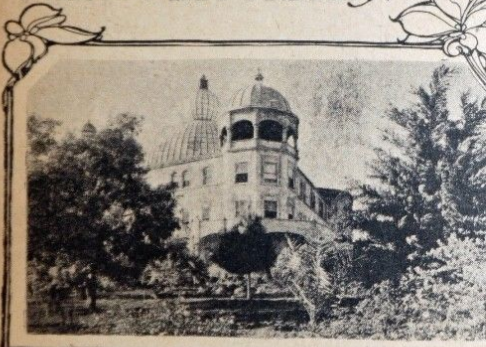


PURPLE MOTHER of POINT LOMA.

**A Visit to Katherine Tingley,
New Head of Theosophists, at Her
California Home ~ A Remarkable
Woman, Say What You Will or
Believe What You May.**



VIEW OF JOKA YOGA ACADEMY, FROM THE GARDEN.

BY JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.

I WELL remember the fame created in New York city, in 1891, when theosophists declared that Madame Helena P. Blavatsky had returned from the dead. Had been seen on the streets. This famous Russian, whose soul was an alchemy of Oriental mysticism, had for years been among the unique characters before the American public. I recall interviewing her some months before her disappearance. Her features were, her sparkling eyes, her fat figure, her Russian cigarette, still lit, in her memory, and bearing her talk, I could well understand her keen knowledge of human nature. She told me that she had been studying herself among the Mahatmas in Tibet, and I was advised to read "The Unveiled." Truly Madame Blavatsky was of the apostolic type, a born woman militant, carrying far and wide by sea and sword her propaganda of theosophy.

This is not the place to dwell on the story of theosophy, after Madame Blavatsky's death. In the following of time the cause was continued by that deep student and writer, William Q. Judge, who it is said that the theosophy of today, under Madame Tingley, is widely removed from the spiritism and gnosticism of Annie Besant.

"Purple Mother's" Power.

Madam Katherine Tingley is now the head of the theosophical movement throughout the world. I had heard on several occasions of her work at Point Loma (where she is called the "Purple Mother"), that I was happy to have an opportunity to interview her in detail.

I shall always recall pleasantly the remarkable woman, who has not only, according to intellect, an open mind, and I believe, in a born leader. After talking with her intimately for an hour or fifteen minutes, I felt convinced that I had been in the presence of one of the world's great women.

Before a few details of this rather unusual interview, let me tell you briefly of the theosophical school at Point Loma, California. It extends to a street through an irrigation gate way the long high point of land just into the Pacific, the lion hat of San Diego, but within the Bay of Naples is the most distant

restless, now fighting with smiling thoughts, now shadowed by under-tones and half-lights. I detected glimpses of will power, that had resolution, that self-poise so necessary for extraordinary leadership.

She had the eyes of a hypnotist, a smiling, splendid hypnotist.

Katherine Tingley.

I beheld before me a woman who has, singularly developed, these opposed traits, intellectual insight, feminine sympathy, masculine power without masculinity, a gentlewoman, but also magnetic, a self-conscious, feminine leader, holding in her hand rulership over ten or twenty followers throughout the world.

To add to the enigmas in her greater feminine ways, her easy laughter, her gay spirit. As she talked on, in her intimate style, at times making motions as though she talked with her hands, she reflected many moods. Her mind caught her achievements for the cause of theosophy, and as I studied over the middle of her dual nature I sought in vain for some comparison.

I came finally to regard her as a sort of apostolic type, a modern Joan of Arc, carrying her propaganda of theosophy by the force of poetic thought, backed up by indomitable resolution for what she regarded as the truth of nature.

Mrs. Tingley's style is an exclamation of the bubbles that rise to the top of the champagne filled with mirth. Her thoughts were close to her face; and once, especially, when she spoke of the wild birds, she dropped her chin on her hands and looked forward, with a sort of inward ecstasy.

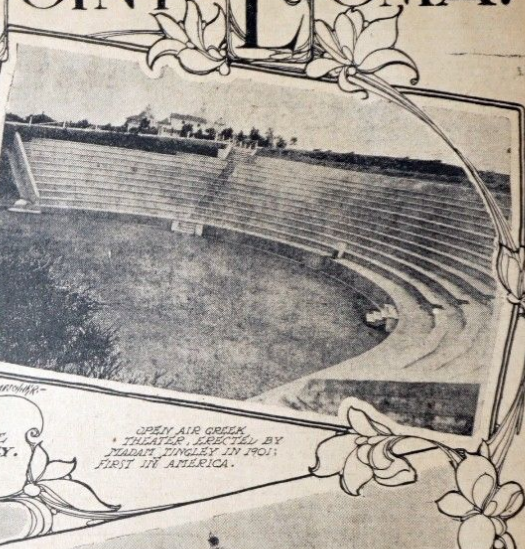
At that moment who was charming. The light, flashing the adage of her brown hair, her cheeks blushed, as though by the power and thought, she half-light in her eyes, her mannerisms, every contour, her exquisite smile and self-expressing manner, the background of her grand room, will live in memory.

I asked her if in her scheme of life she ever thought of tomorrow. She smiled brightly.

"The motive is right," she told me, "that is enough. I do not worry over the future."



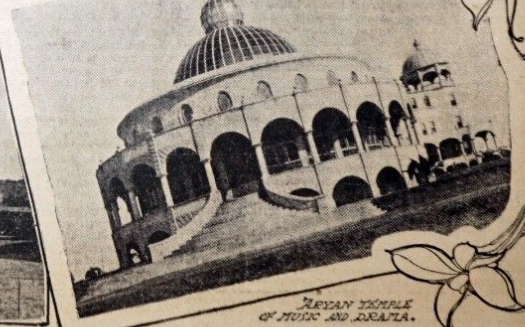
KATHERINE TINGLEY.



OPEN AIR CREEK, LATER, ILLUSTRATED BY MADAM TINGLEY IN 1901: FIRST IN AMERICA.



EGYPTIAN GATEWAY, ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY GROUNDS, GIVING A GLIMPSE OF JOKA YOGA ACADEMY AND THE ARYAN TEMPLE.



ARYAN TEMPLE OF MUSIC AND DRAMA.

the ends of the earth. Really you would be surprised. Today some distinguished man from Japan; tomorrow from Egypt; and so on. They are all seeking the truth, and when they find it it brings them peace."

"But, Madame Tingley, do they not come an account of your leadership?"

"Not at all. I am nothing; the cause is everything. The good seed was sown by Madame Blavatsky and by that noble man, Mr. Judge. I inherited their plans, was selected to carry out the work for humanity. That is all. I am assisting in the hands of destiny."

The Appeal of Theosophy.

She glanced at me sharply as much as to say, "Does he understand?" Continuing, she dwelt on the joys of theosophy. It comforted, it living power, it comforted.

with truth, she felt it would long ago have died. I have inherited the spiritual cause. I am carrying it forward. It is not me, either; it is the truth. Otherwise it would have died. Truth is mighty and will prevail.

"We believe that the work must be carried forward on the lines laid down by Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge. It is my duty to carry forward these efforts. I am daily demonstrating the practicability of theosophy. You would be surprised to know that we seek no converts, yet our lists are always more than filled. There are at present over fifteen hundred applications."

Brotherhood.

"Such men, famous men, poor men, all classes, seek Point Loma for the True Life. The distinguished men, to work on the great nations."

perception of music. That is pure theosophical thought. There are many wonderful things in this life, like that, you know."

I spoke of the possibility of knowledge, not actually based on experience. She agreed with me that she had powerful intuitions of things she had never been taught herself; intuitions as strong as knowledge based on actual experience. It was true especially in her understanding of human needs. Many persons came to her for advice. To this one she said, "Go on and go!" to that one, "You must suffer more." To another, "You must learn more of life." To each inquirer she had her answer and in each instance the one instructed might profit by her words.

She told me this quickly, spontaneously and

"That is a pearl of wisdom. You have a grand conception, there."

Supreme Faculty, Leadership.

I do not hope to understand Madame Tingley. She is unique. Her work is too large to be grasped without long study. One of the world's leaders, she is withal, a woman. She seems to have the constructive imagination of Catherine of Russia, the idealism of a modernized Joan of Arc. She is fascinating and she is powerful. Some say she is a hypnotist. This I could well understand, although the assertion makes me smile. Certainly she has one unusual gift, the power of organization on a worldwide scale. Her sovereign ease in large affairs is her inherent faculty.

In a Parliament of historic women, Madame

She told me this quickly, spontaneously and