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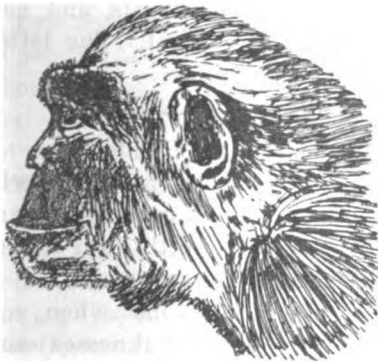
SAN FRANCISCO, SEPT., 1901.

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BRAIN LOCATION

Character greatly depends upon the location of brain in any given head. The shape of the head of any man, or of any beast decides the character of the possessor of the head.

The orang-outang is far from being an angel, but he compares favorably with some of the lower types of the genus homo. His



NOT AN ANGEL.

head is not shaped right for immediate angelhood, but he is progressive. The daily press report the recent capture of an orang-outang in South Africa. When in his native wilds this cousin of man was savage and uncouth. In less than a year he has been educated to articulate a few words in English, and to write the name his captors have given him. He dresses himself like a gentleman, and will stand hours at a time before the mirror priming himself, dude fashion.

The cut here given of an orang-outang shows a fair development of brain forward of the ears. The texture is coarse, but the shape is

right for intellectual advancement. The prison convict that looks



A HUMAN TIGER.

like a tiger, and whose picture is here given, has a head wide at the base, but short from the ears to the top while there is considerable space from the ears to the forehead. This development of intellect makes this human tiger all the more dangerous to society. He is now serving time in San



A POLITICAL BOSS.

Quentin for murder. The shape of the head determines his character.

The shape of this political boss' head betrays his character to a child. He belongs to the pugilist order of wire-pullers. The distance from the opening of his ears to the top of his head is as short as that of the gentleman last mentioned, except at the crown, where the organ of firmness is located. This gentleman is aggressive, and he is quite ready to clinch his argument with fist, dagger, or pistol, regardless of conse-



THE AGNOSTIC.

quences. He rules at the primaries, and after election he reaps the spoils. This is because his head has the shape of the pugilist.

Robert G. Ingersol was an agnostic. It was not given unto him to know spiritual things. The reason he doubted the immortality of man, and was skeptical

regarding the existence of the human soul is found in the shape of his head, showing entire lack of the organ of spirituality, as can readily be seen by reference to his portrait here given. It will be noticed that the intellectual brain of Colonel Ingersol was largely developed, but when compared with the portrait which follows, the head of Ingersol slopes at spirituality, as slopes Mt. Shasta.

A man who by reason of a deficient organ of tune fails to distinguish between Old Hundred and Yankee Doodle, should not be blamed for his lack of melody appreciation. Neither should reflection or censure be cast upon the man who by virtue of small spirituality discerns no glimmer of immortal life, or of a human soul.



INTUITIVE.

There are two brain organs that conspire to lead a man into the realm of intuition and of spirituality. They are located in the superior, anterior portion of the human head, and are called human nature and spirituality. The portrait here given of an intuitive man is in marked contrast to that of Colonel Ingersol. This man can reach correct conclusions in logic and philosophy without the labored process of reasoning; indeed, that is the route he takes to arrive at the solution of any problem; while Colonel Ingersol discovered principles only through

the realm of the intellect. The head of Ingersol is long from the ear to the center of the forehead, which seems full to bursting with facts and logic, though the sides at ideality and sublimity are full, which lent poetic fervor to the utterances of the agnostic, akin to spiritual insight. The head of the intuitive man is square, and his eyes round and full. He catches a glimpse of inner glory, unseen and unfelt by the agnostic. Spirituality is located high; it reaches towards the stars. Whatever the ego may be, per se, the character of the man is largely determined by the shape of his head.

CONSCIENCE.

BY C. P. HOLT.

What is conscience? Is it something good to eat, to wear, or to play with? Or is it an elastic substance that like an India rubber string can be stretched out indefinitely?

Conscience is a very scarce commodity. There is not much of the genuine article on the market. There never has been a great supply of conscience in possession of the human family, from Cain to Nero and from Nero to the San Francisco Employers' Association.

There is a Phrenological brain organ located in the superior region of the human head called conscientiousness. Its office is to *feel* to do right. It does no thinking, but sets up a great wishing that right and justice may prevail. If the possessor of large conscientiousness has also a good supply of intellectual brain to enable him to weigh justice in the scales of sound logic, his conscientiousness will spur him on, and his common-sense will straighten matters; then if he possesses a large organ of Firmness, the man will do to bank on in any case involving decisive action in righteousness.

A man possessing large conscientiousness and an inferior in-

tellekt will wish all sorts of good things to happen, and yet, ten chances to one he will go wrong, just because he is half fool, and unable to discriminate between the great sinfulness (?) of stealing a loaf of bread for his starving family and the commendable (?) keen-sightedness and philanthropy of exploiting working-men out of their toil, sweat, and millions of dollars; then endowing universities and libraries to perpetuate an infamous name.

A man with a gigantic intellect, and conscientiousness below zero is a human monster, and a menace to mankind.

A tiger has no conscience; neither has a fox. Sheep and chickens had better make themselves scarce when tigers and foxes are around.

Likewise let mild-mannered folk seek shelter from the Steel Corporation, the trusts, and monopolists in general. The latter have no conscience.

Dear Professor Haddock:

I had no idea in the world how much a phrenological examination was worth until I consulted you a short time ago.

You surprised me when you described my weaknesses and strength of body and mind. I have doctored and drugged for dyspepsia for years. I had a continual tired feeling from which I only obtained temporary relief from doctors. I began to think that drugs were like a two-edged sword—dangerous.

I paid \$30 to the last doctor and grew worse.

The day I began to follow your advice to avoid potatoes, pancakes, fried foods and sugar, as such articles of food ferment and caused all my trouble, I began to get well and keep well.

Your advice in this regard only, was worth more than a thousand dollars to me, but it only cost me one dollar and it is the best investment I made in my life.

J. B. M.
Santa

CUI BONI?

A specialist in Mental and Nervous Diseases recently said, in a lecture to a college class, that "brain localization, in the operative, treatment of brain lesions was sort of a phantom, that there was so very little known in regard to the exact location of the part of the brain presiding over the functions of a given part of the body. Then, too, the mental symptoms (if any) were very misleading, so that the matter of determining the place for operation was almost wholly guess work."

Now such chaotic conditions as this is indeed a dangerous menace to the patient who may happen to have a "clot on the brain," or some pressure from any cause. The operator may "bore" into the head in half a dozen places before he "strikes it."

I do not believe this condition of affairs need exist if we look about us. Dr. Gall's discovery of brain localization in regard to mental manifestation, each faculty depending upon a definite center in the cortex, has led up to the discovery that each organ (convolution or part of convolution) has a physical as well as a mental function.

This idea was first given to me by Prof. Haddock while taking a course at his Phrenological Institute some years ago.

There is no reason for one to be ignorant of this if prejudice and bigotry has no place in his life, and he happens to have his attention called to the matter, as I hope this will do. Readers are referred to a large cut in July number of *Human Nature* for illustration.

The brain has five lobes, which are again divided into folds or convolutions. Upon these convolutions rests the gray matter which is responsible for the manifestation of the nervous energy which, meeting at the Medulla Oblongata, the central station of

the brain, are combined in an infinite number of ways. The combinations of these impulses of nervous force passes through the white carrying fibers to the medulla, and if inhibited there, or deflected through other white fibers out to another part of the brain, they constitute the psychic or mind function, and may be truly called the manifestation or action of thought. So far we have not allowed any impulse to pass down to the body. There may be an infinite variety of combinations of these forces, and yet not an action on the part of the body or a word uttered.

Now let us, instead of restraining the forces at the central station permit them to pass on down the spinal cord. Here we have these impulses passing along motor fibres to the various parts and organs of the body and what was before a thought may be transformed to action.

This will account for the use of the brain as no other explanation can. For example—let us take one organ that of *Hope* which is situated "in the ascending parietal convolution, where the elevator muscles are affected" (as proven by Ferrier in his experiments). Here we see that the organ has a similar function bodily and mentally that of "lifting up" or elevating. The analogy is so self-evident as to require no argument.

Another organ, that of *Secreciveness*, "in the superior temporo-sphenoidal convolution." The function of this organ is just as its name implies, that of *secretion*. In the mental economy it tends to reserve and keep within the mind what it knows or thinks; while in the body its impulses are sent to all the glands whose function it is to secrete and hold in reserve those elements needed in the body's work.

From experience I know that the men who stand high in Medicine are all at sea on these great questions. As a student of medicine

I revere the patient effort of those who have spent a lifetime in an unsuccessful effort to account for the many lesions which occur in the mental and physical economy of a man.

They might have been saved much of their laborious task by knowing these facts,—for *all these organs or convolutions of the brain act in a similar way*, but there is not room to mention them here. An insane man manifests certain *physical signs of degenerations*. If they understood Phrenology and applied it, they would be able to connect the mental and physical lesions and have a clear explanation of these phenomena, which they jumble together in a mass, even the ablest of minds who attempt to account for them in any other way

Let us look at nature square in the face, and we shall find that there is such a thing as *brain localization*, and that the Phrenological one is *the one*. Its possibilities are so great, that great changes in the treatment of *Mental and nervous*, as well as other diseases of the body would follow.

Where a person has his library mixed up he must of course hunt it all over to find any book desired. Nature never mixes up her work. The man who must hunt all over the brain to find a "locality" desired may accuse nature of "mixing things." The facts are—"He has gone into her library and betrays no knowledge of the plan of its arrangement. "Let him study Nature's plan as explained by Phrenology and he can depend upon it. If certain physical signs exist he can trace them to their place in the brain—(when more than the cord is affected) and know exactly where to trephine for any given lesion. Let's go to nature and we will not be misled. Avoid speculations and clinging to the dread past.


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TRADES UNIONISM.

PART I.

BY JOSEPH H. ALFONSO, P. PH. D.

It is impossible in a brief essay or two to dwell upon the inception and evolution of the trades union as it existed among the Greeks and Romans, as well as in other ancient empires, and during the sway of the feudal system. Tracing its brilliant flashes of success and gloomy failures along the painful pathway of history. A work of that character would involve tedious research and a tireless pen, possessing the virtues of perpetual motion in order to write its many volumes. It would be, in most respects, the ghastly account of numerous bloody conflicts and persecutions undergone by struggling humanity in its fierce and unceasing struggles for democracy and liberty against the dominion of vested interests and murderous oligarchies.

By the trade unions, pure and simple, we designate those bodies of men who espouse as their cardinal principles:

First—No politics in the union.

Second—Capital (that is the non-producer) is entitled to its share of the product.

Third—Capital can be fought with capital.

Fourth—There is an aristocracy of labor.

Fifth—The interests of capital and labor are identical.

By the new trades unionism—we mean those progressive bodies who, keeping abreast of the times in adapting themselves to their ever-changing environment, cast aside "reactionism" and consistently postulate:

First—You must have politics in the union; but only working class politics.

Second—Capital cannot be fought with capital.

Third—The idle capitalist is not entitled to any share of the product, alone produced by labor.

Fourth—There is no aristocracy of labor.

Fifth—There is a class struggle, therefore the brotherhood between capital and labor is a myth, the interest of both, not being identical.

The pure and simple trades union was organized in England at a time when the producers were disfranchised. When even the right to organize was questioned legally and meetings had to be held in secret. The right to combine was obtained only after innumerable riots and demonstrations which, at times, assumed the proportions of civil strife.

Not being able to participate it was reasonable to say "no politics in the union" at the time, but to adopt that principle when they had a voice in the affairs of England, became pernicious, reactionary and suicidal; a most serious obstacle to the advancement of the labor movement.

Before the Civil War, the economic conditions in these United States were such that almost every citizen was sure to step into the ranks of the then prosperous, middle class.

The great industry, the multi-millionaire and the army of the unemployed were unknown factors in the life of this nation. Class consciousness, class solidarity, the necessary results of common sufferings, common aspirations and common ideals did not exist.

In the seventies, keeping time to the tune of expanding capitalism, the workers commence to perceive their identity of interests, their interdependancy, and proceed to organize in formidable numbers.

Yet, having adopted the British style of organization, many promising unions, after many destructive struggles with entrenched capital, were destroyed and others almost annihilated, sinking into the quicksands of their ignorance, their stupidity, their false principles. This, notwithstanding that

in obedience to the misleaders of labor, the workers did rally in great numbers, when they heard the cry: "Organize! raise the standard of revolt!"

A trades union is an attempt to unite all the members of a trade or vocation, thus dictating the price of their labor power.

Capitalism in its unfoldment passes through two periods which are gradually connected by a third or intermediate stage, Competition, Concentration and its climax, Transition. During the first epoch the arena is filled with competing manufacturers, no capitalist being able to suspend operations for any length of time. However, as soon as the factory commences to assume vast proportions, besides the panics and attending failures (which have always been the most glorious illustrations of the beauties of this system), the small competitors are driven to the wall. The reserve army of forlorn "out of works" steadily increases. The rate of wages varies, being determined not so much by the standard of living previously prevailing, but more and more by the competition for employment and the strength and power of the trades union organization. The domestic market is unable to absorb the surplus commodities, owing to the restricted purchasing power of the people; thus in conjunction with the trust, which has "spheres of interest" in other lands, the rate of wages no longer depends upon the competition of the unemployed nationally, but upon the competition of those who are working and those who are seeking employment in the other countries of the world. In the words of a certain writer. "A fall at one point is immediately felt over frontiers and across oceans and throughout the industrial universe. The *labor question is no longer national it is international.*"

The inevitable result of this is that strike after strike fails and upwards of one half are lost.

Many of the victories (?) and those compromised are practically defeats, as the concessions granted are seldom what the union struck for, often being irrelevant and immaterial.

The labor market, that is the competition between buyers when supply and demand reigned supreme, regulating the prices between buyers and sellers, slaves and masters, in reality no longer exists. "Organized capital is sovereign and this omnipotent god of human creation, far from being a myth, arbitrarily fixes the prices of all things, including labor power, and disposes of the human race according to his own interests or fancy."

Joseph H. Alfonso

1021 Sutter St., San Francisco.

That School of Courtship.

To affect indifference and questions of vital importance and to current events, social, scientific, moral and religious is a mark of stupidity; behind which affection, cowardly ignorance, laziness and vain assumption would fain hide.

One might as well be an Egyptian moaning in the tombs of the Pharaohs as pretend to live the life of the twentieth century and take no interest in those issues and problems which agitate the living world of which he is a member.

The great object of civilization is to secure to man the enjoyment of the points of his efforts, past and present, and provide for coming generations. The great object of all knowledge is to enlarge and pacify the intellectual faculties, training the heart, mind and soul for a refined pleasure. The vesture of thought is of more importance than raiment of body.

In point of importance nothing can possibly transcend Courtship, in as much as it feeds the fountain

of life and determines the character of its waters. By it the ethic standard is established, the order of society regulated, and the moral status of civilization determined. As important as the human race it rises in the scale of dignity first as the intellectual and moral status of society rises above the brute. Love Courtship and Marriage are subjects as old as the Land of Nod, and will be as new, interesting, captivating and of as absorbing interest the last day of the world as at any time since the flaming sword guarded the way to Paradise. Men and women come and go. Eve and Adam the story of life is repeated and is equally new to each.

Man has a physical nature. John Ruskin says that, "The basest thought possible concerning man is that he has no spiritual nature; and the foolishness of him possible in that he has, or should have, no animal nature. For his nature is nobly animal, nobly spiritual—coherently and irrevocably so; with part of it may, but at its peril expel, despise, or defy the other." There is a disposition to ignore the fact that man can be improved by scientific selection much faster than he has improved by "natural selection" loaded down by artificial hindrances.

Science is applied in useless theories. All that man has ever accomplished has been done through brains. Brains and physical inheritance, to be developed, strengthened and utilized just as muscle, The physical basin of bone, blood, brain and brawn are inherited. Your inheritance depended upon the relation of the temperament of your parents as operated upon by physical and psychic environment. Race improvement through the increase of the most capable is a thing the present generation should look to. Think, will you, of the geographic limits and ethnographic bounds to which the achievements of mod-

ern civilization is limited, and the rarity of genius even among the most progressive race; and again of the tendency of enlightened society to "die at the top" from artificial and economic causes and is most flagrantly illustrated in France and among the native born of New England and then ask yourself if, from sheer self-protection, the best blood of the best race had not better be desperately rational on the subjects of courtship and sturpiculture.

It is sheerest folly to appeal to a people to increase faster from the standpoint that they owe it as a duty to this country to furnish it with more soldiers and toilers to support them in order to build a great nation and keep other nations from out-rivaling them. This is what M. Zola is doing in France. What does a young wife, or an old one as to that, care for a so-called public duty that involves personal pain and sacrifice? Could you make them want to supply a deficiency of industrial drudgers or puppets for politicians and military scouts? No! Love must supply society with all that it takes to make it; and we must make its pathway smooth, and then, "though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death we need feel no evil," "its rod and staff will comfort us," "its yoke is easy and its burden light," and "its ways are ways of pleasantness and all its paths are peace."

Mismatches, free love, whoredom, masturbation, and celibacy are all the anarchistic outgrowth of an inadequate and senseless slipshod system.

This is not a question of want to or don't want to, but are of must. Every adult has gone through some sort of a school of courtship. His or her schooling may have been favorable or unfavorable; but there was no excepting the cause it had to be taken.

That child—look at it. If it ever gets grown it is bound to take whatever instructions that

the present routine of life offer. The only one now offered is one without a code of ethics, qualified instructors or a curriculum of study. Would it not be better for it to have the advantage of one with science, reason history, love and law, interpreted by qualified teachers, to instruct, guide and direct it in a matter of as much importance as any thing it will ever have to deal with?

Does the subject of Courtship bore you? If so then your heart is withered and you have no appreciation for the agency to which you owe your very existence.

If you have a mind on the subject let me know.

F. J. BROOKS.
Atwood, Tenn.

AN ETHER OCEAN.

Magnetic Currents—Vibrations —The Brain a Battery—Telepathy.

Scientists claim that the atmosphere encircling our globe is no more than five miles deep; that no man can live half that distance away from earth, as the air becomes too rarified, but beyond the limit there is an "Ether Ocean," where space is annihilated, indeed, distance is no object, as it is not a physical, but a spiritual atmosphere, where vibrations reach boundless ends of space.

Moreover, this "Ether Ocean" permeates our own atmosphere, and those who are so organized as to render them in touch with the finer forces of nature, can communicate with each other to the ends of the earth.

THE PHEMOMETER.

Stranger things than this are happening around us. Sir Julian Meadows, Professor of Celestial Electricity, England, left San Francisco for Manila last May, very quietly, for the newspapers failed to catch him.

He is the inventor of an instrument he put to test recently; It is named the "Phemometer." Before

coming to San Francisco he made arrangements with the scientists of Columbia University, New York, to communicate with them from Manila by projecting a magnetic current through the earth, a distance of over 7000 miles, "in less than an instant of time," and without wires or other material line of communication.

So delicate is the Phemometer it took Sir Julian three weeks to balance his indicator, so that it would point to the zero mark. Both the instruments at Mania and Columbia University, New York, are very highly magnetized. The preliminary tests were made through the earth at Manila, assisted by Captain M. Lee of the United States Signal Service.

At a prearranged time Sir Julian gave three short taps on the Phemometer.

At Columbia four professors were waiting for the clock to indicate the time for the taps, when precisely on the very second their receiving instrument responded in three distinct beats.

THE BRAIN A PHEMOMETER.

A man's brain is a Phemometer or galvanic battery, far more delicate and far more intricate than Sir Julian Meadows' instrument, that can send a magnetic wave or vibration clear through 7000 miles of rock and earth.

It is a well-known fact, proved by daily experience, that some persons can communicate with each other when thousands of miles apart. No matter whether it is by mental vibration, brain waves, or by magnetic current, the fact of communication is there.

Scores of instances can be given if necessary. The little daughter of General Custer ran into the house one day in a fit of despair, exclaiming, "Oh dear, my papa is being murdered by the Indians. I hear him crying for help; do run and help my dear papa." Then she collapsed and fell on the floor unconscious. She was hundreds of miles away from her father at

the time and later events proved that General Custer was murdered at that very minute.

Moreover several witnesses gave evidence that the General himself acted queerly all that morning and told his comrades in arms that disaster would befall him that day. He felt it coming.

General Lyle, the soldier-poet, predicted his death at Chickamauga. General Porter tells of three such instances during our war with Mexico. Captains Drum and Bergam of the U. S. Army, had like experiences, and Lieut. Gannt said "Good bye Porter, I shall never see you again." He was shot through the heart at the first attack. Lord Nelson correctly predicted his own death at Trafalgar. But to come near home. Many people have had experience more or less of "coming events that cast their shadows before." Some very much more so than others.

THE SENSE OF THE SOUL.

The senses of the body are entirely physical and are limited to five, but the sense of the soul is spiritual and its scope is illimitable.

If delicately organized instruments like the Phemometer can transmit a magnetic wave through the earth 7000 miles without visible means or line of communication, why cannot the brain of man send a vibration that would penetrate through the earth or over the sea twice 7000 miles as easily as the X-ray reveals every bone in a living body when placed behind a solid wall.

TELEPATHY.

We are trying, as our readers know, to receive messages sent to us in "brain waves," or vibrations, from three different stations in England, to our home near Golden Gate park, San Francisco, a distance of 7000 miles. We are catching the spirit but the very words do not develop yet.

In photography the negative must be developed to complete the

picture. So in mental photography the negative must be properly prepared. So far the picture is blurred. We are not discouraged, but shall "Try, try, try again," until success crowns our efforts.

Sir Julian Meadows met with failure and disaster for three years whilst perfecting his instrument, but he won at last by persistent effort.

In a short time Mrs. Haddock will return from Batley, Yorkshire, but there will remain two excellent psychists, and as they possess as much persistency as men and women of true progress do, we look for good results before next Christmas.

Mental Scientists and Psychologists in a Fog.

Mental Scientists? are not scientific, and Psychologists build without foundation.

Neither of the schools have a definite system. Prof. James of Harvard, their great exponent, confesses this in his work on Psychology.

A number of ladies in San Francisco have banded together for child study. They meet and tell each other what their children say and do, but not one of them think of offering a reason or looking at the head showing why their children act thus and so.

These mothers, like the mental scientists and psychologists are in a fog and will ever remain so until they discover that mind (on this earth anyhow) operates through the brain, and as is the brain in form, shape, together with the temperament and texture of the body so is mind.

This holds good in relation to men and animals, but man possesses a brain or instrument through which the mind operates with 42 keys, endowing him with an infinite variety or phases of mind.

Psychologists, Mental Scientists and members of the society for "Child Study" do not seem to realize this fact in nature that

operates through organs and foolishly assume that we are all "born equal." Circumstances, education and environment making all the difference there is in people, in face of the stern fact that it is as natural for some to paint yet cannot sing; others are natural talkers or writers yet cannot successfully engage in any mechanical trade or commercial undertaking, and so ad infinitum.

Because they do not see nature as she is they go on blundering and teaching half truths, leaving their followers in as deep a fog as themselves.

They speak of "will" yet fail to locate it or show how much "will" or how little is possessed by Jones or Smith.

They refer to the "reasoning faculty" but not one of them tell us where it is or how far Jones can reason better than Smith, because they don't know, make no claims of knowing, therefore not being able to locate it, or tell how little or how much it is developed, or whether it is active or dormant they leave their followers in a fog. They should study Phrenology.

Psychologists amuse Phrenologists when they refer to the intellect as giving "a sense of justice."

Why, some of the cleverest criminals are intellectual giants, but they have no sense of justice because their consciousness is wrong. Their moral faculties too are subservient to their selfish propensities and that is the reason why they have no sense of justice.

Let Psychologists and mental scientists, study man as he is organized, when they do this their judgement of men will be as accurate as that of the Phrenologists and not till then.

And while we are at it Astrologers too appear very much at sea. We read as their *ipse dixit*. "Study man" and forthwith they look over his head and look at the stars to see if they can discover the mysteries that surround his

nature and they too land in the fog.

Phrenologists think that the only way to "study man" is to study him. Observe his form, size, color, texture, temperament and especially note the form and shape of his head and features and see if his character does not correspond.

If still in the fog and you would like to see man clearly as he is constituted, we shall be happy enough to receive you as a student.

Phrenology is a Science.

Psychology a fad and a phantom.

A Wonderful Revelation.

I am delighted with your MAIL COURSE. Your 27 lessons teach how to READ character; and is much in little. They contain information not found anywhere else and I have read series of books on human Science or Phrenology the last twenty years.

As a practicing physician they are worth thousands of dollars to me. I see clearly why the brain centre of Amativeness correspond to and is related to the generative organs of the body, and Alimentiveness with the stomach; but that Venation depressed the circulation, giving a mellow tint to the face is a wonderful discovery, indeed, the thing is clear to my mind now that the brain has psychic as well as physical functions, and that the two are co-relative.

No physician without this phrenological knowledge can minister to a sick patient safely.

I am convinced that all parts of the brain (as your lessons demonstrate) have psychic relation with corresponding parts of the body.

The whole philosophy of Phrenology is a wonderful revelation to me, but the dual nature of the brain is very fascinating to me and truly based in nature.

A. PURCELL, M. D.

One of our old Students, Prof. J. E. Morton, is graduating at one of the foremost medical colleges in San Francisco.

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ALLEN HADDOCK,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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C. P. HOLT, EDITOR OF REVIEWS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEP., 1901.

Professor Haddock is the author of and accepts responsibility for all unsigned articles and paragraphs. The moral responsibility for signed articles devolves upon the writer whose name is attached.

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In this number our esteemed correspondent, Wm. Brook, makes a good hit on "Courtship." His article calls for serious attention and deep reflection.

IS THAT SO.

"Anybody can command the mysteries of the whole span of life; can do anything on earth that he wants to; can learn anything he wants to learn; can command the power that created worlds, if he will only think."

The above is copied from a paper we receive in exchange from far away India.

Such foolish conceptions are by no means confined to the Hindoos.

One of our students, Mr. Thos. Leach, of San Francisco went to a Mental Scientist? not far from this office for a consultation. Now, Mr. L. is a good man, and he knows his own mental capabilities better than anybody. He is a well informed man; he works hard for a living, and he knows just what he can and cannot do, but to test this Mental Scientist? who also poses as a Christian Scientist, he asked her what he could become. She replied that he could become just what he wished to be. All is mind; as a man thinketh, so is he; if he wished to become an intellectual giant he could be that. Mr. L. asked if he could become a Shakespeare. "Why certainly" she replied; all he had to do was to think hard and long, and in time he could become a Shakespeare.

On his return we inquired from our friend, Mr. Leach, how long he expected it would take him to build up his brain to the standard of a Shakespeare by thinking. Mr. L. thought he might be able to do it in a thousand years if his head didn't ache; he would try anyhow, and if he became oppressed with a "tired feeling" he would rest. He was not discouraged; if he broke down in the attempt and passed into the beyond, why he would reincarnate in some other fellow; he is bound to become a Shakespeare. Mr. L. is a reformer, does not believe in monopolies, and sees no reason why Shakespeare, Roger Bacon, or Ignatius Donnelly should have a monopoly of intellect. He says he will get some of it if it takes him a thousand years to do it, even if he has to join Mrs. Besant and the Hindoos.

What Is It?

How is it that some people take a liking or a disliking to another at once this feeling does not arise from personal knowledge.

The fact is mother earth and everything on this planet possess an aura or atmosphere according to the nature of its organs, from the dew kissed rose to a sweet smelling skunk!—it is the aura of the soul. In our opinion everything on the earth has a soul whether animate or inanimate; but the soul of man is immortal.

The aura of the soul in man, is not visible to the fine physical senses; but in the frontal and upper regions of the brain is an organ of Human Nature, it is located above the knowing and reasoning faculties, and those possessing this faculty well developed can read the soul or mind in others by intuition, can discover by "insight" the notices that impel others to act as they do. They know without knowledge of facts. Those who are deficient in this faculty are easily imposed upon.

In our examinations we meet with both classes every day.

The new book, "Mind and Its Machinery," by V. P. English, M. D., is having a good sale. Every student of human science ought to have it. We have the exclusive sale for it on the Coast and the price is within the reach of all, \$1. It is finely illustrated and a well bound book of 200 pages.

One with a large development of the selfish propensities, and small social sentiments as indicated by a very wide and flat back-head, cannot understand why there should be any sentiment in business. Such a man works according to cold-blooded propositions.

Psychology without Phrenology is like a wheel without a hub; on putting it in motion its spokes drop away from the outer rim, it wobbles and topples over.

WHAT IS MIND?

PART I.

"There is nothing else but mind. Mind fills all space and there is no room for anything else," says the goddess of light, but there is room for the idiotic and insane, cold and heat, and for all manner of animals and insects, and we must not forget to point out to your mind that there is room for very dark nights and for all manner of dark notions and theories. It would be a great relief to some of us, if some one clothed with authority, would point out the difference, if there be any, between force substance and life substance. But as no one has done this so far as the ground is unbroken, I must make my own terms, so that those who read this article may know at least what I mean. I shall take it for granted that a life substance has force, that it is force; that a dead force or a substance that is dead has force or power, is inconceivable. Life then, is a substance, and force is a substance, and this force substance is the life substance. I will now quote from one who might be considered good authority on some vital points, after which I shall quote from one who will be able to defend himself. In speaking of the forces of nature, this writer says—"These forces are not mind; they are the servants of mind. Not steam, but the engineer who holds the lever, is the real ruler of the engine." This is plain and to the point. No comment is needed. Let us now quote from Prof. Arnold.

"Law in operation, is but another name for force. Law is static force. Force is dynamic law. But neither law nor force can be conceived of as having intelligence in itself. It is unthinkable to conceive that iron expands by heat, or that water congeals by cold because either is intelligent." It is unthinkable that there is intelligence in law, for the reason that it does so many things that are

wholly unreasonable. Gravity is just as truly a law as any other law we can point to, and yet we know that this law and this force will hurl the innocent child from the precipice above to the rocks below, and dash its brains out with as little compunction, as you would the most vicious reptile. Or this force will give the innocent child, or an angel, if you please, a light fall and let it die a lingering and painful death. Is this mind. If so, then it is a queer kind of mind, and it must be equally a queer kind of people who regard the forces of nature as mind. We may, however, concede the one point, that nature's forces to a certain extent, are guided by mind, but not wholly. To claim that they were wholly guided by mind, is to bring the case back to where we left off, namely, that it is a very poor mind that does the guiding, and withal, a most vicious one. Where there is no memory there is no mind. Who will prove that this is not so? Mind is memory, and memory is nothing more nor less than a chain of magnetic images that form and fade in the mind center, inside the skull. Mind only can feel, think, understand, and if the whole body is mind, or if mind is a substance, without any other condition, then why could not the foot or hand feel pain after the nerves of sensation were severed? Life is a substance, and it matters not whether this substance is still or in motion, circulating in the man or in the moon, it is life just the same. But when we come to mind we have quite a different problem,

Before me lies a book of music-notes. Strictly speaking, this is not music at all; those notes are merely guides to the player, telling him what keys to strike to produce music. They are not music any more than the finger-board pointing the way to the next town is the way to it. So I affirm, that which develops mind is not mind that mind is not tangible to the

five senses—it cannot be seen, heard, tasted or scented. Mind, like music, is a form of expression, no expression, no mind. Mind is that quality in man that becomes conscious of nature around him and of the workings of the same, by allowing these things and these operations to express themselves through his brain organs. Each brain organ is one of the piano's keys. If you want music or mind you must strike these keys. Where there is no striking of the keys there is no music nor mind. Mind is the sum total of memory, and memory is so much of the past as can be reproduced. We shall do well to bear in mind the fact that both music and mind are forms of expression. Where there is no expression—no motion—there is neither music nor mind.

"Spirit is dead in the stone, asleep in the vegetable, dreaming in the animal and wake in man." The spirit, which is life, wakes in man for the simple and only reason that it here finds keys properly adjusted that it can lay its fingers on to give expression to itself and its works. In short, the work of building the brain organs is no more the work of intelligent, comprehensive action, than is the various sand deposits in bed of yonder river. The forces of nature move in channels, and if by any means these channels become clogged, these forces move around the obstruction, and in the case of the foot or toe, a corn or bunion is what you will have left to show for the obstructed circulation. Nature works to a pattern; if the father eats sour grapes the child's teeth are liable to be set on edge, whereas if the work was the conscious acts of mind, the father only would and should suffer. "The iniquitous (bad habits of mind and imperfections of body) of the father are visited on the children to the third and fourth generation.' Stock men know and recognize this law, but preachers and doctors ignore it in great measure.

The building of the brain, as well, the growth of all things, on earth and in heaven, is the work of affinity. Take a poor seed and plant it in poor soil, and the product will be poor. A poor father and a bad mother will produce a bad child, for the blind forces of nature build blindly to the pattern furnished. Convince me that the river is conscious of its movements to the sea, and I will concede every point you then wish to make. The rock tearing down the steep sides of yonder mountain, is the work of law. Does the rock know where it is going. Were it not for the intelligent action of man, not a house, tent or fragment of civilization would be seen on this planet, but instead, a squirming mass of reptiles and howling wilderness of vicious animals, would have possession of this earth. And this would have been the work of mind, according to some. But according to others, (and they can point to a world of proof for their claims,) mind has prevented this very thing. We are aware that this strikes pretty hard, but when a thing will not down, it is better to strike it down, when it has no good foundation to stand on.

Mind has mowed its way through the forests of earth, slaying and driving animals and reptiles before it; what were not slain, were either forced on or were rendered harmless. Had it not been for the direction of mind, there would not be an intelligent human being on this planet to-day, and it is doubtful, very doubtful, if there would be a human being at all.

W. B. Reed
Eureka, Calif.

Our European Trip.

Owing to pressure of other matter the next chapter on "Our European Trip," "In the Land of the Brontes," is held over until next month.

His Secret Died With Him.

The late Dr. Bonnell was an old time Phrenologist. He came to the coast.

"In the days of old,
In the days of gold,
In the days of '49' "

He told us he then often cleared \$100 a day by making Phrenological examinations among the miners.

One day a student came into our office for a Lesson when Dr. Bonnell was present. The doctor addressing him at once said,

"You are the youngest child,
And the only son of your parents."

The young man was astounded, stated that the verdict was correct but asked the Dr. how he knew?

Dr. Bonnell smiled and said it was a discovery of his own, he declined to explain his theory.

We put the doctor to the test in our own case, and that of many of our friends and acquaintances, and every time his answers were correct.

Another of our students offered him \$10 for the information but he declined to give it. This should not be. Science should be given to the world free; instruction and time alone should be paid for, we made no cash offer. He promised to impart the information or to let us into the secret before he died, but he was taken off suddenly at Santa Barbara, and his secret died with him.

The doctor was somewhat of a psychist, yet we hardly think his answers came from his psychic nature, but from a facial sign.

REGENERATION, by F. B. Dowd.
—The ripest fruit of a mind of rare illumination, this work will prove to be of unusual interest and importance to all seeking unfoldment and attainment on the higher planes. Through clear understanding of the great problem of SEX—its nature, use and control—man has ever come into largest realization of power, to be

and to do in accordance with his highest ideals, overcoming the obstacles of environment, "circumstances," disease, weakness and even death itself. To healers and teachers of all schools in the New Thought, it will be indispensable. While thinkers, preachers, and student everywhere will find it vital at many points. In style, the book is clear, concise, direct and simple—absolutely devoid of all cant and technicality.

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S. F., Calif.

Prof. Haddock: Your "European Trip" articles are very interesting. One can see with the mind's eye the objects you so graphically describe.

I had no idea of the immensity of London in so many respects.

Allow me also to thank you for your skillful and accurate delineation of myself in your office two months ago. I value the chart highly.

Yours sincerely
L. A. Ross,
Los Gatos, Cal.

Dr. Burke is very conscientious, and is not inclined to accept students in the college of Osteopathy unless qualified by nature for the work.

If all presidents and directors of medical colleges were to draw such broad lines, they would turn out fewer failures and a class of men adapted to the profession.

The following from the pen of Dr. Burke appeared in his Health Magazine:

"Go to Prof. Allen Haddock, 1020 Market street, San Francisco, and let him tell you if you are a natural born physician or not. If nature intended you as a healer, then come along. If you are not, you cannot enter our school. It would be a wrong both to you and to the college to allow you to enter."

The Engineer's Story.

The following story is pathetic in the extreme. A man with a flat back-head could exhibit no such love for his child. This engineer had a full back-head to manifest such a father's love and sympathy, also large Conscientiousness for the accident he caused he said—

"Blame it all on me."

A grand crash—a shower of flying splinters; bump, bump, and the coaches settled back on the rails, and the passengers picked themselves up and cried out to each other that there had been a collision. So there had. Freight No. 17 was pulling in on the side track, but the day express thundered down on her while the long train was yet a third of its length on the main track. Some one had blundered. Some one's watch was off time. Some one must be held responsible for the accident. Under the overturned locomotive was the fireman—dead. Near him was the engineer, pinned down to the frozen earth by one of the drivers, and when he had been relieved a doctor, who was among the passengers, knelt beside him and said, "Arm broken—leg broken—foot crushed to a pulp. He cannot live." Who had blundered? Who had disobeyed orders? The conductors of the two trains were comparing watches and orders, when the engineer, fast dying, beckoned them. "I wasn't due here until 10:10, and it was just 10:5 when I struck the freight. I was ahead of time—running on her time." "So it was—so it was," whispered the two conductors. "This morning when I left home," continued the engineer, "the doctor was there. Our little Jennie—our five year old—was sick unto death. In her delirium she kept crying out, 'Don't go, papa—don't leave little Jennie to die.' It was like a knife in my heart to leave her, but I must go, I must. I was leaving the house when the doctor put his hand on

my shoulder and said, 'Tom, my boy, by six o'clock tomorrow morning she'll either be dead or better.' " "What a long day this was to me," he went on after a bit. "When I pulled out of the depot to-night, headed for home and Jennie, I wanted to fly. I kept giving her more steam, and I kept gaining on my time. We aren't due till seven, you know, but I wanted to be in at six—aye, an hour before that. When the thought came to me that Jennie might be dead when next I entered the door I should have pulled the throttle wide open if the fireman hadn't grabbed my arm." "Poor man," they whispered, as he shuddered with pain and seemed to be exhausted. "Yes, blame it all on me," he whispered. "No. 17 had five minutes more to get in, and she'd have made it all right, but I stole her time. And now—and now— —" He lay so quiet for a moment that the doctor felt for his heart to see if it still beat. "And now—that's her—that's Jennie. She's down the track—over the high bridge—through the deep cut—I'm coming—coming!" And men wiped tears from their eyes and whispered, "He has found his child in death!"

Wall Charts.

A medical man bought \$160 worth of wall charts, intending to use them in the lecture field. Some are medical, others phrenological, mostly new. Owing to unforeseen circumstances he never used them and now offers them for sale for \$60. Particulars on application at this office. Send stamp for reply. Will be sent on approval to intending purchaser. Address M. D., this office.

Prof. Morton as a graduate of ours, and as a medical student, is able to tell the doctors in this number something they do not know and on which they are all at sea.

Misdirected.

The other day we made a Phrenological examination of an exceedingly bright young lady.

She had a keen clear intellect and general organization for a Journalist and newsgather, of masculine type, with a back-head flat as a board, hence she would not be of an indulgent or domestic nature, had therefore no love of Children and was not adapted for the schoolroom as a teacher nor for domestic life. She belonged the outer world, the office rather than the home.

Such was our advice, that although she had the intellect for a teacher would have no patience with children, therefore teaching the little ones would end in misfortune to herself and do the pupils no good.

She confessed, but not to our surprise, that she was a School Teacher but she hated the work and had lost her position as teacher for this reason; she hated children.

Her parents and friends blamed and harrassed her for "not giving her mind to the work," until she could stand it no longer, and had left home and tried to get other positions in San Francisco and had failed. Now she was stranded and did not know what to do; a stranger among strangers in a quiet city and no means, with poverly staring her in the face or the temptation to lead a gay life, perhaps to end in a suicides grave.

New Methods.

A correspondent writing to *Health Culture*, says that a kind physician confessed to him with tears in his eyes that if he had understood the *inner man* as well as he does now, he could have saved his father's life, and he tells a pitiful story of a poor man who was taken in a helpless condition from a drifting wreck and his first words were, "There is another man."

Yes, there is another man, a real man not of flesh, bone, or muscle, but a man that medical science has not discovered, and that is why medicine is a colossal failure.

Dr. Forrest's \$1 book, "New Methods," giving home treatment for all diseases by simple and hygienic methods, has something to say about the "other" or "inner man," and tells how to treat him successfully and eradicate disease from the mental as well as the physical system. It is worth printing in gold. It contains 322 pages and every page is worth a dollar. Send to this office for the work.

Which is the Best Way?

Practical phrenologists have some wonderful experiences. In making examinations they begin with the body first, and notice its texture, temperament, its form, shape, and relation to the head and face.

By these natural methods of observation they become expert at diagnosing disease as well as reading character. Here is a common case in point: there entered our office a man 35 years of age; he was pale and wan; his cheeks were hollow, denoting a weak stomach, dyspepsia, and constipation; his chin was broad, corresponding to a massive lower jaw, and we knew that he possessed a strong and vigorous heart, but that it would beat very hard sometimes in sympathy with the stomach. The stethoscope alone would tell a doctor that the subject was suffering from heart trouble, and he would minister to that if he knew not that the chin and base brain told a different story. This we clearly stated to the subject, that the weakest part of his physical organism was his stomach; that his heart was free from disease, but palpitated heavily during fits of indigestion. It was no surprise to hear him say that he had been under medical treatment more than one year for

heart trouble at a cost of \$300 in doctor's bills and loss of work until now he could hardly walk, had spent almost his last dollar on drugs and doctor's prescriptions, and about given up all hope.

We advised him to throw all physic to the dogs, and let nature cure him; she would do it if given a chance. He began to practise a new diet; the first three days he fasted, then washed himself inside and out; took internal baths daily for three weeks, and drank plenty of hot water, eating small quantities of nourishing food regularly, breathing deeply, getting good sun baths on the ocean beach, regained sleep, and began to improve right away. It is only three months since he began this treatment; his cheeks have filled out; color has returned; his eyes are bright and clear, and his lips moist and red; a glow of health pervades his whole system; he weighs eight pounds more than he did; feels strong, and would now be able to work but for the general strike. He is delighted and enthusiastic over the change in his condition. The phrenological examination and chart cost him \$2. He is getting back that precious of all earthly blessings—health. The medical treatment cost him \$300, and he came near losing his life; he had almost lost all hope. These are the plain facts of the case without embellishment.

Some doctors—those who are on the make—do not love phrenology; it robs them of their victims, it is the people's best friend. There are many honorable exceptions, however, and the best of them hail phrenology as the greatest blessing to mankind.

The Philosophical Journal steadily continues its course in the dissemination of advance thought. It is a twentieth century magazine, published at 1437 Market street, San Francisco, Calif.

A LIFE LINE.

On the banks of the Quinepoxet river, in the town of West Boylston, Mass., on the morning of September 16th, 1843, a baby boy first saw earth and daylight.

This child was christened George Henry Holt. He was my cousin and foster brother. He was intellectual, good and affectionate.

Other boys have been the same, but this boy had a career. It was an honorable one. He graduated from Amherst college; then he entered Wall street, where he acquired a fortune. Under our wretched system of capitalism a fortune is a good thing to have. Everybody wants a fortune, but there are not enough to go around, and only good financiers get the fortunes. My brother was a good financier.

Great financiers are sometimes good men. George H. Holt was a good man. He loved his mother. She died six years ago. He died at Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y., on the 31st day of last July (1901).

He left mourning his departure a wife, and step daughter, a cousin Martha, a cousin Emma, an aunt, some more cousins, a host of loving and admiring friends, and poor me.

I have said that my mother and my brother died. I make the correction. They are still alive, and together, in the land of souls. In the stillness of twilight they will visit me. Perchance I may not see their spirit forms through the fogs of earth, but they will beckon to me. When the mists clear away I shall see them. It may be years from now, but only a few; then I shall go. And you, too.

"Be ye also ready."

C. P. HOLT.

An article in this number under the caption of "Cui Boni," ought to open the eyes of all medical men, and it will too if they are not too blind to see nature's work as revealed by Phrenology.

Medical Science ?

The art of medicine is not a science. Science is exact knowledge, and according to the highest authorities in medicine practice, medicine is guess work.

Medicine affects no two persons alike, nor the same person at different times, for the simple reason that conditions differ, the temperature of the body, chemical condition of the stomach, the varying attitudes of the physical and mental forces make medicine guess work, and so uncertain of results is the administration of drugs, as to upset all theories.

The fact that medical text books prescribe just so much of a dose for a child and so much for an adult without distinction or recognition of any difference between patients, as if made from one cast-iron mould is enough to condemn the practice of medicine as belonging to the dark ages of ignorance and gross superstition.

Medical science (?) knows nothing of the soul or supersenses of the body; it only has eyes for the body physically; it sees its arrangement of bones, muscles, tendons, nerves, blood vessels, etc., but fails to recognize that mind is the real man himself and the creator of matter.

To the finer forces of nature medical science (?) is blind as a bat.

There is a great future before the physician who will look at man as he is, as nature made him, body and mind—mind, the real eyes, and as revealed by the wonderful science of phrenology.

A man with a low development of the Spiritual faculties, as Ingersoll (see front page) cannot see the spiritual side of life, and believes that religion is all superstition.

It is one of the greatest marvels of the age that intelligent men—men who are considered as "smart" in many ways remain entirely in the dark regarding the mental constitution of man.

Combinations.

An old adage runs: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Students with only a smattering knowledge of Phrenology are no more qualified to read character aright than a wee baby who only knows the letters of the alphabet is able to read the Bible.

It is not enough to know of the influence of texture, temperament, circulation, digestion, breathing and other physical conditions, or to be only cognizant of the location and function of the 42 brain organs or faculties of the mind, but *how* they act in combination and react or influence one another.

A person may, for instance, have large inhabitiveness and attached to home, but Locality may be large also hence he would be fond of travel and so on ad infinitum.

Because one is small in the organ of Continuity, it would not do to say on that account he never finishes anything he undertakes to do, for if his firmness be large or very large he will be a very persistent man, holding on to any job until he has finished it once he makes up his mind to do so.

A mother with small Philoprogenitiveness will not be over-indulgent with her children, but if conscientiousness be large she will be just, and with large Benevolence she will be generous.

Doctor's Trust.

The bill recently passed giving the Doctors in California a monopoly is declared by the best attorneys in the State as unconstitutional.

They say it will be thrown out in the Supreme Court as against all principles of liberty and freedom and against the national welfare.

If the medical priests could have things their own way they would repeat the horrible crimes of the Spanish inquisitors.

Glasgow is said to be the best vaccinated city in Scotland. Small pox is raging there.

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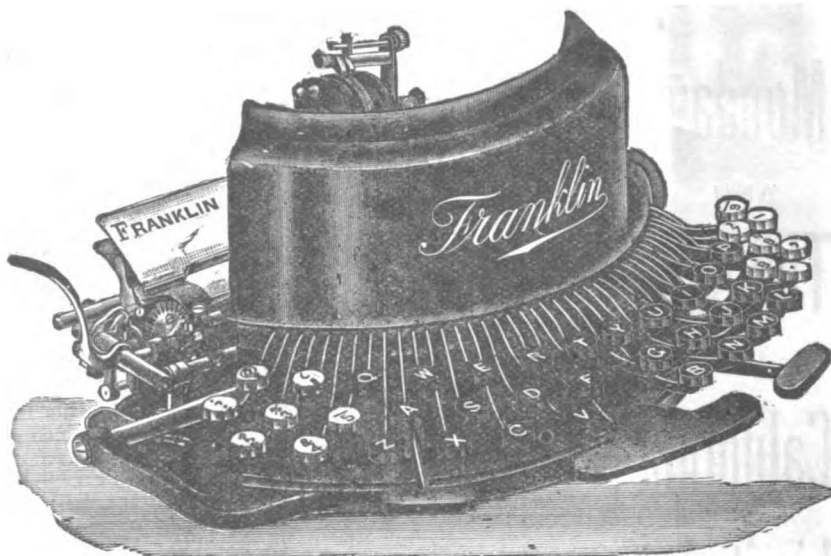
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WEEK DAYS
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Leave TAVERN of TAMALPAIS—
* 8:30 A. M. 1:10 P. M., 4:20 P. M.
*This train will not be run until additions to
the Tavern are completed.
SUNDAYS
Leave SAN FRANCISCO—
8, 10, 11, 12 A. M. and 1:15 P. M.
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Ar at Stockton	10.18 a	11.45 a	11.10 p	7.18 p
" Merced	12.22 a	1.17 p	1.19 a	9.11 p
" Fresno	2.05 p	2.35 p	3.05 a	10.50 p
" Hanford	3.12 p	3.27 p	7.08 a	
" Visalia	3.40 p		7.30 a	
" Bakersfield	6.15 p	5.20 p	7.30 a	
" Kansas City		2.49 p	3.09 a	
" Chicago		2.15 p	.09 p	

* for morning. p for afternoon. *9 a.m. train is the California limited. leaving Monday and Thursday only, carrying Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars through to Chicago. Chair Cars run to Bakersfield for accommodation of local first-class passengers. No second-class tickets are honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 5.55 p.m. Tuesday and Friday.

4.20 p. m. is Stockton and Fresno local. Corresponding train arrives at 12.30 p.m daily.

8.00 p. m. is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 5.55 p.m. daily.

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