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# A NATURAL REFORMER.

Character Sketch of the Populist Candidate for Mayor of Oakland, Personally Delineated by Profs. Haddock and Holt.

In selecting subjects to grace the pages of Human Nature as studies in character we are left free to tell the truth,

to illustrate the March No. of Human Nature it was our good fortune to uncover a gem of the first water in the person of Mr. S. Goodenough, whom the People's Party has thought good-enough to place in nomination for the mayoralty of Oakland, and whom, if the voters of that beautiful and vexed city are wise in their generation they will deem good enough to elect by an overwhelming majority.

Escorted to our office by a mutual friend, Mr. Goodenough came to us a perfect stranger. His tall, manly presence impressed us at once as a man of no common order. It required but a glance at his high top head and commanding, intellectual forehead to feel convinced that we had an easy book to read.

There are folk (indeed there are many) of whom but little can be said, for the reason that they are devoid of character. If there is nothing in the cup nothing can be drank from it. Similarly, if there is nothing in a head nothing can be gleaned from it, no matter how expert the phrenologist may be who attempts the delineation. Conversely, there are men and women of whom so much can be said that the subject seems inexhaustible. Like the kaleidoscope, every turn of the prism shows a new color and reveals new beauty. Such was the character of the man who, on the day in question took our chair and to whom we said:

You possess a large brain supported and nourished by a well developed, strongly knit and finely organized body.

These factors entering into your composition place you above the average of men in intellectual capacity and physical endurance. Whatever may be said of your strong faculties, and they are many, the least developed are those in the base of the brain, those self-protecting faculties which are ever on the lookout for self-interest.

You are sure to sacrifice your own comfort and ease for the good of others.



MR. S. GOODENOUGH.

ter we invariably follow the dictates of science without fear or favor, and inasmuch as we never receive pecuniary re-

which we are happy to be able to say the general public concede has been our course. When casting about for a subject

If a stranger should accost you on the street asking the way to a given house, you would turn back three blocks to set him right on his journey. If a child was in tears you would take the little thing in your benevolent arms and with little presents and loving words coax back the smiles to its dimpled cheeks.

If a widow and her orphaned children are evicted from their wretched abode because of inability to pay rent to a shylock landlord, your sympathies and indignation are alike aroused in their behalf and you straightway proceed to do two things: First, to minister to the necessities of the distressed family, and then to anathematize the inhuman, miserly landlord. And so, in your Samaritan arms you would fold the whole world of unfortunates, and in righteous indignation smite their oppressors. In a word you are a reformer. You have unbounded ambition, but unlike the ambition of a Caesar or a Napoleon, it is the ambition to do good, to achieve the priceless honor of being a help to mankind. Although the organ of Acquisitiveness is only moderately developed, yet the reasoning and diplomatic faculties are so strongly marked that you can acquire property, not for the love of acquiring but for the use you may make of wealth in supporting the loved ones dependent upon you for support, and to supply funds in carrying out reformatory works. You are not cunning or crafty, but the organ of Secretiveness is well enough developed to enable you to keep your own counsel and to act with prudence. You have a strong cerebellum, which is the seat of magnetic power; this coupled with a good degree of Firmness and large Human Nature enables you to wield a strong influence over men. As a public speaker, although the organ of Language is not large, yet with your fine, intellectual lobe and excellent memory to draw material from, you would be efficient and magnetic.

Your organ of Veneration is only moderate and your other moral faculties being large would cause you to join a church with broad views, the great church of humanity. Your religion would consist more of doing good than in discussing creeds and dogmas.

You are conscientious to a fault, and notwithstanding your Benevolence is large and your sympathies easily excited, yet your high sense of right and determination that it should prevail, causes you to smite the wrong-doer until repentance comes to him and he makes reparation. You are very cautious and prudent, always looking twice before leaping once. If you should be made administrator of an estate the heirs might be sure of every detail being looked after and the last nickle accounted for. Your investments are always judiciously

made and there is sure to be no watered stock in the company in which you are one of the directors. You are far from being a pessimist, and always see the day-star of hope rising in the heavens. Your clouds have faint silver linings. We shall show your picture to the readers of Human Nature and we want them to observe the great distance from the opening of the ear to the crown, and also to the top frontal head, then let them look at the fineness of texture apparent and they will understand the reason we have called you a reformer. If another glance is cast at the width of the back top head, ambition and public spirit will be manifest. Your head in many respects reminds us of the lamented and martyred Garfield. It is the head of a scholar, of a reformer, the head of a man of whom the poet has said:

"Thou wer't born five hundred years too soon  
For the comfort of thy days,  
But not too soon for human kind,  
Time hath remained in store;  
And the demons of air sires become,  
The saints that we adore."

In the good time coming, men of your pattern will displace wire-pullers in public office, and good government, no longer a theory, will become a fact. If, before election every candidate should have the searchlight of Phrenology thrown upon him his true character would be revealed and only good and able men elected to office.

## PHYSIOGNOMY AND CRIME.

"Some persons have expected to see his crimes written in the face of the murderer, and have been disappointed because they have not; as if this impeached the distinction between virtue and vice. Not at all. The circumstances only showed that the man was other things, and had other feelings besides those of a murderer. If he had nothing else—if he had fed on nothing else—if he had dreamt of nothing else but schemes of murder, his features would have expressed nothing else. But this perfection in vice is not to be expected from the contradictory and mixed nature of his motives. Humanity is to be met with in a den of robbers; nay, modesty in a brothel. Even in the most abandoned of the other sex there is not unfrequently found to exist, contrary to all that is generally supposed, one strong and individual attachment, which remains unshaken to the last. Virtue may be said to steal, like a guilty thing, into the secret haunts of vice and infamy: it clings to their devoted victim, and will not be driven quite away. Nothing can destroy the human heart.—Charles Dickens, in *Olive Twist*,

## X-Rays Turned On.

By T. F. Collins.

It has been but a few months, comparatively since scientific circles were startled by the report of the remarkable discovery of Prof. Roentgen who, by means of the Cathode, or X-rays, was enabled to photograph objects through metals and other substances.

It may seem surprising and startling, when to say that as great a power was discovered one hundred years ago, and Dr. Gall was the discoverer. It was he who "pressed the button," closed the circuit and sent the Phrenological X-Rays beaming into the dark and misty future. Who could prophecy their destiny? Learned men look on in awe, and keep silent lest they should be classed as fanatics and cranks. They, like the modern X-Rays took a long time to develop, or make an impression, and the most learned men pronounced his ideas ridiculous and absurd.

But age only made his X-Rays grow brighter; and in the year 1896 we celebrated their discovery by phrenological conventions.

The rising generation will be taught, not only to "Know Thyself," but thy neighbor also.

When this stage of development is reached, those who understand phrenology will be able to read the faces of their friends, neighbors and strangers as so many pages of a book.

In fact, the average person will be a fairly good phrenologist.

## HOW NATURE CURES.

We have just bought the remaining stock of this wonderful book from Mr. Manning, price \$2, and will clear them out at the reduced price of \$1.25, postage paid to any address.

We regard the work of teaching the people how to avoid illness, as the most important in which we can engage.

Prof. Charles Todd Parks some time ago entered into controversy with Professor Ladd of Yale University upon the subject of Phrenology. So cogent was his reasoning, and so convincing his arguments that Professor Ladd was compelled to admit their force, and acknowledged himself a convert to this grand science of human character.

When a sample copy is sent, it is an invitation to subscribe, at fifty cents per year.

Uncle Sam's Letters on Phrenology 50 cents. Human Nature office.

## HUMAN NATURE.

### Send Us Two Views of Your Head and Face.



Thin types, or Ordinary Photographs.

State height, weight of body, size of head, in inches, measuring by tape a little above the ears, and height over crown from opening of ear to ear. Color of hair, eyes and complexion; age, single or married; education and present occupation; give name and address and enclose \$1 for a marked chart, or \$2.50 for a type-written delineation describing character, disposition, what to cultivate and restrain, occupation best adapted to follow by nature, adaptation in marriage, etc.

For \$5 we give all above with a more elaborate description and with best advice on health, etc. In all health matters we are assisted by an experienced Hygienic physician. All photo's returned.

### OUR COURSE OF LESSONS.

We give private lessons in Phrenology and Physiognomy daily at the office.

Students received at any time.

Our method of teaching is simple. We do not confound students with technical phrases, but teach them how to read heads and faces as easy as reading a placard on the wall.

Each lesson takes one hour. Some pupils take two lessons per day; others one; others still, only one per week. Students make their own time. Short course, 8 lessons.....\$10.00  
General Course, 22 lessons..... 25.00  
Professional Course, 45 lessons.. 50.00

The Professional Course earns a Diploma.

### BOOKS.

We call our readers' attention to the advertisement of books on page 13. We have every book in stock as advertised, and ready to mail any of them to distant buyers at a moment's notice without extra charge for postage.

### LESSONS BY MAIL.

You are anxious to learn how to read character as revealed by the twin sciences, Phrenology and Physiognomy, but too far away to attend a college where the art is successfully taught, or you cannot spare the time away from home during instruction.

We have prepared a course of Type-Written Lessons by Mail that will teach you how to read character at sight and in detail.

For the convenience of students we mail these lessons for \$25, at the rate of two per week at \$5.00 per month in advance or faster if desired and payments accordingly, at the end of which time students are qualified to read correctly their friends and the photographs we mail them to read.

If you need further particulars enclose stamp for reply.

### SCIENCE IN STORY.

In addition to "Medical Common Sense" or "Plain Home Talk" which is always selling at the reduced price of \$1.50, we take pleasure in informing our readers that we are now handling Dr. Foote's more recent work, "Science in Story." Price, \$2.50.

"Science in Story" is instructive and enchanting to those in search of science and entertainment at the same time.

"Science in Story" and one year's subscription to "Human Nature," \$2.75, or "Plain Home Talk" and one year's subscription to "Human Nature," \$1.75.

Both books and one year's subscription to "Human Nature" for \$4. This is practically getting "Human Nature" free.

### LIFE OF GALL.

We have received a few advanced copies of this new book by Miss Jessie Fowler, London, (paper), 30 cents.

This work should be read by every student of human nature.

At the bottom of your letter when writing to your friends, please put this question:

Do you read Human Nature, the most interesting paper in the world? This query will excite the curiosity of your friends, and if you give them our address, telling them to drop us a postal card, we will send them a sample copy free on the first of the following month.

This is our seventh year of publication; our circulation has increased year by year and doubled during 1896.

### A Symbolical Chart.

Two years ago a young artist, Mr. John T. Haddock, painted for us in oil a large Symbolical Chart, illustrating every faculty of the brain, for our own use in the office. It is an immense picture measuring 7 feet by 4 feet and has been very much admired for its artistic merits; it cannot be reproduced for less than \$50.

We have a facsimile of this famous painting illustrating Phrenology symbolically, which is got up in the same colors and mounted on canvas and rollers for hanging, but half the size, namely, 3 feet 4 inches by 2 feet 4 inches, which we are offering for \$3.00, will be sent C. O. D. to any address, or unmounted free by mail \$1.00.

These charts will be an ornament to any parlor, and as there is no printed matter or advertisement on them of any kind, having a blank space at the bottom where Phrenologists can add their own name, etc., they will be found the most attractive sign that Travelling Phrenologists can have and will bring their cost every day in examinations.

### HOW NATURE CURES.

We have just bought the remaining stock of this wonderful book from Mr. Manning, price \$2, and will clear them out at the reduced price of \$1.25, postage paid to any address.

We regard the work of teaching the people how to avoid illness, as the most important in which we can engage.

### TO PHRENOLOGISTS.

Travelling lecturers desiring to increase their income by doing a greater volume of business should write to "Human Nature" office for particulars, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Those who wish books pertaining to phrenology or kindred subjects, or desire the Phrenological Journal can obtain them of us at publishers prices. All orders promptly filled and everybody satisfied.

When writing to this office friends will confer a favor by sending us addresses of thinking and liberal minded people to whom to send sample copies of Human Nature.

Uncle Sam's Letters on Phrenology 50 cents, Human Nature office.

Benevolence throws the head down and forward as in sympathy.

Good men are never afraid of Phrenology.



## HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

## Prevention Better Than Cure.

It is my lot to see a goodly number of incurable cases of disease. The patients suffering from these incurable complaints must die at no distant date, and the only hope I can offer is that their sufferings may be lessened. Most of this suffering and premature decay might have been avoided had the persons only known and followed the laws of health. The doctor of the present day is paid for treating persons who are diseased; the doctor of the future will be State kept, and his duty will be to keep people well, rather than to let them become diseased and then treat them. The incurable diseases that are seen are those of various important organs like the heart, lungs, liver, stomach and brain. These organs are meant to last us seventy or eighty years at least, but by wrong habits and wrong food, we may wear them out before we are fifty, and the human machine comes to a standstill and we die. Besides diseases of important organs we may have growths of various kinds, which are commonly known as tumors.

To avoid incurable disease, we must in the first place avoid intoxicating drinks of all kinds, as they are the chief sources of many fatal diseases. Alcoholic drinks inflame the stomach and cause all kinds of stomach troubles, from mere dyspepsia to ulceration and cancer; they set up congestion and hardening of the liver, chronic inflammation of the kidneys, fatty or enlarged heart, a peculiar form of consumption, and hardening or softening of the brain, followed by madness, imbecility, or insanity. Tobacco sets up all kinds of nervous complaints, interferes with the proper action of the heart, and if its use is persisted in may cause it to stop altogether. Besides which, it is the exciting cause of that form of cancer on the tongue or lips seen amongst smokers. The constant use of drugs is bad, and many premature deaths are caused by the practice of taking them. Sudden deaths from overdoses of chloral, morphia, etc., are not uncommon, whilst idiocy often results from the use of bromide of potassium.

Foul or impure air is the cause of incurable lung disease, such as advanced consumption, emphysema, and chronic bronchitis. Excess or wrong kinds of food are the cause of most stomach diseases, stoutness, and plethoric conditions of the system. Excess of flesh helps on gout, rheumatism, cancers, apoplexies,

liver, kidney, and brain troubles. In fact, to our improper feeding habits belong seven-tenths of our ailments. Tea and coffee are answerable for many diseases of the nervous and digestive systems.

N. B.—To avoid incurable diseases, one must abstain from all intoxicating drinks, tobacco, drugs, strong tea and strong coffee. Pure air must be breathed always; regular exercise must be taken; and our skins must be kept clean. The food must be right in kind, not excessive in amount, taken at proper intervals, and not too hot. The nearer one lives to non-flesh diet the longer will he live, and the healthier he will be. By these means we can live out seventy or eighty years, and die at last from old age, rather than from early and incurable diseases.

T. R. ALLISON, L. R. C. P.

## Advent Flour.

To understand a description of the process by which this flour is made, the reader should know that the bran covering a grain of wheat consists of four layers technically known:— (1) Cuticulum (2) Epicurium (3) Endoscarplum (4) Testa or Color Coat.

The Cuticulum is a very thin, almost transparent, woody fibre, corresponding to the skin on an apple or a potato and contains no nutriment, and when taken into the stomach has the same effect as so much wood. Nature evidently intended to protect from the elements the more delicate parts of the grain, which were never designed for human food. The other layers contain the greater part of the phosphates and salts which serve to make wheat the most perfect food known to mankind.

In the process of making white flour all these layers of bran pass off in the feed, and the flour is robbed of the very essence of the grain. In Graham, or whole Wheat Flour, all the nutritious properties of the grain are retained, but the woody fibre, or Cuticulum, is also retained, and the damage done by it in many cases, more than outweighs the benefits that should be derived from the use of a hygienic food.

Now in making Advent Flour, the wheat is first washed in pure water, which cleanses it of impurities more than any other process can, and also softens the Cuticulum and loosens it from the grain, so that by attrition it is detached from the hulls. The grain and hulls are then run to steam drying pans, and thoroughly dried. The heat in this part of the process changes much of the

starch of the Wheat to Dextrin, which no doubt accounts for much of the digestible properties of this flour. From the drying pans the wheat passes to brush machines, which remove every particle of the Cuticulum, and delivers the wheat to the granulating machines in a cleaned and polished condition. The granulating machines pulverize the grain and coverings which are left to a fine flour, which contains every particle of the nutritious properties of the whole grain, with much of the starch changed to Dextrin and all of the woody fibre eliminated.

This flour contains more bone forming material than white flour and is therefore peculiarly adapted as food for the young; and if used extensively would improve the teeth and bones of the rising generation. It is so easy of digestion that it should be used by dyspeptics, who in nearly every instance will be cured by its use. To the laborer starved by innutritious white bread, this flour is a revelation; he will find his muscles growing stronger, his endurance increased, his mind brighter, his health better, and his nature more cheerful.

To the poor on whom the cost of food falls heavily this flour is to be further commended in that it makes from 25 to 50 pounds more bread per barrel than any other flour. Besides it is so nutritious, that less meat is used, much of the cost of food avoided, and the pleasures of the table enhanced.

## Apples as Medicine.

It is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples. The apple is an excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digestible shape than any vegetable known. It excites the activity of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all. The apple agglutinates the surplus acids of the stomach, helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculus growths, while it obviates indigestion, and is one of the best preventatives known for diseases of the throat. Everybody should be familiar with such knowledge, and I hope you will help disseminate it. In addition, next to the orange and lemon, it is the best antidote for thirst and craving of the person addicted to the alcohol or opium habit.—Exchange.

Uncle Sam's Letters on Phrenology  
50 cents, Human Nature office.



## Phrenology Endorsed.

"Whoever calmly considers the question cannot long resist the conviction that different parts of the cerebrum must in some way or other subserve different kinds of mental action. Localization of function is the law of all organization whatever; and it would be marvellous were there here an exception."—Herbert Spencer.

"If a man wishes to know practically what he is made up of, if a man wishes a knowledge of human nature for definite practical purposes, there is no system which will aid him in acquiring that knowledge like the system of Phrenology."—Rev. Henry Ward.

"By this science the faculties of the mind have been, for the first time, traced to their elementary forms."—Mr. Robert Chambers, of "Chambers' Journal."

"The bones of the head are moulded to the brain, and their peculiar shapes are determined by the original peculiarity in the shape of the brain."—Sir Charles Bell's Anatomy.

"So far, the facts of experiment and of disease favor the views of the Phrenologist"—Dr. Ferrier.

"You all know that the brain is the organ of the mind."—Dr. Carpenter.

"I readily acknowledge my inability to offer any rational objection to Gall and Spurzheim's system of Phrenology, as affording a satisfactory explanation of the motives of human conduct."—Dr. Abernethy.

"I do not see it (Phrenology) as other wise than rational, and perfectly consistent with all that is known of the functions of the nervous system."—Dr. Samuel Soily, Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology in St. Thomas' Hospital.

"The correctness of their (the Phrenologists,) localization of the functions of the brain becomes at once so plainly demonstrated, that the non-acceptance of Phrenology is next to impossible."—Littleton Forbes Winslow, M. D., D. C. L.

"Phrenology is the simplest and by far the most practical theory of the human mind."—Dr. Guy, Professor of Forensic Medicine, King's College, London.

"I unhesitatingly give it as my deliberate conviction that no man, whatever may be his qualifications in other respects, will be very successful in the treatment of insanity if he be not well acquainted with Phrenology."—Dr. Scott, Royal Hospital, Haslar.

"I candidly confess that until I became acquainted with Phrenology I had no solid foundation upon which I could base my treatment for the cure of insanity."—Sir William Ellis, M. D., late Physi-

cian to the great Lunatic Asylum for Middlesex, England.

"The brain can no longer be regarded as a single organ, but rather as a series of organs, connected by bonds of union—like so many departments in a Government office in telephonic communication—all, however, performing special and separate functions."—Dr. Robert Munro.

"The more I study nature, the more I am satisfied with the soundness of Phrenological doctrines."—Dr. J. Mackintosh, M. D.

"Phrenology is establishing itself wherever its value has been rightly understood."—Sir G. Mackenzie, F. R. S.

Dr. C. Renner, M. D. says of Phrenology:—"I believe that many of its teachings, prominently the plurality of cerebral organs, will gradually be absorbed by Physiology of the brain and mental science."

What Dr. Frederic Bateman, the author of the most complete work on "Aphasia, or Loss of Speech" (London, 1890), thinks of Dr. Gall:—

"In spite of all that has been said against Gall, and all that has been written in depreciation of his labors, beyond all doubt his researches gave an impulse to the cerebral localization of our faculties, the effect of which is especially visible in our own days; and I look upon his work as a vast store-house of knowledge, and as an imperishable monument to the genius and industry of one of the greatest philosophers of the present age."

"Given the state of the Brain, and the corresponding thought may be inferred."—Professor Tyndall, Manchester Science Lectures.

"The correctness of the localisation of the functions of the brain by Gall and Spurzheim, becomes at once so plainly demonstrated that the non-acceptance of Phrenology is next to impossible."—J. G. Davey, M. A., L. R. C. P.

## Historic Romans.

By J. S. Prior.

All great Roman statesmen, generals, orators etc., had large heads and bodily conditions that were conducive to greatness. It is true, Phrenologically speaking, that their mental and physical characteristics corresponded to their physical development. Commencing with the bust of Junius Brutus we can see that, (Phrenology reveals the causes of the actions of men.) Junius Brutus, Roman statesman and soldier, had a strong, viry body, surmounted by a large and evenly developed head, full at the top and back and wide at the base. The frontal part of the head was large and

the perceptives prominent, the development of his head corresponds fully with his historic character. His nature was patriotic, moral and to an extreme degree conscientious.

The head of Scipio Africanus was very large and bald, both long and wide, very high and large at the base, and full at the back. The forehead was high and massive. His most prominent characteristic was Firmness. His temperament was predisposed to the vital, but was made hard by constant physical activity. His head corresponds with the history of his life which was connected with that great military genius of antiquity, Hannibal.

Marius, uncle of Caesar, was a Roman consul seven times, and a soldier of the heroic type. He had a massive head covered with bushy hair. It was powerfully developed at the base. The forehead was large and slightly receding. The perceptives were very prominent. The head was large at Destructiveness, and Combativeness, his Firmness was also large. He possessed the motive temperament and his cranium agrees perfectly with every particular of his life.

Pompey the Great, the rival of Julius Caesar possessed a large head, well developed at the base. His head was not high. The forehead was straight with prominent perceptives bulging out over his eyes. He had a strong muscular body. Destructiveness and Approbativeness were decidedly large. It was these faculties that dominated through his brilliant, but short career.

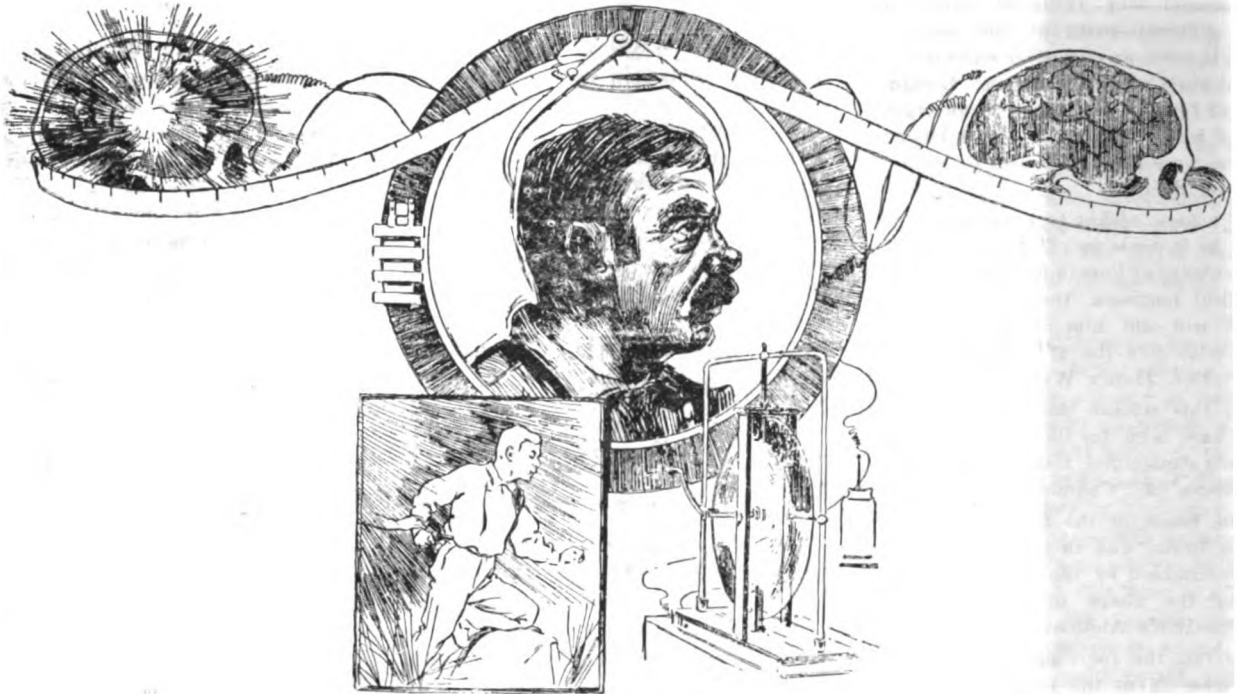
Caesar was perhaps the greatest of Romans. His head was large and massive, and well developed in all parts. He had not as finely a developed body as the generality of his countrymen, but his constitution was of a finer nature. His was just such a condition of body as would make its possessor aspire to loftier heights.

Cicero, greatest of Roman orators, had a decidedly large head. His temperament, like that of Caesar, was less Roman. He possessed large Approbativeness and a grand intellectual development. His was the head of a philosopher and orator, and it agrees with the history of its unfortunate possessor.

Mark Antony had a large head but not a high one. His intellect and perceptives were large. His temperament was naturally sluggish and he was like those persons who require great occasions to stimulate them to activity. He had large Approbativeness and Amativeness. The head as a whole corresponds decidedly with his unfortunate career.

These few examples from Roman history are sufficient to demonstrate some of the great truths that are contained in the science of Phrenology.

# A PSYCHIC STUDY.



There are incidents sometimes entering into the life of a Phrenologist which agitate thought and set the wheels of the car of speculative philosophy in motion, speeding it into the unexplored realm of the soul. Such was our experience when, at the solicitation of the management of the San Francisco "Examiner," one cheerless, drizzly night at the beginning of February, this year (1897) we accompanied a representative of that journal to the City Prison for the purpose of making careful measurements and examination of the head and body of Butler, alias Weller, alias Ashe, the accused multi-murderer of lured victims in the Blue Mountains of Australia, who had been tracked by detectives from the scene of his diabolical outrages in Australia to San Francisco. The result of our measurements and cogitations were published in the "Examiner" of Sunday, February 21, 1897, and which we herewith republish for the readers of Human Nature:

## HAS RICHARD ASHE A SOUL?

### Two Phrenologists Who Examine the Man Raise This Interesting Query.

When with tape line and callipers we took measurements of Ashe's head, and made an examination of his body and organic quality, the question forced itself

upon us, is there imprisoned in this rude and exceedingly coarse organization an immortal soul, which shall live beyond the bounds of time? If the man committed the heartless murders laid to his charge he is surely a monster; do monsters have souls? Was it the ego (the soul) that coveted gold and for a few pounds sterling lured his victims into the solitude of the Blue Mountains and there robbed them of life and treasure, or were these atrocities perpetrated by a human tiger devoid of soul? If Ashe is an immortal soul, what change will the death of his body make in his disposition to commit crime?

Science has not yet contrived instruments to discern, weigh or measure the soul; neither can she tell us why honey is sweet to the taste, and vinegar sour, nor how the olfactories perceive a difference in the aroma of the pink and the rose. We measure, weigh and accurately determine the character and capacity of the instrument through which the soul manifests itself to the outer world, but the ego eludes our grasp. If one man is immortal, are not all equally so?

Reasoning thus we endeavored to discover the difference between Richard Ashe and the scores of men and women who daily throng the jail yard to catch a glimpse of the prisoner. It is evident that the only difference lies in structure and quality of organization. It would be difficult for a Mozart, Liszt or Beethoven to evolve sweet strains of music from an instrument sadly out of tune or ill constructed.

Given a physical organization like that of Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper or Abraham Lincoln, and Ashe, the fiend of the Blue Mountains, would have been a philanthropist, a moral man, and his victims alive to-day. So it was that with tape line and callipers we measured Ashe and with critical eye tested his texture. Oh, yes; it is his texture that arrests attention; everybody sees that at a glance. They may not be able to analyze his composition, but somehow they see and feel that he is made of very coarse material. A sunflower is coarser than a rose, and the deer much finer than a hog.

Though Ashe were innocent of all the charges laid at his door, if he possessed the fine organic quality of Garfield or Florence Nightingale, he would be crushed under the accusations; but so coarse is the material of which his body is made that his feelings are the emotions of the swine. In this regard he resembles Burke, who in Edinburgh inveigled men into dark alleys and after murdering them sold their bodies to surgeons for dissection.

It is sad commentary on civilization that a man who commits murder in civil life, as a soldier in war becomes a hero. Ashe would have achieved fame in battle, and if he could have been restrained from killing men on his own private account, would have won laurels as a warrior. It is a fundamental principle of mental science that "the brain is the organ of the mind." It is not the mind itself. The mind or

soul uses the brain and body as instruments to communicate with the outer world. Ashe is unfortunate; he did not create the body in which he dwells; had he been consulted he would probably have chosen a more refined tenement in which to live, but he opened his infant eyes one day in some British isle (just where it does not suit him to reveal), and discovered himself imprisoned in the wretched body which has served him poorly and the examination of which is our only means of ascertaining why he should have been the fiend of the Blue Mountains.

There are no so-called bumps on Ashe's head to reveal his character; there are none on any other man's head; bumps are not indicative of character; a slight excrescence on the head has no significance in determining character; brain power is determined by radiation of brain fibre from the medulla oblongata to the circumference of the brain; in other words—as is the distance from the opening of the ear to any given part of the brain, so is the strength of the particular faculty which the brain in that part represents.

The large brain (cerebrum) is in convolutions, and the higher we ascend in the scale of being the more complex these convolutions become. In the ape the brain convolutions are very simple; in the highest type of the human race they are complicated and dip deep, presenting great surface, and when the organic quality is high, hold a great quantity of gray matter which is the actuating principle of thought. We found Ashe's head a little under the average size of men and his organic quality exceedingly low; hence the convolutions of his brain would be simple and contain but little gray matter. What active brain he possesses lies immediately around the medulla, at the base of the head, where are centered the selfish propensities, which we hold in common with our cousins the lower animals. His environments have evidently been such as to call into action his base brain, while the top or moral brain has lain dormant.

Nature begins at the bottom to lay the foundation of her brain structure; all the brain the serpent possesses lies immediately around the medulla oblongata. It can eat and fight, but has no conception of right and wrong. Ascending the scale of being the head of each progressive species of animals grows higher until we reach man, where the brain is filled at the top and the capstone of morality is placed as the crowning work of the divine architect. The snake, fox and tiger are crafty, sly, and two of them ferocious. Ashe has all these characteristics. If there are those who think differently let them observe his moods. See how furtively he now and again steals a glance

at you from out the corners of his small gray eyes. It is the fox that is watching you now. He is sizing you up and getting himself ready for hiding. His organ of secretiveness is large and active. He has his own peculiar way of secreting, but his very boldness is a form of secrecy. Who among all the keen detectives has learned from him his true name or birthplace? That he wore his victim's clothes and carried his keepsakes in a satchel is but a repetition of a successful method he is more than suspected of having pursued for years without being suspected of wrongdoing. "It is a long lane that has no turning," and Ashe's time came at last. His intellect is dull except in low cunning. The top frontal lobe at comparison is sharp and pointed, causing him to be very critical, and is the strongest intellectual faculty he possesses. He is ever on the alert through this faculty, and seems to be playing a perpetual game of mental chess with his interviewers. His organ of Approbation is large, which, coupled with his coarse temperament and dull mentality, causes him to be vain and fond of notoriety. The publicity he has gained has not caused him to blush—such organic quality never blushes. He is not sensitive; he too much resembles the turtle to feel mortification at the position he occupies before the world.

It is not that we see him in the garb of the sailor that he looks to us like a criminal; nor yet because he has been accused of having committed horrid murders that we say of his organization it is capable of committing crimes, but because his character is written upon every inch of his head and body. He is unlike the majority of his class. Other men may be rude in speech and uncouth in manners, but they have not the low texture of Ashe, nor his active base brain, unrestrained by moral faculties, otherwise they would be keeping him company to-day in the City Prison.

It is not a misfortune to be possessed of a heavy base brain if it is accompanied by a high and active top moral brain to hold it in check. Our greatest and best men are thus endowed, but to live in the basement entirely with no glimmer of light from the chamber above, as does poor Ashe, is a calamity.

The slow but sure machinery of the law will weave its warp and woof of evidence to convict or acquit the man, and time, the great adjuster of all things terrestrial, will sooner or later bear him to the close of his earthly career. He will "shuffle off this mortal coil." If immortality be the birthright of mankind and the murderer Ashe be human, then he has a soul and will live forever. How? Where? Who can tell?

C. P. HOLT.

ALLEN HADDOCK.

## THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

No objection, moral or legal, can be urged against the instant and complete abolition of the laws and customs whereby the few may levy tribute upon the many. The possession of the land—man's natural, inalienable heritage; man's absolute necessity—by a few non-users, who tax the users "all the traffic will bear," is the cause, the great cause, of the poverty of 70,000,000 people and the power and wealth of 30,000. Taxation upon the products of labor always inflicts distress upon the laborers. The Creator gave to man land as a source of all his wealth—therefore it should be the object of all taxation. There is no need for going backward and demanding restitution. Let us go ahead and prevent continuation and perpetuation. The use of land shall constitute its title, and the people shall reap the value given it by their presence.—Los Angeles Labor World.

Man's natural sphere is to employ himself. Working for wages is an outgrowth of civilization. No man should be compelled to work for another man. He ought to do so from choice, and that choice should not be superinduced by a necessity. If a man agrees to work for a certain wage, it ought to be because he believes he can realize more by so doing than by employing himself. So long as a man can employ himself he can be a party in the naming of the wages he is to receive. As soon as land is monopolized and opportunity is shut off, the man becomes a slave. He must take what is offered, or starve. With natural opportunity gone, he cannot employ himself and his only show for life and sustenance is through the good will of some one else. Settle the land question. Nothing short of it will do much good.—Inter-Mountain Advocate.

When a man starves himself and dies that his wife may eat and live; when a homeless woman with two infant children is lifted from the icy sidewalk perishing from hunger; when destitution pushes forever its gaunt victims before the public "in a great," opulent city, the metropolis of a new and rich continent, the question of where the fault lies—what the cause is of suffering so often and so often wholly unmerited—is the question that confronts mankind. One death from starvation in the City of New York is an indictment of every well-fed man in it. Yet how many deaths from starvation there will be this winter, as there has been every other! Custom renders all save a few of us callous or hopeless that a charity half kind, half repugnant, is the only answer commonly given to the question, Where does the fault lie?—N. Y. Journal.



# HUMAN NATURE.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

Phrenology, Physiognomy, Health  
Medical and Social Reform.

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## ALLEN HADDOCK

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San Francisco, Cal., March, 1897.

"Talent and character create success."

January number of the New York Phrenological Journal all gone.

If anyone speaks ill of you, live so true that none will believe him.

Good character is capital and it is a capital thing to have good character.

The term "bumps" as applied to phrenological science is a misnomer—a slang word used by the ignorant.

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"Phrenology is the true science of mind. Every other system is defective in enumerating, classifying and tracing the relations of the faculties."—Professor R. Hunter.

Prof. Ferrier, the great anatomist, observed that the excitations of the superior temporo-sphenoidal convolution in monkeys, dogs, cats and other carnivorous animals, corresponds with Gall's location of Destructiveness in murderers, and both men and animals in whom this brain center is found to be large and active exhibit similar characteristics of rage and ferocity.

The British Phrenological Year Book for 1897 is a remarkable production and its publishers, the British Phrenological Association, are to be highly commended.

The Year Book is ably edited by the editor of the "Popular Phrenologist," its contributors are men widely known in Great Britain as leading Phrenologists, and what they have to say is scientific, interesting and instructive. We have only a few copies on hand, price 50 cents.

We have also a few of the 1896 edition (delayed enroute) which we offer at half price, 25 cents.

### POPULAR PHRENOLOGIST.

To those who send us a stamp for postage, a sample copy of the English Popular Phrenologist will be sent FREE this month until the stock of samples are exhausted.

The subscription price is 60 cents per year. The magazine will be sent from London direct to subscribers, postage paid.

For the convenience of American and Canadian subscribers, and to save them unnecessary expense all orders should be sent to Human Nature office.

## Exchanges Reviewed.

By C. P. Holt.

The February number of the Chicago Vegetarian contains instructive reading matter. In speaking of the much advertised, but quite disgusting Salisbury Treatment which consists of making an invalid's diet to consist entirely of hot water and chopped raw beef, like that of any cat or tiger, it says: "Salisbury's patients have been attacked with eczema, and other disagreeable diseases. Some have become subject to fits—perhaps permanently so. Others have been sent to the insane asylum. One invalid writes that paper saying, "After trying the 'Salisbury Treatment' my disgust for meat has become so great that I cannot go on with it." I don't wonder.

THE SOCIALIST, weekly, \$1.00 a year.  
727 Geary Street

It is a live paper edited by a man who is not afraid to tell the truth and who has the milk of human kindness flowing through his veins. His name is J. E. Scott, and he wants the whole people to go "scott free." There is too much in this reform journal to quote. Let every reformer subscribe for it and renew his courage to fight monopolies and help to usher in the socialistic millenium.

FOOD, HOME AND GARDEN, 310  
Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

After a forced sleep since July, 1896, this old-time friend and staunch advocate of a decent diet for human beings came to our table in February decked out in a brand new and very attractive dress. Under the caption of "Butcher's Meat and War," it says:

"The Lancet, London, while admitting the practicability of Vegetarianism, opposes it on national grounds because it says if the people of India had been eaters of butchers' meat they could not have been conquered by beef-eating Englishmen. This is an admission that eating butchers' meat will cause men to become the best butchers of their fellow men."

Comment is unnecessary.

HEALTH, Monthly, \$1.00 a year. Al-  
truria, Sonoma Co., Cal.

Devoted to the cause and cure of disease.

There are some most excellent thoughts expressed in the January number of this journal. From the contents we glean something on Digestion. Taking Care of the Nerves. Health the Basis of Success. Training of Children. Need of Dress Reform, besides many other thoughts that everyone should read.

Dr. W. P. Burke is editor and he tells

truth in a pleasant, instructive way that leads people from sickness to health, and when well, keeps them so.

**MEDICAL LIBERTY NEWS**, Van Buren & Leavitt, Pubs., Chicago. \$1.00 per year.

This is a new and much needed reform magazine, devoted to medical science and reform, opposes vaccination, vivisection and the liquor traffic. The January number has some striking and startling captions, such as Anti-Toxin Murder Straight Out. Sure Death Anti-Toxin, A Horrible Vaccination Murder, Medical Nonsense, Human Vivisection, etc.

**THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL**. Weekly, \$1.00 a year. 2096 Market St., San Francisco.

This is a welcome journal to our table. It talks of all things which have reference to man's spiritual nature, and those who read its pages will rise from the perusal with a calm assurance that

"There is no death, the stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore,  
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown,  
They shine no more."

"And all around us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life; there are no dead."

**THE JOURNAL OF HYGIENIC THERAPY AND ANTI-VACCINATION**, Monthly. Kokomo, Ind., 75 cents a year.

The contents of the January number are striking. Such as Worse than Small Pox, A Hygienic Diet, Phrenology In the Medical Profession etc.

Dr. T. V. Gifford, the editor is a wide awake thinker and able hygienic physician.

**THE CALIFORNIA MEDICAL JOURNAL**, Monthly, San Francisco.

The February number of this journal is up to its usual excellence. Some of its contents are suggestive, such as Seven Buckets of Blood, The Physician, Oriental Therapeutics, etc. To those who think, and "want to know, you know," this magazine appeals.

The January number of Good Health, published at Battle Creek, Mich., reached our table late this time, though usually very prompt. This is the oldest and most progressive health monthly in the United States and is always a welcome visitor.

**THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE** for February is up to the

standard of its usual excellence. Its department on Phycic Experiences is alone worth the price of a years' subscription. \$2.50 a year, issued monthly by The Metaphysical Publishing Company, 503 Fifth Ave. New York.

The February number of the Popular Phrenologist, London, Eng., to hand. Among many other able articles is "The Art of Reading Character," by Prof. A. Hubert, F. B. P. A. One thought in the article deserves to be written in letters of gold. "If Phrenology teaches one thing more than another it teaches one to be charitable. Therefore, before judging or rather misjudging your fellows, consider what may have been the causes which have operated prior to the exhibition of conduct which appears to you undesirable or even wrong." There is a prize story entitled "What I Owe to Phrenology," very readable, and "Notes By the Way," by Signor Crispi, F. B. P. A.

On page 21, to our gratified surprise we looked upon the picture of our acquaintance of 20 years ago, the veteran Phrenologist, Prof. Hagarty. A short sketch of the professor's excellent traits of character is given by Mr. Mark Moores, who says that he first met Prof. Hagarty about a quarter of a century ago when he asked him the question: "How long will it take me to master Phrenology?" "I shall never forget his answer, writes Mr. Moores as, with his kindly smile he said, "Study it every day, and when you have grown to be an old man, you will find out how much there is to learn."

Mr. Moores says since then many years of deep study and the private examination of over 100,000 people has taught him something of Prof. Hagarty's meaning.

In reply to objections against Phrenology one is reminded of the man who stated to Sir Charles Lyell that Geology was false, and that he didn't believe a word of it. "Do you," inquired Sir Charles, "know anything about Geology? Have you ever read anything on the subject, or studied it practically?" "Not at all," said the objector; "Why should I study it when I don't believe in it?" "Well then," replied the geologist, you are incompetent to discuss the subject or to have an opinion on it. Go and study Geology and then come to me, and I'll listen to your objections. It will, however be needless then, for you will be of the same opinion that I am."—British Phrenological Year Book.

If we have no agents near you to collect your subscription, and if you intend to subscribe, kindly send at once 50 cts. to Allen Haddock, 1016 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

# THE NEW ERA

## A New Magazine

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men."

The readers of Human Nature who are weary of deep study, will find rest for their tired brains by reading the lighter matter and interesting short stories and facts contained within the covers of this handsomely illustrated new magazine.

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## THE PRINTER'S FAULT.

The typographical errors occurring in last month's issue of Human Nature disturbed the mental equipoise of the editors of this magazine beyond the power of our vocabulary to express.

The fault lay at the door of the printer who neglected to make our proof-sheet corrections.

He swears by the great caspoo that he will never be so wicked again and in our great mercy we have forgiven him, and we request our readers to be likewise merciful.

## JUST FINISHED.

Two large Oil Paintings, 6x4 feet, on canvas, complete, by John T. Haddock, artist. One shows the brain organs, the other the groups of organs. Instead of symbolic pictures, the names of the organs and groups are printed.

Sent C. O. D. for \$6.00 each. Address "Human Nature" Office, 1016 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

We have now on hand Mrs. Stanton's great work. Encyclopedia of Face and Form Reading." In sheep binding profusely illustrated \$5 here; it is too large for mailing. Sent by express purchaser paying express.

## Duty Triumphant.

By C. P. Holt.

I stood all alone in my deep sorrow,  
And wept 'till the fountains were dry;  
No longer I wished for the morrow,  
But fervently prayed I might die.

The joys of my childhood had departed,  
The pleasures of manhood no more;  
The friends that once I had deemed  
true-hearted,  
Had passed out through love's open  
door.

The wretched past with its sadness and  
gloom,  
Cast its shadows down through the  
years;  
And while the present seemed sounding  
my doom,  
The future held nothing but tears.

What then was there left for me but de-  
spair,  
To my poor heart bursting with pain;  
What else left for my soul but declare,  
Its hopes and its prayers had been  
vain?

Thus all my long lifetime had been  
wasted,  
Not a joy or pleasure my own;  
The bitter dregs of life I had tasted,  
All peace from my bosom had flown.

So it was, that reasoning I then said,  
"Poor heart, it were better by far,  
That your sorrows were quite past, and  
you dead,  
Your home on some beautiful star."

Just then when the deep darkness  
seem'd greatest,  
And my soul was sinking in night,  
The day-star of hope, sweet Heaven's  
latest,  
And best, shone out brilliant with light.

Through a rift in the clouds now  
gleamed brightly,  
This beacon-star, hope of my soul;  
And the angel on watch whispered light-  
ly,  
"Look beyond the billows that roll."

"There is great joy for him that forgiv-  
eth,  
The deep wrongs which others have  
wrought;  
And as surely as justice outliveth,  
So forgiveness with peace is fraught."

"Your peace and joy lies not in repining.  
Be strong, be brave, be good, be true;  
Then your clouds with their bright silver  
lining,  
Shall fade from deep blackness to  
blue."

I arose from my grief and dried my  
tears,

I girded my armor anew,  
Firmly resolved that the oncoming years,  
Should witness my strife to be true.

Now I no longer brood over my woes,  
No longer in grief I repine;  
I stand in strength by the river that  
flows  
Through the realm of duty sublime.

And gazing far out on its peaceful tide,  
I see the white sails all unfurled,  
Of the ships in the fleet of peace which  
ride,  
To the gates of beauty and gold.

I know some day when the weather is  
fair,  
And my duty on earth is done,  
I shall join the angel waiting me there,  
And sail to the haven I've won.

## The Ideal Is the Real.

There is nothing so real as that which  
to many people seems unreal. These  
folk are never so sure of substantial  
footing as when they have an abundance  
of facts. They belong to the "Grad-  
grind" school which must weigh and  
measure everything with which it deals.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is a  
truth that facts are not real, but shad-  
ows of the real; the real exists in the  
unseen.

A few blocks from my writing desk  
there is an imposing structure; it has  
symmetrical proportions and architectural  
perfection but the fact of its existence  
does not lie in the material of which it  
is composed; the real is behind the visi-  
ble. I saw a picture of that building  
many weeks before a stroke had been  
struck by workmen in laying its founda-  
tion stones. That superstructure ex-  
isted as real in the mind of the archi-  
tect before the drawing was made as  
it exists in iron, stone and mortar to-  
day; indeed, its existence was far more  
real in the mind than it now is in the  
material of which it is composed. An  
earthquake may shatter the walls of  
that building to fragments and its stone  
foundation and iron casements be ground  
to dust, yet it shall exist forever in the  
memory of those who now behold it.

It is sometimes said of certain concep-  
tions of the mind that they are imprac-  
ticable because unreal. The human  
mind conceives of nothing which is im-  
possible; it cannot think the unthinkable  
and if the thought had but a moment's  
existence it is real. The most unique  
contrivances of the inventor, though they  
may fail to take form and shape are  
real. Stevenson sped across the moors  
of England in his steam engine, through

his imagination, long before the first  
bolt was driven into the iron of which  
it was composed. Edison's inventions  
first existed in his mind. The physical  
body which seems so real and substan-  
tial, is only the shadow of the soul. The  
ideals of poets are quite as real as the  
discoveries of the scientists, in fine the  
internal is the real and the external the  
shadow.

C. P. HOLT.

## THE POWER OF TRUE LOVE.

The eminent scientist and teacher,  
Professor Joseph LeConte of the Califor-  
nia State University, at a reception giv-  
en him in this city Feb. 18th, to com-  
memorate his Golden Wedding, paid the  
following tribute to his wife and made  
comment upon a happy married life,  
worthy the philosopher that he is:

"To the influence of my wife I attrib-  
ute nearly all that I have done that is  
worthy of any man's ambition. A genu-  
ine and true love is the most powerful  
force for good that can enter into the  
life of any man. For myself I can say  
that my whole life entered upon a high-  
er plane the moment I fell in love and  
became married. A happy married life  
has a soothing influence. One's troubles  
are smoothed out and he is left with a  
clearer mind to pursue any work in  
which he may be engaged."

It is now in order for Mrs. LeConte  
to express her opinion "Is marriage a  
failure or a success?"

C. P. HOLT.

## Hygiene in Diet.

By Dorothy Gunn, in the *Metaphysical  
Magazine*.

Many persons associate the word "hy-  
giene" with "starvation;" again, others  
say: "We live very hygienically; we eat  
very little meat, and never any pork."  
Abstinence from meat does not neces-  
sarily mean that one is living hygieni-  
cally; fruit and vegetables may be served  
in a most unwholesome manner. It is  
told of Philippe Hecquet, a French phy-  
sician who lived in the seventeenth cen-  
tury, that when calling upon his wealthy  
patients he used often to go to the kit-  
chen and pantry, embrace the cooks and  
butlers, and exhort them thus: "I owe  
you so much gratitude, my dear friends;  
you are so useful to us doctors, for if you  
did not keep on poisoning the people we  
should all go to the poor-house."

Of course, the first step in adopting a  
pure diet is total abstinence from meat.  
Man must free himself wholly from the  
lusts of the flesh-pots; he must be puri-  
fied entirely from the taste of blood.  
Teach him that he was never intended  
to be the universal scavenger, and that



his stomach was never constituted to be the common sepulchre for the carcasses of animals. Let him understand that, in his primal dignity and God-like attributes, he was made to be the lord, not the ravager, of creation; that the office assigned him is that of protector, not destroyer, of all that his Maker pronounced "very good;" and that he was ordained to rule over, not prey upon, the creatures below him. Then will his body and brain, his mind and soul—all the powers of his physical and spiritual nature—take the onward and upward, the higher and better direction.

Many say they must have meat for strength—that vegetable food is not sufficiently nutritious. But chemistry and physiology prove the contrary. So does my personal experience. Indeed, it has been demonstrated that many kinds of fruit are almost as nutritious as flesh. Many kinds of vegetables are quite as much so, and all kinds of grain several times as nutritious. It is alleged that human beings cannot have permanent strength without the use of animal food—in presence of the fact that the hardest work among human beings is now done (according to Dr. Trall) by those who use the least animal food, and the additional fact that no flesh-eating animal can endure prolonged or severe labor. I should like to have the experiment made of working a lion, tiger or hyena, against an ox, camel, or mule. Examples exist all over the world of men of extraordinary powers of endurance who do not use animal food at all, and history is filled with similar cases. Again, the largest and strongest animals are those which eat no flesh food of any kind—the elephant and rhinoceros.

Animals are constantly throwing off effete matter, which is stopped the instant the life is taken and remains in the animal tissue. To this unexpelled effete matter is added that produced by the putrefactive processes which so quickly begin in flesh foods exposed to air and warmth. The little nourishment contained in flesh is derived from the vegetable kingdom; why, then, should man partake of second-hand nourishment?

The use of animal food has a tendency to develop the animal propensities. Food supplies the elements of our tissues; we, i. e., our bodies, are literally made of what we eat. According to our diet will be the condition of "the house we live in"—this bodily tenement of the immortal spirit, which we are commanded by its Author to keep pure, holy and undefiled. Oliver Wendell Holmes says:

"Most assuredly I do believe that body and mind are much influenced by the kind of food habitually depended upon. I can never stray among the village people of our windy capes without now and then coming upon a human being who

looks as if he had been split, salted, and dried, like the salt fish that has built up his arid organism. If the body is modified by the food which nourishes it, the kind and character very certainly will be modified by it also. We know enough of their close connection with each other to be sure of that without any statistical observation to prove it."

And Gustav Von Streve says:

"The thoughts and feelings which the food we partake of provokes, are not remarked in common life, but they nevertheless have their significance. The man who daily sees cows and calves slaughtered (or who kills them himself) hogs 'stuck,' hens 'plucked,' etc., cannot possibly retain any true feeling for the sufferings of his own species. How very different are the thoughts and sentiments produced by the non-flesh diet!" As the man who was too lazy to originate a prayer, and so pasted a copy of the Lord's Prayer upon the footboard of his bed and each night on retiring, pointing to the printed prayer exclaimed "Oh, Lord, them's my sentiments." So say I of the above thoughts on diet, which ought to be proclaimed from the rooftops.

C. P. HOLT.

### Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.

(By Florence Percy.)

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight!

Make me a child again, just for to-night!

Mother, come back from the echoless shore,

Take me again to your heart as of yore,  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,

Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!

I am weary of toils and of tears—  
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—

Take them and give me my childhood again!

I have grown weary of dust and decay,  
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,  
Weary of sowing for others to reap;

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!

Many a summer the grass has grown green,

Blossomed and faded, our faces between;  
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,

Long I to-night for your presence again;  
Come from the silence so long and so deep—

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,

No love like mother-love ever has shone;  
No other worship abides and endures—  
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours;  
None like a mother can charm away pain  
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;

Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,

Fall on your shoulders again as of old;  
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the light,

For, with its sunny-edged shadows, once more,

Happy will throng the sweet billows of yore;

Lovingly, softly, its bright visions sweep—

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long

Since I was hushed by your lullaby song;

Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem

Womanhood's years have been but a dream.

Clasp'd to your heart in a loving embrace,

With your light lashes just sweeping my face,

Never hereafter to wake or to weep;

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

"A considerable time has elapsed since attention was called by Phrenologists to the connection between size of Brain and Mental development in human beings. When extensive statistics are taken the conclusion is established that great mental superiority is accompanied with more than average size of brain."—Professor Alexander Bain, L. L. D.

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## FIELD NOTES.

Leaving New Denver I journeyed by steamer down the Slocan Lake to Slocan City, situated at the mouth of the lake in a little valley, surrounded by walls of adamantine rock, reaching up into mountain penks, where the precious metals lie buried, awaiting the dawn of civilization to open up their buried treasures. Slocan is a very new town consisting of several hundred new buildings, all erected the present season. I soon was located at "Park Hotel" whose proprietors gave me a genial and hearty welcome. They soon joined our happy family of "Human Nature." They kept a fine hotel and have struck a "pay streak," in feeding the hungry at fifty cents a meal. I gave a course of lectures here in Brandon School House to full houses, and had a royal time generally. The people of Slocan county are intelligent and refined.

I also called on the Arlington Hotel, the Wilson House, E. Paris & Co., A. M. Beattie and many others, all finely located and making money. Everbody was full of business and nearly all joined the roll call of Human Nature. Slocan City is sure to grow into a wondrous town of fine proportions. The mineral wealth is there and nature has left nothing undone in the line of sublimity and grandeur. From Slocan, I doubled back on my track to New Denver and Sandon where I took another railroad, the narrow guage to "Kaslo," near the head of Kootenay Lake. Kaslo seems to be the Queen City of this region and is the centre of a vast mining trade, and is superbly situated on "valley and table land," on the west shore of Kootenay Lake. It is a most thriving town of several thousand inhabitants and is building up very fast and assuming city airs.

I stopped two weeks at the Kaslo Hotel, a fine brick structure with hot air in every room from a furnace in the basement below, and it is a first class hotel in every respect. Human Nature will visited them twelve times in 1897 and talk to their many guests in the reading room. I gave a full course of lectures in the Olympic Hall to large audiences, although the weather seemed to be on a jamboree, for it rained, it snowed, it blowed and froze all the time I was there. My rooms were thronged every day by the crowds, after the bread of science. I shall never forget the good people of Kaslo nor the hundreds of friends I made there. One evening I called for two gentlemen for public ex-

amination, after my lecture. A very tall handsome pale-faced man with a 23 inch head with an immense moral and intellectually developed brain came forward and I read him thus: This gentleman is one of few among men, a natural student, scholar, teacher or minister, author, with a brain power of great reach and one who would make himself felt in any community. A fine writer, editor, author, etc. He proved to be the Methodist parson and was all I said of him. He was accompanied to the platform by his opposite, in every particular as follows: A round fat faced, good natured, smiling, broad shouldered man, who looked as if he never "missed a meal or paid a cent," or read a newspaper or lay awake nights when he owed somebody and could not pay him, for he would let the creditor do all the worrying, while he would eat, laugh and grow fat; a most jolly fellow that would loan you two dollars and borrow ten and maybe forget to pay it; would give liberally to the poor and in a trade with the same poor or some one else, would take the lion's share. A great man for the society of ladies and that he should have located in Utah, or Turkey; that he would not trouble himself about life "over there, over there" (Heaven), or what comes after death, but that he would keep close to the commissary department and this "world was good enough for him". That he should be a hotel keeper, butcher or baker, provision dealer, cook and etc., and thus I gave his character to the audience, which proved to be true in every particular. I met here in Kaslo, Mr. M. D. Cryder, a natural born artist whose landscape paintings decorate the walls and homes of many people all over the west. I examined him closely and found he had a wonderful development of Imagination, Idealty, Color, Form, Size, Locality, Calculation and Order. Mr. Cryder added materially to my gallery of mammoth oil paintings, giving me the "missing link" in life-sized heads of all nations, etc. He is an unassuming man, yet he can paint a large fine painting in a few minutes. Every stroke of his wondrous brush, made with great rapidity adds new charms to his conception. I bade good-bye to Kaslo and its grand, sublime scenery with much regret.

All letters for D. C. Seymour should be addressed to Port Angeles, Wash.

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### Strange Vision.

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An English woman of assured social position in every way was recently paying a visit to some friends in Hartford, Conn. Some months previously she had been in India, from which far-off country she brought with her a most remarkable

story—so remarkable, indeed, that only the personal reputation of the narrator and the one other person concerned entitle it to consideration. The occurrence took place in the house of the narrator's sister at Meerat, Northwestern India. The sisters are connected with families of undoubted repute, both in India and England. The narrator's sister was seated at a table reading one evening, when, happening to lift her eyes from her book, she was astonished to see seated in a chair before her, and between herself and the door to the bathroom, a man, a stranger to her who calmly regarded her. It was too great a surprise for her to speak and demand who was thus intruding unbidden upon her privacy, and what was wanted. She remained for a moment in silent astonishment. Then it gradually dawned upon her that the figure was probably not that of a person of real flesh and blood, but a visitor from the unseen world of life. She remembered having once, as a child, seen a similar figure, under circumstances which seemed to preclude the idea that it was any person still in the body, and in later years, in evolving these circumstances, she had remembered how the apparition had after a while faded away into invisibility.

Concluding that this visitor also was not a person of flesh and blood, she sat silently gazing at the silent object, while the intruder, whoever or whatever he was, sat also in silence, steadily regarding her. Just how long this state of things lasted the lady did not accurately know, but it was probably not very long, when the mysterious stranger began to vanish into a thinner and thinner personal presence, until in a moment or two he had vanished quite away.

She had been vaguely conscious that in a minute or so after she had first seen the strange visitor her two pet dogs had begun to bark furiously in another room. It had been her invariable custom to take a bath at this time in the evening, after which she liberated the dogs. As the animals on this evening were making such a tremendous and unwonted ado she opened the door of the adjoining room to see what was exciting them. They at once darted to the door of the bathroom. This their mistress opened in time to see a huge cobra on the floor—the snake whose bite is certain death. The reptile raised its head angrily, but apparently became afraid of the dogs and riggled through a hole in the floor and escaped. But for the appearance of the supernatural visitor she would undoubtedly have gone directly to her bath from the reading table and would with equal certainty have been bitten by the snake.

—Exchange.

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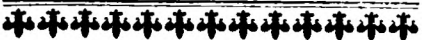
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