

And this is the way it seems to me:

Modern civilization begins with King Alfred, the organizer.

The King is the strong man who rules, governs, teaches and organizes.

The words of a King are law.

But Government once organized is continued automatically by the people.

The more men grow in mentality and right

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intent, the less need they have for a ruler ✽
¶ Indeed, the business of government is to
make all government unnecessary, just as
wise parents are bringing up their children
to do without them. As a doctor's business
is to destroy his business by showing his
patients how to get along without his services,
so does the King retire more and more into
the shadow as his subjects become enlightened.
Finally, he exists only as a symbol, a figure of
speech—a much-prized legend.



The guinea is a showy bird, but it takes a
stork to deliver the goods.



HE most important question that
confronts the future is not New
Thought, the Juvenile Court, the
Tariff, the Single Tax, nor Fletcher-
ism ✽ ✽

It is Free Motherhood.

The perpetuity of the race depends upon
Motherhood. I trust there will be no argument
on that.

The quality of our race turns on the quality
of the parents; and especially does the quality
of the child turn on the peace, happiness and
well-being of the mother. You can not make

the mother a disgraced and taunted thing and expect the progeny to prosper. When you strike a mother, you strike the race.

There is no hint in Nature that Motherhood is ever shameful or disgraceful. Only a social and legal fiction ever makes it so. ¶ It is vain to look to the Church for reform in this direction. In fact, the Church is the chief sinner.

THE necessity for orphan asylums came in with the vows of celibacy and chastity. Wherever these two things exist—celibacy and chastity— orphan asylums flourish. Less than five per cent of the children in orphan asylums are orphans. The rest are waifs and outcasts.

If the State did not make the mother a criminal; if Society did not look upon her as disgraced; and if the Church did not refer to her as “ruined,” most of the mothers of these “orphans” would cling to them. For every thousand orphans, nine hundred mothers reach empty arms out into the darkness.

The desire of the mother to protect and care for her child is the most persistent instinct that is implanted in the human heart. If there is anything sacred in the world it is mother-love ❀ ❀

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If there is anything divine in the universe, it is the love of the mother for her baby.

We give pensions to the men who fought to save the State. Why not give a pension to every woman who goes down into the valley of death and kisses the white lips of pain?

¶ Is n't the mother just as necessary to the perpetuity of the State as the soldier?

I rather think so.

The necessity of the one is absolute, the other is conjectural. ¶ Every mother should be recognized by the State "for heroic services."

If she is not married her pension should be double that which her married sister receives.

We must conserve mother-love, not dissipate it. And let us remember this: We can not successfully legislate against the biologic imperative.

¶ To trample mother-love ruthlessly into the mire of conventionality, and tear the child from the mother's arms, and place it in an orphan asylum is the work of a false and hypocritical "Christianity."

NOW that the whole world is trying to get back on a truthful basis as a move in the line of self-preservation, is it not time that we look this issue squarely in the face and express ourselves concerning it?

Before this babe is born it runs the hazard of murder from its conception. That it survives reveals its hold on eternal life.

When born, it is greeted with tears, fears, secrecy, untruth, hypocrisy, and its divine heritage of mother-love is traded for a mess of institutional potash.

That most orphan asylums are now managed by skilled and able people is only a mitigation of the wrong. A substitute is thus offered for mother-love—something just as good.

But the eternal fact remains: There is no substitute for mother-love. God is that jealous of it that he supplies nothing to equal it.

We can never have a noble race of men until we have a noble race of mothers.

And in order to be a noble woman, this woman must be economically free.

Wonderful changes have come to the world within a few years.

For a woman not to wed, no longer carries a penalty. The term "old maid" has now no terrors ❦ ❦

Spinsterhood is an achievement, not a disgrace.

¶ The unmarried woman between forty and fifty is probably a self-supporting woman. And this responsibility makes her the mental superior of her married sister who looks to

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Yet because a woman has not seen fit to marry is no reason for assuming that the cosmic urge is dead. And just remember this, that no woman ever lived who could n't marry some man if she wanted to. She will not marry because she is not content to accept any old thing. It is always a question of what man.

And as women more and more are able to care for themselves—and this is the one sure economic tendency of the times—they will more and more cease being willing to swear to honor, love and obey one man for ninety-nine years ❀ ❀

Yet the mother instinct will not die on that account.

The race will not perish. The independence of women will make them better mothers. Their children will be stronger in brain and body, cleaner, abler, firmer in the ability to discover and decide for the right.

But Free Motherhood must be respected ❀

THE word "illegitimate" is now pretty nearly banished, since we have discovered tha God smiles upon the freeborn child as upon none other.

William the Conqueror, Erasmus, Leonardo da Vinci, the Empress Josephine, Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, and dozens more of intellectual kings that might be named, have redeemed the "small and select class" from the unmanicured finger of shame.

We no longer look askance upon the offspring; as for the father we smile away his "past" as a mere peccadillo, and he becomes a deacon in the church—a pillar of society. The mother, however, society still spits upon as one polluted.

¶ This will not always be so.

The very fact that I am now writing of the subject, and that several hundred thousand gentle men and women—the very intellectual pick of the world—will read my words, argues progress ❁ ❁

Others, too, are writing.

The world is changing—all things are being made new.

The crime of orthodoxy is its lack of faith. It believes too little.

What we want is not a belief in one "immaculate conception," but a fixed and firm faith in the fact that whenever and wherever a mother holds in her arms a babe, hugging it to her heart, crooning to it a lullaby, there is God.

¶ When this time comes the State will provide

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a pension for every mother who cares for her babe * *

As an economic move, this will be cheaper than maintaining orphan asylums. The child will be loved, not institutionalized.

It will be a better citizen.

But best of all, we will wipe away the tears of the mother. We will rejoice with her that a man is born into the world. We will extend gladness and congratulation, not hypocritical sighs, snarling sneers and sour faces.

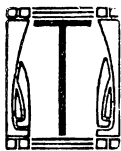
Froebel spoke of the "little souls fresh from God." * *

And so must we; and when we do we will cease regarding the mother, the vehicle of transport, as a being to be shunned. The miracle of Motherhood will be revered; and thi will be a great moral uplift to all fathers as well as to the mothers.

Thus will the whole race be purified, benefited, strengthened and carried forward toward the Divine Ultimate.

* * *

A lawyer collected six hundred forty-one dollars for a client. The agreement was that the lawyer was to have ten per cent as a commission. How much did the client receive?



HE Church is dead. Its deity, devil, miracles, paradise, hell, candles, curse, bell and holy book exist now only as faded symbols, or serve as jolly jokes for preachers, priests and laity alike.

The Church moves now only by its own momentum, like a freight-car detached from the engine and shunted on to a siding. And anything that moves by momentum is getting ready to come to a stop.



No man should be pitied except the one who wears his future for a bustle.



HE free mind must have one policeman, Irony. ✨ The free skeptical spirit—all curiosity, buccaneering, the poacher on forbidden preserves, the winged hound of knowledge—is surrounded by footpads within and without and sandbaggers with the bludgeons called “systems” concealed in their sleeves.

To remain perfectly free one must have the will to disbelieve, the instinct to suspect everything.

He must have a pitiless heel to stamp out the

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evil-eyed lizards of conformity that crawl out of the mire of his own soul. And he must put his friends in irons and straitjackets and listen to them at a safe distance * His is a religious grin; and when the Ironical Spirit falls asleep at its post, then will he know that the gum-shod spirit of Practical Politics is prowling about his night-fire.

To the eye of the transcendental ironist, all are not equal in foolishness, for there are degrees of stupidity and absurdity; but all are equal at last when flung against the Infinite; nothing that is transitory can be valid.

¶ The secret of alleviation from pain lies in the conception of a beyondward to every object and every passion and every ache; that is, the perception that each thing is transitory and ephemeral and can be dissolved by an act of thought in a larger relation. The intellect that lives bathed in the constant rays of that ultimate beyondward—which is the engulfing Infinite—makes little ado about anything. Its paltry practical life is swallowed up in the boundless wastes of its consciousness; desire itself fades like the last thread of smoke from a troublesome volcano seen from a bark fleeing to landless horizons. Intellect is salvation. To widen the rings of consciousness, to recede

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into vaster and vaster centers of vision, to live with processes instead of with things, to swing acrobatically from the trapeze of years to the iron hoop of eternity, to sit and watch the slow drizzle of souls across the ages instead of wriggling around in planetary mud, to burrow for the causes of things rather than to weep over consequences—that is, to breathe a smiling defiance in the bronzed face of Oblivion and set up with your own hands the ivory obelisk recording your victory over the corpses of diurnal change.

This is to step from the winding-sheet of the emotions into the purple of empire.

Man can tolerate any thought except the one that Nature resides in him, and not man in Nature. If he seeks an outlet for his iconoclastic instincts he says he “conforms to a natural law,” deriving from this abstract and anonymous Polytheism the justification of doing what he wishes to do. The oracles of Ephesus are gone in the wind, but the wind itself is now become an oracle ♣ The witches that brewed our destinies in caldrons in caves are no longer creditable, but the brew has been transferred from caldrons to the receptacles of Nature. Law—“natural law”—is now the witch. Man is always seeking for something

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beyond himself in order to justify or condemn himself. He dare not erect himself into God, mount the Horebs of his own soul and mold the Tables of the Law out of his own feelings, dreams and aspirations. Man is brave except when confronting himself. He believes in all kinds of divinities, except the divinity which gives value to all other so-called divinities—that is, himself, the inner, sufficient man, who is the measure of whatever is, even of those mythic measures—devils and gods—that he forever fabricates.

THERE comes a time in the history of the intellect when the emotions are seen not only to be the root of all illusions but the root of all evil also. And yet as an adjunct of the intellectual life the emotions are of the greatest value. As handmaidens and slaveys they find their proper place in the brain that has set itself up as king of the internal world. Otherwise, all emotion whatsoever tends to sensuality and sense-slavery. A woman may be easily taken when her mind is filled with pity, the “religious emotion”; and a man is at his weakest, too, when he pities. His first instinct is to lavish it on a woman. The instinct to perceive the ludicrous is the beginning of

freedom. The will to mockery—that is the beginning of serenity. After emerging from the drudgery of the emotional sweat-shops one gets a view of the minutiae of stupidity—that is, the life of the masses.

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The eating, drinking, sexual man, submerged in passion and emotion and clamped in the interminable trivial, can have no notion of the fact that he is only a by-product, an experiment in the hands of some evolving principle the aim of which is as yet unguessed. The great millions that come and go across the earth are not, properly speaking, living at all, since they have not super-consciousness, no perception of their irrelativity to the eternal mystery that surrounds us, since they still are the slaves, the marionettes, of reflex action.

¶ The condition of the vast hordes of men and women that rise from embryo and end in senility, having accomplished exactly what the ape and bee and crab accomplish with infinitely less noise, is not as pitiful as it is ridiculous. To the intellect that has kept its head above the waves of the will for any length of time, and so achieved an independent relation to things and a view that differs not in degree, but in kind from the view under the waves, incongruity—the genesis of the

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LISTINE**

ridiculous—is the first idea of which it is conscious. To perceive eternal necessity and its endless repetition of forms—and then to glance below into the world of struggling, shrieking, human animalculæ—it sets the Intellect a-tittering and touches the mouth to irony and sets in the eyes the twinkle of knowledge.

IN looking at the world today—its politics, its business, its heavy seriousness in all things—one feels how far we are away from the riant frivolity, the mad, vinous goings-on that a certain aspect of the everlasting Greek legend connotes. The spirit of Aristophanes is nowhere perceptible. Man has civilized himself into stupidity. His gravity is the one source of the comic in brains still susceptible to the influence of the cosmic incongruous: this tiny candidate for oblivion and eternal transmutation sitting in clusters in solemn convocations revising his notion of predestination or passing laws without a smile, limiting the sale of beer in a certain period of time which this momentary twinkle in Time's eye, man, has declared to be holy!

The Greeks with their streak of insouciance had some glimpse of the utter irrelativity of

man. A great psychologist has spoken of "the pathos of distance." Rather, the mirth of distance should have been his theme. To see Parisians from the Eiffel Tower brings a desire to laugh; to look at the world from the high mental tower of disinterested perception is the most uproariously, bewilderingly grotesque thing in the world. For one sees the eternal doer, man; and that is pathetic if one stops there; but from these lookouts of the intellect one sees the Undoer, too, and the ironic sneer on Its face. It is then one becomes conscious of the humorousness of the universal superstition, namely, that there is a difference between being and not being.

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“How soon will they be thru?” asked Marsh in solemn tones

“Oh, it will be a month yet, I suppose—why do you ask?” said the heavy.

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


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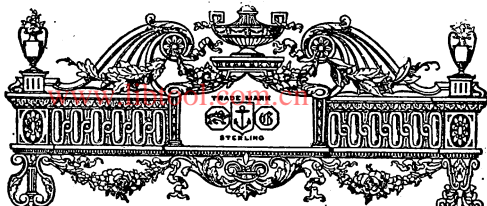
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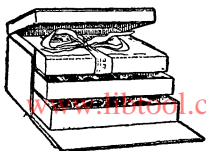
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