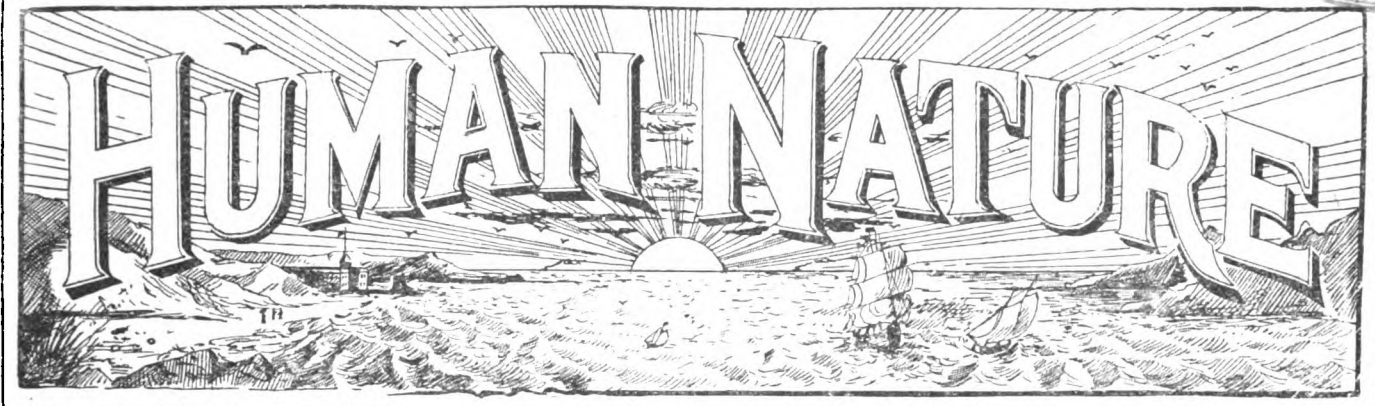


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TYPES OF MEN AND RACES.



Mooser, a Native of Zanzibar, Africa.

[Photographed by Holler for Human Nature.]

To the student of human nature no subject is of greater interest than Ethnology, the study of races or families of men. Whether man descended from a single pair by special creation as recorded in Genesis, or evolved from the lowest forms of animal life as declared by scientists, one fact is apparent to all observers, that races of men differ in conformation and character as widely as do rocks, trees or animals. The Malay bears little resemblance to the Caucasian, and the Negro is never mistaken for the North American Indian. They do not look alike, do not think alike, do not act alike. So diverse are their natures that assimilation seems impossible.

While no two things in the universe are exactly alike, and two persons of a race are never found to perfectly resemble each other, yet there is a similarity in members of the same race not observable in individuals of distinct races.

There is a phrenological difference between the races of men so pronounced that an examination of the skull reveals the peculiar type, and gives a clue to the owner's race and nationality.

San Francisco is a cosmopolitan city, the streets of which are traversed by representatives of nearly every race and nation on the face of the earth. Chinese, Japanese, Negroes, Indians, Europeans of

all nationalities, Asiatics. People of all shades of color, and every form of body and feature, jostle each other as they promenade from Park to water front.

From this medley of humanity we have selected a representative of the African or Negro race whose portrait heads this article.

This young "colored person" is a native of Zanzibar, and was brought to San Francisco by an eminent physician of this city, to act in the capacity of valet. The lad is about 18 or 19 years of age, and answers to the poetic name of Mooser. He is a character and no mistake. To listen to his childish, half-barbarous expressions, couched in very broken English,

interrupted ever and anon by loud guffaws or prolonged laughter, affords the greatest amusement to the observer, besides giving a key to his character and that of his race.

A glance at his portrait reveals his nature to be almost entirely animal. Indeed, that is what he is; largely animal. His organic quality is low, and his desires are of the sensual, with not a suspicion of the spiritual in his nature.

By drawing an imaginary vertical line from the root of the nose, as seen in the profile picture, it will be seen that the lower or animal division of the face greatly projects forward, and the line exhibiting the prognatheous jaw corresponds with the heavy base brain. The animal or selfish propensities predominating over the intellectual lobes, as seen in the narrow and contracted forehead.

The distance from the opening of the ear to the crown of the head is much greater than that shown by a line drawn from the same point to the root of the nose, indicating greater brain area over firmness, than in the perceptive intellect, which seems very deficient, being a great contrast to our North American Indian who is endowed with a great amount of perceptive intellect caused by the constant exercise of that brain center, which in the Negro lies dormant.

Such a combination renders Mooser a child in intellect and low in moral perception. A glance at those coarse projecting lips reveals a sensual nature, which unrestrained by conscientiousness, or unchecked by fear must necessarily run riot. The strong animal tendency to gratify a ravenous sexual appetite (characteristic of the Negro) is evident in the large cerebellum, protruding lips, and lecherous eyes.

Mooser delights to regale his listener's ears with anecdotes of his amours with the dusky maidens of Zanzabar. One in particular he dwells upon with a fondness which would be pathetic and even romantic if it were freed from the tincture of animality with which he flavors his recital.

Mooser has large mirthfulness, and to be true to the Negro character throws care to the winds. His hearty inimitable laugh at the merest trifle is contagious. The weak, retreating chin betrays a

feeble character. In the full face, front view, the forehead is shown to be narrow, and the intellect deficient, though with training he might develop a fair amount of common knowledge, yet for the most part poor Mooser must remain a child to the end of his earthly career.

The organ of Acquisitiveness is exceedingly small. Tropical Africa supplies an abundance of food, and the wants of her children being few, Acquisitiveness gets but poor culture. However, in order to repel enemies, and preserve life from wild beasts Secretiveness and Destructiveness are exercised, rendering the native of that climate, crafty and often treacherous.

In Mooser, Secretiveness is large, as is seen in the fullness of the head behind and above the ears, and also in the elongated eye and widely distended nostrils. Alimentiveness is another strong trait in his character; he loves to eat, drink and sleep, as do all animals. Nature begins at the base brain to build, and the Negro has not yet left the lower level.

Our North American Indians are a much superior race from an intellectual standpoint, than the Negro. The Indian is often cruel, and always destructive, but his perceptive intellect is exceedingly large, and his independence of character towers so far above the Negro as to make the latter seem insignificant in comparison. The hair of the Indian is long and straight like the mane of the lion, while the hirsute covering to the cranium of the Negro resembles the wool of the sheep. What is the significance? They are both uncivilized, but while the wool-headed Negro has been a slave for centuries, and always subservient to a superior race, the straight-haired Indian has scorned to be a slave. Rather than submit to such an indignity he prefers death and extinction, but *that* he accepts only while fighting "in the last ditch."

Mooser is a typical Negro and as such an object lesson to the Phrenological and Ethnological student.

The price of the Phrenological Journal has been reduced to \$1.00 a year. HUMAN NATURE is 50 cts. If you subscribe *immediately* by sending \$1.00, you can have *both* magazines one year.

Address HUMAN NATURE office.

MUSIC.

BY JOHN F. BERNARD.

Suppose the case of a person who is an absolute idiot, except that his Tune is immensely developed, one whose quality is very low, and whose tendencies are in the direction of harshness. How would his Tune manifest itself? Would it not seek and be satisfied with mere sounds, such as the whistling of steam-engines, the rasping of a file, the creaking of cart-wheels, the calls of animals or peddlers, college yells, bell-ringing, the humming of machinery, the buzzing of saws in mills, the noises of storms and winds, the lashing of the sea, the sounds of approaching steps, drumming, the blare of fish-horns and cavalry trumpets, and so forth? Or would there indeed be a musical tendency, however crude and simple? It seems to me that there would be no more musical ability or tendency in such an individual than there is in a parrot. The parrot is greatly endowed with Imitation; and, as it exercises its Imitation exclusively on sounds, its next strongest faculty must be that which establishes the relation with sounds. Is not this faculty, the faculty of Tune? Yet the parrot has no musical ability. Though it imitates musical as well as all other sounds to perfection, it does so from an appreciation of the sounds and not of the music—it might render portions of the "Messiah," without any appreciation of the music. And if its appreciation for mere sounds comes from a development of Tune, why should not the idiot also manifest his Tune similarly?

But whatever may be the elementary nature of Tune, whether it is the faculty that puts us in relation with mere sound and all its phenomena, or whether it is only called into activity by harmonious combinations of sounds, still I doubt whether *music* can be produced by Tune alone. The simplest harmonious combination of sounds that will exercise the faculty of Tune, does not constitute music, and of course my doubt extends to the question, whether *any* of the combinations of sounds that satisfy Tune alone, are sufficient to constitute music. Music, I consider to be the product of Tune,

working in combination with other faculties. Possibly all the other faculties may enter into combination with Tune to produce music. These combinations of faculties may be simple, or they may be complex. They are complex in the higher grades of music. As examples of the simple combinations, I may suggest that Amateness or Conjugalities or both are necessary in love-songs, Veneration in sacred music, Inhabitiveness in patriotic airs like the "Star-spangled Banner," Mirth in Funny topical songs. The high grades of music frequently require the co-operation of many faculties, even sometimes in the composition of a single piece; and a whole opera may tax the resources of all the faculties.

In this paper, I intend to confine myself to the faculty of Human Nature, as an element in the composition of music.

Human Nature enters into the composition of popular airs, and of operas both grand and comic, or, generally of vocal music, and perhaps I may include songs without words, so called, and instrumental music descriptive of human nature, such as the "Maiden's Prayers." Instrumental music consists of either harmonious combinations of sounds merely or imitations of general nature—thus, we have imitations of mocking birds and other kinds of birds, of monastery bells, roaring lions and waves, storms, winds, and so forth. The piece "Tam O'Shanter" is a fine imitation of the sounds of the natural scenes described in Robert Burns' poem of that name (take for instance, the galloping of the horse, over the bridge, which the musical composer has brought out well,) though to one unacquainted with the poem, the piece might appear to be nothing but so much noise.

Some think, that any piece of music, old or new, can be made to fit any combination of words, so long as the measures are the same. That, for instance, songs may be composed on any subject whatever, and appropriately sung to the air of "Remember Me" from the "Bohemian Girl." But they are in error. Just like the first words of "Marching Through Georgia," namely, "Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll have another song," and sing them to the tune

of "Yankee Doodle," and see how the expression and sense are destroyed.

How perfectly a parrot can imitate the expressions of human nature. I have heard a parrot imitate the simplest natural expressions, and the laughter of a pretty girl so well, that the imitation might have been mistaken for the original. It is the aim of musical composers of operas, to give as close a reproduction of the expressions of human nature, as that parrot did.

Suppose I should succeed in writing a perfect, modern, lyric poem, suitable to a female character; one that would excite the admiration and praise of the rhetoricians, and make an extraordinary, popular hit on account of its sentiments, and suppose that it became desirable to set it to music. I might proceed in this way: I might get the greatest, living actress to study the poem thoroughly, and then recite it before a phonograph, and then have an eminent musical composer do the mechanical work of transferring from the phonograph to music paper, regulating the measure, supplying the appropriate accompaniment, and so forth. The result would be as perfect a reproduction, even to the finest shadings of sounds, as the imitations of a parrot, and it would be as true to the natural expressions of human nature as such a great actress, and such a delicate instrument could make it.

Conditions, Pre-Natal and Post-Natal.

A young woman was arrested last week, in San Francisco for stealing goods from a display counter in a large store. She confessed the deed, and, by way of excuse said, she had an irresistible desire to steal something. The scientific name for such an impulse to pilfer is Kleptomania. The word sounds queer, but the phenomenon it describes is still more strange. Several years ago a very respectable clergyman in Brooklyn, New York, seeing a dainty slipper upon the foot of a pretty miss, as she tripped past him upon the street, yielding to a Kleptomaniac impulse, and watching his opportunity when the little foot raised from the sidewalk, caught the slipper in his hand and

ran away in triumph. Of course he was arrested and confessed to a penchant for ladies' slippers, which mania had followed him from birth. He would scorn to steal anything but ladies' slippers, but of them he could never get enough. Another respectable clergyman of an eastern city, when visiting his parishioners, often surreptitiously appropriated a book—always a book—which he never failed before leaving the house, to return to the shelf from which it had been taken.

In Cleveland, Ohio, a young man of respectable parentage was convicted of stealing a lady's purse, containing money. His mother petitioning the court for mercy toward her son, testified that previous to the child's birth, being refused money by her husband, she had taken it from his pocket while he slept. As in the instances before mentioned, her thieving mind psychologically impressed the fetal brain of her child.

One morning many years ago, in a city of Indiana, I saw a young man staggering through the street. I was informed that he was *born* drunk, and had never seen a sober day, though liquor was kept from him. His father and mother were both drunkards. The case of Jessie Romeroy, the boy murderer of Massachusetts, is known to everybody. His mother assisted her husband (who was a butcher) to slaughter and dress sheep and cows. Her child received the psychological desire to kill, so he killed his playmates for sport. This antenatal, psychological law is not of recent discovery. In the thirteenth chapter of Genesis, there is detailed a successful experiment in this line, made by Jacob upon his father-in-law's cattle, wherein, by setting up striped poles before the strong cows, they bore vigorous, striped calves, all of which, according to contract with Laban, should belong to Jacob. This was sharp practice on the part of Jacob, a trait of character which seems to have descended in the family, clear down to "Uncle Jacob" the pawn broker.

The ancient Spartans surrounded their prospective mothers with charming environments, and looked well to proper ancestry, with the result that a grand race of men were reared. Would it not be well for this generation to imitate the Spartans? C. P. HOLT.

DEFINING TERMS.

This world seems crowded with shams and nonsense. There is more humbug and downright fraud abroad in the land, than Lucifer, the "father of lies," ever conceived.

I am measuring my words now, and realize the potency of the expression in saying, that not a beautiful truth, nor a living principle has ever been born to earth, but some charlatan would adopt it as his own, and after besmirching it with filth, and mixing with it his dirty selfhood, presented it to the world as the genuine article.

This is what has happened to Phrenology, to Spiritualism and to Socialism. When asked if I am a Phrenologist, a Spiritualist or a Socialist, I hesitate to answer until I learn what definition my interlocutor gives to the terms. If I am permitted to give my construction as to the meaning of the words, then I am all three, otherwise I am a pagan.

PHRENOLOGY.

If to be a Phrenologist is to be a fakir, to "cure love troubles," to "cast out evil spirits," cast horoscopes, tell fortunes, sell "sexual secrets," sell "love powders," debauch the minds of youth with impure suggestions in private lectures, or to write obscene books, or to pretend to read character by "bumps, then I am not a Phrenologist, and will turn my face from any man who gives that definition to Phrenology, and calls me a professor of such stuff. If to be a Phrenologist is to be a strict scientific reader of human character according to the principles discovered and advocated by Gall, Spurzheim, Combe and Sizer, and to teach men and women how to make the most of their talents, and thereby achieve success in life, then I am a Phrenologist, and a pronounced one at that.

SPIRITUALISM.

If to be a Spiritualist is to believe that every thought I have, or act I perform is prompted by "Spirits, that the ghost of Socrates, Demosthenes, Shakespeare, Horace Greely, or any other ancient or modern worthy is constantly dogging my steps and "influencing" me; or that the balderdash spouted from the lips

of "speaking mediums" in horrid English proceeds from the souls of the Websters, Calhouns, or Corwins, whose diction was faultless when on earth, or to attend promiscuous circles, held in close, ill-ventilated rooms, holding the hands of all sorts of men and women to my disgust and ill health, or to patronize fortune-telling mediums, or receive "massage treatment" from unclean "spirit healers" often reeking in swine-grease or tobacco, or to advocate free love (lust) or practice its pernicious teachings, or to combat and denounce as error, all churches, and as evil, all Christians and Clergymen, then in that case, I am *not* a Spiritualist, never was, and never will be.

If however, to be a Spiritualist is to believe in the immortality of the human soul, and to *know* that our dear, departed relatives and friends, whom in earth-life we loved so fondly, and cherished so dearly, are not dead but ever near us, and under favorable conditions can and do whisper sweet words of love in our listening, eager ears, just as did the angel to John on the Isle of Patmos, and millions of other immortals have done since the dawn of history; if to be a spiritualist is to aspire to purity of life and the acquisition of knowledge, to live the Golden Rule, to seek after righteousness; if *this* be Spiritualism (which I affirm it is) then, am I a Spiritualist, and glory in its name.

SOCIALISM.

If to be a Socialist is to advocate Anarchy and the disruption of civilized society, the wholesale destruction of property, the sacking of cities and the murdering of all rich people, if it is to advocate individualism and the abolition of law, the division of all wealth among separate individuals, in a word, if it means Anarchy, then I am as far from being a Socialist, as C. P. Huntington is from being an angel of mercy.

But, if the mission of Socialism is to abolish the present Competitive System, whereby it is possible for a few sharp-witted schemers to corral all the wealth in the world, including the earth we tread, and make wage slaves of the remaining population; if Socialism has for its motto the social, financial and political equality of all men

and women, and universal co-operation and equality in the production and distribution of wealth, with equality for all and special privileges to none; if *this* be Socialism (and it is my definition of the term) then let it be recorded that I am a Socialist and the Plutocrats can make the most of it.
C. P. HOLT.

The Obvious Effects of Socialism.

BY T. BERSFORD.

Socialists maintain that the present industrial system is not only cruel and despotic, but it is also the cause of a stupendous waste of energy, time and material, and the time will come when all people will unhesitatingly admit the fact. It required years of bloody warfare, and a vast expenditure of treasure to force the Southerners to abandon chattel slavery, and, yet, most southerners will now admit that the wage system is better and cheaper to the employer than the chattel system, and it is quite possible that many of the opponents of socialism will live to see the co-operative commonwealth proved to be superior in every respect, and from all points of view, to the present system; and yet, doubtless many of them will fight socialism until the very day of its realization. It may be interesting to state that Oxford University was one of the last places in which the Newtonian philosophy was acknowledged and it is one of the first universities to start a socialist club.

Very few people fully realize what an enormous amount of unnecessary work and trouble the present industrial system involves. There are about 400,000 drummers, or agents, in this country, and the railway fares, hotel bills, salaries and total expenses amount to an enormous sum every year. There are thousands of milkmen, butchers, peddlers, etc., crossing each other's routes, instead of having one distributor to each district, as in the case of mail carriers. Thousands of middlemen, commission agents, etc., who rob both the producer and the consumer, and thousands of stores, where a very few large ones would suffice.

Several hundred thousand workers are employed in advertising

work, as sign painters, stencil cutters, show-card writers, brass and embossed sign makers, paper makers, sign-board makers, printers and dodgers and bill posters, etc.; every little store has its signs, show and price cards, and advertisements. It is said that \$8,000,000 a day is spent on advertising.

Now all this represents so much waste of labor. People would get their food, clothes, etc., just the same if there were not a drummer or advertisement in the country, and, besides being unnecessary, they are very heavy burdens upon the people. All who are not producers live upon the labor of the producer. If all the non-producers took their part in useful work, they would add to the productive power of the nation, without in the least diminishing the per capita reward of labor. The more men employed, the shorter would be the time necessary to work.

Under Socialism (the co-operative commonwealth) all industry would be run for public convenience, and not as now, for private profit. The people, the government would be the only employer, the only producer, the only seller.

According to statistics, the wealth produced per day in the United States averages about \$10 per worker. Out of this the capitalist class take (through rent, interest and profit) about \$9 leaving only \$1 per day for each worker. Of course, many workers get several dollars per day, but, including low-paid labor, and those who only get a few months' work in the year, and deducting rent from this, the average is about \$1 per worker, and this includes book-keepers, clerks and other well-paid labor.

Under Socialism, as there would be no profit-taking private employer, it is obvious that the worker would get approximately the full value of the product of his labor. There would be no necessity for people to beg private employers to give the work, as the State would have to furnish employment, and the more employed, the better for all.

It is stated, that with the best machinery, one man can turn out enough cotton cloth for 250 people, or enough woollens for 300 people, or enough shoes for 1,000 people, and, with latest machinery, enough bread for 500 people.

When one reflects upon this, it is impossible to doubt the assertion frequently made, that if industry were properly organized, one or two hours work per day could be made sufficient to satisfy all our needs.

There are many persons who believe, that the picture of pleasure and comfort under Socialism, drawn by Edward Bellamy, in "Looking Backward," is much exaggerated, but a little reflection ought to convince anyone that such pleasant conditions as he describes, are but the natural results that would be brought about by a co-operative commonwealth. Effects are the results of causes. Social conditions, good or bad, are the results of the social and industrial systems that produce them, and the advantages claimed for socialism, are the plain and obvious deduction from facts. If people have good food, sanitary homes and surroundings, freedom from worry and fear of poverty, plenty of leisure time for pleasure and study, and can meet in social intercourse on conditions of material equality, they have at least got many of the conditions necessary to happiness.

To bring these conditions about, is the aim of socialists. This is the wicked scheme for which socialists are persecuted and thrown into prison for advocating. This is the cause for which many noble men have sacrificed their prospects in life, their wealth, their time, their lives.—*Twentieth Century*.

The Literary Grotto,

BY C. P. HOLT.

Fresh from the hands of the printer and binder, comes to my desk a book of 139 pages, bearing the significant and euphonious title "*The Secret of Life or Harmonic Vibration*" By Francis King.

The word, "Vibration," gives the key to the book. It is this way—the author starts out with the idea that the men, women and children who walk up and down on the earth, are a little out of gear and need to have their machinery adjusted. The woods are full of invalids who are just sighing for this book, only they don't know why they sigh. They

are dosing with drugs, and getting no better very fast; whereas, if they would just "throw physic to the dogs" and "vibrate" according to Mr. King's suggestions in this book, they would not be more than half as sick and cross as they are now, while vibrating the wrong way. The author proves by chain lightning, the Galvanic Battery, and the Torpedo Fish, that electricity permeates everything—except, perhaps the despicable Phrenological fakir—and keeps up a tremendous vibration all over the earth. The reader will get only a limited idea of this new and most excellent book, from these remarks—but I am not to blame for that; let him read it for himself, and he will find that reading is not what is required, it needs to be studied and practiced.

There are rules given in the book for all kinds of physical exercise, from standing on your tip-toes and breathing deep breaths, to fixing your eyes upon one spot, and twisting your head this way and that way, as though looking two ways for Sunday. There are rules for the culture of the voice, and considerable is said about the "utilizing of the Vital Forces." Besides the physical side of man, the book deals succinctly with his psychic life. The thoughts expressed upon "Divine Marriage" should be printed in gold letters, and placed in the hands of every man and woman in the world. The book is a good thing, and should be read. \$1.00. HUMAN NATURE Office, 1016 Market Street, San Francisco.

HUMAN NATURE EXPLAINED.

BY N. N. RIDDELL PH. D. is a much different book from what a glance at the frontispiece would lead one to think it might be.

The large head portrait represents the author as a good looking, intelligent man, but he has surrounded his portrait by ten grotesque smaller pictures of himself in which his naturally comely features are contorted into all sorts of grimaces. He calls this "The Lecturer." I wish for his sake, and the sake of intelligent readers who may glance at these hideous faces, that he had omitted these caricatures from his otherwise very excellent and readable

HUMAN NATURE.

book. The student of human nature will find the work invaluable in explaining "The Philosophy of Life," electrically, magnetically, physiologically, phrenologically and psychically. It is copiously illustrated with portraits of noted persons, each one proving a principle. Each of the forty-two Phrenological organs are treated in detail, and the faculties they represent defined. It is a valuable treatise on Human Science. \$1.50, HUMAN NATURE Office, 1016 Market Street, San Francisco.

THE HESPERIAN.

The November—January issue of this entertaining and critical magazine is quite equal to each of the numbers which have gone before. There is a frontispiece of a musing lady, standing beneath a nearly denuded tree with the autumn leaves falling, falling. Then follows a charming poem by Tillie J. Rackerd, entitled "Two Autumn Days" the chorus of which breathes the thought of the picture, "Every Leaf that Flutters Down." The other articles are the "Strength of Antonio" by Mary E. Cardwell, "England in Egypt and the Soudan," "Sweetheart, Farewell!" "Jean Ingelow," being a review of her work. I wish the Hesperian was a monthly. 50 cents. a year. 7th and Pine Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

Health Department.

Pure Water.

BY DR. T. R. ALLINSON.

Mortality statistics show us that goitre, cancer, gout, rheumatism, and stone in the kidney or bladder are more common in some parts of the country than others, and on inquiry we find that where these complaints are most common, the water is hardest with lime and magnesium salts. A simple way of testing the amount of mineral matter in water is by evaporation. Anyone can test the water which he is in the habit of drinking. It is done in the following manner: Measure a pint of the suspected water into a basin or shallow dish and put it in a hot oven; when

the water becomes hot it evaporates and goes off as steam, and leaves the impurities behind. Rain water will leave only a stain on the dish, but hard water will leave a film, which when scraped into a heap forms quite a little pile of lime and other mineral salts. Occasionally water contains vegetable impurities, and these are left as a film also; if we put the scrapings in an iron spoon and put them in a clean fire, or hold them over a gas flame, we find that they either char and burn away, in which case they are vegetable matter, or else remain the same, then we know they are non-volatile mineral salts.

Having shown the necessity for pure water, the question arises, how can we get it? The reply is, if living in the country catch the rain water from your house, filter it and store it. Or catch, store and filter or boil it, before using. This should be done by all who possibly can; a few large tubs will repay the money spent on them; the same may be said of underground cisterns. If tubs are used, then a covering should be made for them, to keep out dust, insects and birds' droppings. They should be thoroughly cleaned and scrubbed once or twice a year. Brook, ditch or pond water should always be filtered or boiled before being used, as it may contain the eggs of worms, or the germs of disease, all of which are destroyed by heat.

Sufferers from stone in the kidney or bladder; persons troubled with cancers or Derbyshire neck; and suffers from chronic rheumatism and gout should drink either rain water or distilled water. Distilled water is thus made: Water is boiled, the steam rises and is then condensed again into pure cold water. It should be clear and either tasteless, or with a slight smoky flavor. Doctors use it for making some medicines and solutions. Boiling and filtering ordinary water is useful, but cannot be substituted for distilling it, as the mineral matter which is often the injurious ingredient is not removed by any method, but that of distillation.

Pure Food Product.

Our readers are thoroughly acquainted with the merits of Ad-

vent Flour. It is now in popular demand everywhere; Hygienic physicians regard "Advent" as the purest and most wholesome of all wheaten flour on the market, and recommend its use in all sanitariums and health resorts on the coast.

The Del Monte Milling Company who are to the front in Pure Food Products, have introduced a new gem which is named,

SEMOLA

A COMBINED CEREAL FOOD ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

Semola is a product of Wheat combined with other cereals, with a view to furnishing the consumer an article of food in which the different elements necessary to health and strength are combined in a scientific manner, at the same time being peculiarly delicious to the taste, and having a flavor which is appreciated by all. We append a few recipes, which, if followed, will result in the most appetizing dishes, but Semola can be used in many other ways which will be readily suggested to the housewife. Not alone as a perfect food for those persons enjoying good health, but as a superior preparation for invalids, and for all sufferers from disorders of the nervous system stomach, and in particular as a diet for dyspepsics, is Semola recommended. It is rich in glutens, abounding in health-giving phosphates, easily digested, and has one grain in its blend that is of a standard nature as a muscle-forming attribute.

Semola is indorsed by physicians, not alone as a health food but as a food for healthy persons as well as for invalids. When carefully cooked slowly and to avoid lumps, then served with fresh figs, peaches, berries, pears, prunes, etc., it is so delicious that every one passes a favorable opinion upon it. Its uses are varied, and extend beyond its service as "mush." Once used, always used.

PORRIDGE (MUSH) FOR BREAKFAST.

Stir slowly one cup Semola into four cups of boiling water, salted to taste, let boil ten minutes. Serve with cream and sugar.

Semola, or any of the other Cereal Specialties prepared by the Del Monte Milling Co's., can be had of all grocers.

Puget Sound Department

The Soul's Key Notes.

BY PROF. D. C. SEYMOUR.

Bibativeness is that faculty of the brain which the soul uses when thinking of fluids. When well developed, the person takes great delight in life on the water, or on the banks of creeks, rivers, bays, gulfs, lakes or sounds, and especially to dwell on islands. Such are also very fond of liquid foods, and also make the best sailors.

Bibativeness is a grand organ to have well developed if regulated and controlled by the intellect and moral organs. This organ, well developed, gives men and boys a passion for the sea, and has led to all voyages of discovery, explorations, whaling expeditions and searches for the North Pole. It has led to the settlement of the whole earth and its civilization. What a vast army of men live on the bosom of the limpid waters and "plough the raging sea." See the ocean liners and squadrons of the navy, and the vast number of fishing craft and pleasure yachts, row-boats and the millions that go to the sea-shore, hot springs and other watering places, every year. Every sea will yet become densely populated, not only by the fish, but by human beings; and, why should it not, the surface of the earth is nearly covered by three-fourths water? Our bodies are composed of three-fourths water, and so is all animal and vegetable life. Water permeates all parts of the interior world, springs or wells can be found or made almost anywhere. Water is by far the greater part of the crimson current of life, that surges through the heart and arterial system.

Oh, the music of the rushing, leaping, laughing brooklet over the pebbles and granite boulders, or the grand base of Niagara's awful roar, or the sweet notes of the pitter patter of the gentle rain-drops on the shingle roof, and the rippling on the shores of the quiet lakes.

A man with this organ small, has no more conception of the loveliness and beauty of the

aqueous fluid, than one with the organ of Tune small, has of the grandeur of music, or one that is "color blind" has of the splendor of the floral world, or the grand beauties of the golden-tinted sunset sky, or the summer's eve.

Secretiveness, when unregulated and largely developed, may lead to deception, lying, prevarication, cunning and strategy. It is necessary in the detective or the spy, the forger and the villain or criminal, if they would avoid being caught. It is also necessary to everybody who should keep their business affairs to themselves. It gives policy in all things. The successful ones in the race of life, are mostly those with this organ large. It secretes and puts away what Acquisitiveness brings in. It bridles the rapid tongue of "Combativeness" and holds back the clenched fist of "Destructiveness," and padlocks the tongue of the gossiper, stops the too benevolent from giving more than they can afford, and says "charity begins at home." It leads to silent prayer, rather than loud incantations to be heard by men. It is a predominating faculty in most love affairs; hence, courting in secret places. When large it leads to secret engagements, secret marriages, elopements, etc. It likes to surprise people, to guess riddles and conundrums. If large and moral faculties small, it causes its possessor to eaves drop, to pry into and find out other people's business, and to lie about their own. People with Secretiveness large talk low, almost in whispers, walk almost without noise, cat-like, the feline tribe all have this organ large. Everything is done by strategy; they never tell secrets, nor anything else, for that matter. They will worry a lawyer on the witness stand by evasive answers. The organ of Secretiveness is large in moles and snakes, and all animals that burrow in the ground and make no noise. The vast field of nature is a storehouse of Secretiveness. Her grandest and most wonderful work is done in secret. Every germ of a new life, animal or vegetable, is microscopic infinitesimal, locked up in the dark recesses of some maternal womb. All the life forces in our own bodies, and everywhere in nature,

are far removed from the ken of mortal vision. The storm is brewed in silent depths. The terrific power manifested in the groaning, heaving earthquake, the fiery volcano, the tornado and cyclone's awful blast, the fiery destructive darts of the electric chain lightning, the law of gravitation that causes all water and everything else, to seek its level, and rules all space like some mighty despot, yet keeps perfect order and rhythm through all the cycling heavens.

The storm fiend is let loose from no one knows where. The closet, where the divine artist "keeps his oils and paints" with which the magnificent and lovely bow is spread on the blue canvas of the arching skies, is all unknown to eye of man. All these mighty works of Mother nature, and millions more secretive processes are ever in operation in the vast laboratory of the jewel-bedecked skies of infinite space. Nothing, but the iconoclastic hammer and search-light of science, has ever been able to wrench these secrets from the Infinite. Man, having evolved from the "dust of earth," has all her characteristics. He comes legitimately by his Secretiveness, for his mother earth and nature are largely secretive. Rightly used it is a grand organ, and leads us to study into the hidden things of the Infinite God, and learn His mysteries. This organ is really the stepping stone to all knowledge, the "Open Sesame" to the secret vaults of wisdom. It creates a desire for more knowledge. It leads us to spread the wings of thought, and soar far into the realms of mystery:

Graduated.

I cannot call him dead. As HUMAN NATURE goes to press, the news reaches me that my teacher, my dear friend, the friend of humanity, the president of the American Institute of Phrenology, the greatest and most scientific Phrenologist since Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe. "The noblest work of God" an honest, pure-minded man. Professor Nelson Sizer, at the ripe age of eighty-five years, has graduated from earth, and is now learning and teaching in "the land of the dead" "His works do follow him" C. P. HOLT.

The price of 'The Secret of Life' reviewed on page 5, is \$2.00.

San Francisco, Cal., November, 1897

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IN ADVANCE.****ALLEN HADDOCK,**

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

C. P. HOLT, Associate Editor
D. C. SEYMOUR, Editor Puget Sound Dept

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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THE EQUATOR.

A teacher explained to the class in geography, that "the equator is an imaginary line passing around the center of the earth." Not being quite sure that the children understood the term "imaginary line," she inquired of them, how wide they thought the line to be. One boy said, it was probably about ten miles wide, another suggested one thousand miles as being nearer the width. The teacher then asked, how they supposed a ship could pass such a line, whereupon, a bright little girl who had read the newspapers, said, she believed a canal had been dug through it. On being asked the name of the canal, she quickly answered, "the Suez Canal, to be sure."

An inquisitive old lady on ship-board, when crossing the equator, expressed a desire to see the "line," and was favored by the captain, with a peep through his telescope, across the object lens of which had been tied a string. She afterwards insisted that the equator was not an "imaginary line" but a *real* line, because she had seen it with her own eyes.

C. P. H.

Movements of Phrenologists.

Prof. Farris is tarrying at Salt Lake, Utah, and reports success. He is a good examiner.

Prof. Writz is lecturing in Oregon, and adding many converts to Phrenology.

Prof. Reynolds is taking town after town in California. They all surrender to his persuasive eloquence.

Prof. Calderwood has added a fine stereopticon to his outfit, and has two agents assisting him in his work on the Pacific Coast. His magazine for October—November is very readable.

Mrs. Rose Shelley adds Palmistry to Phrenology in her delineations of character. She is the best Palmist who ever read our character. She makes friends everywhere, and always succeeds.

Mr. C. Murray is laboring in the Sierra Foothills.

Prof. Waters is energetically moving northward into Oregon and Washington.

MEN AND ANIMALS.

It is a mistake to suppose that animals are not endowed with reasoning faculties. Some animals reason better than some men; the horse, the elephant, the dog and the ape exhibit intelligence of a high order. These animals have brain organs in the front head, just as men have, and the brain performs the same office in the horse that it does in man. Animals also have brain in the posterior portion of their heads, and through that brain they feel the emotion of love for their young, and for each other, and for man. A polar bear will stand between her cubs and the hunter until she is shot to death, in defense of her offspring; a human mother could do no more. A dog will continue faithful to his master when all other friends have forsaken him. A cat has the organ of Inhabitiveness large, and will stay by the old homestead, even after it is deserted, starving upon its door-step, while the dog, through the organ of Friendship, follows his master to the new home.

The dividing line between the human and the brute is where the moral and spiritual assert their sway. The human being possesses the brain organs of Conscientiousness, Spirituality, Veneration and Hope, situated at the apex of the head. These faculties are not shared by the brute. Men build temples for worship; the brute is devoid of the sentiment of worship, having no conception of a superior being. Man believes in immortality, and through his spiritual faculties catches a glimpse of the shining shore of the better land. With the brute, "sufficient for the day, is the evil thereof," he manifests no desire for life above the earth plane. Man possesses individualized immortality. Animals are immortal only as trees and flowers are immortal.

C. P. HOLT.

Those who receive sample copies of HUMAN NATURE are invited to subscribe. That is why the sample copy is sent. Is this hint broad enough?

"When the eyes say one thing and the tongue another, the practical man relies on the language of the first."
EMERSON.

The Common Sensorium.

BY PAUL TYNER.

Why should we feel a thrill of pride in our common humanity when we hear recounted the story of those hundreds of men—very common men, as men go—who, while half starved, sick, ragged, devoured by vermin in the depths of wretchedness and misery, in Andersonville Prison, refused the offer of relief and comfort on the simple condition of enlistment in the Confederate service?

Could we read or hear of the heroic adventures of African or Arctic explorers with such stirring of the pulse, if there is no common sensorium? What forever keeps alive the story of a little Dutch boy, who, on his way to school, found the water coming through a little hole in the dike, and promptly jammed his finger into the opening, remaining there through the day, faithfully stemming the ocean, and saving his country? There would be no heroes, named or nameless, but for our common sensorium.

It is the responsive thrill of the common sensorium in many little happenings of every-day life, as in cases of great calamities of the Chicago fire, or the Johnstown flood, which makes these happenings mean anything to us.

Here is a little account of an actual happening recently in one of our eastern cities, which may serve to illustrate my meaning. Two workmen had been sent to the top of a high church steeple, to repair a broken piece. After they had adjusted the scaffolding and brought their melted solder upon it, they discovered a second break a little higher up, and which could only be reached by one of the men standing upon the other's shoulders. The scaffolding was narrow, and the topmost man, by some slight error in calculation, is pouring the melted lead into the break, spilled some of it, so that it steamed down the shoulders and back of the man underneath. He, however, made not the slightest sound or movement, although the metal burned through his clothing, and ate into his flesh. He knew that if he had cried out or moved, his com-

rade would probably have been dashed to death.

The man who can hear this without feeling anything, may question the existence of a common sensorium.—*The Social Economist.*

Life's Mystery.

Who are we? what are we? from whence did we come? and whither do we go? are questions which involve the problem of the fates, which has absorbed the attention of the best minds in every age, clime and condition of life. Archeological and Ethnological researches reveal the fact that prehistoric man was deeply interested in solving the problem of human existence. During the many thousands of years which have intervened since that time man has extended his researches into every department of visible nature; he has penetrated the depths of speculative reasoning, investigated the records of the rocks, obtaining a bold outline of the history of the earth during vast cycles of unrecorded time, and still, with all his wonderful increase of knowledge, he is still on the border land of the Great Unknown, as was his prehistoric ancestors. But while he has been continually advancing into hitherto unknown fields of thought and investigation, he has not yet discovered the Unknowable; and for all that we have yet discovered, there can be no such thing as the Unknowable, to the human mind in its ultimate state of development. So far as we can discover, man has inherited an unlimited capacity for improvement. What we know at the most will always be but an infinitesimal fraction of what we may discover by patient research.—*The New Woman.*

Capital and Labor.

Capital is that portion of wealth produced by labor which is set aside to assist labor in producing more wealth. Labor unaided by such accumulations could not produce much wealth, but with free access to natural resources, the laborers would not starve, and could provide themselves with shelter and some kind of raiment. The power to create wealth is vested in the human brain and the human muscle, but this pro-

ductive power is vastly increased by tools, machinery and a scientific division of labor. This increased efficiency is due to capital which is the product of labor, and the aggregation of population and a fixed abode creates the demand for the increased power of production. Hence, it follows as a logical sequence, that society having created the conditions which require the increased production, and labor, the capital which make such increase possible and desirable, society, as a whole, under a just economic system, would own the capital, and enjoy its benefits.—*New Woman.*

The Future is Ours.

BY JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

You who have walked in the wilderness,
you who have slept in the shade,
Seeing no sun in the shadow, learning the
gods to upbraid;
You who have marveled and murmured,
seeing no star in the skies—
Lift up your heads from your bosoms! here
is a light for your eyes.
Man is a man, not a creature armed with
claw and tooth,
Loving the right as he sees it, hating the
wrong and untruth;
Full of a worship of freedom—he it not
said to his shame,
Fighting the fight of the tyrant always in
liberty's name!
Come with us now, for not Moses, blinded
by all that he saw,
Read in the thunders of Sinai purer or
perfecter law.
Truth, for a thousand Pilates sneering in
vain despite,
Still may be won to the striver, light to
the searcher of light
Thought is a breaker of idols, idols of iron
wrought;
He who would win for freedom, first must
be free in thought.
Prejudice holds us in prison—thus do the
barriers bind
Out from the vista of vision all of the
children of mind.
Come, with us friend, there is breaking
over the hills that were gray
With the mists of the old world's twilight
the dawn of a brighter day.
Whether we who have hoped shall see it,
God knows, and His will be done!
Enough that the standard's lifted, and the
onward march begun!
Enough that those who have struggled
shall lie on the couch of death,
And hear the triumphs of the legions, and
bless them with latest breath!
Enough to know that the infant that
smiles at its mother's knee
Is heir to the grander future, and the
earth that is to be!

A PILGRIMAGE.

By C. P. HOLT.

The October sun sent its golden rays across the glinting waters, as the steamboat like a thing of life went puffing down the bay to Sausalito. This peaceful, Sabbath morning must have been inspiring to the people who crowded the steamer's decks, for they all wore smiling faces. At the taffrail stood a family group of five, father, mother and three children, the smallest a babe in arms. It was the father's day off, and he was giving his happy family an outing. They were all five laughing, and excepting the babe, were talking in the musical Latin tongue melted by the sun of Italy. Apart in a corner seat were two lovers, oblivious to the sky, the waters, the ship, the people; to everybody except each other. O! blissful love. The one star that lights the dreary earth.

There was a bearded German all alone, except for his pipe, which he smoked vigorously, as he paced the lower deck. Smokers are not permitted on the upper deck where are ladies. Why should man practice a habit which disgusts his wife or sweetheart? I stood looking out upon the waters. Something cold touched my hand. I started. It was the cold, wet nose of a big Newfoundland dog. A pretty little boy had his arms around the dog's neck, tugging to keep him from going down to the lower deck. "Here bose," "here bose," he cried as through the wilderness of skirts and pant-legs, he was borne by his canine friend. A sharp-nosed man with a nasal twang to his voice, asked me what island that was. It was not an island, it was Telegraph Hill; the man was a little drunk. I turned away.

Then I saw, sitting on a seat sheltered from the sea breeze, a group of three. Two ladies, (surely sisters), refined, aristocratic, with a sprinkling of gray in their well-dressed hair. The gentleman seemed a trifle older than the ladies. They called him Ralph, he addressed them as Rachel and Irene. I could not avoid listening as Ralph explained to Rachel the distinguishing characteristics of the ships, barques, schooners, sloops and brigs which made up

the marine view, past which we glided. Irene looked afar, "what is that?" said she. We were passing Alcatraz with its frowning guns encircling the island, so that if an enemy's ship should by stealth creep past Fort Scott, which stands sentry at the entrance to the Golden Gate, the foe would find a watch dog at Alcatraz.

We could now look through the Golden Gate, away out to sea. Ships were sailing, steam tugs puffing, and little yachts gliding here and there upon the bosom of the sea and bay. Soon we came abreast of Angel Island, where the Government has stationed troops and more cannon. I don't know why it is called Angel Island. I once walked its entire circuit without meeting an angel, unless the Irish woman I saw milking goats might have been one in disguise. If so, the disguise was complete, because angels never have long

like a captive bear. It breathed like a panting horse. We were moving slowly—moving right into a sylvan glade. The breath of June was in the October air. There were pretty cottages among the trees, the forest was dense.

Children romped and frolicked. A rabbit with rare courage ran across the track, a dog gave chase, but was beaten in the race. The white tents of campers here and there gave color to the scene.

We turned our eyes towards the summit of the mountain, whose crest towers 2500 feet aloft, and whil- in a direct line as the crow flies from base to summit, the distance is only three miles, the railroad twists right and left, turning to all points of the compass, eight high miles before its last rail lies prone upon the peak of old Tamalpais.

"I am glad we came," remarked Irene. "So am I," said Rachel, "only I am a little nervous, just a



THE TAVERN.

upper lips, turned up noses and talk brogue, and this describes the Irish angel of Angel Island.

We were at Sausalito and the gang plank was out before we were half through the beauty of the voyage. Then came the car ride to Mill Valley. At Mill Valley Junction the German with his pipe, and the boy with his dog left us, and went north to San Rafael. At Mill Valley we were transferred to the open observatory cars of the Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway.

"Where is the engine?" inquired Irene. "It is behind us," explained Ralph, "it is easier to push than pull, and safer."

There it was, sure enough, a strange contrivance of wheels, belts, rods and pulleys, very different from other locomotives. It was panting, puffing, pushing, and all the while rattling its chains

little afraid. Supposing the engine should break down. Oh, there, just look!" "Why, we are already above the tree-tops, and here we go whirling around the curve; oh! let me sit in the middle of the seat."

"Just as though you would be any safer in the middle," sagely suggested Ralph, "trust me, I will bring you safely down again." "You bring me safely down, indeed," said Rachel, with an arch smile, "why, we would all go to heaven together if the engine should break down." "Oh, you needn't git skeerd mum," twanged out the long-nosed man in front, "them brakes, them fellers is ahold on will hold the keers, even if the injun should break down." Up we go, up, up, up, the engine, panting, rattling behind, pushing, as the eastern

school-boy pushes his hand sled. We are surely rising, there is a house on the mountain. "Bese dat dese top, mester?" asked the Italian, of the brakeman. The man shook his head and kept his eyes on the track, watching for our safety. The house proved to be the "Half Way House." A comfortable hotel, looking very lonesome, seated on the precipitous mountain side. Men build houses in strange places. Half way up the mountain, another long detour, and we were above "Half Way House" and at the spring, where the water gushes out of the mountain, as when Aaron struck the rock with his rod.

Our engine is thirsty after its long, laborious push, and while it drinks, we look back over the tree-tops down the mountain's rugged sides. The scene is inspiring. The mountain groans with its weight of rocks, while the valley below lies sleeping in sunshine. There is the long line of bay, the shores of which are dotted with cities. Afar in the blue of mystery, rear the Coast Range Mountains. Such glory, and we not yet at the top! The engine refreshed, renews its puffing and pushing. As we emerge from the shadow of the cliff we descry another house in the clouds, a half-mile straight up the steep mountain side. It is the "Tavern" at the summit.

And so we move afar, and return and go again, just as man evolved from the Amemba, by spiral ascent, so at last we reach the summit. Not quite—there is yet another climb. The weather bureau has erected an observatory at the very apex of the mountain, three hundred feet above the Tavern, where old "Probabilities" tells the people's weather fortune. Following the lead of the long-nosed man, whose probosis pointed ever to the sky, and whose nasal voice twanged "Less see whool git there fust?" the cavalcade "took up its line of climb," the Italians with their brood, the happy lovers, the trinity (Ralph, Rachel and Irene,) the scribe—all moved upward. With many a halt to rest and view the scene, and many an exclamation of pleased surprise, the procession reached the top.

For a few minutes there was a

hush of voices, such as comes in the rest in music. The trinity stood entranced, the Italian family seemed dreaming of Sunny Italy, and the lovers looked unutterable eloquence. Even the long-nosed man kept silence. It was the scene on the "Mount of Transfiguration" revived.

A cerulean sky arched high above a panorama of bay, city, towns, foothills, mountains and sea. It were better not to individualize objects. The great rushing city lay at our feet like a foundling babe, hushed in slumber. Not a sound from its stony pavements jar'd the mountain air. The bay was a mirror framed in russet, gemmed with towns. The far off Sierras, hoary with the frosts of centuries, stood silent sentinels still on duty, as when in the earth's molten childhood God set them as outpost pickets to guard this fair land. At the mountain's base moaned

gopher," said Ralph, "he is after his dinner." Then a blue-bird perched on a bending twig, and called forth exclamations of admiration from the entire trinity.

There was romping, and gazing through field glasses until the engine whistle sounded the notice to return. Then there was hurrying and leaping over stones and down the rugged path to the train.

There was a new group added to the passenger list, composed of convivial Hebrews, whose bacchanalian songs woke the echoes, and drowned the rattle of the locomotive.

The long-nosed man was awed into silence, the Italian family looked astonished, and Rachel put on an air of resignation, forgetting her fear of disaster in her horror of the tumult. But Irene was in extacies, her eyes dancing with mirth, as the bass Hebrew bawled, "Och, O, och, O, mein friender!"

"It is easier to go down than



THE DESCENT.

the restless Ocean, and stretched its watery miles to the Orient, a touching symbol of the mystic splendor of Infinity.

There is a limit to human endurance; the soul wearies of grandeur prolonged. The long-nosed man was first to break the silence with the exclamation. "Wall its a purty pictur, but I'm hungry and I guess I'll take a bite." This was a signal for dispersion into groups, each seeking a cosy picnic ground, all but the lovers, who live on heavenly manna, and were descried later in the day whispering in the shadow of "echo rock."

"There is San Quinten, and there is San Rafael," said Rachel, and—"Oh, mercy! what is that?" cried Irene. "That? why that is a lizard," coolly remarked her sister. "But just look at that

up," said the long-nosed man. The descent was quickly made. Again we entered the sylvan glade, and as the conductor called "Mill Valley," Ralph triumphantly said to Rachel, "I have fulfilled my promise and brought you safely down. "You brought me safely down, indeed," responded Rachel, with the dimpled smile the scribe had come to admire. "It was Providence and the Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway Company that brought us all safely down. Let us go again some day."

"And let us go early to see the sunrise," said Irene eagerly. "We will," responded Ralph. But the lovers will meet upon Mt. Tamalpais by the pale moonlight, to love and to dream. And the scribe? His pilgrimage is ended, and he layeth his stylus down.

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