

OF MYSTERIES

A CHEER-UP MAGAZINE



Lead kindly Light amid the
 encircling gloom
 Lead thou me on;
 The night is dark and I am
 far from home.
 Lead thou me on.

HEALTH HAPPINESS PROSPERITY

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"A CHEER-UP MAGAZINE" OF HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY

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Every soul has the seeds of flowers within, and they would open if they could only find spiritual sunshine and pure air to expand in.

Not having enough soul sunshine is what ails the world.

The Father loves thee: then catch the sunshine.

Every aspiration is God's Angel unfolded: in every "O my Father" slumbers deep a "Here my child."

Hold fast upon God, the inner Life, with one hand and open wide the other to your neighbor. That means Religion.

HAIL, HOLY LIGHT

HAIL, HOLY LIGHT!
This is the Age of LIGHT!
The New Era!

Only the wilful and perverse need remain in darkness now.

The holy Light of God is shining here and now on this planet as it never shone before.

Wake up, soul!

Shake thyself, soul!

Rouse thyself, soul!

It is the Morning of the New Day!

Behold! The Holy Light of God is shining with radiant brightness everywhere.

The Holy Light is burning away the Cage of Sin in which we have been imprisoned so long.

Behold! burning letters—*freedom*!

Hail, Holy Light!

Shine in our Souls!

Shine in our Hearts!

Shine in our Minds!

HAIL, HOLY LIGHT!

Guard well your thoughts, for their vibrations may be heard in heaven!

Every right act and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.

No good deed is ever lost.

Live for the good of humanity.

Help those most in need.

God is very nigh thee, even in thy heart.

Love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.

This I learned from the shadow of a tree.

That up and far did away with a wall.

Our shadow-selves—our influences—may fall,
Where we ourselves can never be.

The Christian man or woman is always animated and dominated by some active motive to help, as a unit, the great Whole. Therefore, Christians are always *doers*, laborers and workers, and not idle dreamers. This is what makes Christian America such a wonderfully progressive and prosperous country. "AMERICANISM" means *active to do and achieve*.

As Mr. W. J. Robinson phrases it:

"Do a kind act, speak a kindly word.

Only thus will you travel this way.

Be cheery and bright as a singing bird.

And the world will rejoice at your lay.

God gave not a grain to the human race.

Not a grain to a child of earth.

Why borrow the tongue of the brute of the field.

When the language of man is mirth."

Battle Hymn of the Republic

By Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and daring lamps;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;

"As ye deal with My contempters, so with you My grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the Serpent with his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him—be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

This wonderful flood-tide of inspiration that was poured through Julia Ward Howe reminds us of the eternal battle ever progressing between Right and Wrong.

It tells us of the Spirit of Right that ever is uppermost and that ever is "Marching on."

Let us clasp it to our hearts! Yes,—let us clasp it to our hearts more reverently and tenderly and with the deepest Soul-conviction because it is our voicing of the Great Hope, the hope which God our Father has whispered to the heart of his waiting and loving and trusting human child.

POISE

People who would attain exquisite mental poise must dive between the white-caps and the waves on the surface of thought, down into the depths of their beings, where there is eternal calm which no mental tempest can disturb.

A perfectly poised mind must be in frequent communication with the divine. Diving upon human qualities will never bring that perfect mental balance, that divine serenity which makes every physical beauty unattractive in comparison.

There is a sweetness, a ripeness, a divine something about a serene mind which cannot be analyzed, but which we all feel. No wealth can compare with the benign, satisfying influence which radiates from an exquisitely poised personality.

Some of our best observatories are built upon mountain tops, so that the great lens which sweeps the heavens may not be obscured by the

dust, the dirt, the mist floating in the atmosphere.

In order to shut out the dim, the terrible noises which distract the mind, in order to shut out the thousand and one disturbing influences in our strenuous life, the things which warp and twist and distort us, it is necessary to rise into the higher realm of thought and feeling, where we can breathe a purer air, get in closer touch with the divine.

Orison Swift Marden, in Success.

Better than bands of choristers—is music in the soul!

Chasteness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment; the course is then over, the wheel turns round but once, while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.

GET WELL AND KEEP WELL

This you may do by learning the *LAWS OF LIFE* and applying them as taught by *The Mystic Healing Circle* and receiving the special treatment of *Healing Vibrations* from Mystic No. 12

Write to Mystic No. 12

HAVE FAITH IN THE SOUL OF GOODNESS

Dear friends, if this world of ours is ever to be made better than it is, it is to be made better by believing in it and taking its goodness for granted.

Satire never touched a heart; scorn never melted a soul; contempt never converted a character; all the vials of wrath will not make a single blade of grass, much less will they make flowers and fruits grow from the human soil.

By making men despise, doubt, question, disbelieve themselves, you will never induce them to improve themselves.

Believe in them, encourage their higher purposes, shed sunlight on their hearts; make them trust that their best hopes are their truest guides, that their purest desires are their most heavenly inspirations; make them think the past is dark and small as compared with the future; make them confide in their possibilities of excellence; help the worst man to believe that. If a man seems evil tell him that evil is not the root of him, but good. If a woman seems to you vile, cast no stone upon her, do not spit upon her, or spurn her with your foot, but speak gentle words, if you have any, or speak none; hold out the hand of pity to her, or make no demonstration; make her feel that there is humanity enough, if not in you, in others, to take her into the sisterhood of humanity, to cover her transgressions, to wipe out her sins, and bring forth the hidden sweetness of her soul.

If I know anything, I know this: that it is the Soul of Goodness that makes men good and not the Soul of Evil, and only as we appeal to the Soul of Goodness will it ever begin to burn and throb in human hearts.

RICH OR POOR?

Only a string of cold white pearls,
Or diamond drops, like frozen tears,
Has clasped my lady's slender neck
Through all the barren, empty years.

Only wee, warm, white, baby arms
Have clasped my neck thro' the sweet years;
Yet she is rich and I am poor—
Or so it to the world appears!

Muriel Hedderick Browne.

LAW, NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL

The real problem I have set myself may be stated in a sentence. Is there not reason to believe that many of the Laws of the Spiritual World, hitherto regarded as occupying an entirely separate province, are simply the Laws of the Natural World? Can we identify the Natural Laws, or any one of them, in the spiritual sphere? That vague lines everywhere run through the Spiritual World is already beginning to be recognized. Is it possible to link them with those great lines running through the visible universe which we call the Natural Laws, or are they fundamentally distinct? In a word, Is the Supernatural Natural or Unnatural?—Henry Drummond.

Be still my soul!—the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief and pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide,
In every change He faithful will remain.

The highest pinnacle of the spiritual life is not happy joy in unbroken sunshine, but absolute and undoubting trust in the Love of God.

Lord! subdue our selfish will;
Each to each our tempers suit.
By Thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.
C. Wesley.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not unto evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our grateful thanks accept.

LOVE BEAUTIFULLY

Miss Baruett Brown, in her own graceful way, says that in order to love beautifully man needs to become finer and gentler, woman wiser and stronger. And is it not true that the lines of womanhood and manhood are converging toward each other in these ways of growth? Think, then, how much at one will be the two who meet and mate, grown to full stature in character, in understanding of life, in thought and aspiration.

No crude choice of crude people, which must ever have a crude result, will this be; but a union of two fine, strong souls, living as far above the miasma of earth as the clouds above the trees, in an atmosphere so clear and sweet angels might breathe it.

THE LAST SYMPHONY

The fire is sinking, Alice, like my life;
A little moving of the wood will make
The one flame up again; but I—no more.
There was a time when you could make me glow
With life and love and inspiration; now
I wait for death; yes, glad to find him near.
I only want to rest a little while
With you, and talk. How strange!—we two
again
Sit hand in hand, and all the vacant years
Of utter loneliness seem scarcely real.

Ledoux.

LOVE IN THE RIGHT SPIRIT

It requires far more of the constraining love of the TRUE SPIRIT to love our cousins and our neighbors as members of the heavenly family, than to feel the heart warm to our suffering brethren in India or China. To love All Humanity is one thing; but to love—that is, to delight in the graces and veil the defects—of the person who misunderstood me and opposed my plans yesterday, whose peculiar infirmities grate on my most sensitive feelings, or whose natural faults are precisely those from which my natural character most revolts, is quite another.

E. C.

MOLDING CHARACTER

The molding of character lies within yourself and yourself only. If you will to be good, no evil influence can corrupt you; if you will to be bad, virtuous surroundings and allurements cannot make you good.

Therefore, if we desire to lead good and virtuous lives, useful lives which will not alone do honor to ourselves, but at the same time confer a benefit on our kind, let us overcome in early youth the evil that confronts us, put it and its ghastly horde to flight, never to return.

Let us every day cultivate some little flower of virtue so that in the end we may have a garden of character bright and blooming, a solace and a comfort to ourselves and a delight to our neighbors.—M. C. P.

THE MORE SUBSCRIBERS WE HAVE THE GREATER WILL BE OUR FORCE FOR DOING GOOD. WITH THE HELP OF OUR READERS WE WILL SCATTER BROADCAST TO THE MULTITUDE THE DOCTRINE OF HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY, HOPE AND OPTIMISM.

THE SOULFUL PEOPLE INTERESTED IN THIS MAGAZINE HAVE A GRAND OBJECT IN VIEW.

WILL YOU GET ONE MORE SUBSCRIBER TO THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES?

GOD IS LOVE

When we have found God in the Heart, and know Him as a Living Reality, we shall never feel ourselves alone, but will realize that we are one with the Heart of the Universe—GOD.

We are invariably attracted to people having a loving disposition. Being pure minded and spiritual they express more of God's love, which we feel but do not understand, and those who are susceptible in their love nature are irresistibly drawn toward them.

But we need to realize that all this love comes from God—that people are but the instruments for its manifestation, the channel that may fall us at any time. And the love expressed is but an infinitesimal part of God's love, for He is all love, and His love is all ours, and *He changeth not!*

Therefore, love not the instrument blindly, but the love manifested through it, and thereby come to understand God's wondrous love more fully and praise Him more and more. Let us not mistake the reflection for the blessed Reality. Thus we become free and unattached. We know that God's love is omnipresent; it is manifested throughout the universe, and reaches us everywhere we go.

In the way of illustration I will mention an incident that impressed this fact upon my mind. I had left a dear friend on the coast to come up to the mountains to live for a time and I found it very hard to leave this dear friend and her little children that were constantly running in with their hands full of beautiful flowers for me. But the day I came here to this lovely region in the majestic Sierras 5,000 feet above the sea level and far from a railroad, a new friend was sent to me, loving and kind, and with her came her beautiful little child, who, with a smile, offered me a bunch of bright pansies. A Presence seemed to say: "Lo! I am with you always!"

So let us look to the Source of Love for our supply, and our hearts will be filled with love and peace forever more.

Mrs. Ella L. Layson, N. T. Magazine.
Graniteville, Cal.

In the Hindoo home every act is the outcome of some religious thought. The bathing, the eating, the drinking, the going forth and the coming back, the act of lying down and rising at dawn, are all accompanied by prayer and all are set to the tune of religion. The Hindoo sees in ether, air, fire, water and earth the province over which some god or goddess presides. The sun is a god, so is the moon; the stars are abodes of the Immortals to them, and the water is a gift of the Most High which is also guarded and guided by a deity. The earth is a goddess, the Mother of the World, who blesses all that tread upon her body as well as to sustain, nourish and preserve them.

This is his attitude toward life; this is the thing that constantly fills his mind and heart. This is his substance and all the rest is but shadow. For this one reality a Hindoo will give up home, family, name, fame, fortune, a worldly future to walk as a hermit-beggar, a man of the dust for the rest of his life. Realization is the outcome of his religion and renunciation is the outcome of realization. Thousands of these men are to-day in India without purse or scrip, with no shelter but the sky and tree or rock and no bed but the earth.—ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON in *The Light of India* for February (abridged).

Man is "placed on this isthmus of a middle state, a being darkly wise and rudely great." It is important to get on to "God's side." This can only be done by right aims, right methods, and right purposes. Do good and so become good. So says the "Magazine of Mysteries."

THE BEAUTY OF FRIENDSHIP

The attraction of true friendship opens innumerable doors of rational intercourse; it would make people kindred on the highest level of experience and hope; it would make them to be brothers and sisters because they are intellectual creatures and children of the Living God. This is a noble thing even to dream of.

The element that rules here is the sweetest of all elements in conditions as actually existing.

What is friendship? This most beautiful sentiment that men know; this loftiest, purest, holiest thing in the world, that binds man and man together, and man and woman, the wise and the simple, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, not by any low or vulgar action, but by a community of thought, of interest, desire, purpose, and achievement; this most humane that knows no difference of condition or place or law, that does not ask whether the man or woman be old or young, beautiful or the reverse, but simply asks whether there be a tie of common interest that may make existence richer and better than it might be without it; this bond of friendship that has all its strength in the law of attraction.

Friendship is better than love, because it is permanent, while love may be transient; calm, while love may be turbulent; lofty, while love may be low; large, and wide, and comprehensive, while love may be only of the present; aspiring, while love may be groveling.

Friendship runs through the whole gamut of faculty, and quality, and experience, and unites people by ties which emancipate from the control of sex. Such is the office of friendship.

When this element is added to marriage, how much larger, loftier, and richer marriage becomes.

Then, indeed, the husband and wife are one, not solely as having stood by the altar and spoken a vow with their lips; not merely as having been acknowledged by the law, or blessed by the gospel, but as being one creature; a man and a woman thinking, feeling, hoping, worshipping, planning, praying together; touching one another, not with their hands, but with their hearts, not with their hearts only, but with their minds, their consciences, their every impulse blending their lives in a rich, full stream that bears them both on to eternity.

Instances multiply to prove that those who are bound together in this way, who as souls have found each other out, have so been able to form a conception of how beautiful and divine common life may become.

—Rev. O. B. Frothingham.

GOD'S GREAT LOVE

The universe, in its manifested life, is a vast system of exchange. Every artery of it is in motion, throbbing with reciprocity, from the planet to the rotting leaf.

The vapor climbs the sunbeam, and comes back in blessing upon the exhausted herb. The exhalation of the plant is wafted to the ocean, and so goes on the beautiful commerce of nature. And all this because of dissimilarity—because no one thing is sufficient in itself, but calls for the assistance of something else, and repays by a contribution in turn. Reciprocity is a beautiful idea. God gives to the world His great love in great abundance; some souls are ready to be touched by it; other souls are not. The time will arrive when these non-receptive souls will be bathed in this ocean of divine love, and then they will not murmur and complain that God does not love all of His children alike. The God-love is ever at hand in great abundance—it is omnipresent.

A great Soul says:

"There is no such thing in God's universe as a principle of positive evil. Evil is the travail pain of the Soul's birth from the material surroundings to immortality, life and joy. It is the friction of the spiritual life in its evolution from the material. Evil is, therefore, inevitable but temporary. In one position it is good; and in the absolute sense it is right that evil is. It is only when by an attempt to force the animal rule of selfishness into the domain of the spiritual that good becomes evil, and right is transformed into wrong."

POWER OF PRAISE

Whatever you want to increase, no matter what it may be, praise it. Give thanks that it is now fulfilling your ideal. You can praise yourself from weakness to strength; from ignorance to intelligence; from poverty to affluence; from sickness to health. The little lad with the few loaves and fishes furnished the seed that increased through the prayer and thanksgiving of Jesus sufficiently to feed five thousand souls.

LIFE AND DEATH

By Wildie Thayer

Said Life: I come to men unsought,
With burdens and with cares,
With puzzles which they cannot solve;
I answer not their prayers.
I bid them toil and suffer pain,
While shadows dark I bring.
I scourge them o'er and o'er again,
And yet, men to me cling.

Said Death: I come with restful touch,
Into the lives of men.
All earthly cares I bid depart,
Never to come again.
I am the guide to Lethe dark,
And there I bid men drink,
Sweet rest I bring to tired hearts,
And yet men from me shrink.

Love thyself last. Cherish those hearts that hate thee.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not.—*Shakespeare.*



Prayer

PRAYER, A DUTY

Embark in no enterprise which you cannot submit to the test of Prayer.

If He prayed who was without sin, how much more it becometh a sinner to pray.

Prayer is then our duty, as it certainly is our privilege.

Does praying for any given thing have any tendency to bring about the end desired? Does it change the immutable plans of the Almighty? Does it set aside the laws of cause and effect? No, neither. Then, "How can it be efficacious, which life's experience, as well as the Bible, assures us it is?"

Simply thus: We cannot pray for a thing very earnestly without desiring it as earnestly. Indeed Prayer is but desire expressed, and each is proportionate to the other.

We pray for everything we want, and every single thing we effect is but an answer to prayer.

To pray for a thing and not to put forth the corresponding effort is but mockery—for desire and effort go together, hand in hand.

"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." Bible.

A SONG OF CHEER

"Never go gloomily, man with a mind!
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what you take with a tear;
All will be right,
Look to the light—
Morning is ever the daughter of night;
All that was black will be sometime all bright;
Cheerily, cheerily, then! cheer up!

"Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
Many a sorrow a blessing most true,
Helping the heart to be happy and wise
With love ever precious and joys ever new.
Stand in the van!
Strive like a man!
This is the bravest and cleverest plan,
Trusting in God, while you do what you can;
Cheerily, cheerily then! cheer up!

THE INTELLIGENT LIFE OF ANIMALS

Dog Attacks Man with Bomb and Saves One Hundred and Fifty Guests of Hotel

Teddy, a dog, saved one hundred and fifty prominent persons from death or injury when he attacked a Black Hand dynamiter and caused a commotion that resulted in the discovery of a bomb under the boilers of the Knickerbocker Hotel. The boilers are directly beneath the grill room, which had many patrons at the time.

The Black Hand was willing, apparently, to sacrifice all these guests to obtain revenge upon an Italian waiter, John Jason, employed at the hotel. For several weeks Jason has been receiving letters from the Black Hand to which he paid no attention. Finally he was notified that unless he sent \$1,000 immediately he would die. He remained at work in the hotel, believing he would be safe.

Soon after eleven o'clock, a man deposited under the three boilers a bomb with a seven-foot fuse attached. Had the bomb exploded it would have burst the boilers.

Teddy saw him just as he deposited the bomb.

The intruder had barely time to apply a match to the fuse, when the dog gave battle. The man finally escaped. The noise attracted employees of the hotel, who arrived when the fuse was burned within a foot of the bomb, which is now in the hands of the police.

A diamond stays a diamond, though thrown into a mud-pond. The pond-lily lifts its cup of dazzling white above the stagnant pond. A large manufacturing firm in England makes a certain fabric for the Government. Running through that fabric is a scarlet thread that cannot fade. Whether a piece of the goods is found in all its freshness in the king's wardrobe, or is soiled and in a rag-bag, that scarlet thread is there in all its brightness: it cannot be mistaken. So with nobility. If it is real, worth wishing and striving for, it must be of the kind that shines forth unmistakably wherever one is.—*Selected.*

Come, let us live the poetry we sing.—*Edwin Markham.*

The Mystic Success Club

Health, Wealth, a Long, Useful and Blessed Career for You

"No Enterprise Is Too Venturesome, No Effort Too Daring"

To accomplish great things one must do the small and simple duties of life thoroughly.—A MYSTIC.

The whole world around us, and the whole world within us, are ruled by law.—THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

The Root of Success

Give us work, rather than words. The ability to *do* and the *doing* speak far louder and clearer than words. Work commands respect. Work for success. Be CHEERFUL while you work.

CHEERFULNESS is frequently an endowment of nature, but it can also be cultivated.

The will to be cheerful can be cultivated like a mustache. With constant attention it will come in time.

Join the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, with a firm determination to become cheerful and sunny. Brighten up and shine.

There seem to be some persons, the favorites of fortune and darlings of nature, who are born cheerful.

A star "danced" at their birth! It is no superficial visibility, but a bountiful and beneficent soul that sparkles in their eyes and smiles on their lips.

Their inborn geniality and cheerfulness amount to genius—the rare and difficult genius which creates sweet and wholesome character and radiates cheer.

No matter how you feel do not go through life with a downcast head, a hanging lip, with your mouth down at the corners. The saying goes, "Fish for sympathy and get kicked!"

Hold your head up; and put the best face on matters.

Look happy, look cheerful and successful.

"Be a man and flare up." The MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB has brightened life for thousands; then why not for you?

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Shine up! Remember that cheerfulness is the offshoot of goodness.

An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with.

Join the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB. Study the DEGREES FAITHFULLY, and rejuvenate your soul. Learn to live joyously. Life is a great boon. Realize that life is in *"the living of it,"* and you should not waste time in useless regrets for past failures.

You may now have the golden opportunity to join the most powerful Mental and Psychic organization for success which is known.

Great changes are made in the lives of members and great good is being done daily. When you are once harmonized and in tune with the vibrations of the Club you may become most enthusiastic, for you may well wonder what strange and beneficent Power it is that seems to guide your footsteps and help you in the accomplishment of your desires for good, for progress and prosperity. In all the paths of life, business and accomplishment you may see that strength comes with numbers. In union there is strength. Members of churches, business partnerships, clubs, etc., all work together for the promotion of an idea. Alone you are weak. You are perhaps a broken reed. You become discouraged and despondent. But in this great Club you have your timid, weak will, reinforced by the might of thousands.

The angels are ever near to guide into all truth and all knowledge.

Members scattered all over the globe—from New Zealand, from Europe, from Asia and Africa, and from America, from Maine to California, from the smiling Savannahs of the sunlit South to the ice-bound fields of the frozen North—come willing minds and strong wills to enforce and strengthen you. There are hands—hands with hearts in them—to help to overcome the obstacles in your pathway. Send in your application at once.

Join the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

The MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB Degrees TEACH you HOW TO LIVE the simple, childlike life, which is the TRUE WAY to live in order to FULFIL THE LAW.

These Degrees or lessons are wonderful in their simplicity, yet MORE WONDERFUL in their results. ANYONE can understand them, anyone can practice them; so YOU, dear Brother, Sister, who long for the successful life, CAN LEARN and APPLY THESE DEGREES.

There are four, and it takes four months to work through them the first time. You can get MORE AND MORE out of them by continued study, but the BEGINNING IS MADE, and often GRANDEST BENEFITS realized during the four months.

Each Degree is to be faithfully studied and practiced one month. The First deals with what you need first, and perhaps want most, and that is HEALTH.

The Second prepares your mind for knowledge. As you need to be continually learning in order to know, you must ever be open to receive, so the Second is the Degree of Receptivity, because it helps you in that state.

The Third Degree brings you to the BEGINNING OF THE SUCCESS YOU ARE TO WIN THROUGH YOURSELF, and this is called the Degree of Personal Attractiveness.

What is more attractive than a healthy body and a happy mind, and what is more necessary than PERSONAL ATTRACTIVENESS in acquiring friends, position, opportunities?

The Fourth Degree is Realization, the completion of your first cycle of effort, and through which you may not only BEGIN TO REALIZE the GRAND POWER in the work of the Degrees, but ENJOY THE BENEFITS of YOUR FAITHFUL PRACTICE. You will see how connected and well cemented are these golden steps, which we have named in the order of presentation and practice, DEGREES.

FIRST, DEGREE OF HEALTH. (First month.)

SECOND, DEGREE OF RECEPTIVITY. (Second month.)

THIRD, DEGREE OF PERSONAL ATTRACTIVENESS. (THIRD month.)

FOURTH, DEGREE OF REALIZATION. (Fourth month.)

You can in four months, without any interference with your affairs, work through the four degrees of The Mystic Success Club, and reach the plane of Earth life where you will be successful.

Where you will have health, vigor, force and tremendous psychic-mental powers. (First Degree.)

Where you will be a great psychic-mental magnet, attracting to your *aura* the mighty and blessed unseen powers. (Second Degree.)

Where you will vibrate with true love, and charm, fascinate and attract *all* souls by the mighty power of Personal Magnetism. (Third Degree.)

Where you will recognize and realize your blessed powers and oneness with the Sovereign Good of the Universe, and where you will know you are at last on the true and endless road to success—the blessed state. (Fourth Degree.)

Each loyal member of the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB soon gets beyond all adverse conditions.

Anyone who will loyally work with us overcomes all failure.

In taking up the study of these beautiful Lessons YOU ONLY NEED TO BE TEACHABLE and FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

SURELY YOU CAN BE FAITHFUL IF YOU WILL, and this is the FIRST STEP on THE PATH OF SUCCESS.

As to what the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB is doing, and has done, read the remarkable testimonies in our SUCCESS BOOKLET, which we will send free to anyone who asks for it. It is full of heart words from those who have come out of darkness into light through the leadership of OUR MAGAZINE and the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

You see, we are basing results on Principles tried and true. We ask no one to accept mere assertions. We know you can prove this law FOR YOURSELF if you will ONLY DO YOUR PART.

The MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB is organized and founded by men and women who have realized success, and it will be in a prosperous and forceful condition as long as there is one discouraged soul on this planet.

There is only one perfect flower in the wilderness of life:

That flower is Love!

God, alone, is perfect. By progressive degrees He is bringing man nearer and nearer to Himself.

God is showering the gifts of Love and Life upon all who are willing to receive.

Are you not willing to be blessed?

We are all in the hands of Infinite Love and Wisdom.

The changeless Goodness is Eternal Love.

Read this department every month. It will inspire and help you.

Each member of the Club becomes a determined and purposeful conqueror of discordant and adverse conditions of Life, *now* and *here*.

In a while each member assists others to rise and realize fulness and wholeness of Life.

It is a grand union of eternal souls for self-expansion and all-expansion—for Growth, Progress, Enthusiasm and Optimism.

We bring out in *you*, Beloved, all the resources of your soul, heart and mind.

We fit *you* for the highest and noblest service—the highest and noblest success.

No power can ever take away from you what we give.

We help you to make your Life, *now* and *here*, larger, broader and grander in every way.

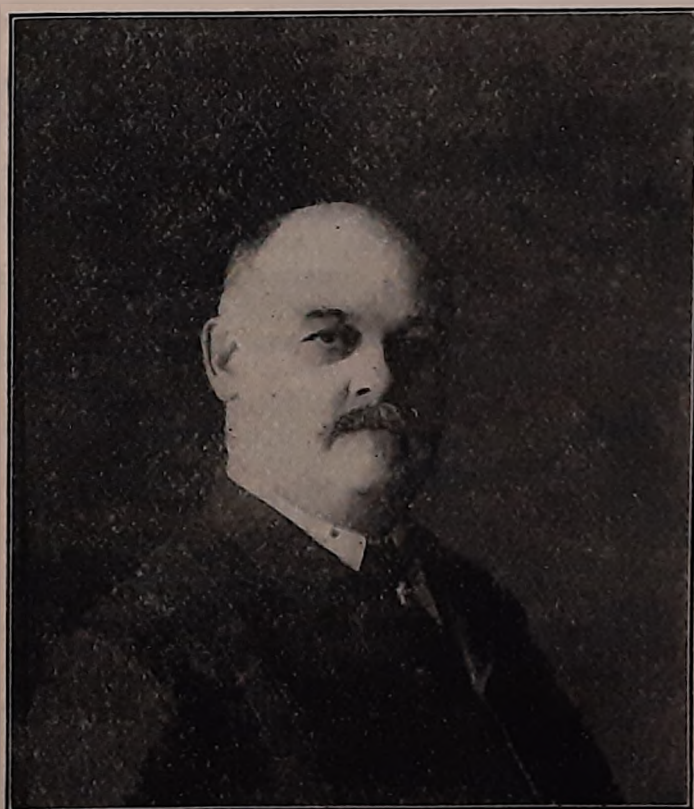
Read each month about THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

With love, peace and good will to *all* beings in the universe, we are, always for grand success,

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB,

N. B.—We desire members from all parts of this
great and blessed planet.

CARE OF THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,
649 West 43d Street, New York City, U. S. A.



PRESIDENT CHARLES E. ELLIS

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Who have not already become Co-Partners and Shareholders in the Profits of "OUR MAGAZINE" who wish to join this worthy and well-paying ASSOCIATION, are hereby notified that they may acquire a few of these shares at the special price of \$12.00 each if they write me at once. These shares have paid 56% in dividends during the past four years—an average of 14% per year. Several hundred members have already grasped this, what I consider, splendid opportunity to invest your savings. If you are interested in your future welfare write me at once.

CHARLES E. ELLIS, President

605 West 43d Street, New York City, N. Y.

"Our little words, a wounded heart may break
Or make it whole;
Our little words when said for Love's sweet
sake,
Will save a soul."— F. M. C.

THE DEMAND OF CONSCIENCE

Conscience demands the immortal life as an answer to all these great ethical enigmas that so perplex us here. If there be another opportunity, time and chance for all, then what matters it, this life so brief, a passing cloud, a shadow across the sun, like the swift ships, as the old Psalmist says, like the grass that grows up in the morning and is cut down in the evening. Those of us who have lived fifty or sixty years know what a little while it is. It is just a little while. So if there is another time and chance for all, then it does not matter much whether we are sick or well, whether we are rich or poor, whether we suffer pain or are free from it. It only matters that we learn the meaning of life, learn to be loving, tender and true. For all ethical problems may find their solution if the light breaks through the clouds on the farther verge of life's horizon, and reveals the glory and brilliance and beauty of another career.

THE VALUE OF A THING IS THE PEACE OF
MIND IT GIVES YOU.

THE GREAT UNITED STATES

The seers and prophets are agreed on one thing—that the United States is to be the *leading* continent of this planet; the leader in religion, philosophy, art, science, invention, wealth, commerce and all that makes for a better and a higher civilization.

In size, variety and wealth of natural resources we far surpass other civilized countries.

President Roosevelt, in speaking of California alone, said: "She has within her borders a State in resources and size equal to many an Old-World empire."

California is a third larger than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and three-fourths the size of the German Empire, and in variety and wealth of natural resources she far surpasses either of them.

NOR IS CALIFORNIA ALONE

The area of Alaska exceeds that of all the powers of the Triple Alliance—Germany, Austria and Italy—combined.

The mineral wealth of Alaska, say the adepts, is tremendous, and beyond calculation; that much of this wealth is to be discovered in the *near future* and will work miracles in the way of banishing poverty and drudgery, not only in America, but all over the world, for Americans are great distributors and circulators of wealth.

Texas is larger than any country in Europe except Russia, and has limitless resources; indeed the Lone Star State is just only beginning to develop her great mineral and agricultural possibilities.

Montana, great in resources, is larger than Prussia and almost equal to Japan.

New Mexico is larger than the United Kingdom, and either Arizona or Nevada is more extensive than Italy.

There are eighteen States and territories, each of which has more land than Turkey in Europe.

With all these practically undeveloped empires, each rich in resources beyond the conception of the human mind, what may we soon expect in material wealth, especially, when we have so many men and women of great mental and physical strength and energy?

The entire population of the German Empire could live comfortably in California.

We have land enough west of the Missouri River to accommodate all the people of Europe in ease and prosperity if they would develop its resources.

Blessed is the soul that dwelleth in such a great country of plenty, provided such a soul is a cheerful optimist and not a whiner and a shirker.

FOR GOODNESS' SAKE BE HEALTHY!



The Mystic Adepts Are Working for Universal Brotherhood

HOW TO BE HAPPY

We should always prefer cheerfulness to mirth. The latter is an art, the former is a habit of mind. Mirth may be short-lived, transient, while cheerfulness is fixed and permanent.

In seeking to be happy we must ever take advantage of the little opportunities that come to us, from day to day, to brighten up the lives of others as we go along.

To-day is the day to be happy. To-day is real, but to-morrow never comes. By the time it arrives it is to-day.

Do not borrow trouble; do not worry.

Look for the best in everything and everybody. Be charitable in your thoughts. Give the "benefit of the doubt" when you have any doubt.

Stop criticising. Judge not lest you, too, be judged.

Train your face to a smile. Others observing your happiness will be aided in any honest effort to realize such happiness for themselves.

Cheerfulness is contagious. It does not consist of hysterical hilarity, which is often followed by a disagreeable depression of spirits.

Cheerfulness is a state of mind. Cultivate it.

The habit of looking on the "Bright Side" is worth more than "five thousand a year." It may often mean

Health,

Happiness, and

Prosperity.

THE SUNNY SIDE

A silvery tide called "Sunny Side"
Goes creeping around the earth!
And never a place but wins a grace,
In the jubilant flood of mirth.
From the dancing gleam on the fretted stream,
To the dimple on "Baby's" cheek,
As in and out, to his merry shout,
Twinkles a hide and seek.
Wherever he goes, the darkness glows,
And men and women sing.
Fills their eyes with a glad surprise
And stays their sorrowing.
The heart is attuned, the world is June,
And nothing is old or gray,
As it passes along like the swell of a song,
At the musical break of day.
Oh, spirit of Love, in the blue above,
That causes the sun to flame,
Guiding the light of the planets bright,
And calleth the stars by name—
'Tis thou doth hide in the sunny side,
That creepeth from heart to heart,
And, soul or clod, we share its God,
Who comes and the shadows part.

"Sprigs of Poetry."

Mind is the partial side of man; the heart is everything.

Passions may not unfitly be termed the mob of the man, that commits a riot upon his reason.
—W. M. PENN.

THE POWER TO CONQUER

We can conquer every unlawful desire, subdue every vile instinct, thwart every base inclination, overcome every untoward passion by calling to our aid the good that is in us to enable us to will to do what is right and avoid what is wrong.

We are all tainted with the sin of Adam, but we can even resist heredity and rise triumphant over environment if we but will do so.

History records many cases of men and women who freed themselves from the barriers of birth by ceaseless efforts for the right, while lives of countless saints refute the falsity that "surroundings form the character."

Sober sons have been born of drunken fathers and virtuous daughters of abandoned mothers.
"Hope springs forever in the human breast."

THE JOY OF THE LORD IS MY JOY!
GLADNESS SHALL FOLLOW MY WAYS,
I REJOICE IN THY PRESENCE, O MY GOD.

BLESSED ARE THE CHEERFUL

For they shall inherit the Kingdom of Joy.

Had I the power to choose, I would pray for a sunny disposition as the boon which confers more happiness on its owner, and more happiness on those with whom one comes in contact, than any other which falls to the lot of the human creature.

In whatever circumstances you place him, he is invariably the master who looks on the bright side of things, who surveys the situation with a serene and confident trust.

Threatening events dwindle and vanish before his steadfast courage and firm poise of mind. He rises unconquered from every conflict and lifts up all around him by his valiant example. All kindly things are in league with the high-hearted.

Helps troop from every side to abet his heroic endeavors.

Mrs. Sara A. Hubbard has done a lasting service to humanity by writing her essay on the "RELIGION OF CHEERFULNESS," published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

If good people would only make their goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause of "OUR MAGAZINE" and to HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY.

Whatever with the past has gone,
The best is always yet to come.

And now the mists are lifting—
The tides are rushing in;
'Tis sunrise on the mountains—
Lo! Life is yet to win!

Lucy Larcom.

THE BISHOP'S KINDLINESS

In a small country place, inaccessible to the luxuries and comforts of a large city, the coming of "The Bishop," and particularly the late Bishop Potter, of world fame, might well have been a happening to be looked forward to with consternation by those who were to entertain him. But the country people learned to know the great, tender heart of their Bishop, as I greatly doubt if many others did. His coming was welcomed with delight, since, as I once heard him say: "Madam, I am a simple fellow, fond of toast and tea," and because every smallest effort to make him comfortable was so appreciated, and he possessed such a charming manner of making himself heartily interested in the family and life of his entertainers. The world knows Bishop Potter's "My Child," but it always seemed to me to have a peculiar tenderness when spoken to his children of the rural districts. Tenderest of all was it when spoken to one who was deformed, or who wore the marks of physical imperfection in any way.

My brothers of your great city have well called attention to the Bishop's great interest in and helpfulness toward all eleemosynary and charitable works, but nothing has come to my notice of any word having been spoken of the motive actuating that interest and helpfulness, the great, tender, father-heart of the man.

Let us not forget in remembering Bishop Potter's greatness that he was first and foremost great-hearted, and that he impersonated the spirit of the brotherhood of man as few men have ever done. The world at large will mourn the loss of one of the most noted history-making men of this generation, both in and out of the Church, but in hundreds and hundreds of homes he will be mourned as the dear, kind friend. "The Bishop."

C. N. R.

Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another. It is a language which the dumb can speak and the deaf can understand.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

After a dawn all rosy, cometh a dreary day;
After the golden sunset, twilight with clouds of gray;

After music, silence; after pleasure, pain,
After torrid noonday, cometh the cooling rain.

Together, grow thorns and roses, side by side
With rue.

Thorns as well as the roses kissed by the morning dew;

After love, comes parting; after kisses, tears;
After joy, comes sadness, filling the weary years.

After light, comes shadow, after gladness, grief;
After the flowery summer, fall with the withered leaf.

Gone then, the bees and the blossoms; silent the birds of the air;

Nothing is heard but the wailing of wind thro' the branches bare;

Then comes the snows of winter, borne on its icy breath;

After labor, resting; then after all comes Death;
Lying with still hands folded, over the weary breast,

After a life of sorrow, peace and this is best.

Stella L. Myatt in Great South West.

If your Love has done nothing for your temper,
It has done nothing for your soul.

Some day when we are tired, like children playing.

And wearied drop our toys;
When all the work and burden of our staying

Has mingled with our joys—
With those we love around—our eyelids drooping,

Too spent with toil to weep—
Like some kind nurse over drowsy children stooping,

Lord, take us home to sleep.

Robert Bridges.

THE SPIRIT OF REJOICING FILLS MY SOUL. I WILL BE GLAD IN THEE FOREVER.

Since publishing "THE RIGHT KNOCK" and "THE MYSTIC SCROLL" I do not know how many hundreds of heart-breaking letters have come to me. And one thing is striking and peculiar—they come from every phase of belief. I think I get as many letters from people belonging to the old-time churches—more than I do from anybody else—people who have been from their childhood taught that they believed, people who supposed that they believed, people who, in a superficial way in which those things go, did believe. And yet these letters show that, when the strain comes, the hawser breaks, and the ship is afloat in the fog on the wide, waste seas.

I had a letter the other day from a lady in W—. She said: "I had one child, a son, my only child. He had just graduated at Harvard, and was in his first year in the Law School; and in a week or two he is gone, and my faith, my hope, my life, are gone with the boy. Which way shall I look, and what shall I do? Is there any way of knowing? Can you tell me where I can find satisfaction? Is there any whisper out of the Unseen? If I could only know that he lived, then life would be bearable to me."

This is the cry—the cry like that old pitiful one out of the chamber over the gate, where the Israelite king climbed in his agony when the news came, and, bowing his head over his broken heart, exclaimed, "O Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" This is the cry that goes up under every sky, out of every religion, from every home.

Have you recommended the Magazine of Mysteries to your friends? Carry the good influence on.

HOPE AND GOOD CHEER, AIM OF THIS MAGAZINE

This magazine is a monthly message of optimism, intended by its Heavenly Guides to bring into the hearts and homes of its readers joyous hope and courage and cheering optimism. We know that God is in His worlds, and that we souls on this glorious planet are continually evolving from one plane to a higher plane; that God throughout the universe is working a wonderful plan in which progressive evolution or unfoldment of the soul is His sole purpose. When man once fully realizes that he is an Eternal Soul, the child of One Loving Father of All—the Eternal God—he becomes a new and powerful being right *here* and right *now*. This Magazine is always striving to rouse the souls of the children of God by telling ALL, irrespective of religion, creed, sect or color, that they are *Eternal Souls*, always going onward, forward and upward to the blessed God. All the Mystics connected with this Magazine are God-loving souls who live in the vibrations of this *second*, this *minute* and this *hour*—in the ETERNAL NOW. We preach the gospel of Love, Hope and Happiness *now*, and not the doctrine of Fear, and the expectation of a reward in the far future. We say Love God so intensely and fervently *to-day* that you get your reward *here* and *now*. This was the teaching of the blessed Christ, who repeatedly taught us to do to-day's duty through love and without thought of the morrow. He who is good and wise and Christ-like to-day need fear nothing of the morrow.

So we iterate and reiterate here each month OLD THOUGHT, as we find it is the *only Thought* that never fails to carry the soul to the Most High.

Our tremendous success is due entirely to our always placing God and the Soul *first*; to intense and earnest and persistent prayer to God for Light and Truth. All the mystic Adepts connected with this Magazine are men and women who pray to God for direction, guidance and wisdom; they are not Mental Scientists, but simple, God-loving souls, who have made complete surrender to God of mortal mind and mortal will.

With fervent prayer and love for God, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit and the Holy Angels, and the Holy Bible and all humanity, how can we help but bring hope and good cheer into the world?

The whole substance of true religion is love, gentleness, faith, hope and charity, by the practice of which the soul becomes united to the will of God.

CONTENTMENT

EMMA ALLUM IN LIGHT OF REASON

To cultivate a contented spirit is a very necessary beginning to a regenerate life; it is a preliminary step to all the higher virtues, therefore we should all cultivate it. Perhaps it may be thought by some to be so difficult to attain that it can hardly be considered as a preliminary step; but I think it is, for how is it possible to be happy unless one is content? Peace cannot be realized while discontent is felt; still less can one have the Joy born of Peace, unless contentment fills the soul; therefore we must first cultivate the Spirit of Contentment; and, indeed, it needs cultivation, for at first it is not easy to be content under all circumstances; to worry when things go wrong, and when people misunderstand us, seems so natural; and we grumble, because our enterprises are not successful, and we feel anxiety about our friends and their welfare and think it impossible to do otherwise; but eventually we learn the futility of worry and anxiety and grumbling, and gradually we feel the desirability and the beauty of the Spirit of Contentment. Does it seem too difficult to attain to? What does it entail? That we shall learn to accept whatever life brings us, whether pleasant or unpleasant, good or bad, sickness or health, with calmness, knowing it is the best thing for us, and without wishing things were different. If pleasant things come in our path, let us enjoy them, fill our lives with the sunshine of happiness; and if unpleasant, bear them calmly, quietly, and unrepiningly. In this way we shall soon grow not only happier but find ourselves surrounded by happier conditions of life, for in proportion as our contentment increases, so will our capacity for a happier state of things be engendered, and consequently given us, it is always thus "to him that hath shall be given." "Ask and receive that your joy may be full." Yes! when we ask for and receive the Spirit of Contentment, we shall then soon be filled with Peace and Joy and Love; and we shall find then that this world is a beautiful place to live in, and we shall know that "the whole earth is full of God's glory."

I NOW FOLD MYSELF ABOUT WITH PEACE, LOVE, POWER AND PLENTY.

SELF-HEALING

Man in every act and circumstance is governed by the supreme law of love. He is chastened by this law because he does not understand it; he is the law unto himself; his conditions are self-imposed by his own consciousness which involves a degree of intelligent volition. If he uses this power of volition for personal ends he suffers; but if he purifies his mind by adjusting his thoughts and actions to the law, he receives all that is necessary for his happiness here.

The still, small voice of the soul transmutes, in a moment of time, all the prolonged struggles of the mind. When the emancipated soul perceives the Law of Love, the past vanishes: all that has gone is sanctified in the divine purpose; the chastening hand is seen to be the working of Eternal Love. The message to those who would be self-healed is this: "Open thyself, and I will fill thee."—A. W. B.

I thank my Heavenly Father for every manifestation of human love; I thank Him for all experiences, be they sweet or bitter, which help me to forgive all things, and to enfold the whole world with a blessing.

MRS. L. M. CHILD.



THOSE EVENING BELLS

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

INFINITE PATIENCE

Once, looking from a window on a land
That lay in silence underneath the sun,
A land of broad green meadows, through which
poured

Two rivers, slowly winding to the sea—
Thus as I looked, I know not how, or whence,
Was borne to my unexpectant soul
That thought late learned by anxious-witted
man—

The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.
R. W. Gilder.

There is One Spirit, One Life, One God—I AM SPIRIT.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER

Those who would have friends must show themselves friendly and helpful. We get what we give.

Give love and you will get kindness. One thing is certain: Our love must go out toward our fellowmen if we would have their kindness and gratitude come back to us. The beautiful blossoms of the Inner-life must find congenial soil before they bloom.

If we see nothing but evil in others, others will see little but carping ill-nature in us.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does simple human kindness before men. Love unexercised is no more love than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks.

Be cheerful and helpful.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you.
Weep and you weep alone."

Put joy and courage into the world. Be optimistic.

Obey the genius of your soul, for it is a minister unto the throne of Fate.

Focalize the rays of Divinity which are around you. If you are a child of God, be worthy of your Father.

Infuse Gladness into life. Give courage and hope to the world, and you may draw courage to yourself.

Where there is no hope there can be no great endeavor.

Hope is the best part of our riches. What matters it that we have money in our pockets if we have not Hope in our souls?

Hope to a man is like a life preserver to a poor swimmer. It keeps him from sinking in despair.

Little venture, little have. Many would die were they not sustained by hope.

True it is that Hope is a light diet, but it is very stimulating.

The pathway of the human mind is not from one enjoyment to another, but from hope to hope.

Hope is love's happiness but not its life.

None are so wretched as those without hope, but few are so low as that.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; but one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

Hold Hope ever bright before you, with heart within and God o'erhead.

WHAT I SAID TO MY HEART

I said to my heart, "Take courage,
Life is before thee yet;
Arise in all holy silence,
And banish thy deep regret.
What, though some secret longing
That cannot be repress't
Binds thee a willing captive,
Whose only thought is rest.

"Conquer it, conquer it nobly;
Yield not thine arms too soon,
'Tis easy to fight in the morning,
But harder to fight at noon;
Hardest of all, when the shadows
Press round thee thick and fast;
Heart of mine own, take courage,
And fight to the very last.

"Comrades in armor fight with thee,
Their eyes on the victor's crown;
Not till they've won it bravely
Will they lay their weapons down;
Their zeal shall kindle thine ardour,
Their strength thy strength renew:
Courage, dear heart, take courage,
Arise, and dare, and do!"

FREDERICK H. CAMPING.

"We must meet reverses boldly, and not suffer them to frighten us. We must learn to act the play out. We must live (apparent) misfortune down."

THE MYSTIC HEALING CIRCLE

"The greatest work one can do for another is to help him to help himself"

HOW WE HELP THE SICK

A GREAT OFFER!

All those who are suffering from sickness of any kind are requested to write a personal letter to our Mystic Adept Spiritual Healer, No. 12. Tell him candidly the nature of your disease, that he may immediately give you SPECIAL TREATMENT, surrounding you with HEALING VIBRATIONS, and sending you SEVEN PRINTED MESSAGES, giving you TRUTHS that will UNFOLD THE KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE'S LAWS, revealing the secret of PERFECT HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

Truth un-ties you. Breaks the bands that have bound you. Truth sets the captive free. Truth makes you a new person. And Truth is eternal.

Spiritual growth is eternal. Your mental faculties have received proper training.

Your spiritual faculties are trained by the ADVANCED CLASS HEALING LESSONS of the MYSTIC HEALING CIRCLE. No matter what your station in life, these Advanced Class Lessons will create new powers for You, because the Kingdom of God is the Soul.

Whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

REMEMBER: When you send the first dollar, you receive the SEVEN PRINTED MESSAGES and HEALING VIBRATIONS for one month.

EACH MONTH AFTER THE FIRST MONTH, WHEN YOU SEND A DOLLAR TO RENEW THE HEALING VIBRATIONS, YOU WILL RECEIVE ONE OF THE TWELVE HEALING LESSONS OF THE ADVANCED CLASS.

TEN DOLLARS SENT AT ONE TIME will make two members of a family members of The Healing Circle for one year; to receive the healing vibrations daily (except Sunday), the Seven Printed Messages, the Twelve Advanced Class Healing Lessons; and all these Messages and Healing Lessons will be sent to you at once.

Those of you whose troubles are chronic or of long standing should take advantage of this most liberal offer.

THE TEN DOLLARS may also be sent in two payments of FIVE DOLLARS EACH. The second payment may be made six months after the first five dollars was sent.

This is truly a spiritual work. IF YOU ARE SICK YOU WANT OUR HELP, AND WE ARE EQUALLY ANXIOUS TO HELP YOU. We wish everyone to be healthy, STRONG and vigorous. If you are sick or suffering, let our MYSTIC ADEPT SPIRITUAL HEALER RESTORE YOUR HEALTH. We now find that we can carry on this great work for the small sum of \$1.00 a month for each person (HUSBAND AND WIFE AS ONE PERSON, or PARENT AND CHILD OR ANY TWO MEMBERS OF A FAMILY, AS ONE PERSON when one address does for both.) We are pleased to make this announcement, as it shows how little money is required to do good and help each other when the right spirit is manifest.

In response to many requests to send letters inclosed in plain envelopes, we have had printed a special envelope for the Mystic Healing Circle, which we are sure will meet this demand; we fully appreciate and respect your confidence in us, and we wish to protect you from unnecessary publicity as you request.

When writing for vibrations always send GIVEN NAME FOR SELF AND OTHERS, instead of initials.

Please write your name very plainly.

Jesus taught us how to pray the prayer of faith when he gave us the affirmation, "FATHER, I THANK THEE THAT THOU HAST HEARD ME," even though He had not yet said to Lazarus, "LAZARUS, COME FORTH."

So, also, when you send your given name you are spoken to personally by that name AND RESPOND MORE QUICKLY.

We print a few of the many letters received from grateful hearts who have been blessed by the work of Mystic No. 12. Should you wish to aid in this great work and help and encourage the sick, please send in a few words that we may publish.

In writing please enclose a two-cent stamp for reply. Address Mystic Adept No. 12, NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 649 W. 43d Street, New York City.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

NOW

BY MYSTIC NO. 12.

The types in the July number of this Magazine, page 74, made me say three times the word QUALITY instead of *duality*.

Now, therefore, I call your attention to *duality* again.

Emerson's Essay, "COMPENSATION," says: "Polarity, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals; in the systole and diastole of the heart; in the undulations of fluid and of sound; in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity; in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole: as spirit, matter; man, woman; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.

"Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is some-

what that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction so grand in the elements is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom, the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

"The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time; and the converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets are another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history are another. The cold climate invigorates; the barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers, or scorpions.

"The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life.

"All things are double, one against another.—Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a

tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love.—Give, and it shall be given you.—He that watereth shall be watered himself.—What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it.—Nothing venture, nothing have.—Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less.—Who doth not work shall not eat.—Harm watch, harm catch.—Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them.—If you put a chain around the neck of a slave the other fastens itself around your own.—Bad counsel confounds the adviser.—The devil is an ass.

"Experienced men of the world know very well that it is always best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part, and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that 'the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it.'

"There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation; to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Existence or God is not a relation, or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times, within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade, on which, as a background, the living universe paints itself forth; but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work; for it is not. It cannot work any good; it cannot work any harm. It is harm, inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

COMPENSATIONS OF CALAMITY

"And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but a privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences, that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots, and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men."

Just let me say a few words. I am telling you of a BETTER way to live.

In order to continue to live better you must have an understanding of the new laws of life. I am telling you to live in the now.

Praise God for every new way that light has come to you.

Remember we are to always live right. We can never get away from Now.

Forget the past.

Give God praise for blessings already received. Rejoice always. Live on the praise side of life.

Praise God for the blessings you hope to have. This is a prayer of faith and works.

Draw to yourself greater blessings by praise for the smallest blessing of which you are conscious.

Praise God for life.

Praise God for freedom. Praise God for air and sunshine.

Praise God for the beauty of sunrise and sunset.

Praise God for love and joy and rest at night.

Praise God for the new hope that comes to you when you read of His Laws of life.

When you get discouraged remember all we are called upon to do is to do the best we can now.

Leave the future with God.

Leave the past with God.

Rejoice because you are God's child.

Let me call your attention to the words of Rev. C. Waldo Cherry, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Troy, N. Y.:

"For centuries Christianity practically ignored the physical man. The old heresy of the essential evil of matter somehow worked its leaven into medieval Christianity to such an extent that men thought to take care of the body was a crime against spirituality. The body was nothing, the soul was everything. Physical pain and suffering were necessary in order that the soul might be perfect for heaven. It is not to be wondered then that this disposition to divorce religion and healing is part of our inheritance from the past, that in modern civilization the clergyman and doctor stand for entirely distinct and separate professions, and that for centuries Christianity has had no message for the multitudes tortured by physical pain and suffering save to remind them of God's goodness, exhort them into patience and to promise them peace and healing in another world.

"Of late years there has been a great revolt from this doctrine of religion which limits its benefits purely to the soul of man. It has been felt that a religion which has nothing to offer but a vague and shadowy hope for the future, a religion that only takes in part of the man, that reserves all its benefits for a future life; and that has nothing of alleviation or uplift for the life that now is, fails in its mission and cannot hold the devotion of men and women who are suffering and battling with the ills of this life. This conception that a true religion ought to help man here and now by relieving physical pain and bestowing bodily health and strength has found its expression in various sects such as Dowlism, faith cure and the various cults of mental and Christian Science, the basis of whose creed is that religion provides a cure for physical disease, who say to the lame and the halt and the blind, to the neurotic and melancholic, to the morally and intellectually degenerate, 'Come unto us, banish your drugs and doctors, and by the exercise of our religious faith we will lift you up and make you well.'

THE SECRET OF IT

"My friends, we do not need a new religion in order to have healing; we need to use the religion that we have. One of our pastors tells us of meeting a man who for twelve years had suffered without a day's respite from pain; for twelve years he had taken strong medicine; one day, when he was especially ill, he found his physician had left the city. The man who was with him insisted in carrying him off to a lady who told him there was no such thing as matter or sickness; that all that is is good. And after three or four days she succeeded in making him believe that he could live without medicine, and in five months' time he stood forth blessed with perfect health and with the strength only less than that of an athlete. The secret of it was that he cast out fear and worry. He began to trust God for his future and the trustful, happy spirit within was medicine to the body without. What we need to do is to read our Bibles more: to heed the teachings of our own faith. If we were stronger spiritually we would be stronger mentally and physically. What we need is more faith, more prayer, more trust in God. So shall we be cured of many ills, so shall we bring courage and cheer and helpfulness to sick and suffering humanity."

The Troy Record.

Remember The Mystic Healing Circle teaches Right Living as well as Right Thinking.

"The mind and body are but two varying manifestations of one energy—Life. They are the subjective and objective—inner and outer—expression of God. Each has its laws of growth and development. There should be no conflict of interests. What is good for one is good for the other. Violation of the laws of either disturbs the health of both. The dual natures must harmonize if health is to be assured.

Right living, Right eating and Right thinking, as taught by this Healing Circle, will bring to men and women more strength, more vitality, more endurance, more sympathy, affection and love. We believe it will give them a higher sense of Mercy and Justice, and thus bring them nearer to the Ideals of the Higher Life.

To enjoy physical happiness obey the physical laws, to enjoy organic happiness obey the organic laws, and for moral happiness obey the moral laws.

It is the spirit that quickens. The flesh profiteth nothing.

JOY AND GLADNESS, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS,
PEACE AND KINDNESS FILL MY SOUL.

Our Experience Circle

DEAR MYSTIC No. 12:

I want to tell you of my great help through your Mystic Healing Circle. About three years ago I commenced taking healing treatments of you. I had locomotor-ataxia. I could not walk without terrible pain in my feet and my head was troubling me very badly, so I could not sleep nights. I took three or four months' treatment and was feeling so much better that I dropped out. I did all kinds of hard work, but I did not keep as well as I might. I was feeling so well that I seemingly forgot God's works and His wonders that he showed me. But from now on I shall bless the Mystic Healer and forget not the benefits I have received from the Lord through his help. I feel

Lovingly,

M. L. M.

DEAR MYSTIC No. 12:

It is with a heart full of Praise to God and many thanks to you for what has been done for my husband and myself, having just finished my Twelfth Lesson from you, which has helped me so much. I can but say, "Glory be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," for through the power he has given me I have gained victory over the Human self, and am now determined to continue to show forth the "Love Power and strong mind God gave me at the beginning." My one and only desire is to carry out that which He has designed for me to do, and alone for His honor and glory to walk humbly and meekly in the Footsteps of Jesus, my elder Brother and Guide. I am so rejoiced to know that I have reached the point where I can at all times be of help to Humanity, and just by feeling and repeating this word: "Peace, sweet Peace, the gift of God's Love," a great work can be done. For a long while these words have been ringing in my ears; I have used them at different times, or it came to me to do so, and persons have been benefited. I must tell you of something which happened more than a year ago. I called on a lady. In conversation I told her I was going to be a Divine Healer. She answered me in this way: "I have a pain in my side which I have doctored and cannot get rid of. I am going to try you before you go." I was rather surprised for a moment, but in a short time it came to me what I should do. I did as I was directed by the Spirit, and then went on talking about something else. Before I left I asked her how she felt; she said the pain had gone. I thanked God and left her. I met her not long ago, and she told me that the trouble had never returned, and that she had spoken to so many people about it. I told her it was God who did the healing; I was only the instrument in His hands, and I thanked Him for the privilege. May God's blessing ever rest upon you, who are an instrument in His hands to help me and many others, and may peace ever abide with you. My letter is long, but I know you will pardon me, for I wanted you to know how God is blessing me.

Yours with Holy Love,

C. M. S.

BLESS YOUR ENEMIES

MY DEAR MYSTIC:

I have read and re-read and retained much of my five Healing Lessons which benefit me every day. They give me faith, hope, comfort and joy that I never dreamed could be mine, because I always lived in the future, and now I live in the present.

One day last week I was sewing and repeating denials and affirmations as they came to me, and something seemed to say to me, "Bless your enemies." I immediately put down my sewing and did as I was bid. I wished that God would let the white-winged angel of love rest on all my enemies, and that their hatred, envy and malice leave, then, never to return. As I took my sewing in hand again, I really felt so much better, happier and stronger and it seemed as if a great weight had been lifted from me. God bless you and keep you.

With sisterly love,

M. A. S.

SPECIAL

TWO PAYMENTS FOR A YEAR

I know your needs.

Now let me make you this offer. As it is a hardship for many to send Ten Dollars at one time—I will make you the same offer for two members of a family to receive the healing vibrations for a year: the Seven Printed Messages and the Twelve Advance Class Lessons of the Mystic Healing Circle for Ten Dollars, but you can send Five Dollars at first and the other Five Dollars six months after the first Five Dollars is sent. Those who send Ten Dollars at one time will receive the Seven Printed Messages and the Twelve Advance Class Lessons at once. Those who send Five Dollars at a time will receive the Seven Printed Messages and the First Six Lessons of the Advance Class and the last six lessons of the Advance Class will be sent when the second Five Dollars is received.

"No life is successful until it is radiant."

Take

Special Notice

Every member of the Mystic Healing Circle will receive one of the Advance Class Lessons each time that you send one dollar to renew the Mystic Healing Vibrations for the month.

Now, these Twelve Advanced Lessons will teach you how to clear your mind of all your old, morbid beliefs. Learn how to be happy. True happiness draws all good to you.

The way to get health is to get happy. Learn how to be joyful. Learn how to find the power that is yours, waiting—the power of your soul and spirit; the divine innerness of your life, which is God's gift to you.

These Twelve Healing Lessons contain the esoteric truth taught the Disciples of old, which enabled them to heal the sick, cleanse the lepers and cast out demons.

These Twelve Healing Lessons will unfold your spiritual gifts, develop your real self, making you more receptive to the Mystic Healing Vibration of Mystic No. 12, teaching you to heal.

As your spiritual self comes forth you quickly learn from these Twelve Healing Lessons how to heal yourself and others. Every mother should have this understanding.

A formula will be sent with the last lesson.

These Twelve Healing Lessons will make you a power for good wherever you go. You will be able to heal the sick, and teach others how to heal by the study of these lessons.

This offer to you is the most practical and liberal ever made.

Terms for the year, \$10.00, payable in advance or \$1.00 per month.

MYSTIC No. 12.

that when we change our thought from sickness to health and think only of God's goodness and that He is of purer mind than to see evil and that all is good because God made all things, and that His works are perfect, then we begin to get health, and I now am taking treatments again, and I can truly say I am like a new person in only two weeks' time. I had gotten where I could not do any work. My arms were nearly helpless, and now I can work all day and not have a twinge of pain in my arms. Little daughter was hard of hearing and she had great help before it came back on her, and now she seems to hear all right again. I would say to anyone and everyone, "Don't be in too great a hurry to drop out of the Healing Circle, I shall not drop out again very soon. I have had more help than I could possibly tell in a week. Eat the whole wheat ground and made into breakfast food, and the

PICKINGS FROM THE POEMS

OF
MISS BERTHA AGNES WEEKS

THE MESSAGE OF THE GOLDEN-ROD

Once, I wandered through the meadow
Musing as my footsteps trod,
Through the wealth of waving grasses,
And the nodding golden-rod.
Musing, on the story told me
By this flower that I had passed,
Telling me with gentle whisperings
That the summer cannot last.

Waving good-byes to the roses
And the water-lilies, too,
As it sways so tall and graceful,
This feathery flower of yellow hue.
Murmuring softly of the passing
Of the summer sweet and warm,
Nodding pleasant, friendly greetings
As the autumn days are born.

So it told me as I wandered,
And it nodded to and fro,
Why it came just at the passing
Of the summer's vivid glow.
Told me, smiling brightly upward
Mid the wealth of grasses wild,
Shaking all its feathery beauty
In the breezes soft and mild.

"We," it said, "come as an echo
Of the summer days so long.
Do not feel regretful sadness
When the warm, sweet months are gone,
Look at us, our golden blossoms
Are the tender, sweet refrain
Of the song sung by the roses
And the soft, mild summer rain.

"We are only lingering memories
Of the summertime so gay,
Of the merry days of pleasure,
And the making of the hay.
And we drift so gently over
Into Autumn's splendid gleam,
That the shadow of the passing
Is but realized as a dream."

So I mused upon the story
Told me, as I wandered o'er
The meadow thick with grasses,
And its wealth of golden store.
And I wonder as the blossoms
Round me bend, and wave, and nod,
If we should not learn a lesson
From the graceful golden-rod.

"AUT VINCERE AUT MORI"

We have done with idle drifting,
On the tossing sea of life;
Let us aim to win the battle
Gaining laurels in the strife.
Let us strike the wondrous keynote
Of this grand prophetic age,
Let us find the hidden message
Written on its open page.

We have done with useless dreaming,
Let us seek and claim our own;
Wasting nought of golden moments
Grieving over errors sown.
Let us never swerve or falter
In our journey toward the goal,
Let us never lose our courage,
Though dark clouds may o'er us roll.

We have done with listless fancies,
Let us gird ourselves anew;
Searching out with steady purpose,
Life work we were meant to do.
Concentration is the pathway
Leading to this golden mine,
Let us enter; on before us
See! the gleaming nuggets shine.

We have done with fruitless efforts,
Let us climb to heights afar;
Gleaning jewels by the wayside
Flung from thought vibration's star.
We can reach the sunlit summit,
Brothers, sisters, into line!
We will never cease our striving
Till our brows the chaplets twine.

Oh God! show me Thy way and help me
to go in it.

DEAR OLD DAD

One day I set er readin'
Jest a magazine er tew,
An' one from Californy
Had er whiff o' somethin' new.
'Twas jest er little poem—
Gee! it made my spirits sad—
Fer it said, B'gum, ther's nothin'
Ever mentioned 'bout yer dad.

So I up 'n writ another
Jest ter be er frien' in need
O' the long-sufferin' Daddy.
An' I hope ye'll all take heed.
I'm goin' ter sound 'is praises—
Though mayhap it ain't the fad
Ter string the daisy's garlan's
'Round the neck o' dear ole Dad.

What would we do without him?
That's jest what I'd like ter know,
He works ter make us happy,
An' we foller mighty slow
His noble, true example
There's no better to be had—
And we'd excel, I tell ye,
If we follered dear ole Dad.



Miss Bertha A. Weeks

He gives us tender counsel
When we run agin' a snag.
His hale an' cheery spirits
Never falter, never fag.
We love ter see 'im comin'
We're goin' ter make 'im glad,
And fling some medder lilies
In the path of dear ole Dad.

He's allers sacrificin'
Same as Mother is, ye know.
When it comes ter givin' up—
Say! we don't cut any show.
How them two toll and labor;
Gee! a feller'd be er end
If he should turn down Mother,
Or 'is precious, dear ole Dad!

How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from his own vitality.—Wordsworth.

HE THAT DWELLETH IN LOVE DWELLETH IN GOD.

HIDDEN MYSTERIES

When the mystic key is fitted,
And the lock shall opened be,
Wide the gateway will swing backward,
Glimpses give to you and me
Of such grand, undreamed of treasures,
Eye hath seen, or ear hath heard,
That we gaze with startled wonder,
And our pulses shall be stirred.

Glimpses of the lore of ancients,
Long since crumbled into dust,
Buried deep where nothing enters,
Save the damp of mold and rust,
Till the magic key is fitted,
Wide is swung the gate ajar,
And we catch a glimpse of mysteries,
Winging downward from afar.

Back to where the sluggish river
Nile, drifts on its winding way,
And the grand old temples tarry
Even yet, in ruins gray.
Hark! we surely hear the echo
Of their long since silent feet,
And we wait in breathless wonder,
Some majestic prince to greet.

Lo! a voice came from the shadows,
And with firm and kingly tread;
We beheld a Prince of Egypt
Lifting up his stately head.
And we gazed with awe upon him,
And he turned to us and said

"Children of the onward centuries
Seek ye here the open door?
Would ye learn of one departed
Secrets of forgotten lore?
Know ye not, that all unheeded,
Charged as with electric shock,

"Doors of wisdom would swing backward,
If ye only stand and knock?
Tune thine ears to catch the secret,
Floating earthward all untold,
List ye, what the inner conscience
Of the being could unfold.

"Seek ye, then, some recess distant,
From the brilliant rays of light;
Know ye not thine inner conscience,
Full expands in dusky night?
List ye for the faintest echo,
Of the soul, for it shall tell,
Wondrous things not yet conceived of,
Chiming like a silver bell.

"Children of the onward centuries,
Hasting fast with noisy feet,
There is nought can be withholden.
Be ye still, and ye shall meet
Things transcendent, things supernal,
Treasures of the Ages past,
And the key shall then be fitted,
And the door swing back at last."

There was silence; and upon us
Benedictions seemed to fall.
Then a voice, grand, sweet, commanding,
Echoed through the ruined hall.
Be ye still. 'Twas all it uttered,
And we bowed our heads to say
A low amen, as slow and quiet
Turned we from the ruins gray.

Ne'er shall we forget the tidings
Brought by one of kingly race,
Ne'er shall we forget the beauty
Of that dark and princely face.
And emotions, higher, holy,
Hover o'er us from afar,
And we *know* the key is fitted,
And the door *does* stand ajar.

All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest; at even
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and the
sky—
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.—
Emerson.

The wisest man could ask no more of fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,
Safe from the many, honored by the few;
Nothing to crave in Church or World or State,
But inwardly in secret to be great.—Lowell.

When the last word is spoken and the last
deed is done, we shall know it to be Love from
Sun unto Sun.

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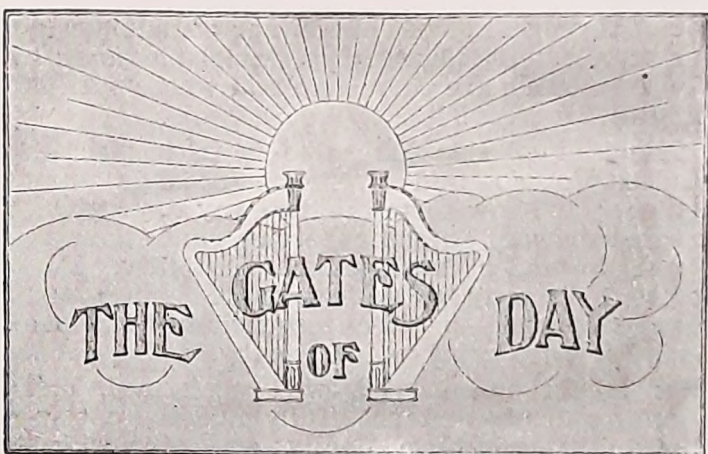
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GONE

JOHN G. WHITTIER

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with Angel steps,
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the silent land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's long song, her voice—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps
pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm;
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father! in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.



Brother and Sister

By courtesy of N. Y. Times

The Thorn in The Flesh

2 Cor. xii. 7: "There was
given to me a thorn in
the flesh, the messenger
of Satan, to buffet me,
lest I should be exalted
above measure."

What this "thorn in the
flesh" was, no one knows.
There has been no end to
conjecture; but it leads to
nothing. All we know is,
that something in his soul,
which he compares to a
thorn sticking in the flesh,
pained him and weakened
him. Like a thorn in the
flesh, it was a foreign sub-
stance introduced into his
soul and life. Like a thorn
in the flesh, it often gave
him intense pain. Like a
thorn in the flesh, it dis-
abled him, in some way or
at some times, from doing
his work. Thus much we
know: also we know that
he earnestly prayed three
times, but without any suc-
cess, hoping to get rid of
his trouble; and that he
found, at last, that the
trouble was good; that,
when humbled, he was ex-
alted, when weak strong,
according to the everlast-
ing Christian paradox.
From this we may learn
some useful lesson.

J. F. C.

Breathings of the Higher Life ASPIRATION

Holy Light of Boundless and perfect Love, may it please Thee to sanctify this hour to us
with the consciousness of the presence of Thy Holy Spirit of Truth—that which shall lead
us away from all error—from all kinds of darkness, that which shall clothe us with divine
strength, and make us one with Thee. Oh! Spirit, Infinite in Goodness, we know that Thou
dost understand all humanity's needs, and yet the divine command is before us to ask, if
we would receive, to seek, if we would find, to knock, if we would have the door opened unto
us. Oh! our Father, in behalf of humanity we do seek; in behalf of humanity we do knock;
and we do ask, Oh Lord, that the doors of the Temple of Truth and Wisdom be opened unto
us and unto them. Thy Goodness is boundless, we know, and Thine Infinite love holds all
in its keeping; yet we would not be drones in the great hive of being; we would work earnestly
and faithfully—if not for ourselves specially, yet for those by whom we are surrounded—
for Humanity, that is dear to Thee and dear to us.

Oh! grant that a revival of religion—that pure and undefiled religion that makes men and
women better—may come to this people; grant that they who sit in high places may
feel the fire of truth and wisdom, and Love, descending into their souls and burning up the
chaff.

Give us strength for our work. Give us the power to so strongly, so firmly, so lovingly
guide Thy children who still dwell in the shadow of a mortal life, that in the hereafter we may
hear the words—"Well done, good and faithful servant," spoken in our behalf.

Hear us, dear Father, for Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory, forever,
AMEN.

The Rewards of Godliness

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring
forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be
thy reward. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer: thou shalt cry, and He
shall say, Here I am. If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting
forth of the finger, and speaking vanity. And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry,
and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be
as the noonday: And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in
drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a
spring of water whose waters fail not. And they that shall be of thee shall build the
old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou
shalt be called The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in.

—Isaiah 58, 8-12.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.



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I want to prove to you in your own home that my Brilliant Gas Lamp will give a brighter, clearer light than electricity, gas or kerosene at less than **one-half the cost**. I want you to put it to the severest tests possible and compare it in every way with every lamp you have ever seen or used.

My lamp burns common stove gasoline, and 1 gallon of gasoline will last as long as five gallons of kerosene, and gives more light. It makes its own gas while it burns and gives a 100 candle-power light.

Less Than One Half Cent a Day

Think of that—one-half cent a day for the brightest, cleanest, safest light known. The saving alone will pay for the lamp in a very short time. Another thing, there isn't the slightest smoke or smell, and the Brilliant Lamp is **absolutely safe**.

I have been making lamps for 37 years, and I stand back of every claim I make. I have sold over 150,000 Brilliant Gas Lamps in the last ten years, and you will find them doing as good work to-day as the day they were sold. Wives and mothers like them in the home, dealers are enthusiastic over them for stores, and they are unsurpassed for churches, halls, factories or any place where a brilliant, white, 100 candle-power light is needed. I get hundreds of letters like this: "I have used a Brilliant No. 106 Lamp for two years, and I want you to send me another one like it by return express."—A. A. Shaffer, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Let me put one of my No. 106 Brilliant Gas Lamps in your home to try for 60 days, and you will find it cheaper to have it than to be without it, and if you are dissatisfied, or if my lamp is not the best and most economical and satisfactory reading and working light you have ever used, return it after 60 days' fair trial, and I will quickly and cheerfully refund your money. Address me personally.

Send me \$4.95

GEO. BOHNER, Proprietor, Dept. 200, BRILLIANT GAS LAMP CO., 42 State St., Chicago.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

The indolent four-o'clock ladies

Had waked from their long, dreamy rest,
But the sun-flower's golden-lashed blossoms
Had turned their brown eyes to the west,
And the lilies grown suddenly weary,
Lay hushed on the river's cold breast.

The blue-bells began a soft tinkle,
The primroses opened their eyes;
And the grasses waved low where the fairies
Had stolen the violets' disguise;
And above, through the angels' vast gardens,
The stars blossomed out in the skies.

A voice from the lily-bells calling,
Rang out on the even air clear:
"O ye blossoms! awake, in the gardens!
The Lord of the flowers cometh near!
Oh, awake! in the field and the woodland;
The Maker of blossoms is here!"

The poppy just murmured: "I'm sleepy!"
And nodded her round, drowsy head;
And the tulips had closed their bright shutters
"Against the night dew-drops," they said;
And the little green bulls of the daisies
Never stirred in their soft, grassy bed.

But sweetly the tall, fragrant lily
Uplifted her chalice of light,
And the roses threw open their bosoms
And gladdened the fair summer night,
And the stars of the jasmine blossoms
Leaned down from the trellises' height.

The Lord, walking slow through the garden,
Smiled back at the rose's perfume,
Caressing the lily's pale petals,
Or shaking the hyacinth's plume,
Till He came where the Cereus slumbered,
Close-hiding her beautiful bloom.

She thrilled at the heavenly presence,
And slowly uncovered her face,
And swinging the pearl of her censer,
With reverent, ineffable grace,
Stood revealed in her magical beauty,
The soul of that wonderful place.

Spellbound at the white, growing vision,
The Lord watched the flower unfold,
Till away from the quivering stamens
The last snowy petal had rolled,
Then He bent o'er the weird, witching blossom,
Left a kiss on its bosom of gold.

All tremulous with the keen rapture,
And rich with the Master's breath,
"Not one lesser touch shall defile me!"
The night-blooming Cereus saith,
And gathering her garments about her,
She yielded her sweetness to death.

Whenever a Cereus blossoms,
'T is said that the Master is nigh,
That He watches the glorious flower
Uncurl the gold stamens that lie
In the petals that tremble with rapture,
And shut round His kiss when they die.

Jessie F. O'Donnell.

STRENGTH.

It is in the attack that all the forces of a great nature arise, sweeping away, like the floodgates of a river, that which has barred its path for so long; bringing into action the whole characteristics of the nature, conscious of the power it is able to wield against its opposing force. Strength can never be derived from retreat. By facing and grasping hold of facts we find we are conquerors.—ELLEN FOULDS.

A TREMENDOUS POWER FOR GOOD

THE LAW OF LIFE IS PROGRESS

Health, Hope and Happiness for All Who Read
This Magazine

The MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES teaches only a doctrine of Hope and Courage that is grounded on Reason.

The conceivable is the possible.

There is no work too great for man to fulfill; no ideal too high for human endeavor to attain.

The Law of Life is Love, Action and Progress—service.

The Mysteries of the universe are opened up to all who labor, strive and work for the common good of the whole.

The progress and perfection of the Human Race lie in the faithful discharge of present duties, and the tireless and ceaseless quest of the ideal good by each and all of its units. That means you.

The Whiners, Complainers, Murmurers and Grumblers—the Pessimists—are sure to lag behind and suffer much, and until they realize the Divine Command, that man is on this planet for willing and cheerful service, their lives here will be miserable—not satisfactory.

The Optimist is the happy and successful man of to-day; he of good-will, who sweetens life and helps the whole world along; he who unselfishly works and aspires, with Love and Faith and Hope and Courage in every fibre of his being.

We will always suggest to our readers to think what is beautiful and true, and urge them to cleanse and empty their minds of all poor thinking such as envy, malice, anger, greed and selfish thoughts.

We have a fervent compassion and love for all that is human, and the object of this Magazine is to uplift souls; to change them from groveling worms to gods.

There is a Power behind this Magazine that has always won the battles of true men, and helped men from Darkness into the Eternal Light, and that is the Power that comes from love for God and Man.

The Divine Law "is neither a law of fatalism, nor of revenge, nor of chance, nor of indulgence, but of absolute, unswerving, inviolable justice, whose methods are corrective and whose path is Infinite Progress!"

The aim of this Magazine is to inspire its readers to do and overcome obstacles and achieve; to show them the true way to progress, greater powers, greater service, and how to stand up under increased responsibility. For, it is God's way to call souls to higher and greater service—greater responsibility—as He finds they are capable and worthy.

It is through service well performed, and standing firmly and cheerfully under great responsibility that we finally emerge purified, wise and strong.

How important it is for all of us to have good, suggestive thought put in type; thought from the souls of men who have consecrated their whole lives here on the earth-plane to the uplifting of their brothers solely through pure and holy love for all beings! These souls who work on the universal plane for the whole good care not for fame or fortune and are non-attached to the fruits of their work.

Invest Your Money in Butte Valley Lands



Pure Water
Fertile Soil
Good Markets
Unexcelled Climate
Cheap Farm Lands
Varied Crops

BUTTE VALLEY CALIFORNIA

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Land in the healthy, wealthy Butte Valley, California—with a fertile soil 9 feet deep—needing no fertilizers—ready to yield fortunes to hustling farmers who know farming. You can get this land at low prices in fine condition—on

Easy Terms

and make enough in one year to pay for it. Scores of families are already located. They have their start. Land adjoining this tract raises 27-lb. cabbages—8-lb. potatoes—17-inch radishes—35 bu. wheat per acre—100 bu. oats—5 tons timothy and clover—3 crops alfalfa—16% saccharine sugar beets—19-inch Newton Pippin apples, etc.

Get Proof

Don't doubt. Thousands of doubters are poor today. The "Show Me" kind get rich. This opportunity is far too good to pass as a mere wild statement. Don't buy land anywhere—or think of remaining where you are till you get full information.

Low Railroad Rates in September and October

Here is the chance for you to see this land with your own eyes and prove all the wonderful possibilities.

These low rates will not be available all year 'round. If you would take advantage of them you must plan now to go in September or October.

It's worth the small cost to see this land as it is.

Come out and dig into the soil yourself—talk to its people yourself—see the wonderful crops yourself—satisfy yourself.

Write me today for free books, proofs and full rate information. Do it now. Be one of the first to reply to this ad. Address a postal to me now, today, and get the free books about this Land of Opportunity.

R. A. SMITH, P. O. Box 1267, OMAHA, NEB.



PRECEPTS OF THE BLISSFUL PROPHET

AFFIRMATIONS TO QUICKEN SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS

It is the Spirit that quickens; the flesh profits nothing.

The letter killeth; the Spirit maketh alive.

The words that I speak unto you are Spirit, and they are life.

Ye must be born from above.

I am the light of the world; ye are the light of the world.

Let your light so shine before men that they will see your good works, and glorify your Father in heaven.

I am the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

My understanding is illumined by the Spirit. I am the light of my consciousness.

I acknowledge God at all times as the One Source of my Understanding.

Arise, shine! for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

The glory of the Lord is risen upon me, and I will walk in the light of life.

My body is the temple of the living God, and the glory of the Lord fills the Temple.

Christ within me is my glory. The brightness of his Presence casts out all the darkness of error, and my whole body is full of light.

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light and there is none occasion of stumbling in him.

The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

Thy light shall break forth as the morning, and thy health shall spring forth speedily.

The Yogi of India practiced such affirmations centuries ago, in the celebrated Raja Yoga. The word "OM" or, rightly rendered, "A-U-M," is used by students of the occult who do not understand the potency of sound. It is claimed that there have been students who have used it to awaken the "Kundalini" (which is only the nervous system) and have been driven insane by the intense and rapid vibrations engendered by it.

It is not in merely pronouncing the word wherein resides potency—the sound, number and color must harmonize, and be directed by the awakened consciousness of the individual.

Every letter in the alphabet has its own sound, color, form and number, darkness and light, silence and sound, positive and negative, the eternally concealed and the manifested—is the first Cosmic Square, from which has sprung the Universe.

We have practiced Raja Yoga (the breathing lessons more especially) and have been benefited thereby. There is absolutely no fear as to the harmful results of the sacred word OM. The key to increased power is the knowing how to use it. We impart this advice to the readers of "The Magazine of Mysteries": Upon retiring for the night lie on the right side, relax every muscle, breathe gently and rhythmically—imagine in mental vision you see the gentle swinging motion of a clock's pendulum. Five to ten minutes of such breathing will cure the worst case of insomnia and insure refreshing sleep. We know whereof we write, as we have tried and proved its efficacy.—Editor.

H OPE, which shows first in the young child expecting its food or looking for its mother, is one of the noblest faculties and leads to happiness, for the reason that it includes aspiration, and aspiration culminates in greatness. This faculty is to be fostered, nourished, encouraged, not to be crushed and extinguished under the false belief that self-denial is being cultivated. There is no greater object of compassion, no sight appeals more strongly for sympathy than that of a dull-eyed, languid-limbed, sad-faced child whose hopes have been crushed. No child should be fed on sorrow; joy develops the soul, and there should be fewer cases where little hearts ache in silence when their hopes are broken down, or plans and aspirations demolished.

The hopeful mood of mind should be cultivated as it influences thought. Under the influence of hope there is least expenditure of force because agreeable action strengthens the faculty involved.

Best books, teachers, systems, avail little in education unless the heart is stirred by hope. This is recognized by the prevalent system of rewards used to stimulate effort. As the direction of hope and its powers determine the leading characteristics of the future adult, the young mind is to be encouraged to high aspirations, the innate tendency fires its desires.

Future greatness can never be realized except through the power of hope. The ideal becomes the real, but there can be no high ideals if expectancy is absent. In the naturally melancholy, morose child arouse the hopeful instinct. It is there, if obscure, and will spring into conscious existence, for the soul knows its own happiness.

A new magazine THE NEW LIFE comes to us full of enthusiasm for its high purpose.

The publishing house is 824 N. BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

It believes in uniting all the churches. The editor Mr. John Fair, says, in part:—

"One half of the forces and energies of the churches that should be used in the advancement of the Church and the Kingdom of God on earth are wasted in petty jealousies, building up local and pet creeds and dogmas, that should be devoted to the elevation of mankind to a higher sphere of existence. The trend of Christendom is toward The Unity of the Churches, one great Church, one ideal Church, one New Life Church, the same as One Father of all. The day is fast approaching when there shall be but one great

Church, the Church of Jesus Christ, the Son of God in spirit and in truth, when Jesus shall come again and the eternal Christ shall claim his own, in the Church of The New Life."

THE NEW LIFE NOW.

Do not waste life's moments,
On the things that doth decay;
To-morrow may be in ruins—
Yes, pass into eternity to-day!

Do not waste to-day in sorrow,
For things past or the to-morrow;
Live well the moments of to-day,
And now, be all you hope to be.

To-day is real, the past is memories,
To-morrow is the shadow on the way;
Lose not the pearl of life, the now,
To-morrow may slip from you away.

Defer not till to-morrow, act to-day,
To-morrow's sun may never rise for thee;
Live The New Life while yet you may
And 'twill rise for you in eternity!

To-morrow? Oh, ne'er put off to-day,
Nor trust to what the morn may bring;
Where is to-morrow? It must be the now,
Or else to-morrow is an empty thing!

Human hearts that await to-morrow,
Lose the now—life's golden sun;
And in the day when life is waning,
They shall find all things undone.

Oh, the to-morrow—fatal longing,
For a morning that ne'er may dawn;
Shall we lose life's golden morning,
While we wait for thee to come?

Oh, to-morrow—the fatal morning!
Could you hope death's hand to stay
Till the light of to-morrow's dawning
If God called for your soul to-day?

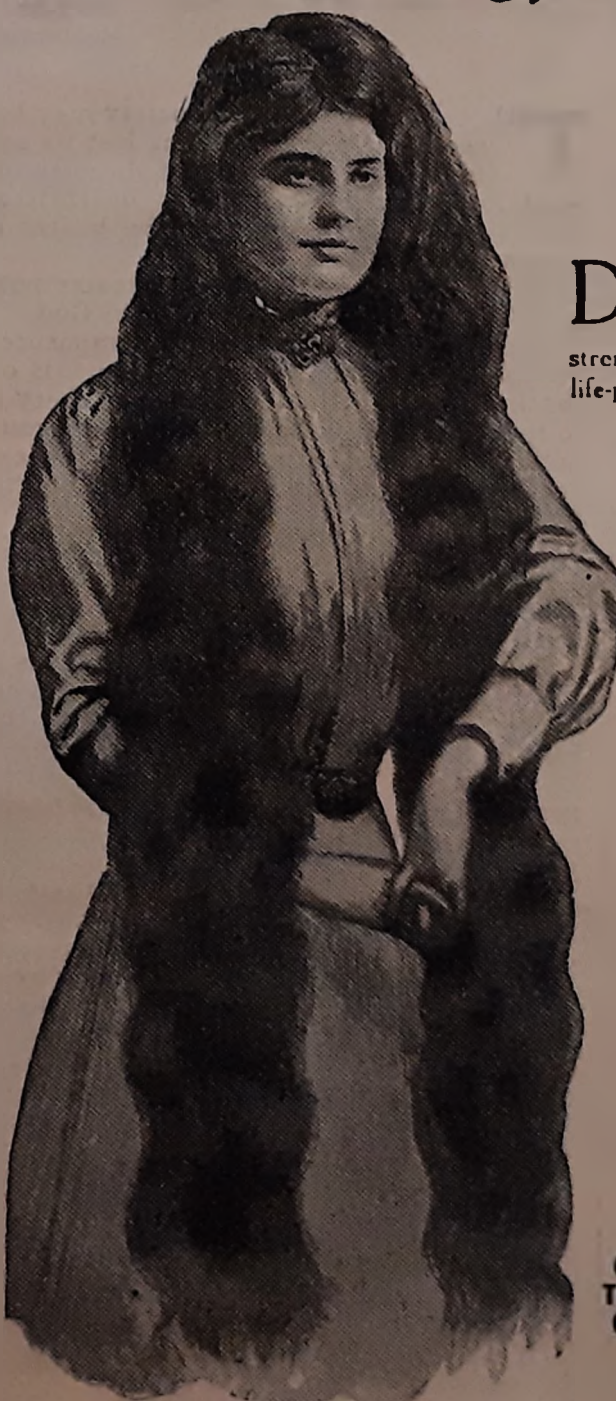
Belle Sparrow in The New Life.

There cannot be any good for one but what is good for all, and there cannot be any good for all that is not good for one. Let thy soul rest in faith of the all good.

Danderine

Grows Hair
and we can

PROVE IT!



DANDERINE is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow abundantly long, strong and beautiful. It at once imparts a sparkling brilliancy and velvety softness to the hair, and a few weeks' use will cause new hair to sprout all over the scalp. Use it every day for a short time, after which two or three times a week will be sufficient to complete whatever growth you desire.

A lady from St. Paul writes in substance, as follows:

"When I began using Danderine my hair would not come to my shoulders and now it is away below my hips."

Another from Newark, N. J.

"I have been using Danderine regularly. When I first started to use it I had very little hair, now I have the most beautiful long and thick hair anyone would want to have."

NOW at all druggists in three sizes 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle

Danderine enjoys a greater sale than any other one preparation regardless of kind or brand, and it has a much greater sale than all of the other hair preparations in the world combined.

FREE To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the
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with their name and address and 10c in silver or stamps to pay postage.

Cut This Out

Send For **FREE CATALOG** of Everything to Wear for **MAN, WOMAN or CHILD.**

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No. D30—Strictly up-to-date all wool black Thibet suit; single breasted sack coat; hair cloth lined, shape retaining front, band padded shoulders, lined with good quality black Venetian; double stitched seams. Back of vest of good quality Venetian. Trousers cut very full and well made; side buckle straps. Suit made throughout as shown in illustration. Sizes 34 to 44 in. chest measure. Trousers 30 to 44 inches waist band; 30 to 34 inseam. Black only. State size desired. Our \$5.00 special price. Free Samples



SILK VELVET HAT \$2.95



No. D31—Stylish dress hat, made of imported black mink silk velvet; brim richly shirred. Trimmed with two large extra quality ostrich plumes and folds of fine quality black tulle silk and velvet, finished with jet cabochon. Positively worth \$4.00. Can be ordered in black or colors, with black or white plumes. State color desired. Price.....\$2.95

Free Catalog of latest Fall and Winter Fashions, Men's, Women's and Children's wearing apparel, millinery, undermuslins, knit underwear, shoes, etc., at lowest prices. This free catalog will be sent on request. Address

THIS PRETTY WAIST ONLY 95¢



No. D32—Extra quality linen waist, embroidered front, trimmed with tucks, ¾ length sleeves, open front, white only. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. State size. Price95¢

PANAMA SKIRT \$3.98

No. D33—Skirt of fine chiffon Panama, Trimmed with folds of black tulle silk as shown. Black, brown or navy blue. Waist measure 23 to 30 inches, Length 39 to 44 inches. State size. Price.....\$3.98 Free Samples

CHICAGO MAIL ORDER CO. S. E. COR. INDIANA AVE & 26 TH ST. CHICAGO. ILL.

FROM THE BLISSFUL PROPHET

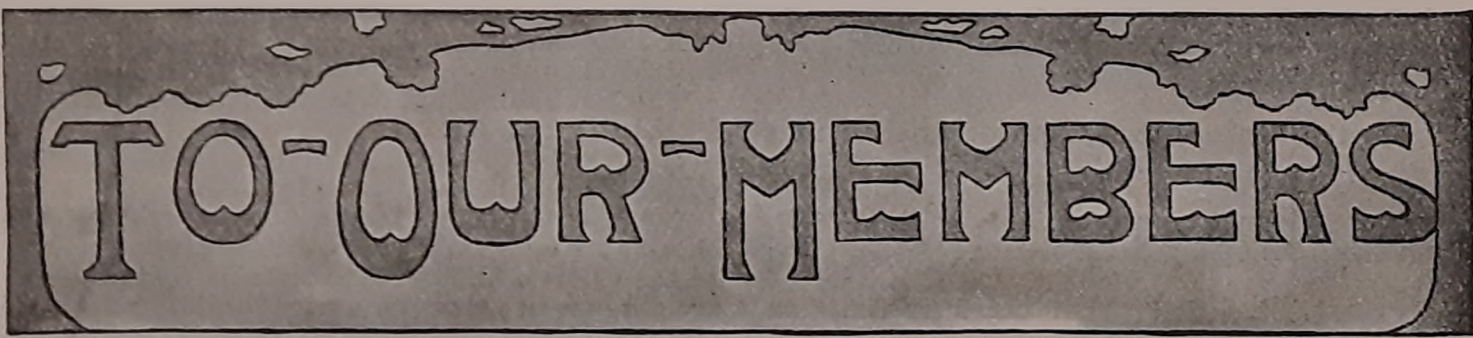
All new and great movements in spiritual-mental lines are hampered and retarded by so many ambitious and selfish persons who pose as "leaders" and who are eaten up with an insane ambition to have a great following. The great soul is modest and never presumptuous nor ambitious to shine as a "leader." He aspires to be a sane and dignified helper. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and one foolish person makes many, as one good and wise man helps inspire countless men.

Seers and Holy Men who have often ministered to the departing spirit at the transition called "death," are unanimous in declaring that at the moment of the "new birth" an indescribable holy calm and peace comes over the scene. The harrowing pictures of the fears and the recantations of atheists, agnostics and infidels are "dreams in the air" of imaginative preachers, bigots and fanatics. But in this blessed Age of Light we hear few of these "clerical dreams" that only a little while back were so common. At the supreme moment of the passing of a spirit—whether labeled "saint" or "sinner"—there is an ecstasy of bliss as it passes into the fond and fervent embrace of the Ministering Angels who are always at hand at the New Birth of any being, ready to receive and care for the departed.—*The Blissful Prophet.*

Drugless Healing



By Psychic Methods.
We Cure People suffering from all kinds of diseases by **Therapeutic Suggestion** alone and without drugs; when they cannot come we reach and cure them at their homes in any part of the world, all by purely **Psychic Methods—Mental Telepathy.** We correct bad habits in young and old, help people to **Business Success**, reform **Moral Perverts**, reclaim **Wayward Boys and Girls**, and restore **Insane People** to their reason. No matter what your ailment, how serious your case, or what you may have done before, our methods succeed after all others have failed. Booklets fully explaining **Suggestion** and the **Psychic Methods** we employ in treating absent patients, **Sent free** to everybody! All afflicted people should read these Booklets. Send for them now. You will enjoy reading them.
Address GEO. C. PITZER, M. D.
1045 S. Union Ave., LOS ANGELES, CAL.



Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.

GALATIANS V. 1.

I believed, and therefore have I spoken.

2 CORINTHIANS IV. 13.

An Ideal Kitchen Grinder (sent on trial) for \$3.80

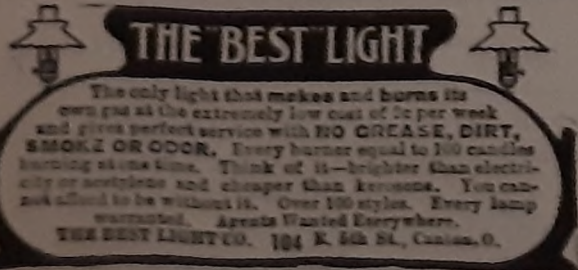


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THE BEST LIGHT
The only light that makes and burns its own gas at the extremely low cost of 5¢ per week and gives perfect service with **NO GREASE, DIRT, SMOKE OR ODOR.** Every burner equal to 100 candles burning at one time. Think of it—brighter than electricity or kerosene and cheaper than kerosene. You can afford to be without it. Over 100 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents Wanted Everywhere.
THE BEST LIGHT CO., 104 E. 54th St., Canton, O.



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Stop Forgetting
You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, inexpensive. Increases income, gives ready memory for faces, names, business details, studies, conversation; develops will power; speaking, personality. Send for Free Booklet.
Dickson Memory School, 793 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

THEY are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

J. R. LOWELL.

THE real corrupters of society may be, not the corrupt, but those who have held back the righteous leaven, the salt that has lost its savor, the innocent who have not even the moral courage to show what they think of the effrontery of impurity—the serious, who yet timidly succumb before some loud-voiced scoffer—the heart trembling all over with religious sensibilities that yet suffers itself through false shame to be beaten down into outward and practical acquiescence by some rude and worldly nature.

The mind never puts forth greater power over itself than when, in great trials, it yields up calmly its desires, affections, interests to God. There are reasons when to be still demands immeasurably higher strength than to act. Composure is often the highest result of power. Think you it demands no power to calm the stormy elements of passion, to moderate the vehemence of desire, to throw off the load of dejection, to suppress every repining thought, when the dearest hopes are withered, and to turn the wounded spirit from dangerous reveries and wasting grief, to the quiet discharge of ordinary duties? Is there no power put forth when a man, stripped of his property, of the fruits of a life's labors, quells discontent and gloomy forebodings, and serenely and patiently returns to the tasks which Providence assigns?

WM. E. CHANNING.

THE good and wise man, who is always joyful and peaceful as well as forceful and purposeful, is non-attached; he sanely enjoys all the temporary things of his earth-life, but is never deeply merged in them or attached to them. In attachment is woe and misery. I may possess great material wealth and as long as I am non-attached to it, I enjoy it; it does me much good; but the moment material wealth possesses me I am in more or less misery. It matters much whether you possess wealth or whether wealth possesses you. It is impossible for us to find peace "by centering or attaching ourselves in or to those things which, by their very nature, must change or pass away."

What do the great and wise men of all ages say? "Abiding and real happiness can only be found by centering ourselves in that which is real and permanent. Rise, therefore, above the clinging to and the craving for impermanent things, and you will enter into a consciousness of the eternal." And this does not mean you shall dwell in poverty and drudgery—not at all! Indeed, in non-attachment is possession and freedom from thralldom.

When one is thankful and grateful for a crumb, he will soon have a loaf.

No saint, no holy man, no teacher of Truth ever lived who did not rise early in the morning (with the Sun). Jesus habitually rose early, and climbed the solitary mountains to engage in holy communion. Buddha always rose an hour before sunrise and engaged in meditation, and all his disciples were enjoined to do the same.—*James Allen.*

The Mystics are always wide awake while the Sun shineth. The day season is positive, and the time for a little prayer and meditation (at rising) and work; the night season is negative and the time to rest the mind and body in sweet refreshing sleep. Our best work is done in the morning as we get then the best vibrations of the Sun. The study of Astrology and Astronomy, and especially our own solar system, gives a scientific explanation to the adepts why men should retire before midnight and rise with the Sun.—*The Blissful Prophet.*

We want everybody to think the best of us. Are you thinking the best of everybody, or are you coddling your weaknesses, and condemning others for having them? You don't want to be condemned for your faults. Why do you condemn others for their faults?

DIRECT WRITING BY SPIRITS

Jacob H. Schilling, a Scranton, Pa., business man, is relieved, and gratified, and puzzled, and frightened, and awed, and mystified all at once. He is the centre of one of the queerest and perhaps most supernatural series of events recorded. So mysterious, so ununderstandable (as he puts it) is the repetition of the thing that it has attracted the attention of eminent psychologists. Theosophists almost have adopted Mr. Schilling in their enthusiasm over his alleged "gift." Schilling himself objects to this "foolishness."

The whole trouble is that poems, some of them showing artistic possibilities, apparently have written themselves.

Schilling's part is the trouble that the alleged "spirit poet," which is the supposed author of the verses, chose to write them with Schilling's pen, and in almost exact imitation of Schilling's handwriting.

Because of that fact Schilling is and has been for a long time awed, mystified and annoyed.

But Schilling has detected the pen writing poems without the visible guidance of any hand.

That discovery frightened him even more—but even though the sight of an ordinary stub pen, inserted in an equally ordinary penholder of red wood and cork, writing poems all by itself, scared him until his eyes "bugged out," as he confesses, he is relieved and his self-respect has returned, because that sight convinced him that at the worst he never wrote poems.

PRACTICAL BUSINESS MAN OF MIDDLE AGE

Schilling is a German-American, a man of small education, but a large brain, and a hard-headed business man. He was born at Koenigsberg about fifty-two years ago, came to the United States when a boy of seventeen, found work in Weehawken, finally established a delicatessen there, made some money, and about ten years ago sold out and went into business in Scranton, taking as a partner his nephew who had some money and little experience. The firm has prospered, and, although Schilling has not grown rich, he has a nice home, a family, a profitable business, and money in the bank—so he envies no man—especially when he sees his daughter Rosetta, who is one of the prettiest girls in that district of the city.

Schilling's home is on one of the best residence streets of the town. The house was built four years ago—which eliminates the theory of the "ancient haunted house" entirely. On the second floor in front and at the centre is a small room, perhaps 10 x 10, and this room Schilling uses as his office at home.

MYSTERY OCCURS IN THE OFFICE

In the office is a desk, a roll top affair of the ordinary kind, a filing cabinet for letters and

FRIENDLY TIP

Restored Hope and Confidence

After several years of indigestion and its attendant evil influence on the mind, it is not very surprising that one finally loses faith in things generally.

A N. Y. woman writes an interesting letter. She says:

"Three years ago I suffered from an attack of peritonitis which left me in a most miserable condition. For over two years I suffered from nervousness, weak heart, shortness of breath, could not sleep, etc.

"My appetite was ravenous but I felt starved all the time. I had plenty of food but it did not nourish me because of the intestinal indigestion. Medical treatment did not seem to help; I got discouraged, stopped medicine and did not care much whether I lived or died.

"One day a friend asked me why I didn't try Grape-Nuts, stop drinking coffee and use Postum. I had lost faith in everything, but to please my friends I began to use both and soon became very fond of them.

"It wasn't long before I got some strength, felt a decided change in my system, hope sprang up in my heart and slowly but surely I got better. I could sleep very well, the constant craving for food ceased and I have better health now than before the attack of peritonitis.

"My husband and I are still using Grape-Nuts and Postum." "There's a Reason."

Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

papers, a small lounge, two ordinary straight-backed chairs, a big leather reading chair, and a regulation rolling chair, such as ordinarily is used for office work.

Schilling seldom received guests in his office. Indeed, the room was constructed more for a safety place for papers and letters than for any real work. There are four children in the family, and they are instructed that their father's office is a sacred place. They may pass through it, but must not touch anything.

Some time during last October, Schilling went to his desk one morning to get something to take downtown with him, and discovered on the blotter a sheet of scratch paper with writing on it. He picked it up, thinking one of the children had been using the desk—and read a short poem. The idea that one of his children should be guilty of writing poetry rather angered him. He called to them and made inquiries. All denied having been either at the desk or in the office. Miss Rosetta, who had taken the paper, read the verses and cried out: "Oh, papa, isn't it pretty?" His reply was a grunt, and then his daughter said:

"Why, papa—it's your handwriting."

The language used by Mr. Schilling when thus openly charged with what seemed to him a heinous offence caused Mrs. Schilling to cry:

"Shame, talking that way before the children."

Schilling tore up the verses and went away angry. It was bad enough to have one of his children writing verse—but to be accused of it himself was too much. Of course—if one could write like Heine—but then there were no such poets now-a-days.

But even in his anger Schilling could not deny that the writing did look like his.

A week or so later he discovered another poem on the desk. This time it was a sonnet. The children were summoned and angrily ordered to tell who did it. Again all denied any idea as to who had written the verse. Again the daughter insisted that it was her father's handwriting. Schilling was angrier than ever. His children always had been truthful. He could not understand. It was the preposterous charge that he was writing poetry that angered him.

From that time on there was a poem every day or two, sonnets, rondeaus, queer little stilted love songs, scraps of rather pretentious poems, blank verse, starts of epics, that read as if the author were uncertain and striving to voice an idea, were found on the desk, always in the morning.

Everybody was convinced that "papa" was writing poetry—and what Schilling had to stand was enough to ruffle any one's temper. It made him too mad to eat the hand cheese his wife had made especially for him one day—so he must have been mad indeed. He denied, expostulated, blustered—but the other members of the family kept talking about "papa's poetry." Schilling forbade them to mention the matter to neighbors—but somehow the story crept out. Also Schilling destroyed all the poems he could find. A few his daughter Rosetta, who really believed the poems beautiful (she being nineteen and in the throes of her first love affair), managed to save. She sent two of them to magazines with her father's name over them, but for once the editors were kind, and by returning them saved Schilling much misery.

BELIEVES HE WRITES IN HIS SLEEP

Eventually Schilling came to believe that he was writing the poetry during the night. It worried him so much that he consulted a doctor, being afraid that he was losing his mind. A superstitious fear gripped him finally and a few weeks ago he became convinced that he was the medium through which some spirit poet was working. He insisted that the writings were supernatural and his fear frightened the other members of the family. Even Mrs. Schilling ceased to act like an animated glass of jelly when the poems were found.

On March 28 Schilling made the most astounding discovery—and the one which has brought the matter to the attention of the psychologists. He had been worrying and brooding over the mystery of the verses for days. He was depressed and a little frightened. About two o'clock in the morning he was tossing on his bed thinking over and over about the poems. He had determined to stay awake all night, and was afraid to drop off to sleep for fear he would write another poem. Suddenly in the stillness of the house he heard a faint, scratching noise. He listened. He heard the sound as of a pen dipping into an inkwell.

Yet the sound of writing spurred him on. He turned the door knob, and at the same instant switched on the electric light. Then he stood still, shaking as with ague, and almost paralyzed. He was, if his story be correct, gazing upon the strangest sight ever seen by man.

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A STAMPEDE FOR NEW HOMES

RAPID GROWTH OF BUTTE VALLEY, RECENTLY OPENED TO SETTLEMENT BY THE EXTENSION OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC, KEEPS MAP-MAKERS BUSY

THE WONDERS OF BUTTE VALLEY

Thanks to the Siskiyou mountains, and to the fact that it was almost an impossible feat to haul heavy trans-continental trains over them, a new cut-off has opened the wonders of Butte Valley. With all its splendid natural advantages, abundance of pure water, rich black soil, and delightful climate, this fertile valley land has blossomed into a veritable garden for the home seeker, within the past two years.

Do you delight in the grandeur of mountain scenery? Butte Valley offers you a scenic panorama that has no parallel in magnificence.



A RANCH IN BUTTE VALLEY.

Forty miles to the south towers snow-capped Mount Shasta. Sixty miles to the north Mount Pitt lifts its giant head.

A hundred families—the vanguard of an army of homeseekers—are now living there and making money rapidly, as the land is adapted to general farming, fruit culture, stock raising, grain raising and dairying. The new town of Macdoel has five stores and several shops, numerous dwellings, a \$4,000 church, which is also used as a school, and at the present rate of growth will soon be an important trade centre. The railroad is pushing its way westward with all possible speed, and when connections are made with the old line of the Southern Pacific at Eugene, Oregon, the bulk of the road's trans-continental traffic will be carried through this valley.

The growth of the valley is absolutely without a parallel in the history of colonization movements.

The opportunities for money-making are so exceptional that the attention of the whole country has been attracted, and it will be but a comparatively short time until every available acre of Butte Valley land will be taken.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR ALL

Just now, while land is cheap and sold on easy terms, the Butte Valley offers remarkable opportunities to the young man starting in life, or the older man seeking a fresh start.

A nice little Butte Valley fruit farm will, in the course of a few years, make a man independent for life. Truck farming is immensely profitable. The mines and lumber camps now use all the people can raise. Beef, cattle and dairy products pay handsomely.

Macdoel offers a splendid opportunity to those wishing to go into business. The surrounding mountains are covered with dense forests of pine, cedar and fir, and lumber companies are reaping a harvest.

More sawmills are badly needed, as the product of the two mills now in Butte Valley does not even begin to meet the demand. Any man can make a success in Butte Valley if he is willing to work, but a lazy man would feel mighty lonesome out there among the hundreds of hustlers who are transforming the land of sage brush and jack rabbits into a twentieth century paradise.

The altitude of Butte Valley is 4,200 feet. The climate is that of Salt Lake City. Asthma, catarrh, tuberculosis, bronchitis, hay fever, etc., are unknown. The valley has twenty inches of rainfall, besides sub-irrigation.

The water is soft, cold, pure and abundant. The land is quickly and easily cleared by simply breaking down the sage brush and raking it off.

Dame Nature seems to have overlooked nothing essential to the happiness and prosperity of those who were to people this marvelous valley when she poured her bounties into its lap.

The following extract from a report of the Bureau of Soils, Washington, D. C., will prove of special interest to the man who is looking for a good place to invest his money in a fruit country:

"Apples have yielded abundantly and the fruit has been of choice quality, being of bright appearance, brilliantly colored and free from fungus or insect pests, and the outlook for the development of this industry is promising.

GO AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

My earnest advice to every reader of Magazine of Mysteries who can possibly make the trip is to take the first train for Macdoel and see with your own eyes the wonders of Butte Valley.

The railroads are making special low excursion rates for September and October, the best months in the year to go. I understand that the "homeseeker's rate" is only a trifle more than half the regular fare. A man out in Omaha is in full charge of the excursions, and by writing him you can get much valuable information. Here is his name and address:

B. A. SMITH, BOX 1267, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

A great deal has been written about the wonders of Butte Valley, but the best thing printed thus far is a book entitled

"SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE."

This book is a simple, straightforward narrative of the actual conditions in this valley of opportunities, and the threads of a charming love story are interwoven all through its pages. It brings right home to the reader the startling



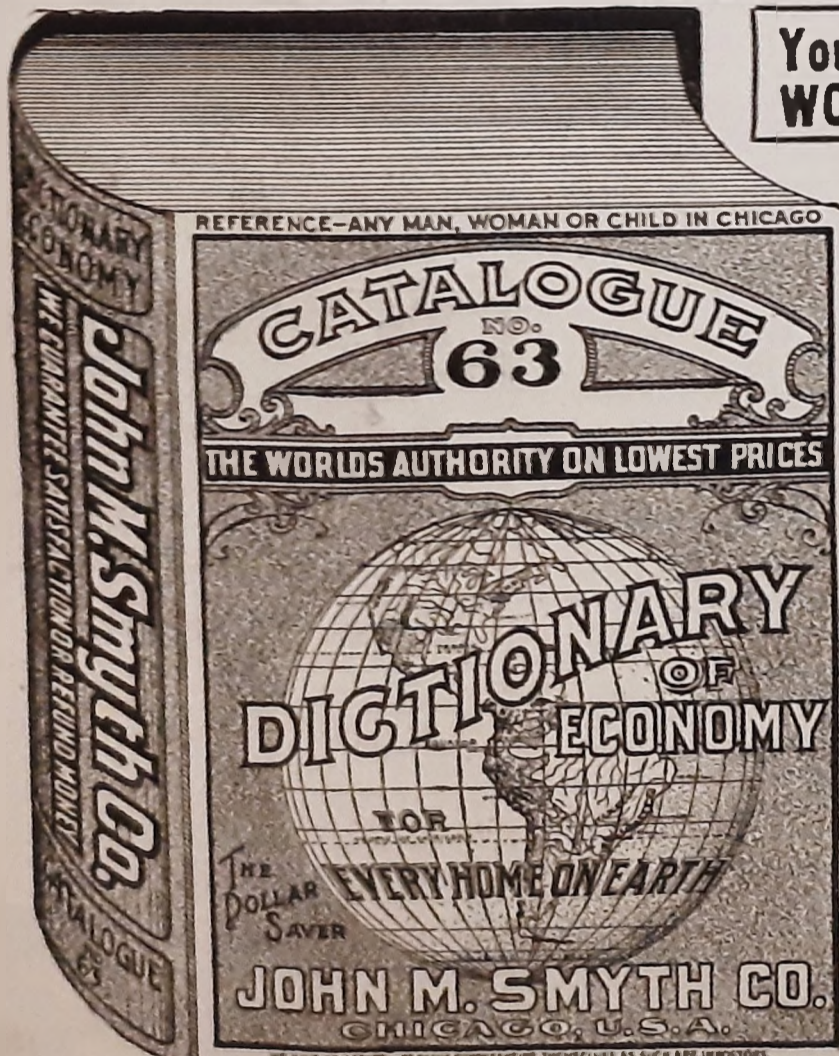
WHEAT HARVESTING IN BUTTE VALLEY.

contrast between the uphill fight of the Eastern farmer and the happy lot of the farmer in Butte Valley. I don't know who wrote it, but he certainly knows every inch of the ground. Just ask Mr. Smith for a free copy of "Silas Smith's Second Wife," and I am sure he will forward the book immediately.

Northern California, is simply glorious in September and October. By all means take advantage of the cheap rates and join the stampede for cheap farms and happy homes in Butte Valley.

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THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

By JOHN G. WHITTIER

O Friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

COFFEE THE CAUSE Of Various Ailments.

It does not require a scientist to discover if coffee is harmful.

Plain common sense and the simple habit of looking for the cause of things, soon reveals coffee in its true light—that of a habit-forming drug.

"My family on both sides were confirmed coffee toppers," writes a Penna. painter, "and we suffered from nervousness, headache, sleeplessness, dizziness and palpitation of the heart."

"Medical treatment never seemed to do any permanent good. I thought there must be some cause for these troubles and yet did not find it was coffee until I was forty-one."

"Hearing of the benefit that many had derived from changing to Postum, I quit coffee and used Postum entirely. Now I am like a new man."

"I sleep well, can eat three good meals a day, have no headache nor palpitation, no nerve twitching in my face, and I don't have to pay out hard-earned money for medicines."

"I believe a good hot cup of Postum made strong, with half milk and taken before retiring at night, is the best thing to keep a painter from having lead poisoning. That's my experience, anyway."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

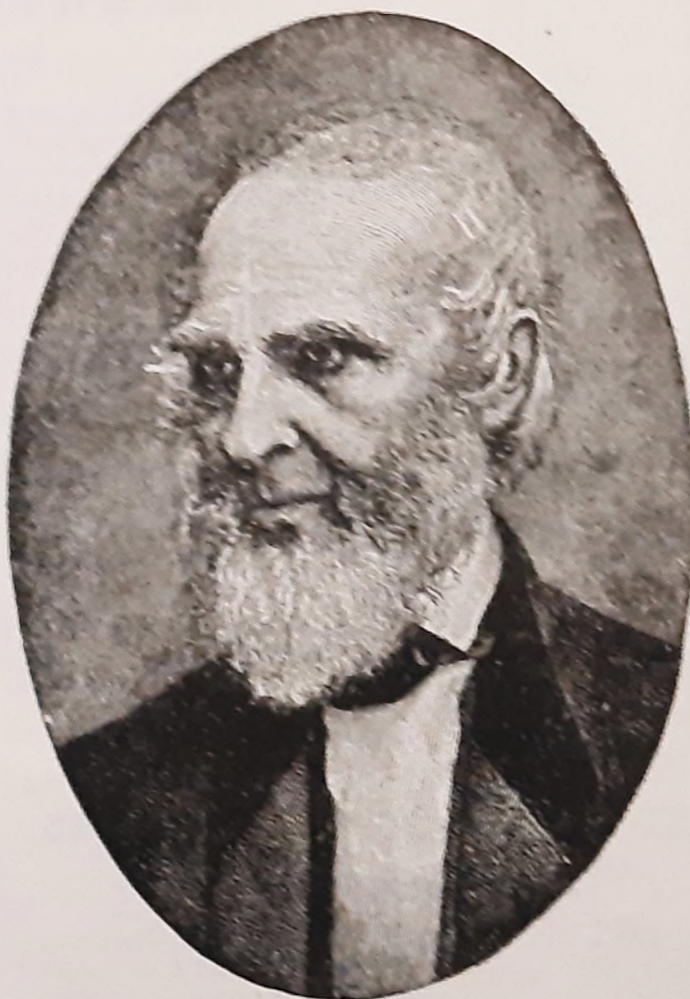
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.



John G. Whittier

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

LIVE!

Let's live for the joy of living.
Life holds so much that is dear,
Let's give for the joy of giving
That our hearts may be full of cheer.

The world is so full of beauty;
Only man is full of care,
Each one should make it a duty
His joys with others to share.

The flowers, the birds, and the sunshine,
Each do the best they can,
The only growler Nature knows
Is that superior being—man!

Then live for the joy of living,
Be glad of your chance to live,
Take freely of all life's good things,
And then as freely give.

—HELEN HOWARD.

Mine be the love that in itself can find
Seed of white thoughts, the lilies of the mind,
Seed of that glad surrender of the will,
Which finds in service self's true purpose still.

Good-Bye To Superfluous Hair

How I Cured My Growth of Superfluous Hair by a New and Simple Method, After All Else Failed

FREE TO ANYONE

I Will Send Free to Any Sufferer Full Particulars to Enable Them to Achieve the Same Happy Results



At last it is possible to destroy all trace of superfluous hair without pain, scar, or injury to skin or complexion, and to end forever all need for further embarrassment from this annoyance. I make this announcement well knowing that it sounds almost too good to be true, but, all the same, I know it is true, because it has done just this for me and for many others that I myself know of.

Since a child I was annoyed and humiliated with a distressing growth of hair on my face and arms. I tried all the depilatories, liquids, creams and other preparations I ever heard of, only to make it worse. For weeks I suffered the electric needle, without getting rid of my blemish. I spent a great deal of money for various things without success, until a friend recommended a simple preparation, which quickly succeeded where all else had failed.

This method is simple, safe, sure, and can be used privately at home, without pain or blemish. It makes the electric needle entirely unnecessary, and it is quite different from anything else ever offered for the purpose. In my own case, this simple remedy made the hair disappear like magic, and enabled me permanently to find entire relief from all trace of unwelcome hair, and to forever end all need for my embarrassment, and I am making this announcement in order that others may do the same.

To this end I will tell in detail, free and without charge, full particulars by which any sufferer can receive the same happy results I did. All I ask is a two-cent stamp for reply. I will answer all letters the day I receive them, and give the full information absolutely free and in confidence. If you wish to get rid of all trace of hair, if you wish to do away with the unsightly growth that mars your good looks; if you wish to forever end all embarrassment from the unwelcome blemish, simply write me a letter, enclosing two-cent stamp for reply, and address to Caroline Osgood, 325-B, Custom House, Providence, R. I.



Brown Your Hair

"You'd never think I stained my hair, after I used Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain. The stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but makes it grow out fluffy."

Send for a Trial Package.

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't rub off, contains no poisonous dyes, sulphur, lead or copper. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address on a slip of paper, with this advertisement, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on Hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 88 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.



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We give two pair of these handsome, large, full size Nottingham Lace Curtains of elegant patterns, 2½ yards long with beautiful wide borders, for selling only 24 packages of BLUINE at 10c. a package. Send your name and address for BLUINE. When sold return our \$2.40 and we will send at once TWO PAIR of these handsome Lace Curtains. BLUINE MFG. CO., 612 Mill St., Concord, Mass.

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START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS AT HOME Devote whole or spare time. We tell you how. Very good profit. Everything furnished. No catalog outfit proposition. Write at once for our "Starter" and free particulars. M. KRUEGER CO., 156 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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OPPORTUNITIES FOR ALL

Just now, while land is cheap and sold on easy terms, the Butte Valley offers remarkable opportunities to the young man starting in life, or the older man seeking a fresh start.

A nice little Butte Valley fruit farm will, in the course of a few years, make a man independent for life. Truck farming is immensely profitable. The mines and lumber camps now use all the people can raise. Beef, cattle and dairy products pay handsomely.

Macdoel offers a splendid opportunity to those wishing to go into business. The surrounding mountains are covered with dense forests of pine, cedar and fir, and lumber companies are reaping a harvest.

More sawmills are badly needed, as the product of the two mills now in Butte Valley does not even begin to meet the demand. Any man can make a success in Butte Valley if he is willing to work, but a lazy man would feel mighty lonesome out there among the hundreds of hustlers who are transforming the land of sage brush and jack rabbits into a twentieth century paradise.

The altitude of Butte Valley is 4,200 feet. The climate is that of Salt Lake City. Asthma, catarrh, tuberculosis, bronchitis, hay fever, etc., are unknown. The valley has twenty inches of rainfall, besides sub-irrigation.

The water is soft, cold, pure and abundant. The land is quickly and easily cleared by simply breaking down the sage brush and raking it off. Dame Nature seems to have overlooked nothing essential to the happiness and prosperity of those who were to people this marvelous valley when she poured her bounties into its lap.

The following extract from a report of the Bureau of Soils, Washington, D. C., will prove of special interest to the man who is looking for a good place to invest his money in a fruit country:

"Apples have yielded abundantly and the fruit has been of choice quality, being of bright appearance, brilliantly colored and free from fungus or insect pests, and the outlook for the development of this industry is promising.

GO AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

My earnest advice to every reader of Magazine of Mysteries who can possibly make the trip is to take the first train for Macdoel and see with your own eyes the wonders of Butte Valley.

The railroads are making special low excursion rates for September and October, the best months in the year to go. I understand that the "homeseeker's rate" is only a trifle more than half the regular fare. A man out in Omaha is in full charge of the excursions, and by writing him you can get much valuable information. Here is his name and address:

B. A. SMITH, BOX 1267, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

A great deal has been written about the wonders of Butte Valley, but the best thing printed thus far is a book entitled

"SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE.

This book is a simple, straightforward narrative of the actual conditions in this valley of opportunities, and the threads of a charming love story are interwoven all through its pages. It brings right home to the reader the startling



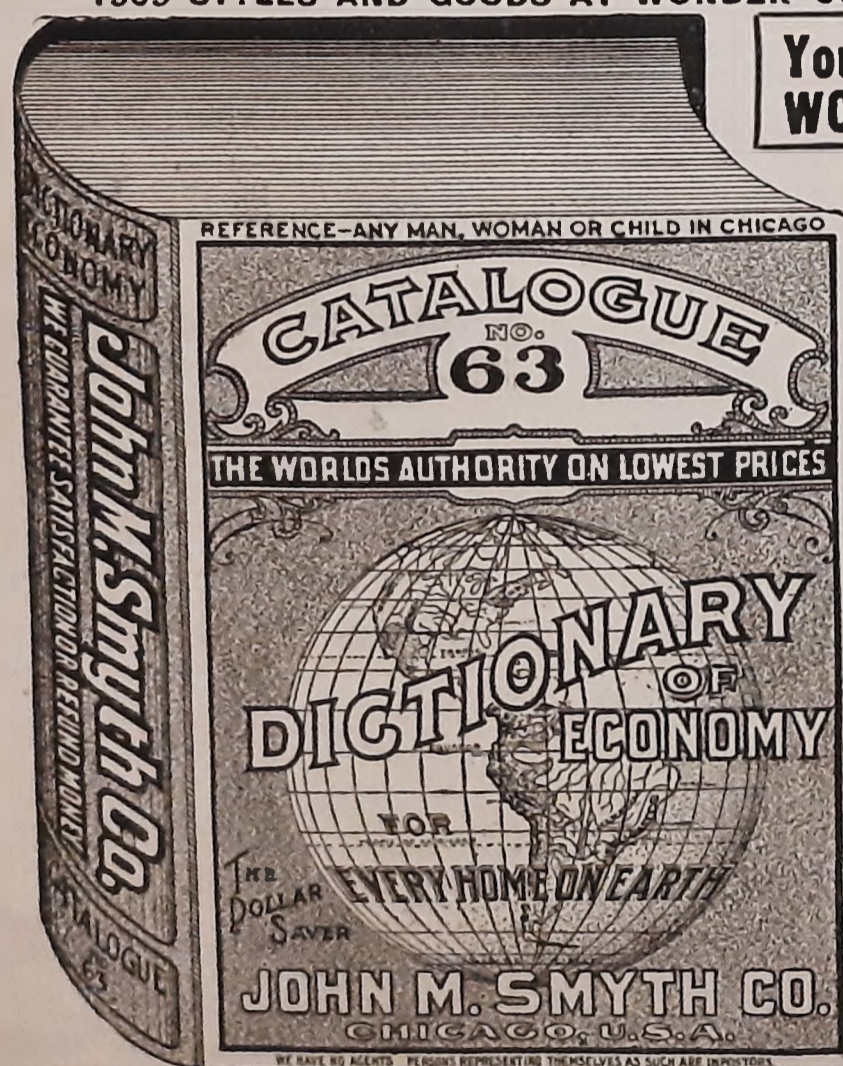
WHEAT HARVESTING IN BUTTE VALLEY.

contrast between the uphill fight of the Eastern farmer and the happy lot of the farmer in Butte Valley. I don't know who wrote it, but he certainly knows every inch of the ground. Just ask Mr. Smith for a free copy of "Silas Smith's Second Wife," and I am sure he will forward the book immediately.

Northern California, is simply glorious in September and October. By all means take advantage of the cheap rates and join the stampede for cheap farms and happy homes in Butte Valley.

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The low wonder prices in this book are 1/4 to 1/2 less than your storekeeper's. If his price is \$10.00 for an article you can buy the same thing of us for \$7.50 or less, and if his price is \$100.00 for a bill of goods you can buy the same bill of goods from us for \$75.00 or less. This applies to all classes of goods. It applies to groceries and calico and staple goods of all kinds. It even applies to binding twine, sugar and flour, which are the most staple articles manufactured. This great saving is money in your pocket, the same as if you had worked hard to earn it. Don't pay retailers' profits any longer, be independent—keep them yourself.

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THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

By JOHN G. WHITTIER

O Friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that bath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above:
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

COFFEE THE CAUSE

Of Various Ailments.

It does not require a scientist to discover if coffee is harmful.

Plain common sense and the simple habit of looking for the cause of things, soon reveals coffee in its true light—that of a habit-forming drug.

"My family on both sides were confirmed coffee toppers," writes a Penna. painter, "and we suffered from nervousness, headache, sleeplessness, dizziness and palpitation of the heart.

"Medical treatment never seemed to do any permanent good. I thought there must be some cause for these troubles and yet did not find it was coffee until I was forty-one.

"Hearing of the benefit that many had derived from changing to Postum, I quit coffee and used Postum entirely. Now I am like a new man.

"I sleep well, can eat three good meals a day, have no headache nor palpitation, no nerve twitching in my face, and I don't have to pay out hard-earned money for medicines.

"I believe a good hot cup of Postum made strong, with half milk and taken before retiring at night, is the best thing to keep a painter from having lead poisoning. That's my experience, anyway."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.



John G. Whittier

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His Islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! If my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

LIVE!

Let's live for the joy of living,
Life holds so much that is dear,
Let's give for the joy of giving
That our hearts may be full of cheer.

The world is so full of beauty;
Only man is full of care,
Each one should make it a duty
His joys with others to share.

The flowers, the birds, and the sunshine,
Each do the best they can,
The only growler Nature knows
Is that superior being—man!

Then live for the joy of living,
Be glad of your chance to live,
Take freely of all life's good things,
And then as freely give.

—HELEN HOWARD.

Mine be the love that in itself can find
Seed of white thoughts, the lilies of the mind,
Seed of that glad surrender of the will,
Which finds in service self's true purpose still.

Good-Bye To Superfluous Hair

How I Cured My Growth of Superfluous Hair by a New and Simple Method, After All Else Failed

FREE TO ANYONE

I Will Send Free to Any Sufferer Full Particulars to Enable Them to Achieve the Same Happy Results



At last it is possible to destroy all trace of superfluous hair without pain, scar, or injury to skin or complexion, and to end forever all need for further embarrassment from this annoyance. I make this announcement, well knowing that it sounds almost too good to be true, but, all the same, I know it is true, because it has done just this for me and for many others that I myself know of.

Since a child I was annoyed and humiliated with a distressing growth of hair on my face and arms. I tried all the depilatories, liquids, creams and other preparations I ever heard of, only to make it worse. For weeks I suffered the electric needle, without getting rid of my blemish. I spent a great deal of money for various things without success, until a friend recommended a simple preparation, which quickly succeeded where all else had failed.

This method is simple, safe, sure, and can be used privately at home, without pain or blemish. It makes the electric needle entirely unnecessary, and it is quite different from anything else ever offered for the purpose. In my own case, this simple remedy made the hair disappear like magic, and enabled me permanently to find entire relief from all trace of unwelcome hair, and to forever end all need for my embarrassment, and I am making this announcement in order that others may do the same.

To this end I will tell in detail, free and without charge, full particulars by which any sufferer can receive the same happy results I did. All I ask is a two-cent stamp for reply. I will answer all letters the day I receive them, and give the full information absolutely free and in confidence. If you wish to get rid of all trace of hair, if you wish to do away with the unsightly growth that mars your good looks, if you wish to forever end all embarrassment from the unwelcome blemish, simply write me a letter, enclosing two-cent stamp for reply, and address to Caroline Osgood, 319-B, Custom House, Providence, R. I.



Brown Your Hair

"You'd never think I stained my hair, after I used Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain. The Stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but makes it grow out fluffy."

Send for a Trial Package.

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't rub off, contains no poisonous dyes, sulphur, lead or copper. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address on a slip of paper, with this advertisement, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on Hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 883 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Two Pair Lace Curtains Given

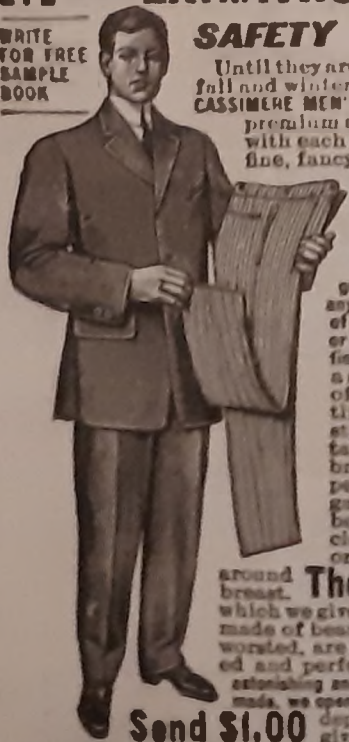
We give two pair of these handsome, large, full size Nottingham Lace Curtains of elegant patterns, 2 1/2 yards long with beautiful wide borders, for selling only 24 packages of BLUINE at 10c a package. Send your name and address for BLUINE. When sold return our \$2.40 and we will send at once TWO PAIR of these handsome Lace Curtains.

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BOOK**SAFETY RAZOR FREE**

Until they are gone, we will sell 15,000 fall and winter weight, NAVY BLUE, WOOL CASSIMERE MEN'S SUITS at \$4.95, and as a premium and adv., we will give free with each suit at \$4.95, a pair of fine, fancy striped, worsted trousers, and if you order within 30 days we will throw in an special premium with the suit and extra trousers at \$4.95 a highly nickled, full size, safety razor, guaranteed to shave as perfectly as any \$5.00 safety razor, regardless of name. The suit is ham's finest grade navy blue cassimere, a splendid fast color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful changeless finish. It is stylishly made up by expert tailors in latest single breasted sack style to fit perfect, is serge lined, elegantly finished, guaranteed better than exclusive clothiers' \$8 to \$10 suits or no suit. Sizes 33 to 45 in.

The Free Trousers

around breast. The Free Trousers which we give with the suit at \$4.95 are made of beautiful dark fancy striped worsted, are very stylish, finely tailored and perfect fitting. This is the most astonishing and wonderful clothing offer ever made, we openly challenge any firm to equal it. deposit, mention No. X-12, give chest measure over vest.

Send \$1.00

wallet measure over trousers, length of inseam and height and weight, and we will send the fine navy blue cassimere suit and extra pair of elegant, fancy striped worsted trousers and one safety razor by express subject to examination at the express office. You to pay the balance \$3.95 and express charges. After you examine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest bargain you ever saw, and equal to any suit and extra trousers you ever saw at \$10.00 to \$12.00, and as stylish an outfit as there is in your neighborhood, regardless of price; otherwise we will promptly refund your \$1.00. Order the outfit today or send for our big cloth sample book which contains 175 fine cloth samples of ready-made and made to order suits and overcoats at \$4.50 up; trousers \$8c up, fur coats \$10.00 up, and complete stocks of duck, leather and corduroy clothing, cravattes, neckties, rain coats, etc. Made of best fabrics from World Famous Wools, critically selected to suit every taste and every age. Order the outfit or write for the sample book today. It is right now. We are headquarters for **Men's Furnishing Goods** at wholesale prices. Winter underwear \$3c up, flannel shirts \$3c up, leather gloves \$2c up, winter caps \$1c up, hats 45c up, silk ties 5c up, and every kind of apparel worn by men and boys at correspondingly low prices. **WRITE FOR FREE MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS CATALOGUE TODAY.**

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Write to-day for our big, free shoe catalogue which describes, illustrates and price-lists mammoth, one-half million dollar stocks of fine made shoes of all kinds, for all purposes and for all climates. Our shoes are the best, finest and most durable in the world. They comprise the cream of the shoe market, possess faultless style, perfect finish, fit as smoothly as a glove and are as easy to wear as a slipper. Every pair made from select leather by expert shoe-makers.



WE UNDERSELL EVERYBODY No one can meet our prices. We sell ladies' shoes at 98c up, ladies' patent leather shoes \$1.48 up, women's heavy winter shoes \$1.19 up, ladies' and men's all-ports 25c up, men's shoes \$1.25 up, men's patent leather blucher shoes \$1.50 up, men's felt boots 60c up, youths' and misses' shoes 98c up, infants' shoes 16c up, full line of rubber and felt boots and sportmen's and athletic shoes; rubber footwear of all kinds. Order from this adv., sending price and size and width of shoe worn, or write for our big, free, shoe catalogue, see our beautiful styles, our astonishingly low prices.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-177 West Madison Street **CHICAGO****FOR THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD**

Thought to be held at 12 M.

Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?—LUKE x, 25.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—ECCLES. ix, 10.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"

"Discharge aright

The simple dues with which each day is rife,
Yea, with thy might."

F. VON SCHILLER.

Thought to be held at 9 P.M.

In your patience possess ye your souls.—LUKE xxi, 19.

WHAT though thy way be dark, and earth
With ceaseless care do cark, till mirth
To thee no sweet strain singeth;
Still hide thy life above, and still
Believe that God is love; fulfil
Whatever lot He bringeth

"A MAN is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work, and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace." Be diligent, after thy power, to do deeds of love. Think nothing too little, nothing too low, to do lovingly for the sake of God. Bear with infirmities, ungentle tempers, contradictions; visit, if thou mayest, the sick; relieve the poor; forego thyself and thine own ways for love; and He whom in them thou lovest, to whom in them thou ministerest, will own thy love, and will pour His own love into thee.

THE soul loses command of itself when it is impatient. Whereas, when it submits without a murmur it possesses itself in peace, and possesses God. To be impatient is to desire what we have not, or not to desire what we have. When we acquiesce in an evil it is no longer such. Why make a real calamity of it by resistance? Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remains firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from bearing them.

The chief pang of most trials is not so much the actual suffering itself, as our own spirit of resistance to it.

Yours in Holy Love 7—***

INSIST WOMAN WHO LIVES WAS DEAD AN HOUR

NOT A CASE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION, DECLARE DOCTOR AND FAMILY OF MRS. McNULTY OF NEW BRITAIN—ALL SIGNS OF LIFE GONE—PATIENT WHO TELLS OF MEETING PARENT IN GREAT BEYOND—NOT A CHURCHGOER

Dr. Thomas Mulligan, who attended Mrs. William McNulty, of 127 Kelsey street, the woman who says she was dead for an hour, insists it was not a case of mere unconsciousness or suspended animation.

"She was as dead as she will ever be," he declares.

Mrs. McNulty's husband and her daughter Maggie also say she was dead. "We don't know as much about these things as a doctor," said Maggie to-day, "but mother's heart did not beat, and she did not breathe for an hour. We thought she was dead, and she certainly looked dead."

McNulty was equally as positive. "I believe she was dead," he said. "She did not move or breathe, and there was not the slightest flutter of the heart."

Dr. Mulligan said: "I found Mrs. McNulty sitting in her chair in her room. Death was plainly there. There was no pulse, no heart action. I lifted up the eyelids and found the eyes set and dead. The lungs were still. I have seen hundreds die and have been with them in their last moments. I know death when I see it."

WISHED TO SATISFY THE FAMILY

"I have been attending the McNultys so long and knew the family so well that I felt it would be a satisfaction to Maggie and her father to try

to do something. So I applied the battery. I felt it was hopeless. The jaws had relaxed and the fetid odor of death came out of the mouth.

"As soon as I observed the first sign of breathing I spoke to her sharply: 'Now, take a deep breath,' I said.

"As the normal was reached, Mrs. McNulty opened her eyes in a tired way, and tears ran down her cheeks. 'Oh,' she said, 'I have been on a long journey, so long.'

"And did you meet anybody you knew?' I asked her.

"Oh, yes," she said. 'I met my mother and Tom there.'

"Mrs. McNulty's mother died twelve or fifteen years ago. I didn't know who Tom was, and I had to ask Mr. McNulty later. He told me that she meant Tom Hobson, her sister's first husband, who died thirty years ago.

"Don't any of you be afraid to die," said Mrs. McNulty next. 'There is nothing to fear. Everybody is happy there—so happy. I would not have come back but for father and Maggie. And mother did not want me to stay; she did not ask me.'

"EVERYBODY HAPPY THERE"

"It was pathetic the way Mrs. McNulty referred to her mother. When Mrs. McNulty spoke about everybody being so happy 'there,' I asked her what 'there' was like. She said it was beautiful, and then I tried to have her describe it. 'Beautiful' was her one word for it.

"She said the 'light was soft and beautiful,' and I used the sun and moon and stars in succession in an endeavor to get her to make a comparison. She could not describe the light further than I have told you. The woman is going to be able to get out of bed in two or three weeks and be around once more. When I was in to see her yesterday I asked her to tell me how she felt about meeting her mother.

"Why," she said, 'it was happy. I felt just as you would feel if you went to Manchester or Hartford and met somebody you had not seen in years and talked with them and had a pleasant visit.'

"Mrs. McNulty is a Christian woman, but I don't believe she has been to church in forty years. There is no religious suggestion behind what she has told me and there is no religious suggestion behind what I am relating. I was reared in a religious family. When I reached the age of twenty-one I had enough of religion. I am sixty-five now, and, while I believe in a future existence, I don't believe that any creed or sect has a mortgage. I am one, too, who believes that so-called ministers of the Gospel do God's creatures more harm than they do them good."

(Concluded on page 149)

BIBLE BREAD

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.—Ps. cxxi, 1.

My grace is sufficient for thee.—2 Cor. xii, 9.

I look to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again:
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

S. LONGFELLOW

HOW can you live sweetly amid the vexatious things, the irritating things, the multitude of little worries and frets, which lie all along your way, and which you cannot evade? You cannot at present change your surroundings. Whatever kind of life you are to live, must be lived amid precisely the experiences in which you are now moving. Here you must win your victories or suffer your defeats. No restlessness or discontent can change your lot. Others may have other circumstances surrounding them, but here are yours. You had better make up your mind to accept what you cannot alter. You can live a beautiful life in the midst of your present circumstances.

Strive to realize a state of inward happiness, independent of circumstances.

I must tell you of a blessed shut-in sister. I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of love and of power, and of a sound mind; intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness—a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribands of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child, but of herself, save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness, wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise, though never leaving her crib, nor changing her posture? and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death, from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason, which might mar the beauty of Christ's spirit's glorious work.

THE WOMAN WAS DEAD FOR AN HOUR

IS NOT A READER

"Eliminating religion, then, doctor, don't you think it possible that Mrs. McNulty may have been reading something which left such a picture of 'there' in her mind as she has told you about?"

"No. Mrs. McNulty couldn't have read anything of the kind. She is not an illiterate woman, but she is not given to reading. She is just simple and old-fashioned."

VENOMOUS EMOTIONS

Anger, fear and anxiety are among the emotions or sentiments which literally poison our blood. It has often been said that evil thoughts are poisonous, the meaning being that they corrupt other people, but the real fact is that they poison our own blood. By losing control of ourselves and indulging in anger, by yielding to anxiety, fear and unwholesome thoughts, we cause an irritation or disturbance which, according to the latest saying of scientists, has the effect of producing a poison in the blood that may have serious consequences.

Naturalists declare that the venom of snakes is generated by anger and fear; that it is rapidly collected in a special receptacle and thence discharged at the object of its anger and fear, and it is further explained that the same process takes place in the human body, but that we have no special organ to receive it, and it, therefore, disperses in the blood, acting against ourselves instead of for our protection. Be that as it may, it is generally conceded that we are literally poisoned by the emotions mentioned, and by any sentiment or passion which upsets the smooth workings of our minds.—*New York News.*

Have infinite patience. Has He not had patience with you? Therefore, have patience with all men and all things, and then you will rise again in His Good time the stouter for your long battle.

THE SECRET

We have a secret, just we three.
The robin and I and the sweet cherry-tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just we three.

But, of course, the robin knows it best.
Because she built the—I shan't tell the rest;
And laid the four little—somethings in it—
I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly about
Then the whole secret will be out.

—Little Flower Folks.

LINES

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands.

And of armed men the hum:

Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered

Round the quick alarming drum—

Saying, "come,

Freemen, come!

Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick

alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:

War is not of life the sum:

Who shall stay and reap the harvest

When the autumn days shall come?"

But the drum

Echoed, "Come!

Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the

solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle.

What of profit springs therefrom?

What if conquest, subjugation.

Even greater ills become?"

But the drum

Answered, "come!

You must do the sum and prove it," said the

Yankee answering drum.

What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder.

Whistling shot and bursting bomb.

When my brothers fall around me.

Should my heart grow cold and numb?

But the drum

Answered, "Come!

Better there in death united than in life a

recreant—come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing.

Some in faith, and doubting some.

Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming.

Said, "My chosen people, come!"

Then the drum.

Lo, was dumb:

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing.

answered, "Lord, we come!"

—Bret Harte.

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We'll furnish YOUR home On Credit.

No matter how far distant you live

We'll ship you a single article or furnish your home completely and give you from twelve to sixteen months in which to pay for your purchases. You enjoy the full use of the home furnishings while paying for them a little each month as you earn the money.

We furnish homes on credit all over the United States. It is positively the most confidential, the most pleasing and the most thoroughly convenient plan of credit ever devised. We charge absolutely nothing for this credit accommodation—no interest—no extras of any kind.

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Extra large and massive, beautifully carved, upholstered in heavy leather which has the wearing quality of genuine leather, back tufted, rolled edge to back & seat, its a magnificent rocker—an unmatchable value—a world leader at the price. Terms: Cash, balance 10c per month.



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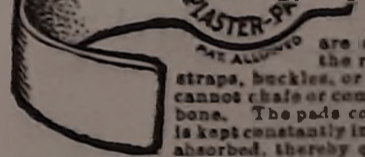


without warming closet or reservoir. With big warming closet, porcelain lined reservoir, just as shown in cut, \$17.35; large, square, oven, wonderful baker, 6 cooking holes, body made of cold rolled steel. Duplex grate: burns wood or coal. Handsome nickel trimmings, highly polished.

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are self-adhesive, and hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles, or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The pads contain a medicine which is kept constantly in contact and is gradually absorbed, thereby quickly curing the most obstinate cases. Hundreds have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Guaranteed under National Pure Food & Drug Law. Write today and "Trial of Treatment." **FREE** with interesting book, will be sent address **STUART PLASTER-PAD CO., Box 47 St. Louis, Mo.**

NOTICE

F. D. Wallaker is no longer associated with the Esquire Circle in any capacity, and persons desiring an answer to their inquiries concerning that society may address its President, Grace M. Brown, Box 443, Denver, Colo.

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I will give you my splendid outfit on a 60-day free trial—entirely at my own risk, providing you are the first from your locality to accept my generous offer. I have always sold these splendid Outfits to dealers, but this season, commencing with this very day, I have made up my mind to sell direct to the wearer and save every man the enormous profit that has always gone into the pocket of the dealer. To make my new plan a success right from the start I decided to place with one reliable person in each community my complete outfit for \$5.00 and not one cent more.

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THE ESSENE SOCIETY

The Denver Circle of the Essene Society is at home in Room 308, Commonwealth Building, on the corner of Stout and Fifteenth streets.

Every thinking individual is welcome to come and think with us.

Every person who is negative or weak in health or purse or mind is invited to call and we will share with him.

Every person who has an over-abundance of cheer or money or understanding is invited to call and share with us.

We want students for our classes and workers for the cause of truth; we want strong members in the Essene Circle who intend to be true to themselves and therefore to be healthy and wealthy and wise.

We want everybody to know how interesting we are, so be sure to come and see us, and bring your friends.

Open meeting every day at 12 o'clock.
Monday at 2:30 p. m.
Thursday at 8 p. m.

GRACE M. BROWN.



Grace M. Brown

STUDY OF CONSTRUCTION

Construction is the expressed action which results from the balanced union of the principles of Love and Wisdom.

It requires both BEING and ACTION for any kind of manifestation.

All creation is formed by the union of two forces—one positive and one negative—and Love is as incomplete without wisdom as wisdom is void apart from Love.

The God Manifestation in all life is the unified action of Love and Wisdom in Construction.

As a ray of clear sunlight flashes across a restless, clouded sky, changing its Murky Mystery into serene beauty, so does the word Construction with its newer, fuller interpretation, sweep over the realm of a confused mentality, strengthening and reinforcing its lagging energy.

We want a philosophy which inspires us with the truth of a practical manifestation in accomplishment; we want proof rather than phrases and methods instead of terms, and in this philosophy of the Constructive life we find—not only proof in accomplishment and methods for attainment—but we find a strength in the thought, a glory in the world and a power in every action which it inspires.

Construction blends and unifies, it sweetens and it cheers, it reveals to us the cohesive force of the universe, therefore uniting us with an infinite love and proving in its practical demon-

stration that when we act in constructive co-operation with the law, we are one with God.

When we relate ourselves to the Divine Being from the standpoint of action and accomplishment, we shall understand something of the God quality beyond the mere repetition of words. The too common voicing of certain words impairs their value because we separate them from use and so render their meaning negative to us.

It is our human relation to Life and to Truth which concerns us. The Life and the Truth of Life are always the same in essence and quality, either with or apart from our individuality and the forces of nature are as active without us as they are manifest in and with us—but we have the privilege of being a part of that great nature and we have the power to select and to substantiate whatever we desire in that wonderful manifestation.

Love is universal in its consciousness and when it unites with Wisdom and becomes Construction it is universal in its manifestation.

In the intelligent recognition of the word Construction we realize its power in practical demonstration and we see that it is the cohesive element in the Love principle which actually holds the formulated spirit atoms in place. Then we see that planets and suns and solar systems, as well as every human being and every humble grass blade, are dependent for position and for manifestation upon this mighty energy of Construction which is such a wonderful blending of the primal principles of Love and Wisdom.

The great mystic Swedenborg, who veils his wonderful philosophy with such an avalanche of words that the beauty of it lies buried in their depths, tells us much of this balanced blending of Love and Wisdom—but no amount of words can give us an understanding of life and its principles. We must perceive it from every point of our consciousness until we BECOME the principle which we intend to embody.

When we become Constructive we relate ourselves to the life current so accurately that in every activity of our lives we prove ourselves immune from everything which may be regarded as destructive. When we fail to realize sickness and danger and poverty, they fail to materialize, because they can not exist in an element which is without the fear quality upon which they subsist.

Prejudice melts before a Constructive action as the winter's snow melts before the sunlight; and the bitterest restraint in the human heart releases its clutch in the light of a wise Love thought.

Danger fades away before this marvelous energy, and sorrow vibrates into peace under its heavenly influence.

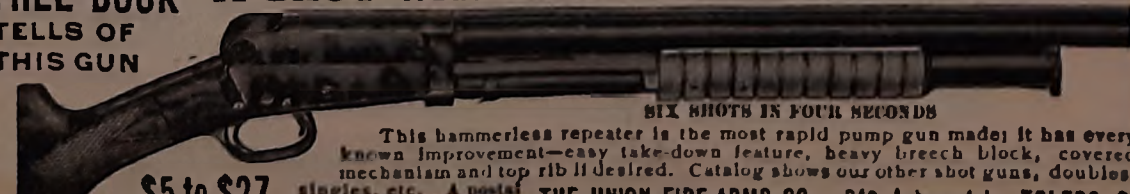
In the Constructive consciousness there is only a sublime faith in humanity and a joyous recognition of God.

The glorious part of this is that it is all so practical and so easy. We can develop our Constructive force until it becomes the dominant quality of our being and then we radiate such strength and power that we attract to ourselves health and success in every form.

The very first process in this cultivation of your constructive force is to give yourself a proper degree of appreciation and recognition and place yourself in the limelight of your own love and realize that love sees with clear eyes and that you are great and glorious and beautiful even though it has not yet been brought to your attention. If you see things in yourself which in any way relate you to sickness or poverty or sin, dissolve them in the oblivion of nothingness and see yourself in the truth of your own wise Love.

Then eliminate from your thought realm every vestige of prejudice or judgment and you will see other people in the same wonderful halo of construction in which you see yourself.

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SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS

This hammerless repeater is the most rapid pump gun made; it has every known improvement—easy take-down feature, heavy breech block, covered mechanism and top rib desired. Catalog shows our other shot guns, doubles, singles, etc. A postal brings our book—FREE.

THE UNION FIRE ARMS CO., 240 Auburndale, TOLEDO, O.

Having placed yourself in the constructive attitude toward people, then relate yourself to the Universe in the same way, with the recognition and appreciation of the value of every form of life, from a weed to a rose, and from a beetle to a man. It is all a living expression of God, and if we would be God-like, and so constructive, we will give every thing a full appreciation in its own place.

The Constructive man is the natural man. He has nothing to fear because fear is absolutely dissolved in the constructive atmosphere, and consequently he attracts no thing to himself which is not perfectly natural and good.

All activity is the response of the desire thought, and when we think constructively the desire is inevitably one of faith instead of fear, and so we attract all that is beautiful and good and true.

This active energy of nature which we call the law, responds with immediate accuracy to the constructive thought; it takes the form of improvement, of advance, of attainment and of accomplishment.

Construction is a quality of divinity, and is the divine manifestation in all life; it not only strengthens and builds, but it blends and cements, unites and unifies every expression of being.

And when we speak about expression of Being, we mean not only creeds and churches, sects and communities, but circumstances, conditions, forms and individuals.

Think what it means to eliminate confusion and its fear thoughts from out your life.

Think what it means to abide in the atmosphere of opulence on all planes; opulence of health, opulence of understanding, opulence of purse and opulence of love. And therein is the abiding place of the constructive thinker. There are no barriers between him and joy, because joy is one of the attributes of construction.

Then let us so think that we may dissolve sickness and sorrow and sin from out our lives.

Let us speak that we may inspire a world to become free from pain, and let us so act that we become a radiant transmitter of this most vital principle of true accomplishment which we call construction.

GRACE M. BROWN.

WILLING HANDS AND HEARTS

A "BAND OF MERCY" GIRL

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eyes, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity the horse, but don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I get him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about eight years old approached and said:

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but meeting with only pleasant looks he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.

It is passing strange that many of those who constantly rave about the greed of men and the inequalities and the injustice of this world show a bitter envy and malice against the more fortunate. Any man who condemns, censures or criticises any one, no matter whether rich or poor, is retarding his own progress and the general progress of the whole. All is good. There is a cause for every effect. Surface or superficial views of things and events causes much of the woe and misery of this world. Wait and see before you combat anything, and in a while you will know—become wise and powerful.

\$15



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OUR POINTER STYLE

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THE COAT is 36 inches long in the newest half fitted Prince Chap or the equally popular pointed front and back Pointer style; lined throughout with guaranteed skinner suit; silk velvet collar finished with canvas; tailored just as carefully and smoothly as the finest men's coat. Cloth covered buttons to match; fancy cuffs with self facing and plain full sleeves. Newest style vents.

THE GRACEFUL HANDING SKIRT averages 4 yards around the sweep; one style made in silk ribbon around waist.

OUR GUARANTEE stands behind every word we say about these suits. Send us your bust measure, waist measure and skirt length, state color desired and whether you prefer the Prince Chap or the Pointer style, enclose \$15.00 and the very day we receive your order we will promptly express the suit to you with the distinct understanding that should it in any way fail to meet your expectations, should it not in every detail of style, fit, quality and value be exactly as we have stated, we expect you to return the suit to us and we will refund the purchase price, together with all the transportation charges you have paid.

FREE SAMPLE BOOK. Send today for our Free Sample Book No. 827 illustrating our entire line of ladies' and misses' ready to wear tailored suits, all the very latest styles offered at tremendous savings, together with actual cloth samples, tape measure, order blanks and simple instructions for measuring.

ORDER DIRECT FROM THIS ADVERTISEMENT. and we guarantee you will be more than pleased; but if for any reason you do not wish to do this, don't buy any ladies' or misses' suits without first asking us for a copy of the sample book mentioned above.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.,

CHICAGO, ILL.

BILLY, HE'S IN TROUBLE

(ANONYMOUS)

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West.

An' my ol' heart's as heavy as an anvil in my breast.

To think the boy whose futur' I had once so proudly planned

Should wander from the path o' right an' come to such an end!

I told him when he left us, only three short years ago.

He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row—

He'd miss his father's counsels, and his mother's prayers, too;

But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.

I know that's big temptation for a youngster in the West.

But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist;

An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waitin' snares

That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway everywhere.

Our Bill, he promised faithful to be keefer, an' allowed

He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud;

But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind.

An' now the boy's in trouble of the very wustest kind!

His letters come so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed

That Billy was a tramp'n' on a mighty rocky road;

But I never once imagined he would bow my head in shame.

An' in the dust would waller his ol' daddy's honored name.

He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short;

I just can't tell his mother; it'd crush her poor ol' heart!

An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—

Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur.

YOUTH AND AGE

If a man could be born when he's old,
And gradually grow young,
The wisdom he'd gain and the love he'd attain
Are not easily said or sung.
If I knew as much as my boy
Who is six times younger than I,
I'd have a sufficiency of general omniscience,
Be finished and ready to die.
So a man might drink deeper, I hold,
And force out truth's obstinate bung.
If he could be born when he's old,
And gradually grow young.—*Fellowship.*

Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the power by which it lives?

May it not quit other leadings, and listen to the Soul that has guided it so gently and taught it so much, secure that the future will be worthy of the past?

It disdains words and passes understanding; it dissolves persons; it vivifies nature; yet so-berleits the pure in heart to draw on all its omnipotence.—*Emerson.*

5,000 Rifles

FREE TO BOYS

Just send me your name and address so that I may tell you how to get this fine rifle Absolutely FREE. YOU CAN HAVE ONE

As I am going to give away 5,000 of them, I mean it, every word, and this is an honest, straight-forward offer, made by an upright business firm who always do exactly as they agree. All I ask is that you do a few minutes' work for us. It is so very easy that you will be surprised. This Handsome Rifle is not a toy air rifle, but is a genuine steel blue barrel hunting rifle that is strong accurate and safe and carries a .22-calibre long or short cartridge. If you want a fine little hunting rifle, just write and ask me for particulars. They are free and you will surely say it's the best offer you ever saw or heard of.

BE SURE and WRITE AT ONCE

Before the 5,000 rifles are all gone, as the boys are taking them fast.

A. M. PIPER, Sec'y
500 Popular Building
DES MOINES - IOWA

I Cured My Rupture

I Will Show You How To Cure Yourself FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years a double rupture. I wore many different kinds of trusses. Some were tortures, some positively dangerous and none would hold the rupture. The doctors told me I couldn't cure it without a surgical operation. But I fooled them all, and cured myself by a simple discovery. Anyone can use it, and I will send the cure free by mail, postpaid, to anyone who writes for it. Write your name and address in the coupon below and mail it today to

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS,
Box 921, Watertown, N. Y.

Free Rupture-Cure Coupon

Name.....
Address.....

FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING GIVEN

American Movement Watch Gold Plated Case, warranted to keep for 25 years, similar in appearance to Solid Gold Watch warranted for 25 years; also Gold Filled Ring with Sparkling Gem, both free for selling only 24 Jewelry Novelties, at 14c. each.

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FRIEND SUPPLY CO., Dept. 833 Boston, Mass.

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25 ELEGANT EMBOSSED FLOWER CARDS 10c

No two alike, all handsomely colored and beautifully embossed in the latest and most attractive designs. Big bargain catalog of other fine post cards sent free. **ELLIS ART CO., Dept. 601, 341 Lawrence Ave., Chicago.**

THE BERESFORD GHOST

A Banshee in the Family of Admiral Charles Beresford of the English Navy—the Ghostly Visitor of Curraghmore

Lord "Bill" Beresford, the third of the Beresford brothers, whose names are associated with so many a mad prank and sporting feat, died some years ago. He was the soldier of the three and a Victoria Cross hero. He is survived by his American widow, Lily, daughter of Commodore Price of the United States Navy, and widow in turn of Louis Hamersley, of New York, and of the late Duke of Marlborough, before she was led to the altar by William Beresford. She makes her home at Deepdene, where Lord Beaconsfield wrote "Conningsby," and has one son, now eleven years of age, by Lord William, who has a chance of succeeding to the honors and estates of his first cousin, the young Marquis of Waterford, chief of all the Beresfords.

Lord Waterford, who served through the Boer war, and who is married to a daughter of Lord and Lady Lansdowne, is the only son of the eldest brother of Charles, "Bill," Marcus and Deval Beresford. He was in his youth wilder than any of them. He injured himself so dreadfully while out hunting that he was an invalid for the remainder of his days, being accorded the unique privilege of speaking from his place in the House of Lords seated, because he could not stand, and eventually was driven by his sufferings to blow out his brains at Curraghmore. This ancestral home of the Beresfords, in the County Waterford, is noted for hugeness. Its extent may be appreciated from the fact that the stone wall by which it is surrounded is nearly twenty miles in length, while the stables are so vast as to afford accommodation for several hundred horses. Everything is on a very stately scale, and of course, the mansion, built between two and three hundred years ago, is haunted by a banshee, which invariably makes its appearance when death or misfortune is about to overtake any member of the family, its last visitation having been on the occasion of the death in this country in the "Soo" Railroad wreck two years ago of Lord Deval, the youngest of the Beresford brothers.

WHERE A GHOST COMES IN

The banshee takes the form of the ghost of the wife of Sir Tristram Beresford, arrayed in the garb of the beginning of the eighteenth century, with fair hair, and a broad, black ribbon tied around the wrist of her left arm. There is a strange story with regard to this black ribbon, which figures also on her portraits. It seems that she had a romantic affection for the Lord Tyrone of her day, and filled with doubts and fears as to the value of their religious opinions, they made a solemn promise to one another that whoever of the two died first should, if permitted by the Almighty, appear to the survivor for the purpose of proving the existence of the Divinity.

Fifteen years later she came down one morning to breakfast looking very much agitated, with a black ribbon tied to her wrist. Her husband asked her if she had hurt herself. Instead of answering, she eagerly and anxiously asked whether any letters had arrived, and on being questioned by her husband replied that she expected to hear of Lord Tyrone's death, which she declared had taken place on the previous Tuesday. Her husband laughed. But in the afternoon a letter was brought in announcing that Lord Tyrone had died on Tuesday morning at Dublin. To the amazement of Sir Tristram, his wife, instead of manifesting grief, showed feelings of relief, and exclaimed: "I can now give you a most satisfactory piece of intelligence. I am going to become a mother. It will be a boy and an heir to your estates." The son was born within the year, and in course of time inherited not only the Beresford title and estates, but, marrying Lord Tyrone's only child and heiress, likewise became owner of all the Le Poer property, and was created Earl of Tyrone himself, his father-in-law's title being revived in his favor.

AT LADY BERESFORD'S DEATHBED

Many years afterward, when on her deathbed, Lady Beresford revealed to her son and to Archbishop William King, of Dublin, her spiritual adviser and intimate friend, the reason for wearing the black ribbon on her wrist. She de-

clared that on the night preceding the arrival of the announcement of the death of the last of the Le Poer Earls of Tyrone he had appeared to her, sitting by the side of her bed, had reminded her of their promise to one another, and declared that he had died on Tuesday morning at four. He added that he had been permitted to thus appear to assure her that the revealed religion was the true and only one. He likewise announced to her that seven months afterward she would become the mother of a son, who would marry his infant heiress.

Lady Beresford asked him for some convincing sign or proof, so that when the morning came she might be able to know that his appearance had been real, and not merely the phantom of her imagination. He thereupon touched her wrist with his fingers, and where they rested the sinews shrank and the nerves withered. After Lady Beresford's death her son and the Archbishop untied the black ribbon, and found the wrist precisely as she had described it, with the nerves withered and the sinews shrunk, the discovery being placed on written record by both men.

Lady Beresford lies buried in the Cathedral of St. Patrick at Dublin, but her spook has had its abode at Curraghmore. This is the true story of the famous banshee of the Beresfords at Curraghmore, the existence of which is known and believed from one end to the other of Ireland.—*New York Times*.

A glory shines across the coming years,

The glory of a rose grown great and free,

'Twas seen by poets, sages, saints and seers,

Whose vision glimpsed the dawn that is to be.

A shining shore is by the future's sea.

Whereon each man shall stand among his peers

As equal; and to none shall bend the knee.

Awake, my soul, shake off your doubts and fears.

Behold the hosts of darkness fade and flee

Before the magic of the morning's face;

And hear the sweet and wondrous melody

That floats to us in far off golden days,

It is the choral song of Liberty.

It is the anthem of the Coming Race.

J. A. EDGERTON.

RENEWED YOUTH

In Wilmington, Del., was an aged negress who showed signs of returning youth. She was eighty-seven years old and her gray hair was returning to a black color and she was cutting two new teeth.

Those who regularly read this magazine and get into the Divine Vibrations of the Inner Life, will progress into the Eternal Now of Pure Being and so renew their life at the great Central Fount of Divine Goodness.

God doeth all things well for those who put their trust in Him.

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American Movement Watch. Solid Gold-Plated case, warranted time keeper, also Gold Filled Ring, with a Sparkling Gem given free for selling 24 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. ea. Write for them. When sold, send us the \$2.40 and we send Gold Watch and Ring.

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We will send 1 package for 35 cents, silver, or 36 cents in 2-cent stamps, postpaid, upon receipt of price. Address PARIS RIBBON CO. Box 1713, Station E, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

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ST. LOUIS GHOST A BUSY ONE

Has Wide Variety of Performances, But Stops to Eat

A ghost which makes umbrellas unspread and fly, unties shoestrings and wraps them again around broom-handles, which eats large quantities of food, which moves tables and chairs, and does other things, is the latest acquisition, or affliction, of Mr. and Mrs. William Koerster, of 4128 Osceola Street, St. Louis.

Neighbors have heard of this wonderful ghost, and the road in front of the Koerster home has been black each evening with a crowd of interested persons eager to get a view of the ghost stunt.

Explanations of his peculiar manifestations have been many and varied, but the most generally accepted seems to be that Mrs. Koerster and her four-year-old nephew possess psychic powers, which they cannot control.

The excitement started yesterday afternoon when a clock suddenly chimed the hour of four when it was one-thirty o'clock. Then a table showed a most unruly inclination to follow Mrs. Koerster into the kitchen.

A red tablecloth, carefully ironed and folded away, was found covering a mirror in the next room, and on being refolded and placed on the bed again, was put around the glass on four distinct occasions until the family gave up trying to control it.

More as a joke than anything else, Mrs. Koerster had a meal placed on the kitchen table, consisting of a piece of bread, a slice of ham, a tomato, and a bottle of wine, with a napkin stuffed into the wine glass. When the family returned to the room, which could not have been entered in the meantime, the ham was eaten, the bread munched, the tomato cut in halves, and the wine half drunk, while the napkin was stuck in the half-full glass.

One night Mrs. Koerster suddenly felt herself grasped by the ankle, while her shoe lace was torn from her shoe, to later appear tied around a broom-stick. Attention to its new location was only attracted by the fact that the broom commenced a violent tapping against the stove, banging four times with a pause and then four times more.

In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.—CARLYLE.

Not alone to know, but to act according to thy destination.—FICHTE.

It never occurs to fools that merit and good are closely united.—GOETHE.

OUR BABY

By WILDIE THAYER

As fair and pure as any flower
That sees the light of day,
Our precious, darling baby
Is a living, sweet bouquet.

Like gleaming, sunny goden-rod
The hair upon her head;
Her skin, like lilies, pure and white,
Her cheeks are roses red.

Her eyes are violets—sun-kissed
And washed by morning dew;
I think a portion of the sky
Rests in their tender blue.

Her lips—they're rose-buds soft and pink
No sweeter buds e'er grew;
They're more than this, for don't you see,
They're fragrant tulips (two lips), too.

The fairest, brightest flowers of earth
With baby can't compare;
She's sweetness from her mayflower toes
Up to her shining hair.

Like clover is her warm, sweet breath,
And all her tender flesh
Is like the velvet satin sheen
Of pansies soft and fresh.

As stainless as a snowdrop pure
A beaming starflower bright;
A daisy of a baby dear
A garland of delight.

With all these flower charms so rare,
Do you wonder that I say
Our blossom of a baby
Is a perfect, sweet bouquet?

Dear little flower babe, may winds
E'er gently on you blow;
The tempest wild of sorrow deep
May your heart never know.

And may the loving smile of God
Beam on you like the sun,
And keep you ever pure and safe,
Heart treasured, darling one!

Sweet, nestle ever in God's love
As in a mother's arms;
Bloom purely, truly, healthily,
A wreath of floral charms.

God bless you, baby—keep you safe,
Keep griefs and sin away;
May all things beautiful be yours,
Our baby, our bouquet.

THE BETTER SIDE OF HUMANITY

The dreadful forest fire which has just destroyed the town of Fernie, B. C., has produced a beautifully human response from the people on this side of the Canadian boundary.

"Relief trains have poured enormous quantities of supplies into Fernie and surrounding towns during the past twenty-four hours. Plenty of supplies are now on hand, and the chief problem has become one of administration. The quick response of American towns along the border has aroused the liveliest feeling of gratitude here.

"All the municipalities to the west of Fernie, from Cranbrook, which was itself dangerously close to the flames, to Vancouver, are rushing what help they can to the scene of the disaster by special trains. It is estimated that at least 6,000 persons are shelterless and destitute at Fernie, in the refuge camp at Cranbrook and at intermediate points. Urgent appeals for food and tents continue to reach the adjacent towns.

"Spokane raised a relief fund of \$15,000 and sent a train of supplies over the border, one of the first to reach the scene of the fire. The cars contained 1,500 loaves of bread, 50 barrels of flour, 1,000 tins of meat, 300 dozen eggs, besides other goods and bedding, clothing and 140 tents. A later train will carry 4,000 loaves of bread to the sufferers.

"Vancouver sent by telegraph yesterday a relief contribution of \$5,000 to Cranbrook, and despatched a train of provisions and supplies a few hours later. Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of the Dominion, has sent orders to Quartermaster-General MacDonald of the Militia Department of British Columbia to put the militia tents and blankets at the disposal of the sufferers."

Northwestern Montana is in danger from the spreading fire. The response from the States was prompt and beautiful.

Thus, indeed, we see that "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

The impressing of habits is the main business of life, whether the process be called evolution or education. Individual good fortune and social welfare are essentially the same thing.—C. HANFORD HENDERSON.

HATHA YOGA

The Yogi philosophy of physical well-being with numerous exercises—by the world renowned YOGI RAMACHARAKA—is published by the YOGI PUBLICATION SOCIETY OF MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO, ILL. This Society publishes many advanced courses in Yogi Philosophy, such as—"Science of Breath," "Fourteen Lessons," Etc., Etc.—There is much valuable oriental Mystic Knowledge in these books. Mystics should get them and study them faithfully.



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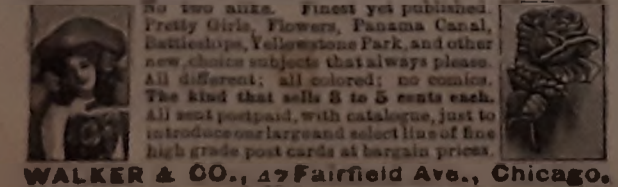
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GIRL CATALEPTIC BURIED

HUMANE SOCIETY OF TOLEDO WANTS TO RESURRECT HER AHEAD OF SCHEDULE

The Humane Society of Toledo, O., is endeavoring to release Florence Jessie Gibson, 19 years old, of Washington, who is buried five feet below the surface of the earth at Cedar Point as a hypnotic experiment.

"A stop will be put to the exhibition if any statute can be found under which the society can proceed," declared Mrs. Faunie Everett, a Humane Society official, after a visit to the place of burial.

The girl was placed in a coffin and lowered beneath the earth Saturday night. She is to be resurrected, according to present plans, on August 10. Bunja Bundha Happarow, an alleged Hindu mystic, put the girl in a state of catalepsy and buried her. He declares that at the end of ten days she will emerge from her sleep in perfect condition.

A big crowd saw her lowered in her coffin and the earth thrown in. All can see that the girl is actually in the grave by peering down a long tube through which the face of the sleeper can be seen by aid of a little electric light which dangles at the end of a wire.

RAISED GIRL FROM THE GRAVE

MISS GIBSON IN TELEPATHIC SLEEP UNDERGROUND NINE DAYS

Fulfilling his promise, Bunda Kuppurawa, the Hindu mystic at Cedar Point, broke the hypnotic spell and brought back to her normal state to-night Miss Florence Gibson, who has been buried five feet below the surface of the earth for nine days.

Before a crowd that packed the large theatre the coffin containing Miss Gibson was brought upon the stage. At the sight of the coffin silence came over the audience, and people held their breath in suspense.

With a few gestures and a mumbling of words that could not be understood, the Hindu raised the lid. The form of the young girl was seen to move slightly, and then, slowly, with the aid of a helping hand from the hypnotist, she arose. When upon her feet she opened her eyes and exclaimed, "Oh, where am I?" Then she fainted. Cold water was applied to her face. After this application and after partaking of a drink of water the girl revived sufficiently to talk with coherence.

Walking around the stage, supported by the Hindu and a stage attendant, Miss Gibson soon regained strength enough to bow to the audience and walk to the rear of the theatre. She was driven to a hotel, where several physicians were waiting to administer aid if necessary. She smilingly informed the doctors that she was rather weak, but was apparently well.

"I can't realize that I have been asleep for more than a week and, horrors! just think of being buried just like the dead under five feet of earth. It don't seem possible, but everybody says I was," said Miss Gibson. "I had a dream, just one long dream, and I thought I was going down, down, and never going to stop. This has been a great experience, although I am frank to say that I should not like to try it again. The thought of what I have gone through makes me shiver. I believe I could eat something."

Then Miss Gibson went to the dining-room and ate a hearty meal. To-morrow Miss Gibson will return to her home at Washington, D. C.

WOMAN ACTIVE AT 105

HAS SEVERAL HUNDRED GREAT-GREAT-GRAND-CHILDREN

Near White Path, a summer resort in Gilmer County, there is now living a wonderful old lady, 105 years old.

Her maiden name was Nancy Smith.

She is the mother of twelve children, who are scattered throughout the country. One son, George W. Watkins, of this county, was seventy-six years old at the date of his death recently. His large farm lies on the Ellijay River near White Path, where his mother lives with her grandson, Mr. Harley P. Watkins.

Five generations of the Watkins family attended the funeral of George W. Watkins, and are often to be seen together.

Mrs. Watkins is of slender build, but is active and gets around with ease.

Mrs. Watkins was born in Rabun County 105 years ago and was the youngest of twenty-one children, eighteen brothers and three sisters, of which she is the sole survivor. She has lived in this section of the State all her life.

Mrs. Watkins is the mother of twelve children, has forty-two grandchildren, more than 150 great-grandchildren and several hundred great-great-grandchildren.

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Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 2 1/2 oz. 22-in. short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$1.50 in ten days, or sell it and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Include for postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadour, wire, etc. **Anna Ayers, Dept. T44, 17 Quincy St. Chicago.**



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\$7410 paid 100 agents already started for 1 to 3 weeks' work distributing, collecting, etc.

Average profit, \$74.10 per agent. Not one failure in 100. Names, proof, catalog, free. Want agents everywhere. \$50.00 a week. \$50.00 expense allowance at start. No experience necessary. Address **GLOBE ASSN., 14 Wabash Bldg., Chicago**

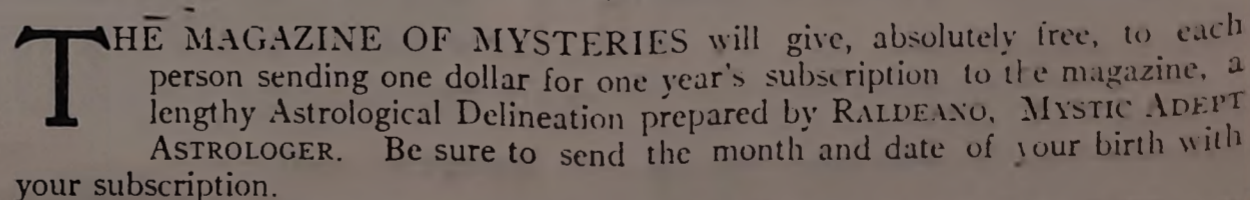
Agents: \$103.50 per month selling these wonderful Scissors. V. O. Gishner, Columbus, O., sold 22 pairs in 3 hours, made \$18; you can do it, we show how. **FRANK CUTLERY, Thomas Mfg. Co., 25 N. Main Bldg., Dayton, O.**

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LINES

BY ANNA BONUS KINGSFORD

SWEET lengths of shore and sea between;
Sweet gleams of tender blue and green;
Sweet wind caressive and unseen
Soft breathing from the deep.

What joy have I in all sweet things!
How clear and wild my spirit sings,
Rising aloft on mystic wings
While sense and body sleep!

In some such dream of grace and light
My soul shall pass into the sight
Of the dear Gods, who in the height
Of inward Being dwell.

And joyful at Her perfect feet
Whom most of all I long to greet,
My soul shall lie in meadows sweet
All white with asphodel.

A man in the common walks of life, who has faith in perfection, in the unfolding of the human spirit, as the great purpose of God, possesses more the secret of the universe, perceives more the harmonies or mutual adaptations of the world without and the world within him, is a wiser interpreter of Providence, and reads nobler lessons of duty in the events which pass before him, than the profoundest philosopher who wants this grand central truth.

THE THREE SHIPS

Over the water, clear and dark
Flew, like a startled bird, our bark.

All the day long with steady sweep
Sea-gulls followed us over the deep.

Weird and strange were the silent shores
Rich with their wealth of buried ores;

Mighty the forests, old and gray,
With the secrets locked in their hearts away;

Semblance of castle and arch and shrine
Towered aloft in the clear sunshine;

And we watched for the warder, stern and grim,
And the priest with his chanted prayer and hymn.

Over that wonderful northern sea,
As one who sails in a dream, sailed we.

Till, when the young moon soared on high,
Nothing was round us but sea and sky.

Far in the east the pale moon swung—
A crescent dim in the azure hung;

But the sun lay low in the glowing west,
With bars of purple across his breast.

The skies were aflame with the sunset glow,
The billows were all aflame below;

The far horizon seemed the gate
To some mystic world's enchanted state;

And all the air was a luminous mist,
Crimson and amber and amethyst.

Then silently into that fiery sea—
Into the heart of the mystery—

Three ships went sailing one by one,
The fairest visions under the sun.

Like the flame in the heart of a ruby set
Were the sails that flew from each mast of jet;

While darkly against the burning sky
Streamer and pennant floated high.

Steadily, silently, on they pressed
Into the glowing, reddening west;

Until, on the far horizon's fold,
They slowly pass through its gate of gold.

You think, perhaps, they were nothing more
Than schooners laden with common ore,

Where Care clasped hands with grimy Toil,
And the decks were stained with earthly moil?

O beautiful ships, who sailed that night
Into the west from our yearning sight.

Full well I know that the freight ye bore
Was laden not for an earthly shore!

To some far realm ye were sailing on,
Where all we have lost shall yet be won:

Ye were bearing thither a world of dreams,
Bright as that sunset's golden gleams;

And hopes whose tremulous, rosy flush
Grew fairer still in the twilight hush:

Ye were bearing hence to that mystic sphere
Thoughts no mortal may utter here—

Songs that on earth may not be sung—
Words too holy for human tongue—

The golden deeds that we would have done—
The fadeless wreaths that we would have won!

And hence it was that our souls with you
Traversed the measureless waste of blue.

Till you passed under the sunset gate,
And to us a voice said, softly, "Wait!"

JULIA C. R. DORR.

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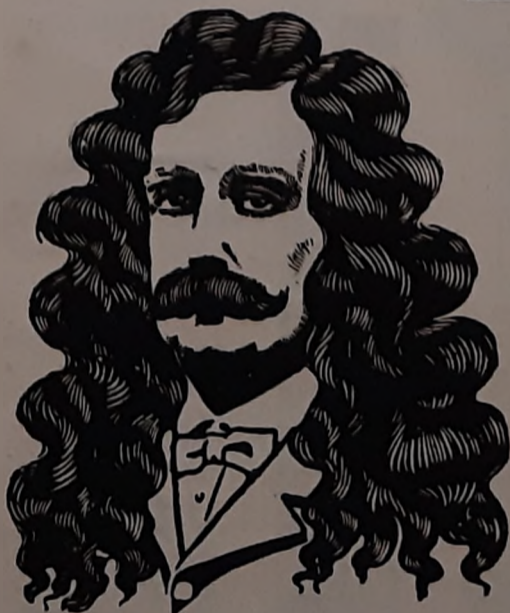
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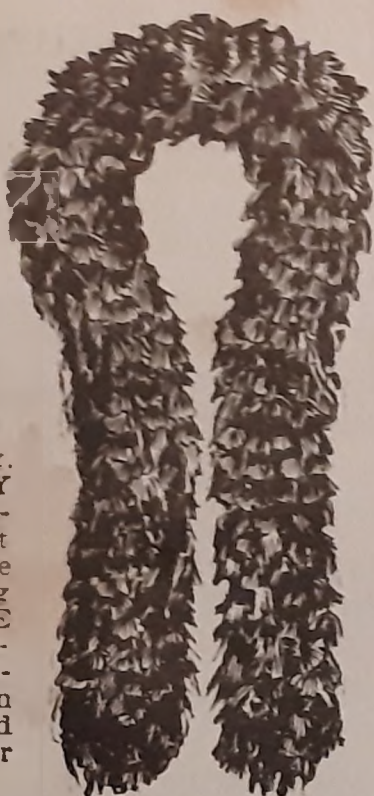
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BLESSED ANGELS. I greet ye and ask ye to continually assist me in this noble work. May my efforts always be to obtain a greater knowledge of the Divine Laws governing the life of the individual upon this planet, and to make that knowledge of use in uplifting the soul and relieving the sufferings of my brother man.

J. H. L., Michigan, May 6, 1836.—Venus was one of the ruling planets at the time of your birth, and was ruling on the day on which you were born. You will have the best success in handling agricultural products or food prod-

ucts of some kind, and if you are engaged in farming on your own account in a small way you would do better to remain where you are. You are shown to have a strong love for home, but there is some changeableness of the mind which causes you to have a desire for excitements and this you should endeavor to overcome to some extent. Your astrological colors are white and yellow and you should carry a topaz as your birth-stone, for its vibrations are those which are the closest in harmony with the vibrations of the planets at the time of your birth.

J. E. B. ANXIOUS, February 19, 1842.—At

the time you came upon this planet the Sun was just entering the watery sign Pisces, the sign which corresponds to the feet in the great Solar Zodiac. This is a sign holding great inventive possibilities and in order to realize this fact you should endeavor to cultivate the mind to the highest possible extent and concentrate your thoughts upon the highest utilities. You have good mechanical ability which will rapidly develop if you will do much reading and studying. You are too anxious and cause yourself a great deal of worry unnecessarily. Cultivate contentment and cheerfulness and overcome this tendency, if possible, and you will not only make yourself popular, but will also add greatly to the comfort of those with whom you may be brought in contact. Thursday and Saturday are your fortunate days and you should use them whenever possible in commencing new enterprises, for this will bring you under better planetary influences, as two of your ruling planets are controlling your success strongly upon those days.

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THE OLD VILLAGE CHOIR

I have fancied sometimes the Bethel-bent beam
That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream,
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest
From the pillow of stone to the blue of the Blest,
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,
"Old Hundred" and "Corinth" and "China"
and "Mear."

All the hearts are not dead nor under the sod
That those breaths can blow open to heaven
and God.

Ah! "Silver Street" flows by a bright, shining
road—

Oh! not to the hymns that in harmony flowed,
But the sweet human psalms of the old-fash-
ioned choir

To the girl that sang alto, the girl that sang air.

"Let us sing to God's praise," the minister
said—

All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at
"York."

Sunned their long, dotted wings in the words
that he read,

While the leader leaped into the tune just
ahead,

And politely picked up the keynote with a fork,
And the vicious old viol went growling along

At the heels of the girls in the rear of the song.

Oh! I need not wing—bid no genii come
With a wonderful web of Arabian loom,
To bear me again up the river of Time,
When the world was in rhythm and life was its
rhyme,

And the streams of the years flowed so noiseless
and narrow

That across it there floated the song of a
sparrow;

For a spring of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church and the old village
choir,

Where clear of the floor my feet slowly swung
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise that
they sung.

Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple
begun.

You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon
Brown

Who followed the scent till he ran the tune
down,

And dear Sister Green, with more goodness
than grace,

Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her
place,

And where "Coronation" exultingly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her
toes.

To the land of the leal they have gone with
their song.

Where the choir and the chorus together belong,
Oh! be lifted, ye gates. Let me hear them
again,

Blessed song, blessed singers, forever, Amen.

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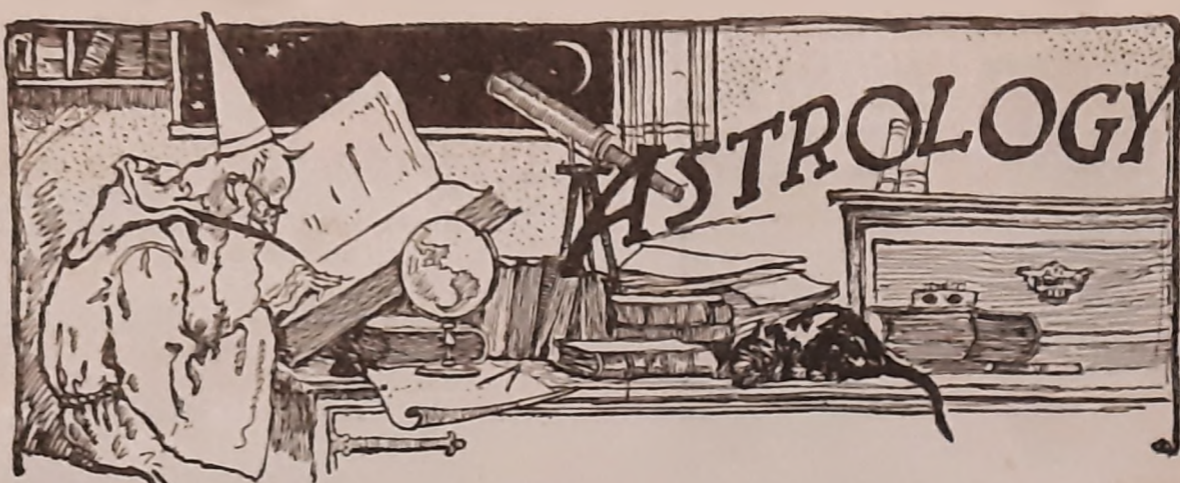
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BLESSED ANGELS, I greet ye and ask ye to continually assist me in this noble work. May my efforts always be to obtain a greater knowledge of the Divine Laws governing the life of the individual upon this planet, and to make that knowledge of use in uplifting the soul and relieving the sufferings of my brother man.

J. H. L. Michigan, May 6, 1836.—Venus was one of the ruling planets at the time of your birth, and was ruling on the day on which you were born. You will have the best success in handling agricultural products or food prod-

ucts of some kind, and if you are engaged in farming on your own account in a small way you would do better to remain where you are. You are shown to have a strong love for home, but there is some changeableness of the mind which causes you to have a desire for excitements and this you should endeavor to overcome to some extent. Your astrological colors are white and yellow and you should carry a topaz as your birth-stone, for its vibrations are those which are the closest in harmony with the vibrations of the planets at the time of your birth.

J. E. B. ANXIOUS, February 19, 1842.—At

the time you came upon this planet the Sun was just entering the watery sign Pisces, the sign which corresponds to the feet in the great Solar Zodiac. This is a sign holding great inventive possibilities and in order to realize this fact you should endeavor to cultivate the mind to the highest possible extent and concentrate your thoughts upon the highest utilities. You have good mechanical ability which will rapidly develop if you will do much reading and studying. You are too anxious and cause yourself a great deal of worry unnecessarily. Cultivate contentment and cheerfulness and overcome this tendency, if possible, and you will not only make yourself popular, but will also add greatly to the comfort of those with whom you may be brought in contact. Thursday and Saturday are your fortunate days and you should use them whenever possible in commencing new enterprises, for this will bring you under better planetary influences, as two of your ruling planets are controlling your success strongly upon those days.

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THE OLD VILLAGE CHOIR

I have fancied sometimes the Bethel-bent beam
That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream,
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest
From the pillow of stone to the blue of the Blest,
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,
"Old Hundred" and "Corinth" and "China"
and "Mear."

All the hearts are not dead nor under the sod
That those breaths can blow open to heaven
and God.

Ah! "Silver Street" flows by a bright, shining
road—

Oh! not to the hymns that in harmony flowed,
But the sweet human psalms of the old-fash-
ioned choir

To the girl that sang alto, the girl that sang air.

"Let us sing to God's praise," the minister
said—

All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at
"York."

Sunned their long, dotted wings in the words
that he read,

While the leader leaped into the tune just
ahead.

And politely picked up the keynote with a fork,
And the vicious old viol went growling along
At the heels of the girls in the rear of the song.

Oh! I need not wing—bid no genil come
With a wonderful web of Arabian loom,
To bear me again up the river of Time,
When the world was in rhythm and life was its
rhyme,

And the streams of the years flowed so noiseless
and narrow

That across it there floated the song of a
sparrow;

For a spring of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church and the old village
choir.

Where clear of the floor my feet slowly swung
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise that
they sung.

Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple
begun.

You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon
Brown

Who followed the scent till he ran the tune
down,

And dear Sister Green, with more goodness
than grace,

Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her
place.

And where "Coronation" exultingly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her
toes.

To the land of the leal they have gone with
their song.

Where the choir and the chorus together belong,
Oh! be lifted, ye gates. Let me hear them
again,

Blessed song, blessed singers, forever, Amen.

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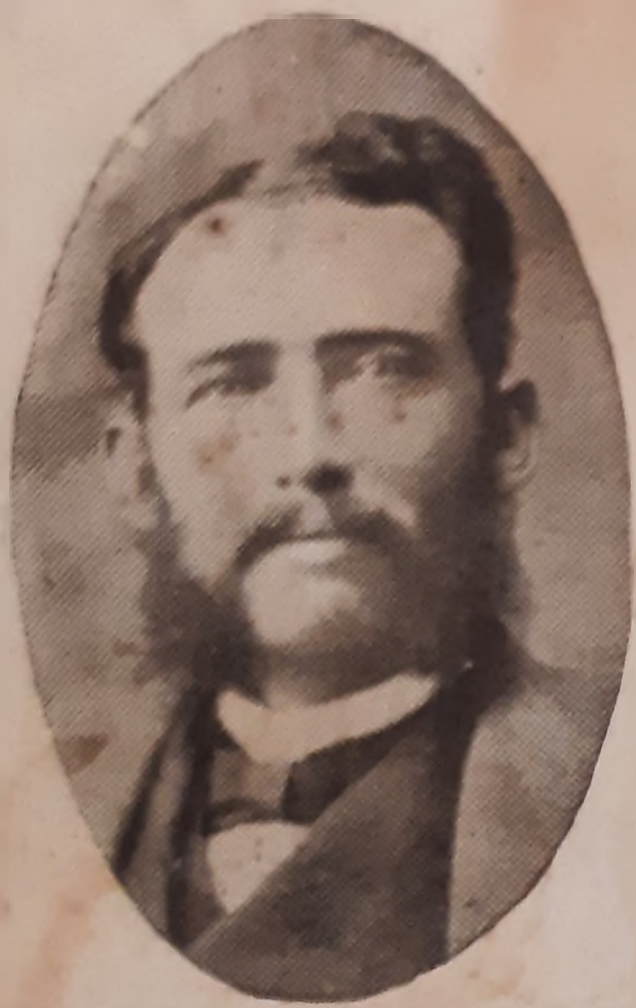
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Don't be Fooled by Big Talk

We do not say you can make 25 or 50 dollars a day as some do. You know that is foolish talk, and those who promise such things insult your intelligence, and talk nonsense, but we do say that any man or woman can make a good salary if they will take up our work. Some of those with us have been doing this for 5, 10, 15 and more years. You can do the same, be you man or woman. The work we offer is easy and agreeable and can be done from your own home. Thousands of women who have worked for us during the past twenty years have earned as much as their husbands. A few days ago a woman wrote: "My husband had been earning only a small salary, and four years ago I took up your work to help him—during those four years I have averaged over \$1,200.00 salary each year and now my husband is giving up his position, and he also will work for you."

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We will assure you a good comfortable income in our work, and if you work steadily, even more than that.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD CHANCE TO WORK AND GET GOOD PAY FOR IT, YOU WILL FIND IT TO YOUR INTEREST TO READ THIS PAGE THROUGH CAREFULLY.

The articles we have for you to sell are a big line of Forks, Spoons, Knives, etc., made of new metal called Brazil Silver.

We will describe these, then you can judge for yourself whether we are offering you a good chance to make money or not.

Brazil Silver Warranted for Twenty-five Years

Brazil Silver is believed to be the very best metal in existence for the manufacture of forks and spoons; it has all the lustre and brilliancy of burnished coin silver, and is much harder and more durable. In fact, it is impossible to wear it out. It is absolutely indestructible. The goods made of this metal are the same all the way through; there being no plating to wear off they will remain as good as new for any length of time. For all practical purposes in the manufacture of table ware this Brazil Silver is superior to coin silver. It is as lustrous and pure as coin silver, and being much harder it will wear even longer than silver; in fact, it is absolutely impossible to wear it out. It will wear forever. As there is no plating to wear off, the metal being the same all the way through, it stands to reason that you can't wear it out. Our confidence in the metal is so great that we guarantee it to wear twenty-five years. We give a guarantee signed by the company warranting the goods to wear and give perfect satisfaction for twenty-five years. We are an old, strong and thoroughly established firm, with ample capital to carry on our business and make our guarantee as good as the Bank of England. In selling these goods an agent can recommend them with the greatest confidence, for they are just as represented, absolutely indestructible. And, furthermore, our guarantee warranting the goods to give satisfaction for twenty-five years clears the agent from all responsibility in the matter, for if any article fails to give perfect satisfaction, no matter how long it has been in use, we hold ourselves ready to refund the money paid for the article. These goods are the same metal all the way through; they will never wear out. They always wear white and bright. We give a guarantee signed by the company, warranting every piece of Brazil Silver to wear twenty-five years. You can sell these goods to your best friends with perfect confidence, for every sale is as much a benefit to your customer as to yourself.

Working with goods that are warranted to wear and give satisfaction for so long a time as twenty-five years, and by a company, too, whose capital is sufficiently large to make their guarantee good for almost any amount, is an advantage which no other firm is prepared to offer. If you want to make money fast, now is the time to do it. If you think that five-dollar bills are good things to have, now is the time to get them. Never in the history of the agency business have agents had as good a chance to make money rapidly, and it is reasonably sure that they will never have another chance like it.

Among all classes there has always been a strong desire to have their table ware marked with their initial letter, but on account of the heavy expense of having it marked only a very few have been able to afford it. Heretofore the cost of artistically marking table ware has been even greater than the cost of the goods, now, by our new

methods, we are able to offer these elegant Brazil Silver goods, all marked with any initial letter desired in the very highest style of the art, without any extra cost for marking. These Brazil Silver goods, even if unmarked, would be the greatest bargain ever offered the public in table ware, but with the additional and highly desirable feature of being all marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, these goods are not only great bargains in table ware, but are the greatest bargains that have ever been offered to the public through agents or in any other way.

The people are always ready enough to buy what they want when it is presented to them in the form of a genuine bargain. Well, here is absolutely the greatest bargain ever offered, and the agent who works with it will find that what he has is earnestly desired at nearly every house he visits—it is easy to get orders when you can offer great bargains that the people really want and can afford.

Solid Silver Knives That Last A Lifetime

For fifteen years we experimented to make knives that would last a lifetime, and about seven years ago we succeeded. Every one knows that Silver plated Knives cause trouble by the plating wearing off. How to make a solid Silver knife that had spring like a steel knife, the beauty of a silver one, and yet be solid silver with no plating to wear off and that would last a lifetime, took years of experimenting and thousands of dollars to solve. But a few years ago we finally succeeded in making this knife. This is the greatest discovery made in 50 years, in cutlery. To-day we are using these Knives by the car-load. For those selling our goods, these Knives have proved a gold mine, and those who use them will never use any others. Think of it—Solid Silver Knives that never wear out, at no higher price than ordinary knives.

For those who are attached to plated Knives, we can furnish the finest tempered cutlery steel Knives plated with 12dwt. of pure silver, hand burnished. Not cheap, shoddy, plated Knives, but the best that can be made—warranted for ten years.

But the solid Brazil Silver Knives that last a lifetime at price of ordinary Knives are the thing. When people see them, they will have no others.

We are not only selling at greatly reduced prices, but also guarantee every article just as represented, and give perfect satisfaction to the purchaser or MONEY REFUNDED.

The First Thing To Do

If you decide to accept the agency, the first thing to do is to send to us for the agent's case of samples, which is the most complete and perfect case of samples that has ever been prepared for the convenience of agents. Our complete and perfect case of samples is not to be compared with anything that has ever been sent to agents before. It contains the very best and most salable articles in the world. There is nothing in the market that agents can sell as fast and sell as easily and make as much money out of as they can the goods contained in this splendid case of samples, and everything is arranged and explained so that any agent can't fail to understand just how to go to work and make a great success of the business. As soon as you receive the case of samples you are ready for business. And if you are willing to work you are just as sure to make a good income as the sun is to rise. Take the case of samples and canvass your territory according to the directions sent with the samples, until you have taken orders for the amount of goods you are prepared to send for. Then order the goods from us and fill your orders, and so continue.

The Magnificent Case of Samples Which We Furnish to Agents.

The case of samples which we furnish to agents contains the following articles:

One Sample Table Knife, retail price \$2.10	per set of six.....	35	cents each
One Sample Dessert Knife, retail price \$1.95	per set of six.....	32½	cents each
One Sample Table Fork, retail price \$1.95	per set of six.....	32½	cents each
One Sample Table Spoon, retail price \$1.95	per set of six.....	32½	cents each
One Sample Desert Fork, retail price \$1.80	per set of six.....	30	cents each
One Sample Desert Spoon, retail price \$1.80	per set of six.....	30	cents each
One Sample Tea Spoon, retail price 95 cents	per set of six.....	15 5-6	cents each
One Sugar Shell.....		25	cents each
One Butter Knife.....		25	cents each
One Salt or Pepper Shaker.....		25	cents each

Total retail value of Samples....\$2.83 1-3 cents each

We also send you with the case of samples a large and very beautiful catalogue, illustrating a full line of plated ware, such as Casters, Pickle Cruets, Butter Dishes, Tea Sets, Napkin Rings, etc., etc., etc.

Reckoning the above samples at our lowest retail prices they amount to \$2.83 1-3. We furnish them to agents, nicely put up in an elegant sample case or roll, for only \$1.00, which is \$1.83 1-3 less than they amount to at our regular retail prices. This is less than one-half of the retail value of the samples and much less than they cost us. The sample case or roll, which the samples are put up in, costs us nearly as much as we require you to send for the samples, case and all.

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We also furnish a fine line of Watches and Jewelry of all kinds. First-class goods at low prices—great sellers. We send Jewelry Catalogue with outfit.

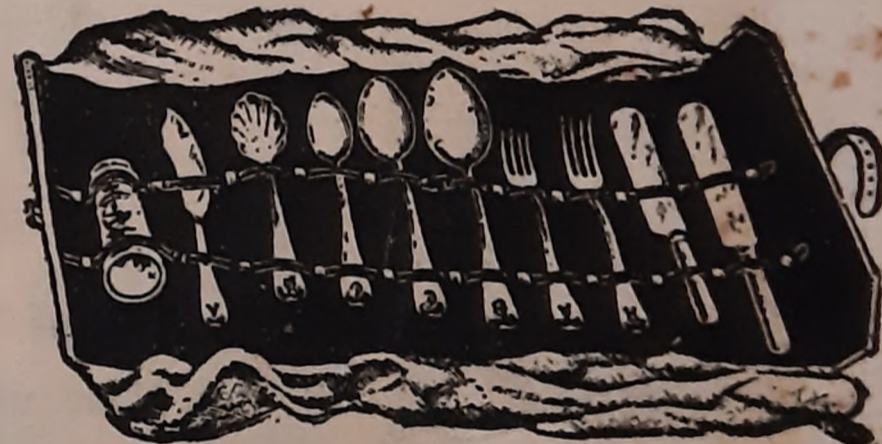
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Wholesale or agents' prices and all necessary information for carrying on the business will be furnished with the outfit.

Remember we make everything plain to you about wholesale prices, methods, etc., when we send you the Outfit.

Very Important.

The Outfit we furnish our agents is exactly as we represent it, and is always sent the same day the order is received, just as agreed. We have tried to state these facts so they could and would be believed, and still we are constantly receiving letters from parties who would like to engage in the business and would do so if they felt sure we were telling the truth and would do as we agree. Many of these doubters have been cheated and are not altogether to blame for doubting; the most of them say they think we are honest, they say we talk honest, but as they have already been swindled they don't feel like risking even one dollar, and so, although our business is in every respect just as represented and we always do just as we promise, we lose the services of a great many agents and they lose the benefits they might derive from the business because they are afraid we may not be telling the truth. Now, to overcome this spirit of doubt, we have decided to send Samples to all who wish us to do so C. O. D., with privilege of examination at the express office. It costs us from twenty-five to forty cents more to send the samples this way, as we have to pay that amount for return charges on the money, but we are willing to do it and so prove to all that are interested that the Outfit and our goods are just what we claim. If after reading this notice you think you would like to give the business a trial, but wish to see the Sample Case before you pay the one dollar, cut out the following printed form, fill it out and send it to us, and we will send the Outfit to your express office prepaid, and give the express agent instructions to let you thoroughly examine the Outfit; then, if you are satisfied that we have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and are also satisfied that you can make money selling our goods, you can pay the express agent one dollar and take the Outfit. If you are not satisfied, you can refuse to take it, and the agent will return it to us.



This cut shows the Sample Case or Roll, and how the samples appear put up ready for business. The Roll is made of highly finished waterproof canvas, and lined with soft flannel goods. The samples are held in place by strong straps. The whole rolls up and fastens with a leather strap which is firmly fastened to the back of the Roll. This is the most practical arrangement for carrying the samples that could be thought of. When rolled up the Case is compact and easy to carry. When opened the samples show to the best possible advantage, making a good impression at first sight. This Sample Roll gives a business-like appearance; it is substantial and handsome, and invariably gives the impression that there is something valuable inside. All are anxious to see what it is you are carrying around with such care. This is of importance, as it secures attention and interest at the start. The fact is, in the agency business, as in every other business, you must have things fixed up just right if you expect to succeed. Our Brazil Silver goods are the best that have ever been offered for the price, or anywhere near it. The new feature of being marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, free of cost is the greatest popular hit of the times, and the Sample Roll is arranged so as to show the goods off to the best possible advantage. Furthermore, we carefully teach every agent just how to take advantage of all these splendid qualities and popular features. Is it any wonder that our agents succeed better than those who are working for other firms?

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