

# INTER MOUNTAIN'S NEW SPECIAL DAILY FEATURE

## Announcement of the Inter Mountain's New Feature--Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Poems and Sketches.

TODAY the Inter Mountain introduces to its readers a new special feature. Arrangements have been made for the publication of the poems and sketches of Ella Wheeler Wilcox each day, and readers of the Inter Mountain will, without doubt, gladly welcome this new addition to the already large assortment of interesting reading found in the columns of Montana's favorite afternoon paper.

From time to time, as the gradual but sure improvement of the Inter Mountain demands, other special features will be added and valuable departments introduced to the Montana public in both the daily and Saturday Inter Mountain.

The writings of Ella Wheeler Wilcox are unquestionable, enjoying a popularity with the reading public such as has been given to few writers of this generation. In a style simple and concise, yet beautiful in its rhetorical perfection, she speaks of things outside the domain of ordinary discussion, and the public hears her gladly.

Each day this department will appear in the afternoon Inter Mountain. Its author is too widely known to require an extended introduction, and the merit of the poems and sketches will insure their continued popularity. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is now displaying the full power of her peculiar genius, and her pen is directed to new and interesting themes that cannot fail to gain and hold the interest of readers.



### DESIRE.

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NO JOY for which thy hungering heart has panted,  
No hope it cherishes through waiting years,  
But if thou dost deserve it, shall be granted,  
For with each passionate wish the blessing nears.

Tune up the fine, strong instrument of thy being  
To chord with thy dear hope, and do not tire.  
When both in key and rhythm are agreeing,  
Lo! thou shalt kiss the lips of thy desire.

The thing thou cravest so waits in the distance,  
Wrapt in the silences, unseen and dumb;  
Essential to thy soul and thy existence—  
Live worthy of it—call, and it shall come.



## Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says in Today's Inter Mountain That it Is No Longer Wicked to Laugh.

### THE MAN WITH THE PEN.

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THE WORLD MOVES about us, a mighty machine,  
And its intricate wheels within wheels are unseen.  
An empire is builded, republics are born,  
A kingdom is wiped by the finger of scorn  
From the slate of the nations—a lesson is taught,  
A criminal is punished—a culprit is caught;  
A statesman and lawmaker rises to power;  
A wave of reform strikes the world in an hour,  
And sweeps all before it—and back out of sight,  
As silent and patient and forceful as light,  
Is the impulse to action, the moulder of men,  
The guildler of purpose—the man with the pen.

The man born an emperor rules while he may,  
The millionaire king buys a brief right of way;  
But the monarch of thought, tho' his name is unheard,  
Knows that nations unborn by his mind shall be stirred,  
For thought is a dynamic force, and when hurled  
It changes the aspect and face of the world.

The right hand of Progress, sweet Charity's friend,  
The eyes for blind Justice, the sword to defend,  
Uncrowned, yet a monarch, no throne but a den—  
God guide him and bless him—the man with the pen.



### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

(Copyrighted, by W. R. Hearst.)

BETWEEN the curtains of snowy lace  
Over the way is a baby's face;  
It peeps forth, smiling in merry glee,  
And waves its pink little hand at me.

My heart responds with a lonely cry—  
But in the wonderful By-and-by,  
Out from the window of God's "To Be,"  
That other baby shall beckon to me.

That ever-haunting and longed-for face,  
That perfect vision of infant grace,  
Shall shine on me in a splendor of light,  
Never to fade from my eager sight.

All that was taken shall be made good;  
All that puzzles me understood;  
And the wee white hand that I lost, one day,  
Shall lead me into the Better Way.

## Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says Religion Has Become Cheerful

A VERY PROGRESSIVE and Christian-souled man—a retired officer of the United States navy—writes me an interesting letter. He says: "I am the vestryman in an Episcopal church. I feel that these institutions are not the kindergartens in the school of God that they should be. As yet there is little individual freedom in these religious clubs. The priest or minister knows it all, and the poor laity must conform or go to hell."

"Hell and heaven as conditions are little preached, and the gospel of love is hid under the bushel of dogma. Our civilization needs these churches, but we need them on a basis that will let the human plant burst forth in the sunshine as naturally as other flowers."

"The 'new thought' is the next step in the evolution of religion. We cannot be absolutely perfect, but can fall into a realization of our oneness with God and find our heaven right here in the realization of growth. Can you not give us an essay upon this subject?"

Long ago the churches became insupportable to me because of this very "bushel of dogma," which hid the "Gospel of Love." Yet, discouraging as the religious prospect may seem to the progressive eye gazing through the church orifice, all one needs is to cast a retrospective look over the past to make the present seem fair and the future radiant with hope.

Time was when any layman who dared express himself as my correspondent has done would have been considered guilty of heresy and ranked with blasphemers.

Time was when thinking minds must choose between our acceptance of hell-fire-and-brimstone religion or atheism. There was no medium ground; no "New Thought" wherein weary minds might find rest or exaltation. It existed, but they did not know it.

The hungry soul must feed upon an indigestible dogma layer-cake creed or starve at the barren board of the infidel.

To revolt or retreat from a church in olden days meant social ostracism and even persecution. For there was nowhere to go, save into the ranks of unbelievers.

Today we find the man who leaves his church often ascending to higher spiritual ground, and becoming a better Christian and a better citizen, because of his revolt against the limitations of religious thoughts.

The churches are more liberal than of old, yet the tendency of the orthodox church is still to put the minds of the members in a strait-jacket, made of unelastic dogma, and sewed with superstition's needle and thread.

While the church creed is not as depressing as of old, yet it still brands us as poor "worms of earth", and "miserable sinners" in a "veil of tears."

I remember an old lady who was brought up in this spiritual strait-jacket. I was in my teens when I knew her, and as full of the joy of life as a playful kitten. She was in her seventies, and as melancholy as a rainy November day.

Her daughter, who was a sort of godmother to me, informed me one day that my visits to the house were a source of much agitation to her mother.

"You make mother laugh," she said, "and always after you go away she is sorely troubled in spirit and spends much time in prayer and penance. She says there is a record in the Bible that Jesus wept but none that he ever laughed, and she thinks it wicked and worldly to laugh and fears you are an evil influence on her life."

Although I had been brought up in an atmosphere of skepticism, the religion of love was born in my heart. From the time I could think, I had been conscious of a profound adoration for the Creator of this wonderful universe, and a joy in being a part of it. I knew the old lady's piety was not the kind a loving God wanted from us. And now a higher spirituality has come to the relief of troubled mortals, who fled from the horrors of this old theology to the barren deserts of atheism.

In spite of themselves, the churches are permeated with a cheerful and uplifting influence.

Even if cranks, lunatics and individual hero-worshippers often exploit this "New Thought," it is nevertheless reaching into dark places and illuminating dark minds and doing more for the betterment of humanity than all the churches of the world have ever done.

Although it is divided into sects, very much as Christianity is divided into numerous creeds, and there is frequently found a spirit of intolerance and bigotry in their various sects, yet its influence is far more beneficial and healthful than that of any preceding orthodox dogma.

The so-called "New Thought" (which is as old as the universe) tells us that we are not "poor worms of earth," sent into a "veil of tears" to suffer for Adam's fault, but we are divine spirits, heirs to God's blessings of health, happiness and prosperity. It teaches us to dwell upon this thought and to regard all other conditions as temporary and certain to pass. God made nothing but good, and the evils which man has produced by ignorance contain no principle of permanency unless we accent them by our thoughts and invite them to remain.

Cheerfulness, optimism, unselfishness, purity, kindness, good will, good

deeds and good thoughts, are all ingredients in the "New Creed." We are all an expression of the Christ who is love, and we must look within ourselves for "salvation" from ignorance which is the other name for sin.

If we live true to the law of love and harbor no thought which does not include universal good, nothing but good can come to us.

Heaven exists right here on earth, for those who obey the law, and it will continue to exist after the spirit leaves its temporary tenement.

Hell, too, exists here, for those who choose to make it. Every thought is helping to either pave the "Golden Streets" of our "Heaven" or touch fire to the brimstone of our "Hell." "As we sow we reap," and "as a man thinketh so is he."

This is an epitome of the so-called "New Thought," and while its leading phases existed in India centuries ago, it became so mixed with superstition (even as Christ's simple truths have been mixed with the absurdities of orthodoxy) that it failed in its highest purpose among the Orientals.

They became, it is true, a moral people to whom the every-day occurrence in Christian lands, the murder of unborn children, is an unknown crime, and where there is an astonishingly small percentage of criminals of all kinds according to statistics; but they allowed their meditations to take the form of mental inertia, and physical indifference, therefore poverty and famine and pestilence prevail.

It is the grandest and highest effort yet made in the history of humanity's progress along religious lines.

All the creeds of all the churches in the world cannot dam this mighty name of the "New Thought." They must eventually sweep in with it. But great reforms are not brought about in a month or a year. We must be patient, and it will not be difficult when we look back, even a few years, and realize the growth of the churches in the spirit of liberality and the growth of spiritual thought outside of the churches, where once only atheism existed.

A truth that has long been buried  
At superstition's door  
I see in the dawn uprising  
In all its strength once more.

It stands in the light transfigured,  
It speaks from the heights above,  
"Each soul is its own Redeemer,  
There is no law but Love."