SAYS U. S. SHOULD THANK PRESIDENT

Mrs Harper Feels Thankful for Preserving Nation from War.

TRIP THROUGH WAR ZONE

Suffrage Leader Says American Men Upset Ideas of "Chivalry" by Their Conduct in Crowds.

By IDA HUSTED HARPER.

On board steamer Philadelphia: Only one who has spent the last month on the Continent of Europe can know what it means to be sailing westward on the Atlantic with the Stars and Stripes floating at the masthead. Should we yield to the strongest sentiment in our hearts we would go straight from the custom house at New York to Washington and lay at the feet of President Wilson our deep thankfulness for preserving our country from war with Mexico.

If Col. Henry Watterson and his following could be sentenced to a sojourn in Europe at the present time they would quickly learn that a demand for war by the United States is the most treasonable sentiment in the power of man to utter. All the long way from Lucerne to Liverool we were stirred with wrath and indignation against the authors of the present terrible conflict that it made us literally ill.

Thousands of broad acres with the harvests ungathered; orchards of fruit unpicked; the hay spoiling on the ground, and here and there groups of women and old men trying to turn it to the sunshine; the cows roaming in the fields with no one to milk them, and the children and the sick suffering for milk; every where women trying to add the work of men to their own, and all along the route, at every bridge, water tank, railroad crossing, and station hundreds of idle men, called from ther tasks to await the coming of the enemy and offer up their lives—such were the scenes in Switzerland and Southern France before the actual war had reached their peaceful territory.

It all seemed so pitiful, the fields that had been planted and tilled with such care, the flowers around the cottages blooming so brightly, the little shops in the villages now closed, all showing the thrift and industry of the people, who ask only to live in peace, to perform their daily tasks, to marry and rear their children, and yet must suffer destruction and death to gratify the ambition and vengeance of kings, emperors and ministers of state! It is for this that countless thousands of women face death to bring sons into the world and daughters who must in turn enter the valley of the shadows to bring forth other sons for the slaughter! While they who are responsible for the war will keep well out of the danger zone, they and their offspring, and live to plan other conquests and call upon women for another generation of soldiers to be sacrificed!

Scenes in Central France.

As we entered Central France and neared Paris the war became more of an actuality. Again and again we were attracted to let long train loads of soldiers go by, all in cattle cars marked on the sides, "eight horses, forty men," no seats, and the men getting air and light only by standing with their heads at the apertures as horses do. Then came the trains of refugees from the line of battle, the old, the sick, women and children, pale, dirty, all their possessions tied up in handkerchiefs or table cloths, huddled on the floor of freight cars, their men folks killed, their houses in ashes, fleeing they knew not where.

At many stations a room had been hastily transformed into a Red Cross hospital where wounded soldiers were carried from the cars. All this havoc, ruin, death, despair wrought in the space of three short weeks! As we faced them during those four dreadful days while we were trying to reach English soil, and even as we listened to travelers' stories far worse than our own, all seemed by comparison too trivial for notice, and yet the experiences of American tourists during the past month have been by no means a negligible part of the general chaos so suddenly precipitated, and all the coming years cannot eliminate their memory. Every day left the impress of a decade on our faces, our nerves, our hearts.

I do not know whether my letters from Lucerne, sent unsealed via Paris, ever reached the United States. The breaking out of the war found me there with Miss Janet Richards, of Washington, the well-known lecturer, and several women friends, all about starting into Germany. It was perhaps the safest and most peaceful spot in Europe, more so even than the border towns of Switzerland, but to understand the situation one must imagine how it would seem at such a crisis to be absolutely isolated from the rest of the world for almost four weeks. Until the last week we never saw a paper except the little Swiss ones with practically no news; we could not send or receive a cablegram, we had no American mail until the last days and this had left New York a month before. We could get no information of any kind from any source, no idea as to when we could leave, but the constant assurance that all trunks would have to be left behind. As we had bought most of our finery in order to make a good appearance at the International Council in Rome this was pretty disquieting.

A "scare" rumor of some sort gave us heart failure about once an hour. There are enough interesting places in Switzerland to keep one pleasantly occupied a whole summer, but nobody dared to spend any money, as at first none could be had on any kind of paper and later only at a discount; we did not know when we could get away or where we could go or what it would cost.

Disappointing News.

Early in the siege a meeting of Americans as called at the Kursaal and those who had any optimism up to that time parted with it there. The presiding officer had been sent to Berne for official information and he told us at the beginning of his discouraging remarks that nothing he said must be attributed to the interview he had had with the American Minister, which was what we had come to hear about! A few days later the English called a meeting at the Kursaal, which, to their entirely pardonable disgust, the whole American colony attended. Here a comprehensive printed statement of the present and future situation was distributed, signed officially by "His Britannic Majesty's Minister at Berne," and then the Americans were mad.

The meeting showed in every way the superior organizing ability of the English, the careful selection of committee chairmen, etc., and American pride was humbled. When, however, our headquarters were opened it revived and he would be very unappreciative who criticised adversely the patient, self-sacrificing services given there through all those trying weeks. Day after day, through heat and cold, men and women sat from morning till night, filling out passports, typewriting notices that were posted in all hotels and pensions, making card catalogues of people's needs, helping the financially worried, answering a thousand questions, comforting the unhappy. I wish it were possible to give the name of every one of those volunteer, unsalaried, cheerful workers. And every unfavorable comparison vanished when the English all marched to their "special" train for home, leaving their baggage behind, while the Americans departed in triumph with their big trunks booked through to London.

Usually the guests in hotels at summer resorts are of a kaleidoscopic nature, here today, gone tomorrow, no one remaining long enough to make a definite impression, but an enforced sojourn like this one brought out many characteristics. It was wonderful to see how persons who passed unnoticed at first gradually, through acts of kindness and courtesy, came to appear charming, and others who seemed especially attractive grew fairly repellant through continued assertion and selfishness.

Some Odds and Ends.

When a man especially prominent in these qualities developed a boil on his neck we couldn't feel sorry if we tried. One morning I met a little blonde American of the clinging-vine type that men think they love but don't, who was giving a cablegram to the concierge of the hotel to be put into French, and she read it aloud: "Worried. Cable me."

"Be sure to get the right word for 'worried,'" she instructed him and then said to me: "It is to my fiance, an English Hussar, but I'm afraid to send it because if the government sees his name they may hunt him up and make him go to war. I've already cabled him that he cannot go." "But since he is a soldier," I answered, "don't you think it is his duty to join his regiment and fight for his country?" "No, I think his first duty is to me," she replied, "but I expect he will go, for I've often heard him say that if he could kill a German every morning before breakfast the day would be perfectly happy."

We tried to be cheerful but not very successfully, and at the end of each evening when the orchestra played "The Star Spangled Banner" and everybody stood up it was almost through tears that we saw it in imagination 4,000 long, long miles away. We heard of the transports our government was going to send to take us home but they could get from the coast into Switzerland just as easily as we could get to any seaport. Miss Richards and Miss Emma Crane, of Washington, had offered to share with me their suite and bath on the Philadelphia, sailing September 5, and when telegrams began to arrive we received one from the company saying it would be kept for us, which was a comfort.

Soon after a very imperfect train service to Paris had been established another came that the date of sailing had been changed to August 29 and we were obliged to start at once. By that time the stampede had begun and trains were crowded. We had been required to take passports at our consulate for which we were charged $2 and they were good for only six months, while in the United States $1 secures one covering two years. After about 2,500 people had paid they were suddenly issued without charge, but no money was refunded. We had to stop over night at Berne to have them vised by the French minister at a cost of $2 more and the British at 60 cents, making the entire expense nearly $5.

On a Slow Train.

The usual time from Lucerne to Geneva is five hours, but we were on the train twelve—why we could not learn, as no information on any subject ever was imparted. We started with our trunks, determined not to let go of them until compelled to. They came safely to Geneva, where we spent the second night, and we booked them through to Paris without objection. It was at Geneva that we had the worst experience of our lives. The train was not to leave until 3 p. m., but we were advised by station officials to get in line early. The report was that there would not be enough places and that first and second-class passengers probably would have to ride in third-class cars on wooden seats.

We took our place near the head of the stairway at 10:30, as did many other women, who feared they would not be able to get through otherwise, and stood there with the sun beating through the glass skylight until 1:30. A rope was stretched and the space between it and the wall was patrolled by soldiers. Their presence alone prevented the women from being trampled under foot by the men who crowded in from the sides and back, paying porters to jam the women right and left and push in with suit cases. It was only by holding fast to each other that the women could keep their feet. As it came near time to let us go through the tunnel we saw that the men were forming into a "flying wedge" to beat us to it by main force. We called the attention of the soldiers to it and not until one of them put his hand back to draw his pistol was the scheme frustrated.

When at length the start was made the scene was indescribable. The men went over the women rough shod with porters and baggage, dragging off their hats and wraps, upsetting their lunch baskets, scattering bags of fruit and breaking bottles of milk. We did not see one act of kindly helpfulness to women, not even to those with children, and these were all American men! Many of them had been for weeks playing the role of gentlemen at the hotels in Lucerne; the leader was a man of some social position in Chicago. They intended that if anybody stood all the way to Paris, or occupied uncushioned seats, it should be women.

We did not ask that they should give up the seats that they had paid for, or sacrifice themselves in any way, but only that they should take their proper places in the line and give the women a fair chance. On all the long trip to London, however, it was the same story—elbowing and trampling the women—even the old and feeble—at the frontier custom house, at the lunch stands en route, and in the awful crush at the boat in Boulogne. Never again do we want to hear the word "chivalry"—it is nauseating.

The rest of us cared for the hand luggage, while Miss Richards dashed through the crowd and secured a compartment, into which we climbed, disheveled and breathless, but thankful to be alive. We had purchased tickets for a "through train" so we ate our cold supper and settled ourselves for the night as comfortably as possible for eight persons compelled to sit bolt upright. We had just dropped to sleep when we reached Lyons at 10 o'clock, and the guard ran along the train shouting in every window, "Tout le monde descend!" Tout le monde stuck out hundreds of heads with questions, ejaculations and protests, mothers with babies in their night gowns, men with shoes in their hands, and one old priest with his feet carefully tied up in newspapers. The station was dark, there were no porters, and certainly more than 1,500 pieces of luggage were thrown off the train, which the passengers began dragging through the tunnel to another.

This proved to have at least a hundred fewer seats than the number of people and pulled out leaving that many behind, ourselves among them. We learned there would be another at "half-past midnight," so we sat on our baggage till then and got aboard. On looking at the map we saw that we were further from Paris than when we left Geneva. We sat up all that night and rode all the next day till we reached Paris at 9:30 p. m. with practically no sleep and no food except what could be snatched from lunch counters and carried into the car. Although the train would stand for an hour on a side track, the tanks were not filled, and we had only bottled water with which to wash our faces and hands. We were nearly thirty-one hours making the trip from Geneva to Paris, which usually requires ten.

The next day we went to the steamship office and found our staterooms had been sold to other parties, although the company had a $100 deposit from us, our telegram urging them to keep it for us, and we had theirs saying they would do so. The war news was most alarming, and we felt the necessity of getting home, so we arranged for another, not nearly so good, and paid for it in full, bought our tickets for London, and to our great joy were allowed to book our trunks through.

That evening at 8:30 o'clock we took a taxicab and drove through some of the principal avenues and boulevards, but the city looked like a deserted village. Operas and theaters were closed; about a dozen persons were wandering about the Place de l'Opera, the center of Parisian life; tables and chairs were piled up at the once gay sidewalk cafes. We went through the Place Vendome and the Rue de Rivoli, but there were only a few scattering lights in the Ritz and the other big hotels while many of them were closed. We motored the length of the Champe Elysees, but all the cafes and places of entertainment were dark, there were only a few pedestrians around the Arc de Triomphe, and the Elysees Palace Hotel was closed. We did not see twenty-five people along the whole route, and when we reached the Place de la Concorde not one person was in sight, not even a policeman. We descended from our car at the statue of Strassburg; the crape had been taken off and it was covered with wreaths of fresh flowers over which hung the tri-colored banner of France. I took from my breast the little American flag I had worn since leaving Lucerne and pinned it on the white fold—it was our farewell to Paris!

Ho! for London.

The next morning at 7 o'clock we started for Boulogne, making the four-hour trip in six, and stood in the rain an hour while every passport was examined at the gangplank, here again the men literally forcing the women out of the way in order that they themselves might get under shelter. The decks were piled with luggage, over a thousand persons crowded on a boat that normally carries only two or three hundred, and it stormed all the way with the usual unmentionable results.

No words can tell how beautiful appeared the green fields and picturesque cottages of England or with what thankful hearts we entered the noisy, soot-begrimed station of Charing Cross, six days after leaving Lucerne. We were desperately tired and the temptation was strong to remain awhile in what seemed almost like our own land, but the American committee was urging the residents of the United States to hurry home and it seemed the wise and right thing to do, so we started the second day for Liverpool.

Because of its overcrowded hotels we stayed for the night at Chester and went on into the pandemonium the next morning. In the afternoon we boarded our ship, again fighting our way through a struggling mob and counting the minutes until we could get into the seclusion of our stateroom. When finally we reached it we found it occupied by three men who held tickets for it and refused to give possession. A second time our room had been sold over our heads! Although our tickets showed that we had bought them before the men the officers would not take any action and when the ship sailed we had not a place to lay our weary heads.

Finally we were parceled out wherever an extra berth could be found and thus we have made the voyage in a boat filled to nearly twice its capacity. We had passed through all the trying period in war-racked Switzerland, France, and England without once being overcharged or taken advantage of, yet all the way our souls had been filled with an intense longing for our own people and our own flag, and this was what they gave us! We were not alone in this experience for at least a dozen people, so far as we can learn, came on board to find their staterooms had been resold.

The discomforts of the stormy voyage have been beyond description; the decks by day have resembled a Coney Island excursion boat and the sitting-rooms and dining-rooms at night have looked like an emigrant station. Through it all, however, the passengers, who are all Americans, have been sustained by the blessed thought that they were going to a country at peace with the world and daily growing stronger in the desire to settle all questions of dispute by the humane and civilized method of arbitration.

HOW FRENCH DISTINGUISH THEIR ENEMIES FROM THEIR ALLIES

Above is part of an illustrated guide distributed to the French troops to aid them in distinguishing their allies from their foes. The men shown above are types of the troops of the enemy. They are (from left to right) German infantry (dressed in gray); Austrian infantry (greenish gray uniform); Austrian Hussar (coat and pelisse blue, breeches red); Austrian Dragoon (blue coat and pelisse, red breeches).

His Speeches Encouraging Recruiting in Britain

ARTHUR BALFOUR.

London, Sept. 12.—Arthur Balfour, ex-Premier of England, has done much to encourage recruiting by his speeches. He appeared with Premier Asquith in the historic Guildhall of the City of London and in other places.

The Guildhall is now used as one of the recruiting stations.

KARMA

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

By DR. W. W. BAKER.

CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY.

We can divide Karma into three kinds—Ripe Karma, which is ready for reaping and which is inevitable; Accumulated Karma, showing itself as chracter, or tendencies, and subject to modification, and, Collective Karma, or the Karma of a group of persons.

Also Karma now in the making, which may be said to be studied in the whole of this article and need not be especially noticed.

We will first consider ripe Karma. Out of all the Karma of the past there is a certain unit that can be exhausted within the limits of a single life and some kinds that could not be, requiring different types of body for expression. There are liabilities contracted toward other souls, and all these souls may not be in incarnation at the same time. There is Karma that must be worked out in a particular nation or social position. Part, therefore, of the total Karma can be worked out in a given life and the soul is guided to incarnate in a family, nation, body, suitable for the exhaustion of the aggregate causes which can be worked out together. These causes fix the length of the life, give to the body its characteristics, its powers and limitations—bring the man into contact with souls incarnated to whom he has contracted obligation, mark out the social condition with its advantages and disadvantages, select the mental energies he can show forth by molding the brain and nervous system with which he has to work, put together all conditions that can be brought into a single life.

A kind of ripe Karma of very great importance is that of inevitable actions. You know that every action is the final outcome of a series of thoughts. You may add thought after thought of the same kind until finally the thought expresses itself in action. If we persistently reiterate thoughts of revenge, for instance, we at last reach a point where action is inevitable and a crime may result. Or we may persistently think of helping some one and when the opportunity occurs we do some heroic act. One may bring over from the previous life Karma of this nature and his volition will be to an act corresponding to the impulse. The opportunity occurring, he does not stop to think—he is, as it were, poised on a point and the slightest influence sends him over. Under such conditions he will commit crime or a benevolent act and wonder why he did it. He admits he did it "without thinking," unaware that previous thought had cultivated a tendency that made the act inevitable. When one has willed many times to perform an act, action will be inevitable when the opportunity occurs. Freedom of choice remains so long as a person thinks. His reason may teach him that action would be evil, but if he fails to listen to reason and permits himself to be overborne by desire, the power of choice is exhausted and the slightest stimulus leads to action. Did it ever occur to you that the problem of necessity and free will may be solved by the analysis of the habits we form. By the exercise of free will you continually create necessity. You make habits by the constant repetition of action guided by will and desire. Your habit becomes a limitation and the action is performed automatically. We may conclude the habit is a bad one and then we reverse the action and begin to unmake, form a new thought-current and regain our freedom. Old thoughts may persist and limit us—showing as prejudices. The large majority do not know that they are thus limited and are ignorant of their chains. One cannot suddenly transcend his limitations, his brain and nervous system being such as he has made inevitable by his past he must work slowly and laboriously to overcome.

Accumulated Karma shows itself as character and is subject to modification. It consists of tendencies strong or weak, according to the thought force that engendered them, which can be further strengthened or weakened by fresh streams of thought force sent to work with or against them. If we find in ourselves tendencies we do not like we can go to work to eliminate them, often we fail to withstand a temptation overborne by desire, but the longer we hold out against it, even though we fail, the nearer we are to overcoming. The resistance wears away part of the energy and there is less inclination towards evil thought or act in the future.

Collective Karma, or that of a group of persons, is the resultant of the interacting forces of the individuals composing the group. Take the wreck of a train. Those who have in their accumulated karma the debt of a life cut short, may be allowed to drift, as it were, into this accident and pay that debt; another intending to go by that train, but with no such debt in his past, is saved by being late or by some unforeseen obstacle. So will one suffer because of the collective karma of a nation. See how the people of the nations of Europe are suffering—the individuals comprising the nations being drawn to them that they may play their part in the great tragedy and have their opportunity to pay debts of the past.

There is one principle we must grasp, and it is that cause-and-effect rule in the moral as well as on the physical plane. The laws of nature draw no line between important things and the insignificant. The earth's attraction operates on the drop of water as well as of the rock. A man is withheld from committing a crime by the influences that have been poured into his mind by his education, by reading and reflection. The minor acts and abstinences of his life are it just the same way the product of moral causes working in his interior consciousness. Time and change are conducive to the advance of knowledge. If Smith is destined to reach a condition of consciousness—of intelligence—to understand any given mystery, surely Jones will accomplish the same result, and others have preceded Smith and Jones in attainment.

Free will and necessity. How hard to comprehend and what a subject it has been for argument—for differences of opinion not only to the metaphysician, but the theologian, and it seems necessary that we should endeavor to understand it, that there may be no misleading conceptions of the teaching of Theosophy as to the law of Karma that every human being holds the control of his future in his own hands, however closely he may appear to be bound down by the narrow limitations of circumstances.

Our acts at each moment are the product of predetermining influences. Each act is surrounded by an interior atmosphere of consciousness. The thought—consciousness—may follow and emphasize the act or hang back and, in a measure, resist it. This consciousness—the product of the voice of conscience, or the higher self—may be regarded as entirely without the control of the free will, even though the law of cause and effect may determine, by overmastering influences, the actual deed performed. We must not leave out of account the spirit in which an act is performed. The act itself is the Karmic consequence of influences set going in the past, and is necessarily also a cause of further consequences to ensue in the future, but at the time of its objectivity as a cause, it may be qualified by the concurrent thought, state of mind, or spirit with which it is associated. At every step we work out Karma, causes set in motion by our past life, and determine by the spirit in which we realize them, by free will, the Karmic effects of acts on our future conditions, welfare, happiness, and opportunities. Suppose a person is going through life under the influence of some terribly bad causes he has set going, productive of sorrow and of suffering, and he should commit some offense against the plainest principles of right and wrong. He will not feel that he is an automaton, nor can it be truly affirmed that he is. The person is hurried by circumstance into the commission of crime, but is a free agent in thinking about it, that being a part of his inalienable heritage as a man with divine potentialities, though in the background of evolution. The crime is committed with great intensity, he is glad he has done it and suffers no remorse—thus he intensifies the effect on his future circumstances. But in time the suffering attendant upon a career of crime will force on his consciousness a distaste for all the experiences associated with that suffering, so that repentance is engendered and causes for good set going. Having committed the crime and reflecting upon it he takes a step towards the expansion of his moral nature and gives freer play to the promptings of his higher self, which may have been shut out from previous cognition. How many of us, after the commission of an evil act, feel that rush of interior sensation, the influence from the spiritual plane. By necessity we may be bound to conditions the result of the past, but free will is realized in the opportunities of the present. Do not let an imperfect grasp of the doctrine of Karma lead you to suppose you are dominated by an irresistable force and that it is useless to struggle. Necessity in action follows free will in selection.

At the present stage of human evolution that we have reached as a body, we have all of us, especially of the more cultivated races, broadly speaking, passed the stage at which all are mere automata in the hands of Karma, as regards our acts. It would not do at the present day to say that a man is under Karmic obligations to commit murder. He may be under the Karmic suggestion, but unless we can find a man whose education and training have been such that it has never been suggested to his mind that murder is wrong, then we may fairly deny that any one is under Karmic pressure so unbending as to make him a mere instrument in respect to such an act. Of course I refer to wilful, premeditated murder. So with any of the great crimes against duty—the least enlightened among us are beginning to be responsible beings.

In countries where reincarnation and Karma are taken for granted by even the common laborer, the belief spreads a certain quiet acceptance of inevitable troubles that conduces much to the calm and contentment of ordinary life. A man overwhelmed by misfortune rails neither against God nor his neighbor, but, regards his troubles as the result of his own past mistakes and ill doings. Accepting them resignedly and making the best of them, he escapes much of the worry and anxiety with which those who know not the law encounter troubles already sufficiently heavy. He realizes that his future lives depend on his own exertions and that all that befalls him can will bring him joy just as inevitably if he sows the seed of good. Entertaining this view, we find a certain reliance and a philosophic view of life—tending to social stability and contentment. The poor and ignorant may not, cannot, study profound and detailed metaphysical subjects, but can grasp thoroughly these simple principles—that every man is reborn in earth time after time, and that each life is moulded by those that precede it.

When Theosophy has restored these ancient truths to their rightful place in Western thought, they will gradually work their way among all classes of society, spreading understanding of the nature of life and acceptance of the results of the past. There will vanish the restless discontent which arises chiefly from the impatient and baseless feeling that life is unintelligible and unjust, being replaced by a patience and strength based on a knowledge of the law, on an illumined intellect. Then the simple life will no longer master us and enslave us. The physical will be subordinated to and ruled by the mental, which in turn will become subordinate to and continually illumined by the spiritual. Life will no longer be the poor one-sided thing it is in many cases, but an all around life with all its beauties and ever increasing joys and power. The higher the life the more inspiring and helpful are the emanations that it is continually sending forth. The lower the life the more harmful is the influence on all who come in contact with it. Each one is continually radiating good or evil. Therefore cultivate the powers of your soul for good—open yourselves to the Divine influx, that you may be conscious of the spiritual light that permeates every atom of your bodies, that you may exchange weakness for strength—sorrow for joy, and longing for a complete realization.

McIntyre and Heath are again to tour in "The Ham Tree." Their account of the piece last season was entirely successful.

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