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EUROPEAN TRIP.

CHAPTER IV.

In Historical Yorkshire.

Good old Batley, with its ancient church, and Howley Hall laid in ruins by Cromwell, is the very center of historical interest. Some of these places we have visited in grand style; being less than twenty miles distant we have driven there in a carriage and pair with mounted footman, the property of and in company with an old companion who has grown wealthy in the manufacture of shoddy cloth.

These places of interest, together with other interesting matter, will be noted in future articles.

Our first drive was to Kirklees Park, the seat of Sir J. G. Armytage, Baronet. In this private park is the shrine of Robin Hood, the Earl of Huntington, famous as a highwayman in the thirteenth century. Robin Hood and his merry men, with his faithful "Little John," "held up" the rich and gave to the poor; he robbed the fat and prosperous monks of their wealth and choicest dainties, and gave to the poor peasants his plunder.

On our way to the ancient Priory we stepped aside into a dell of brush and bramble for a peep at Robin Hood's grave. Here is an illustration from a drawing made on the spot. Within the railings is a headstone partly overgrown with moss, but the words are still very legible.

Note the old English, we have

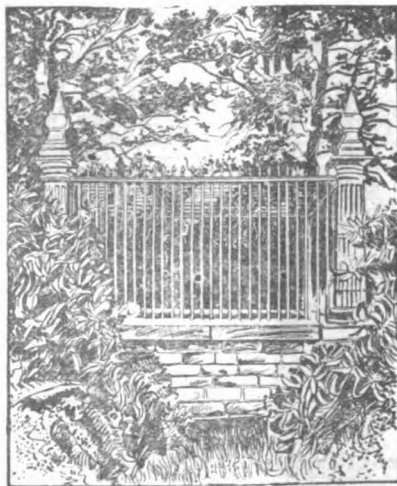
copied the epitaph exactly as it is:

ROBIN HOOD' GRAVE.

Hear underneath dis laitl stean,
Laz Robert, Earl of Huntingtun
Neer arcir ver arz e sa geud
An pipl kauld im Robin Heud
Sich utlawry arz e an irz men
Vil Ingland nivv si agen.

Obit. 24 Kal Dekembris 1247.

Seven hundred and fifty-three years ago bold Robin Hood, one of the most romantic characters in the whole range of English literature, died here at the hands of his cousin, who bled him to death.



ROBIN HOOD'S GRAVE.

It was customary in those days to lance and "draw blood" for every ailment, but we prefer to let the historian tell the story of his death in the following words from the *Dewsbury Reporter*:

"The Prioress of Kirklees was akin to Robin, and he naturally expected to be treated with loving tenderness, and to be soon put right again. Yet, alas! The Prioress was unfaithful to him. Robin was betrayed by the one

from whom he expected nothing but love and sympathy. For there, in the quiet room above the entrance to the old Priory, the wicked woman bled him to death: There he did bleed all the livelong day, Until the next day at noon, He then bethought him of his bugle horn,
Which hung low down to his knee,
He set his horn unto his mouth
And blew out blasts three.

Said Little John when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree;
"I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily."

"Faithful John! He had come all the way with his master to the Priory, and seen him safely within its gates, yet he never went far away. He loitered in the wood near by, day in and day out, with his eyes continuously gazing towards the gray old walls of the Priory, longing and waiting to hear the much-loved voice, and to see the lithe, sturdy form of Robin come striding back again.

"And when he heard, instead of the strong, lusty notes which used to make the welkin ring and the woodlands echo with their music, the three weak, faint blasts from the well-known bugle horn, his heart was stricken with a terrible fear, and he ran to the Priory, and, bursting open the doors that barred his way, rushed to his master's side.

"Robin then told how he had been betrayed, and his trusty companion said he would burn down the Priory, and the Prioress too, but Robin Hood would not hear of such drastic measures. He said:

I never hurt faire maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bowe in my hand,

And a broad arrow I'll let flee,
 And where the arrow is taken up,
 There shall my grave digged be,
 Lay me a green sod under my head
 And another at my feet,
 And lay my bent bowe by my side,
 Which was my music sweet;
 And make my grave of gravel and grene,
 Which is most right and mete.
 Let me have length and breadth
 enough.

With a green sod under my head,
 That thay may say when I am dead,
 Here lies bold Robin Hood.

"So Little John fitted the arrow to the bow, and Robin feebly twanged the string, and the arrow passed through the small lattice window, and fell near the edge of the wood. And at the spot where it fell Little John went and dug the grave, and in a brief space of time the noble and gentle-hearted outlaw was no more. He was laid to his last long rest by his faithful henchman, within sight of the weather-worn Priory.

Next we give an illustration of the old house and room in which Robin Hood died.

Our readers will note the little open window in the second room on the upper floor of the old gateway home. His last arrow was shot through this little window, and he was buried where the arrow fell, half a mile away. The old stone building stands just as it did seven or eight hundred years ago, and as it will probably stand for a hundred years or more yet.

A few miles north of Doncaster along the Great North Road—that highway so redolent and suggestive of men and things connected with the wild and romantic days of old—is the quiet little hamlet of Robin Hood. It is situated in the heart of Barnsdale, the neighborhood most favored by bold Robin and his men, and to this day the children will show you the roadside well, a cupola supported by four stone shafts, where Robin made the Bishop of Hereford dance in his boots.

And not more than a mile or

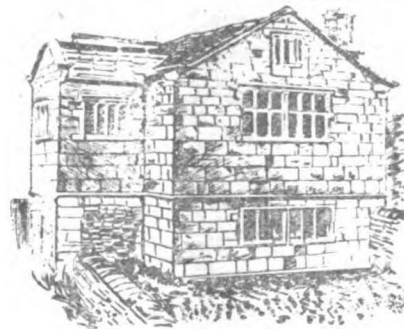
two away from here is Little John's well, a spring of clear, sparkling water, situated on the edge of a thick plantation, a remnant of the great Sherwood Forest, which once stretched right across the West Riding to Kirklees Hall, where Robin Hood lies buried.

At Fountain's Abbey, near Ripon, is another well named after the valiant outlaw, denoting the place where he first became acquainted with the curtal friar, who had attained a fame which bade fair to outshine that of the monarch of the greenwood.

Presumably Robin was jealous of this tenant of Fountain's favored dale, for

He took a solemn oath,
 It was by Mary free,
 That he would neither eat nor drink
 Till that friar he did see.

So he journeyed all the way to the home of this renowned man



GATEWAY OF THE OLD PRIORY AT
 KIRKLEES.

of God, determined to test his strength and skill against the stalwart monk.

On entering the dale near to the world-famed abbey, he met the "curtal friar" walking by the waterside.

The friar had on a harness good,
 And on his head a cap of steel.

But Robin knew not fear of man or beast, and spite of the monk's warlike appearance, he lighted off his horse, and tethered it to a tree. Then, advancing towards the friar, he commanded him to convey him across the river, crying:

Carry me over, thy curtal friar,
 Or else thy life's forlorne.

To this the friar made no reply, but meekly bent his back, and obeyed the outlaw's stern command by carrying him to the opposite bank of the river. Then, lightly leapt Robin off the friar's back, The friar said to him againe,
 "Carry me over the water thou fine fellow,
 Or it shall breed thee paine."

And Robin was compelled to carry the monk back to the place whence they had come. But this turning of the tables was hardly consonant with Robin's independent spirit, and when the two were once more on dry ground he impatiently repeated the words last spoken by the friar, and

The friar took Robin on's back againe,
 And stept into the knee
 Till he came at the middle stream,
 Neither good or bad spoke he,
 And coming to the middle stream
 There he threw Robin in,
 And "Chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow.

Whether thou wilt sink or swim."

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broome,
 The friar to a wigger wand,
 Bold Robin is gone to shore.
 And took his bow in his hand.

Then followed a remarkable duel between the outlaw and the friar. Robin shot away all his arrows with the usual accuracy of aim, but the steel buckler of the friar turned them all aside. Both next seized their swords, and "fought with might and maine," but to no purpose. They were evenly matched, and neither could obtain any advantage over the other. At length Robin asked if he might blow his horn, and permission being given, he "blew out blasts three," and immediately Half-a-hundred yoemen with bowe bent Came raking o'er the lea, whereupon the friar responded by giving "Whute, whute, three," and half-a-hundred bandogs came to his aid just in time to catch with their mouths the arrows shot by the fifty yoemen.

This unlooked for and extraordinary contremps was the means of effecting a truce between Robin Hood and his doughty foeman,

and the friar eventually joined Robin and his men in their careless, free, and happy-go-lucky existence, and in time became as famous as his chief, under the title of Little John.

What pen can recount in suitable prose the manifold exploits and escapades of these twain? Who shall tell of their wild and glorious life 'neath the greenwood tree? Who shall describe how they raided the King's deer, "held up" the fat and prosperous monks, and robbed their larders of the choicest dainties? Of how they fought and defeated the men "brave and bold" who tried to bring them to boot? The terror of the rich, the friends of the needy, the staunch protectors and avengers of the helpless, their lives were full of stirring incident. Small wonder that they were full-blooded, sinewy, and active. Their bed was the fairest and the sweetest in the country, their food chosen from the best in the land.

But nature holds her sway with steadfast decree e'en o'er such iron-like constitutions as Robin must have had, and he ultimately was compelled to seek a haven of rest, where he could have proper nursing and attention, for he was solely tried with a malignant fever. Of course, all the usual means were cut off from him and his men as a result of their outlawry, so he sought shelter in the holy calm of Kirkless Priory, a hallowed place down in a hollow on the outskirts of the wood which had for many years been his home.

How bold Robin fared at the hands of his cousin, the fair, but traitress, Prioress of Kirkless, has already been told.

The saddle, stirrups, boots and other relics of Robin Hood are still preserved in the room of the Priory house. As a relic we brought away a piece of old leather the size of a quarter of a

dollar from Robin Hood's saddle, as the keeper allowed on this occasion a relic to go to San Francisco it was not vandalism to take it.

ALLEN HADDOCK.

DEATH.

The subject which forms the title of this short article is one that interests all alike, for none are exempt from that state, whether it is regarded as total annihilation or another existence. The king and the commoner subject, the plutocrat and the beggar, the wise man and the ignorant, come to that same state. As the Christian apostle quaintly says. "We brought nothing into the world and we take nothing out." Death reduces everyone to the same state, the same primitive material—dust.

Men of all ages have tried perseveringly to unfathom the mysteries beyond the grave. A love of life and a strong hope has induced all sorts of philosophers to invent theories of another life to try and satisfy the craving for more, still more life. Many, unwilling to advance a theory of a purely spiritual existence beyond our present ken, have pinned their faith to such doctrines as transmigration of souls, which at least presents a tangible explanation. Others believe in the inherent consciousness of all things, and become Pantheists. Still again, we find others believing in the material existence of life, in a form like ether, invisible to the naked eye, but which may someday be measured in terms of specific gravity. Witness Mrs. Besant and the theosophists. Millions have tried to solve the death mystery, but there is no answer from the grave, but the echo, the taunting echo of the inquirer's voice. All we can know is that in death's cold sleep we are as silent as the sphinx on Egypt's desolate sandy waste. Oh, the awful silence and

solemnity of death's cold rigid sleep, into which all mortals must forever fall ere the spirit can solve the mystery of the great beyond.

While the spirit is embodied here it deals alone with the terrestrial, and is limited to it and it alone. But when it leaves the body, through which it manifests here, it can never again enter, so, not having an earthly instrument wherewith to communicate, it must forever remain silent to mortal ears. And thus the great beyond is shrouded in an unfathomable mystery.

Hence we must turn our attention to the present life. We owe no duty to the dead. Death heeds not our praise or blame, and requires no love or sympathy. But in this life love and sympathy are indispensable and it is our duty while here to impart all we can by way of kindness and consideration for one another. The sorrow for the dead arises from, a consciousness of what we might have done for them while they were living, rather than through fear of their welfare in the great beyond. Ah, no, it was the little kindness we might have bestowed on them while they were here. It is this that grieves the heart and floods the eye with tears. The moldering body that lies before us is to the departed spirit but as a cast off garment that has rendered all its earthly usefulness, and can with propriety be consigned to earth to dissolve into the elements whence it came. Reasoning from a philosophical standpoint, we can now see that a little kindness bestowed upon the living is worth far more than all the pomp and tribute we can pay the dead.

F. E. REYNOLDS, PH. D.

"The more a man is united with himself and becomes inwardly simple and pure, so much the more and higher things doth he understand without labor, for that he receiveth intellectual light from above.—"Thomas A. Kempis.


 HEALTH DEPARTMENT

GOFIO: FOOD AND PHYSIQUE.

BY C. FAYETTE TAYLOR, M. D.

On a recent visit to the Canary Islands, one of the first things to attract my notice was the good development and fine personal appearance of the common people. I afterward found that travelers are generally impressed in the same manner on their first visit to the Canaries. If they have previously visited the Spanish peninsula they are apt to contrast the native Spaniards with their Canarian relatives, always in favor of the latter, whose greater height and better bodily forms are very evident. This superiority may be due, in a certain degree, to the admixture of Spanish blood with that of the Guanche race, which was found in possession when, in 1440, the Spanish undertook the conquest of the Canarian archipelago. It required more than fifty years for the purpose, and not until to the utmost efforts of Spain, then in the height of her power, the treachery of four native kings had been added, did all the seven islands come under Spanish rule. The old chroniclers are fond of describing the mild and sweet dispositions of the Guanches, their tall, manly figures, and noble bearing in time of peace, as well as their great strength and valor when fighting to preserve their ancient liberty.

Even the women took part against the invaders, and proved themselves, in daring and prowess, no mean antagonists. One woman is especially mentioned who rushed upon an advancing column, seized the foremost soldier and fled up the mountain, bearing her victim as if he had been a child, outstripping her pursuers, till, coming to a precipice, she leaped down and both were dashed to pieces.

The conquerors not only mingled their blood with the conquered, as happens with the Latin races, but they adopted many of their customs, some of which are preserved to the present time. Perhaps the most important of these is in relation to their food, the principal article of which is of Guanche origin.

I have alluded to the excellent bodily development and proportions of the modern Canarians, and to the testimony left by the old chroniclers to the still fine characteristics of the ancient Guanches, who are indeed described as marvels of bodily strength, beauty and agility, because these facts have an important bearing on the question of their food. As there can be no such bodily growth, strength and activity as is described as belonging to these people without superior nourishment, it follows that the food used by the Guanches, and adopted and still almost exclusively used by the present inhabitants, must be highly nutritious.

This article, so evidently important, is the *gofio*, named at the head of this paper. There is nothing mysterious about it, for *gofio* is simply flour made from any of the cereals by parching or roasting before grinding. The Guanches may have roasted their wheat, barley, etc., by the ready method of first heating stones, on which or among which the grain was afterward placed. As to that there are no precise accounts, but well-shaped grinding stones are plentifully preserved. At present *gofio* is prepared by roasting the grain in a broad, shallow, earthen dish, over a charcoal fire. It is kept constantly stirred to prevent burning. One can hardly pass through a village or hamlet without witnessing some stage of the preparation of *gofio*. The grain is first carefully picked over and all impurities removed. The processes frequently take place in front of or just within the always open door, giving the trav-

eler ample opportunity to see all steps of the preparation. The grinding is done at the windmills, which abound everywhere. The roasted grain is ground to a very fine flour, when it becomes *gofio*. After grinding it is ready for immediate use. When it is to be eaten, milk, soup, or any suitable fluid, may be mixed with it—anything, in fact, to give it sufficient consistency to be conveyed into the mouth. Being already cooked, it requires no further preparation before eating.

Ultimately maize was introduced into the islands, and soon became an article of general cultivation, particularly on the island of Grand Canary, where *gofio* from it is the staple article of food for the laboring population, as that from wheat or wheat mixed with maize is in Teneriffe, wheat being more largely grown in the latter island. *Gofio* is also made from barley, and especially in Fuerteventura. It is also made from Spanish beans; but this kind is not used alone, but to mix in proportion of about one-fourth to three-fourths of wheat, barley, or maize *gofio*, as some prefer. Wheat and corn *gofio*, mixed in equal proportions, is very much used, and is preferred by many to either article alone. Nothing can exceed the extreme handiness of this ready-cooked article of food. The Canarian laborer, if alone, takes some *gofio* in a bag made of the stomach of a kid; if there are several persons, the skin of a kid is used. When the hour for the simple meal has arrived, the bag is extracted from some pocket, or, like enough, from the girdle, and putting a little water it, after being well shaken, the meal is ready. Only enough water is added to make it sufficiently consistent to be readily taken in the hand, from which it is invariably eaten. The preparation occupies no appreciable time. The winter before last I saw one or two hundred Italian workmen repairing the retaining wall to a river, and had reason to

admire both their industry and their simple, frugal habits. As the midday hour approached, one of a gang of ten or twelve men would step aside and prepare the dinner. It nearly always consisted of *polenta*, or Indian corn meal boiled in water. It took the best part of an hour to prepare it, and there was also the trouble of kettles, fires, providing wood, besides many antecedent preparations, even when cooking was thus reduced to its simplest proportions. The Canarian laborer has no such trouble. The roasting of the grain is more quickly done than cooking polenta and can be prepared in larger quantities by the wife at home.

The grinding is the same in both cases, but gofio has the great advantage of being easily carried about the person in a bag, and is always ready to be eaten. It is also much more palatable. The Canarian Archipelago consists of seven inhabited islands, with a population of 240,000 persons. From the best information I could get, I should think that fully 200,000 of them live almost exclusively on gofio, as their fathers have done from time immemorial. I have been thus particular in giving, in some detail, the origin, preparation and importance of gofio in sustaining a large population, because I believe this article to be worthy of attention on the part of purveyors of farinaceous foods. If introduced into the United States, it would add a delicious, wholesome and highly nutritious article of food, very convenient to use, to our already large variety. But gofio has other claims to our attention and favor than its economy, convenience, and evidently highly nutritive qualities.

Finding it used, not only by the common people, for whom it constitutes the chief article of sustenance, as already stated, but also in the homes of the wealthier citizens, children being especially fond of and thriving well on it. I tried specimens of both wheat and maize

gofio and found them very palatable, the maize especially so, having a delicious, aromatic flavor, which soon made me prefer it to bread, especially in the morning. Very soon gofio, with a soft-boiled egg, goat's milk and coffee, constituted a satisfactory breakfast. In fact, I liked it so well, and found it so digestible and nutritious, that I kept to it and throve on it till at the end of two months it occurred to me that during that time there had been no instance of "acid stomach," to which, in the best of times, I had always been subject. I left Teneriffe soon after, and during the voyage, and for some time after landing in the West Indies, the gofio breakfast was suspended. After some weeks without it, the acidity returned very severely, owing to exposure and fatigue. And, as usual, the acidity once established, persistency continued. After suffering several days I thought of the gofio, a small quantity of which we had brought from Teneriffe. On eating it for breakfast, as I had done before, the acidity immediately disappeared and has not returned.

In this connection I would say that I had previously observed the same phenomenon of complete exemption from acid stomach while using Carlsbad Zwieback as the sole farinaceous food at breakfast. Zwieback, as most persons already know, is bread cut in thick slices and baked a second time. In Carlsbad the second baking is carried so far that the slice is browned through its entire thickness. If there remains a white central portion, it is not good, and will undergo acid decomposition in the dyspeptic stomach when the properly made Zwieback will remain for a long time unchanged except by gastric fluids. But while useful as a temporary expedient, Zwieback has not much nutrition after undergoing the three processes of raising, baking, and rebaking to incipient carbonizing. It is incapable of being used alone as a

sufficient aliment. To gofio there is no such objection. The roasting is the first and only cooking of the food. Gofio is a food dry cooked, no fluid coming to it till the very moment of eating it; and we know that dry heat produces changes in the structure and composition of cereals different from those produced by moist heat. The roasting process is essentially different from the steaming, baking or boiling process, and, for one thing, converts starchy particles into more soluble and more friable forms. Moderately browned bread crust illustrates the change produced.

Perhaps the roasting process has a protecting efficacy against the action of the ferments which are always present in the alimentary tract, ready to effect some form of decomposition should digestion be long enough delayed to allow them to act. In fact, there is no doubt that in many cases the stomach actually becomes a receptacle for the cultivation of microbes. As one meal after the other is taken into the stomach, each succeeding mass of fermentable material is affected by the ferment germs developed and energized by those which have preceded it, till a high degree of potency is reached as in the usual method of bacteria cultivation. In such a case, normal digestion is anticipated by fermentation, the wholesomeness of the food is impaired by antecedent decomposition, the gastric power is lessened by contact with noxious acids and gases, and we have the confirmed dyspeptic. The worst of it is that such a condition is self-propagating, all ordinary means failing to energize digestion or to de-energize the ferment that the former may precede the latter in the usual way. Even the useful and often indispensable stomach pump sometimes fails to prevent prompt fermentation of the first food taken after its careful use for cleansing purposes.

Concluded on page 7.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.**About the Dwelling.**

BY MRS. W. F. GREENUP,

(Examiner to the South Kensington School of Cookery, England.)

- (1.) Never choose a house simply because it *looks* nice.
- (2.) See that it is dry, light, well drained, has plenty of good water, and is surrounded by pure air.
- (3.) A damp house will give its inmates colds and rheumatism.
- (4.) Bad drains and impure water produce fevers and other distressing ailments.
- (5.) If the landlord will not put the drains in proper order the tenant should make complaint to the Sanitary Inspector, who can compel the landlord to do what is necessary.
- (6.) Be careful that the drains do not get stopped up. Tea leaves and other matter should not be allowed to pass into the drain-pipe of the sink.
- (7.) All drains—sinks, water-closets and outside drains—should be occasionally flushed with a pail of water in which a little chloride of lime or other disinfectant has been dissolved.
- (8.) Get water from the town supply, even if it costs more. It is generally pure.
- (9.) Never use water from a leaden or wooden tank for drinking or cooking purposes.
- (10.) Admit plenty of fresh air into the house; it will help to keep the doctor out.
- (11.) Every room in the house, and especially the bedrooms, should be kept supplied with fresh air. The air becomes poisonous when it has been breathed.
- (12.) Dirt in the house will breed fever.
- (13.) So will dirt *around* the house, for it will make the air impure.
- (14.) Put nothing in the dust bin but dust, and have that emptied out as often as possible.

HYGIENE.

H. M. BECK, M. D.

Continuing on the subject of water, it becomes necessary to give the impurities that make water unwholesome.

Among the first we find nitrites, free ammonia, lime, decomposing vegetable matter, animal matter and various bacteria. These various impurities are due to the water percolating through different forms of the earth's strata from the emptying of sewers into rivers that are used for drinking purposes; also from cess-pools emptying their contents into wells, rivers and springs. Many of the natural spring waters contain impurities which make them unfit for drinking purposes. Although on looking at them they appear clear and have a sweet taste, one should never drink from springs without knowing what they contain.

Some springs have what cannot be called impurities proper, but beneficial elements, as iron, magnesia, salts and various other chemical substances. These become useful as laxative waters, chalybeate water, sulphur water, etc. Frequently we find contaminating the water typhoid bacilli, which cause the dread disease of typhoid fever; cholera bacilli, tubercular bacilli and many others. Decomposing vegetable matter produces frequently diseases of the intestinal organs, such as dysentery, diarrheas and gastric troubles. Those containing lime and its salts frequently cause gravel and irritation of the kidneys and bladder.

The aim of education should be to teach us how to think than what to think, rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.—Beatie.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

REVIEWS.

BY C. P. HOLT.

Death Defeated, or How to Keep Young. By J. M. Peebles, M. D. The Temple of Health Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

It does seem as if the pen of Dr. Peebles was hung on a swivel and wrote at both ends. No sooner is one of his rare, readable books issued from the press than another book, fresh from his prolific brain, follows in quick succession; and this, notwithstanding this doctor, traveler and author has been on earth hard on to eighty years. This is probably the reason he writes so well on "how to keep young." He understands the laws of life and health, and puts them in practice in his every day life.

This book contains 216 pages of intensely interesting and instructive thoughts, facts and experiences, regarding the subject of the title; supplemented by quotations from the writings and utterances of great and good men in all ages, beginning in the year one and ending in the year now. Some of these talkers and writers kept on living until they got very lonesome, wishing they could see some of their old playmates and comrades, who had lived their three score and ten years and then had shuffled off their mortal coils a hundred years previously. Of such men "good old Moses," who lived to see 120 years glide into eternity; then Neimens de Cugna, a native of Bengal, beat Moses all hollow by attaining the astonishing age of 370 years, his diet consisting mostly of milk and fruits; Thomas Parr, 159 years; Margaret Forster, 136 years, etc., etc., to the number of more than a score.

Dr. Peebles says that these antiquated personages lived to a great age just because they were very temperate and abstemious in their lives and didn't eat pig flesh nor any other flesh to any considerable extent, neither did they

drink whiskey, smoke tobacco or sit up late o' nights.

This book is an excellent contribution to health literature. Through obeying its precepts most folk could keep young 120 years and give death a hard battle the last day they staid here.

It is about time for another book, Dr. Peebles.

The Hesperian, October-December, 1900.

This literary quarterly never fails to awaken interest in the reader. The leading article in the current number is China and the Chinese (illustrated.) It bristles with information upon the character and habits of this ancient people, who are little understood by Americans and Europeans, but who are rapidly coming to the front in these days of the missionary. Other articles are Reminiscences of Pauline Lucca, The Fat-Easy Man, Contemporary Science.

Health Culture for October contains an excellent article by Edward G. Day, M. D., entitled The Flesh of Animals as Food for the Human Family. Laugh and Grow Fat, by Katherine Smith, is good advice, but will Miss Smith rise to explain how a man can laugh unless there's something funny in the air?

The Hesperian this month needs no mention except to say that all its articles are good, especially the one on Heredity, by Prof. D. J. Hamilton.

Health. Dr. Burke has the floor in the October number of this neat, instructive magazine, and proceeds to discuss upon blood. Now be it known that Dr. Burke is an anatomist, physiologist and a chemist of the first water, and when he touches pen to paper he writes something instructive. This is the case with Blood. Then again, his Editorial Paragraphs are bristling with facts of the real Gradgrind variety. The entire number of Health is good; the Cooking School and all,

conducted by Mrs. W. P. Burke, who is the helpmeet of Dr. Burke.

Omega is no more called Omega, but is called Health. What for, Dr. Holbrook? The magazine is good, better, best, but why change its name? The October number is equal to those gone before.

Good Health. Some of the contents of this month are: Water a Rational Remedy for Disease, Physical Education (illustrated), The Problem of Longevity, Health and Long Life. Besides much more of interest to sensible people.

The Phrenological Journal for October is up to its usual standard, and being the pioneer in the field of phrenological journalism, is always instructive and interesting.

Professor Haddock has made good use of his time in Europe. London and Paris have been great points of interest to him during his stay.

Phrenology and phrenologists of the old world have engaged his attention. He has returned with new ideas, in better health and in time to vote for the President of the United States.

GOFIO.

Continued from page 5.

In my previous personal and professional experience, I found, when once rapid aciduation of the food demonstrated the potentialization of the microbic ferment, there was no sure way to overcome it as, in turn, to energize the digestive action by prolonged absence from food. In that case, the ferment becomes itself digested and de-energized and acts more slowly than the digestive process.

After this the ever-present but now non-energized ferment germs act tardily, till some accident of over-doing, or bad eating, or other cause, again delays digestion till fermentation is set up in the gastric cavity, and the cultivation process above described is renewed, when there is another attack of acidity of the stomach, difficult to bear and difficult to get

rid of, as every unfortunate dyspeptic and every unfortunate physician to such a patient full well know to their sorrow. But the starving-out process is not easy, and is not applicable in many cases; besides, not every one has the resolution for it, when it might be proper and effective. If, in gofio, already demonstrated to have the essentials of high nutrition and palatableness, we have an article of food capable of resisting the acid decomposition for a much longer time than the ordinary preparations of farinacea, it will be an inestimable boon to all civilized communities to make the fact known to them.

I have set on foot trials of the value of gofio, in such cases as are appropriate to carefully determine its influence in preventing gastric acidity. Whether the impressions formed, as described, after several months' personal experience, are to be sustained or to be found groundless, will be known in due time by ample clinical demonstrations. But, considering the importance of the subject to so many persons, and to the end that experiments in the use of gofio in appropriate cases may be multiplied, I do not hesitate to place my (as yet) unsupported personal experience before the profession and public for their careful consideration.—*The Popular Science Monthly*.

Diet cures more than doctors.

Ramsey's Business College at Stockton, Cal., placed an order for more Smith Premier Typewriters. The college is now using nine in their typewriting department. All were purchased from L. M. Alexander & Co., 110 Montgomery street.

Professor Haddock has just returned from his European trip and is now ready for business.

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ALLEN HADDOCK,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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FATE.

Some persons believe in fate,
they profess to believe what hap-
pens had to come to pass. A cer-
tain condition of life is their des-
tiny; and we have heard even
preachers exhort their hearers to
remain content in the circum-
stances in which the Lord had
seemed pleased to place them.

Such teachings are erroneous
and fatal to progress. The Chi-
nese are victims of this delusion
and have not progressed for a
thousand years: The teachings
of Confucius have cramped their
intellect and destroyed their am-
bition. They go stolidly to death
at the hands of the High Execu-
tioner, believing that such is their
destiny, and do not resist what
appears to be their fate. It is re-
markable, though, to find persons
who hold such a belief in Eng-
land and America, but we have
met with them. We have been
told that it was our fate and des-

tiny to cross the sea and teach the
science of human nature in San
Francisco, that "there is a destiny
that shape our ends rough hew
them as we will."

It appears that way sometimes
in regard to natives, but if we
search into the law of cause and
effect in relation to individual
man, the logical conclusion is
that man is the architect of his
own fortune, fate or destiny.

During our sixteen years' ab-
sence from England we found on
return some mighty changes. Old
faces had withered as autumn
leaves; others, bursting into man-
hood and womanhood sixteen
years ago, had become progenitors
of a new generation. Some of
those had amassed wealth—won
fame and fortune—others had
grown poor and poorer, and drifted
into the workhouse.

We have analyzed the cases.
Those who have grown rich were
not only sober and industrious,
but had found their proper occu-
pation in life, while those who
had gone to the bad were like
round pegs in square holes—mis-
fits—were not in their natural vo-
cation, or had contracted habits
of drunkenness, or dissipation
and unfitted themselves to do the
battles of life.

Man should be the creator and
not the creature of circumstances
altogether. Genius will conquer
circumstances and obstacles if sup-
ported by the faculties of ambi-
tion or desire to rise in the world.
Benjamin Disraeli was a poor boy,
but he conquered all obstacles and
created his own circumstances
until he became the great Prime
Minister of England. Such men
defy the apparent hand of fate.
Professor Miller in our September
number gave a long list of such
men of genius. The weak and
uninformed believe in fate, but
the strong in America only believe
in two things as their fate: One
is death, which is usually fatal;
the other is payment of the poll
tax.

ALLEN HADDOCK.

CORPORATIONS, MONOPOLIES, TRUSTS, VS. LABOR.

The war between Capital and Labor is continually getting hotter and stronger. Human lives are sacrificed as if worthless and blood runs like water in the fierce struggle between men for the dominance. Capital rises one part of the labor element to shoot down the other part, and for what? Simply because Labor claims what it produces—that is, all it earns instead of the mere pittance it receives, and is thus compelled to remain in poverty and be the slave of the wealth it produces, while those who have taken their ill-gotten wealth, which is but the surplus wages due the toiler; live in affluence and at their ease and in their arrogance and pride sneer at the poverty and humiliation of those who by their brains have made them wealthy.

All labor saving machinery prove to be but engines of torture for the further degradation of Labor, and are used to still bring into fiercer competition the denizens of toil. Men and women are continually being discharged by the thousand to walk the streets and tramp the country in idleness and prostitution by the introduction of labor-saving machinery. Now this is all wrong, a terrible and an awful outrage. These labor-saving inventions should be used to shorten the hours and days of labor and to increase its pay, because the producer can produce with the machine vastly more wealth or surplus than he did before and he should have the benefit of it. As it is, labor saving machinery is grinding up millions of humanity with over-work and poorer pay, and turning other millions to go into vice, crime, drunkenness and pauperism. Even children are taken from their playgrounds and their schools into the workshops and manufactories to run this labor-saving machinery, because their infantile toil can be gotten

for a few cents a day. Between the children and the labor-saving machinery the natural producers are being driven into the army and navy, to shoot down other toilers if they become rebellious and want what they really earn, or else they are really forced to join another army that is marching on the road that leads "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse."

I would have those who build the fine houses live in them. I would have those who weave the fine silks and broadcloth, purple and fine linen, wear them. Those who make the fine furniture, carpets, musical instruments, jewelry, etc., use them and thus make life brighter and happier. There is something wrong when those who create all these luxuries out of the bounties of nature, go clothed in rags and dwell in hovels, while the drones who create nothing have all these things and live in splendor.

The trouble is the laborer has not been trained to think right. He has taken it for granted that he belonged to "God's poor" and must be content, but a new era is dawning. The brain of the toiler is slowly getting larger with the higher education. The lamp of reason that has only flickered with a dull light through the long ages of all the past, is now showing with the glare of an electric flame. Empires and kingdoms, aye republics even, are tottering, for a mental earthquake is shaking the world as it never was shaken before. The common people are too climbing the heights of intellectual knowledge, and the death knell of plutocracy, lords and ladies, barons and earls, princes, kings and queens, emperors and empresses, feudal lords and millionaires, popes and priests, church and state, pomp and war—all will be swept away by the mental cyclone that is now gathering all along the line.

The reverberating thunder from the piteous cries of the suffering

lower million will yet sweep away, as if but cobwebs, the pretensions and laws and religions of the upper ten, the so-called "cream of the world." Evolution with ceaseless tread is walking the hills and valleys of our world. Labor shall yet wear the crown and wield the scepter on this planet. Labor has made this planet a fit abiding place for humanity and it must and shall have the honor.



The above was called out by the following fine article by Hudson Tuttle, in the *Progressive Thinker*, but he did not make it strong enough:

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

It must be distinctly understood that in all discussion of social and political questions we favor evolution and not revolution. It is the silently directed forces of nature. It is the unguided tornado which destroys. The country is in no danger of destruction and it will be saved whatever political party holds in power. And yet momentous problems arise on the wise solution of which the immediate prosperity and happiness of untold millions depend. Among the most consequential of these is the relation between Capital and Labor. It is one which cannot be averted, tided over, or met with compromise. The people instructed by the press, are no longer unthinking tools in the hands of a so-called superior privileged class. The laborer feels that the fruit of his toil are his own, and resents as unjust any scheme by which he is deprived thereof.

On the other hand Capital strenuously presses its claims and with remorseless exactitude calls for the fulfillment of the bond, though payable in human flesh.

Hence there is antagonism be-

tween Capital and Labor which ought not to exist, for these respective forces should mutually support each other. Because they are forced into unnatural relations by selfish greed there arise the gravest questions of social policy, and the future is darkened with omens of disaster. There are labor unions, strikes, riots, violence, poverty, ignorance and distrust, and burning revenge for deeply felt injustice on one side; on the other, lock-outs, un pitying sneers of self-sufficient pride, extravagance, luxury and waste.

The introduction of machinery is greatly responsible for bringing about this state of affairs. For the first half century of national life the land was practically free to all who would occupy it. The wild territory was so vast that it seemed inexhaustible and afforded an outlet to surplus labor. There was no great disproportion in wealth, and the man with the small farm was independent. The opening of mines of iron, coal and precious metals; the production of oil, the railroads and numberless machines for saving labor has forced a concentration of wealth in the hands of a comparative few. Machinery compels concentration of wealth in the hands of a comparative few. Machinery compels concentration of capital outgrowing even the largest individual capital and competing in the formation of corporations. These take the life from individual effort and tend to enlarge the masses of wealth held in the hands of a few at the expense of the many.

The laborer has not been directly benefited by the introduction of machinery. At first he finds his favorite occupation usurped by arms of steel and fingers of brass, and he must become an attendant of the machine or not work. He then finds that the machine can perform one hundred or a thousand times more work than he can single handed. It is

a vast gain to some one but not to him. He will receive no part or share in this increase of production. He regards himself lucky if his wages are not cut down on account of the competition created. The owner of a machine enjoys the full benefit, gathering all profits. The laborer may be indirectly benefited by cheaper products; but that is insignificant and has no relation to the principle involved.

To solve this problem the factors involved and their relations must be thoroughly understood. Labor has within itself the possibilities of capital. It is a creator, and when it has accomplished its task and received its reward it is capital.

Capital then is concrete labor. A machine as an embodiment of both mind and body is capital of value for the labor it will perform. Land is capital valued for the crops it will produce; mines for their products; a waterfall for the power it will supply. The definition given above does not apply to the mine or waterfall except to the labor given to develop their usefulness. The gifts of nature to man should not be subject to monopoly. It is this that has caused the old-time antagonism between the rich and the poor.

The robber hand of the conqueror seized the best of the land or all of it, the mines, the waterfalls and waterways, and the less fortunate have paid rent, interest and toil. No just deed can hold these natural resources, for they belong to mankind.

Capital and Labor in justice walk hand in hand. The former is the instrument by which the latter accomplishes its tasks; that instrument is the result of previous labor which should be rewarded. It should have its just share with labor. The partnership is thus a mutual benefit; but when Capital seeks the lion's share and leaves Labor only a bare subsistence, it is extortionate and un-

just. As an example, there is a waterfall where nature furnishes great power by the descent of the current. Labor builds a dam and a vast factory. The machinery will do the work of many thousand men. A man working therein is enabled to perform a hundred times the work he could do single-handed. If the owners of this natural power use it for their own exclusive benefit, they uphold an unjust monopoly. If they share the benefits with the operatives, according to the rights of the case, there is mutual benefit. In the first instance a few days' labor in building dam and factory, enslaves the wage-workers and their children are held in this wage slavery because of the labor of their fathers.

The products of labor belong to the laborer, and in a just state of society this will be realized. The time will come when the organization of Labor will be as strong as that of Capital which opposes it, and every man receive his exact reward.

From *Batley News*, October 6, 1900: Professor Allen Haddock has had good reason to be very pleased with the reception he has met with at the hands of his old townsmen, and a few days ago we received the following note: "I am still down by Batley Beck, but leave in a few days for Paris, and won't return until a few days before sailing towards the Golden Gate. Let me thank the *News* for kindly notices, and apologize to friends who say they won't forgive me for not taking of their hospitality. I have been on that 'lay out' ever since I came to good old Batley, and I cannot eat any more Yorkshire pudding."

"Success is in the brain. There are men whom Fate can never keep down; they march jauntily forward and take by divine right the best of everything that the earth affords."—Ruskin.

HEREDITY.

Man is the product of two forces, the inner and the outer; the inner is the persistent self, the outer the modifying influences. The inner is reducible to traits and characteristics of similar producing agencies, the outer to general aspects of nature which moulds him; both forces act and react on one another. Heredity is the inner force. It is an indisputable assertion that like produces like in the entire order of organic nature. This likeness does not mean sameness in nature, but similarity in kind. We distinctly note this distinguished difference between sameness and similarity. For explanatory purposes, we add that sameness implies identity, while similarity, identity with partial variations, and these variations are the determining differences. Some writers seem to maintain that what is termed heredity is a mere coincidence, and cite examples at length to show that the proposition is untenable. We emphatically reply that constitutional peculiarities are well known to be hereditary in families, and peculiarities thus propagated are congenital, and not accidental. No one expects a child to be born with a glass eye, or a wooden leg, because the parents resorted to such substitutes. Equally absurd it is to conceive that children would be deficient in limbs because either or both of the parents were maimed. Boerhaave says we carry our roots within our bodies; the changing cause is generally nutrition in the higher organizations. The development of a peculiarity is difficult, but renders permanent when once formed. The variegated holly will return to the common green holly when propagated by seed, and can only be preserved as a variety by grafting.

Man is exempt from such influences. Want of light and air has injured the race. Long residence

in deserted quarries in France produced monstrous births. Atmospheric peculiarities in Switzerland is assumed to be a reason for cretinism.

If we abandon the idea of heredity as a factor in the production of likeness, there would be no such thing as a breed or a race. What makes the bulldog resemble his kind, and the terrier resemble both? The greyhound his peculiarity, and the racehorse win the Derby? There is a law of transmission, which facts alone substantiate. A Jewish offspring has an unmistakable Jewish physiognomy, trait, character, etc., transplanted in any corner of the globe. His typical persistence is too noticeable to be overlooked. Always dreaming of his promised land, he makes his settlement the land of promise. From the venerable author of the ten commandments, as exhibited in pictures, illustrated in morals, taught in schools, down to the Moses of the nineteenth century, there is fixed a nose stamped by the seal of nature which cannot be effaced.

His repugnance of manual labor, necessitated through persecutions in the past, has left like repugnance behind, and created new developments for success. From Rothschilds and Barnatos down to the ragged independent, tramping the streets of London with three tall hats on his head and a bundle of old umbrellas in his arms, shows how imperceptible is the influence of heredity. He is a poor sociologist who cannot conclude that the Jew governs the money market, and the latter governs the world.

Plutarch cites of a family in Thebes, every member of which was born with a mark of a spear-head on his body. In the order of chronology, Plutarch is a long way off, and ancient history will not help this critical age. Yet like testimony can be traced in the case of an Italian family known as Cansada, every member of which bore a mark. All the Baron

de Vissins had this peculiarity between their shoulders, which mark alone caused the posthumous legitimate son, La Tour Landry, to be discovered in a London shoemaker's place.

Frederick I. collected tall men to form a regiment of gigantic guards, rigidly following the process of methodical selection in disqualifying short women from marrying his soldiers. What is the consequence? The Potsdam Guards are taller when compared with those of the rest of Prussia.

The Spartans believed that vigor and physical excellence should form the best characteristics of a nation, and practiced selection by law. When a child was born, the examination by a society of elders determined its right to live. From our standard of morality and justice the practice may be brutal, but they executed the laws with motives as pure, and intentions as good, as we do in our times. The educated Germans are notoriously a studious people, and, judging from the number of young children there, of that class, wearing spectacles, the inference is clear that congenital myopia must be hereditary, owing to excessive strain on the eyes by the parents.

Surprise is often manifested by people that strange differences in "aspect and disposition" is glaring when bred in the same nursery, and brought up under the same guiding influences. Ample instances can be found, from Cain and Able to Brothers Bonaparte and Newman, how diversities can be explained; or, to take stronger cases, as the twins Rita and Christina, the Pressburg, Siamese and African twins. We can but assume that diversities are due to the inequality with which parental organizations were inherited.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his inductions of biology, informs us that special modifications of structure caused by special changes in the irfunctions are apt to be hered-

tiary. Large hands and feet inherited by men and women are due to ancestors having led laborious lives, and amongst the gentry smallness is regarded as the index to extraction.

Every breeder knows how colors, patches, and spots in animals such as terriers, cows and horses, are repeated. Some breeders maintain that they, by a process of interbreeding, produce the desired effect.

Instances, for and against, might be cited of accidents in the parents showing hereditary effects in the children. "Burdach cites of a woman who nearly died of a hemorrhage after blood-letting. Her daughter was so sensitive that a trifling scratch would produce hemorrhage. It is stated that horses marked with red-hot iron in the same place are said to transmit visible traces in their colts. On the other hand, savages tattoo their bodies, civilized women have ears pierced, yet hereditary evidences of such marks are not perceptible." The explanation might not be sufficiently satisfactory, neither would it oppose the law of direct heredity. One point is clear, extend investigation in an unbiased spirit, then the mighty fact will prevail that if one solitary link be found, it will suffice to connect with other links in forming a chain of causation to account for phenomena presented in the order of nature.

The musical faculty is essentially hereditary, directly, indirectly, or from remote causes and conditions. By directly, I mean through either parent or both; by indirectly, I mean through relative or remote ancestor. By causes and conditions, I mean musical surroundings influencing that parent who is most burdened with the child. To take the last first: An investigator has a case on record of a woman who had no children by her first husband, and after the decease of the first husband, the children by the second

resembled the image of the first. Such an incident, though trifling, deduces a law so profound that many traits untraceable in the family gallery are found to answer in the form of an hypothesis that imagination during certain periods, on the part of one of the parents, has a tendency to realize what was unconsciously imagined. Now the most singular part of the musical faculty is that, irrespective of its hereditary predispositions, it is regarded as a gift. Gift of what? Gift from whom? Mark, we are dealing with man in relation to his sources and surroundings, himself a part of nature. Gift indeed! It was not so with Mozart, Beethoven; Hummel, Weber, Bach, for the Bachs have distributed like mushrooms in every corner of Europe showing musical excellence. More or less all enumerated came from musical stocks; their progenitors had to pay dearly for this gift, not only in hard cash, but in nerve and brain substance. Gift would imply spontaneous outburst of a faculty, without any linking trait. It is not the project of nature to go about in hotch-potch, hurly-burly fashion. Beware! for our common mother that feeds and supports us all, mysteriously performs wonders based on definite laws, if we only have brains to understand the aims. Call it a belonging if you like, but gift! Then why not imbecility a gift, idiocy a gift, lunacy a gift? To be fair, we must take the excellencies of one side, and compare with the defects of the other.

Darwin states, in reference to the principle of selection, by quoting Youatt as a high authority in relation to the breeding of animals, that "it is the magician's wand by means of which he may summon into life whatever mold and form he pleases." Lord Somerville, speaking of what breeders have done for sheep, says; "It would seem that they had chalked upon a wall a form perfect in it-

self, and then given it existence." The last authority, Sir John Sebright, says in respect to pigeons that he would produce any given feather in three years, but it would take him six years to produce head and beak." And on the foregoing facts Mr. Spencer summarizes, with tacit assumption that individual traits are bequeathed from generation to generation, and when judiciously separated from opposite traits, they may be so perpetuated as to become permanent distinctions. In the nineteenth century we feel proud of being the possessors of such knowledge, but how have we applied it as regards ourselves? It is a credit to our investigation, and a reproach to our prejudices.

Why do we vivisect living animals? Because we can cope with diseases better, and render man healthy. Let us be permitted to repeat once more the popular household saying that "prevention is better than cure." Posterity will some day observe us in the same light as we do the people of the Dark Ages.

Now we deal with the question of sex heredity. Fully circumspect of conventional barriers we gently interrogate, what is sex heredity? Boys and girls are so different from one another that the difference is noticeable even in their playthings: football and cricket on one hand, dolls and domestic toys on the other. Education, freedom and other causes have widened the barriers during the latter part of the nineteenth century, but the difference is there. I have not the early Amazon in view, but the new woman noticed in everyday life. Whether she dances on a rope, rides a bicycle or plays football, the feminine characters are marked as ever. It was once guessed that a lady was the anonymous writer of a particular weekly article because the word "tiny" was repeated thrice.

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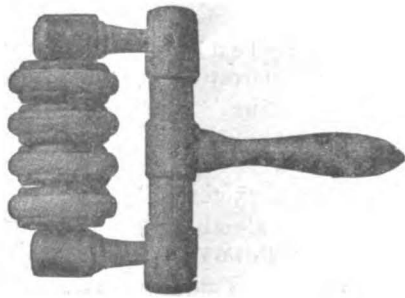
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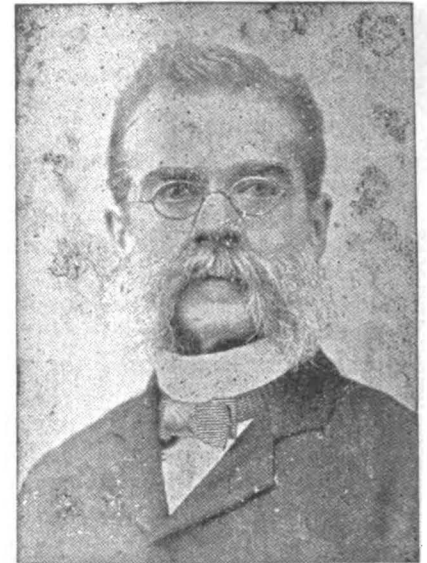
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